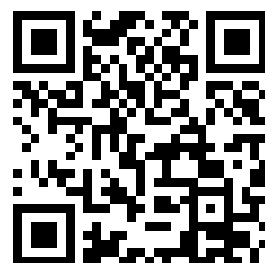

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THE

BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

JANUARY 1879.

[No. 139.

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OUR WORDS KEPT.

(Thoughts for 1879, by the Editor.)

WHEN in New York, two months ago, one of the most remarkable things we saw was the phonograph, invented by a clever young mechanic called Edison.

It is an instrument into which, when one speaks, his voice striking against a mica disc, sets it in motion. This presses a steel point against a quickly-revolving cylinder covered with tinfoil, which receives the impress of the point, which is an exact representation of the vibrations produced by the voice retaining its strength, tone, and character. As long as this tinfoil retains these impressions, the voice may be heard exactly as it spoke upon the circle of mica. We were told that it could be heard 200 times, and if preserved, could be heard a thousand or ten thousand years after this.

We spoke into it, and it was
NEW SERIES, VOL. V., No. 1.

something ghost-like to hear one's own voice reproduced exactly as it spoke. Being rather hoarse by continued preaching, the tones were rather rough and unmusical, but the phonograph neither flattered nor changed. Out came the same rough, unmusical words as had entered.

A most solemn meaning was given to us there and then of many passages in Scripture. Man's ingenuity has got so far. But what of man's God, the Judge of all the earth? Does He not say something about every idle word coming into judgment? When the books are opened, and man sees his own actions photographed, and hears his own voice condemning him, will he not be speechless? May the Lord set a guard on our lips! I have in my possession that piece of tinfoil which even man could make me hear my own voice back from after millenniums had passed over me. And think of the tinfoil of a man's life covered over with his oaths, his lies, his licentious talk, his drunken songs, his idle words. A man condemned by his own voice! A man hearing himself at the Great White Throne, cursing his own soul, or blaspheming God.

Reader, our only hope is in the blood of the Lamb. That can wipe out all our sins. As

sure as the throne of judgment shall be set, so surely will God judge mankind. Praise His name that by faith we can now hear, and pass from death unto life, and cross the judgment line.

Christian, shall this year not record for us words of grace and faithfulness? May we speak nothing that we would be ashamed to hear at Christ's judgment-seat. What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God!

THE NEW YEAR.

FATHER, we greet Thee,
Reverently meet Thee,
Humbly entreat Thee,
Kneeling in prayer.

All that is Thy will,
Even though seeming ill,
Let us receive it still
Meekly this year.

All that will give us joy
Send us without alloy;
All that will cause annoy
Help us to bear?

I HAVE nothing to do with to-morrow,
[care;
My Saviour will make that His
Should He fill it with trouble and
sorrow,
He'll help me to suffer and bear.

I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
[share;
Its burdens, then, why should I
Its grace and its faith I can't borrow,
Then why should I borrow its care.

"SAVED FOR TO-MORROW."

WHILE engaged in conversation a few nights since regarding the walk becoming a Christian, it seemed to me that he to whom I was talking, did not know what a Christian was. I therefore said to him, "Are you saved?" He replied, "I don't believe that I am saved for to-morrow." "Well," I replied, "I am not asking you about to-morrow. Are you now *saved*?"

But his continual answer was, "I am not saved for to-morrow."

Now I want to make two emphatic statements: The first is, the salvation that does not include to-morrow is no salvation at all. The second is, he who is to-day *saved*, is necessarily saved for to-morrow also.

Suppose the case of a man in a failing business. His business is steadily going down, he cannot stand the tide of depression, bankruptcy stares him in the face. Now, of what avail is it for that man that he is to-day *safe*? That he is still in his store to-day is no comfort; he sees that his ruin is inevitable, and delay but adds to his anguish, the dreaded to-morrow is before him, of what avail is it that he does a little retail trade to-day? of what avail is it that you offer him a loan of five pounds when he is involved for five hundred thousand? If you do not save him from "to-morrow," you do not save him at all. Remove the possibility of his ruin, and you give him peace; nothing else will do it.

There is a dreaded to-morrow of judgment that shall inevitably come upon a guilty world. A day when every secret work shall be brought into judgment, when every idle word shall be accounted for, when before the eyes of the sinner shall be presented the long, long, black catalogue of his sins—sins of malignant intention, sins of careless thought, sins against his

neighbours, and sins (thought so little of at the time) against God. This year of grace will then be a thing of the past, nothing but judgment can he then receive.

Now, reader, we want you to search deeply and thoroughly, and to be assured beyond the possibility of mistake that you have a salvation that will take you over that to-morrow, and thus enable you to enjoy present unhindered peace.

The only way to get rid of an incorrigible criminal is to hang him. He has been tried long enough, he cannot be cured, he has an inward propensity to evil, he lives neither to the glory of God, nor to the good of his neighbours. He cannot be cured; the law righteously demands his life—put him to death. Man is such a criminal, and the point I want to make is this, that the repentant sinner not only gets his past sins forgiven through the precious blood of Christ, but he gets the penalty of death itself in Him. The life forfeited by the sinner has been given up by Christ. Deserving death, and under the doom of death, Christ dies the death for me, and now I am beyond death. One word of scripture here will have more weight than mere argument. "Now, once in the end of the world hath He (Christ) appeared to put away sin *by the sacrifice of Himself*. And as it is appointed unto men *once* to die, but after this the judgment, so Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. ix. 26-28). It is by the sacrifice of Himself that sin is put away, by nothing else—it is that alone.

It is appointed unto men *once* to die; the law does not hang a man twice for the same offence. He is *once* offered, thus bearing the sins of many, and plainly the salvation accom-

plished through the once offering of Himself reaches to to-morrow, for when He appears it will not be to their judgment, *that* He bore Himself on the cross, but to their salvation.

Let us suppose a case that is physically impossible, yet spiritually is (by the grace of God) of daily occurrence. The incorrigible criminal is sentenced, is hanged, is *dead*. He is raised again with a new life, a new nature that loves good and not evil. Can the law again demand his life? Can the sentence be twice inflicted? The illustration is weak—we turn to the blessed reality—Christ dies for me, I am alive again in Him. The law cannot touch me now for two reasons. First, I have already been condemned (in the cross). Second, I am now in Him who bore my condemnation. As Rom. viii. 1 states, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Jesus Christ." My old nature (I speak of myself simply as a believer in common with others) received its sentence on the cross, "Knowing this that our old man is crucified with Him" (Rom. vi. 6). The nature I now have is of God (Rom. viii. 14).

Therefore I make the statement that, while a salvation that does not save from to-morrow is no salvation, the salvation that every believer has is full and thorough; he at once is taken beyond judgment, from the blessed fact that Christ bore the judgment for him (John v. 24). He has eternal life now, a free gift from the Shepherd who laid down *His* life for the sheep (John x. 15). He shall never perish, for no one is able to pluck them out of His or the Father's hand (John x. 28, 29).

I NEED a Saviour; I have a Saviour. I need a friend in heaven, and Christ is there. I need a friend on earth, and the Spirit is here.

CEASE FROM YOUR OWN WORKS!

A NOTED clergyman had preached many years, but was still unconverted. He was a man thoroughly in earnest, thinking that by his many praiseworthy works he would be saved. His preaching savoured of the same. It was the Church, and attendance at the church, and fasting, and many such like things, that were to save those to whom he preached. He himself fasted twice in the week, and pressed the same, and "the Church," upon all his parishioners, whom he visited regularly. But notwithstanding all, he had no peace in his soul, no sense of the love of God to him.

One day he had been out upon his round of visiting and working, and had returned home thoroughly discouraged and distressed at heart, and on going into his study and closing the door after him, he threw himself upon the floor in agony of soul, and groaned out in prayer, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me do?" Immediately, as if some human being was answering him, he heard a voice say, "Cease from your own works!" These words sank like lead into his poor, legal, distracted heart.

It was the voice of the Spirit of God to this earnest, devoted, yet deceived soul. It brought him to his senses. He was brought to a full stop. In the light of them, he surveyed his past life, and saw that he had been deceived by Satan; that instead of, as a guilty sinner, by faith resting on the finished work of Christ, and receiving him as his Saviour, he had been trusting to his own works, which at best were defiled by sin, and were the fruit of a misapprehension of God and his own state as a sinner, as well as being positive neglect of that scripture, which says, "Without the shedding of blood is no remis-

sion" (Heb. ix. 22); and, "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11).

The words, "Cease from your own works," wrought a marvellous work in his soul. A perfect revolution took place in his mind as to the matter of salvation. All that he had done was useless, yea, sin, because it had shut out Christ as the Saviour from hell. His Church proclaiming, his fasting, his daily round of service, and self-imposed religious duties, were seen to be so many veils to hide Christ from his view, and to be works which supplanted (terrible sin!) the finished and all-perfect work of the blessed Lord on the cross. He saw that his self-imposed duties were not acceptable to God as the means of salvation, but were by Him denounced as "dead works," and that one standing on that ground could only be condemned. "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight, for by the law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii. 20).

What a change! After having "ceased from his own works," and taken his stand by faith on the expiring words of Christ, "it is finished;" having believed in God who raised the Lord Jesus up from the dead, "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," his soul was filled with peace, and his conscience had rest. Joy and gladness took possession of his heart, and his lips were filled with praise. He proved the inexpressible sweetness of the following words: "Therefore being justified by FAITH, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 1-3).

When next he preached it

was as another man; not now in the spirit of legality, as if man could purchase pardon or merit heaven, but as one who had learned in the presence of God, man's *lost* and *ruined* and *helpless* condition, and had been led through grace to renounce his own works, and look by faith to Him who died on the cross for him, but who now was enthroned in glory.

It was not now pressing the claims of the Church and her ritual, but spreading before the people the ruin of man, his responsibility to God, the judge of all, for all his sins, and that his only hope was in God who had given His blessed Son to die, "the just for the unjust." He urged upon the people the necessity of renouncing works as the ground of acceptance with God, publicly confessing where he had been mistaken for many years, and held out the blessed fact that "salvation was of the Lord." Now it was, "Look! behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29).

Suffice it to say, that all felt the change, his sermons being no longer dry and uninteresting, but full of unction and power, Christ was his text and Christ was his subject. He now believed what he had never believed before, that the "Gospel was the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Blessed be God, many were made to rejoice at the change, to renounce with him their own works, and to trust fully in Him "who loved them and gave Himself for them."

Thousands are deceived as this dear man was, blinded by their own vain efforts to save themselves, led on by Satan in their false religious zeal, and, alas! how little do they know that they are rejecting God's truth, and His blessed Son as the Saviour of their soul. Building upon the sands of their own

religiousness, they are lightly esteeming the "Rock of Ages," the only place of safety from the coming storm of judgment; hewing out for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water, and at the same time practically despising Him who is the "fountain of living water."

Beloved reader, are you amongst the number? If so, I beseech you to stop and consider; think of what you are trusting to—a broken reed! Cease from your own works, and trust alone in the Lord Jesus Christ, and salvation, in its blessed fulness, is yours.

"THE COMING DAY."

"The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night" (1 Thess. v. 2).

HAS my reader ever thought of the meaning of these words? Of a day which in the truest reality is drawing near, and will break upon this busy world when it least expects it? It is *man's* day now, with his own will at work and mind bent upon earthly things. Then it will be the day of *the Lord* when all things must give way to His judgment of them, and man himself be brought to give account to Him of deeds done in the body.

A mother awoke the other night to find in alarm that flames were bursting from the end of the bed, and so rapid was their devastation that it was with difficulty she could save herself and sleeping children from perishing in the midst of the flames. She escaped, however, losing all she owned as to earthly goods, while her cottage was burnt to the ground.

But there can be no possible escape for unforgiven souls from meeting in full the day of which we write, for it is written—"Sudden destruction cometh

upon them—and they shall *not* escape." They are "children of darkness" sleeping on in their sins, and what indeed will be the awakening, the call to judgment, while "the children of light" are, ere it comes, caught up to meet their Lord, and enter into His joy! Why not awake *now* to the reality of all this?

If you are among those who belong to a world going on "without God and having no hope," His word says of you, "*condemned already*," and though His mercy and grace abound now while He waits to save, He must in *righteousness* judge the rejecter of His Son at that day when "every eye shall see Him." Yes! and have you ever thought that the very One you are rejecting or neglecting now will be the One to judge you as "*Son of Man*" by and by? It is written—"the Father has given the Son authority to execute judgment, because He is the Son of Man." And again—"He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained." The Man Christ Jesus who walked this earth winning souls to His rest, longing to bless, mighty to save, and at last proving His love to the utmost amid the anguish of that scene on Calvary—that One so despised and rejected *then*, will in a coming day be Judge of all, both quick and dead. But *now*, seated in brightest glory, His words of loving invitation are as full and boundless as ever, "Come *unto Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

What does that mean? Why, that the One whom the world cast out, and the natural heart is everywhere at enmity with by wicked works, is waiting to bless on the ground of His

own blood-shedding—"God's remedy for sin." That all who will own themselves guilty and give up trying to make themselves better, trusting their soul's salvation to the finished work of Christ, have rest *at once* in the full knowledge of sins forgiven "through His name."

Are the husks of the far country—this poor, hollow world—so satisfying, that you willingly turn from a voice like this, allowing Satan to lull you into unconsciousness of your real danger until it be *too late*? Ah, if you would but wake up to the fact that, by and by, the word to those who refuse the "*come*" now will be "*depart*," right thankfully would you escape to-day for your life! Eternity is before you—ETERNITY! Where will you spend it?

In the Master's name I leave His words with you, of John iii. 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

APPROACH TO GOD.

AFTER the fall how to get to God became the question of the day. Abel fully owned that he was a sinner, and that his life in consequence was forfeited; hence he came to God on the ground of blood-shedding (Gen. iv. 4; Heb. xi. 4). Cain, on the contrary, chose a "way" of his own of coming to God, called, in Jude 11, "the way of Cain." He refused the "blood of the Lamb" as the alone mode, and measure, and ground of access to God, and sought to present the fruit of a cursed earth. Alas! how many are treading in "the way of Cain." Is it works, or the blood of the Lamb?

THE HOSPITAL PATIENT.

BEFORE I came to this place, I was assistant-surgeon in an hospital; and in a variety of forms I there saw a vast amount of human misery. But it was not *all* misery. There were patience, and resignation, and hope, as well as pain, weariness, and despair. I had known something of the power of religion—that is, I had seen it in others. In my home, far away, I had seen its power to sanctify sorrow, to invigorate the mind, and to bless. My mother was a Christian; and she had prayed for my eternal wellbeing, striven for it; hoped, perhaps against hope, that I should some day be brought under the influence of the gospel, be savingly converted to God,—become His child by surer and more lasting ties than I was her own. Against hope, I say; for I was wild and reckless, even in my boyhood.

I left home, unchanged; passed through the earlier stages of my professional career unchanged, only for the worse. I cared nothing for my mother's God: I forgot Him: that is, as far as I could I banished Him from my mind. In the subsequent stages of my professional history, I removed still further away from my home, and further, if possible, from God: far, far from Him, by wicked works. Professionally, I "walked the hospitals," passed examinations, and was said to be a promising man. Morally, I was degraded. My companions were among the most dissipated of medical students; and from this cause principally, I became so seriously involved in pecuniary embarrassments that I occasionally had to sell or pawn all my available personal property to "carry on the game," as I said.

One day a poor fellow was brought in, badly injured by a fall. He was a bricklayer's

labourer; the round of a ladder had broken under his weight while he was ascending with a hod of mortar, and he was, in consequence, precipitated from a considerable height to the ground, with fearful violence. There was no hope for him. All that could be done was to alleviate pain, and in this we were tolerably successful. The man knew that he should die, for his mind was clear; and he asked me, on one occasion, how much longer he had to live. There was no reason for reserve, and I told him what I thought.

"So long!" said he, when I told him; "I thought it would have been sooner; but He knows best."

"Yes, perhaps I do, my friend," I said, soothingly. "I believe you will last as long as that."

"Yes, sir; but I meant something else," said the poor fellow, faintly smiling.

"Have you any friends for whom you would like to send?" I asked.

The man shook his head: he was alone in the world, he said; but his lodgings were not so far off, and if I would not mind, he would like the people he had lodged with to be told of his accident; and perhaps the woman would come to see him, as he owed her a trifle of money, which he wished to pay her. There was enough in his pocket, he said, to do this, or was when he had his fall.

His request was complied with: the woman was sent for, and came to see her poor dying lodger two or three times, as I understood, though I never saw her, and knew nothing of the nature of any communications that passed.

My predictions were verified. The man lingered about a week, and then died. Of course I saw him daily, and oftener, all the while he lasted, but very few words escaped his lips. I noted only a peculiar expression of

calmness, and quiet happiness almost, on his countenance, at which I rather wondered; for his pain at times must have been excruciating. Well, the man died, and of course certain formalities were immediately necessary, at which I was present.

"What shall we do with this, doctor?" the nurse asked, holding up a book.

"What is it?"

"The poor fellow's Bible," said the woman brought it to him the second time she came to see him, because he had asked her to do it. And up to the last, he was reading it as often as he could get a little ease; and when he could not read, he kept it under his bolster."

Could I believe my own eyes? It was the Bible which had once been my own; the Bible which my mother had put into my hands when I was a youth, first leaving home, and which afterwards I had sold—yes, sold to supply some trifling need in the days of my profligacy, when, as I have said, almost all my personal property went in the same way for the same purpose. Yes; there was my own Bible, or what had once been mine; my name written there by my mother's own hand, still unerasd, with the passage of Scripture she had written underneath, yet legible. I had sufficient control over myself not to betray the emotions of my mind; and I even found words to say to the nurse in a tone of assumed indifference, "It is of no consequence; I'll take care of the book."

I took the Bible home with me. As to money value it was worth nothing, for it was dirty, torn in places, with many leaves loose. It had evidently been long and well used. Long comparatively, I mean, for not very many years had passed since it left my own hands. Possibly it had had no other possessor besides myself and the

poor hospital patient; but this, of course, I never knew. But I knew one thing, that a better use of it had been made after it passed away from me than ever before. Almost every page, as I turned it over, bore testimony to the care and diligence with which it had been perused, in pencil and pen marginal marks, or interlineations. And I could repeat, now, passage after passage thus indicated, which had doubtless been the solace of the Bible's poor possessor in times of doubt or trial or difficulty, and had smoothed his passage to the grave, and lighted it with heavenly glory. No wonder that he was so calm and happy! Its poor possessor, I said. Well, he was poor in this world, and friendless, and unknown: yet, as I firmly believe, "rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom that God hath promised to them that love Him."

Shall I write more? Shall I say that that strange event was the turning-point in my history? that the accusations of an awakened conscience drove me almost to despair, until I was enabled to embrace the faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief; and that my new recovered Bible is dearer to me than all the books in my library, because the gospel it contains has been made to me, through faith in Christ, the power of God unto salvation?

JOY IN BELIEVING.

A VERY earnest request came to me one day when in New York city, urging me to go and visit a lady dying with consumption, who was in great distress of mind. The name of the person, and number of the house in Twentieth Street, was given to me, and I promised to go. Accordingly on the next day I

reached the place, and was shown up-stairs to the sick chamber. On the bed lay a middle-aged woman with large intelligent features, pale face, and eyes wearing that peculiar look which left no doubt as to the disease under which she was wasting away. As I approached the bed she greeted me with tears and expression of great anxiety and almost despair itself.

I said to her, "Well, dear friend, what is the matter that makes you so wretched?"

She continued to weep, and after a while sobbed out her grief in words like these: "Is it possible that I am going to be lost after all? I am dying, and yet I have seen no visions—no angels have come to my bed as I have read in the case of others. I have heard no heavenly music, and I have no fulness of joy and glory in my soul. Why is it? Oh must I be driven away from that blessed Saviour's face who shed His blood for me? I could endure the thought of hell, but I can't endure the awful thought of being driven away from my Saviour."

"I am very glad," I replied, "that you have had no visions, or songs, or wonderful joys—you ought to thank God for that."

"Why, what do you mean?" said the woman, in great astonishment.

"I mean simply this. The Scriptures say, 'The just shall live by faith' (Rom. i. 17). 'We (that is, Christians or true believers) walk by faith, not by sight' (2 Cor. v. 7). It is not seeing, hearing, or feeling, but *believing*. If you had been having some of these extraordinary things, I should doubt whether your hope was real. It certainly would not be scriptural. But do you believe in God's Word? Do you believe all that the Word says about Christ?" John xx. 31.

"Yes," was the ready reply;

"every word of God is true, but I am *all wrong*."

"Thank God for that," I said. "Then you will be ready to trust solely and only in Christ, who is *all right*. We are accepted, not in ourselves, but in Christ the beloved. Eph. i. 6. We are complete, not in our feelings or experiences, but in Christ the righteous One. Col. ii. 10. And it is not written 'Whosoever sees angels, hears heavenly music, gets a glimpse of heavenly glory, or feels wonderful joy, shall be saved,' but '*whosoever believeth*' on the Lord Jesus Christ—whosoever trusts in Him as the Saviour sent from heaven to put away sin (Heb. ix. 26), and take sinners into glory (Heb. ii. 10) shall never perish (John iii. 16), shall never be confounded (1 Peter ii. 6), shall never die (John xi.). More than this, '*whosoever believeth* in Jesus shall have forgiveness (Acts x. 45), is justified from all things (Acts xiii. 39), has everlasting life (John vi. 47). If you truly believe, then you are amongst those who live by faith, and who have all these blessings."

After a few struggles with unbelief in one form or another, the truth dawned upon her soul. Several Scriptures were then read and unfolded, until her heart was led away from herself, and fully occupied with the Lord. As soon as her mind became absorbed in thoughts of the Saviour, there was no lack of joy, while the Holy Ghost revealed His fulness to her soul, meeting its vast and varied needs.

ONE by one bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

THE THREE DAYS' FEAST WITH DAVID'S SON.

(Substance of DR. MACKAY'S Address at
the closing of the New York Conference,
1st November 1878.)

NOTHING could more appropriately finish our conference than a meditation upon David and his companions, when as yet David was a fugitive, and had not reached the throne, though he had been anointed as king. You will find this recorded in 1 Chron. xii. Here we find, firstly, the Feast; secondly, the Warriors; and, thirdly, their Purpose.

1. THE FEAST (1 Chron. xii. 39). "And there they were with David *three days*, eating and drinking; for their brethren had prepared for them." Have our brethren in New York, as they have summoned us from north, south, east, and west, not prepared for us such a feast of spiritual food, such draughts of living water, as have filled our whole being, head, and heart, and conscience? And has it not been above all with our David, David's son, and David's Lord? Has this not been the name that has been above every name? Who are Presbyterians I cannot tell, nor who are Episcopalians, or Baptists, or Congregationalists. But I know that every speaker's deepest thought was, "Let us exalt His name together." And is it not because of His presence that we have found ourselves so near to each other? Love comes not by effort. I do not try to work up affection for you, sir, the chairman of this conference, or for my friends Tyng and Brookes; but just as each approaches Christ, so each will approach the other who is near to Christ. The easiest and surest way to make a number of lights, which are placed round the circumference of a circle, approximate to each other is to draw them, not nearer to each other, but nearer to the centre,

and thus, as we are drawn closer to Christ our great centre, we shall find ourselves shoulder to shoulder with all those who draw near to Him. Have we not been feasting on His precious truth, as on the very bread of life? Have we not been drinking with Him out of the river of His good pleasure? Were it merely a doctrine, or a discussion, or a set of theories, or crotchets, or ideas, or sentimentalities, it would not be worth coming a yard to meet each other. But we have met to eat of food that the world knows not of, to partake of joys beyond the reach of earth, and to cultivate intimacy with Him who alone is our rallying centre and theme of attraction.

2. Let us now look shortly at the characters of these warriors who thus met in David's day. We find them described in this chapter, and they are as varied as we are ourselves. They "came to David to Ziklag, while he yet kept himself close because of Saul the son of Kish; and they were among the mighty men, helpers of the war." Our King is on high on His Father's throne waiting till His enemies are made His footstool, and when He shall take His own throne. He has gone to the Father, and thus the world is shown that the Father is righteous in giving a righteous throne to the righteous One, when they have cast Him out; and so to him that overcometh He will give to sit on His own throne, even as He overcame and is set on His Father's throne. We rejoice to suffer shame and rejection for His name. Better it is to be alone with David in the cave, with the frugal fare and handful of water than with Saul in the sumptuous palace, and feasting at a royal board.

"They were armed with bows, and could use both the *right hand* and the *left* in hurling stones, and shooting arrows out of a bow." Brother Whittle has

shown us that we require to have both our feet planted firmly for the battle, and I know that as long as I saw merely the truth concerning the cross, I felt like a man fighting on one foot, but when the glory of the crown appeared, I felt sure-footed. But we require those that are ambidexter, that can fight on the right hand with infidelity, and on the left hand with superstition. Some that can hurl the heavy and effectual if rather clumsy-looking stone, and others that can shoot the sharp, swift, and sure arrow in the interests of David. We find that these were "even of Saul's brethren of Benjamin." Were we not once on Saul's side, children of wrath even as others?

"And of the Gadites there separated themselves unto David into the hold to the wilderness men of might, and men of war fit for the battle, that could handle shield and buckler, whose faces were like the faces of lions, and were as *swift* as the roes upon the mountains." Here we have men consecrated, skilled, bold, and active. In this war all must present their bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service. We must have men skilled in the use of sword and shield, not merely knowing the letter of the word, but rightly dividing the word of truth—able to use it for doctrine, or reproof, or correction, or instruction in righteousness. We require that courage which comes from above, the faces like lions, strong in the consciousness of the fortress we are in, not so much fighting for the truth as letting the truth fight for us, fearing neither man nor devil in the strength of the Lord, and in the power of His might. Activity is to be ours in this evil day—all around us is active, and with our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, it is our blessed privilege to be

as the rees on the mountains, carrying the proclamation of His grace and glory over vale and hill in the energy of His Divine Spirit, undaunted and unchecked even by the overflowing of the banks of the rivers that cross our paths (1 Chron. xii. 15), standing together as we do this night in the company of Amasai, chief of the captains of the Benjamites, saying, "Thine are we, David, and on *thy* side, thou son of Jesse, peace, peace, be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee."

Besides these bold and devoted warriors, we find mention made of others in verse 32.

"And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had *understanding of the times*, to know what Israel ought to do." We require an intelligence department in our campaign. In our feasting these three days we have been studying in the intelligence department. We require more of the men of Issachar who have understanding of the times to know what we ought to do. This conference is drawing to a close. The speeches have been spoken and heard, but the work has now to be done. Our intelligence is not to be kept locked up in a fire-proof safe, but is to be used in our doing what the conference has taught is now to be done in Europe, in the United States, and throughout the world. The work is to be done in faithfulness to our Master, with intelligence of His mind. The work is to be done in increased prayer for missions, in increased givings of money to missions, in an increase of men for the mission-field. Down at our lonely stand-points, deep in the shade it may be, the work is now to be done. But it is by being in the current of God's thoughts that we can have intelligence and comfort in this work. I am sometimes asked, "Are you thus at all

times just thinking that the Lord may return at any minute?" And many such conscientious questioners think that all we are talking about is merely to get people into a sort of staring and ecstatic frame of mind suited for dreamers and theorists. We study these questions to know what we ought to do. We wish not to be dreamers but doers, and also intelligent doers, true sons of Issachar. First, we wish to know what the Church of God should do, and we find that a serious mistake has been committed by not having this intelligence. Instead of gathering out a people for the Lord, the church has been trying to gather all the people. Instead of going with the drag-net through all the sea, the Church has been attempting to catch all the fish in a few favourite pools. Instead of sowing the seed the wide world over, men have been high farming little corners, and leaving the great majority of the land untouched. We have 30,000 ministers in England, and the bulk of heathenism none: 30,000 men gathered on my finger, and none to the rest of the body. The failure to evangelise the world lies at the door of those who have been aiming at converting patch after patch; and the Saviour's command, "Preach the gospel to every creature," can only be done as we enter into His intelligence concerning the present age, and that we are to be witnesses to Him to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Then as to the government of this world we are to have intelligence—Jew and Gentile have united in refusing the sufferer King. Man has been thus left to himself—the Gentile to Cæsar and the Jew to Barabbas. He has tried every form of government and failed, from the Cæsarism of despotic government to the wildest com-

munist. But the intelligent sons of Issachar are calm through all and wait for a king to reign in righteousness—a king who can justly say, I know the best thing to do in government, and I can do what I know, in other words, who has perfect *wisdom* and perfect *power*. Christ is the wisdom and the power of God. This is our God; we have waited for Him.

Before, through God's grace, I saw these blessed truths, my reading of Scripture was considerably mixed up. Awkward texts ever and anon would come up for which I could get no place. My hearers, I advise you to have no theology, past, present, or future, that has not room for all God's texts. When I bought a dissected map of the world for my boys, it took them a considerable time to put it together, and one or two attempts were failures. One day Fred had got it nearly square, but with rather suspicious intervals, and he said, "Will this do?" "Not quite, my boy," I said, as I saw he had something like this put up:—a bit of America stuck north of Hindustan, Australia doing its best to find a home in the Atlantic, and Lake Superior adding to the volume of the Pacific. I looked around and found the cause of all the confusion in a country that had fallen underneath the table. "Look here, Fred, where is the place for this?" Fred did not like that country. He could have joyfully borne its loss or seen it burned, but that would not do, so we had to take down all his upmaking and find room for the left-out country, and then the map was correct. So it is with much of the ordinary eschatology. Text after text is found for which there is no place. Entire dispensations get lost sight of. Jewish truth gets hopelessly mixed up with Gentile truth, and the hope of the Church gets sadly crushed out by both.

KEEP RANK.

In David's army, whether they were soldiers, sentinels, or scholars, we find what was characteristic of them all, "They could keep rank and came with a perfect heart to Hebron to make David king." The unfaithful servant says, My Lord delayeth His coming, and begins to smite his fellow-servant, and to eat and drink with the drunken. He keeps company with those he ought to shun, and quarrels with those he ought to love. David's loyal ones are men that keep rank, men who march in line, because they take step from their Captain, and their hearts are set upon obeying Him only. They had two objects before them. They were not of double heart. David only filled their thoughts.

3. What was the one purpose that filled the hearts of those warriors during that three days' feast? "To make David king over all Israel." What has been our purpose in gathering from all quarters to these three days' conference? To assert the crown rights of David's son, to put in our protest against the reign of the prince of this world, and to stimulate loyalty to our rejected Lord. We meet to exalt the person of Christ, to proclaim a personal Christ, to wait for a personal Christ. Men talk about dying and going to heaven. There is no such hope before the Christian. This "going to heaven" is a mere sentimental phrase invented by man's mind. "To be with Christ" is too personal, too Scriptural, and has too much of God in it, to be popular with worldly Christianity. So the "going to heaven" phraseology has taken its place as being sufficient to look holy in talk, but not too far to commit one to a person. How different is Scripture! It

knows of no heaven but with Christ. The saved thief knew of no Paradise, but "To-day shalt thou be with Me." We are to be "absent from the body and present with the Lord," if we die, Paul had a desire to "depart and to be with Christ, which was far better."

"The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land."

We shall never rest till our David is King over His own possessions—over His own nation. King over all nations; King of kings; King in Zion; King of Glory, the true Melchisedek, the Priest on the throne, with heaven and earth united under one reign of righteousness. Meantime we are content to suffer with Him. We work not for success, but we are determined to be faithful. He does not say, Well done, good and successful servant, but faithful servant. In a heavy storm the captain of the vessel if he wishes some important rope to be watched and tightened or slackened at the word of command, does not employ some boy lately shipped, but the veteran trustworthy tar who answers to all commands with the ready "Ay, ay, sir." "Jack," says he, "let go and hold on just as I tell you." "Ay, ay, sir." A mate comes along the deck and says to Jack, "Why do you hold on there?" "Because I am told," is all his answer. "But you don't see results, you don't see where that rope goes to that you hold on by?" "No, but I know obedience; the captain will run the ship, I have only to do what I am told, but clear out and let me mind my work." Fellow-watcher, "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." The Son of David shall yet sit on David's throne. God, in Matt. i., has proved it genealogically, and He will fulfil it genealogically and not spiritu-

ally. The Son of God is yet to sit enthroned with His royal bride. The Son of man is yet to sit on the throne of this world, with all nations blessed in Him and calling Him blessed. The usurper is to be cast into the bottomless pit, and then the Prince of peace will reign. Now we find God disowned, the Spirit despised, Christ rejected, the Church broken up and corrupted by the leaven of worldliness, infidelity, and hypocrisy; the Jew in darkest unbelief, the nations in heathen darkness, the creation groaning under the curse, the devil in gloating power, the flesh in unhindered activity, the world in direct and active opposition to the Father; man ameliorating his condition and making himself more comfortable, but getting further from God; Babylon the apostasy advancing and infidelity with brazen face. And why we meet thus to confer and to feast and to cheer each other is, not to advance views nor add to sentiments, but for the glory of our God, to work for, to hasten on, to wait for the time when Satan shall be bound, Babylon the apostasy cast down, antichrist ruined, infidelity destroyed, beasts and false prophet cast into the lake of fire, creation's curse removed, the Church of the living God presented spotless to the Father as the married wife of the Lamb, the Jewish nation gathered, united and converted; all the nations brought under the sway of righteousness, God glorified, the Spirit honoured, and the crown rights of David's Son established in the sight of all the universe.

The day of the Lord it cometh,
It comes as a thief in the night,
It comes when the world is dreaming
Of safety and peace and light.
It cometh the day of sackcloth,
With darkness and storm and fire;
The day of the great avenging,
The day of the burning ire.

The day of the Lord it cometh
When the virgins are all asleep,
And the drunken world is lying
In a slumber yet more deep.
Like the sudden lurch of the vessel
By night on the sunken rock,
All earth in a moment reeleth,
And goeth down with the shock.

The flash of the sword of havoc
Foretelleth the day of blood,
Revealing the Judge's progress,
The downward march of God.
The fire, which no mortal kindles,
Quick seizes the quaking earth,
And labours the groaning creation
In the pangs of its second birth.

Then the day of the evil endeth,
And the righteous reign comes in,
Like a cloud of sorrow evanish
The ages of human sin.
The light of the morning gleameth,
A dawn without cloud or gloom;
In chains lies the ruler of darkness,
And the Prince of light has come.

DO I KNOW GOD FOR MYSELF?

"That I may know Him."—
PHIL. iii. 10.

KNOWLEDGE is increased. To call attention to the fact seems hardly necessary; the testimony is universal. In all branches of science, art, literature, and religion, the human mind is making wonderful strides. The characteristic feature of the age is progress. The masses of the people are becoming enlightened. Churches, newspapers, periodicals, and lectures, all combine to teach the people *knowledge*. The doctrines of religion have become familiar to the great mass of Christendom, so that you rarely meet a person who has not considerable knowledge of Christian ethics. Churches and societies are organised with distinctive and peculiar doctrines, and it is not an uncommon thing for professing Christian people to boast in this very thing, because thereby (they say) the Bible becomes better understood, as opposition and controversy stimulate research and study. There is no lack of champions to defend any doctrine that may come up,

be it true or false. Knowledge of how to study the Bible, how to teach, how to preach, how to work, how to contribute, how to convert the heathen, how to reach the masses, how to raise funds for the spread of the gospel, or pay off church debts, is spread out before the people, and every intelligent person knows something about all these things.

Truly, knowledge is increased. All Christendom testifies to the truth of that declaration, and yet read the sentence at the head of this article, and let us bow our heads in shame and confession. How that single sentence tests all, "That we may *know Him*." Let the plummet fall into your own heart, and mark the result. Can it be, with all the boasted knowledge of Christendom, that knowledge of *Him* is of so little value? Why do we find so many professing His name and yet doubting His word, holding false and pernicious doctrines, without spirituality, incapable of discerning spiritual truth, placing themselves under the law, indifferent to those things which concern His glory? They have studied *about Him*, His life, His teachings, His character, but never have *KNOWN Him*. It is the burden of the Apostle's prayer for the Ephesian saints, that their "*knowledge of Him* may be increased," and for the Colossians, that they may "increase in the *KNOWLEDGE OF God*."

May God lead us into the knowledge of Himself, the *only* knowledge that gives peace and rest to the soul.

"And this is life eternal, that they might *know Thee* the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3).

Reader, do *you* know God for *yourself*? Depend upon it, if you do not, you are in no sense prepared to teach Him to others. All your knowledge is utterly

vain and useless if He is not its *life*. You may be very busy in doing religious work, but if you do not know God personally, for yourself, then He is outside of it all, and your work will be burned up as wood, hay, and stubble.

The truth ought to be confessed in humility and tears, we have forsaken God Himself, and are seeking by the energies of our natural selves to supply the lack. *It cannot be*. God saves *to Himself* (1 Pet. iii. 18), and nothing can satisfy His heart except our knowledge of Him. Depend upon it, this is the *only* knowledge that gives distinctive Christian character to your walk. You may go to church, read your Bible, give to the poor, contribute liberally of your means, live a moral life, attend to all the religious duties that can be exacted of you, and yet, if you do not *know Him* for yourself, it is all worthless.

How was it when our Lord came into the world? The whole religious body was busy in studying *about* the Messiah, giving of its substance, keeping the law; yet, in spite of it all, they did not *know Him*. "Jesus answered, Ye neither know me, nor my Father; if ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also" (John viii. 19).

To whom were these words spoken? Scribes and Pharisees, the religious teachers and strict observers of the law. Christ was *outside* all their knowledge. They could say (John vii. 49), "This people who *knoweth not the law* are cursed;" but there was no room for Christ, the *Maker* of the law, in their hearts: they did not *know Him*.

Reader, let this question try you, *Do I know God for myself?*

How long may it take a man to embrace Christ as His Saviour? As long as it takes a drowning man to let go a straw, and lay hold of an offered rope.

SERVICE.

CONNECT your service with nothing but God—not with any particular set of persons. You may be comforted by fellowship, and your heart refreshed; but you must work by your own individual faith and energy, without leaning on any one whatever; for if you do, you cannot be a faithful servant. Service must ever be measured by faith, and one's *own communion with God*. Saul even may be a pro-

phet when he gets amongst the prophets; but David was always the same—in the cave, or anywhere.

Whilst the choicest blessings given me here are in fellowship, yet a man's service must flow from himself, else there will be weakness. If I have the word of wisdom, I must use it for the saint who may seek my counsel. It is "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the Law of Christ." But also, "*Let every one prove his own work*, and then

shall he have rejoicing in himself alone and not in another." There is no single place grace brings us into, but is a place of temptation; and that we cannot escape, though we shall be helped through. In every age the blessing has been from individual agency; and the moment it has ceased to be this, it has declined into the world: 'tis humbling, but it makes us feel that all comes immediately from God. The tendency of association is to make us lean upon one another.

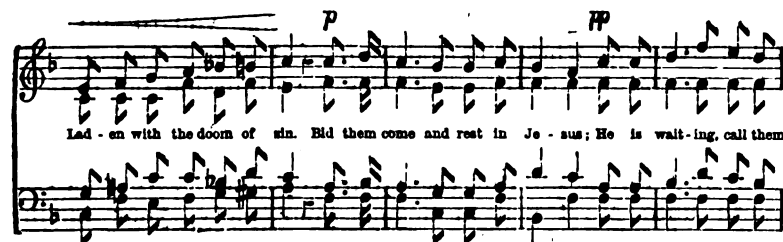
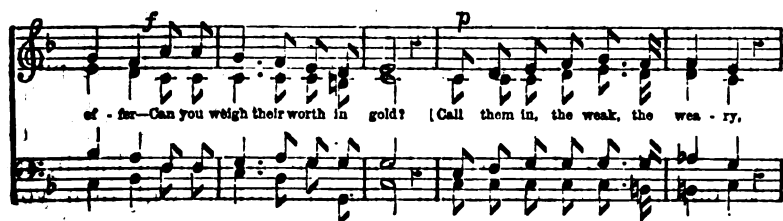
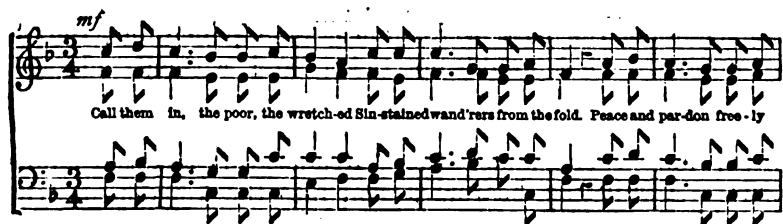
When there are great arrangements for carrying on work, there is not the recognition of this inherent blessing, which "tarrieth not for the sons of men." I don't tarry for man, if I have faith in God—I act upon the strength of that. Let a man act as the Lord leads him. The Spirit of God is not to be fettered by man.

All power arises from the direct authoritative energy of the Holy Ghost in the *individual*. Paul and Barnabus (Acts xiii.) were sent forth by the Holy Ghost, recommended to the grace of God by the Church at Antioch, but they had no communication with it till they returned; but then there was the joyful concurring of love in the service that had been performed. He that had talents went and traded. Paul says—"Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." Where there is a desire to act, accompanied by real energy, a man will rise up and walk, but if he cannot do this, the energy is not there; and the attempt to move is only restlessness and weakness.

Love for Christ sets one to work—I know no other way.

If thou hast a Christ in thy heart, a cross on thy shoulder, a world under thy feet, and a heaven in thy eye, thou art the happy man.

"CALL THEM IN."



"CALL them in," the Jew, the Gentile,
Bid the stranger to the feast;
Call them in, the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them;
He hath all their sorrows seen.
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones,—call them in.

"Call them in," the mere professors
Slumbering, sleeping on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think.

Bring them in, the careless scoffers,
Pleasure-seekers of the earth;
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

"Call them in," the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin.
Can you leave them lost and lonely?—
Christ is coming,—call them in.

AS THY DAYS SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.

"ADMIT THE BEARER, A SINNER."

"So, John, you've got fairly into the kingdom, you tell me. You have been long seeking, how did you get in at last?"

"Oh, man! it was the simplest thing in the world; it was just by presenting the right ticket. I held it out, the door was opened, and I was in. And the strange thing is, I found that the ticket of admission had been in my possession from childhood, and I had carried it in my breast pocket for the last twelve months, and never had the sense to use it."

"That is strange, for you were so anxious to get in. You were always a decent fellow, and for a year back have been taken up with nothing but your soul. What kind of a ticket was it, and what was written on it?"

"Why, it was as plain a ticket as you ever bought for a soirée or public meeting in the City Hall, and it had nothing written on it but the words,

"ADMIT THE BEARER,
A SINNER."

Luke xviii. 13, 14.

"Was that all?"

"Yes. And what kept me so long from getting in was, that I always *added* something to the words on the ticket, when I presented it. Whenever the Lord saw any of my adding it

was refused. The first time I went I wrote at the bottom, in small hand, 'But not so great a sinner as many of my neighbours.' But that would not do, so I rubbed it out and put down, 'But is doing the best he can to improve.' That would not do either, so as I became more anxious and prayed and wept awhile, and then under the words, 'Admit the bearer, a sinner,' I wrote, 'Who is praying and weeping for his sins.' Even that wouldn't do. All well enough, but even prayers and tears are not to be put as the warrant for going in. After that I began to despair, and wrote down, 'Too great a sinner to be saved.' That only made matters worse, and I had almost given up, when I looked at Christ and heard Him say, 'I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved' (John x. 1-9), and 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37). 'And ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life' (John v. 20), and those precious words, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely' (Rev. xxii. 17). I looked again at that parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and saw that it was *simply* as a sinner that he went and was justified. He did not make his sins too great to be forgiven, nor too little to need forgiveness. He did not stay away because he felt his sins great, nor delay until he felt them greater. He went

just as he was, 'a sinner,' and trusting to the promised grace of God, he went down to his house 'justified.' I remembered that Jesus had said, 'I came . . . to call sinners to repentance,' and pulled out the old ticket, and without adding a word, presented it. It was accepted, and I entered."

Reader, this ticket of admission into the kingdom is lying within the boards of your Bible. It is written in the blood of Christ. It costs nothing. Add nothing to it. God has put it into your hands, if you find it in your hearts to use it, hold it out with the hand of Faith, and eternal Justice will own your right of entrance. And Mercy will welcome you to the Kingdom of Peace. Use no other plea for admission but that all-prevailing cry, "a sinner." Do not add your righteousness nor your repentance, your prayers nor your piety, your feelings nor your faith. The Publican said nothing but, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and Jesus Christ certifies, "*This man went down to his house justified.*"

Reader! go thou and do likewise, and, as God is true, thou also art justified.

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FEBRUARY 1879.

[No. 140.

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ALL FOR NOTHING.

WHAT an infinite fulness of life and of rest [receiveth!]

Is in these words, "Christ sinners That, while passing by such as esteem themselves best, [believeth."

He gives all things "to him that

And how well that suits me! for I'm poverty's own, [thing;

For of worth in myself I have none I can take but the title of "sinner" alone,

As an object for ever of loathing.

But there's nothing to do, and there is all to receive, [pouring,

From a hand that delights in out-And a heart never wearied save where it can't give;

Surely this sets my soul to adoring.

Were it other than this, were there ought to be done,

Had He asked for an atom of merit, Then the glory He's told of, for Him there'd be none, [inherit.

Since with Him would be none to

NEW SERIES, VOL. V., No. 2.

Ah, it's all my poor power of praising above!

And I never can tell the glad story, For I never shall measure the depths of His love, [the glory. 'Till I'm with Him up there in

There I'll see Him! oh, yes, His own person I'll see! [member, I shall look on that face and re-What He passed through for me on that wonderful tree, [ber. Turning into rich June my Decem-

A YOUNG MAN WHO DISCOVERED SOMETHING.

SAID a young man to me the other day, "It is wonderful that I lived in this town for twenty years and no one told me that I was *lost* until Mr. — came here."

And is it not the discovery that thousands need to make? They are lost, and they do not know it. By their own thoughts of themselves, and attempts to work for God, one would be led to suppose they were on good terms with Him. But are they? Ask them.

"Are your sins forgiven?"

"No."

"Are you at peace with God?"

"No, I am trying to be."

"Is your soul saved?"

"I cannot say it is."

"Have you been born again?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean have you been brought from nature's darkness into God's marvellous

light, and have you received eternal life?"

"Well, I don't think I have."

"Have you been reconciled to God by the death of His Son, and made a child of God through faith in Him?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, then, my friend, and friends, what you need to see is that you are **LOST**. Like the young man, you have to discover that you are lost—a lost sinner!

"I do not mean lost in hell yet, but your condition is that of a lost sinner, and if you are not saved from that *condition*, you will then be Lost for ever.

"You say, what is to be done? Believe that 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost' (Luke xix. 10).

To know Christ, then, as the seeker and saver of the lost, is to be saved. Do you see, how the Spirit of God taught you that you are guilty and lost? If so, Christ came to seek and to save you. You are the very one He came for. He came to save the ungodly—unrighteous and guilty. Are you this? Then He came to save *you*.

"Do you believe on Him as your own precious Saviour? Do you see that He died for you and bare your sins in His own body on the tree? Then you are saved. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life' (John vi. 47). Now follow Him."

THE THREE FLAGS.

WHILE being whirled along from place to place in a railway train you have observed the signal-men with their three flags! Each of the flags has a meaning, which is as plain as words—*red*, danger; *white*, safety; *green*, caution.

Now, on the road of life we may see these three flags waving. We are all travelling to eternity. Not one of us is at a stand-still. Moment by moment life is being got through; soon it will be over, and the great terminus reached. Some are hurrying on to eternity unsaved, others as swiftly are going home to glory.

Before you, my unsaved reader, I wave the red flag. You are in danger. You are yet in your sins, yet out of Christ; you are rushing on at express speed to the fearful precipice which is at the end of your line. At the bottom of that precipice is hell—eternal hell. With all my soul's energy I cry to you, "Stop, stop!" God's own word is my authority. By His command I wave the signal before your eyes. "All have sinned." You have sinned. "The wages of sin is death"—"after death the judgment," and there is no coming out of hell for ever. Reader, "because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job xxxvi. 18). No, not even the great ransom-price of the blood of Christ.

But has my reader left the whole line of self? Has he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." These are the blessed words for you who fear the wrath to come, and dread the eternity to which you are hastening. Ah! some of us have had moments, nay hours, when eternity has seemed to stare us in

the face, and we knew that we were rushing off into it, and might die at any moment, but were unsaved. But, thank God, we now see God's white flag of safety. It speaks of peace to us. Swiftly and surely we are going on to the glory. Ours is safety, and safety for ever. God has found a ransom, even Jesus; His death has perfectly met all the claims of God's justice, and now we are no longer in the train which is due for destruction, and is timed to reach eternal death directly this life is over; but we are in Christ, we are bound for glory, and no accident can possibly hinder us from reaching God's home above.

One word as to the green flag. In a railway signal language it is *caution*. But when used for this life and eternity, it seems to be the devil's flag of "go on quietly, don't be too fast, live a decent, moral life, say your prayers and be religious, and all will turn out well at the end." Reader, thousands are signalled down to hell by the devil's green flag. But be not deceived, it is either Danger or Safety for you—danger of eternal destruction, or safety in eternal blessedness. May you know all the deep blessedness of having God's white flag of peace waving over you! But bear in mind that His Word says, "Behold, now is the day of salvation."

TRUST IN THE LORD.

"THE less we expect from this world the better for us. The less we expect from our fellow-men, whether of spiritual help or of inspiring example, the smaller will be our disappointment. He that leans on his own strength leans on a broken reed. He that depends on others is equally sure to be deceived. Our business is with the present and with God. We often forget this. We are look-

ing to the future, and hoping to be something stronger, purer, and holier. Somewhere in the hereafter there always hangs a golden ideal of life that we are going to reach; but as we move on, the dream of better things moves on before us also. It is like the child's running over behind the hill to catch the rainbow which is as far off as ever. Thus does our day-dream keep floating away from us, and we are left to realise what frail, unreliable creatures we are, when we rest on expectations of growth and victory over evil in ourselves."

"My soul wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock and my salvation. He is my defence: I shall not be moved" (Ps. lxii. 5, 6). In God is our only safety, our only trust. He keeps us now, He helps us now, He saves us now. In all our sorrows, toils, and tears, He stands by us and says, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." Let us serve Him to-day, trust Him to-day, and rejoice in Him to-day. This service, trust and rejoicing, is our best promise for to-morrow. He is a present help for the present time.

YE ARE DEAD.

TURN to looking at what you have in Christ, and not at yourself. It was decided long ago what you are. Have you taken God's account of you, as a felon that was so incorrigibly bad, that he had to be executed? That is the fact. Now stand to that, and do not allow that he is alive again; or if the motions of sin make you apprehend his presence, treat him as a villain hung for his crimes long ago. Do not go to the graveyard to dig up the dead man, or you will find him a nuisance and an offence sure enough. The Lord never meant gloom, but joy for His own.

WHAT I WAS, AND WHAT I AM.

I WAS just twenty, in the midst of all the gaiety, dissipation, and profligacy, that a "wild young man," with little restraint and sufficient money, could find; and I liked it well. I had been five years at it. At the age of seventeen an adept in sin!

I had been round the world. Twice I had had hair-breadth escapes from shipwreck: once on the coast of England, where, with masts and sails gone, the ship dragged anchors for hours, before the fury of a gale, till, within a mile or two of the breakers on the sandbanks, she held her ground, and we were saved; and, again, in the Southern Ocean, one night running amid the icebergs, the watchman suddenly jumped from aloft, shouting, with a fearful oath, that a "berg" was upon us; and, as the helm was shifted and the ship sheered off, we ran alongside a tremendous iceberg, seeming to be miles long, and towering like a huge mountain above our masts—a moment later, and we should have been dashed to pieces.

But I cared little about it.

I had been in Australia, and the little restraint which society and home influences had put upon me was there entirely laid aside. No moral force had now any effect upon me. The devil hurried me along at railroad speed. But God made me bite the dust. "*The way of transgressors is hard.*" I found it so. Many a day have I starved for want of necessary food; many a weary mile have I walked without shoe to my foot; many a long, wet, wintry night have I spent on the open ground, without even a blanket or fire to warm my shivering, drenched body; but it was a "right way" by which He led me.

After a while, I came back from Australia to my native

land. I had learnt a lesson, but I had *not* learnt that I was a lost sinner whom *God was willing to save*. Then I had another year of dissipation, and fully and deeply I plunged into every kind of wickedness that my evil nature inclined towards. Anon, the thought came across my mind, "*I am going to hell;*" but the devil answered it for me with, "You can't help it; better have your fling now." Then down upon my knees I have gone, and besought Satan to give me all I wanted, and he should have my soul in exchange. I was a good servant to him. Every one whom I could influence I sought to lead into my own evil ways. "I'll have company in hell," I thought. Such was I at the age of twenty. Still *God loved me*, and profligate, blaspheming young man as I was, He was going to show the riches of His grace in saving me.

One day I was suddenly told, "The Prince Consort is dead." That was God's message to me. "Dead," thought I, "how sudden!" And then, as a chill ran through my blood, there came the first serious, sober thought of *my own death and of eternity*. "Perhaps I may be the next—and—*what then?*" It was too plain for me to smooth it over with hope. It was too horrible to dwell upon. I tried to put it away, but could not. Night came; neither drink nor amusement had banished it. And now, in the quietness of my chamber, forcibly and solemnly, as though for the first time I had heard it from God, "*Hell*" sounded in my ears. It was the answer I had struggled against all day. Now, like a horrible vision, it rose before my eyes. "Drink, and you'll sleep," said Satan. I did so, but it was useless. Hell became more vivid than ever, and as each moment I tossed and rolled about, the terrible *reality* of my lost state pressed

itself more and more upon me. The day before I could mock at hell, joke about hell, laugh at hell; but now, as my polluted mind dwelt on the thought of *being there*, and that *for ever*, it was too dreadful. I jumped from my bed, flung myself on my knees, and cried out, "*What must I do to be saved?*" The hard, stubborn heart was broken—the proud, rebellious, wilful spirit was crushed down beneath a word whispered by God, and I had taken my place as a condemned sinner.

A week passed, and I, the careless, dissipated profligate, walked through the streets a wretched, broken-hearted sinner, fearing every house would topple over and crush me into hell. I saw my sins now in awful array, ready to sink me down into everlasting perdition. My soul became alive to the justness of the wrath of God against my sins. I knew not what to do. But God, who had begun the work, could finish it.

Again, in that room where God's mercy had sounded that terrible word of warning, I took my Bible, and sought in it for comfort to my troubled soul; and as I read, I saw *such words*—such words as only weary sinners can tell the solid comfort of. "*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). I read, and it sounded like heavenly music soothingly upon my ears; and, as I thought over the words, they seemed to stand out in a fulness and plainness that was quite new to me. "If I believe I shall never perish." "Believe what?" "That Jesus died for a world of sinners—therefore for *me*—for *my sins*." "What does God say so?" "He does?" "Then I believe it." Such were my thoughts. I closed the book; I knelt down. *Jesus was revealed to my soul as my Saviour.*

The Holy Spirit shed new light into my heart. I saw One, who was a man, and yet the Son of God, accepting and receiving *my* judgment—my just judgment—the visible judgment of death upon the cross, which my sins deserved.

That night, I can say, to the praise of God's abounding grace, I lay down a pardoned sinner, saved through "*the blood of the Lamb*." I saw that Jesus had suffered and died in my stead, and that thus my guilt was met and gone. I had claimed the atonement of Jesus, and with it hell had vanished from my eyes. Now, I had peace—oh! what peace—peace in the knowledge that I was *saved*! "not by works of righteousness which I had done," but because "of His mercy He had saved me" (Titus iii. 5).

And now, reader, just a word ere you lay down this paper. Such is the way *my soul* was freed from the punishment of sin and the dread of hell. What about *your soul*, dear reader? Perhaps, outwardly, you are not such a great sinner as I was; but that matters nothing in the question of salvation; for it is written, "*All have sinned*," and "*the soul that sinneth it shall die*" (Ezek. xviii. 4). And, again, *all* the world has become guilty before God (Rom. iii. 19). Thus every mouth is stopped. Salvation is out of the question, except through the Saviour of sinners. But, through Him, it is sure and certain. Through Him it may be yours. For, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8); and now, "*Who-soever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life*." You cannot be saved except as a guilty, lost sinner; and, as a guilty, lost sinner, you must be redeemed by another than yourself. The work of redemption lies *outside* of you. The atonement, through which God can

pardon your sins, was made by Jesus on the cross. God is satisfied to accept it for *you*. The moment you are really satisfied with it for yourself, and thus accept it, you will have "*redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins*" (Col. i. 14). But if you reject His message, and trample on His love, either by trying to earn your own salvation, or by utterly turning your back upon God, the fearful weight of your sins will sink you into the abyss of hell, there to spend a never-ending eternity amid everlasting burnings, tortured by hopeless remorse, for having rejected a Saviour so freely offered to you.

God grant, dear reader, that you may be enabled to say with me, when thinking of my former and my present state, What *then*?—HELL! What *now*?—HEAVEN!

FOUR THINGS I KNOW.

1st. I *know* that I am a sinner, for the Word of God says, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). I, as an individual, am amongst the "all" of that verse. Consequently I am a sinner, and guilty, and take my place before God as such.

2d. I *know* that God loved sinners, and that Jesus, the Son of God, came to die for such; for the Scripture says, "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). And again, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15).

3d. I *know* that He died for *me*, an individual sinner; for, since I am a sinner, and He died for such, He must have died for *me*. My name is not there; it would not avail me aught if it were, since there might be many of my name;

but He, blessed be His name, died for sinners, and I am a sinner, so He died for *me*.

4th. I *know* I am saved; for the Word of God says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Again, "That 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" (Rom. x. 8-18). I do, as a poor sinner that feels his deep need, believe on the Lord Jesus who died for *me*, and rose again for my justification, and I do confess Him to be Lord over all, and upon the sole authority of God's Word, *I know I am saved*. It is not presumption to believe what God has said; no, it is simple faith—just to believe it, and rejoice in it, because He has said so.

Yes, and is it not a wonderful thought that it is possible for the believer to *know* he is saved? God's Word says He is, and surely He should know it. Ah, yes; though Satan and man may and do object, it is the blessed privilege of the believer to know that he is saved.

Dear reader, are you saved? You say you are believing in Jesus. Then it is your blessed privilege to know and to enjoy the fact that you are saved. I will leave you one more Scripture: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one" (John x. 27-30). Wonderful salvation! Blessed and eternal security!

Who goeth in the way that Christ hath gone, is much more sure to meet with Him than one that travelleth by-ways.—*Herbert*.

"CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND."

WHEN first I heard of Jesus' name,
I only then for refuge came :
I heard that He for sinners died—
And from His pierced and wounded
side

Had flowed the water and the
blood—

To bring the sinner near to God.

I found Him meet my every need,
That He a Saviour was indeed ;
By Him my every want supplied,
Whene'er I have to Him applied.
Of grace, the storehouse full and
free,
All fulness dwells in Him for me.

But, oh ! I have such glories viewed
In Him who as my surety stood ;
Such beauties, human and divine,
In all His words and actions shine,
That now I sing, with rapturous
heart,

"Thou altogether lovely art."

And all He is, He is for me !
So meek in all His majesty,
So tender in Almightyness,
So sympathising in distress,
So liberal—all He has He gave,
Yea, e'en Himself, my soul to save !

It is not terror makes me flee,
Saviour of sinners, Lord, to Thee ;
Thy excellences me constrain
To seek Thee as my greater gain ;
Thy presence, my eternal home,
Come, blessed Lord, O quickly
come !

WHAT DO YOU GO TO CHURCH FOR?

"Are you a Church member?"

"Oh, yes ! I joined Dr. —'s
church about five years ago."

"You are saved, then?"

"W-e-l-l,—I hope so."

"What makes you hope so?"

"Oh, I—don't—know. I am a
Sunday-School teacher, and am
very regular in attendance at
Church and prayer-meeting. I
think I am leading a consistent
Christian life,—at least I am
doing my best."

"Ah ! Then you hope that
you are saved, because you are
a Sunday-School teacher, go to
Church and prayer-meeting

regularly, and lead a consistent
life ; is that it?"

"Of course when I joined the
Church I confessed Christ be-
fore the world ; I could not be
saved without Him. But I must
set an example to others, as
well as maintain *my own* Chris-
tian character."

"I understand. You go to
Church in order to maintain
your Christian character, and
to be an example to others."

"Well,—yes."

"It satisfies your conscience,
and keeps you and the Lord on
good terms?"

"W-e-l-l,"—

"Now, my friend, just be
honest, and ask yourself the
question, as in the presence of
God, 'What do I go to Church
for?'"

"You have been going regu-
larly, now, for some years, let
me ask you a few questions :
Why is it that you say you *hope*
you are saved, when the word
of God teaches distinctly that
you may *know* it?"

"And this is the record, that
God HATH GIVEN TO US ETERNAL
LIFE ; and this life is in His
Son. He that hath the Son,
hath life ; and he that hath not
the Son of God, hath not life.
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. 11-13).

"He that heareth my word,
and believeth on Him that sent
me, HATH everlasting life, and
SHALL NOT come into condem-
nation (or judgment) ; but is
PASSED from death unto life'
(John v. 24).

"But God, who is rich in
mercy, for His great love where-
with He loved us, even when
we were dead in sins, HATH
QUICKENED us together with
Christ (by grace ye ARE saved) ;
and HATH raised us up together.
For by grace ye ARE
SAVED' (Eph. ii. 4-8).

"Is it not remarkable that,

although you have enjoyed the
privileges of the Gospel for so
long a time, you have never
accepted the finished work of
Christ?"

"Are you not allowing your
'going to Church' to occupy
your mind and quiet your
conscience?"

"Suppose there were no
'churches' for you to go to,
what would become of your
hope?"

"Instead of the Saviour's be-
coming *personally* better known
to you, and consequently more
precious to you, is not the
organisation to which you be-
long, and the *doctrine* taught
by it, filling your mind and
heart?"

"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).

"Instead of the 'Church'
being the *means* of bringing to
your heart a fuller revelation
of the knowledge of Christ, so
that He may become *personally*
more precious to you, is it not
rather satisfying your heart
with something else?"

"Is not Satan deceiving you
by leading you to *find rest* in
something besides the atoning
work of Christ?"

"He THAT BELIEVETH ON THE
SON HATH everlasting life ; and
he THAT BELIEVETH NOT THE SON
shall not see life ; but THE
WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON
him' (John iii. 36).

"If your growth is not in the
knowledge of Him, beware lest
Satan make your Church-going
a snare for your soul."

He spared not His Son !
'Tis this that silences each rising fear,
'Tis this that bids the hard thought
disappear—
He spared not His Son !

'Tis God that justifies !
Who shall recall the pardon or the
grace,
Or who the broken chain of guilt re-
place ?
'Tis God that justifies.

OUT AND INTO.

"He brought us OUT that He might bring us IN."
—DEUT. vi. 23.

Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep;
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of its foul and pestilent breath;
Out of the bondage and wearying chains,
Out of companionship ever with stains;—
 Into the light and the glory of God,
 Into the holiest made clean by blood;
 Into His arms—the embrace and the kiss,—
 Into the scene of ineffable bliss;
 Into the quiet, the infinite calm,
 Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful work, that has thus set me free!
Wonderful ground upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of disaster and ruin complete,
Out of the struggle and dreary defeat;
Out of my sorrow, and burden, and shame,
Out of the evils, too fearful to name;
Out of my guilt, and the criminal's doom,
Out of the dreading, the terror, the gloom:—
 Into the sense of forgiveness and rest,
 Into inheritance with all the blest,
 Into a righteous and permanent peace,
 Into the grandest and fullest release;
 Into the comfort without an alloy,
 Into a perfect and confident joy.
Wonderful holiness bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful wisdom, devising the way!
Wonderful power, that nothing could stay!

Out of the horror at being alone,
Out, and for ever, of being my own;
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings which nothing could fill;
Out of the bitterness, madness, and strife,
Out of myself, and of all I called life:—
 Into communion with Father and Son,
 Into the sharing of all that Christ won;
 Into the ecstasies full to the brim,
 Into the having of all things with Him;
 Into Christ Jesus there ever to dwell,
 Into more blessings than words e'er can tell.
Wonderful lowliness, daining my cup!
Wonderful purpose, that ne'er gave me up!
Wonderful patience, that waited so long!
Wonderful glory, to which I belong!

Out of my poverty into His wealth,
Out of my sicknesses into pure health,
Out of the false, and into the true,
Out of the old man, into the New,
Out of what measures the full depth of "LOST!"
Out of it all, and at infinite cost!
 Into what must with that cost correspond,
 Into that which there is nothing beyond,
 Into the union which nothing can part,
 Into what satisfies His, and my, heart!
 Into the deepest of joys ever had—
 Into the gladness of making God glad!
Wonderful Person, whose face I'll behold!
Wonderful story, then all to be told!
Wonderful all the dread way that He trod!
Wonderful end, He has brought me to God!

THE WORD OF GOD.

ATTACKED in all ages, attacked still, the Holy Scriptures will be the great object for hostility in the future. But you know the symbol which our fathers loved,—an anvil on which three men were letting fall the strokes of their hammers, and around the anvil this motto—

"The more strokes spent,
The more hammers rent."

Such is the history of the written Word of God. Fear not, then! If you stood at the foot of Mont Blanc, at the place where that giant among the mountains cast unto the earth its immovable foundations, and you saw some ants issuing from their little hill, toiling, boring, digging, laying hold, one on a blade of grass, another on a grain of sand, would

you believe that Mont Blanc was ready to fall? and would you deem it right that other puny insects, such as we, should make war on our comrades, to prevent our gigantic Alps from being razed to the ground? Surely not. Well, then unite the efforts of all the men who, in all times, and in all places, have attacked the Word of God, and their combined strength amounts but to that. I am wrong; it is much less. The Holy Scriptures, where they are attacked by man, do not run even the same danger as that to which Mont Blanc is exposed when an ant assaults it. Christ Jesus has not only said:—"Mont Blanc shall pass away," but He has affirmed that "heaven and earth," earth with its loftiest mountains, "shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

TRIALS.

TRIALS—what are we to do with them? We cannot escape them, for "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

Let us make the most of them. Trials are good, designed by our Father in wisdom for some good to us. Let us study them; seek to learn why God has sent them, and gather from them all the lessons of instruction He wishes them to teach.

"Some trials are frae the Lord," said the worthy Scotchman, "and some are home-made." If any of ours are home-made, we will endeavour to remove them; if they are sent by the Lord, we will submit to them. "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience."

THE THREE ANOINTINGS.

Of all the kings we ever read of in history, David of Bethlehem is the only one who was thrice anointed. In his native village but not in secret, in the presence of the elders of the place as well as of his father and his brethren, at the hour of public sacrifice with solemnity and deliberation, "Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren, and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward" (1 Sam. xvi. 13). On the death of Saul, David and his men and all their households went by Divine direction out of the Philistine country and dwelt in the cities of Hebron; "and the men of Judah came, and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah" (2 Sam. ii. 4). After the treacherous murder of Ishbosheth, Saul's son and successor, "came all the tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron . . . and they anointed David king over Israel" (2 Sam. v. 1-3).

The first of these anointings was the best, and was sufficient to impart the fitness and the authority necessary for the right discharge of David's kingly office. Samuel, one of the stateliest figures in history, had himself, as last of the judges, exercised regal power and undisputed sway over all the tribes; from a child brought up in the temple as a minister of the Lord, he appears to have discharged priestly functions (1 Sam. ix. 12; xvi. 2-5) on various occasions; and the place "of first of the prophets" is claimed for him both in Old and New Testament writings (Ps. xc. 6; Jer. xv. 1; Acts iii. 24; xiii. 20; Heb. xi. 32). He knew well the history of Israel, he was thoroughly conversant with the religious observances prescribed to his people, and understood their spiritual signi-

ficance, and to him the Lord revealed Himself in Shiloh (1 Sam. iii. 21), apparently after a period of silence (1 Sam. iii. 4), during which no heavenly messages had been vouchsafed to a backsliding people. A religious reformation, one great victory over the Philistines, and a long term of peace and prosperity (1 Sam. vii.), sum up the story of Samuel's rule. This great prophet-judge, instructed by Jehovah, was the instrument chosen to anoint David king in the place of Saul.

A long period, however, intervened before David was permitted to exercise kingly power. Saul was not left in ignorance that his rule after David's anointing was only that of a usurper (1 Sam. xv. 23-28). His son Jonathan, in a wonderfully beautiful spirit of submission to God's appointment, accepted the situation with all its painful consequences to himself (1 Sam. xviii. 4; xx. 30). Many faithful hearts in Israel turned with hope and expectation to the time when David would be king in actual possession, as well as in right of God's anointing (1 Sam. xxv. 28); but for long years he had to endure rejection and contempt, hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, yet never without followers. Not the prosperous, nor the wealthy, nor the light-hearted flocked to his standard, but "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was bitter of soul gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him four hundred men" (1 Sam. xxii. 2). Four hundred men! and what were they among the thousands of Judah, or among the tens of thousands of Israel? A little flock, indeed, out in the wilderness, but large enough to give anxious thought to their tried and toil-worn shepherd in his

daily care for them, and his wearisome watchings against surprise from his enemy. Like his great descendant and Lord, David "learned obedience by the things which he suffered."

But the long discipline of delay and disappointment came to a close with the death of Saul and Jonathan. Happy for David that his hand or his adherents' did not strike the fatal blow which laid in the dust the first king of Israel and his princely son.—And now we come to the second anointing of king David. His own tribe is ready to acknowledge him. Possibly these men of Judah never gave their hearty adhesion to the former king, taken from the tribe of Benjamin; and they had better opportunities, perhaps, than any other tribe, from their proximity to the Philistine territory, to judge of David's prowess and fitness to be "a leader and commander to the people." With due ceremonial observance, doubtless, and priestly consecration, did he receive this instalment of dignity and glory, and take his rightful place as head of the royal tribe and beginning of the royal line of Judah.

But a larger promise had to be fulfilled, and a wider rule committed to his keeping, ere Israel could enjoy rest from war. The time of peace and good government came, after seven years of conflict, with the death of Ishbosheth, and then all the tribes of Israel are "of one mind to make David king." Then occurred the third anointing, this time also in Hebron; but there he reigned no longer. David was divinely guided to choose Jerusalem, and its strong position commended it to his military instinct as the fittest centre for his seat of government. Now begins the history of "the City of the Great King," so famous in this world's chronicles, and of all earth's cities

the one of greatest note and observation among the principalities and powers in heavenly places. But whatever of earthly glory and majesty Jerusalem has witnessed in the last three thousand years, how will these pale and fade away before the brightness and the glory of which she is yet to be the scene!

And now, briefly, look at David's Son, and David's Lord. "Full of the Holy Ghost," He was made manifest to His people; "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not;" and up to this hour the world has rejected and is rejecting the Anointed, the Christ of God. True, He has followers, and much the same sort as David had: *Every one that is in distress*. "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God!" Ah, it is the sin-burdened and heavy-laden ones that go after Christ. *Every one that is in debt*; "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" is a question which every awakened conscience has to meet, and we need to go to God's Anointed One to get the debt wiped out. *Every one that is bitter of soul*; all the disappointed ones, deceived by the world's false promises, beguiled by Satan's lies, where can they find truth, and rest, and peace, save in the Christ? But compared with the multitudes who heed not His claims, and have no thought of crowning Him, the true-hearted followers of Jesus of Nazareth are in the minority, and, like their Master, must bear reproach and scorn yet a while. But "if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him; if we deny Him, He also will deny us."

What corresponds to David's second anointing in the future manifestation of Christ's glory, so far as unfulfilled prophecy may guide us to an answer? We are taught that a day is

coming when a godly and despised remnant of Israel alone will testify for the Messiah, through the greatest tribulation the world ever saw, distinct from and intermediate between the testimony of the body of Christ, and that of the whole gathered, united, and converted nation of Israel. Thus we find in Revelation vii., 12,000 from each of the twelve tribes, the servants of God, who were sealed in their foreheads. From all parts of the world these distressed, these hopelessly-indebted, these soul-embittered men had come to find relief and freedom and satisfaction in joining themselves to David; they are now his best and most valiant followers; some of their names are given us in 1 Chron. xi. 12. The spirit in which they served was uttered by Amasai:—"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse; peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thy helpers; for thy God helpeth thee" (1 Chron. xii. 18). And when, as David's body-guard, the thirty mighty men, and the three mightiest, — ay, and the whole four hundred,—they re-appeared on the scene of their leader's triumph and power, — would they not appear to the wondering eyes of the tribes as men that had been lost and buried out of sight, and were now risen again?

But on a grander scale, though not more blessed, shall be the dominion of Christ when God shall fulfil the promise, "His feet shall stand that day upon the mount of Olives, . . . and the Lord my God shall come, and all the (already risen) saints with Thee" (Zech. xiv. 4, 5); and this other—"The Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, . . . and of His kingdom there shall be no end." Then, and not till then, "shall all the ends of the world remember and

turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee, for the kingdom is the Lord's." On the grandest scale will this glorious consummation of Christ's glory correspond to the complete and undisputed sway of David over all the tribes of Israel; and then with unflinching tongue shall all the ransomed be able to sing:—

"Let every kindred, every tongue,
On this terrestrial ball,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

Reader, to whom is your allegiance given? Is it to brethren with whom you happen to be in fellowship and to the particular church-system with which you are associated; or is it wholly given to the absent King, now world rejected but God accepted? Do not make the mistake of following the disciples, when the Master Himself calls upon you to follow Him. And for what are you waiting and working here on earth? For the improvement of a world which is incurably bad, or for the coming of Him who will make all things new? He loves those who "love His appearing," and who, in a world which is at enmity with God, are ready to witness. Surely He comes quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

January 1872.

WE KNOW NOT WHAT WE SHALL BE.

WHAT will my mind be two hundred thousand years hence, when I shall have been growing all the time? O God, forbid that we should neglect our souls and think them little things, when they will be enlarging and increasing in knowledge to all eternity. Don't degrade yourselves, little as you are now, you are to grow eternally.

"THE SON OF MAN."

Luka xiv. 19.

It is very important that we should enter into the meaning of this word, "THE SON OF MAN." Why did it not read, "For the Son of God is come," which would have been equally and blessedly true. But that is not what we get here, and it would not answer at all to read it thus in this passage. But "SON OF MAN." "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

He must be a man, because we are men. He must come down to us, in order to carry us up with Himself. He must become a son of man with us, before He can make us sons of God with Himself. He must be made *what we are*, in order to make us what He is, not as being divine, but as being *sons of God*. For this is what He does. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know." God might have sent angels to have carried us all up to heaven, if that had been the only thing necessary, but that would have made heaven just another such place as this earth, a scene of ruin and confusion.

Many people have a vague, undefined idea of heaven, or going to heaven, they know not how, while it is simply a choice between two places, heaven, or that other place, the lake of fire, and they do not want to go there, so they think and vainly hope that somehow they will come out all right in the end. But do you not know that to be in heaven is to be where God is? Is that what you want? If not, you can never see heaven. To go to heaven is to find your whole soul, heart, and life drawn towards *the One who is there*. To put you in heaven without this you would get out if you could. As a child of Adam you

have no heart for heaven, because no heart for the One who is there. God has put two men into this world. A first man, Adam, and a second man, Christ. Which is your head? To which do you belong?

By nature we are all children of the first man, and through Satan's lie received in Eden, "children of disobedience," "children of wrath," "children of the wicked one." This will not do for God. We must have a new nature. We must be born again. We must be made in the image of the second man, Christ, in whom was and is found the centre of all God's delights. Have you got that? If not, then farewell heaven.

God's thought from all eternity was, that He would reveal Himself in this world as the Son of Man. We have a thought before we have a word. God's thought was expressed. Then we get the Word. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, the same was in the beginning with God, all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Then God has come down to you and me, and this is "the Son of Man," to tell out to your heart and to mine all the love of God.

This is very wonderful. God has introduced Himself to you and to me, as a person, just as really as though He sat by your side, or stood before your face. Do you believe this? You need not say, No, I cannot believe what I do not see, for I can prove that you do believe many things which you have not, and never can see. You believe there are such things as the wind, the air, and yet you never see them. You believe there

are such things as wind, a noise, or thunder; and yet you never saw either. You believe there is such a person as the Czar of Russia, though you may never have seen him, and you cannot frame a doubt in your mind as to the reality of such a person.

Just so you cannot frame a doubt as to the personality of Jesus Christ. This is a fact for your intellect, and it is really more, it is a truth for your heart, and for your conscience. Facts carry the intellect, while truth may or may not carry the heart and conscience, accordingly as self-interest stands in the way. To illustrate. The person and presence of the Lord Jesus on earth was not gainsayed or doubted, but everywhere acknowledged, while the truth that He was, and that He expressed, was everywhere rejected. For they said, "If we allow this fellow to go on, all men will believe on Him, and the Romans will come and take away our place and nation."

These facts cannot be doubted, while the truth which they establish is where the issue begins, because here is where self-interest is entrenched, and self-will enthroned. And these are the offspring of Satan, who has been working from Eden to this hour, to defeat the revelation of God. But God is revealed, nevertheless, as coming down to my needs, yea, going to the very bottom of my case, even into the dust of death, to deliver me from sin and Satan's power; and from that low place He rises up to ascend to the right hand of God, as Son of man, for there Stephen saw Him, and there Paul saw Him.

And now please read in John iii. 13-19, and here we get the Son of Man lifted up, that men might believe on the Son of God. So, then, here I get both sides. The Son of Man is the human side, the Son of God is the divine side. And I need

both in order to be saved. If He was not perfect man, then God has not come down to me; and again, if He was not God, then I have no one who is able to carry me up to God. The Son of God, and the Son of Man. Two distinct titles; and, when united, "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up to glory."

Here, then, I have a perfect revelation of all that God is, of all that God feels, and all that God can do; and all for me, all for you. And what is the answer of your heart to this?

Does this just suit you? Does it meet all your need? God Himself has come down to you. God has undertaken for you. God Himself has told out all His great love to you. Is not this enough? And this is grace. "The law was given by Moses, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." The law said, Love God. Grace says, God loves you. The law said, "Cursed is the man that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Grace says, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." And, "Christ hath delivered us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Oh, this wonder of wonders, which the angels desired to look into!

And now, if you will turn to Romans x. you will see how this is made good to your soul, or practical. Ver. 6. "But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh in this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above;) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead). But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we

preach; that 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."

And now mark this, beloved friend, that there is not one word here about feeling or experiencing anything, but a simple, absolute statement of God's word. We have been going over this wondrous mystery, "God manifest in the flesh." "The Word made flesh." What is the answer of your heart to what you have read? Do you believe it? I do not ask, Do you feel it? There will be feeling and experience, no doubt, and very blessed it is too. But to look for that is not faith. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. Do you believe what you have heard? And are you willing to confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus? This is the word of faith which we preach. That 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. Are you saved?

Now, do not look into yourself to see if you feel it; but look up. God says, 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. Can you say looking up to Him, yes, I confess with my mouth the Lord Jesus, that He needed to die for my sins—for me, and that He *has* died for me, and I believe in my heart that God hath raised Him from the dead; and I know I am saved, because God says it?

"The Son of God," "the Son of Man,"
Lord Jesus, I confess,
My heart believes that precious word,
I enter into rest.

"The One who lived, the One who died,
The One raised up for me,
In Him I shall be glorified,
In Him I now am free."

"What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" "Looking for that blessed hope."

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

WANDERER, groping in the dark,
Searching keenly for a mark,
Halting, trembling—find'st thou none?
Here's a track, the *only* one:
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
Follow Me, "I AM THE WAY."

Burdened, bound, entangled heart,
Longing for "the better part,"
Fretting 'neath sin's galling chain,
Working to escape in vain—
Sweetly Jesus speaks to thee,
"I AM THE TRUTH!" the truth makes free.

Dead in trespasses and sin,
Would'st thou life anew begin?
See by faith on Calvary's tree,
Jesus dying there for thee;
Dies, thus ending Satan's strife—
Look and live—"I AM THE LIFE!"

Blessed Jesus! Holy One!
Power belongs to Thee alone;
Thou the way, the power, the life,
Give, oh give the dying, life,
Give the bond-slaves liberty,
Draw the wanderers after Thee;
So shall praise to Thee be given,
Here on earth and soon in heaven.

ADAM BELIEVED GOD.

FROM the fact of God clothing the guilty pair with coats of skin—sacrifice, and righteousness; and, also, from Adam naming his wife "Eve, mother of all *living*," and that, too, in view of death all around, there is proof sufficient that Adam believed God. The name given to his wife implied his belief in the blessed truths of *life* and *resurrection*, and that through the promised seed—Christ.

MONEY A SNARE.

"AH!" said a woman, who had been wont to do much for Christ in poverty, and who had had a great sum left her, "I cannot do as much as I used to do." "But how is that?" said one. Said she, "*When I had a shilling purse I had a guinea heart, and now I have a guinea purse I have only a shilling heart.*" It is a sad temptation to some men to get rich. They were content to go to the meeting-

house and mix with the humble congregation while they had but little; they have grown rich, there is a Turkey carpet in the drawing-room, they have arrangements now too splendid to permit them to invite the poor of the flock, as once they did, and Christ Jesus is not so fashionable as to allow them to introduce any religious topic when they meet with their new friends.

Besides this, they say they are now obliged to pay this

visit and that visit, and they must spend so much time upon attire, and in maintaining their station and respectability, they cannot find time to pray as they did. The house of God has to be neglected for the party, and the things of the world crowd the interests of religion out of their hearts.

GOD THINKS OF US.

"I AM poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me," David says; and again, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me!"

Thy thoughts! The mother parts from her beloved child, the wife from her husband, the lover from his chosen, and "Think of me" is the last injunction of each. And oh, how thick and fast thoughts of our dear ones crowd upon the soul when we are far away from them. Unbidden they come; sweet, comforting, tenderly cherished, "precious," are the thoughts of the absent for one another! Memories of form and feature, look and smile, word and deed, affection and purpose, are ever present.

Does God, the Infinite, thus think of us? "I know the thoughts that I think toward you," says the Lord, "thoughts of peace and not of evil." And they are so continuous! "How great is the sum of them!" exclaims the Psalmist. "If I should count them they are more in number than the sand!" We have walked the wide beach, as it stretched on for miles and miles in one unbroken line of white sand. Could we count a single handful? Yet these thoughts out-number the whole shore full, yea, the whole world full!

And how precious they are, because begotten of pure love, and royal with kindness, and tender with compassion, and

WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are: "Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life,". The second system continues the melody and harmony. The third system includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are: "Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:". The fourth system also includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte) and *mp*. The lyrics are: "Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life, life." A "2nd time" bracket is placed over the final measure of the fourth system.

Christ the blessed One gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
 wooing us to heaven.

Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever.

Words that come from the throne of God,
Wonderful words of life;
Words that tell of the cleansing blood,
Wonderful words of life;
God has been glorified,
Now we are satisfied.

By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin.

fragrant with blessings, exquisite with sweetness, infinite, incessant, immeasurable. "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!"

CAIN'S OFFERING.

"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord" (Gen. iv. 16).

Is this *your* condition, dear reader?

"No!" perhaps you say, "I should be sorry indeed, to be a Cain, and have to bear the sentence which God gave *him* for his terrible sin; we are all sinners, I know, but I try to live uprightly, and God is very merciful."

True, my reader, we *are* sinners, and God is merciful, but the point is, are you a *saved* sinner, and on what ground do you count on the mercy of that God who has said He will in no wise clear the guilty? Sin sent Cain out from the presence of the Lord, and Scripture says "there is no difference—for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." His offering of uprightness (the honest labour of his hands) did not avail him here. God was merciful then as now, but sin must be punished according to His claims as a righteous, just and holy God; so he who had sinned went out from His presence.

Ah, you who are sinners unsaved, bringing as an offering to God the fruits of a cursed earth, good works, so called, from a nature pronounced by Him as

corrupt; have you ever thought what it cost Him to redeem sinners to Himself; to bring them out of the condition sin has cast them into as outside of His presence? It cost Him His Son, that Son who to do His Father's will (that will to save poor lost ones) was made sin in that awful hour, and placed in the anguish of that time where you and I would have to be, if unsaved, for all eternity—under the weight of its judgment. What of Cain's offering now, or expecting mercy for uprightness? Have you found out yet where you are, if on this ground with sin upon you, in spite of the offering of fair fruits? You have in reality gone out from the presence of the Lord; you are without God and without hope in the world—a stranger to Him as the Saviour God.

But is there no escape from this condition? Yes, Abel's offering is at hand—the blood of the Lamb. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." The blood of Christ is that which justifies a guilty soul before a holy God the moment it is trusted. God is satisfied with, nay, glorified by the death of His Son, and according to the value of His blood the soul is cleansed from sin. He offers you salvation upon that ground alone. "He that heareth my word, and be-

lieveth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life." Hear His word, trust Him and receive everlasting life.

GIVE, GIVE.

THE sun gives ever; so the earth, What it can give, so much 'tis worth.

The ocean gives in many ways, Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.

And so the air, it gives us breath, When it stops giving, in comes death.

Give, give, be always giving, Who gives not, is not living. The more you give, the more you live.

God's love hath to us wealth upheaped,

Only by giving is it reaped. The body withers, and the mind, If pent in by a selfish rind.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf, Give time, give prayers, but first give yourself.

Give, give, be always giving, Who gives not, is not living. The more you give, the more you live.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

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CHRISTMAS.—Would B. C., writing December 8th, oblige by sending address, as we quite agree with what is in the note, and could explain.

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MARCH 1879.

[No. 141.]

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"DOING MY BEST."

I WAS travelling the other day from Glo'ster to Stroud, when I found myself with a young man, in the same compartment alone. I asked him as to the state of his soul, and whether he knew himself to be saved. He replied:—"I am a member of a church, and I was happy some years ago, but if I must speak the truth, I scarcely know whether I am saved or not. I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I try to do my best, and I hope I shall get my sins forgiven." I said, "You have overlooked one thing. God forgives them that have done their worst. If you look at the 15th chapter of Luke you will find the prodigal had not tried his best, but had done his very worst; and yet, as soon as he really came to himself and owned before his father that he

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had done his worst, then immediately the father said, Bring the best robe and put it upon him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet." The young man looked with great astonishment, and said:—"I never saw that before." "Well," said I again, "if you look in Luke vii., you have there two characters in the presence of Jesus. A man who thinks he had done his best, invites Jesus to dinner. And a woman, who knows she has done her worst, comes in and stands at His feet weeping. Now, did Jesus say, Thy sins be forgiven, to the man who thought he had done his best, or to the woman who knew, and by her tears owned, she had done her worst? There you have the two opposite characters before you, and the words of Jesus to each. He sternly rebukes the one, He frankly forgives the other." The young man exclaimed, "I never saw anything like that before," and listened with great attention, as I endeavoured to show him how grace had thus come down to save the lost. I trust God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shined into the heart of that young man, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Many more instances might be given in proof of this wondrous grace; a Mary Magdalene; a dying thief; a Saul of

Tarsus. Yes, it is certain, my reader, your case cannot be beyond such mercy as this. You may have vain dreams of some day beginning to do your best. But, may I ask, considering your privileges, can you take the place of having done your worst? Have you much or little to be forgiven? Have you rejected Christ? Have you turned a deaf ear to God's forgiveness through His blood? Are you insulting God by setting up your own doings in the place of the atoning work of Jesus on the cross? Or are you, like this young man, vainly trying to build on both, a hope that you will at last find forgiveness? Believing on Jesus, and trying to do your best? Then look at the Father rising to receive in forgiving love the prodigal who had done his worst. This is God's way of receiving the sinner, God's only way of receiving you. You may not have fallen into the same outward sins as the dying thief, the prodigal, or Saul. Neither would I have you suppose, I mean to say, that those sunk in grossest sins are on that account more welcome to God than others. But they are welcome. Blessed fact, you cannot be too vile. You cannot be beyond the reach of mercy; on this account God hath raised up Jesus again from the dead. He hath made that same Jesus, who died the atoning death of the cross, both Lord and Christ.

That body once wounded and broken on the cross, is raised in glory far above the highest heavens. This is God's guarantee that the sacrifice is infinite in value. And "through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins;" "and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses."

What a meeting is this. God tells you it is through Jesus He forgives the sins of all who believe on Him; for He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. You may have done your worst. Jesus has done His best. He could not have done else. In dying, the just for the unjust, He has glorified God, He has finished the work which the Father gave Him to do.

And now, reader, what do you say? Will you still talk of doing your best (and you know that is mere talk), or do you now believe this wondrous grace that meets you just as you are, in the full knowledge of what you are, and what you have done; and meets you with the full, free, present, and everlasting forgiveness of all sins, and on such a ground. The full judgment of the holy and righteous God having first been borne by Jesus for sins, and sin. I do say all this having been done first, gives such glory to God in commanding you to repent. You may now surely meet God and open out your whole heart to Him. You don't need to hide anything. You don't need to say, "If I had been a less guilty sinner, then the blood of Jesus would have met my case." When the Lord showed His hands and His side in resurrection, He did not tell Peter he was too guilty. Like him you may have even denied the Lord since you made a profession of His name. But as Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished!" so now in resurrection

hear Him speak those precious words, "Peace to you."

Can Christ deceive you? As He speaks to that poor woman, so may He now speak to you, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Then go in faith, doubt no more, and no more vainly hope by doing your best to be forgiven. Forgiveness first, forgiveness through His precious blood, and then may body, soul, and spirit be wholly sanctified a thank-offering to the Lord.

WHAT FAITH IS.

A YOUNG lady was reading in her Greek Testament one day, the 2d and 3d chapters of the Gospel of John. She came to the word "*believeth*" in chapter iii. 15.

"Surely that word occurred in the previous chapter," she said to herself; and looking back she saw that the word "*commit-himself unto*" was exactly the same in the original as the word "*believe*."

Thus God showed her that "*believing*" meant simply committing herself with all her *unbelief* and sin to Jesus; then her soul rested on the strength and love of her Saviour.

It is this simple "committing of ourselves" to Jesus that our great enemy tries to persuade us is difficult. The very words "*faith*," and "*believing*," are so familiar that they seem almost to have lost their first simple meaning, and to some minds seem words of vague import.

But the Lord Jesus would not offer a dim uncertain way of salvation to poor dying ones, so He says in His abounding love, "*I am the way*." "*I, Jesus*,"—who was made flesh and dwelt among men, and knows to the uttermost the poor sinner's need and weariness,—"*the living, loving Saviour, am the way; commit yourselves to Me, and you are safe for eternity!*"

The following true story may serve to illustrate what this committing faith is.

Some years ago a ship was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall. All on board were drowned except one sailor-boy who was washed on shore nearly dead, and who lay for weeks upon a sick bed. A young Christian man visited him, and spoke the gospel to him.

"When your vessel was in pieces round about you," he said to the lad, "and you were sinking, if a plank had floated by you and you had been able to clutch it, and you felt it would bear your weight, you would have thanked God for that plank?"

"Yes," said the boy, and he was led to understand that the "*plank*" for his sinking soul was "*Christ*," and that he had only to commit himself to Christ as in drowning he would to the plank.

Many years afterwards in a distant city the same Christian man visited a deathbed. The dying person was a stranger to him.

"Is it well with your soul?" he said, as he bent over him.

The dying man turned his head,—there was a smile of recognition, a grasp of the hand,—and he said, "*God bless you, sir, the plank bears, the plank bears!*" And he died.

Poor sinking one, do you imagine that the weight of your sin and weariness is too heavy for Jesus? It *was* heavy, and He sank under the weight of it, in order that you might not sink; and now He lives to present His redeemed faultless before the presence of the Father's glory.

"He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters."

C. A.

"FAITH is the soul going out of itself for all its needs."

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

It is said that when the steamship "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay, some years ago, that two boats full of precious souls got clear off the vessel. One reached the shore in safety, the other was never heard of.

It is also related that when the boats were alongside, and those who were willing to risk their lives in them were getting in, and that soon they must put off from the sinking vessel, a lady ran below and collected her jewellery and money, and put it into a carpet-bag and ran up on deck to get into the boat. But to her horror the boat had pushed off, and she was left with her money in the sinking "London."

She stood upon the gangway, and with the voice of agony cried, "*A thousand pounds if you will take me into the boat.*" But, alas! it was too late! She went down in the ill-fated ship. But for her money she could have been saved.

Dear reader, are you in the boat or in the sinking ship? You say, what do you mean? Listen. This world is going on without God; you too, if not saved, are going on without God, and as the steamship "London" was swallowed up in the mighty ocean, so will you and all who appear before God by and by in their sins, sink into eternal perdition. "The heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men" (2 Pet. iii. 7).

Everything about you may appear beautiful, wonderful strides being made by men in the arts and sciences; but man's rejection of Christ is lost sight of; as for judgment, it is afar off, if believed in at all.

It was also so with the pas-

sengers of the ship "London." She was a magnificent vessel, with a skilful captain. What could they not face, what storm not outride? Already in their thoughts they are at their journey's end. Already they reach the land of glittering gold; but, alas! not so. The waves engulfed her, and many went down in her. Their future prospects were a delusion.

This world is under judgment—the day is fixed. God has fixed it, and who can put it off? Its future prospects will all be blighted; from the height of its grandeur, attainments and glory, will it be dashed by a divine hand and cast into perdition. Sad end for this poor world! Thank God, there is a Saviour, a refuge, a divine life-boat. My reader need not be lost—he can be saved if he will.

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). Christ Jesus, then, is that Saviour, that refuge, and divine life-boat. He came into the world to save sinners—blessed thought! "He died the just One for the unjust, to save us from this world, and the terrible course it has taken—to save us from the sinking wreck.

Now my reader can understand my question, "Are you in the life-boat or in the sinking wreck?" If of the world, you are not in Christ, and are going on to perdition; if in Christ, you are not of the world, you are delivered from the world, its course, and its judgment. It is a matter of the deepest moment, beloved friend. Be not deceived, I beseech you, by the glitter and show of this poor world. Satan has deceived it. "The whole world lieth in the wicked one" (1 John v. 19). Awake to your sins, your associations with the world, and the impending judg-

ment! Why will you perish eternally? Why seek to brave out the storm? Why defy the judgment? The storm is coming, almighty in its power to destroy, soon shall this world know and feel its force, when, alas! it will be too late!

Again I ask, Are you in the boat? Do you know Christ? Are you justified by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus? Are you saved? If not, you have no part with Christ, and if the storm were to take you now, you would be lost for ever. May the Almighty God arrest you, and bring you to a consciousness of your danger and need.

Remember the woman! She wanted to be saved, but she loved her gold too much. She was too late, and fain would she have purchased a place in the boat for a thousand pounds. The opportunity was gone, and she was lost.

She reminds me of Lot's wife, who wished to escape the destruction, but whose heart was in Sodom. She looked back, and became a pillar of salt. The Lord says, "Remember Lot's wife!" "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?" (Mark viii. 36, 37).

This lady lost the only opportunity of being saved from the wreck. There was but one, and she missed it. What must have been her feelings, as she stood and watched the boat, her only hope, speeding on its way? What anguish filled her soul! But for this gold—my folly—I could have been saved, but now I am lost!

On a more tremendous scale will this be transacted over again ere long. It is written in Matt. xxv. "And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the

marriage, and the door was shut. Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." Ah, yes, the moment is fast approaching when the blessed Bridegroom of the Church will come, and they that are ready will enter with Him to the nuptial feast. Then shall the door be shut. How blessed to be shut *in*; but how awful to be for ever shut *out*.

Those shut out come and knock, but the Lord from within will say, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." What a sentence falling from the lips of Jesus. "I know you not." Now the Saviour knocks, but the sinner will not open to Him; then the sinner will knock, but the door for them will never be opened.

Dear reader, look well to the matter that you are among those who are ready, so if the Master came *now*, you would enter in with Him to the marriage, and not be shut out.

A NEW WELL SPRINGING UP.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, which aptly illustrates the great truth of Christianity, happened not long ago in a small village on the west coast of Scotland. The sewerage of the place needed improvement and cleansing; and in the progress of the work one of the principal wells in the town, from which pure water had been supplied to families in the vicinity, became polluted by contact with the sewer. As soon as the cause of the disaster was discovered, remedial measures were set agoing, in the hope of restoring the now foul spring to its original purity. Every effort which skill and ingenuity could suggest was taken into consideration, but to no purpose. It was

thought possible to clean and wash out the old well as far as it could be seen, but this was abandoned as useless. It was next suggested that if the old building of the well, sand, stones, &c., were removed, and a new well built instead thereof, the desired object would be obtained.

Many conflicting opinions prevailed as to the possibility of success. Should this plan be put into execution? Some were for, others against; but at last it was resolved to call in a man whose occupation had been that of a constructor of wells, and whose experience justified the expectation that his counsel would lead to a proper decision. Nor did he disappoint this hope, for when called and questioned, his reply was, unequivocally, "It is not possible to procure pure and sweet water from a spring polluted as this is by sewage, either by cleansing it out as far as you can see, or by removing the old building and constructing a new one. You must build a *new well*, with *new stones*, *new sand*, and in an *entirely new place*." I happened to walk in as these facts were being told, and when I heard them, it struck me what a picture of Christianity that is! and it also struck me how little known or understood Christianity is. And now, do you not see, dear reader, how true all this is, that man in his natural state is the polluted *well*, defiled in his *spring*, his nature corrupt? What is to be done? God's heart is overflowing in its love for guilty man, while man's heart is overflowing with hatred to, or indifference towards, the blessed God. What is to be done? God must set that filthy well—man—aside. There is nought else for it. The spring polluted at its *source*, man is irreparable. So God sends His own blessed Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, into this world, the scene of dishonour done to Himself,

as well as the witness of man's ruin and degradation, and *here*, where man had utterly failed to glorify God, He, the blessed One, that beautiful and perfect man, perfectly glorified God. "I have glorified thee *on the earth*," and thus exhibited what a *dependent and subject* man ought to be; and not only this, but as He walked this world He manifested God His Father—"he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." What a wonderful thought, "the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him," is the One who comes into this poor world which was at a distance from God, to tell out the secrets of that bosom towards poor man in it: and inasmuch as judgment is resting on man by reason of sin, and that He is moreover walking this world an enemy of God, God's Son bears the judgment, gives up His own life "as a ransom for all," and at the same time presents His own personal excellency to God. Man's history is now closed, the old well is declared, as to its *standing and state*, to be irremediable; but this is not all, for He who in grace thus gave Himself, "is raised from the dead by the glory of the Father," and becomes now in Himself, thus risen, the new standing for the new well. Therefore is it written, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new, and all things are of God."

18

WHAT WE DO BY FAITH.

We die (Rom. vi. 11).
We live (Gal. ii. 20).
We stand (2 Cor. i. 24).
We walk (2 Cor. v. 7).
We fight (1 Tim. vi. 12).
We overcome (1 John v. 4).

"FORGIVENESS and a smile are the best revenge."

THE ANGELS' GOSPEL.

(Notes from Toronto Conference.)

DID you ever think of the gospel the angels preached? We know our Lord Himself preached the gospel to the poor, and that His holy Apostles preached the same glad tidings of salvation. Paul says in Gal. i. 8, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Now if we compare the gospel preached by the angels, with that spoken by Paul, we shall find them corresponding in every particular. As the song of the angels will agree with the song of the saints, so their spoken message on earth agreed, it some subject was—*Jesus*.

The angel's message to the Virgin (Luke i. 31), thou shalt "bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus." Jesus born a Saviour is the first clause in the angels' gospel. Verse 32 gives us His dignity, "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest." Then we have His royal right, "The Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David." Next comes a sway more extended and durable than David's, "Shall reign over the house of Jacob *for ever*." The thirty-fifth verse gives us His Divine character, born of the Holy Ghost; and therefore called the Son of God.

Now turn to Matt. i. 20. In the angel's message to Joseph we have something more; not merely a Saviour from enemies as we have in Luke i. 71, but something more precious still, "He shall save His people from their *sins*." These three messages are gospel in prophecy, but in Luke ii. 11, the angels announce the fact of the birth in Bethlehem to the shepherds, no longer a whisper in secret, or an intimation in a dream, but

a gospel *preached* and *attested* by a multitude of the heavenly host.

Glad tidings, peace, and good will, and the gospel is no longer glad tidings to a few, but to *all people*, a light for the Gentiles as well as the glory of God's ancient people. And now the angel messengers become silent; we have no recorded angel utterance during our Lord's life on earth. *He* was God's anointed Preacher, they came to minister to Him, but not to speak to us. But when the crucifixion is past, the body marked with scourge and thorn and nail and spear, has been hurriedly entombed. The resurrection morning comes, and the *angels* have again their brief moments for preaching. They roll back the stone to show the saints the empty grave, and to the women they say, "Fear not, ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

Christ crucified is another clause added to the *angels'* gospel, immediately followed by the more glorious announcement, "He is not here, *He is risen*." A few more words to the weeping woman who lingered by the grave, and then the angels are silent again, for Jesus Himself speaks, and they need say no more. We read of no other speech from them till the ascension, and then two *angels* are there to give the final clause, "He is *coming again*." Christ born, Jesus a Saviour, a King, Jesus crucified, Jesus risen, Jesus coming again. This is our gospel—Paul's gospel—the angels' gospel.

What other angelic utterances have we? By the sepulchre we have, "Go, tell that He is risen," in Matt. xxviii. 7, and other places. In Acts v. 20, we have, "Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." In Acts xi. 13, 14, we read, "Send men for Simon Peter, who shall tell thee words whereby thou and all thy

house shall be saved." Why did not the angels go and tell the mourning disciples, "He is risen"? Why did not the angels go and speak "all the words of this life" to the people? Why did not the angel speak to Cornelius "words whereby he might be saved"? Because it is the lips of forgiven sinners that are now to preach the gospel. The weakest disciple can do something that no angel is privileged to do. If we do not convey this message—who will? Not the angels, though they would rush to bear the tidings if they might.

One word to those who are hindered absolutely from proclaiming the glad tidings: the angels have teaching for you. Look at Acts xii.: Peter is in prison, chained fast; he can no longer speak in the temple, and no angel can do it for him. What can the angel do? Open the doors of the prison and let Peter out. There are those who would gladly go to the heathen, kept at home for want of means, as directly as Peter was kept from preaching by the prison doors. Give of your abundance, or out of your deep poverty, and God will count it angelic ministry. Open doors wide for others if you *cannot* go yourselves, and He who watched the gifts cast into the treasury will say, "She hath done what she could."

PEACE WITH GOD.

We have not to make our peace; peace is made already; and God declares His mind by saying, that, "having made peace by the *blood* of His cross," it is His purpose "by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself." Many have a vague notion existing in their minds that *they* have to make their peace with God, and this natural feeling shows itself forth in the varied modes of religious worship prevalent amongst all nations of the world. The

main feature, the common feature of all, is something brought by the worshipper to render God propitious. Ignorance of the true God, ignorance of the truth of God, causes men thus to act, often unconsciously, in direct opposition to the revealed will of God.

God who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith He loves man, has made known to us in and through Jesus Christ *what* He is. God proclaimeth to all men, far and wide, that "peace is made through the blood of the cross;" and He would have all men everywhere know the blessed news, that there is now no barrier between Him and them, that the way is now made plain for all to come to Him through the blood of the cross. God has made peace for men; and all who believe God believe that He has put away sin by the sacrifice of His Son. God Himself has provided the propitiation, and "in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen," that God, the holy and righteous, can be just, and yet the justifier of Him that believeth in Jesus.

In Jesus Christ crucified we see God's way of peace. We see Him dying—"the just for the unjust to bring us to God," and God laying on Him "the iniquity of us all." "He is our peace;" for He has by the one offering of Himself, once for all, put away sin. The sinner may see in Him—the Crucified—every claim met, and sin atoned for; and in Him—risen from the dead—the full proof that God who gave Him, who sent Him, is fully satisfied.

God wants man to know that He was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. He has the right to dictate the terms of peace and marvellous truth! He proclaims to a rebellious and wicked world that He has found a ransom, that He

can both justly and freely forgive every one who believeth in Jesus. Such honour doth He put on His beloved Son.

God is not unwilling, but willing to save, and shows it in the cross of Jesus Christ, where He gave His only begotten Son, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This, the most majestic act of the blessed and only Potentate, clearly showeth His mind to be towards, and not against, a sinful world. Thus trusting Jesus, we honour God's plan; we honour and please God. We find Him for us and not against us. We see Him reconciling us—who by nature are "enemies in our mind by wicked works" and alienated from Him—unto Himself, proving His love, breathing forth peace on earth, and goodwill towards men.

It is written, "He (the Lord Jesus) came and preached peace." True, indeed; for after that He had suffered He ascended up on high, and sent forth His Spirit to work wondrously through His chosen servants, proclaiming peace and pardon; as it is written, "Unto you first God having raised up His Son Jesus, sent Him (not to slay, but) to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities." Truly this is worthy of our God, who is "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders."

Peace, then, is made, and every sinner may know that God has no warfare against him, but wishes him nought but good. God calls men everywhere to repent, and to trust in His Beloved Son, who saves all them that trust in Him, and removes their fear by preaching peace through His blessed Word. Peace with God depends on the blood. As with Israel in Egypt, so now with us: if the blood be upon us by faith—that is, if we are trusting to the blood of Jesus

—we are safe. God passes over; we can feast in peace. God's way of peace is to give a Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Lord, to us. Our peace with God is in accepting and trusting to that Blessed One, who can say to the stormy waves of our troubled hearts, "Peace, be still."

BELIEVE THE WORD.

Most people follow their own hearts; they do what their own hearts, not what the Word of God, tells them. They read, "Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth," but their hearts say, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." What God's people should do is this; put God's Word where their own heart used to be, and their heart where God's Word was; to believe God's Word, and to do what it bids them; to disbelieve their own heart, and not to follow its teachings and suggestions.

Many never begin at the beginning; they work, and pray, and read, and perhaps almost make a god of their Bible, but they are never brought down to that great truth, I know God as a personal God, and I believe this message, "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN!

In faith a *Believer* in Christ (Mark xvi. 16).

In knowledge a *Disciple* (John viii. 31).

In character a *Saint* (Rom. i. 7).

In influence a *Light* (Matt. v. 14).

In conflict a *Soldier* (2 Tim. ii. 3).

In communion a *Friend* (John xv. 15).

In progress a *Pilgrim* (Heb. xi. 13).

In relationship a *Child* (Rom. viii. 16).

In expectation an *Heir* (Rom. viii. 17).

THE TABLE OF THE LORD.

AROUND a table, not a tomb,
He willed our gathering-place
to be
When, going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said, "Remember
Me."

We kneel around no sculptured stone
Marking the place where Jesus
lay;
Empty the tomb, the angel gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.

Nay! sculptured stones are for the
dead!
Thy three dark days of death are
o'er;
Thou art the Life, our Living Head,
Our Living Light for evermore!

Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
O Master, are Thine own pos-
sessed;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the
spear,
The purple robe, the seamless
vest.

Nay! relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn!
Art Thou not with us to the end?

Thus 'round Thy table, not Thy
tomb,
We keep Thy sacred feast with
Thee,
Until, within the Father's home,
Our endless gathering place shall
be.

PRAYING TO CHANCE.

A LADY who had forsaken her
God and the Bible for the gloom
and darkness of infidelity, was
crossing the Atlantic, and asked
a sailor one morning how long
they should be out.

"In fourteen days, if it is
God's will, we shall be in Liver-
pool," answered the sailor.

"If it is God's will!" said
the lady; "what a senseless ex-
pression! don't you know that
all comes by chance?"

In a few days a terrible storm
arose, and the lady stood cling-
ing on the side of the cabin door
in an agony of terror, when the
sailor passed her.

"What do you think," said

she, "will the storm soon be
over?"

"It seems likely to last for
some time, madam."

"Oh!" she cried, "pray that
we may not be lost."

His reply was, "Shall I pray
to chance?"

SATISFYING WATER.

SATISFYING water springs from
that grace in the Son of God
which reaches and quiets the
conscience; and it is such that
Jesus dispenses to the poor and
needy sinner. Till our need as
sinners is met and answered, we
must be thirsting again, let us
get what we may, because the
soul is not at rest with God.
But Jesus came to repair the
breach in the conscience—to
give rest before God, and in
God, and thus to impart the
satisfying water of life, through
the Holy Ghost.

And when this is done in a
great divine sense, the end is
reached, God is glorified—the
sinner made happy, and entrance
into glory becomes a necessary
result.

The end is beautifully shown
in the Lord's exquisite and mar-
vellous dealings with the woman
of Samaria. She goes away with
a spirit in deep refreshment
because of conscious acceptance
and life, and the Son of God
Himself is so satisfied in the
fruit of His own way, that He
has had that which sets him
above the thirst He had been
feeling, and the food He had
wanted. "I have meat to eat
that ye know not of." It was
as manna to Him. What a
thought! The Son of God comes
down to our degraded earth to
find His manna, His strange
mysterious food and satisfaction
of heart—bread which He could
never have known in heaven—
a joy that He could never have
tasted amid the glories of His
unfallen creatures. But here on
earth, among sinners. He finds in

the dispensing of the Father's
grace the deepest and fullest
answer of all the longings of His
divine love.

When a sinner is happy in
Him, his end is reached, and so
is ours, and all that remains is
to spend eternity in the glory
that becomes such an end as
this—His joy in us, and ours in
Him, for ever and ever.

HE KNOWS.

OUR sorrows are all meant to
prepare us for receiving the
more abundant consolation.
God gives the most of both to
the beloved ones who lie most
of all nearest His heart. Who-
ever is spared, He is sure to
chasten those whom He would
conform most perfectly to the
image of His Son; and we can
trust Him, can we not? The
hands that had the rough nails
driven through them for our re-
demption, will never hurt us.
The eyes that filled with tears
at the sight of the tears of loved
ones, will not take pleasure in
seeing us weep. And if He
makes us weep, it is because
there is indeed a needs be.

A NEW FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTH, MARRIAGE, AND DEATH
IN THE SAINT'S LIFE.

BIRTH.

"EXCEPT a man be born *again*,
he cannot see the kingdom of
God."

"That which is born of the
flesh is flesh; and that which is
born of the Spirit is spirit."

"The wind bloweth where it
listeth, and thou hearest the
sound thereof, but canst not tell
whence it cometh, and whither
it goeth; so is every one that is
born of the Spirit" (St. John iii.
5, 6, 8).

"But as many as received
Him, to them gave He power to
become the sons of God, even
to them that believe in His

name : which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (St. John i. 12, 13).

"Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth" (James i. 18).

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God : and every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of Him."

"For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world," (1. John v. 1, 4).

MARRIAGE.

"And I will betroth thee unto Me for ever ; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness ; and thou shalt know the Lord" (Hosea ii. 19, 20).

"My beloved is mine and I am His" (Song of Solomon ii. 16).

"As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee" (Isa. lxii. 5).

"Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord ; for I am married unto you" (Jer. iii. 14).

"Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him : for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And He said unto me, write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb" (at the rapture) (Rev. xix. 7, 9).

"Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife" (millennial) (Rev. xxi. 9).

"I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband" (post-millennial) (Rev. xxi. 2).

DEATH.

"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3).

"But God forbid that I should

glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Gal. vi. 14).

"How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

"Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death ; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Rom. vi. 2, 4).

"For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection : knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin. Now, if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him : knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more ; death hath no more dominion over Him" (Rom. vi. 5-11).

THE BURDEN BEARER.

"CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee"—not only *it*, but *thee*. God delights in manifold blessing. He giveth grace for grace : first, the grace of obedience ; then the free grace of reward. He wants to teach His saints to put Christ between them and everything ; not that He may bear their burdens only, but that He may have an opportunity of bringing them into fuller, deeper fellowship with Himself. The word "cast" implies the thought of rolling away vehemently, as in Rev. iv. 10, they "cast their crowns before the throne," hasting to give Him back the glory.

The secret of the evenness and beauty of the life of Christ, as our example, lay in the undivided purpose of His heart, revealed to us in Ps. xvi. 8 : "I have set the Lord always before Me"—not

service, however blessed ; nothing outside the will of His Father. This was His life-aim. If we learned of Him more of the preciousness of yielded hearts, we should bear fewer burdens. We should find it easier to let Him choose our path, careless where it may lead, if only we please Him. If we abide in Him, the weight of our care rests upon the shoulder on which the government of the universe is set (Isa. ix. 1). It is only when we leave our place on His bosom, that we can feel its load again. The secret of a happy life is just abiding, dwelling there, yielding ourselves to the skilfulness of His hands (Ps. lxxviii. 72) ; resting in His love for the present hour, looking for His coming the next. What have we left to fear ? Only the danger of leaving the place of rest and security where God has put us in Him.

"Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

"He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

"Through waves, through clouds, and
storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyful day.

"When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand ?
When He His people's cause defends ;
Who, who shall stay His hand ?

"Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as Sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well."

THE Philippian jailor was an unconverted heathen, a would-be suicide, an anxious inquirer, a humble penitent, a believing, forgiven, assured, rejoicing, grateful, working, worshipping Christian, all in *one hour*. "He took them the *same hour* of the night," &c. (See Acts xvi. 33.)

THE MASTER SCULPTOR.

I HAD been passing through a time of great trial, and I was sad. I felt in the loneliness of my own heart, I saw in the troubles of my fellow-travellers along life's pilgrimage, the dreary truthfulness of Job's words, "Man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upward." I seemed to hear dark questionings uprising from the troubled hearts on every side of me, and from the secret depths of my own heart too, "Why all these sorrows, trials, and annoyances that daily shadow life's pathway?"

"Why from time to time these crushing blows, these terrible crossings of our will? Is it true God is all-wise, all-powerful, and all love? Can He alleviate these sorrows, and yet not do it? What is the necessity for them? Would not our life be happier flowing on like the smooth waters of some tranquil lake? Would not heaven's own light be reflected more clearly in them than in the roaring waves which toss the mighty ocean into storm? Is there no answer, I cried in my distress, to these sad questionings but the one which seems to come from a land which is as yet so very far off?"

"Is there no *present* help for us in this time of trouble?" Then God heard my voice out of His holy temple, and my cry came before Him, even into His ears, and He led my steps to a strange teacher, into a quiet school, and I found my answer there. Yes, come with me now, fellow-sufferer, to the sculptor's studio in Florence, Naples, or Rome; enter one of those many workshops where men of genius spend their lives, unknown to the outer world except by the mighty works of art which have cost them many a sleepless night and weary day, as hour after

hour they have watched a Venus, an Apollo, a dying gladiator, or a Caesar appear, as if by magic, little by little, out of a solid block of marble from under their feverish hand.

Look at the earnest face of the worker, study the growing perfection of his work, and if you have a mind to see God's teaching in art, to rise from the lesser to the greater good, you too cannot fail to learn your lesson here. After that mighty thing which we call Mind has formed within some ideal which it wishes to bring prominently before the world, the sculptor takes clay and makes his model—rough dark lines at first, but by degrees more finished and complete, the work becoming with every stroke more anxious and accurate; some slight curve in the arm must be set right, a graceful fold must be given to the toga, the forelock by which the young Augustus is always recognised must not be forgotten, the haughty look in one face, the gracious smile of another, each must be given its due prominence, or the world would fail to recognise the person whom the figure is meant to represent.

Then when the clay is as perfect as the sculptor can fashion it, he proceeds to reproduce the model in plaster so white that at a distance it looks like marble, but so soft and flexible it can be modelled and remodelled until the sculptor has caught the exact effect he would produce. Then only is the large shapeless block of marble brought forward; and astonishment increases as we see the numerous implements, great and small, rough and smooth, that are brought into use, and the careful handling, and skilful measurement that is bestowed on every inch, lest by any means a little more than the right-sized piece should be hewn off from the block, and the whole statue marred. All must be in exact

proportion—arms, legs, forehead, features, properly rounded off, lest any sharp edge being left, the general effect should be spoiled. The eye would not be satisfied, the figure would not be natural, the work of the sculptor would not have been complete, the statue would be unfitted to take its place in the palaces of beauty and of art.

Is there not in part at least the solution of life's great problem of sorrow and suffering here? "Now, O Lord, Thou art our potter; we are all the work of Thy hands. O man, who art thou that disputest with God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, 'Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay?'"

Yes, dear fellow-sufferer, there is a reason for every stroke, however painful—for every blow, however crushing it may be. *He is preparing us for glory*—for the Palace of the Great King. But as there shall in no wise enter into that City of pure gold anything that is imperfect, blemished, or defiled, He sits as a *Master Sculptor*, working out in our lives, with exceeding care, the ideal of perfect holiness and perfection in His own.

Are not these troubles, and sorrows, and disappointments the instruments in His hand? Are we not being hewn, chiselled, and polished down here for a great purpose—a glorious end? Is there not infinite love and wisdom ruling and guiding all? Yet a little while, and there shall be a new heavens and a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ, and the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light thereof.

Shall we, who hope hereafter to form part of that Great Temple—of which Christ Himself is the chief corner-stone—shall we

murmur at the preparations for that kingdom here, even though it be through us suffering with Him (Heb. ii. 10; v. 8, 9) that our lives are perfected? Is it not a reward exceeding abundant above all that we could ask or think, that the trial of our faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, should be found unto His praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ?

Let us lift up our hearts—yes, let us lift them up unto the Lord. Let this thought be a very present help to us in our time of trouble. “It is for Him (Phil. i. 29) for His praise and honour and glory. For Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us; for Him, who having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

“Oh! the depths of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out.” “Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path is in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.” Yet even when passing through the great waters, we learn to say, “All the paths of the Lord are Mercy and Truth. He hath done all things well.”

“Whoso is wise, and will ponder these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

GUIDANCE.

“The Lord shall guide thee continually” (Isa. lviii. 11).

“I will trust, and not be afraid” (Isa. xii. 2).

OH word of comfort to my longing heart

That looks to Thee for light;
My weary doubts, my anxious fears depart,

My night
So cheerless, breaks into refulgent day,

And all is bright!

“Thy Word is light”—Oh! happy we who live
Within its circling rays!
Foretastes of heavenly pleasure we receive,

And praise
Thy mighty power, Thy watchful tenderness,

Thy faithfulness that never fails to bless

Our darkest days.

We plead Thy promise, Lord of life and light;

We trust Thy faithful “Word.”
No melody of day, no prayer of night,

Unheard
By Thee, shall fall in sadness back again;

By all our joy, by all our grief and pain

Thy heart is stirred.

And Thou wilt guide, Jehovah—Jesus—Thou

Who, faint and weary, trod
The path of death for us, in glory now

With God,
Dost still with love unfailing, show the way

Of life. And when our eager feet would stray,
Thy staff and rod

Are still our comfort, pointing out the road,

And aiding our return,
The while our longing hearts for Thy abode

Do yearn:
And as we follow, gazing upon Thee
Forgiving, healing, guiding tenderly,
Within us burn.

Well may we trust Thee, Who hast given Thy life

To bring us home again!
Thou, Who hast borne the misery and strife,

And pain
Of earth, canst comfort, help, and strengthen us;

In all our suffering, winning glory thus

And endless gain!

E. S. W.

OUR RELATIONSHIP.

“THE Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God” (Rom. viii. 16).

Many say this means assurance of salvation; but this

would also prove that there could not be a doubting Christian, which seems too much to say, though certainly the Bible never speaks of assurance of salvation as any attainment. God’s little children know their sins are forgiven them for Christ’s sake (1 John ii.). But there is nothing about *safety* in the passage, it is about being a *child*. We often get into confusion by classing a great many things together, as if all meant the same thing; for instance, being saved from hell, and being a child of God. I know well that if I am saved from hell, I am a child of God; but still they are distinct blessings, and one far beyond the other, though given to me at the same moment.

God might, had He so willed it, have saved us from hell, and left us just men and women on earth, or raised us to a level with angels, without bringing us into direct relationship with Himself; but His love did even this, He saved us from hell, and He is pleased to call all those saved ones His own children. Nay, we are *born* of God! But He has given us His Spirit to cry, Abba, Father, the spirit of adoption. He awakens in my heart feelings towards the blessed God as *my Father*, and thus He bears witness with my spirit that I am a *child* of God.

If I want assurance of *safety*, and go not to my feelings, but to the *Word* of God, my assurance I read *there*. But beyond this Word of God, I am given the Spirit of God, not to assure me that I am safe, but to cry “Abba, Father,” without fear. “We have not received the Spirit of bondage again to fear.”

THE life of Christ is our life. It is not merely life without a personality, but it is the life of a person, so that the life has, so to speak, only to do in me what it has already done in Him.

SELF-CONTRIVANCES.

I HAVE seemed to see a need of everything God gives me, and want nothing that He denies me. There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but, either in it or after it, the Comforter teaches me that I could not have done without it. Whether it be taken from me or given to me, sooner or later, God quiets me in Himself without it.

I think the Lord deals kindly with me to make me believe for

my mercies before I have them. The less reason has to work on the more freely faith casts itself on the faithfulness of God. I find that while faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me; and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I tumble out amongst means and creatures, I am presently lost, and can come to no end; but if I receive help from above to stay myself on God, and leave Him to work in His own way and time, I am at rest, and can sit down and

sleep on a promise when a thousand rise up against me; therefore my way is not to cast beforehand, but to work with God by the day. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief."

IT IS FINISHED.

CHRIST has done the mighty work;
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on His toil,
Enter on His triumph too.

His the pardon, ours the sin;
Great the sin, the pardon great;
His the good, and ours the ill,
His the love, and ours the hate.

Ours the darkness and the gloom,
His the shade-dispelling light;
Ours the cloud and His the sun,
His the day-spring, ours the night.

His the labour, ours the rest,
His the death and ours the life;
Ours the fruits of victory,
His the glory, ours the strife.

THE SMALL WORRIES.

THE Christian Church has long been guessing what Paul's thorn in the flesh was.

Many of the theological doctors have felt Paul's pulse to see what was the matter with him. We suppose the reason he did not tell us what it was may have been because he did not want us to know.

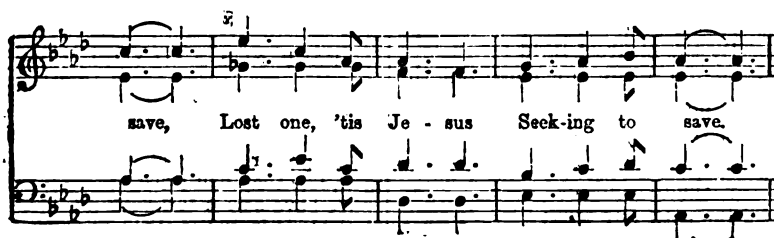
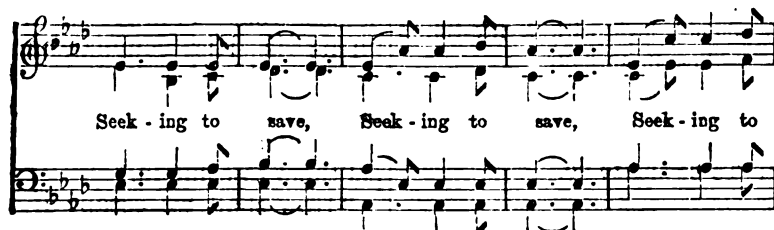
It was probably of not much account in the eyes of the world. It was not a trouble that could be compared to a lion, or a boisterous sea. It was like a thorn that you may have in your hand or foot, and no one knows it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of those little, nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking in him. The housekeeper finds it in unfaithful domestics, or an inmate who keeps things disordered, or a house too small for convenience, or too large to

SEEKING TO SAVE.



CHORUS.



Patently the owner
Seeks with earnest care,
In the dust and darkness
Her treasure rare.

Lovingly the Father
Sends the news around:
"He once dead now liveth—
Once lost is found."

I AM COME A LIGHT INTO THE WORLD. MEN LOVED DARKNESS RATHER THAN LIGHT.

be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or call for "more copy." The teacher finds it in inattentive scholars, or neighbouring teachers that talk loudly and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatic joint, which when the wind is north-east, lifts the storm signal. Another, a business partner who takes full half the profits, but does not help to earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and smashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful, and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was as disciplinary as the shipwreck.

We want what Paul got; grace to bear these things. Without it we become cross, censorious, and irascible. We get into the habit of sticking our thorns into other people's fingers. But, God helping us, we place these annoyances in the category of the all things that "work together for good." We see how much shorter thorns are than the spikes that struck through the palms of Christ's hands, and, remembering that He had on His head a whole crown of thorns, we take to our-

selves the consolation that if we suffer with Him on earth, we shall be glorified with Him in His kingdom.

But how could Paul positively rejoice in these infirmities? The school of Christ has three classes of scholars; in the first class we learn how to be stuck with thorns without losing our patience; in the second class we learn how to make the sting positively advantageous; in the third class of this school we learn how even to rejoice in being pierced and wounded; but that is the *senior class*, and when we get to that we are near graduation into glory.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs

In our upward way;

We should love with a life-time's love in an hour

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power

To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or weary wills

By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills

If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent

Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good God sent

With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret

If the day were but one;

If what we remember and what we forget

Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,

To work or to pray;

And to be what the Father would have us be,

If we had but a day.

HE IS WILLING; AM I?

THE will to be saved is all I want; for He says, "Whosoever *will*, let him take the water of life freely." The comfort that little word "*will*" gave me! It did not seem to imply any long or deep desire, though surely we are mad if we are not in earnest about it; for God is so much in earnest. I am *permitted* to take salvation gratis: "Whosoever will, let him take." I am *invited*, "Come unto Me." I am *entreated*, "As though God did beseech you." I am *commanded*, "This is His commandment that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ." I am finally *compelled*, "Compel them to come in."

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."

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EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

APRIL 1879.

[No. 142.

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GOD CHOSE TO SEND JESUS.

ONE evening, after the conclusion of one of Mr. Brownlow North's addresses in Edinburgh, a young man came into the room where he was receiving persons anxious for private conversation, and said to him, "I have heard you preach three times, sir, and I neither care for you nor your preaching, unless you can tell me, Why did God permit sin?"

"I will do that with pleasure," was the immediate reply. "Because He chose it."

The young man, apparently taken by surprise, stood speechless; and Mr. North again repeated, "Because He chose it; and," added he, "if you continue to question and cavil at God's dealings, and, vainly puffed up by your carnal mind, strive to be wise above what is written, I will tell you some-

thing more that God will do: *He will some day put you into hell-fire.* It is vain for you to strive with your Maker—you cannot resist Him; and neither your opinion of His dealings, nor your blasphemous expression of them, will in the least lessen the pain of your everlasting damnation, which, I again tell you, will most certainly be your portion if you go on in your present spirit. There were such questioners as you in St. Paul's time, and how did the apostle answer them? '*Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?*'"

The young man here interrupted Mr. North, and said, "Is there such a text as that in the Bible?"

"Yes, there is," was the reply, "in the ninth chapter of the Romans; and I recommend you to go home and read that chapter; and after you have read it, and seen there how God claims for Himself the right to do *whatever He chooses*, without permitting the thing formed to say to Him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? remember that besides permitting sin, there is another thing *God has chosen to do—God chose to send Jesus.* Of His own free and sovereign grace, God gave His only begotten Son *to die for sinners in their stead, in their place*; so that, though they are sinners, and have done things

worthy of death, *not one* of them shall ever be cast into hell for his sins who will accept Jesus as his only Saviour, and believe in Him, and rest in His word. I have no time to say more to you now; others are waiting to see me. Go home, attend to what I have told you, and may God the Holy Spirit bless it for Jesus Christ's sake."

This conversation took place on the Lord's day evening. On the following Friday Mr. North was sitting in a friend's house (the Rev. Moody Stuart's), when the servant announced that a young man wanted to speak to him. On being shown upstairs he said, "Do you remember me?" "No." "Do you not remember the young man who the other night asked you to tell him, 'Why did God permit sin?'" "Yes, perfectly." "Well, sir, I am that young man, and you said that God permitted sin *because He chose it*, and you told me to go home and read the ninth chapter of the Romans; and also that *God chose to send Jesus* to die for such sinners as I am; and I did, sir, what you told me, and afterwards I fell down at God's feet, and asked Him to forgive my sins, because Jesus died; and He did, and now I am happy—oh, so, so happy, sir; and though the devil still comes sometimes to tempt me with my old thoughts, and to ask me what *reason* I have to think God has forgiven me, I

have always, through grace, managed to get him away, by telling him that I do not want to judge things by my own reason, but by God's Word, and that the only reason why I know I am forgiven is that, for Christ's sake, God chooses to pardon me."

The changed expression of the young man's countenance was quite sufficient to account for Mr. North's not knowing him again. It was radiant with joy and peace.

Dear reader, the first lesson a poor sinner has to learn is to trust in the Lord with all his heart, and not to his own understanding; to trust God, not only for what he *does* understand, and for what *is* explained, but for what he *does not* understand, and for what *is not* explained. This is faith—and such faith honours God and saves the soul. This is receiving the Kingdom of God as a little child, who always believes that *things must be right if father says them and father does them*; and let us ever remember that it is written (and the Scripture cannot be broken) that unless "we receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, we shall in no wise enter therein."

LACKING IN ONE, LACKING IN ALL.

As soon as a sinner is thoroughly awakened, his first thought usually is, that as condemnation comes by breaking the law, so justification must come by keeping it. In this belief, and with the express design of thereby obtaining a righteousness that will save him, he makes it his daily effort to keep all the commandments of God. But the more he toils the more he fails, just because he is attempting an impossibility; for never since the world began has any one of Adam's race found salvation by keeping the law.

What it demands is not a large obedience or a sincere obedience merely, but an absolutely complete obedience, in letter and spirit alike; and to fail in this is virtually to fail in all, for it is written, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." And again, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

To challenge any one of God's claims, even the least, or resist any of His demands, or deliberately disobey in a single point, is to strike at the supremacy and glory of the Divine Lawgiver. He who does so is guilty of all. Suppose you were to hang up a man to the roof by a chain of ten links; were one of these links to break, down comes the man. What, has he fallen, and yet all the nine links are whole and perfect? Of course he has. One was sufficient to break the whole. He that sins in one point is guilty of all. There can, therefore, be no salvation by the law; never in a single case can it give life and safety to the lost.

Is there, then, no hope for perishing men? Far from it; for what we could not do for ourselves, the Lord Jesus, in infinite love and grace, has done for us. He who knew no sin became sin for us, and suffered, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God; and the moment we believe in Him, all our infinite debt becomes cancelled by His sprinkled blood and appropriated merit. If so, why should there be with any a moment's hesitancy in admitting guilt and accepting forgiveness through Jesus Christ our Lord? In no other way can we get safety and peace, and finally join the company of the redeemed.

GRACE is love working where there is evil.

KILLING TIME.

We have seldom passed through a certain town without seeing a certain well-dressed man loitering listlessly at the railway station; or if we go by the steamer, he is commonly leaning against a post at the wharf, and looking out of his idle, dreamy countenance, as if he wished that some boat would come along and carry him away from himself! Occasionally we see him dozing over a newspaper, and we have often felt like arousing him with the trumpet-call of the affrighted sea-captain to the slumbering Jonah, "What meanest thou, O sleeper?"

He would probably answer that he was "killing time." He is one of that large class of slow suicides who murder life by inches. And what a crime against God and the soul is this murder of a human existence! Killing an hour, when a dying queen once offered her kingdom for an hour to prepare for eternity! Killing a day, when a day has oftentimes decided a man's whole life, and even a nation's destiny! Killing a week, when that short space once sufficed for the forming of our stupendous globe! Killing a month, when through the waxing and waning of one moon so much has oftentimes been won! Killing a year, when only thirty of them are given to the average of men to be saved or lost. And worse than all, to kill a life—to doze it away in guilty idleness, and wake only to yawn and sleep again. Surely, if it be a huge crime to take away the life of another, it is but little short of that to throw away our own.

Reader, what are you doing with your time? Are you living in the light of eternity, and labouring for God as your days pass away?

THE NEW LIFE.

*Notes of Toronto Conference, by
Mr. H. M. Parsons, of Buffalo, N.Y.*

If you are not acquainted with the Lord Jesus—are not *living His life*; let me say to you “Look unto Him, and live.” We have no actual, no true life, in the highest sense, until we know Him.

We often hear sinners exhorted by their friends on this wise, “I wish you would become a Christian; begin now to lead a new life; abandon your evil habits; practice religious duties; and you will find happiness.”

I well remember the instruction of a distinguished theological professor to the students when I was at college. “Young gentlemen, you wish to be Christians, go and read your Bibles; pray, do the duty of a Christian, and my word for it, you are a Christian.” The first time I heard this false gospel, I said to myself: “This is not true; I could do all *that*, in form, and yet be the same. But hearing the frequent repetition of this advice, its soothing effect on my heart was to make procrastination easy. For years I rested on the vain hope, without a single uneasy rebuke from conscience (because it was *seared* by the falsehood), that whenever I chose to give reasonable attention to the subject of religion, the Spirit of God would come to my aid, and then by some supernatural process I should be saved. I hoped to visit Germany for a course of study, and after that I promised myself I would attend to the great end of life. Thus with many of you, you hope, you intend to be Christians, but first you would accomplish some cherished plans or object in life. In my case God interposed in great mercy to overthrow *my way* and establish His *own way*.

A beloved minister of France, passing through the city where I lived, preached Christ with such scriptural plainness, as the *God-Man* and Saviour, that the Spirit of God opened my eyes to see Him as my Saviour, and my heart to receive Him. I believed on the Lord Jesus, and found life—*eternal life*.

We see the life as preached in these words of our Lord: “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life” (John iii. 14, 15). Many hesitate and doubt concerning their state, when the Word of God most clearly settles the matter for all who will receive it. You have no trouble in deciding whether you love a person whom you love; you enter on no process of reasoning to prove it to yourself. Many other things which you accept as certain now, you cannot and do not seek to prove. You may know now with absolute certainty—if you are alive in Christ—whether or not you have *eternal life*.

Our Lord has given us the truth in dealing with inquirers as He met them. The first one, Nicodemus, acknowledging His Divine origin—having knowledge of all religious duties—and yet uneasy under the pressure of conscience, seeks Him by night. To him our Lord says, “Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the Kingdom of God,”—and with renewed emphasis: “Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.”

In himself man has no capacity to see these things, but in the Spirit he is *born*, has a *new life*, and knows the *person* and the power of God. And this is absolute. Our Lord, in dealing with Nicodemus, gives no receipt for prayers, for duties, for

reformations, for resolutions. He speaks of *life*. The word *born* implies *birth*, and birth means *life*. Now this word *life* expresses the power of religion; it is not a form, nor a dress, nor service. Many hope by duties and endeavours at reform to make themselves in some way worthy or ready for the work of the Spirit. But the Word of God gives no such license. It speaks of *life* from the dead. It speaks of *life* in simply believing another, and that other the Son of God. “If any man be in Christ, he is a *new creature*” (2 Cor. v. 17). This new creation must be known to the subject of it, and the whole Gospel declares that it will be known to all who behold the sinner thus divinely *new created*. See how the Lord taught another inquirer, at the very opposite extreme of society. He meets the poor outcast woman at Jacob’s well: “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into *everlasting life*” (John iv. 14). Here again our Saviour speaks only of life, with the highest and lowest alike, *life, divine life*—is the only essential. Once be *born from above*, and life, *everlasting life*, is yours. Once drink from the *life-giving Fountain*, and eternal thirst is quenched.

An old negro, on the western coast of Africa, was continually complaining to the English sailors of the burden on his heart. He wanted peace, and could find none. Was weary and sad and often in tears. The wicked men around him told him he needed the Englishman’s God; they could tell him nothing of the way to find Him, because they only could blaspheme. After a time he worked his passage to England. Still burdened with the great weight

of his sins, finding no helper, he found his way to London. And one night, passing a little Gospel chapel, he entered and listened. The minister was telling, in a simple way, the story of the Cross. The old man drank in the words, and in his joy kept slowly advancing through the aisle till he reached the altar. As the sermon ended, he could not restrain his delight, but with streaming tears and clasped hands, broke forth: "Me have found *Him*! me have found *Him*! me have found *Him*!"

So it is the Spirit of God seals His own word upon hearts drawn and prepared by Himself. God does accomplish by the Holy Spirit, in this age, acting through His disciples, greater things than the working of miracles.

Brethren and sisters, believers in the Lord, I appeal to you, are you manifesting this *new life*? no matter what avocation you pursue, an opportunity is in every man's path for him to fill. In every place your light can shine, and your works be seen. It may not be the pure and clear flame that burned in the "Bush!" But it is the same flame, if it calls wandering sinners to turn their faces toward God, and reveals to them the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

There must be something seen in us by others, if this *spiritual life* have predominance, which declares to them that we testify of Christ, and shine in the light of God.

God accepts every one coming to Him, in the way He has provided; the youngest, the oldest are alike welcomed. The smallest child may be a worker and witness of this life.

A friend once told me how he watched a steam-tug bringing a long line of vessels to the dock in New York Harbour, and it reminded him of a very

little girl in his mission school; she had found the Lord Jesus through just learning to read of Him at her home, without any advantages. Her father kept a tavern, and all the influences and surroundings were against her. But this little missionary was *alive*, she had the *Divine life*. She first led her mother to the school, and soon she was converted. Then she led in her sister, her father, her grandmother, one after another, till the whole family came to Jesus. This one little girl with the Spirit of Christ in her, accomplished her work like the little "Steam-Tug;" she conveyed the whole family into the haven of eternal life. And this the Lord Jesus calls us all to be and to do. We are to be *lights* in the world, and as witnesses we are to tell the truth of Him.

In one church where I laboured, the good people wanted me to preach to sinners for their conversion, after some continued preaching to the church. But, said I, He has ordered me to equip you, the saints, for this work. Teaching you all things, which Jesus has left for you to observe, that you may distribute the manna of the Word to the perishing around you. Be ye therefore filled with the Spirit of Holiness, and go out and bring them in. If we preach to you the living Gospel, then *you* can go and do this work of ministering to the dead around you. You may distribute tracts by the ton, or scatter them as the leaves of autumn, they may be of little account. God wants the living person, and heart, and voice of a believer to do this work, and that is His method all through the New Testament.

Look at the school-boy as he bounds forth from the school-room, so full of animal life, running, jumping, frolicking at will. Why this exuberance? He is *alive*, and *life*, physical *life*, ex-

presses itself in this way. If spiritual life and feeling move the heart, we cannot sit still and be indifferent when we know souls are perishing all around us. Pray much, dear friends, for the love of God to fill your hearts, so that you can do daily work for the Master. But some who hear me are saying, "How can I get this life? Would that I had it!" The Lord speaks plainly to you. Are you wise, well taught, moral, respectable, outwardly religious? Hear His words—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John iii. 14, 15).

I cannot tell you how those poor creatures, who were bitten by the fiery serpent, were made whole by looking at the brazen serpent. But they had complete healing on the instant as they looked. And upon the same divine Word, I assure you, that as you believe that Jesus Christ died on the cross for you a lost sinner, and thus accept Him as your personal Saviour by faith, that instant you believe, you have the new life, you are born from above by the Holy Spirit. The new life begins its powerful current in you. Work and service are no longer forced. This water of life needs no more a "force-pump." It will be in you a "well of water springing up into *everlasting life*." It will overflow. Blessing and benediction will attend your steps, and life everlasting will be your eternal portion and joy.

Sin is a poison ... Christ the antidote.
 Sin is death ... Christ is life.
 Sin is sickness ... Christ is health.
 Sin is darkness ... Christ is light.
 Sin is hell ... Christ is heaven.
 Sin is folly ... Christ is wisdom.
 Sin was mine ... Christ is mine.

REST.

"O LOUIE! will nothing rouse her?" "Let us ask Him to awaken her now, as we walk home," was the answer.

And the two sisters prayed silently, as they walked, for the apathetic, unheeding woman in the workhouse sick-ward, who listened week after week to the Gospel message, and cared not for it.

She was gradually sinking: each week found her more feeble than the last, and the two sisters longed intensely for their Lord to speak words that would awaken the dead soul.

The Lord heard; and at last, when the sisters went one morning, they saw on the pale face a hungry, eager look; and as they read and spoke to her the look deepened into one of agony.

"I'm dying—dying—and I'm lost! I've been a wicked, awful sinner. He can never forgive me, I have been so bad!"

Passage after passage containing the message of God's free forgiveness to the poor sinner who believes in Christ, of His complete and finished work for us, was repeated to her; but not one ray of light seemed to enter her poor, dark, troubled heart, and sorrowfully the two sisters left her.

That evening the united prayer meeting was to be held in the town. A request for Margaret was sent by the sisters—

"Pray earnestly for a poor girl, dying in the workhouse, who has no hope—no peace—that she may *now* trust Christ!"

There was an earnest response. Prayer after prayer was offered from hearts truly bowed before the Lord, and there was a glad anticipation of the answer.

The next morning early, when one of the sisters entered the sick-ward, Margaret raised her-

self in bed, stretched out both her hands, and clasped the hands of her visitor. Her face was radiant with gladness, so no question was needed but this, "Dear Margaret, when did the joy come?"

"Oh, ma'am, let me tell you all," she said, as she panted for breath. "After you left I seemed to grow worse and worse, and in the evening I could not rest in bed. I had been tossing about all day, so I asked the nurse to lift me out on to that chair. It was just half-past eight" (the prayer-meeting lasted from eight o'clock until nine); "and as I sat there, suddenly there flashed into my mind that verse you told me of in the morning, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,' and then I knew He meant it for me—for my sins. And now," she said, lifting her sweet, happy eyes, which were already growing dim with approaching death, and looking into her young visitor's face, "*my heart feels as if it were asleep.*"

Now all was rest where there had been restless agony and utter weariness.

She lived a few days longer rejoicing in Christ, and then "fell asleep" in Him.

Is your heart so full of His peace that you feel "as if it were asleep?" If not, come now to Him who can hush all its weary tossing and give His eternal peace. C. A.

UNDER THE GLORY.

Do you know the glory of God to be your portion, rejoicing in the hope of it? Do you see the bright light shining in the distance? The things we meet with on the road may be trying: Jacob's head lay on a stone pillow whilst he was enjoying the heavenly vision. The deep sands and sharp stones may make the wilderness road very

uncomfortable to walk along, but God uses it for the breaking away of all that will not do for the glory; and by it is teaching me the patience of Christ, and putting that part of God's character before my soul. It is *long*, this waiting-time; but will any who are weary now make a murmur, when standing in the glory, at the length of the way they had to pass? We should even glory in tribulation because it works patience (Rom. v. 3). *Patience is not indifference.* A patient man takes all that tries him and bears it in the presence of God; and in the presence of God he finds the Spirit of God shedding abroad in his heart the love of God (Rom. v. 5).

ONLY A DROP.

ONLY a drop in a bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket will soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny:
It was all I had to give;
But, as pennies make the shillings,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys: they were not
new;
But they made the sick child happy,
And have made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments:
They were all I had to spare;
But they helped to clothe the
needy—
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor, old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and
small.
What doth He think of His chil-
dren
When they never give at all?

"HE that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself."—
George Herbert.

THE LORD JESUS' PRACTICE OF HIS OWN PRECEPTS.

WHAT HE SAID :

"Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."—Matt. v. 44.

WHAT HE SAID :

"If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others ; do not even the publicans so!"—Matt. v. 47.

WHAT HE SAID.

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are ; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corner of the streets, that they may be seen of men."—Matt. vi. 5.

WHAT HE SAID :

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."—Matt. xviii. 6.

WHAT HE SAID :

"Then came Peter to Him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him ? Till seven times ? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times but, Until seventy times seven."—Matt. xviii. 21, 22.

WHAT HE SAID :

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts xx. 35.

WHAT HE SAID :

"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."—Mark xii. 17.

WHAT HE DID :

"And the people stood beholding, and the rulers also with them derided Him. And the soldiers also mocked Him.

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—Luke xxiii. 34–36.

WHAT HE DID :

"And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."—Luke xv. 2.

WHAT HE DID :

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."—Mark i. 35.

"And when He had sent them away, He departed into a mountain to pray."—Mark vi. 46.

WHAT HE DID :

"And they brought young children to Him that He should touch them, and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God : And He took them up in His arms, and put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark x. 13, 14, 16.

WHAT HE DID :

"But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee."—Mark xvi. 7.

WHAT HE DID :

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. viii. 9.

WHAT HE DID :

"They that received tribute money came to Peter and said, Doth not your Master pay tribute ? He saith, Yea.

"Jesus saith unto him, Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up ; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money : that take, and give unto them for Me and for thee."—Matt. xvii. 24, 27.

WHAT HE SAID :

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies."—Matt. v. 44.

WHAT HE SAID :

"And He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—Luke xii. 15.

WHAT HE SAID :

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind."—Luke xiv. 13.

"I have given you an example, that"—John xiii. 15.

"FOR ME AND THEE."

(Matt. xvii. 27.)

He who was rich for our sakes "became poor," and in His poverty shared the tribute money with Peter, saying, "That take and give unto them for Me and thee." Surely still speak those gracious words to us from His eternal glory—"For Me and thee." Soon shall we share all the riches of His glory according to His promise: "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them."

Now is our time of poverty, this wilderness affords us *nothing* ; but is He not mindful of our need ? Does He not seek through our very helplessness and insufficiency to make us better *understand* the meaning of these blessed words—"For Me and thee ?"

"He meets to-morrow best who uses well to-day."

WHAT HE DID :

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"—Luke xiii. 34.

WHAT HE DID :

"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."—Luke ix. 58.

WHAT HE DID :

"And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them and He healed their sick.

"And He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves and two fishes, and looking up to heaven He blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they all did eat, and were filled."—Matt. xiv. 14, 19, 20.

ye should do as I have done to you."

ASSURANCE ;

OR, HOW MAY I KNOW I AM A CHILD OF GOD ?

OUR Lord Jesus Christ was Son of Mary, Son of God. By nature we resemble Him, as regards our parentage, in that we, too, are born of woman ; by grace we advance a mighty step in being born of God, born from above, born again : thus are we "complete in Him." He was "made like unto His brethren" in being born of a woman ; we are transformed into His likeness whenever we can say to God, "Our Father, which art in heaven." And whilst it is true that we do not grow into this likeness by gazing at ourselves, and admiring our new and glorious nature, but by gazing at and admiring Him who has purchased our right to it by His life, work, and atoning death ; nevertheless, we may usefully interrogate our-

selves from time to time, and ascertain what marks we bear of the Lord Jesus.

1. Have I *faith*? Do I believe that many centuries ago there came to this earth One unlike any other human being, Divine, not in any loose, figurative sense of the word, but truly the "everlasting Son of the Father, very God of very God;" that this God-Man lived out the perfectly spotless obedience demanded by the holy Creator, and in the sinner's room died upon the cross, and was raised again from the dead, ascended into heaven, and now exercises, in His sole right, all the priestly functions which sinners need? Does this life, this death, this resurrection, this intercession provide pardon, acceptance, and peace with God for me? If so, I am a child of God ; for "whosoever *believeth* that Jesus is the Christ is *born of God*" (1 John v. 1).

2. Have I *hope*? Am I looking forward as well as backward? Am I persuaded that "this same Jesus shall so come in like manner" as He was seen to go into heaven ; not then to suffer and be rejected of men, but to reign in glory, with all things put under His feet ; and that all who believe in the crucified and risen One, and are willing to bear reproach for His name's sake here, will reign with Him in the blessed future? This is a mark of the child of God, and he can join in this thankful ascription of praise : "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy, hath *begotten us again* unto a lively *hope*, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Peter i. 3).

3. Have I *love*? Can I rest satisfied that I am "saved through faith" (Eph. ii. 5), and "saved by hope"? (Rom. viii. 24.) That were indeed a meagre result of "looking unto Jesus," whether as author and finisher

of faith, or as the blessed centre of our hope. The first "fruit of the Spirit is love" (Gal. v. 22) ; it is a grace of heavenly birth, and thrives ill on earthly soil ; but without love, "though I have all faith, I am nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 2) ; without love, I bear no resemblance to Him who "so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son;" nor to Christ, whose "love . passeth knowledge." Without love, a follower of Jesus is a contradiction, an impossibility. "We love Him because He first loved us ;" "the love of Christ constraineth us" to love not Him only, but all His brethren ; to love not the brethren alone, but those who are out of Christ ; to indulge not only the sentiment of love, but to manifest its power over us by works of faith and labours of love towards the undeserving : thus are we "the children of our Father which is in heaven ; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Behold, then, another mark of regeneration : "Every one that *loveth* is *born of God* and knoweth God" (1 John iv. 7).

"At the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established" (Deut. xix. 15). We have called Apostolic witnesses, and who can gainsay their testimony? The foregoing marks of the new birth form "a threefold cord, not quickly broken" (Eccles. iv. 12). Be careful, brother, that each part of this cord has a place in thy life ; let not faith stand alone, else will it be a thing dead and valueless (James ii. 17) ; be not content with hope alone, lest it prove a false hope, wanting the foundation of a true and living faith ; boast not of thy faith and hope if there be no flower and fruit of love springing forth, and diffusing

fragrance and joy in which others shall share. "And now abideth faith, hope, love—these three; but the greatest of these is love" (1. Cor. xiii. 13).

J. E. M.

LONDON, March 1879.

PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

OUR Lord explains in the 16th chapter of Luke that the tenure of earthly things is now gone. It was no longer a question of holding a stewardship, but of giving it up. The steward was judged. Such was the truth manifest in Israel, continuance in his old earthly position was now closed for the unjust steward; and for him it was simply a question of his prudence in present opportunities, with a view to the future. The unjust steward is made the vehicle of Divine teaching to us how to make the future our aim. He, being a prudent man, thinks of what is to become of him when he loses his stewardship; he looks before him; he thinks of the future; he is not engrossed in the present; he weighs and considers how he is to get on when he is no longer steward, so he makes a wise use of his master's goods with people indebted to his master; he strikes off a great deal from this bill and a great deal from that, in order to make friends for himself.

The Lord says this is the way we are to treat earthly things. Instead of tenaciously clutching at what you have not yet got, and keeping what you have, on the contrary, regard them as your master's goods, and treat them as the unjust steward in the parable. Rise above the unbelief which looks at money, or other present possessions, as if they were your own things. It is not so. What you have after an earthly sort now belongs to

God. Show that you are above a Jewish, earthly, or human feeling about it. Act on the ground that all belongs to God, and thus secure the future.

This is the grand point of Luke's Gospel, from the transfiguration more particularly; but indeed all through. It is the slight of present treasure on earth, because we look on to the unseen, eternal, and heavenly things. It is the faith of disciples acting on the prudence of the far-seeing steward, though of course hating his injustice. The principle to act on is this, that what nature calls my own is not my own but God's. The best use to make of it is, treating it as His, to be as generous as may be, looking out against the future. It is easy to be generous with another's goods. This is the way of faith with what flesh counts its own things. Do not count them your own, but look at and treat them as God's. Be as generous as you please, He will not take it amiss.

This is evidently what our Lord here insists on; and here is the application to the disciples, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail (or it fails) they may receive you into everlasting habitations." You are not going to be in the earth long; other habitations are for ever.

Sacrifice what nature calls its own, and would always hold fast if it could. Faith counts these things God's; freely sacrifice them, in view of what shall never pass away. Then He adds the pregnant lesson, "He that is faithful in that which is least (after all it is only the least things now) is faithful also in much." Indeed, there is more than this. It is not only the littleness of the present compared with the greatness of the future, but besides, "If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon,

who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another's" (I leave out the word "man's," it is really God who is meant by it), "who shall give you that which is your own?"

What can be of its kind a more wonderfully divine touch than this? Exactly where man counts things his own, faith admits God's claim, another's; exactly where we might count things only God's, it sees one's own. Our own things are in heaven. He that is faithful in the little now will have much entrusted then; he that knows how to use the unrighteous mammon now, whose heart is not in it, who does not value it as his treasure, on the contrary, will have then the true riches. Such is the Lord's remarkable teaching in this parable.

THE SERVICE.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

I CANNOT do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Lord Jesus, unto Thee:
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee,
And always—every day—
There are some little loving words
Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do everywhere.

So I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

"YE cannot serve God and mammon." It is not said "do not," but "cannot."

OUR HOME.

"In My Father's house are many mansions." The modern English usage of the word "mansion" makes it mean a building of rather more than ordinary pretensions, something midway between a home and a palace. In the English of the Bible it is evident that this cannot be the sense in which the word is meant to be received, for, so understood, the house ought rather to be within the mansion than the mansion within the house. The precise rendering is, "In My Father's house are many abiding places," or as we should say familiarly, many rooms, many apartments.

How wonderfully these words have been illuminated and opened out by what it has been given man to discover with his eyes and his mind since the day they were spoken! Observe how entirely Christ grasps the thought of the unity of the whole scheme of nature. To Him it is, all of it, "My Father's house." Loose thinkers and hasty writers would have us believe that this idea of the oneness of the universe, the correlation of its parts and powers, and its subjection to uniform control, is a modern discovery; but, no; it has lain firmly bedded in the Hebrew tradition from the beginning. The unity of God is the fountain truth from which flows all that the Bible has to tell. The other religions distributed gods through nature, wherever they seemed to be needed: some for the oceans and the rivers, others for the mountains and forests, these for the heights, those for the depths; but the true seers of Jehovah never thought or taught after this fashion. "The heavens are Thine," their invocation ran: "The earth also is Thine; Thou hast laid the foundation of the round world and all that therein is." What if the

"round world" meant to them a circle rather than a sphere? That matters nothing except to the pettiest of critics. We also in our day have many beliefs about the earth and sky which will need revising presently. The point is, that they grasped the grand truth of the unity of the works of God. They saw the manifoldness indeed, as the others did, but they were not upset by it, as the others were; for behind all outward show of diversity, they discerned a majestic oneness of purpose, plan, and government. All this is summed up in Christ's bold figure, "My Father's house." The universe, with all its marvellous complexity of parts and proportions, is a house; and this house not a mere workshop, not a factory, not a roofed and glazed and boarded shed to hold machinery or stores, but a dwelling: it is a Father's house. Yes, we do greatly need these words of Christ's as a corrective and balance to the desolateness of spirit in which so much of the talk which we hear now-a-days about the universe is apt to leave us. Mingle this thought of Fatherhood with all that the telescope has to tell of the infinitely great, and all that the microscope reveals of the infinitely little, and every fresh discovery will bring fresh delight. Leave the Fatherhood out, and, like the sad king, you shall surely find that in much wisdom much grief, and mournfully confess that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Blank space has in itself nothing to interest us, nor the mere thought of time. Who cares to have a picture of the desert on his walls? Or what charm is there in an endless almanac? Thought, and feeling, and conscience—these are the realities that carry a joy with them, and when we miss these we are forlorn. What are the myriads of the stars to me, if there is no one

anywhere who calls them all by their names? Or why should I care whether it were a billion or a trillion years that the molten earth rolled around in its track, unless I believed that a hand was guiding it all to a better destiny, and making it ready for a blessing to come? Oh no, we cannot spare this persuasion of the Divine Fatherhood! Arithmetic will never fill the gap. Figures, no matter how large, how imposing you make them, cannot feed the soul; and souls we have, and they are hungry souls.

The god of the chemists and geologists and astronomers, if existence be conceded to him at all, would seem to be pure intellect. The God of the Bible is this; but He is more than this: He is a God who rejoiceth in the "habitable" parts of His earth, and whose delights are with the sons of men. He "built all things;" but He is not an architect without a heart. The house-making does not rank before the Fatherhood, but the Fatherhood before the house-making.

FAITHFUL WORKING IS THE MAIN THING.

It is right both to long and pray for success, but without watchfulness we may easily fall into a twofold error regarding it. We may overburden, by making ourselves responsible for success as well as for duty, which our loving Lord never does; or we may unduly relax, by ceasing to work when we cease to succeed, as if the one might fairly be made conditional on the other. In all circumstances, however, with success or without it, the command remains equally binding, "Occupy till I come." "Go work to-day in My vineyard;" and it should be our daily aim to yield a hearty and prompt obedience.

"Go, labour: it is not for nought,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not,
The Master praises. What are
men?"

"Go, labour on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee; if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for Him shall be in vain."

I am thankful for success, but I feel in my heart a deeper gratitude to God *for permission to work for Him*. It seems to me to be one of the highest gifts of His grace to be permitted to take any share whatever in His grand enterprise for the salvation of the sons of men. The Lord has often first to humble before He can greatly use; indeed, not unfrequently, when all is seeming failure and sore discouragement, great success is near.

It is told of an eminent man that when at one period of his life he became, through discouragement, sorely tempted to abandon both sphere and work, he had a singular dream. He thought he was working with a pickaxe on the top of a basaltic rock. His muscular arm brought down stroke after stroke for hours, but the rock was hardly indented. He said to himself at last, "It is useless; I will pick no more." Suddenly a stranger stood by his side, and said to him, "Are you to do no more work?" "No." "But were you not to do this task?" "Yes." "Why, then, abandon it?" "My work is vain; I make no impression on the rock." The stranger replied solemnly, "What is that to you? Your duty is to pick whether the rock yields or not. Your work is in your own hands—the result is not. Work on." He resumed his task, the first blow was given with almost superhuman force, and the rock flew into a thousand pieces. This was only a dream, but it so impressed him that, through grace, he was able to turn it to

good account; for when he awoke he returned to his work with fresh interest and hope, and with greater tokens of his Master's presence and power than ever before.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

WAITING and watching the livelong day,

Lifting the voice of her heart to pray;

Sh stands in her sorrow the bride and queen,

Counting the hours that lie between.

Counting the hours, till He shall come,

The Star of her soul, the Star and Sun,

With a holy and steadfast gaze of faith,

Lifted above all change and death.

Lone as a dove, on a storm-swept sea,

Teaching her heart hope's minstrelsy;

With a wailing note and a weary wing,

She learns o'er sorrow to soar and sing.

Abroad, thro' the earth is a sound of war,

Distress among nations, wide and far;

And the failing of strong men's hearts for fear

Of the dreadful things that are drawing near.

But she stands in her safety, the bride and queen,

Leaning as only the loved can lean

On the heart that broke in its love for her,

When bearing the burden she could not bear.

Famine and pestilence stalk abroad;
Scoffers are slighting the Word of God;

And the love of many is waxing cold;

Dimmed is the sheen of the once fine gold.

But she stands in her beauty, the bride and queen,

Counting the hours that lie between,

Counting the hours till He shall come,

The Star of her soul—the Star and Sun.

E. S.

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

AN illiterate countryman sold a lot of firewood to a gentleman in the city. When the wood was delivered, the gentleman gave him a cheque upon a certain bank. The countryman looked at it for a while, and then said, "This is not money." "But, if you take it to the bank," replied the gentleman, "it will get you the money." "I have no money in the bank," remarked the countryman. "Very true," answered the gentleman, "but go with that piece of paper to the bank, hand it to the man behind the counter, and when he sees my name upon it, he will instantly give you the money."

When the countryman went to the bank, authorised to use the name of the gentleman, it was the same as if the gentleman himself had gone, for the name stood for the person, and the two were, for the time and the purpose to be accomplished, but one. If it had not been for the name, the countryman might have begged, and entreated, and prayed for the money, until handed over to the police; but the name, the name alone, secured him audience and acceptance.

When we pray in the name of Jesus, we go to God conscious of the fact that we deserve nothing on our own account; that we have no personal worthiness to plead; that our application for the sake of anything in us, or anything done by us, would be utterly unavailing; but equally conscious of the blessed fact that, through infinite riches of grace, we are one with Christ.

THE EFFECT OF PAUL'S LIFE.—I do not know anything that humbles one more than Paul's life. You get judged by Christ's life, but Paul's was that of a man of like passions with ourselves. •Such thorough abnegation of self! Such death as to everything in himself!

A WORKER'S DREAM.

I SAT down in an arm-chair, wearied with my work. My toil had been severe and protracted. Many were seeking the salvation of their souls, and many had found what they sought. The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity; and joy and hope and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself, I was joyous in my work; my brethren were united; my sermons and ex-

hortations were evidently telling on my hearers; my church was crowded with listeners. The whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement, and, as the work went on, I had been led into exhausting labours for its promotion.

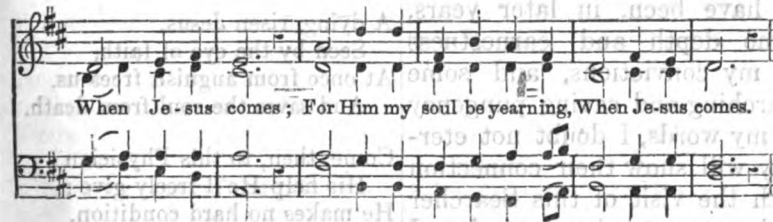
Fired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half-forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and my surroundings. Suddenly a stranger entered the room with-

out any preliminary "tap," or "Come in." I saw in his face benignity, intelligence, and weight of character; but, though he was passably well attired, he carried suspended about his person measures and chemical agents, and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me, and, extending his hand, said, "How is your zeal?" I supposed, when he began his question, that the query was to be for my health, but was pleased to hear his final word; for I was quite well pleased with my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportions. Instantly I conceived of it as physical quantity, and putting my hand into my bosom, brought it forth and presented it to him for inspection. He took it, and, placing it in his scale, weighed it carefully. I heard him say, "One hundred pounds!" I could scarce suppress an audible note of satisfaction: but I caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight; and I saw at once that he had drawn no final conclusion, but was intent on pushing his investigation. He broke the mass to atoms, put it into his crucible, and put the crucible into the fire. When the mass was thoroughly fused he took it out, and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth, exhibited a series of layers or strata; which all, at the touch of the hammer, fell apart, and were severally tested and weighed, the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished, he presented the notes to me, and gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion, as without a word, except, "May God save you!" he left the room.

I opened the "notes," and read as follows:—

WHEN JESUS COMES.



ALL joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes.
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes;
All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grow weary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know how griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how his arms will rest me,
When Jesus comes.

WHAT IS TRUTH? I AM THE TRUTH. THY WORD IS TRUTH.

Analysis of the zeal of Junius, a candidate for a Crown of Glory.

Weight in mass—100 lbs.

Of this, on analysis, there proves to be—

Bigotry, - - -	10 parts.
Personal ambition, - -	23 "
Love of praise, - - -	19 "
Pride of denomination, -	15 "
Pride of talent, - - -	14 "
Love of authority, - - -	12 "
Love to God, } Pure zeal, {	4
Love to Man, }	3-100.

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures, my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of the record. But, I was suddenly startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh—almost a groan—from the stranger (who had paused in the hall), and by a sudden darkness falling upon me by which the record became at once obscured and nearly illegible. I suddenly cried out, "Lord, save me!" and knelt down at my chair, with the paper in my hand and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it. *The record was true!* I saw it, I felt it, I confessed it, I deplored it, and I besought God to save me from myself with many tears; and, at length, with a loud and irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke. I had prayed in years gone by to be saved from hell, but my vow to be saved from myself now was

immeasurably more fervent and distressful; nor did I rest or pause till the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, probing, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and hallowing my whole heart to God.

That light and that love are in my soul to-day: and when the toils and tears of my pilgrimage shall be at an end, I expect to kneel in heaven, at the feet of the Divine Alchemist, and bless Him for the revelations of that day, that showed me where I stood, and turned my feet into a better path.

That day was the crisis of my history; and if there shall prove to have been, in later years, some depth and earnestness in my convictions, and some searching and saving pungency in my words, I doubt not eternity will show their connection with the visit of this Searcher of hearts, at whose coming I was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!

Next door to death He found me,
And snatched me from the grave;
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

'Tis palsy, dropsy, fever,—
And madness—all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ailed me;
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

At length this Great Physician—
How matchless is His grace!—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:

First gave me sight to view Him,
For sin my eyes had sealed;
Then bid me look unto Him,—
I looked, and I was healed.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

Come, then, to this Physician;
His help He'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—*Look and live!*

THE rent vail, the resurrection of Jesus, and the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, are three witnesses of God's power for us, and of Christ's acceptance for us.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

MAY 1879.

[No. 143.

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"LOST! FOR WANT OF A WORD."

"Lost for want of a word!"

Fallen among thieves and dying,
Priests and Levites passing
The place where he is lying,
He is too faint to call,
Too far off to be heard:
There are those beside life's high-
way
Lost for want of a word!

"Lost for want of a word!"

All in the black night straying
Among the mazes of thought;
False lights ever betraying!
Oh, that a human voice
The murky darkness had stirred!
Lost and benighted for ever!
Lost for want of a word!

"Lost for want of a word!"

Too high, it may be, and noble,
To be ever checked in his sin,
Or led to Christ in his trouble.
No one boldly and truly
To show him where he has
erred—
Poor handful of dust and ashes!
Lost for want of a word!

NEW SERIES. VOL. V., NO. 5.

"Lost for want of a word!"

A word that you might have
spoken;
Who knows what eyes may be dim,
Or what hearts may be aching
or broken?
Go, scatter beside all waters,
Nor sicken at hope deferred;
Let never a soul, by thy dumbness,
Be lost for want of a word!

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

It was at Calvary that the grand
and all-important question,
"How can God be just and the
Justifier?" received a glorious
reply. The death of Christ fur-
nishes the answer. A just God
dealt with sin at the cross in
order that a justifying God
might deal with the sinner on
the new and everlasting ground
of resurrection. God could not
tolerate or pass over a single jot
or tittle of sin; but He could put
it away. He has condemned
sin. He has poured out His
righteous wrath upon sin, in
order that He might pour the
everlasting beams of His favour
upon the believing sinner.

THE TWO ALEXANDERS;

OR, DELAY AND DECISION.

An Hospital Narrative.

CHAP. I.—"I'LL THINK ABOUT IT,
SIR."

THE work of the week was over,
and the clock was just striking
ten one Saturday night, during
the session 1865-6, when, having
seen the rest of the patients

under my care in certain wards
of the Royal Infirmary of Edin-
burgh, I drew near to the bedside
of Alexander S—. He lay in
ward —, having been admitted
four days previously with un-
mistakable evidences of con-
sumption. This night I made a
more careful examination of his
chest than I had before done,
and it was doubtless this that
drew from him, the moment I
had finished, the question—

"Well, Doctor, what do you
think of my case?"

He was a carpenter, a fine,
manly fellow of twenty, and his
calm, intelligent face did not
give much evidence of the dis-
ease which had wrought fright-
ful ravages in the lungs; how-
ever, he had been ill for some
time, and I judged was prepared
to receive the truth in reply to
his query.

"You are pretty bad, I am
sorry to say, Alexander," I re-
plied.

"I guessed that, sir; but do
you think I shall get better?"

"In this cold climate I fear
there is not much prospect of
recovery for you; the only
chance appears to me to lie in
your getting to some warmer
region, such as Australia."

"Well, sir, there is no hope
in that quarter," he replied,
"for I have no means to take
me there, and no friends who
could pay my passage. I hope
you will do what you can for me
here."

"You may rest assured of that," I rejoined, "everything that skill and care can furnish you with here you shall have."

"Thank you, sir," he quietly replied, in no wise perturbed by my communication, which I now saw he was evidently fully expecting.

A pause of a moment or two followed, and then, turning the subject, I said, "Well, my dear fellow, now we have spoken about the poor, frail body, what about the soul? Are you saved, Alexander?"

"Oh! I could not say that, sir."

"But is it not time for you to be looking the things of eternity fully in the face? Why do you not come to Jesus, and then you would be saved?"

"I have thought of these things sometimes, sir, and I've read my Bible occasionally, and when I was well I went to church now and then. I know I'm not so good as I ought to be, but I'm not so bad as a great many that I know of."

"All that may be quite true, Alexander, but it is beside the mark, and your not being so bad as some others will not help you before God, will it?"

"Oh no, sir, that's quite true; but I have not lived a very bad life, and I hope to be saved."

"You need not 'hope to be saved,' you may know and have salvation where you lie this very night, if you will receive Christ;" and perceiving that he was now somewhat interested, I sat down on his bed and told him the Gospel as simply and plainly as I could. He answered freely enough any question I put to him, and, as I pressed his own guilt upon his conscience, I saw he was convinced that he was a sinner, and, further, a *lost* one were he to die in his present state. Having unfolded the story of the cross, as God's only way of escape for a lost sinner, and assured him that

God bade him do nothing, but believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and rest simply on His finished work, I now pressed on him *immediate* acceptance of God's offered mercy and salvation. Quietly he listened to all till the clock struck eleven, when he said rather emphatically, "I'll think about it, sir."

"Stay," I argued; "why will you *think* about it, when God wants you to *take* Christ just where you lie, and be saved this night. The Philippian jailor heard of Jesus, believed on Him, and was saved immediately. Don't put off deciding, I beseech you."

"I promise you I'll think about it, sir. Good night."

Seeing he was determined only to "think about" and not to "receive" my message, I very reluctantly bade him "good night."

His bed was quite at the bottom of the long ward, and opposite its foot was a door. I crossed the ward, opened the door and was partly out in the passage, closing the door behind me, when, ere my hand released its grasp of the handle, a voice seemed to say, "Go back and speak to him once more." I hesitated. Was it fancy, or the Lord lingering in grace over one who was refusing His mercy? "Go back" again seemed to sound in my ears.

I returned to his bed, and, bending over him, said, "Alexander, I cannot leave you to-night with that terribly uncertain word, 'I'll think about it.' Oh, do decide for Christ. You may never have another opportunity of receiving or believing the Gospel. God's Word says, 'Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.' I have come back just to beseech you not to 'think about' but to receive Christ."

A shade of displeasure, I grieve to say, rose upon his brow, and again repeating "I'll

think about it, sir," a second time he said "good night," and sorrowful at heart, I scarcely knew why, I now finally left him.

CHAP. II.—A MORNING OF DEATH.

The next morning, Lord's Day, at eight o'clock exactly, the nurse of the ward came hastily to my sitting-room, which was some distance off, begging that I would at once pay a visit to Alexander. Very speedily I was in the ward. A death-like stillness pervaded it. Several patients and the two nurses were round the bed I had sat on nine hours before, pressing Christ and salvation on the occupant thereof. As I drew near they scattered, giving me a view of Alexander's face. White as the sheet that came in contact with it, the truth was apparent, he was not faint, as some supposed, from loss of blood, but DEAD.

He had risen that morning as usual, was seated at the table eating his breakfast when, without the slightest warning, a torrent of blood flowed from his mouth (a large vessel in the lungs having given way), and, ere he could be placed in his bed, life ebbed away, and his pallid and lifeless corpse alone met my gaze, as, for the third time within nine hours, I stood by that bed at the foot of the ward.

That moment I shall never forget! Gone, and where? Into eternal night, I feared. To myself I said, "Ah! poor Alexander, you will have time enough now to 'think about it,' when, alas! it is too late to believe and receive it."

Oh, the horrors of a night without a morning! I fear, poor fellow, he entered it by the gaping doorway of procrastination.

CHAP. III.—“I’LL NOT SLEEP TILL ITS SETTLED.”

It was a cold, cheerless day in October 1865, and “Auld Reekie,” more than ordinarily enveloped in mist for the time of the year, was sullenly submitting to be drenched with rain, and pierced by the cold east blasts that came fresh from the northern ocean. Without, all was wet, cold, and dirty; within, everything was as bright, tidy, and clean as the usual autumnal expenditure of soap, paint, and whitewash could render the ward, while a blazing fire at each end diffused a genial glow of warmth, all the more enjoyable from the contrast visible through the newly-cleaned windows. A good many of the beds had each its occupant, but still there was room for more ere the complement of eighteen was attained.

The hour was drawing near for the arrival of the visiting physician when two young men entered the ward, and the elder, addressing me, said, “Would you be kind enough to prescribe for my friend, sir, he has a bad cold and cough?” Turning to see his companion, I beheld a youth of seventeen, whose face made a lasting impression on me, from its rare expression and almost feminine beauty. Fair as a woman, with a soft, speaking, grey eye, a finely-chiselled Grecian nose, and every other feature in exquisite proportion, he seemed not a subject for hospital treatment, had not a delicate tell-tale blush in the centre of each cheek given a clue to mischief, needing prompt attention. After a question or two and a cursory examination, I determined to induce him to remain in the Infirmary, and accordingly urged him to do so. He hesitated, saying he had come from London for a little change and holiday, and to be in ward would be no holiday,

and he did not think he was ill enough to necessitate this. There was some truth in this, but I was so interested in him that I alluded to the inclement weather as making it imprudent for him to go much out with his then symptoms, &c.; so, after a little pressure in which his friend joined, he consented to come in the next day at noon.

On Saturday, Alexander U— entered the ward at the appointed hour, and at the usual evening visit, having seen my other patients, I proceeded to make a careful examination of his chest. The apex of each lung gave the faintest indication of that dire disease which I suspected from his cheek—consumption.

A question or two drew out the family history. His mother had died of consumption, and he had lost four brothers through the same fatal scourge, each of them having died, he said, within six weeks of falling ill, and then added, “I’m much afraid I’m going the same way, sir.”

“Indeed, why should you think this?”

“Oh, they all began just like me, and, somehow, I don’t think I’ll get better. . . . Do you think so, Doctor?”

“Well, Alexander, your family history is certainly very bad, but, as your trouble has been detected thus early, I hope with proper treatment it may be arrested.”

He looked incredulous but thankful, and, perceiving that he was beginning to have some confidence in me, I continued, “Supposing you don’t get better, Alexander, what then? Are you ready to die?”

“I ready? Oh no, sir; I’m not ready. If I were to die just now, I know I should be lost for ever.”

“Then you have thought about your soul sometimes, I should judge from what you say?”

“No, sir; I can’t say I ever thought seriously, though I was well brought up. I had godly parents, and a praying mother, but she’s dead long since and gone to heaven, I believe (and here the remembrance of a mother’s faith and piety caused the tears to fill his eyes). I got good instruction when I was a boy, but I left my home some time since and went to London, where I have been a clerk.”

“And what happened in London?”

“Well, sir, I’ll tell the truth. I got amongst ungodly comrades, very soon I became dissipated and wild, and I believe it’s my reckless life that has brought my illness on. It’s all my own fault, I can blame no one but myself; I deserve punishment for my sins, and there’s no chance for me to be saved, for I know I’m only a wicked sinner.”

“But would you not like to be saved?”

“Yes, indeed, sir; but there’s no salvation for the like of me.”

“There is where you are wrong. Did you never hear the word ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners’? You are the very one that Jesus wants and came for. He is a Saviour, and you are a sinner. They are just suited to each other. The sinner needs a Saviour to save him, and the Saviour is on the look-out for the sinner to save. More, He died for the sinner. The 8th verse of Romans v. says, ‘God commendeth His love toward us, in that, *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us.’ Now, don’t you believe that Jesus died for you?”

“I believe He died for you, sir, for you are a good man, but He could not have died for a wretch like me.”

“Wrong again, Alexander. It was not for the good Jesus died, for ‘none is good save One,

that is God,' and 'there is none that doeth good, no, not one.' So you see I am not good, neither are you, and yet Jesus died for us. The reason why He died was that He loved us, as Paul said, 'Who loved me, and gave himself for me.' Oh, think of His love, and trust Him. There is in Him now a free, full salvation, if you will only receive Him. What say you, will you turn to Him now, and trust Him? He died for sinners, but, having completely finished the work of atonement, He rose the third day, in proof of the value of His work, and now, alive in glory, He is waiting to receive, bless, and save you, just as He saved the thief on the cross."

"Oh, sir, it's all for the like of you, but not for me."

I shall never forget that night, nor Alexander's face, as I passed on to tell him more of the grace and love of Jesus. Lying flat on his back, with compressed lips, heaving nostril, and eyes bathed in tears fixed on me, he listened truly for life. Every word seemed to enter his soul; while, the more he heard of the Lord's love, only the more deep became the sense of his own guilt. I had no need to press decision on him, he was only too anxious to be decided. By this time it was getting late, and the lights in the ward had been lowered, so I was about to bid him good night and depart, when he said, "Please, sir, won't you pray with me before you go? I am so much obliged to you for speaking with me, but I'd so like if you would pray."

This I did, looking to the Lord that His blessing might fall that night on the awakened lad. Scarcely had I finished, ere he grasped my hand and exclaimed, "Thank you, sir. Good night. I'll not sleep till it's settled."

I bade him good night, and retired to my bed.

CHAP. IV.—A MORNING OF LIFE.

On the Lord's Day I usually visited the patients pretty early. So, shortly after 9 A.M., I was again in the ward where Alexander was.

I had barely entered it when a sound, but rarely heard under similar circumstances, fell on my ear in the shape of a cheery but courteous "Good morning, sir." Looking up, I beheld my young friend dressed and standing at the foot of his bed, which was nearest to the door.

"Good morning, Alexander."

"It's all right, sir."

"It's all right!" What do you mean?"

"Oh, what you were speaking of last night. I could not sleep after you left for thinking of my sins, and what you told me about the Saviour, and His love in dying on the cross for sinners like me. I lay awake thinking till four o'clock, and then (pointing to a window across the ward, opposite his bed), I seemed to see the Saviour dying on the cross, extended there for me and bearing my sins, and I heard Him say, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' So I just came to Him, and I have rest now, sir. I have found Jesus, and I am so happy."

Had you seen his face at that moment, my reader, even you would not have doubted his statement. It was like the face of an angel, perfectly radiant with divine joy. There was no mistake about it. He had simply and unreservedly cast himself upon Christ (go thou, friend, and do likewise), and, as a consequence, was filled "with all joy and peace in believing." Alexander remained nearly a fortnight in the infirmary, during which time he gave every evidence of being a child of God, and grew rapidly in grace; while it was only too evident

also that his bodily disease was taking the same rapid course as his brothers'. This being so, it was resolved to give him the chance of life which a voyage to, and residence in, Australia afforded. A rich relation kindly paid his passage, so in November he returned to London to await the sailing of a vessel. While there, I received two letters from him. One contained this expression: "I am very happy as regards my soul's salvation. *I hope that you do always remember me at the throne of grace.*" The second, "I am thankful to be able to inform you that I am very much better indeed, and Dr. I—— strongly recommends me to go to Australia at once. I am going, if spared, on the 30th of this month (December), in a ship called 'The London,' of London. . . . I hope you do not forget me in your prayers."

(To be continued.)

A TEST.

Do you love Christ? I ask not if you feel

The warm excitement of that party zeal

Which follows on, while others lead the way,

And makes His cause the fashion of the day:

But do you love Him when His garb is mean,

Nor shrink to let your fellowship be seen?

Do you love Jesus, blind, and halt, and maimed?

In prison succour Him?—nor feel ashamed

To own Him, though His injured name may be

A mark for some dark slander's obloquy?

Say not, "When saw we Him?" Each member dear,

Poor and afflicted, wears His image here.

A MAN is never justified by experience; he is justified by faith.

WORKING FOR, AND WORKING OUT.

How many in this wide world are making good resolutions for the future, earnest resolves to turn over, as people say, "a new leaf," and endeavour to please God better than they have done before! How many we meet are making strict rules by which to spend their time, and fulfil their daily duties! This is all very good and well in its place, but when the motive-springs of the heart are examined, we often find that it is done in order to *gain* salvation.

Dear reader, have you ever thought you could earn salvation? God's Word says, "It is a free gift," and "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." We must accept and receive. Oh, how many are toiling to be saved, how many are giving up in despair, because they find their good resolutions fall to the ground, and daily perceive fresh imperfections within! What, would you pray for salvation until your knees were sore, and not take it as a gift? Would you weep and grieve over the heavy burden of sin until tears furrowed your cheeks, and not look at once to Him "who bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and suffered, "the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

God's way of salvation is so simple, "peace in believing." Then why still reject? Because it cuts at the root of self and pride, and brings us down into the dust. When we take the place of lost, what a relief it is to turn the eye away from self to a "risen Saviour" at the right hand of God. Working will never save the soul. Praying will never save, mortifying the flesh will never save, nothing but simply believing in Jesus, who will save to the ut-

termost all that come unto God through Him.

But when you have obtained peace with God, praying, and working, and mortifying, all fall into their right places, and become the true characteristics of one who is saved. This is what the Apostle speaks of as "working out your own salvation." Now you have got what you have so long been trying for, but in a wrong way, display it to all around. Put off the old man, with its affections and lusts, and put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Now you have a new coat, which is not of your own weaving, cast the old one away, and wear the former every day. The more shabby the old one has been, the more those around you will perceive the difference. Do not hang it up in a cupboard as if you feared it would soil, but wear it day by day, that those you see and meet may know that God is working *in* you, to will and to do of His own good pleasure (Phil. ii. 13). Thus, the one who toiled alone for salvation before, when saved, becomes a fellow-worker with God: one working *in*, and the other working *out*, as he receives from that fullness day by day.

"I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE."

WALKING one day along a quiet country road, my attention was attracted by a venerable-looking man, who, like Bartimeus of old, sat by "the wayside begging." His appearance was striking—thin and attenuated, with long white hair flowing down upon his shoulders, he had evidently passed by many years the allotted "threescore and ten."

His features, which were marked and expressive, still bore the stamp of considerable intelligence, and his whole aspect was that of the "poor

scholar," formerly so common in Ireland.

Feeling irresistibly drawn towards him, I took a small piece of money from my purse and placed it in his hands, with the words, "It is all I have about me, but I will give you something better than silver or gold, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'" With a vehemence that almost startled me, the old man retorted, "That's not the truth, and I don't believe it!" "Excuse me," I replied, "it is the truth, for God's own book says it." "It is *not* the truth," he repeated again, his eyes flashing keenly. "The blood of Jesus Christ, cleanseth us from *original sin*;—that's taken away at baptism, but after that what have we? Isn't it *trans-ub-stan-tia-tion*?" This was said with a pause between each syllable, and an emphasis which would have been amusing had the subject been less serious.

"Well," I said, "that's a very long word, and hard to understand; I would rather keep to the simple declaration, 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin.'" "But it is not true, I tell you," broke in my companion angrily; "my sins were taken away at baptism, wherein I received a nuptial robe of righteousness to keep unsullied." "And have you not been guilty of any sin since your baptism?" I asked. "I know *I* have, more than I can number." "Of course I have, but I did penance for them. Penance takes away sins committed after baptism, and then we can pass through purgatory into glory." There was an earnestness in the old man's manner that touched me deeply, tottering upon the grave's brink with eternity opening before him, this was his hope—he could pass through purgatory into glory.

"Now," I said, "is it not much better to believe the simple Bible statement, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin,' than to be looking forward to purgatory with all its sufferings?" "But it is *not in the Bible*." "Excuse me, it is indeed, and I will stake my soul's salvation upon its perfect truth." "It is not," interrupted the man again, "and I can prove it."

"Well," I replied, becoming more and more interested, "if you can prove to me that these words are not in the Bible I will come over to your view of the subject; I only wish to learn, and am quite open to conviction."

The old man nodded, and drawing a wallet from behind him, began rapidly to unroll it. To my amazement, it contained a dozen or so of old books, all well worn, and bearing the appearance of having been thoroughly read. Picking out a dilapidated volume without a cover, he handed it to me with an air of decided triumph. "There, *now*, is the Prayer-book for you; find it if you can." "Oh!" I exclaimed, "I did not say the Prayer-book; I submit to no authority but the Bible." "And have you not the Bible at the end of it?" retorted my companion sharply.

He was right, the tattered volume in my hand comprised a selection of prayers, appended to which was the Douay Testament. Turning over the pages while my heart beat with a sudden fear that perhaps, after all, the words upon which I had staked so much were not in this translation, I opened it—1 John i. 7—and read, when a sense of unutterable relief filled my heart as I marked how slightly the rendering differed from that of the authorised version, "If we walk in the light, as He *also* is in the light, we have fellow-

ship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Show me that," said the man, snatching the book from me, and reading over the verse to himself.

I shall never forget the expression of his face when, a moment after, raising it to mine, and in a voice suppressed and awestruck, he exclaimed, "'Pon my word you are right; I never saw it before!" Forgetful, apparently, of my presence, he repeated to himself again and again the words, "Cleanseth us from *all* sin—cleanseth us from *all* sin;" and with a fervent petition that God's Holy Spirit would quicken this little seed sown literally by the wayside, causing it to bring forth fruit to His own glory, I turned homewards.

But I had learned a solemn lesson—even that "it is possible for us to read the Scriptures with eyes so blinded by prejudice and superstition that, like my poor friend, we pass over unperceived and unheeded those very truths upon the belief or rejection of which depends our eternal salvation!"

"GO YE."

"Go" does not mean *Send*.
"Go" does not mean *Pray*.
"Go" means "Go!" simply and literally.

Suppose the early Christians had been content to take this command as most of us take it. Suppose they had said to the leading Apostles, "You see if you cannot find a few men to send to Rome, or Libya, or Parthia, and we will see what we can do about collecting funds, and anyhow subscribing a penny a week or a pound a year ourselves!" How would the good tidings of great joy and the glorious news of the resurrection have spread at that rate? But they did not sub-

scribe: they *went*! Happily, they had not silver and gold to give, so they gave themselves to their Lord and His work. The command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," the last that fell from His gracious lips before He went up from the scene of His sufferings, for us still rings on, and it is, "Go!" "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

WATCH.

THE flesh in the Christian is as bad, or worse, than any flesh, therefore watch, continue in prayer, be clothed with humility.

Live no more by memory than by sense; but live by faith, "forgetting the things which are behind, and pressing forwards. It was not when Paul was in communion with the glory, that he was in danger of being puffed up, but when he came down in the memory of it. Memory has its own work, and so has sense, but conscious present communion with God is the power and glory of the saint, and his especial privilege. Here he gets everything, for here he has God, and here he has everything safely, for he has everything in God with God.

TRUST.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest,
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed;
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts, for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs.
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

FRUITLESS EFFORT.

SIN is so seldom a matter of anxious thought with men, that that most vital of questions very rarely comes from their lips, "What must I do to be saved?" But when conscience awakes, and the powers of the world to come begin to be felt, it is otherwise; salvation then becomes, in some measure, a real need with them, and if they could only secure it self-righteously, there is nothing seemingly they would not gladly do or suffer.

Every effort so made by them, however, is as vain and fruitless as that of the fabled Sisyphus, who had even hopelessly to begin his weary task anew. They try *perfectly* to keep the law, but ever fail; they shed many a tear, but find no relief; they pray, and fast, and toil, but, in spite of all, their heavy burden still presses.

And so will it ever be with them till they take God's method of justification, and not their own. The way to get acceptance with God is not to work hard for it, or to work long, but to cease to work at all; just because all that is needed for this end Christ has already thoroughly done. He would have us to believe on Him who justifieth *the ungodly*; and, therefore, He does not require us to be godly before we believe, or to be healed before we come to the Physician, but simply to take salvation as the free, unmerited gift of grace, and consent to be saved by Christ alone.

THE WORTHLESSNESS OF MAN'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Notes by a Hearer of an Address by Dr. Mackay.

ROM. x. 3.

THE righteousness of faith we find to be the righteousness of God in its origin, while in its application it is the righteous-

ness of faith; it is God acting consistently with His own character, and it is faith receiving this activity of God in consistency with His character. The Jews, being ignorant of God's righteousness, were going about to establish their own righteousness, and in the present day, they, in company with many others, do the same. Man tries to palliate and excuse himself, and to vindicate his own righteousness; it is his business to make himself appear as good as his neighbour, and better than many. He boasts loudly that he does not drink, or steal, or tell lies, he goes about to establish his own righteousness, he makes a brag of any little bit of charity he does, and likes all to know about it; charity for its own sake he does not understand, he only knows what will advertise himself and make himself of consequence; if he can buy popularity by some act of charity he is sure to advertise it largely enough,—this is human nature. After human nature has tried this, God comes and says, "I can accept nothing imperfect, you have done the best you can, but I can accept nothing but that which is perfect." Human nature does not like this; it turns round and calls God unjust: it will not submit to God's righteousness; it will not submit to God's criterion of righteousness, that is Christ; it will not submit to God's provided and imputed righteousness, which is Christ; it will not submit to God's inwrought and imparted righteousness, which is Christ. It will not submit to God's criterion of righteousness; it says, What do you demand? Am I to be an angel? No, you have to be as perfect as the Christ of God, that is God's criterion—God's estimate of what a man should be: are you equal to Him? Christ came not only to save but to measure men, and He measured before He saved: you have to be measured before

you can go to God; "all have sinned and come short," that is God's measure—of what? of Christ, the glory of God: we have all come short of that, we must all just bow our heads and submit.

The publican submitted to the righteousness of God; the Pharisee measured himself by the publican, but the publican measured himself with the measure of the sanctuary, the righteousness of God: he stood afar off, and "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, *a sinner*." No! The Holy Ghost wrote differently to our English translation: "God be merciful to me, *the sinner*; not *a sinner*. He had nothing to do with other sinners, for he found out he was *the sinner*: the definite article is used, not the indefinite; there is nothing indefinite with God: it is the definiteness of the article which gives the salvation to the sinner. "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me." That poor confessed publican, as he hung his head there, was submitting to the righteousness of God, and all the sin was concentrated in the man. If any one had said to him, "Look at that man, he is a worse sinner than you are," he would have answered, "I have nothing to do with other sinners—I am *the sinner*." He abstracted himself from all other sinners, and he placed himself before the righteousness of God, standing there with face abased and conscience stricken. He pointed to the mercy-seat of God, and said, "Lord, that is the propitiation for me:" he found he could only stand before God's righteousness on the ground of mercy, and he went down to his house justified.

The Pharisee came strutting along. A conscientious sort of alms-giver, he came to brag, not to pray; to boast, but not to worship. "God, I thank thee I

am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess." I pay my debts, and am not bad, like that wretched publican. Poor bragging soul; the man was bragging before God about what he was not; he never said what he was; he was defining himself by negatives, and you never can define by negatives. "Thank God, I am *not*." My friend, what *are* you? "Thank God, I am not a Mussulman, I am not an infidel, I am not a Chinaman"—negatives all round. You may go and talk for a millennium, and I cannot know what you are: "I am not an inhabitant of Mars or Saturn," "I am not this, that, and the other." He was such an undefined sort of being that he could get nothing from God; he was not only using an indefinite article, but the most indefinite of all things, negatives. The Publican spotted himself out, the Pharisee measured himself with other people; the Pharisee got no blessing, the Publican got justification; the one submitted, the other did not, for he did not compare himself with God's righteousness.

We must submit to the provision which God has made.

The Jews are the most painful exposition of this text; they are going about not submitting to Christ, the righteousness of God to every one who believes.

The righteousness of law describes the man, as a painter paints an ideal figure; for the man "who doeth these things" has never been seen. The righteousness of faith shows the tremendous work to be done in order that the righteousness of God may become ours as the righteousness of faith. Not all the works of earth, not all that man could plan, not men's prayers, tears, or groans, could

do it; for it is something above and beyond what is human. God had to descend to meet with man, and man had to meet with God, hence incarnation and resurrection were necessary. God had to become manifest in the flesh to meet man, and man had to ascend from the grave to meet God. These things were required in order that the righteousness of God should become the righteousness of faith. Man, as a rule, puts salvation on his own efforts, and he cannot get out of this idea. I was lately called to see a dying man, and he was telling me what happy experience he had had in praying to the Lord, he had spent a whole night in prayer, and he believed that God would hear him. I thought to myself, "My poor fellow, you are trusting too much to your prayers," so I said, "I never pray for the salvation of my soul, and I advise you not to do so, but I thank Him for having saved it. If a man believes his sins are laid on Jesus, he need not pray for salvation." "Then it is all grace," he said. "Yes, it is more grace than you can think of; it would have been a long time before our prayers had brought Christ out of heaven, so just thank Him for what He has done, and believe His words, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." We have no time to waste in prayers for what we have. We must ask for what we have not—love, faith, power over our besetting sins. The work to be done includes the miracle of miracles. Given Christ's incarnation and resurrection, His glory and the descent of the Holy Ghost, we have all the salvation of myriads of souls from that day to this. Science never dreamt of incarnation and resurrection; science never heard of such righteousness. Men talk of science and revelation agreeing with each other. You might as well ask eternity to agree with

time; for what is *peculiar* to revelation, science could never discover. Science never heard of resurrection; science never heard of incarnation. Science knows you and me only as bits of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, all put together in a strange compound. If science chops off a finger and analyses it, it will merely find those elements which are present in other parts of God's creation, so much of each constituent, and there is an end of science. Can all the powers of science burst the bars of death, and enable man to walk in the conscious calm of a victor over the grave? But we see the Lord in resurrection bursting the bars of death, rolling away the stone, and passing the guard of Roman soldiers, who were to be God's witnesses though the devil's guard. A man escaping out of prison would not wait to fold up the clothes. But here there was no hurry, calmly the Conqueror folds up the clothes: He fears not the awakening of the Roman soldiers. He keeps the napkin which was round His head apart from the other clothes. Christ has broken the bars of death and the grave, and has passed forth, and now, as we are told in Hebrews, He is at the throne of God, seated on the right hand of the Majesty of Heaven.

We love to think of this; the Man on the throne was under the burden of the sin of the world. It is not the amount of sin which damns us, for the Man in heaven had more sin on Him than we have. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved, but he that believeth not must be damned. In eternity, we shall dwell on this subject. We shall look back from the golden city and the eternal day, and sing of that incarnation and resurrection. It is the anthem which the redeemed will sing for ever and ever.

THOU.

In the ninth verse of the tenth chapter of Romans we read: "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," shows that salvation is procurable here and now, entirely outside of us, through some One accepted for us. That is the Risen One. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Look not within; look not into your heart; but confess Jesus as Lord, and believe in Him as raised by God. The death of Christ is Christ paying the debt. The resurrection is God's acceptance of the payment. God hath raised Him from the dead, and now He is waiting to give salvation—to whom? to *thee*. "If thou shalt believe, *thou* shalt be saved." The word

THOU

is one of the sweetest in the Bible. He earned all the money to pay our debt, and He has been sitting for more than 1800 years, waiting to be gracious, waiting to give you this salvation, waiting with blank cheques to fill up all your defalcations, cheques bought by Calvary's blood and signed by the hand of God. You come and apply at the door. What is your name? It is "Thou." I am a great sinner. I am just defined by these four letters. Ah, God says, "Thou art just the one I want," and you receive a cheque for all demands. This is very negotiable, payable to sinner or bearer. "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely."

"I write unto you, little children (all God's people), because your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake." What is the meaning of a cheque? It is a bit of worthless paper, not worth a farthing in itself. You can write cheques to your

heart's content, and fill them up to millions, but to make them of any value there must be a responsible name in the corner: your sins are forgiven for *His Name's sake*." If I were to tell you that there is a cheque for a tremendous amount of money in your old Family Bible, I could guarantee that a good number of you would be at it before twelve o'clock to-night. You would look through the dusty book, which is not often opened, and you would go over and over to see where it is. You would begin at the dedication to King James, and you would go over Genesis, Exodus, Isaiah, Matthew, John, and the Epistles, until you come to 1 John. You find no cheque for money; but will you weigh eternity against time, and take out that cheque for yourself, "To you whose sins are forgiven for *His Name's sake*." We do not *feel* the debt is paid, but we *know* it is. "For His Name's sake." How do I know I am saved? I do not *feel* I am saved, but it is written on paper, and such paper is as good as gold. This is the bond of God, and we are working on paper currency. But it is very safe, and when we present it yonder, it will be turned into pure gold, for they walk on gold there. You had better make much of your gold here, for there it is used for paving-stones.

GUIDANCE.

ONE of the greatest evidences of how much Israel gained by leaving Egypt was, that God marked out their way for them, and always guided them. At His word (of which the cloud was the expression) they journeyed, and at His word they encamped. The two grand characteristics of the wilderness journey were the guidance and the manna. Practically speaking, we are now in the

wilderness; and if we are enjoying manna, we may surely conclude that we are entitled to enjoy guidance. Few saints would deny their title to this great privilege; but many who would aver that they receive and feed on spiritual meat, would hesitate to say, with anything like confidence, that they are guided as distinctly and positively as were the Israelites in the wilderness.

Now this should not be so; for *one* is on the same ground as the *other*: the cloud was attendant on the wilderness-march as much as was the manna. True, to Israel both were visible to the natural eye, and both are spiritual now; but they are not more difficult of realisation to the spiritual man; and if I can asseverate with thankfulness that I am divinely led day by day, and if I can only know this spiritually, ought I not with equal certainty to be conscious of my guidance in the spiritual mind? If I am entitled to one, I am equally so to the other; both are connected with the wilderness: blessed evidence of God's care of His people thus cast on Himself.

Why, then, is one spiritual blessing admitted and owned, while the other, though valued, is little known, and more or less doubtfully expected? The feeling of Israel in the wilderness was that they did not know their way; they had no idea of it; and were so completely cast on God for guidance, because there was no one else there that could guide them; nor, had He, blessed be His Name, any other thought than to lead them Himself.

The first feeling in my soul then for guidance must be that I am in a wide desert, and that I have to depend on God, and on Him alone to direct me. But how? By circumstances? *Never*. He did not guide Israel by circumstances improvised for

the occasion, but by a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night. These were His own appointed agencies. Anything below this is not guidance in its proper sense. It is true our gracious God who, in spite of ourselves and our lack of dependence, will not allow us to lose our way, often uses circumstances to correct us and drive us back into the path of faith; and when in the path, He may allow them as helps to our weakness; but they do not mark the path; they are never intended to guide us; and I believe the watching of circumstances, as indications of the path, is a preventive to many true-hearted souls from enjoying this their real and rightful privilege in the wilderness way.

Psalm xxxii. gives us the filling up of the Lord's grace to us as to this blessed privilege. "I will instruct thee in the way thou shalt go." *"I will guide thee with Mine eye."* This is His appointed agency for us as distinctly as was the cloud and the pillar of fire for Israel. But how am I to discern His eye? *I must watch for it.* If I do, I shall surely see it; if I do not, I cannot be guided by it. Where His eye is looking, there I ought to look. Unless I am spiritual, unless my soul is near Him, this will not be; I shall not look where He looks, and if I am looking to anything else for guidance, I shall not see His eye; but never is that eye hidden from the soul that watches for it. The "bit and the bridle" are God's *alternatives* for the soul that will not depend on Him, and be led by His eye; but the eye is there, lighting up the wilderness track for any who will discern and make use of it.

The Spirit has now come down to guide us into all truth; the spiritual man discerneth all things. The soul should wait on God, unable to proceed with-

out Him, reckoning on His instructing it, and depending on nothing else for instruction but the spiritual sense of the direction of His own eye.

If I do this, I shall, as I go here or there, be assured that the eye of my Lord is directed that way; that such is the peculiar spot searched out by Him for me in the wilderness. The Lord lead us to exercise our souls more in this blessed nearness and dependence.

"NOT TILL THEY ARE ROOTED."

I WENT into the kitchen the other day with a bit of black velvet in my hand and a whole pall of black in my heart.

All the morning I had been brooding, brooding over my loneliness, shutting out all the light, and looking only at the darkness. A year before, I had lost my precious baby, and though God had blessed me in a thousand ways, had surrounded me with love and comfort, the withdrawal of this special joy had blighted everything.

All the year I had tried with varying success to lift myself to such a state of trust that I could joyfully think of my darling as far more tenderly cared for than he could be with me, far more safe than in this world of temptation. There had been hours, many of them, when I attained at least calmness; but on the morning of which I speak, the whole sky was black, with not even a star to call my look upward.

I stood at the ironing-table renewing my velvet, when one of the girls began taking in some sickly-looking plants that she was trying to cultivate in pots.

"I take them in every day," she said, "when the sun gets up."

"An' sure, isn't the sun good for them?" said the other girl.

"Not till they get rooted," was the reply, in a tone of surprise at the ignorance displayed by the question.

"Not till they get rooted," said I, over and over to myself, as I went upstairs. That sentence answers all my questions. God is too good and wise to give us sunshine in too great measure till we get rooted—He knows that we should soon wither and die. So He sets us where the light is shaded to our need; He gives our root the moisture of tears, and when we grow strong through reaching after the divine, little by little He gives us more sun.

"Not till they get rooted."

Well, I knew that before my baby died I had given the world far too much of my heart. I had been swayed hither and thither by those who were not my rightful guides. I had been content with low standards and frivolous pursuits. I had been far from a healthy, genuine growth. Evidently the sun had withered instead of strengthening me. I was not rooted.

To be rooted is the first essential of a healthy growth. Till the root has firm hold of the soil, till it is able to choose and absorb that which it needs from all surrounding elements, the life cannot increase—there can be neither flower nor fruit. The soul cannot safely bear much sunshine till it is rooted in God. Till then it must have shadow, or be wasted and sickly. Let me then lift my thought constantly to the divine realm, the summer land of the soul, for help and guidance. Let me make God my own, and then all that He possesses will be mine also. Let me through obedience enter into love, so shall I find all that I have lost. The mother's heart that gives itself to God finds her child that God has taken. All that we lose, God garners; in going to God we find all.

WRITTEN FOR US.

It is very comforting to consider the nature of our title to the Scriptures. It is something far beyond clearness and certainty. It is, I may say, perfect and wonderful. From Genesis to Malachi, the Spirit of God was surveying a period of nearly four thousand years. He had, therefore, materials for hundreds of volumes had He pleased to use them. But He has not done so. Nay, His method

generally would appear to be strange, for He passes by what might be thought to have been the weightier matter of the history, and gives some small domestic scene, and that, too, in much detail at times.

And why is this? Why, within the compass of a verse or two will He, as He does, contract the record of nations for centuries, and spend chapters on the family occurrences of a few years?

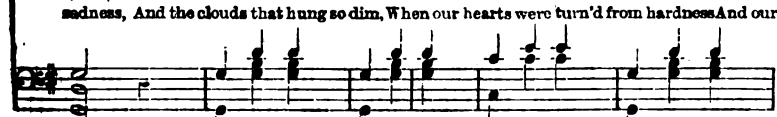
God tells us "they are writ-

ten for *our admonition*" (1 Cor. x. 11). And again, "Whatsoever was written aforetime was written for *our learning*" (Rom. xv. 4). And again, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is *profitable*" (2 Tim. iii. 16).

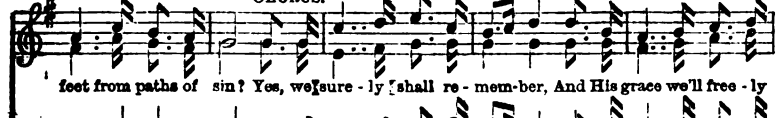
These passages tell us by what rule the Holy Ghost conducted His divine labour in the Scriptures, and why it was He adopted this peculiar method. *He was consulting for us.* In the mind of the Father and the Son, the Holy Ghost was serving the children of God in this work. That principle is the life or breath of every part. And the histories of men good or bad, of family scenes and national revolutions, are all preserved and recorded by the Spirit with respect to our comfort and admonition.

Thus we get nothing less than a wondrous title to the Divine Word. Let us be reading what part of it we may, still have we title to say, "This was written for me : my good was consulted in this." May I not, therefore, say, is not this a wondrous and a perfect right the Lord gives me to His Scriptures? He wrote them for us.

MEMORIES OF EARTH.



CHORUS.



WHEN the paths of prayer and duty
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God,
Shall we then recall the story
Of our mortal griefs and tears,
When on earth we sought the glory,
Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?

All the way by which He brought us,
All the grievings that He bore,
All the patient love that taught us,
We'll remember evermore;
And His rest will be the dearer,
As we think of weary ways;
And His will will be the clearer,
As we muse on cloudy days.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

"WASHED in the blood of the Lamb." "How can this be?" asks the anxious inquirer. "I have often heard about it, and have often tried to bring before my eyes the sight of the blood flowing from His hands and feet, and pierced side."

"Blood" is a figure for life taken. "Seeing the blood" means believing God about the death of His Son in place of your death. Receiving the benefits of Christ's death in your behalf, this is being "washed in the blood." You see no real blood, nor vision, nor picture of blood; but in the blessed book of God you read,

We preach Christ crucified.

Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." This is seeing the blood. To accept His grace to pardon and renew you, is to be washed in the blood.

PAYING AND DOING.

NOTHING to pay? no, not a whit!
Nothing to do? no, not a bit!
All that was needed, to *do* or to *pay*,
Jesus *has done* in His own blessed way.
How full and how free
Was His mercy to me!
And so I will sing, as His grace I make known,
The *paying* and *doing* was all of His own.

THE POOR EXCUSE.

A TEACHER once pressed the subject of personal salvation upon one of his pupils, a young man of nineteen. He said—

"You acknowledge it to be important?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that your duty is to become a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then there is some reason why you do not; and it ought to be a very good one, oughtn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, I want you to go home and think about it, and see if you can find a sufficient reason, and tell me the result."

In a few days, the following note was slipped into the teacher's hand:—

"My dear Teacher,—You ask me to tell you my reasons for not being a Christian. One is that, last summer, one of my most intimate friends experienced religion; and though I have since repeatedly given him opportunity, he has never said anything to me on the subject. And I have made up my mind, that if that is religion, I don't want it. I know *you* will not think this is a 'good reason,' but it stands in my way. J. N."

To this frank note, a reply was given verbally, in an interview which the teacher was not slow to seek.

"James," said he, "suppose your friend to be deceived, to be making a false profession of religion, or that, having been truly converted, he yet fails in his duty to you and to God, does that make your condition any safer? Must not every one stand for himself in this matter? Your own words in this note show that you, as well as I, do not consider this a satisfactory reason. Is it not, on the contrary, a very foolish one?"

"Yes, sir," said James ingenuously, "and I was ashamed as soon as I had written it. But, Mr. C—, half the professors of religion do not live any better than anybody else."

"And because they do not, are you willing to stay away from Christ, risking your own

salvation, on the ground of their imperfections? You were ashamed to offer so poor an excuse to me; how will you dare present it before God? Because others come short of His glory, and are unfaithful in duty, will you utterly neglect yours, and lose your own soul? Is there *any* reason why you should not to-day accept the offers of eternal mercy, and devote yourself to the service of Christ?"

The conscience-stricken young man was dumb. All his flimsy excuses, his refuges of lies, seemed to perish before his Spirit-enlightened vision, and he was enabled shortly to say—

"As for me, I will serve the Lord."

He saw that only the reluctance of his own sinful heart had kept him from coming to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and he trembled to think upon what a miserable plea he was putting off the great subject, at the peril of his soul.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

JUNE 1879.

[No. 144.]

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"WHOSOEVER" AND "WHATSOEVER."

"WHOSOEVER" is written on the outside of the gate, and "Whatsoever" on the inside. The "Whosoever" takes in all classes: ay, every individual of our race. The "Whatsoever" covers the whole range of each individual's need for time and eternity. Hasten to get inside mercy's golden gate, if not already there, and when admitted to her banqueting-house, grasp firmly the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, I will do it."

"THE GIFT OF GOD."

SUPPOSE a very rich man offered you a handsome present, and you wanted to give him something for it, would he not feel insulted? So God has offered you eternal life, and will you insult Him by giving Him your

NEW SERIES. VOL. V., No. 6.

works for it (which are as "filthy rags")? He is too rich to accept anything, and you are too poor to buy eternal life; Christ has bought that for you with His precious blood; God is offering it to you, and your responsibility is to accept it. You have *not* to work *for* eternal life. It is written, "To him that worketh *not*, but believeth;" it is the free gift of God, but you have to accept it (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

Again, suppose I wrote you a letter, saying, if you did a certain act for me, I would reward you for it. If you had any confidence in me, you would believe me. "If you receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater" (1 John v. 9). God has written a letter—the Bible—and says: "He that *believeth* HATH everlasting life;" and if you believe, dear reader, you have it.

If you have confidence in an earthly friend, surely you ought to have confidence in God: if you believe not, He says you make Him a liar (1 John v. 10). Christ has satisfied God as to the question of sin, and if you believe on Him you will at once receive forgiveness of your sins, and be able to say, Christ bore *my* sins in His own body on the tree. You can then look up to heaven, and see a glorified Christ at the right hand of God, the proof that He has fully glorified God about sin; and as He bore your sins when on the cross,

they must be put away for ever, or He could not be in the glory (1 Cor. xv. 17).

He thus becomes your receipt, and you have eternal life, and are one of those of whom Christ says, "My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me, and I give unto them *eternal* life, and they shall *never* perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 27, 28).

THE FIRST WORK TO BE DONE.

WHEN the Jews came to our Lord, and said, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" the answer they received not only surprised but deeply offended them: "This is the work of God," He said, "that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." They would gladly have welcomed any new legal injunctions, however rigid or burdensome, and have done their utmost to carry them out; but simply to believe on Jesus of Nazareth, they utterly scorned.

It is the same with multitudes still. The enjoined believing is the very last thing they think of; and yet, if ever they are to be saved, it must be the very first. This stands to reason, just because there is no Redeemer but Christ, and no way of acceptance but through His finished work. Till we believe in Him, therefore, we are yet in our sins,

—lost, helpless, condemned; for it is expressly written, “He that believeth not is *condemned already*.” In this state, any works wrought by us, whatever their number or excellence, can have no acceptance with God; nor can they lighten the pressing burden of our guilt, even by a feather’s weight.

Beyond question, then, to trust in Christ is God’s first and great commandment of salvation, and until we obey it we are utterly undone. This was the very first thing the awakened jailer of Philippi had to do, and blessed be God he did it, and did it too, not on any after to-morrow, but then and there. Yea, that very hour he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and found salvation. So ought it to be with all, for there should be no lingering in a matter so vital. If none can be too soon forgiven, sanctified, and blessed, then none can too soon close with offered mercy in Jesus Christ.

The work demanded of the sinner himself is only hard because it is so easy. It is hard to do little, when we think we must do much; hard to do nothing, when we think we must do all; hard to believe that we have only to believe, when we expected to achieve our own redemption. When once the soul, however, is brought to believe that this is truly God’s way of redemption,—that the Son of God is able and willing to save, and that this salvation is sufficient and secure,—and accepts of this salvation for himself, the work is done; the man is justified and safe for ever.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

THE Son of God has been here. “He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not” (John i.

10, 11). What a reception. Yea, there was “no room” for Him in the inn when He came into the scene a helpless babe. “No room” for Him in the world when a man going about “doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil” (Acts x. 38). The only one fit to *live* was judged by the world as only fit to *die*, and they cried, “Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him” (John xix. 15). They betrayed and murdered Him (Acts vii. 52). They had room for the swine in their coasts, but prayed Jesus to depart—no room for Him (Mark v. 17). They had room for Judas who could betray Him and kiss Him—but no room for Jesus who came to bless them.

And, sinner, in thy cold, hard, selfish heart, there has been room for every bit of vanity that came in the way. The world’s fleeting pleasures, fading fashions, hollow mirth, legal, Christless religion—all, all could find room in thy poor heart. But never hast thou made room for Christ. No room in thy heart for Christ. He is still outside. You care not for Him.

You cannot plead, He did not come soon enough to ask a place. Let conscience speak—let memory recall the anxiety of soul you had when a scholar in the Sunday school. From whence came those desires and that anxiety? Not from Satan. Desires like those come not from him. It was Jesus seeking room in thy heart. How many times has He knocked since then? Come, be honest. Do not smother thy conscience; let it speak. Often, yes, often has Jesus knocked. Through a tract, a sermon, a gospel address, a kind word, a dream, or in other ways He has sought admittance. He has asked room. How hast thou treated Him? Where is He to-day whilst thou art reading this? “Outside thy heart.” No room for Jesus, and death

is coming—judgment is coming: soon thou wilt be borne away by death to judgment, thence to the lake of fire with all its eternal horrors.

O sinner, sinner! wilt thou rush on to the everlasting burnings? Wilt thou persist in refusing to let Jesus in? Oh, make room for Him, open the door of thy heart. Do it at once, there is no time to lose. “*Now* is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.” Remember, God has never forgotten the treatment His Son received when here. They had no room for Him, and murdered Him, and thrust Him out. But God will have it out with the world for that fearful crime. And thy only safety is to take sides with God against thyself and the world, and make room in thy heart for Jesus as thy Saviour.

What think you God has done? He has made a great feast, invites all, and says, “Yet there is room.” When souls come to this feast they get satisfied here, and have the joy of knowing that the One who has secured all this blessing for them has gone to make room for them in the Father’s house. If we had no place for Him here, He has gone to prepare a place for us there. And those who make room for Him in their hearts here, find room with Him at the feast here, and room with Him in the Father’s house up there. The Lord by His Spirit give you faith, and make you like Simeon of old, who had room in his heart and found room in his arms for Jesus, and said: “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen *Thy salvation*.”

W. E.

GRACE is the outflow of God’s heart to sinners. Its cause passeth knowledge; its expression is Christ crucified.

IT IS ALL SETTLED;

I AM A LOST SOUL!"

A True Narrative.

WHEN preaching the Gospel in the town of S—, I was called upon one day by a Christian lady to see if I would go and visit a man who was rapidly nearing the great eternity, and had no peace in the prospect of meeting a holy God. As the case was a very urgent one, I went off at once to see him. On entering his sick chamber, the first sight that caught my eye was a fine looking fellow, just in the prime of life, doing battle with the grim messenger Death. The sight was most touching, and overwhelmingly solemn; I could not help weeping when I saw the man, in the bloom of life, face to face with the King of Terrors, and fast sinking under his powerful strokes, with no precious Christ in his soul to give him the victory in such an awful hour. After waiting for a few moments upon God for guidance, I commenced to tell him the "old, old story, of Jesus and His love;" but had not well begun when he fixed his eyes upon me, and said, with an earnest tone of voice: "It is no use your speaking to me about spiritual things, for my day of grace is for ever past. Two years ago my eternal destiny was fixed, and I am as sure of spending my eternity in hell as I am speaking to you, so that you need not speak to me about salvation; it is all settled; I am a lost soul!"

My feelings at that moment can be better imagined than described.

I trembled lest the word spoken should be true.

Again I sought to find a way to his heart by telling of the matchless love of Jesus, and His willingness to save even the chief of sinners; but my message seemed to him as an idle

tale. He looked me in the face, and said, with sullen rebellion, "I don't want Christ, I have no desire whatever to be saved, I am dying, and I am going to hell, so that you had better go away, and say no more to me on that subject."

But as I was anxious to rescue his deathless soul from the grasp of the enemy, I told him if he had one hand out of hell, the precious Christ could save him, if he would make personal application to Him. "If I had strength," said he, "I would rise from this bed of suffering, and take you to the very spot where God took His Holy Spirit from me. I might have been saved. God often sought to win my heart to Himself, but I preferred sin, and the pleasures of earth to His Christ, and now I am dying, and I know that I am going to hell to reap what I have sown."

I knelt down by his bedside, and commenced to plead with God to save his perishing soul; and while praying, the poor dying one kept clapping my head with his hand, and at the same time uttering those awfully solemn words "It is no use! It is no use! It is no use! I am lost! salvation is gone for ever."

When I rose from my knees, I took him by the hand, and said, "My dear fellow, Jesus came from heaven to earth to save such as you, and it is the joy of His heart to receive poor sinners; and if you will only trust Him now, you will get saved, the enemy will be robbed of his victim, and the blessed name of Jesus will be glorified."

His reply was, "Oh, how dark it is getting."

At this terrible moment a cold thrill of horror came creeping over me, and I felt convinced his day of grace was indeed past. The dark shadows of eternity were settling down upon his dark, benighted soul. Do you wonder it was getting dark?

and oh, how dark it must be to a lost soul launched out into a shoreless eternity! Soon this poor man was before his God.

Dear reader, my reason in calling your attention to this most solemn narrative is to warn you against the awful sin of putting off salvation, and to urge you at once to close in with God's offer of the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour. Know this, and know it now, that if the matter is not settled, then soon, very soon, you also will have to say, "I am a lost soul," and in hell, lifting up your eyes being in torments, you will hear that Voice which had been calling you to come unto Himself saying those terrific words, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded. But ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproofs; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

Turn ye, turn ye, or

"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Then there is only one thing worse can happen to you, and that is damnation.

I want to ask you a personal question.

Are you at this moment anxious about your soul?

Would you be saved now for eternity, yea, even before you put down this paper? If so, rest assured that it is the blessed Spirit who is seeking to guide your weary feet into the way of life. If the Holy Ghost has roused you from your sleep and carnal security, and convinced you of your utter inability to get to heaven in your own strength, or through your own merit, it is that you may learn the simple way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ

Now, are you willing heartily to respond to God's way of salvation? Then you need not be without this rich blessing one moment, everything is provided, and the loving hand of God is waiting, and willing to bestow it upon you, if you will only take it from Him as a free gift; but if you are like many to whom I speak, doing your best to get to heaven, then let me say, you will never be saved, and hell is sure to be your eternal portion, for God has said, "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 9); and He also says, "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii. 20). To make your works the ground of your acceptance before God, or to trust in anything of your own whatever, is simply to perish.

I think I hear you saying, "What must I do then in order to be saved?" Well, simply nothing. "When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, He said, *It is finished*; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30). Oh, that you understood this, then you would cast aside all your own doings, and receive what the blessed Lord has accomplished on the cross for you.

I was called upon one day to go and see a lady who was anxious about her soul. When I entered her room, I found her sitting at the window, sewing. After putting the way of life before her as simply as I could, she said to me, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but I am not saved." All at once she rose up from her seat, and commenced to seek under the table and chairs for something. I said to her, "I perceive you have lost something." "Yes," replied the lady, "I have lost my thimble." At once I noticed that her thimble was upon her finger, and I said, "My good

friend, your thimble is upon your finger." "Oh," she said, "how stupid I am to go about seeking for the thing that I have got." I said, "Well, my dear friend, that is just what you are doing with salvation. You say that you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but you are not saved; and God says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but is passed from death unto life' (John v. 24). Faith and salvation go together, and they cannot be separated; so if you believe on the Lord Jesus, He says that you are not condemned" (John iii. 18). And God by His Holy Spirit gave the anxious one to see that she was in possession of everlasting life as a believer on Him. Oh, let me ask you, do you believe on the Son of God? If so, everlasting life is yours, and yours now. Oh, claim it, and thank and praise Him who shed His precious blood in order to purchase it for you. The God of all grace bless you with the knowledge of salvation.

"Oh, mercy surprising! He saves even me!"

'Thy portion, for ever,' he says, 'will I be;'

On His word I am resting—assurance divine—

I am 'hoping' no longer, I KNOW He is mine.

I KNOW He is mine, yes. I KNOW He is mine,

I'm hoping no longer—I KNOW He is mine."

W. D. D.

THE BRIDE'S PORTION.

THERE should be no hesitation in taking from the poor what they cheerfully offer. Every gift in the Old Testament worship that touched the altar was the Lord's, and could not be taken back. And so, whatever any one, in the exercise of enlightened and pious motives devoted to God, should be gladly

accepted. It is a hallowed thing. But I have known able and excellent friends of missions who had other views, and who even remonstrated with persons who presented donations which they considered as being more than they could afford. I never could see any scriptural warrant for such hesitation. On the contrary, he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

An anecdote, given in the Life of the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, of New York, an eminent Presbyterian minister of the last century, will illustrate what I mean. It is stated that, when he was going round among the people explaining to them a certain work for the Lord which required money, he came to the house of a widow in humble circumstances, who had been recently deprived of her only daughter. He called on her, not for the purpose of asking aid, but of speaking to her a word of comfort. But before leaving he mentioned the object in which he was that day employed, when she rose and put into his hand a considerable sum of money. He was surprised at the amount, and refused to accept it. But she said, "You must take it, I had designed it for my daughter, and I have resolved that He who has taken her to Himself shall also have her portion." This was a beautiful act. It had about it the odour of a sweet smell.

It would have been most unkind on the part of Dr. Rodgers to have persisted in the refusal! For, I believe, that when he carried away that money, he left behind him a widowed and bereaved heart that felt a real joy that the divine Saviour, her own Lord, to whom she had betrothed her daughter, and who had removed her to His own celestial palace, now had her portion.

GRACE brought Christ where sin brought us.

THE TWO ALEXANDERS;

OR, DELAY AND DECISION.

An Hospital Narrative.

CHAP. V.—GOING HOME IN A STORM.

JANUARY, 1866, will long be remembered. During the first week there called at Plymouth, for passengers and letters, a magnificent full-rigged iron ship of 2000 tons. Her captain was a man of skill and experience, the officers and crew being picked men. On the 6th, "The London" sailed for Melbourne, with a cargo valued at £120,000, and having also a freight of living souls, of untold value, to the number of 239, amongst them being my young friend Alexander. Scarcely was the gallant ship out of sight of land than she experienced a succession of gales, which culminated on the night of the 10th in a hurricane, which many will remember cast numerous vessels ashore in Torbay. Before the fury of this blast in the Bay of Biscay she succumbed. Tremendous seas at once stove in her stern ports, smashed her boats, carried away her engine room hatches, extinguished the fires, and rapidly filled the hold with water. By vigorous pumping she was kept above water till daylight of the 11th. Then the brave captain called all into the saloon and plainly said there was no hope of escape. This intimation was quietly received, because expected.

In the saloon the Rev. Mr. Draper prayed aloud, and exhorted the unhappy creatures by whom he was surrounded. Dismay was present to many hearts, disorder to none. Mothers were seen weeping sadly over the little ones, about with them to be engulfed, and the children, ignorant of their coming death, were pitifully inquiring the cause of so much woe. Friends were taking leave of friends, as if preparing for a

long journey. Others, crouched down with Bibles in their hands, were endeavouring to snatch consolation from passages long known, or long neglected. At 2 P.M. a pinnacle was got out, into which sixteen of the crew and three passengers stepped, and scarcely was the boat clear of "The London" than, stern foremost, she sank, carrying to a watery grave 220 precious souls, amongst them my beloved young friend and brother in the Lord, Alexander U—.

When this heartrending tale reached me, I was deeply grieved at having been the promoter of the Australian voyage; so, knowing his father and only sister were alive, I sat down and wrote to the old man a letter of comfort, telling of the Lord's grace to his son while in the Infirmary, and the firm conviction I had that his son was now with the Lord. The first mail from the place where he dwelt brought a beautiful letter in reply. It was full of sadness and resignation. I give the substance: "I have had six sons. Four died of consumption, the fifth I heard of six months ago as lying ill in an hospital in China, and I fear he is gone; and now Alexander, my youngest, is taken; but 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.' I believe you have been the means of leading my boy to the Saviour. He wrote many times to his only sister, beseeching her to give her heart to the Lord, and when his vessel touched at Plymouth he would be so happy to receive a letter which she wrote him, saying she too had sought and found the Saviour. So I am comforted, though it is hard to bear."

The ways of God are wondrous, and in nothing more sweetly seen than in the channels of blessing He uses, and the way the circle of blessing widens. The brother is con-

verted in the Infirmary; through his letters the sister is led to Lord; he goes home to be with Christ in the way described (and what a blessing he may have been to many awakened souls on board that vessel, God only knows, and the day of the Lord alone will declare); while the sister holds on her way rejoicing for a brief year or two, and then joins her brother in the Lord's presence, as I have since learned from another source.

And now, dear reader, I must have just one word with you as to the state of your own soul. Whereabouts are you? Have you received Christ yet? If not, don't delay a single day. Let the history above recorded be both a warning and an example. Could there be a greater *similarity*, and yet a greater *contrast*? Both had the same name, lay in the same ward, were suffering from the same disease, were nearly the same age, heard the same glad tidings, and each on a Saturday night. One *delays*, and within nine hours is in eternity, I fear without Christ; the other *decides*, and in less than nine hours is in the full possession of joy and peace, through simple faith in Christ. True, he too now is in eternity, but I am persuaded it is "with Christ;" and often as I picture to myself the stricken vessel, and her fated freight, methinks, high above the roar of the wind, the lash of the waves, and the wail of sorrow, I hear, soft and sweet, the words of the young believer, "*I am very happy as regards my soul's salvation.*"

Could you, beloved reader, say the same were you in similar circumstances? Now, do be persuaded. If you have halted till now, halt no longer. Begin this day with Christ. Let those that have rolled by suffice for *rejecting* Him. *Receive* Him now, by faith in His Name

and start "in Christ a new creature."

Let not Satan lure you into saying, "I'll think about it," lest you be like the first Alexander in his end; but, the rather, may your language truly be, "I'll not sleep till it's settled;" then, surely, whether living or dying, your testimony shall be as clear and distinct as that of the second, "It's all right," and "I am very happy as regards my soul's salvation."

W. T. P. W.

THE STUDENT AND THE OLD FATHER.

A STUDENT once went for advice to a pious old man, and said to him, "Father, I love much to hear about God and spiritual things, but all the good I hear seems to go in at one ear and out at the other; I forget it so soon, and this grieves me."

Then the old father said: "My son, take this basket and bring it to me full of water."

The student obeyed; he took the basket and went to a wide brook and worked hard for a long time, but he could get no water to stay in the basket; as soon as it was full it became empty again. Then at last he got tired, for he saw that all his labour was in vain, so he went back to the father and told him what had happened, and how the water would not remain in the basket. Then the father said, "Give me the basket and let me look at it." And when he took the basket in his hand and had examined it, he said, "Now see, my son, you have not worked in vain; true it is, indeed, that no water has remained in the basket, but it has washed it clean and pure. So it is too with you, and every one who hears and reads God's Word with diligence and prayer; he may not retain everything, but still it purifies his mind, and

makes him more fit to enjoy God now and in the glory hereafter."

WITHIN THE VEIL.

No spot, no blemish now,
Unblameable in love,
Are we whose sins can ne'er ascend
Where Jesus is above;
There Lamb divine once slain, Thy
precious blood
Hath perfect made our souls as
worshippers with God.

Oh holiest place within!

Where God in Christ is known—
His perfect love which casts out
fear,

So blessed at His throne.
We've boldly enter'd there through
Christ's own blood,
By which our souls are brought for
ever unto God.

No conscience there of sin,
No sense of guilt or shame,
Once purged by Jesus, we are saved
For ever through His name.
Far more than conquerors' victory
we gain,
We need no other death, we have
no other stain.

No tears—no griefs are there
Of old creation's groan,
Earth's sorrows are not counted
where
Purged worshippers have come.
No night is there—but glory's
brightest ray
Unveil'd doth spread around its
everlasting day.

All glory to our God,
For His own Spirit given,
To show the value of the blood
Which brings us into heaven.
Sweet Witnesser! to write our minds
within
This covenant of God—this writ of
cancell'd sin.

J. D. S.

TRUTH.

"I AM that I am" was the glorious name under which God introduced Himself to Israel. God over all, none by searching could find Him out. He would be God, and take His own way; and He would have mercy, and would have compassion on whom He would have compassion. God is God.

"By the grace of God I am what I am" was Paul's joy; it is mine: may it be thine too. But, then, how different the force of the sentence when applied to him and when applied to me. Compare word with word, and you will see this only the more forcibly. And yet in both applications the finger points out to reality, and what is owned as being as it is.

"God is God."

"And I am a poor sinner and nothing at all. But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Never, until we get to reality; never, until we let things be as they are, can we possibly have rest.

And the beauty of the Gospel is, that it puts God as God, and myself, just as I am, blessedly together, and appropriates all that He is to me, and identifies all that I am with Him, according to the worth of the person and the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the Spirit of God and of Christ.

THE DO-NOTHING'S CURSE.

"*Curse ye Meroz*," said the angel of the Lord (Judges v. 23).

What had Meroz done? Nothing.

Why, then, was Meroz to be cursed? Because Meroz did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord, then, sustain any loss? No; but Meroz did.

Was Meroz, then, to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to be doing something.

FELLOWSHIP WITH THE MASTER.

"And when He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them."—JOHN x. 4.

1. *Are you uncertain about your worldly circumstances?*

"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head" (Matt. viii. 20).

2. *Do you suffer physically?*

"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. viii. 17).

3. *Is your life a lonely one?*

"Behold the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me" (John xvi. 32).

4. *Are your best works for Christ misunderstood?*

"But some of them said, He casteth out devils through Beelzebub the chief of the devils" (Luke xi. 15).

5. *Is your devotion to Christ misconstrued?*

"When His friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on Him: for they said, *He is beside Himself*" (Mark iii. 21).

6. *Are your seasons for prayer constantly interrupted?*

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. And Simon and they that were with him followed after Him. And when they had found Him, they said unto Him, *All men seek for Thee*" (Mark i. 35-37).

7. *Has God removed you from a public service to a private one?*

"They found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them" (Luke ii. 46, 51).

8. *Do temptations sorely assail you?*

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in *all points* tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. iv. 15).

9. *Do God's dispensations seem grievous to you?*

"Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered" (Heb. v. 8).

10. *Do you shrink from some great approaching trial?*

"And He fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt" (Matt. xxvi. 39).

"*Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord*" (John xiii. 16).

THE WORD OF FAITH.

(ROMANS x.)

Notes of an Address by Dr. Mackay.

THE righteousness of God which is now revealed in the gospel becomes righteousness for man when it becomes the righteousness of faith. The righteousness of the law is, "He that doeth these things shall live by them;" we have not done them, hence we cannot live by them,—our doom is already sealed as far as the righteousness of the law is concerned. But the righteousness of faith does not depend upon keeping God's law in order to be saved, because it knows what the work is which has to be done, in order that the old condemnation be wiped out as settled; nothing less than Incarnation, God becoming man, and Resurrection, man raised to God.

These two are the requisites, the essentials; the righteousness of faith does not consult with my inner intelligence as to

what I feel, but it listens to what is revealed from above: it knows the work which has to be done in order to bring a human being into the Divine presence,—in order to enable a man born on earth to win heaven, a man born in time to enter eternity and dwell in the presence of God. It knows that if by some wonderful power this poor grovelling man could enter heaven, this work of a day could enter eternity, still there would be the question of sin to be settled between him and the Maker of the universe. He keeps His stars undefiled, and should I ever be able to rise up to heaven and knock at His door, and say, "I wish to be admitted into the realms of the blessed?" "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" therefore, the righteousness of faith does not attempt the needless, hopeless, and useless work.

It says not, "Who shall make God incarnate?" or, "Who shall bring up Christ again from the dead?" If God had waited in heaven till we had prayed Him out, He would not be here yet; if He had waited in the tomb until we had prayed Him out, He would not have left it yet; but the work is done by the two mightiest miracles ever known in the universe, and now the righteousness of faith apprehends the righteousness of God, and the righteousness of God becomes translated into the righteousness of faith. Oh the needlessness and uselessness of man trying to add to this perfect work his purgatory, his sighs, his prayers, his tears,—where are they? We can but say with Isaiah, "Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" compared with this righteousness worked out by God: the incarnation of God, and resurrection of a man in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, as God, has come to meet

man, and as man has risen to God.

We can but tarry on these wonderful works,—these mighty mysteries, which science with all its boasted knowledge can never teach; no science, no telescope, no microscope, ever revealed Incarnation and Resurrection.

An infidel was one day saying that Christianity had done no good to this world at all, that the invention of gas had done more for people than all the religion on earth. A working-man who was listening to him said, "Then, on your death-bed, be sure to send for a gas-fitter." What is so ridiculous in connection with gas is just the same in connection with science when it obtrudes into the domain it has no right to enter.

What have I to do? The Bible is here. The Word which we preach, lying on your table, carried in your pocket, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth that Jesus is Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart," not merely that He died, but "that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." This linking with the Word of God brings salvation, for Paul shows that the confession is not the cause but the result of belief. Generally when Paul addresses Christians, he says, "Brethren;" when he speaks to Jews, he says, "Men and brethren," brethren according to the flesh; when he speaks to Gentiles, he says, "Sirs;" here he speaks to Jews as believers in Christ, and he says, "Are you confessing that Jesus is Lord? do you believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead? For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

"With the heart" means each for himself, it is not that the seat of the affections can reason,

any more than the seat of reason can love. A man loves because he loves, it is a part of his being; the affections do not reason. There is no affection between two propositions of Euclid, but affection often goes where reason does not carry. In all languages the heart is put for the inner man as opposed to the mere external man, and believing with the heart is believing for yourself. If you heard that a great fortune had been left to another man you would believe the report, but not with your heart, whereas if it were left to you, you would go away and claim it, and this would be believing with your heart.

When a man believes what God says, instead of what he thinks, he takes the stand-point of God, and with the heart he believes unto righteousness. Suppose that you have a building which is all falling to pieces; you call an architect to look at it, and you show him the cracks in the walls which widen constantly, and the roof which is all wrong, and you tell him it has been going in that way for a long time. He promises to make it all right again, and he sends down men to work. The builder comes, and he says, "I know all about it; I saw it reared; you may do as you like, you may mend and patch, but it will go all to pieces; it is only a question of time, for there is a spring under it; you must pull it down." If the young architect who had wanted to make it all right by patching, now says, "Pull it down," he goes by faith in the judgment of another man. Feeling goes exactly opposite to faith. You say to the architect, "Did you feel that building coming down?" "No; but I believe in the builder." I come to God thinking that I have done some good things; at any rate I wish to do no harm, but God says there is no good in me, so I believe it. I believe the build-

ing—the Adam nature within me—is cracked and rotten. Coming as such, God says, "There is salvation for you," and with the heart I believe unto righteousness.

A poor woman recovering in an infirmary, was in a very depressed state, and had tried to commit suicide; the chaplain talked to her and gave her tracts, but her answer always was, "My heart is so bad!" At last he adopted a different plan, and said to her, "You do not know how bad you are, in fact you are so bad that God cannot mend you." Then he left her to think over what he had said. She thought, "Then I am very bad, worse than all others; I must be an awful sinner if God cannot mend me." The next day, referring to the previous conversation, she asked, "What do you mean by saying that God cannot mend me?" "I meant that you were so very bad; we are all alike, but God never tries to mend us, He saves us, and recreates us over again in Christ Jesus." She saw the truth, and peace came into her heart.

The first thing we all have to do is to accept the unavoidable, and acknowledge ourselves as past recovery; down the building must come, every stick and brick of it. There must not be one bit of the old building left; it must be new, from foundation to corner-stone, and Christ must be the beginning and the ending, Christ the foundation, Christ the corner-stone, Christ the Alpha and Omega, Christ all through.

How often in trial, when we hardly dare to express what we feel, for fear of offending God in the uncertainty of a cloudy faith, does a text which utters our sorrows in a way which, being in the Word, must be right, assuage the heart and give confidence in looking up to God!

CONSIDER HIM.

(HEB. xii. 3.)

ONE of the first and brightest glories of Christianity is, that it has for its central point a *Living Person*.

Christianity contains the beautiful story of redemption; yet the object it points to is not chiefly redemption, but the Redeemer. What would the new religion have been to its first disciples without the living Jesus? He was everything to them. So much so that, when He disappeared for a little from among them, they had a mind to give it up altogether (Luke xxiv).

So, when He was about to leave them to return to His Father's house, the burden of His touching farewell is, "Remember Me, love Me, abide in Me, trust Me, suffer for Me, rejoice in Me, and look for Me to return to take you to Myself." As much as to say, "I want to be in My own person the centre and spring of your whole lives, as much now in My absence as I have been these last three years and a half." And this is meant for our instruction as well as theirs. Our great fault in these last days is giving the place due to the living, loving, coming Christ, to doctrine or service, or an outward form of godliness.

In these two little words—"consider Him"—is contained the first great duty of Christ's saints. While this is fulfilled, our souls must prosper; but if this simple direction is neglected, all doctrine, all diligent Christian work, all fervent zeal for truth and holiness, will not even help to make up the want.

The Scriptures afford us every facility for this most blessed study. Four faithful narratives, full of most minute details, set forth in simple form the story of that beautiful Life on earth.

We may study the person of

our Blessed Lord in a variety of scenes in the rest and peaceful intercourse with those who loved Him, and in fierce controversy with the opposing Pharisees—in the severest personal suffering, and in the majestic exercise of Almighty power in the relief of others' pain.

Like the artist who desires to paint a lovely landscape, we may sit and contemplate Him. The painter will view the scene in sunshine and in storm, in stillness and commotion, in the blaze of the noonday sun and the glimmer of the moonlight. For days, and even weeks, he will accustom his eye to take in, and his mind to be impressed by, the scene before him, and then he will return to his studio and set forth its beauties from memory.

So may it be our delight to do with the Object of our study, that the image of His beautiful character may be reproduced in ours, to the glory of His name.

Think: why are details of the minutest kind given us in so many cases in the Gospels, but that we may thereby become better acquainted with the chief Actor in them all—that the person of our Blessed Lord may become dear to us beyond everything?

What is the charm of that well-known interview with Peter, marked by the thrice-repeated, "Lovest thou Me?" It is its intense personality. What do the scenes at Bethany teach, but that Jesus seeks and delights in His people's love? Why was Judas' charitable appeal for the poor rebuked so immediately? Because he did not see that devotion to the person of the Lord was to be preferred to all service. What was the force of our Lord's touching remonstrance with Simon the leper-Pharisee? It was, "You don't value *Me* as you ought. *Thou gavest Me no kiss.*"

In a hundred of these simple narratives it might be shown that our blessed Master desired, above all things, that our religion should be essentially personal, and that He *Himself* should fill the highest place in our hearts. Read the Gospels with this thought before you, and you will see how large a place it fills in them.

We have the Lord Himself no more bodily present with us; but the Spirit has come on purpose to keep Him before our hearts, and to be our constant means of communication with Him.

"He shall glorify *Me*," said our Lord. And thus, when we are considering Him in obedience to the Word, the Spirit and we are in unison and communion.

"That I may know *Him*," was St. Paul's most earnest and absorbing ambition; and I have no doubt, in eternity, and in the very presence of the Lord Himself, "that I may know *Him*" will still be the desire of all His saints, and that it will take eternity itself to reveal the fulness of Him in whom all fulness dwells.

DEATH MAY BE EARNED,
NOT LIFE.

As it is through men's own working death comes to them, they often imagine that life and salvation must become theirs in a similar way; forgetting that, though they all may readily be their own destroyers, not one can be his own saviour. The first is easy; the latter is impossible. Even one man may let in the sea, but millions cannot drive it back again. The whole teaching of Scripture shows that life and death are not similarly obtainable. Death comes as wages—wages out and out earned by every servant of sin; whereas life comes as a free, unmerited gift of grace

through Jesus Christ our Lord. Putting Himself as substitute and Saviour in our room and stead, He not only bore the awful penalty incurred, but, for our sakes also, He merited the needed and promised life.

He bought it for us with His own blood, for nothing less precious could avail; and having bought it, no price is asked at our hands; nor must any price be offered, lest it should be said to us, as it was said to Simon Magus, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

Many years ago, after much seemingly fruitless dealing with an anxious inquirer, who had been wearily toiling for months to make himself worthy of salvation, I at length said, "Friend, you entirely mistake the whole matter. You forget that salvation is a *gift*, and that, so far from you having to press God to give it, He, on the contrary, is pressing you to take it." "A gift!" he exclaimed with surprise,—"a gift! is salvation really a gift?" "Yes," I replied, "It is yours for the taking." Without further hesitancy, and with deeply grateful heart, he took what the Lord offered, and as He offered it; and all through his later years, when at any time temptation pressed, and faith was like to fail, the remembrance that salvation was a gift cheered and sustained him. His after-life was holy, and his end perfect peace.

"I beseech you," said Edward Fisher, "be persuaded that here you are to work nothing, but only to receive by faith the treasure which is Jesus Christ, although you be never so great a sinner. So shall you obtain forgiveness of sins, righteousness, and eternal happiness, not as an agent, but as a patient—not by doing, but receiving." It is well to remember, however,

that though we must not work *for* life, we cannot too much or too heartily work *from* life.

OVERLOVING THE PERISHABLE.

THOUGH at conversion the power and mastery of sin are broken, nevertheless it still lurks in the soul, and unless constantly watched and kept under, it will gather strength again, and break forth, it may be, into open transgression. Even believers, accordingly, were thus exhorted by the Apostle: "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth . . . inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and *covetousness, which is idolatry.*"

This last-named sin, covetousness, or over-love of money, is not only common but perilous in the extreme, and called forth a special warning from our Lord to His disciples in these words: "Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Indeed, there is no sin more firm in its grasp, or longer lived. When through age, it may be, or sickness, or satiety, or a regard to reputation, the vices of the flesh are forsaken, covetousness still keeps hold. Moreover, it is a sin peculiarly offensive to the Lord, because to all intents and purposes it is idolatry. It puts mammon in the place of God, and consecrates to mere perishable vanities the thoughts, desires, and affections that should be ever centred in Him alone; yet, from assuming so many artful disguises, and being compatible often with much outward respectability, the danger of being fatally ensnared by it is on this account all the greater.

Covetousness is like the silting up of a river: As the stream comes down from the land, it brings with it sand and earth, and deposits all these at its mouth, so

that by degrees, unless the conservators watch it carefully, it will block itself up, and leave no channel for ships of great burden. Many a man, when he begins to accumulate wealth, commences at the same time to ruin his soul. And the more he acquires, the more closely he blocks up his liberality, which is, so to speak, the very mouth of spiritual life. Instead of doing more for God, he does less; the more he saves, the more he wants; and the more he wants of this world, the less he cares for the world to come. There is no cure for this over-love of money, but the generous using of it for the glory of God and the good of others.

A HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS.

THE Bible may be compared to a magnificent house. Its builder is God. Like this beautiful world which was made by the same hand, it bears on it the divine impress. This majestic temple contains sixty-six capacious chambers, yet in size unequal—the sixty-six books of the Old and New Testaments. Each verse is a stone, a beam, a panel, a door of the building. And no part of this wonderful structure will the Lord suffer to be injured, mutilated, or defiled. Rev. xxii. 18, 19.

This sacred enclosure is the house of the redeemed below; a house of many mansions, which God has prepared for His dear children here, where they are to be fitted for the house of many mansions above. Here they live; here they are fed; here they are strengthened, comforted, and blessed; here they are nurtured for immortality.

It is also the chosen abode of God Himself. You will be sure to find the heavenly Father within this holy house.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIFE
OF THE CHRISTIAN.

SOME Indian shawls are made of hundreds of pieces, some so small as to be only an eighth of an inch square, others of various sizes, none larger than a square half-yard. Each piece, even the smallest, forms a complete bit of the pattern, and the right side, being the under one in the frame on which it is woven, is not seen by the weaver until the piece is finished.

The pieces are all so beautifully joined together, that it is impossible to find the joining.

How often we "are discouraged because of the way," because we can only see the wrong side of the pattern our daily life is weaving. We forget that "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." And should we not try to remember also, that, though our place in the work may be a very small one,

the great fabric, the Church of God, would be incomplete if that place were not filled.

There is another point of similarity; each thread is bleached perfectly white before being re-dyed for the shawl; so we also, before becoming a part of the Church, must be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, "that He might present it to Himself, a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing:" but that it should be holy and without blemish.

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!

"At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!"—MATT. XXV. 9.

Our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've
tar-ried for the Bridegroom, And we shall en-ter in! We know we've nothing
wor-thy That we can call our own—The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
CHORUS.
Are all from Him a-lone. Be-hold the Bridegroom com-eth! And, all may
en-ter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Whose robes are white and clean.

GO forth, go forth to meet Him,
The way is open now,
All lighted with the glory
That's streaming from His Brow.

Accept the invitation
Beyond deserving kind;
Make no delay, but take your lamps,
And joy eternal find.

We see the marriage splendour
Within the open door;
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore.

We see He is more lovely
Than all the sons of men,
But still we know the door once shut,
Will never open again.

"I know the Hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light;
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled by a golden line;
And I know that the darker life's
tangled thread,
The richer the deep design."

This may be for the encouragement of some tried child of God, who, perhaps, feels as though the way by which the Lord is leading is dark and incomprehensible to human eyes; and that it may be blessed, is the earnest prayer of

S. D.

THE RICH MERCY OF GOD.

(EPHESIANS II.)

"God, who is rich in mercy;" then it flows down, down to poor lost man, "dead in sins." Many ignorantly say that salvation begins with one's self, and man must do what he can and God will do the rest. Now the truth is, man has nothing whatever to do in the work of salvation, for God tells us that was finished on the cross eighteen hundred years ago; and as a proof that the work was accepted, He raised Christ from the dead, and gave Him a place at His own right hand. All the sinner has to do, if it may be called doing, is to believe and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

And what comforting assurance it is when the soul grasps the truth, that it is God's work

He hath appointed a day, in the which He
will judge the world in righteousness.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

from beginning to end. My salvation does not depend on my faith or feelings, but on God being satisfied with the work of my substitute on the cross.

A young man said to me some little time since that he felt all right sometimes, but at others his faith failed him, and then he was dull and unhappy. This was one of the many who are really believers, and no doubt saved, but are always looking within instead of without; because if it rested on our faith, what a poor thing it would be; but, thank God, as one has said, "the proof is outside." There, on the cross, the work was finished, and God has declared Himself satisfied, and I have believed it; and now by grace I am saved through faith. And I say to thee, dear reader, don't look within at thy poor vile self, and desperately wicked heart, or thy poor, feeble faith, but to Him who has finished the work, and is now sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and there you will find rest and peace.

STANDING IDLE.

"WHY stand ye here all the day idle?" asks your heavenly Master. Is it so, young man, that you have not yet entered His vineyard, and engaged yourself to His service? It is certain that, if you are serving any other master than Christ, you are *idle*. Your service is unprofitable and vain. It is worse

than idle to serve *Satan*—worse than idle to serve the world—worse than idle to serve your own *lusts and pleasures*. These are hard masters. Their service is *sin*, and their wages present and eternal woe. If you come to Jesus, and enter His vineyard, you will find His *work* to be rest—His service to be joy. He stands at the vineyard gate, waiting to welcome you. Surely you will not say "No" to Him.

If you do not enter in, remember you can have *no excuse* for remaining idle. You cannot say with the labourers (Matt. xx.) that *no one has been willing to hire you*; nor can you complain, like some of them, about the *wages* offered you. Far less can you urge that there is *no danger in remaining idle*. There is imminent and awful danger. Your *eleventh hour* may be far nearer than you have any idea of, and there is no *call at the twelfth hour*. Then your state will be *fixed*. You must remain *outside for ever*; and, in outer darkness, mourn your infatuation in "standing all the day idle," neglecting salvation, doing no work for God, and serving only self and sin! while the dew of your youth is upon you, give yourself up to the service of Christ, and be "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your labour is *not in vain* in the Lord."

DONATIONS for the free distribution of "The British Evangelist" will be thankfully received by the Editor.

PEACE.

EPHESIANS ii 13-18.

Oh the peace of simply resting
On God's thoughts of His own Son!
Oh the peace of simply knowing,
On the cross that all was done!
Peace with God! The blood in heaven
Speaks of pardon now to me;
Peace with God! The Lord is risen;
Righteousness now counts me free.
Peace with God! A Man in glory
Testifies that God is Love;
Jesus died to tell the story,
Foes to make God's friends above.
He's our Peace! oh, glorious portion!
Jew and Greek, now reconciled,
Are in Christ a new creation,
Man by man no more reviled.
Access to the Father's bosom,
Through the Christ of God we prove
By the Spirit sent from heaven,
Promise of the Father's love.
Jesus, Saviour, we adore Thee!
Christ of God, Anointed Son,
We confess Thee Lord of Glory;
Fruits of victory Thou hast won.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

JULY 1879.

[No. 145.

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Not where to sleep? Methinks
within

Each isle, and mount, and sea,
Struggled a thousand prisoned tones,
O Christ, to welcome Thee.

The wanderer has his bed of straw,
The prisoner knows his cell;
The gray old eagle's eyrie saw
The meteors where they fell;
The white waves capped with spray
are furled,
The red sun seeks the west,
But, peerless monarch of the world,
Thou hadst no place of rest.

ANNIE GALE AND DAN HUNTER.

In a sweet spot in one of the Western American States lives little Annie Gale. Not long ago she was led to accept Christ as her Saviour. The news of her conversion soon spread through the place. One day a friend called on her father, and said, "It's all nonsense for your Annie to think she has been converted. She was just like a little angel always; she was good enough before. If Dan Hunter now could be turned around and made a Christian of I'd believe in it."

Annie heard the conversation, and her heart beat for pity for poor Dan. She knew him to be one of the *worst* and *vilest* of characters. Impelled with love for his soul, she went to his wretched dwelling and began to talk to him in tender tones about Jesus, and God's

love to the chief of sinners. After referring to her own conversion, she asked him if he were not a sinner, and if he did not need the same Saviour whom she had found? Poor old Dan's heart was touched; he fell upon his face and cried, "Lord, ha' mercy on the worst of sinners!" God heard that earnest, penitent cry; and Annie left the old man praising the mercy that could save a wretch like him.

It was Dan's business now to tell to all the story of God's love. He would say, "*It's the same Gospel*, the very same Gospel, that so blessed little Annie Gale. You wouldn't think it could save such a dreadful sinner as I have been; but the same good Lord who takes little children in his arms and blesses them, *saves the chief of sinners too*." It's true, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

THE INFIDEL'S LAST PRAYER.

My uncle was an old Peninsular officer, who had gone out in the Rifle Brigade, at eighteen, with our gallant "Iron Duke" when he was Sir Arthur Wellesley. Without being at that period a religious character, my uncle had as great a respect for true Christians as he had contempt for mere professors; for, after all, the world is only too good a

NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

Not where to lay Thy head? Me-
thinks
The grand hills Thou hast trod,
Were proud to wind their green
arms round
The couch where slept a God.
The stern old mountains never knew,
Nor isle, nor rock, nor sea,
Nor wondering earth, a pageantry
So bright as circled Thee.

No dwelling-place! but low and
sweet
The winds sink down and die;
And all the long night angel feet
In shining ranks go by.
Time's startled kingdoms never woke
A song which deeper swept,
Than when, o'er earth, in music
broke
This anthem, "Jesus wept."

The palace gate hath sword and spear
To shield its royal breast,
Only the great deep stars were here
To guard Thy place of rest.

NEW SERIES. VOL. V., No. 7.

judge of what Christians ought to be. Alas, that we should so often throw a stumbling-block in the way of the ungodly by our careless walk and inconsistent profession!

We all know from history what stirring times were those of the long-remembered Peninsular War; and many an anecdote connected with the war and its actors was related at the fireside of my childhood, when my poor uncle was sent home invalided, to shoulder his crutch and show to his sister's children how the fields of Spain were won.

One of his brother officers, Major —, was a professed infidel. I say *professed* advisedly; for it is hard to believe that a man of common-sense and moral worth can be *at heart* an infidel. "*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;*" but the natural heart being "*at enmity with God,*" it is easier *to say*, "*There is no God,*" than to submit ourselves to His legitimate rule, and take Him for our portion; hoping, perhaps, to cheat one's self into disbelief by listening to the sound of our own voice proclaiming thus our own shame.

With regard to Major —, however, it seems to have been only that refuge of lies, *professed unbelief*, as the sequel of my story will prove. My uncle stood beside him on the field of battle, and saw his poor friend *mortally* wounded; and what was his surprise to hear him cry out, over and over again, with all the energy of which his sinking powers were capable, "*O Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me!*" My uncle could scarcely credit his senses. "What! Major," he said, "is it *you* whom I hear thus call upon that name?" "Oh yes, D—," replied the dying man, "what other will avail me now?" May we hazard a hope that, like the prayer of the thief on the cross, that last prayer was heard and answered? "No—

thing is too hard for the Lord," and "God is love," who "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn and live." But let *us* not put off to a dying hour the *acquainting ourselves* with Him who alone "*can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are.*" If "*none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good*" *at the last*, none can help us to live holy or happy but the same glorious Redeemer; for "*there is none other name given under heaven among men where-by we must be saved.*"

R. R. T.

"HE GAVE HIMSELF."

DEAR reader, has the world proved unsympathising, hollow, cold, and deceitful? Have you found that it cannot fill the aching void in your heart? Have you discovered that it cannot satisfy you? Are you a disappointed person? Has the world embittered your spirit? and are you ready to give up in despair? Ah! my friend, I have a word for you. Although you may think you are without a single friend, there is One who loves you—yes, loves you; One who will never deceive you—One who will never forsake you, if you will but make Him your friend; and He has done the very utmost a friend could do—He has died for you (John iii. 17).

Ah! there is no love like the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a love that passeth the love of women. The love of a mother or a wife may grow cold, but He cannot cease to love you. It is a love, as the apostle Paul says, "*which passeth knowledge*" (Eph. iii. 19). You will never be able to understand how He could love a guilty wretch like you, nor why He should leave His throne of glory for the purpose of dying to save you—

"His purpose was to save."

No, you will never understand

that; it will remain a profound secret throughout eternity.

It is simply folly and pride that make men require a reason for this and a reason for that. What reason had the Lord to love you? None at all; the matter was beyond the range of reason, for there was nothing in you that could have called forth His love. The natural mind of man "*is enmity against God;* for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. viii. 7). This will show you the utter incapability of man being or doing anything good. No, he is utterly bad and incurable, and cannot offer to God anything that God can accept. Better had a penniless beggar offer his dirty rags to the richest man, than a guilty sinner offer anything to gain God's favour. You cannot gain God's favour by anything you may do or offer. Seek to hide nothing; come to Him as you are. As the leper of old had to cry, "*Unclean! unclean!*" as he passed along the way, so you confess your true state to God, and He is ready and willing to wash you from *all* your sins in the precious blood of Christ.

Sinner, will not this do? Will not the love of Christ satisfy you? Does not His love warm your heart into a responsive glow for Him? "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha" (1 Cor. xvi. 22).

THREE RESTS.

THERE are three rests spoken of in the Scriptures; first, the rest which, as sinners, we find in the accomplished work of Christ. Then there is the present rest which, as saints, we find in being entirely subject to the will of God; this is opposed to restlessness. There is also the rest that remains for the people of God.

THE PRESENT SALVATION.

"Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation." —2 COR. vi. 2.

I HAVE travelled much during the last sixteen years on both sides of the Atlantic, but I never met a man who wished to go to the lake of fire, there to endure the "eternal judgment" of God. All hoped to be saved some day, and to escape that dreadful doom.

There is a story told of a young man coming to a good old professor of a college (a Christian), and asking him how long before death he thought a man ought to be ready for it. The professor's answer was, "A few minutes." The youth, glad of this reply, determined to have his fling, sow his wild oats, see life in all its aspects, and then, a few moments before death should close his selfish career, ask God to have mercy upon him!

"But," asked the professor, "*when* are you going to die?" The youth replied, "I cannot tell." "Then," said the dear old man, "GET READY NOW, for you may have only a few moments to live."

There are many persons who would like to be saved, but they say they are waiting God's time. Surely God knows the best and proper time for a man to be saved, and He says it is *now*.

There is no promise in God's Word that a man shall be saved next week, month, or year, or when he comes to a deathbed, or at the eleventh hour, as people foolishly and unscripturally say.

God pledges His word to save a man *when he believes* on the Lord Jesus Christ; not when he *says* he believes, but when he *does* believe. His word is "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,

and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts xvi. 31).

"The time is short," eternity is near, the dark clouds of judgment are gathering and are about to burst upon a Christless, guilty world, in all their crushing and grinding power. But ere this takes place, the Word of God rings clearly out: "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of *salvation*."

There is a verse in Isa. i. 18, which is unequalled in Scripture for tender graciousness. "Come now, and let us reason together, *saieth the Lord*: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." God's word is "COME," but He says *when* you are to come, it is "*now*," and He says how you are to come, it is "*JUST AS YOU ARE*," and then He concludes the magnificent verse with the promise of cleansing you from all your sins.

There is another strikingly earnest verse in the Book of Job (xxii. 21) which says, "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee." Again the word "*now*" confronts us, and tells us that **THIS IS THE MOMENT** to make the acquaintance of God by Christ Jesus, to be at peace with God through Christ having made peace for us with His precious blood, and that then and thus good shall come to us in Christ Jesus.

The invitation of Jesus is, "Come, for all things are *now* ready" (Luke xiv. 17). There is nothing left for the poor, helpless sinner to do in the matter of the soul's salvation but to believe. Christ did all that the glory of God required to be done on the cross, and then said, "*It is finished!*" and He is, in glory to-day as the proof that it is finished, and that *God is satisfied*, and can now make known to you by the Holy Ghost through the

Scriptures His *present* salvation for all lost sinners.

A touching story is told of a collier who attended a Gospel meeting in Cornwall. At the close of the meeting he remained for some personal conversation with the preacher. The collier, though anxious to be saved, was anxious to put it off to a future time; but God's Word being quoted to him, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," he bowed to God's Word and time, and accepted salvation from God as His gift to faith, and went home praising Him for it.

Early in the morning he went to his work in the coal-pit, but he had not been long at his work when a large portion of the roof fell in and buried him. Loving hearts and willing hands soon removed the rubbish and brought him to the pit's mouth, when his lips were seen moving. An ear was bent to catch the dying man's last words, which were, "THANK GOD, I WAS SAVED LAST NIGHT." He accepted the "*present* salvation" of God, and in less than twelve hours after he was absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Dear reader, do thou

"Take salvation,
Take it *now* and happy be."

The devil tempts people to put off the salvation of the soul until to-morrow; but to-morrow is too late, for to-morrow is death, the grave, the lake of fire, the eternal wail of a damned soul. God would not say "*now*" so frequently in His Word if He did not mean it, or if there was not awful danger in delaying, or if to-morrow would do. It may be *now* or *never* with you; God grant that it may be *now*.

"Salvation *now*, *this moment*;
Then why, oh, why delay?
You may not see to-morrow,
Now is salvation's day."

"Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." To-morrow may be

the rejected time, to-morrow may be the day of damnation. May it never be so with my dear reader.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

A YOUNG man in a boat, while hunting near New Haven, broke an oar. A sudden rain storm was coming up, but he was so desirous of securing a duck he had shot, he neglected to go ashore while he could. The squall drove him far from land, and with but one oar he soon found himself helplessly drifting out to sea. Finally, seeing no hope of safety by his own exertions, he took his handkerchief and tied it to the oar, and held it up to attract the attention of others, should any vessel come in sight. After weary waiting, a sloop was at length seen making for him, and as soon as it was in hailing distance of the boat the captain bade the man jump aboard the instant the sloop came alongside, as it was sailing under a strong wind. The order was obeyed. He jumped and caught the taffrail with both hands. "Saved!" you say. No; for no sooner had he seized hold than he was pulled back, fell into the water, and was seen no more, as the sloop dashed onward in its course. He had tied the boat's painter about his loins, and so the weight of the boat dragged him down into a watery grave. In trying to save his game he was driven out to sea; and then in trying to save his boat he lost his life. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

NOT OF THE WORLD.

"A LITTLE while," says the Lord, "and the world seeth me *no more*." For Him it is entirely done with. He puts a distinction between Himself and

the world; and if we take *Him*, we cannot have the world: we cannot have both. "If *any man* love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Men are everywhere playing into the infidel's hands, thinking to make the world better by brotherhoods and social intercourse, making themselves happy *without God*.

There may be an acknowledgment of God as to the skill and ability He has bestowed upon man, but the object is to exalt *man*: they will not have God *in Christ*. Christ was rejected by the world, and its day is over. God is gathering out sinners, but as to the world, "it seeth Me no more."

May the Lord preserve us from all the deceptions which, by His side close to Him, we shall soon detect. He has taken a heavenly place.

A LIVING CHRIST.

A LIVING Christ is the great need of every sinner. It will not do to tell him alone of the dying Jesus on Golgotha. That does not satisfy every cry of the soul awakened to a sense of condemnation and writhing under the pressure and power of sin. A dying Christ is undergoing the penalty which He the Just One has voluntarily assumed for the unjust. It will not do to point the sinner merely to the body of Christ on the cross, pulseless and motionless; for the dead Christ was accursed. The law of God had done its worst, the sword had awaked against God's fellow, and death has been the result.

The Christ of the manger and the Christ upon the cross are not sufficient for the needs of sinners in respect to their sins, or for saints in relation to their service. We must have a living Lord. We must welcome Him coming from the sepulchre.

We must watch Him ascending the skies; and with Stephen we must behold Him at the right hand of God, ever living there to further the same purpose for which He came to earth. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him." When the chastisement had been borne to the full, and the blessed sufferer had risen from beneath it, He came "preaching peace." "Peace be unto you" were His first words to those for whom he had "endured the cross, despising the shame." When He took that glorified form from earth He placed for our faith a living Christ in the heavens.

We can look up to Him who is, and was, and is for evermore. Before Him we bow, in whose intercessory power is all our confidence, from whose smile we gain our present heaven, and in whose actual and unveiled presence we shall know the joy that is unspeakable. To Him every soul may come as to an actual, ever-present friend; and better than all, with the presence and power of His Spirit, He, as a living person, comes to every sinner through the Word.

THE "SHALL NOTS" OF JOHN'S GOSPEL.

THE BELIEVER.

"SHALL not come into condemnation" (John v. 24).

"Shall not walk in darkness" (John viii. 12).

"Shall never hunger" (John vi. 35).

"Shall never thirst" (John iv. 14).

"Shall not be plucked out of Christ's hand" (John x. 28).

"Shall not perish" (John iii. 15).

"Shall never die" (John xi. 26).

"THERE are those who do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST."

THERE is but one common road to salvation, peace, and glory, and that is through "the precious BLOOD of Christ." When Adam fell he lost innocence, and departed from God; and neither he nor any of his posterity have ever been able to regain it or find their way back to God. But God has devised a way whereby sins shall be put away, sin judged, and the sinner be brought back to Himself: "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18).

I remember being once asked to go and see a dying man on the Surrey side of London. Arrived at his house, his kind, hard-working wife opened the door to me, and invited me to walk in and take a seat, whilst she made known my arrival to her husband, who was resting in an inner room. Ere ever he came into my presence, the hollow cough which indicates consumption made me acquainted with the nature of his disease. Feebly he crept into the room where I was sitting; as soon as he had recovered himself a little, he began to tell me how long he had been ill, how much he had suffered, and that the doctor said that there was no chance of his recovery. I asked him how he stood in relation to ETERNITY; he told me he was quite ready to die. I then asked if he would kindly tell me what had made him ready. He replied, "I weep over my sins, I say my prayers, and do the best I can."

His reply made me sigh from the deepest depths of my heart, and after a moment's silence, I said: "Forgive me for being faithful with you, but you are labouring under a terrible delusion, and in trusting to your own doings, you are trusting to a rope of sand! God says, 'The

BLOOD shall be to you for a token . . . *where ye are*, and when I see the BLOOD I will pass over you' (Ex. xii. 13). Now, mark, God does not say one word about your tears, prayers, or your doing your best. God's Word is all about the BLOOD. Again, God says, 'It is the BLOOD that maketh an atonement for the soul' (Lev. xvii. 11). Now, there is no BLOOD in your tears, prayers, or your best doings, consequently they are not God's 'token,' and they can never make an atonement for your soul." The poor dying man sat silent and pale, evidently eagerly drinking in the words of God. I continued: "God says, 'Without shedding of BLOOD is no remission' (Heb. ix. 22); and 'The BLOOD of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John i. 7). Notice, *not* the tears, prayers, or even the blessed life-works of Jesus, could or did put away our sins; no, nothing less than His BLOOD would do for God, or the sinner; and if the holy tears, prayers, and life-works of Jesus never put away our sins, is it at all possible that our unholy tears, prayers, or works could ever put them away?"

"My hope on nothing less is built,
Than Jesus and the BLOOD He spilt,
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on His dear name.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Having repeated the above, I commended the man to God in prayer, and left him. I soon repeated my visit. The anxious wife let me in, and in a few moments her husband and I were in earnest conversation about his eternal salvation. I was not long in discovering that a great change had taken place in him and his thoughts about preparing for eternity. His words were few, but sufficed to show the mighty change God had wrought in him. He told me that after I had left him, the words of God, about the

Lord Jesus and His BLOOD, kept ringing in his ears, and that God had shown him where he was wrong, had delivered him from the sad delusion he had so long been under, and that now he was trusting simply, wholly, and alone, to the precious BLOOD of Christ (1 Pet. i. 19), and that now he could truthfully and thankfully say,

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

We praised God and the Lamb, in the language of Scripture, for having saved his soul and made him fit for glory. "Giving thanks unto the Father which *hath made us meet* to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son; in whom *we have* redemption through His BLOOD, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. i. 12-14). "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own BLOOD, and *hath made us* kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, amen" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

I took my leave of him now as a brother in Christ with deep emotion, for I felt sure his days in this sin-stricken, sorrowful world were few. I was unable to call and see him again, being called away to labour in the Gospel in Scotland; but I heard from a Christian who visited him to the last, that he died happy in Christ, with unshaken and unswerving faith in the precious BLOOD of God's dear Son. And now I would most affectionately ask the reader of this narrative if he or she is on the only road that the Redeemer has made by His BLOOD to God and glory? If not, I would urge you *at once* to have "faith in His BLOOD," which alone can free you from sins and make you "*whiter than snow*."

THE CONSEQUENCES.

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

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

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

IMITATE GOD.

God's object in giving to us is, that we should be channels of His grace to others. This is true in the broadest sense. If He hath shined *in* our hearts, it is in order that we might give *out* the light of the knowledge of His glory. If He became poor to enrich us, it is that we might make many rich (2 Cor. vi. 10); for He would share with us His own most blessed place of "Giver." If we through grace have all-sufficiency in all things, it is that we might the more abound to every good work. If we are enriched in everything, it is to all bountifulness—the bountifulness again causing thanksgiving to God.

For the river of grace never stagnates. It proceeds clear as crystal out of the throne. It wanders through the desert world, enriching and blessing, and it returns in praise to the place from whence it came. Trace the windings of that river through Acts xiii., xiv. It rises as it were in Antioch (farther back, in God). Paul and Barnabas are called, separated, sent forth, and filled with the Spirit. They cannot stay in the nest

there. The love of God must go out after the lost; and they go with the story of grace; and it is very nice to see the answer that grace invariably awakens in the heart that receives it. Gladness is the answer there; madness in the heart that refuses it (Acts xiii. 45-48).

"AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST."

THERE is a verse in Psalm ciii., which tells us in language of great force and beauty how entirely God has separated the believer from his sins. I allude to the twelfth verse, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Have you ever noticed the striking simile made use of here to set forth this consoling fact? Let us suppose that from the summit of a lofty alp two eagles take their flight and fly with unflagging wing for a thousand years, one in an easterly and the other in a westerly direction, neither would be nearer the east or west than at the outset, for this simple reason, that infinity lies between those imaginary points. So God has put *infinity* between us and our sins, and could they return with the velocity of light, they would not reach us till eternity had passed away.

THE RAPTURE OF THE CHURCH.

ALL in a hush of stillness,
When earth is unaware,
He will stoop and lift us silently,
To meet Him in the air;
And men will sleep on blindly,
Unconscious He is near.

A deathly, strange abstraction,
Will seal their senses down,
Until, like doves to shelter,
Christians to Christ have flown:
No more to travel tearfully,
Exiled from Him and home.

All in a hush of silence,
When no eyes are awake,

But those that kept loves vigil
For the absent Master's sake;
The virgins shall arise, and go
To the feast of which He spake.

The deepest love is silent,
True strength speaks not its
might;
God's greatest works are voiceless,
Life's growth, and heaven's glad
light.

So is it meet the rapture—
Of the Church, be still as night.

All in a solemn silence,
When lamps are dying down;
When eyes that watched are drooping,
Will steal the holy dawn;
And in the rapturous hush of rest,
The children will go home.

Like Enoch and Elijah,
Gone!—none knew whence, or
why;
Suddenly!—in a moment—
In the twinkling of an eye!
Withdrawn too quickly, quietly,
For earth's glance to descry.

He led them out to Bethany,
Far from the city's crowd,
He was received from out their
sight
By a silent chariot-cloud;
In like manner shall He return,
And not with thunderings loud.

All in a hush of silence!
When earth is unaware
He'll call; and they who hear His
voice
Will meet Him in the air;
Lord Christ! if one whom we have
loved
Should be uncounted there!
E. S.

FAITH AND UNBELIEF.

UNBELIEF puts circumstances between the soul and God; faith puts God between the soul and circumstances. This is an important difference. May we walk in the power and energy of faith to the praise of Him whom faith ever honours.

THE experience of faith is never toward self—no faith is in my own feelings—I have faith in God.

BELIEVE GOD.

NOTES OF ADDRESS BY DR. MACKAY.

WE can tell how a poor shipwrecked mariner can be saved by a rocket apparatus; but tell me how can I, a poor guilty and dead sinner, ever tread the courts of the New Jerusalem? Human science and knowledge never heard of the New Jerusalem. They can dig up the ruins of the city, but they never heard of pearly gates at all. I do not believe in science agreeing with revelation. I cannot talk about it. It seems as absurd as the question we boys at school used to ask each other,—if twenty apples cost one shilling, how much will three oranges cost? No rule of three could I get to give the answer, and so with science and religion. You are talking about apples and I about oranges; because the first work to be done is this (Rom. x. 6, 7), incarnation and the second resurrection.

Incarnation, what is that? says science. God becoming man. Science only knows of babies becoming men of the same kind, for that which is born of the flesh is flesh.

Resurrection, what is that? says science. A man going into the grave and rising again. Science only knows of a man going into the grave and becoming oxygen, nitrogen, &c. St. Paul says the work to be done is for God to walk before men, and for a risen man to appear before God, and since the work is outside of us we have merely to put our seal to it. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth that Jesus is Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." When the external ground is looked at it is, "confess with thy mouth;" but now in the 10th verse, "With the heart man believeth unto right-

eousness, while with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

I have been much struck with reading the Epistle to the Romans, which is God's guide for anxious inquirers, that the word "repent" is never found from the beginning to the end. From the first verse to the last it never says, "If thou shalt repent from the depth of thy heart thou shalt be saved." In addition to this, the disciple who lay on Jesus' bosom has written a Gospel and three letters to saints, and a book telling what is to come, and the word "repent" is never found in one of these, used in this sense. Repentance is the widest and best word that can be got for a soul's surrender to God.

I was talking not long ago to a friend who was speaking a great deal about repentance, and her own feelings. At last I asked her for a card, and on it I wrote one word twice, differently written each time; the word was Christianity, and I wrote it thus—*Christ Ianity*, and then I put a stroke through the first six letters. Underneath that I wrote it again—*CHRISTIANITY*, and I said to her, This is the whole thing; the top word is as *you* believe, and *my* belief is in the bottom one. Your *I* is as big as possible. My Christ is as large as possible, and my *i* as small as I can make it, and under the shelter of the *t*. "I do not feel as I like." *I*, this, that, and the other all Ianity. I receive scores of letters from all parts of the world asking me about the soul's salvation, but all are taken up with the same thing. It is all *I*. In twenty lines of one letter there were twenty-four mentions of "*I*" and "*my*." I underlined them with red ink, and on the other side I said, "All the red marks are about *I*, if you will put *Christ*

in instead of *I* you will be near the mark, for with the heart man believeth something *outside* of him." The Roman Catholic calls it penance. The Protestant calls it repentance, but it is the same thing.

There is an old chapel in Ireland to which Roman Catholics come from all parts. They go round it on their bare knees a certain number of times in order to gain forgiveness of their sins. I can understand that because I should know when that work was thoroughly done. That is much more satisfactory than the Protestant sham which prescribes upon its patients something called repentance, of which you can never know when you have had enough. It is a sort of working up of sorrow for sin, and then as a sort of reward God saves you.

Repentance is a blessed thing, but it is the giving up of all my thoughts and accepting God's; God comes and says, "You are nothing but a sinner from the sole of the foot even unto the head." The human heart says, "I do not believe that." The repenting heart says, "I believe it, Lord." "There is not one good thing in you. You are on the broad road to destruction." The proud heart says, "I am as good as my neighbours." The penitent heart says, "I the chief of sinners am, not because I feel it, but because Thou, Lord, dost say it;" it gives far more honour to God to believe that I have not a good thing in me because He says it, than to feel it. Does it say, "Abraham *felt* and it was counted to him for righteousness"? No, but "Abraham *believed* God;" it is faith we preach, faith in God, a man believing in God against his feelings, against his heart, against his love for his son, against his feelings of law and justice.

Do you think Abraham felt it a nice three days' journey to

offer up his son? I should like to see Abraham. I would look at him without saying a word. I would think "Is that the man who had such a short Bible and believed it all; who walked three days with his beloved boy at his side carrying the wood on his shoulder to burn himself up with. Think of that journey of three days!—A man on a push will do anything if he can do it at once, but for three whole days this father of the faithful had to walk, to eat, drink, and sleep, always with the end in view.

"Abraham, did you like that journey?" "I was told by God to do it, and that is all." "Do you believe God?" "Yes." "Are you comfortable; do you feel it is right for a father to murder his son?" "Do not talk of my feelings; I have nothing to do with feelings. I believe God."

All Abraham's tears would hinder instead of helping his faith. Affection, laws of society, and feelings were all against him, but Abraham believed God. Nothing can honour God so much as believing Him against what we feel, and know, and argue; it is a heaven-born thing, for by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Nothing in the whole of the gospel is comparable to this—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We must confess His name as Christians who believe in Him. Our work here is to confess Christ; and it is because we have not realised that, that so little is known of His name in the world.

At the Blantyre explosion a newspaper correspondent reported that when he rushed to the pit's mouth, he saw scores and scores of men from other pits hurrying to the scene of the accident in case they might be of use there. He asked one of them, "Will you go down that pit in the face of the explosion?"

"What else are we here for?" was the answer. Would to God Christians were like that; what else are they here for but to explore and to rescue perishing souls—it went to my heart like a knife.

"What are we here for?" Is it to eat and drink, to put on clothes, and add riches to riches, and to go like a laden ass to the grave? God forbid that we should be so short-sighted; let us awake to our high calling, and show by our life what we are here for.

GO FORWARD.

THERE is a time to pray, a time to plan, a time to prepare, and a time to *act*. On the borders of the Red Sea Moses stood at the head of the host of Israel in prayer. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto *Me*? Speak unto the children of Israel that *they go forward!*" God had wrought wonders, and now it was time for Israel to *act*; and in acting they saw still greater wonders wrought by the Almighty's hand.

We have prayed and waited, and looked to God, and we have not looked in vain; but is it not now time to "speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward?" Men may "stand still" and yet never "see the salvation of God;"—if they go forward seas will divide, dangers will depart, and victory will be gained.

"Go forward!" Let the cry ring along the lines of the army of the Lord. Forward, ye men of God, to higher ground, to greater diligence, to more earnest endeavour; forward, ye ministers of Christ, let your beauteous feet climb to the mountain tops that you may tell good tidings to all the dwellers in the vales beneath; forward, ye men of business, wisdom, experience, and wealth,

consecrate your gains to the Lord of the whole earth; forward, ye Miriams and Deborahs, ye Hannahs and Annas, ye Lydias and Phœbes and Priscillas, and do what your hands find to do; forward, ye men just plucked as brands from the burning, just secured from the horrible pit, and seek to rescue others as wretched as once ye were; forward, ye wealthy with your treasures, and ye widows with your mites; forward, ye Aarons and Hurs, ye Calebs and Joshuas, ye men of rich experience, and mighty faith, and prayer; forward, ye who have the tongue of the learned, and ye who wield the ready-writer's pen; forward, ye men just out of Egypt, and seeking for the promised land; forward, ye who wait to see the King in His beauty, and expect the glory that is to be revealed in us;—go forward, one and all, in faith, in hope, in love, in knowledge, zeal, and power; God goeth before you; the Captain of the host marshals you to victory. Souls are perishing, Satan is raging, darkness is gathering, men are dying, Egypt is wailing, earth is groaning, time is flying, judgment is coming, eternal things are just before us, and shall we strive, and toy, and trifle, and delay, and waste our inch of time? Shall we stand still, when heaven and earth, and devils and angels are all astir? "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!"

A WEDDING GARMENT.

WHEN we put on Christ, it is not sackcloth we put on, nor is it the spirit of heaviness we enter into; but a wedding garment has clothed us, a garment of praise has arrayed our spirit.

"MAMMON has enriched his thousands and damned his tens of thousands."—*South.*

WATCHWORDS OF SCRIPTURE.

ONE of the most frequent and most solemn injunctions of Scripture is contained in the single word "watch;" and a careful study of the matter will indicate that it is a word which does not call our attention in one direction merely, or fix our eye upon any single point. It is a word which indicates that we must not only be *expectant*, looking earnestly forward to the things that are to come, but *circumspect*, looking diligently about us on every side, to guard against the manifold perils that beset us. Recall some of these solemn injunctions:—

"Watch with Me" (Matt. xxvi. 38).

"Watch and pray" (Matt. xxvi. 41).

"Watch thou in all things" (2 Tim. iv. 5).

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith" (1 Cor. xvi. 13).

"Watch and be sober" (1 Thess. v. 6).

"Watch unto prayer" (1 Pet. iv. 7).

"Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (Matt. xxiv. 42).

We shall find in these Scriptures—

I. THE DISCIPLE'S WATCH.—Though the garden and the agony are for ever past for the Lord of Glory, yet by the Holy Ghost Christ still travails in the redemption of souls. In such travail it is our duty to be sharers, having fellowship with the sufferings of Christ. There are times in the history of the Church, and in the lives of Christians, when the destiny of souls is hanging in awful suspense. "Watch with Me," Christ seems to say again. Prayer and tears and agonizing intercession are demanded on the part of Christians. Woe to the disciple who is sleeping at such a moment! "What! could ye not watch

with Me one hour?" is the Master's astonished question to such an one.

And yet, here is one of the most serious perils of Christians—they that may be careless and drowsy in these critical hours, and that souls may fail of life eternal through their indifference. The travail of Christ's soul is still going on as the Spirit strives with souls. Like Paul, we must be able to say, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." The suffering of Christ for sinners must still go on in us, His disciples, since we are enjoined to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ." Happy is the Christian who has so watched and wept with souls, that, like Paul, he can repeat the Master's command, because he has repeated the Master's intercessions, saying, "Watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts xx. 31).

II. THE STEWARD'S WATCH.—Now that Christ has gone away for a while, He has left us in charge of His house and of His goods. As the keepers of God's house, the Church of Jesus Christ, the utmost vigilance is demanded against those enemies that are ever ready to steal in secretly. Hence, as the master of the house went away, "he commanded the porter to watch" (Mark xiii. 34). As guardians of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and which the devil is always seeking to destroy, the command is to us, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith" (1 Cor. xvi. 13). Prayer is our all-powerful defence against the foe, but it must be accompanied with vigilance; hence the injunction, "Watch unto prayer" (1 Pet. iv. 7), and "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance," &c. (Eph. vi. 18 ;

also see Col. iv. 2, and Matt. xxvi. 41). As Christ's stewards, we are not only the keepers of His house and the keepers of the faith, but we are keepers of souls. Hence the saying, "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls as they that must give account" (Heb. xii. 17).

III. THE SENTINEL'S WATCH (Rev. xvi. 15).—An eminent Jewish writer tells us how, on the watch-tower of the Temple, a sentinel was stationed to catch the first rays of the sunrise, and to give the signal to those below that the morning service might begin. So Christians are commanded to watch for the day-dawn of Christ's second advent. This injunction is one of the most solemn and constant in Scripture. "Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (Matt. xxiv. 42, xxv. 13; Luke xxi. 36). Because we know not the day nor hour of our Lord's return, we are to be *always* waiting for Him, and looking for the signs of His appearing. Woe to that servant who shall be beguiled into sleep, because some have made mistakes in regard to times and seasons!

The pious John Cox says: "Because some have made mistakes in fixing dates, let us beware of saying, 'My Lord delayeth His coming.' Very solemn are the words of God in Ezek. xii. 22, 28."

And the saintly Fletcher, of Madely, said, a hundred years ago: "I know many have been grossly mistaken as to the years; but because they were *rash*, shall we be *stupid*? Because they said '*to-day*,' shall we say '*never*'?"

The true posture of the Christian is to have his hand always on the plough, occupying till Christ come; and his eye upon the heavens, watching for His appearing. Blessed is the man who can say, with David, "My

soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning." If any count it fanatical or eccentric to talk thus about watching, if any say that it may have been a practical duty for the early Christians, but cannot be such for us, answer by repeating the Master's own words: "What I say unto you I say unto all Watch" (Mark xiii. 37).

The uncertainty of the hour of the Lord's return is especially designed to beget this spirit of watchfulness in the Church of all ages. The time of Christ's absence is spoken of as the night-time, and His coming as that of a "thief in the night;" but the hour is absolutely uncertain. "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping" (Mark viii. 35). Ederheim, in his work on the Jewish Temple, says that if the Temple watchmen were caught sleeping at their post at night, the penalty was that their garments should be stripped from them and burned, in token of their degradation. Perhaps this explains Christ's solemn words in Rev. xvi. 15: "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments."

MAN'S VIEWS AND GOD'S TRUTH.

THESE skies above us will not be always calm and blue; nor will that earth beneath be always green and fair. The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; and the great wrath of God shall be executed. Then shall come to pass that which is written, "Lo, there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven

fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind; and the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. vi. 12-17.) What and where art thou to be, when that great day of wrath shall break upon the world? What account art thou to give to God of thy past life? and how art thou to stand before the Judge of all?

Art thou ready? Hast thou secured thy soul, so that, come what may, all will be well with thee? Then, I ask, how hast thou secured it—in God's way or in man's way?

Perhaps thou art one of the many who think that their life has not been so much amiss, nor their doings so far out of the way, but that they may look for mercy from the God of mercy in that day. Your good heart, your good deeds, your good thoughts, your good name—these are the grounds of hope to you. You are willing to go to the judgment-seat with only these as your plea.

In so doing, you are no doubt in the company of myriads who are resting on the same hope. But numbers do not make truth, nor can they make that road safe which is otherwise insecure. They merely prove that this is *man's way* of getting life, and of preparing himself for standing before the Judge. It has been *man's way* from the beginning; and it is *man's way* still. It is the way that man loves; for it is the way that

allows him some credit for goodness, and takes him to heaven without the bitter necessity of owning himself *wholly a sinner*, without strength, and without goodness.

But it is not *God's way*; and the wonder is how man, in such a matter, should have ventured to take a way of his own in opposition to God's; or having taken it, to hope that it would land him in life or secure his acquittal in the great and terrible day of the Lord. His great concern ought to be, not to make a way of his own, or to fall into the way of his fellow-men, but to find out, without loss of time, *what is God's way*. "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

And what is God's way? Listen to God's own statement:—"The righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets, even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth a propitiation, through faith in His blood, to declare at this time His righteousness, that He might be just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." Such is God's glorious, simple plan, such is His plain statement, which will be His criterion for the day of judgment. Reader, have you accepted God's plan, or are you bewildered amid man's views?

TRUE OBEDIENCE.

To obey when you see a plain and palpable reason is nothing; but to obey, because He hath enjoined it, though we see nothing to issue from it, is true obedience.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A CITY missionary one Saturday night was going home with a basket of provisions on his arm. Meeting a policeman, he asked him if there had any families moved in the bounds of his beat during the week. He answered, "Yes," and pointing to a building up an alley said, "a woman and some children are living there now."

The missionary went to the house, rapped at the door, and

was admitted. The woman was sitting by a small light sewing. In the corner of the room were two little girls, apparently from nine to twelve years of age, playing.

The missionary said, "Madam, I am here to see if you will allow your girls to attend Sunday school to-morrow morning."

"I would, sir; but what you see on them is all the clothing they have, and you would not wish them to go as they are now."

"The Lord will provide, madam. Have you no money?"

"Not yet, but I have committed my case into the hands of the Lord."

"Have you anything to eat?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"What will you do for breakfast?"

"Oh, sir, I once had a husband; he provided when he could. These children had a father; he supplied their wants; but he is dead now. Yet my Maker, even God, is my husband, and He has promised to be a father to the fatherless. We have committed all to Him, have called upon Him in this day of trouble. I am trusting in God to take care of a poor widow and her children in a strange place, and I know He will provide."

"Thank God for such faith," said the missionary; and handing her the basket, said, "Here is your breakfast, and you shall have the clothing for your children."

With tears streaming down her face, she replied:

"Oh, thank God for His faithfulness! He heareth and answereth prayer. May He bless you!" And, said our dear brother to us, "I felt the promise was sure, for she was blessed in receiving, I was more so in giving."

In some way or other the Lord will provide.

It may not be my way, it may not be thy way,

But yet in His own way the Lord will provide.

Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide,
And this be the token—no word He hath spoken

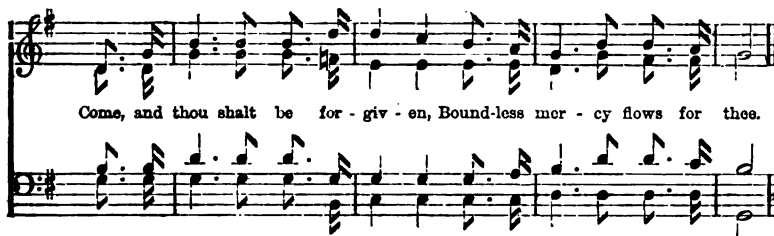
Was ever yet broken. "The Lord will provide."

March on then right boldly, the sea shall divide;

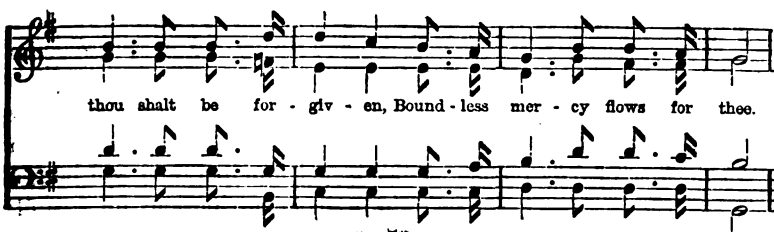
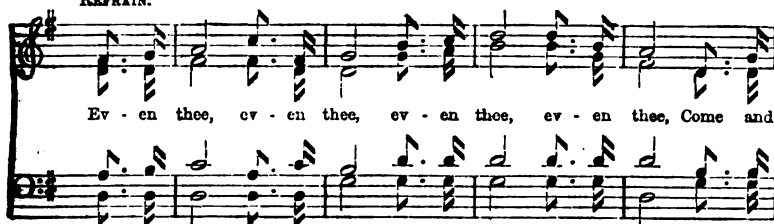
The pathway made glorious, with shoutings victorious

We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."

EVEN THEE.



REFRAIN.



SEE the healing fountain spring
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.

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

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

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

God loveth a cheerful giver.

God so loved the world that He
gave His only begotten Son.

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

YES, a Saviour-God is "mighty to save" weak and helpless sinners who have no might and no strength to save themselves. Will you submit yourselves to be saved by Him? (Is. lxiii. 1). He is "mighty to save" us from *our sins*. "Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from *their sins*" (Matt. i. 21). He is also "mighty to save" us from that most terrible and to be dreaded of all foes—*ourselves* (Gal. ii. 20). And He is also "mighty to save" us from that subtle and dangerous enemy, *the world* (Gal. vi. 14).

Yea! He is "mighty to save" right through into glory, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us (Heb. vii. 25). Do credit it with all your heart, and

"Sing of His mighty love, 'MIGHTY TO SAVE.'"

THE POWER OF GRACE.

Nothing in the visible creation of God has sunk so low as a lost sinner, and yet nothing may, through infinite mercy, be raised so high.

In the absence of its objects, love is miserable. How happy are they who have placed their love on Him who can never be absent from them!

"In Him dwelleth all fulness." How little can we fathom the meaning of this! What words for empty creatures! To him who has discovered this fulness, the world is nothing but empti-

ness. The higher we ascend towards the heavenlies, the less the things of earth appear. When our desires after heaven are great, a little of earth will suffice to supply all our wants; but when that desire is small, nothing earthly will satisfy our cravings.

"WHEN thou forgivest the man who has pierced thine heart, he stands to thee in the relation to the sea worm that perforates the shell of the mussel which straightway closes the wound with a pearl."
—*Richter*.

"GRACE AND TRUTH."

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "EVANGELIST."

As frequent inquiries are made concerning the translations of "Grace and Truth," we give the subjoined list of those translations which we possess, with the names of the publishers, so that friends can write direct to them.

ENGLISH EDITIONS.—Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.; gilt, 3s.; very large type, 3s. 6d. Published by James Taylor, 31 Castle Street, Edinburgh. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

GAELIC.—Creidomh agus faireachadh (4th chapter). Printed at the "Free Press" Office, Aberdeen.

WELSH.—Gras a gwirionedd. Published by Thomas Gee, Denbigh.

GERMAN.—Gnade und Wahrheit. Published by C. F. Spittler, Basel.

SPANISH.—Gracia y verdad. Published by James Pascoe, Toluca.

SWEDISH.—Nad och Sanning. Published by C. Lundholms, Stockholm.

ARABIC.—El Naamat u el Hak. Published at Beyrout.

ITALIAN.—Grazia e Verita. Roma, 60 Via Della Scrofa.

DUTCH.—Genade en Waarheid. Amsterdam: M. S. Bromlet.

ENCOURAGING NOTES.

WE think that the following are calculated to encourage our readers, and those who distribute *The Evangelist*, as they have encouraged us:—

AFGHANISTAN.—A soldier in the Afghan War writes:—"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly publish this for me in the paper called *The British Evangelist*, and you will so oblige—yours in Christ." . . . "I have been led by the mercy of God to send this letter. I have received packets of tracts and papers every month since I have been in India. By the postage stamp they appear to come by France. God is mighty and merciful in this war. It has been a war of salvation to many a soul, and God has been merciful with us. . . . Tracts and books are greatly needed here."

NICE.—A kind note lies before us from Cinives:—"I thank you much for sending me *The British Evangelist*. I know of its having been the means of blessing to one who, on returning home to England, continues taking it."

LIVERPOOL.—A writer, "R," in *The Christian* of June 5th, writes:—"One earnest worker in Liverpool, especially in tract circulation, was a few years since brought to the Lord through a copy of *The British Evangelist*."

We have a considerable number of back numbers, which we will send at 4s. per hundred, and will be glad to receive contributions for free circulation. Communicate with

Dr. MACKAY,

The Park, Hull.

Volumes for 1878 may still be obtained through any bookseller from the publisher.

THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

AUGUST 1879.

[No. 146.]

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A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THERE lived some years ago, in a large city in Holland, a Jewish doctor, who, like Paul, had lived a Pharisee. Like Paul, too, he had been, by the power of the Holy Spirit, turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan to God, and, like Paul, his heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel were that they might be saved.

With this object the doctor went day after day into the part of the city inhabited by the lowest class of Jews, and from house to house did he preach and teach Jesus Christ. In reaching this suburb he had to pass the magnificent house of a rich Jewish merchant, who had a house of business also in the mercantile part of the city.

It had often happened to the doctor to pass this house; but it was not till he had done so

many times that a new thought struck him. Why was it that he was ready to go day after day and speak of the Lord Jesus to the poor Jews in the back streets? and yet he had never felt how accountable he was to God for making Christ known to the rich Jew in the great house. The doctor was not one of those who could assent to a matter as being right, without at once proceeding to act upon his conviction.

He knew that the merchant was often engaged in the city till a late hour, and he therefore determined to call upon him one evening, at about ten o'clock, thinking that by that time he should be sure to find him at home. He was surprised at being at once admitted and shown upstairs, just as though he had been expected. But this was explained when he was ushered suddenly into a large ball-room, already filled with company. The music was playing, and the dancing had begun. The appearance of the little doctor, so unlike the rest of the company, caused many eyes to be fixed upon him. He at once made out the master of the house, and advancing towards him, apologised for his untimely visit. "I was not aware," said he, "that you were engaged this evening, but as I have called upon a matter of great importance, I would ask if you would kindly appoint a time when I

may call again without inconveniencing you."

"Certainly," replied the merchant. "May I ask if the business is pressing?"

"It is a matter of life and death," replied the doctor. "I will call again at your earliest convenience."

"Allow me to ask one more question," said the merchant. "Whom does the business concern?"

"It concerns the Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus of Nazareth," replied the honest doctor. "It is concerning Him, and Him only, that I came to speak to you, and I am glad that you will kindly allow me the opportunity of doing so another day."

"Stay," said the merchant, with a strange expression of joy and astonishment. "This is wonderful," he continued, now speaking so as to be heard by the doctor only. "My friend, I have been miserable for many months past. How or why I know not; but one thought has continually haunted me by day and by night. Whether in business or at home, it has never been absent from my mind. I have tried to put it from me, but I could not. It is a thought which left me no peace, and it was this: *Who and what was Jesus of Nazareth?* I have asked God in His mercy to help me, and to send me some one who could speak to me and tell me the truth about this great

NEW SERIES, VOL. V., NO. 8.

question. Now He has heard my prayer. I cannot let you go. There is no time like the present.

Then calling for the music to stop, the merchant addressed his astonished visitors: "This gentleman," he said, "has kindly come to speak to us on a matter of great importance—a matter in which each one of us is personally concerned. May I ask you to take your seats, and to give him your attention? And you, dear sir," he said to the doctor, "will you now speak fully and plainly. Tell us all you have to say, and keep back nothing."

And at once, standing in the middle of the ball-room, the doctor began to preach that wonderful gospel of God concerning His Son, which is indeed the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

It was not long after this memorable evening that the merchant made a public confession of Christ, and remained a consistent believer, helping forward the gospel he had once blasphemed. I cannot now remember whether others in the ball-room also received the truth into their hearts. It is my impression that some of them did; but as this story is strictly true, it is well to add nothing which is on doubtful authority.

And now, readers, what are your thoughts of it? Was the earnest doctor wrong, or right, in his characterising this as a matter of life and death? And if it was so for this man and his guests, what is it for you?

Life and death are solemn words, and are expressive of what is beyond all reckoning important. And they are words that the Scriptures deal with in a thorough manner. Death was brought in as a penalty very early, and the sentence is never remitted. God never withdraws what He said about it. He has affixed nothing else to sin. To

be a sinner is to incur it, or to have already incurred that sentence. He has not said, The wages of sin is praying, or reforming, or doing anything; but *death*! And we were born under that sentence.

"JESUS ONLY."

I HAVE known men seek salvation from the minister. They have felt when they pulled the door-bell of his house as though they were pulling the door-bell of heaven; and they have gone out in despair because they found the minister could not heal them.

I have known men seek salvation from the Bible. They have appointed certain hours for reading its pages, and have gone to their task as the devotee goes to his penance. What is the Bible? Only the window through which we see Christ. It is as wrong to make an idol of the Bible as of anything else.

To open this book and stop there, is as though the fugitive from the hand of the avenger in olden time, had reached the gates of the city of refuge, and then sat down until the slayer had come up, and caused the earth to drink his blood.

It shows the way to salvation, but it is not salvation.

A man may die and be lost with a Bible in his hand, and a Bible under his pillow, and a Bible in his coffin when he is buried. It can afford no help to the poor condemned sinner, except as it leads farther on. 'Tis but a finger-post to point to Christ.

I have known men seek salvation in prayer. From night till morning they have groaned in anguish. They have wondered why God did not hear them. It was because they were trusting in prayer, and not in the God of prayer. They supposed that they must work themselves into a certain state of emotion, and

were honestly trying to do it; but their thoughts went no higher than the ceiling of the chamber that re-echoed their words.

Oh! I rejoice to see a soul realising that the minister, and the Bible, and prayer, and everything in themselves, are all "physicians of no value."

Those are sweet words in my ears when he cries in despair, "I'm lost, I'm lost; there's no hope for me;" for I remember that the lowest ebb of the Nile is just before the tide begins to rise and water the thirsty fields. I remember that the blackest hour of night is just before the morning star begins to glisten in the sky.

I remember that when God, the great Photographer, throws the black veil over the camera, it is only that that veil may be lifted and the picture of Jesus reflected on our hearts. Thank God if you feel you are lost, for "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

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

OUR WALK.

HAVE pure and bright and loyal hearts,

Have faith in Christ the Lord;
Be patient bearers of His cross,
Be students of His Word.

Let self be serf, and Jesus Lord:
Set Him before Thine eye;
Forget the things that are behind,
And grasp the prize on high.

Spread joy and sunshine in thy path:

Be faithful, sober, kind,
Forgiving, careful, prayerful, true;
And peace shall guard thy mind.

J. S.

I FEEL what we want is personal attachment to our Lord, and all thoughts of trouble in His service would fly like the mists upon the mountain tops before the rising sun.

THE TWO VISITS.

ONE lovely spring morning I walked out into the vicinity of one of our country towns, to see a lady who was suffering from deep mental depression, brought on by the loss of her husband, who had died about a year previously. I had prayed earnestly for a blessing on the interview, and went in faith that God had heard me. I reached the house, and was shown into an elegantly furnished drawing-room. The lady soon entered, dressed in the deepest mourning. In the course of conversation I alluded to the death of her husband, which led to her pouring out the tale of her sorrow in a way that almost overwhelmed me. Fixing her eyes upon the wall opposite her, with streaming tears, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, she gave full utterance to her anguish. I found it useless to attempt either to stay the torrent or turn her thoughts to truths which might comfort her, and could do little for the first half hour but listen in silence, now and then uttering a word of sympathy. As she proceeded I found that excessive grief had already undermined her health, that she was losing her rest night after night, that she had ceased to take any pleasure or even interest in things around her, and that she was in danger, if this state of things continued much longer, of losing her reason. "They have furnished this beautiful house for me," she said, "and they have stocked that greenhouse with flowers, knowing how fond I used to be of them, but I cannot bear to look at them. I feel no interest in anything on earth, and am perfectly miserable." As soon as she was sufficiently calm, I asked her to read to me a few words in the first chapter of the Gospel of John, thinking this the best way of turning her mind to

spiritual truths. She did so. The words ran, "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came to His own, and His own *received Him* not. But as many as *received Him*, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe on His name*; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." I asked her, would she wish to be one of those blessed children of God? She said she would, and admitted that if she were only a child of God, and knew herself such, it would be a cure for all her misery. I then asked her *how* the persons described in this passage *became* God's children. This led to some examination of the chapter which describes the conversion of Christ's first disciples, Peter, Philip, John, and Nathaniel. Others rejected Him, but *they* "received Him." They believed in Him; and on their doing so He gave them the power" (or right and privilege) of becoming God's children. I urged her to remember that Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," so that what He did for them He is ready to do, and does still, for every one who receives Him as a Saviour, as they did. Our feet cannot carry us to Him now, but earnest desire and simple faith can carry us *spiritually* into His gracious presence, and secure for us the same wondrous privilege. I showed her how easy and how natural a thing it is for a patient to confide in a physician, for a drowning man to *receive* the help of a lifeboat; and, oh! how much more natural is it for sinners to receive and trust in a Saviour. Before leaving, we knelt in prayer, and I committed her to God.

About ten days afterwards I called again. After waiting a

short time in the drawing-room the door opened and she entered. But how shall I describe the change visible in her countenance? The same face I had last seen clouded and convulsed with the deepest grief was now literally shining with gladness! In reply to my question about her joy, she said, "I am happy now; I am happy because I am saved, and I know it," and then followed a description of her new-found peace and blessedness in believing in Christ. "And what was it gave you this peace of soul?" said I. "It was just that passage in John," she replied, "about receiving Jesus. After you left I saw it all. I believed, and I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and I found Him, and am saved." She afterwards told me that the very loneliness of her home, which before had been intolerable, had now become a pleasure to her, "because," said she, "it leaves me free to commune with God." She told me that her health was now in a fair way of being fully restored. So true is it, as Solomon said of old, that "a merry heart doeth good like medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Since that time her faith and joy in the Lord have been manifest, and I fully expect to meet her yet in the presence of Him who has loved and saved us, and to whom be glory both now and for ever.

THE CONVERSION OF A JUDGE.

JUDGE H— was a leading man of wealth, influence, and official power where he resided. His wife was a sincere Christian, but he himself had no religious experience whatever. He read of Christ in the New Testament, but had no recognition of Him in his worldly relations; and it was a time of general apathy on spiritual affairs.

Coming home one evening from the calls of business, he was told that his wife had gone to a weekly prayer-meeting. The statement produced a momentary irritation, as time so occupied he regarded as lost to the practical affairs of life. So, feeling in no very pleasant mood, yet seeking company not then to be found at home, he went to the meeting. He listened to the remarks of Elder T——, and then to one or two prayers, when a young man in humble circumstances rose and said, "Let us have prayers for the grey-headed sinners in the congregation."

"Grey-headed sinners," thought the Judge; "who are they, and where?" He looked around upon the scattered company, and saw that the words could only apply to himself. The request startled him in a way no words had ever done before. "Has it come to this," thought he again, "that that poor ignorant boy requests prayers for me?" He was then led to hold a little self-consultation. Thoughts of time and sin and obligation rushed in upon him as foreshadowing the judgment. To the astonishment of every one, he arose in the meeting, and asked for their prayers as one comprehended in the request.

The fact of so commanding a man assuming the attitude of an inquirer, led some persons sitting near the door to step out and tell their neighbours what an unusual thing had happened. The news brought in many new attendants. A new impulse was given to their prayers. Being in no haste to circumscribe God's operations to one hour when His providence said, "The harvest is ripe," the meeting was continued until midnight; and, before its close, the Judge rejoiced with others in the experience of a new life.

He now felt the truth of Scripture as no stranger could set it forth. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Wherever he saw an opening for the truth, he entered it; and from neighbourhood to neighbourhood made known the reality of his change, and the necessity of conversion.

The news spread over the whole region. The weak young man's request had converted a rich sinner, and made him a richer saint; rich in bringing many souls to glory. Many grey-headed sinners were prayed for, and multitudes of the young converted from the error of their ways. The standing of the Judge, and his marked experience, which he told to many attentive listeners, carried great conviction wherever it was made known.

LOFTY SERVICE IN A LOWLY SPHERE.

THERE are few counsels of the Word less heeded than that given by the prophet, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." Instead of not seeking such things, *greatness* in one or other of its forms, a great name, a great position, a great income, a great sphere, seems with many to be their all in all.

Yet neither peace nor usefulness is in any way dependent on it. Indeed, in choosing his instrumentality for carrying out his grand and saving designs, it is the feeble rather than the strong, the mean rather than the mighty, that the Lord selects.

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised, hath God chosen: yea

and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Besides, it frequently happens that the Lord is more glorified in humble positions than in elevated ones. The greatness of the sphere may be a main thing with us, but *faithfulness* in it is the main thing with the Lord. Accordingly, it is not the great servant in the great sphere that is specially commended at the last, but the faithful one in any sphere—even the lowliest. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

With the sphere of our work we have nothing to do. Our only business is to shine where we are. And he whose consistent holy life and simple loving words make him the light of his own family, of his own village, of his fellow-workmen, of his own fellow-servants, is doing work for Christ in which Gabriel himself would consider it an honour to be employed.

"Be brave, my brother;
He whom thou servest alights
Not e'en His weakest one.
No deed, though poor, shall be forgot,
However feebly done;
The prayer, the wish, the thought,
The faintly spoken word,
The plan that seemed to come to nought,—
Each has its own reward."

"TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE" (Rom. v. 3).—When the flail of affliction comes upon me, let me not be as the chaff which flies in Thy face, but the grain which lies at Thy feet.

"HE IS LIKE A REFINER'S FIRE" (Mal. iii. 2).—We would like well enough to come and warm ourselves at this fire, but the business depends upon *being thrown into it*.

WHOSOEVER.

A YOUNG man was greatly troubled about his soul. He knew that he was a sinner in God's sight; and so deeply did he feel this, that he was often ready to lie down in despair, saying, "Is it possible that God can save such a miserable sinner?" In the daytime he thought of hell as his justly-deserved punishment, and at night he would sometimes imagine himself shut up in the pit of outer darkness. He tried to reform, and live proudly on his good works; but, alas! he got nothing better, but rather grew worse. One evening, however, he was passing a large building where a servant of the Lord was preaching. He went in. Soon after he entered, he heard the preacher call attention to the words of our blessed Lord, "*Whosoever* believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Mark, said he, this word, "*WHOSOEVER!*" For the first time this troubled hearer began to perceive the freeness of God's grace in the gospel, and to think there was some hope after all, even for such a sinner as he was; because "*whosoever*" included him, and every one else who accepted Christ for his Saviour. I need not say that, by the power of the Spirit of God, his heart was thus led to look wholly to Jesus for salvation, and thus found joy and peace in believing, and has delighted in the service of the gospel for many years.

Dear reader, have you thus simply accepted Christ? Are you trusting in Him who died on the cross to save sinners? Is the precious blood of Christ the sole ground of your peace with God? With many others this saved young man can say:—

Until I saw the blood 'twas hell my soul was fearing;
And dark and dreary in my eyes the future was appearing;
While conscience told its tale of sin,
And caused a weight of woe within.
But when I saw the blood, and looked at Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once, and I with transport read it;
I found myself to God brought nigh,
And "Victory" became my cry.

But there is another "*WHO-SOEVER*," equally general in its scope, and free in its application. Yet, oh, how wide the contrast! "*Whosoever* was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15). Mark, it is "*whosoever*;" no matter who it is, or what plea is raised, it is "*whosoever*;" for God is no respecter of persons. How solemn! If a man has not Christ Jesus, the Son of God, the giver of everlasting life, for his Saviour, how can his name be written in the book of life?

DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS.

OH! is he dead?—Can he be dead
With a life-long trespass upon his head?
Will that dear voice, in its music low,
Be lifted alone in a darkened woe?
Lord! by Thy voice may he be led,
Ere Thou comest to judge the dead.

But, oh, is he dead?—Can he be dead?
There's a light like life on his graceful head;
And his deeds are noble, his heart is kind;
There are wide free thoughts in his earnest mind.
But he looked not up when I gently said,
He that is not born of God is dead!

Dead! dead!—Can he be dead?
I listen still to the words he said;
I feel the stay of his strong right arm,
And his shielding care from the least alarm.
And when from the book of life I read,
He used to listen. He cannot be dead!

And yet I thrill with a nameless dread,
And shrink, and mutter, Can he be dead?

Is there a gulf between us two?
Does He not live in Him who is true,
In Him who can dry these tears I shed
Over the dead—the *really* dead?

And so he is dead! really dead!
Is there no hope?—hath God not said,

Ask of Me and ye shall receive:
Life, life! I freely give.
And a Saviour's blood was surely shed

To purchase life for the sinner dead.
A. E. S.

FINGER-POSTS FOR INQUIRERS.

BE it remembered, a man may be a profound theologian and an able divine, and yet live and die without God, and perish eternally.

Salvation is very simple when the sinner comes to God. God *loves* and *gives*: the sinner *believes* and *receives*—he receives salvation.

Law presents a man struggling for life by obedience, but never obtaining it: *grace* presents a man receiving life as a free gift through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"God so loved the world." Then it is not a question of what sort of a man I am—moral or immoral; educated or uneducated—but am I a part of the world? Yes: then He loved *me* as part of that world.

What a tangled web has theology made of the Gospel! But Jesus said, "Come unto *Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How simple!

Most men think that there is much to be settled by and by. But their choice *now* cannot be settled by and by. It is their own choice *now* that settles the judgment by and by. Thus much is settled *now*: "He that believeth not is condemned

already ;" and he that believeth *hath* everlasting life.

"Oh, I am so thirsty," is the cry of this poor world. Christ answered that cry most blessedly: "He that believeth on Me shall never thirst," and many a poor thirsty one has proved it to be quite true ; and the water of life is still flowing freely.

"AFTERWARDS."

AFTER the "toil and trouble," cometh the joy and rest ;

After the weary conflict, peace on the Saviour's breast ;

After the shame and sorrow, the glory of life and love ;

After the wilderness journey, the Father's home above.

After the night of darkness, the "shadows flee away ;"

After the day of sadness, hope sheds her brightest ray ;

After the warfare and struggle, the victory is won ;

After the work is over, the Master's word, "Well done !"

After the hours of chastening, the spirit pure and bright :

After earth's dark future, all clear in the light of light ;

After the "guiding counsel," communion full and sweet ;

After the deep, still silence, words heard at Jesus' feet.

After the pain and sickness, all tears are wiped away ;

After the "lilies are gathered," no more of earth's decay ;

After the deep heart-sorrow, an end of every strife ;

After the bitter cross, a glorious "Crown of Life."

"GOD SENDING HIS SON."

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS.

MAN cannot rise from nature to *nature's* God, because he has got a wicked principle of evil in him. And God knows this ; and accordingly He *sent His Son*. The Son alone did, and the Son alone could, declare the Father. The Son did not merely tell to men the fact of God's existence, or merely make known that God was now to be

viewed as a Father ; but He manifested it by living out the very life of God on earth.

God has fully met our case. Christ is God's answer to all our questions, and His provision for all our need. No matter in what aspect man is seen, Christ is the one whom God presents to meet all the demands of our fallen state. No other way of treating us could have given us solid and lasting rest.

We find, then, God *sending His Son* to meet four distinct aspects of man's lost state.

I. "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). A Jew looks for a Messiah to judge the world, and God has, indeed, appointed Jesus to be the Judge of "the living and the dead ;" but Christ told Nicodemus that God sent His Son (1), not to judge the world, but (2), to save the world. God is always better than our expectation. He sent His Son to revoke the sentence. The sentence or judgment has been borne by the Son of God, and now, "*He that believeth on Him is not condemned.*" "There is, therefore, now *no condemnation* to them who are in Christ Jesus." "He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me . . . shall *not come into condemnation.*"

Christ's "lifting up" is the foundation of all. Hence the two things, in verse 15, resting on a dying substitute, viz., on the one hand "*not perish,*" and on the other hand "*have eternal life.*" When God justifies a man He also gives him a new and higher standing.

II. "God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we *might live through Him*" (1 John iv. 9). Here we have man regarded as *dead*. We need *life*, that is the grand question. It is not a question of development, or a gradual

process of culture. No, it is a question of *nature*. You can cultivate and *develop* a nature, but you cannot, by culture, *create* a nature. A nature comes with *birth*. So to enjoy or know God I "*must be born again.*" I have not communion with beasts, because I have a higher *nature* than they. Nor have I communion with angels, because I have not the *nature* of angels. I have communion with men because they have a like nature with myself. But naturally I have no nature corresponding to God's, and hence to know, enjoy, and dwell with God, I must get *life*—nature.

So God, in grace, has sent His Son that we *might live*. We are *quickened* together with Christ, as the pattern ; by the Spirit, as agent ; and through the Word, as instrument.

III. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and *sent His Son*, a propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10).

To have life, without sin being thoroughly exposed and put away, would neither be consistent with God, nor satisfying to us. But the Son of God meets this demand also. He is a propitiation concerning our sins, and not ours only, but also concerning the whole world.

Propitiation is the ground on which God and the sinner meet one another righteously. And that ground is Christ. I look to Him for the settlement of every account. My name is entirely worthless, He takes all in hand Himself, that is propitiation. The three following *positives* with corresponding *negatives* are instructive :—

Propitiation.....no imputation.
Justification....no condemnation.
Reconciliationno separation.

J. S.

THE Spirit of God is never our righteousness ; He is power in me, but Christ is my righteousness.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

A WEALTHY farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of labourers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years, but before doing so, he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be enclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and labourers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas! no! Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been even *visited* by his servants.

Had they then been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labour, and skilled labour, too, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around

the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbour.

And a vast amount of labour had been *lost*, in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity, with which labour and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for *no result*. The very same amount of toil and capital *expended according to his directions* would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various, but all *reclaimable* soils, barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these labourers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labour in vain? On the contrary! They were for ever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well! they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, "You know we have to bring the *whole property* into order." But they did not *do* it.

Some few tried and ploughed up a little plot here and there,

and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! they saw that the yield was magnificent; far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay—when the labours of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves! They preferred watching for weeds among the roses, in the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools surely, not wise men? Traitors, not true servants to their Lord?

Ah! I can't tell! You must ask Him that! I only know their Master said, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and 1879 years after, they had *not even mentioned that there was a Gospel to one-half of the world!*

THE GOOD NEWS WHICH JOHN GIVES US.

BY DR. MACKAY.

THE four Evangelists treat of Christ on the earth. The other writers in the New Testament write of Him as risen and in heaven, and the virtue of His work applied to sinners and saints down here by the Holy Ghost.

Matthew, as seen in his opening verse, is the one who wrote specially to Jews concerning the *Son of David and the Son of Abraham*, and this is the key to the study of all the book of Matthew.

Mark writes about the Son of God in the service of the gospel—serving God and man.

Luke writes about the Son of Man presented to the Gentiles, as Matthew wrote of the Son of

Abraham to the Jews; but when we come to John we get the highest of all, namely,

God manifest in the flesh.

God living here as a man.

The life and death of the *God-Man*.

If we look at Paul's Epistle to the Romans, we find that he begins with man as he finds him, Gentile and Jew, as bad as he could be, and in God's sight all condemned and no difference; but he never leaves him till he sets him down as a justified man walking in communion with God.

John begins at the other end. He begins with the great uncreated God on the throne of immensity and in the undated eternity, and brings him down to walk on earth with man.

Paul describes the justified man walking with God.

John describes the eternal God walking with man. And what could be more wonderful?

We have not to guess about God, or try to imagine what He is like. He has been here; He has been in our stables, in our streets, and at our tables. The Man of sorrows is our God, our Maker, our Saviour, our Judge. We are not called to love, or worship, or obey a cloud or a phantom, nor worship Him by a representation, or image, or crucifix. We have intelligence about Him. We know Him. He is described to us by one who lay on His bosom, who handled Him. Jesus of Nazareth is our God.

John i. 10, may be taken as the heading of Luke's Gospel.

John i. 11, that of Matthew.

John i. 12, that of John.

Luke tells us of the Son of Man, the Lord of all creation, who was disallowed of men.

"He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not."

Matthew tells us of the right-ful Son of David, whose crown rights were denied.

"He came unto His own (country and kingdom) and His own (people,† the Jews) received Him not."*

John tells us of God's refuge for believers.

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power (authority) to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His name."

The writings of John on this account have had a peculiar charm to all Christians, in all lands and in all times.

Three essentials of God, especially do we find revealed by John—

Eternal *life*.

Divine *love*.

Heavenly *light*.

Life, love, and light, such as are in God essentially, the world never knew of, but in Christ.

LIFE—The world knew of existence and the immortality of the soul, but of *eternal* life that could conquer death and raise the body was revealed only in Christ, and by John specially.

LOVE—The world can love the loving, the lovely, or lovable, but herein is love, He loved a lost world. The love of grace is seen only in Christ.

LIGHT—Overlooking nothing, judging all things, putting all in their true colour, was seen only in Christ.

But just on this account did men hate Him and kill Him, and the question is, since they have slain the Son of God, and expelled the light, refused the life, and hated the love, where can it now be seen.

John answers this in his Epistles, which are the complement of the Gospel, and show that—

"Now we are the sons of God."

"We are the *light* of the world."

"All men know we are His, because we *love* one another."

"We have eternal *life*."

For convenience, John's Gospel may be divided into four parts—

I-IV., Christ, the heavenly stranger on earth, carrying God's grace to the needy and sinful.

V-XII., Christ with the Jews.

XIII-XVII., Christ with His own.

XVIII-XXI., Christ in His sufferings, death, and resurrection.

IN HIM.

"He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world" (Eph. i. 4).

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature" (2 Cor. v. 17).

"That I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness" (Phil. iii. 8, 9).

"Ye are complete in Him" (Col. ii. 10).

"He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6).

"Your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3).

"But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Eph. ii. 13).

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

"In whom also we have an inheritance" (Eph. i. 11).

"But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30).

"Teaching every man that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus" (Col. i. 28).

"In Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv. 22).

"Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. iv. 14).

"Abide in Him" (1 John ii. 28).

* τοῦ αἵματος neuter.

† οἱ Ἕβραῖοι masculine.

THE PURPOSE OF GOD IN CHRIST.

AN ADDRESS

BY DR. ADOLPH SAPHIR.

THE purpose of God in Christ is the subject which is to occupy our attention this morning. May the Holy Spirit enable me to speak in accordance with the revelation given to us in Scripture, and in sympathy with the love and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that believers may be built up on their most holy faith, and that the weak and timid ones may be encouraged by the exceeding tenderness of our great God and Saviour. You know that the traveller who wishes to enjoy a vast and extensive view does not shrink from the exertion of a long and arduous ascent; and, in like manner, if we wish to enjoy those sublime and far-reaching truths which the Apostle Paul presents to us in the eighth, the culminating chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, we must not be afraid to accompany him in his long and steep upward journey. The only thing remarkable about this ascent is, that it does not require strength, it only presupposes weakness. Any one that is strong, and has a righteousness of his own, or cherishes faith in his own goodness, or expects that there is within him power to lift him up, may well give up the thought of accompanying the Apostle Paul. But those that are of a broken and a contrite heart, and have been convinced of their guilt and utter helplessness, shall mount up with wings as eagles; for the ascent of the Apostle Paul from the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans to the eighth, begins thus: We are sinners in the sight of God, without excuse; guilty before the holy and just One, having no help where-withal to rouse ourselves out of the misery and depth into which

we have fallen. Then he shows to us that, while man has no righteousness for God, God has provided a righteousness for man; and that as in the first Adam we are lost, so in Jesus, the last Adam, there has been given to us life everlasting. And when we have seen that in Jesus Christ God has given to us both righteousness and life, then have we reached that high table-land where the Apostle Paul says, "There is now no condemnation to us who are in Christ Jesus," and where that self-same Apostle concludes by saying that there is no separation from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. And on the highest culminating point he exclaims, "We know that unto them that love God all things work together for good, unto them that are called according to His purpose." He then brings before us that golden chain which can never be severed, of God's foreknowledge and predestination—that we may be conformed to the image of His Son, that He may be the First-born among many brethren; and of His call, and of our justification, and of our glorification. That is the highest point; but in order to reach that highest point, I repeat again, not strength is needed, but weakness. Poor and lost sinners, through faith in Jesus, and in Jesus alone, they will reach that highest point where they shall see the counsel of God, the purpose which God purposed in Himself.

But if it is true that, in order to see the extensive view, we must ascend, it is also true that, if we have truly ascended by the grace of God, then this extensive view must open before our eyes. If, as poor sinners, we have come to Jesus, and have been brought nigh by His blood unto the Father, then the Father makes known to us the mystery of His will (Eph. i. 9);

and therefore you find that, on every occasion when the Apostle Paul speaks of the redemption which we have in Christ Jesus, he reminds us of that purpose of God from all eternity, and of that glory of God towards which we are hastening. For instance, in the Epistle to the Ephesians (chap. i.), no sooner has the Apostle said, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (that is the top of the mountain, where every believer in Jesus is), than he immediately adds, "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundations of the world were laid." The prospect reaches beyond time into eternity, and this leads us forward to the glory which shall be revealed in us who believe in the Lord Jesus, and who are sealed with the spirit of promise, the earnest of our inheritance. Reach the top, "blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ," and you cannot help seeing the eternal election of God, and the eternal glory which is yet before us. Or again, no sooner has he said in the first chapter to the Colossians that "we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins"—that is the A B C of the Gospel, "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven for His name's sake"—no sooner is the little child in Jesus, having thereby received the forgiveness of sin, but the Apostle Paul shows him the extensive prospect. Who is this Jesus who died upon the cross? He is the image of the invisible God, and by Him all things were made, visible and invisible, because He is the Head of all things, and then He leads us to the glory when all things shall be summed up in Him. Or again, when the same Apostle, in the Epistle to the

Hebrews, out of the abundance of his heart says to his brethren that the ultimate and perfect revelation of God is given unto us in His Son, no sooner has he uttered that word "Son," than immediately there opens before him the vast and infinite prospect, "Who is the brightness of His glory, the express image of His being, whom He has appointed to be the heir of all things from all eternity; by whom, also, He made the ages, and who has now sat down at the right hand of His majesty until He shall come again as the Son of Man, and all things be subject unto Him." This then have I said: in order to reach the top we must begin at the beginning as poor sinners. When we have reached the highest, we cannot but behold that vast prospect, the eternal counsel of God, and the eternal fulfilment in the glory that is to come.

But there are some timid hearts who do not like mountain heights, and to them I wish to speak in love and tenderness. It is true that there is a peculiar peacefulness and beauty and calmness in the lake; and there are some who dread the sublime majesty and grandeur of the ocean. It may be more lovely to dwell in the valley, with its beautiful flowers, with its fruitful fields, with the sense of repose and shelter that it gives us, but more sublime are the mountain heights, with the everlasting snow. But, dear friends, not as in this imperfect world is it in the spiritual world which God has revealed to us in the Scriptures. There both beauty and sublimity, peacefulness and grandeur, tenderness and majesty, are combined together. How often does God, in the Old Testament, remind His people of His awful majesty; that He is the only one that is, and that there is none beside Him! He speaks of Himself as

the Infinite and the Incomprehensible. He points out the marvellous works of creation which show forth His wisdom and His power. He reminds man of his littleness: "Where wast thou when I called forth all things into existence?" Nay, all nations are but as nothing before Him. But why is it that God speaks of Himself with such majesty? It is not that man may go away from Him, but in order that He may draw near to His fatherly heart. It is not to paralyse us, but it is to melt us and to strengthen us. The only reason why God points out, in the Old Testament, His majesty, is that the poor worm Jacob should not be afraid, but should put His trust in the living God. The only reason why God says that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him is because He wishes to add, "With him also will I dwell who is of a broken and a contrite heart." The only reason why Israel knows that from everlasting to everlasting He is God, is that it may feel perfect shelter and safe dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. And it is this same sublime and sweet Jehovah who afterwards appears in the person of Jesus. Why does Jesus say, "All things are delivered unto Me of the Father, and no man knoweth the Father save the Son, and no man knoweth the Son save the Father"? For what reason is it that Jesus describes to us the sovereignty of God? It is in order that afterwards He may stretch out His arms and say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And thus, dear Christian, thou who art weak and timid, when by the Spirit of God we are lifted up to those mountain heights of the eternal purpose of God, be not afraid that thou wilt be transplanted into an Arctic region. Many a lovely flower

will greet thee there. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." And again, "They shall never perish, and none shall pluck them out of my hands, for My Father who gave them Me, is greater than all." Sublime, yet full of infinite consolation and tenderness!

Every one who has ever read aloud before an audience the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, must have been struck how every moment the apostle uses the expression "in Christ," "chosen in Christ," as if his whole anxiety was that the eternal purpose of God—the future glory and the mystery of His will—should never for a single moment be dissociated from Christ, the incarnate Son of God, who died upon the cross. So are we fully convinced that it is in the human countenance of Jesus that we are to read the eternal purpose of God, and that in the blood which was shed upon Calvary there is to come to us the assurance of our election in Christ Jésus.

As this wonderful subject of the purpose of God comes to the believer in the fulness of time, so it was manifested to the world also in the fulness of time. It was only upon the dark background of the four thousand years experiment that the eternal purpose could be fully and clearly revealed. God wished first to show that sin is exceeding sinful, and that man is altogether helpless. And after this grand experiment has been made—before the fall in paradise, after the fall without the law, then in Israel with the law, among the Gentiles during the times of ignorance, then in the fulness of time, the purpose of grace, the philanthropy of God, was made manifest in Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

"VISITED IN THE NIGHT."

(Ps. xvii. 3.)

THE conversion of J. T. is such a beautiful illustration of the truth as taught by the Lord himself in John iii., I am induced to write the particulars, in the earnest hope that the narrative may be used for blessing to other souls.

After the conclusion of a Gospel meeting at a convalescent home in the neighbourhood of Dublin, I went round as usual

to some of my audience, and inquired if they knew the Lord Jesus Christ as their *own*, and only Saviour. After receiving indefinite replies from many, I at last accosted a respectable-looking, elderly man. A bright, happy smile passed over his face, and he replied quietly, but decidedly, "I do, sir, and what a change that makes in everything in this world!" The conversation that ensued convinced me that he was a truly converted man. A few days

after this we met again at a Bible-reading meeting, and on our way homewards he expressed his surprise that the chapter chosen at the meeting should have been the very one he had been reading at home that morning, and upon which he was seeking instruction (Rom. viii.).

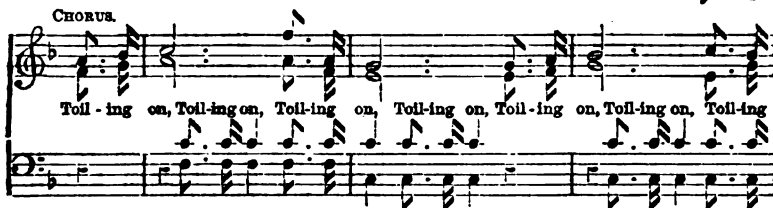
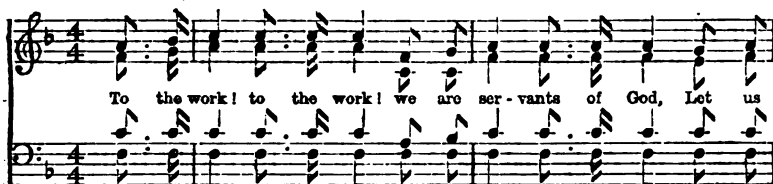
"Have you long been converted?" I asked.

"Oh no, sir! only about three weeks," he replied, and then told me how it came about.

He had been a religious and moral man all his life, went regularly to church, occasionally to Gospel meetings, read his Bible frequently, and had a respect for divine things. He had enjoyed excellent health until a few weeks before we met; however, he was suddenly seized with an attack of congestion of the lungs, and on removal to an hospital, was told his case was most serious, and might end fatally in a very short time. As he lay awake that night in the hospital, he reflected on his alarming condition, and with it came the overwhelming fact that he might very soon have to meet his God! "*It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment.*" "What ground have I to stand upon before God? what have I beneath my feet?" he asked himself. And then, in rapid succession, his *religion*, his *morality*, his fancied *good works*, passed before his mind; but, here brought into God's very presence, they were as rapidly dismissed as utterly unfit for the all-discerning eye of God. *He told me that, in that solemn moment, his sins were not so intolerable as his fancied good works, for there was no assumption about the former, but there was about the latter, and his "righteousnesses" were indeed then seen by him to be but "FILTHY RAGS" (Isa. lxiv. 6).* Finding thus that he had absolutely nothing to rest his poor sin-stricken soul upon in God's

TO THE WORK!

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi. 23.



TO the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed,
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings "*Salvation is free.*"

To the work! to the work! there is labour for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;

And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus "*Salvation is free.*"

To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be
And we shout with the ransomed "*Salvation is free.*"

The great day of the Lord is near,
and hasteth greatly.

That day is a day of wrath.

presence, he was brought to that most blessed *crisis* when the poor sinner finds out for the first time that there is naught that self can do. He thought to himself, "I must get a Bible," and he got out of bed to search in the ward of the hospital for one, but, alas! there was not one to be found. He returned to his bed in an agony of mind, expecting to die and be lost; and as he lay there through the long night, suddenly, like a ray of light from heaven, that most precious verse in John iii. stole into his recollection: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Ah, it was the blessed Spirit of God in those lonely hours presenting the word to the poor fainting soul, and as the drowning man clutches the rope cast to him by a friendly hand, J. T. asked himself the question: Why should I not make that verse *my own*? It says, *whosoever*; I therefore have a right to it. It is the word of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself; He would never deceive me. *I will take it*," he said; "that '*whosoever*' means me. I do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the one whom God gave out of His bosom for me; and blessed be God, I have everlasting life."

I met J. T. afterwards, and found that not only had his conscience been set at rest about his sins, but his heart's affec-

tions had gone out after that blessed One who had loved him and given Himself for him, and whose precious announcement he had received with such simple childlike faith.

THE LORD IS MY
SALVATION.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved,"
He said;
"Trust in thy God," and He shall
lift thy head;
"Come unto Me," when burdened
and dismayed;
"Believe on Jesus," and thou shalt
be saved;
"Hear, and your soul shall live," He
says again;
"Wait on the Lord," and you shall
strength obtain.
'Tis not thy "look" that saves; 'tis
not thy "trust";
'Tis not thy "coming," and yet
come you must.
'Tis not "believing" which can save
thy soul;
It is not hearing which can make
thee whole;
It is the SAVIOUR upon whom you
rest,
Who brings salvation to your long-
ing breast.

A BILLION IS A MILLION OF
MILLIONS!

How long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill which makes one hundred pins in a minute, if kept at work night and day, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand pins in a year; and at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years without stopping a single mo-

ment, in order to turn out a billion of pins. What a vast sum, then, is a billion; it is beyond our reach to conceive of it. And yet, when a billion of years shall have passed, eternity will seem to have just begun. How important, then, is the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

FAITH AND WORKS IN-
SEPARABLE.

Is it not strange, that at so early a period as when James wrote, they should have begun to separate the faith from the obedience of the Gospel? And if it required to be watched against when they had such living epistles around them, how much more have we need to watch, who scarcely see a ray of that self-sacrificing devotedness in which the primitive Church abounded?

"BELIEVING AND FEELING."
(IN GAELIC.)

We draw the attention of our readers who may be travelling in, or interested in, the Highlands of Scotland, that the 4th chapter of *Grace and Truth*, "Believing and Feeling," can be had of Messrs GEORGE TURNER & Co., 40 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

SEPTEMBER 1879.

[No. 147.

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HOW DO I KNOW?

I.—HOW DO I KNOW I AM A SINNER?

"Do you know you are a sinner?" I said to a man one day.

"Well, I wish I felt it."

"But my question was not—Do you feel?—but 'Do you know you are a sinner?'"

"How can I *know* I am a sinner if I don't feel it?"

"Were I to pay a debt owing by you, would you reply—'How do I know it is paid when I don't feel it is?'"

"Certainly not. I should ask you to produce me the receipt proving payment, and then, of course, I would *feel* happy."

"Just so. God *first* gives undeniable proof that you are a sinner—ruined and undone—before ever He expects one bit of feeling from you."

"Then must I *know* I am a sinner before I *feel* it?"

"Yes; because your state is not determined by what you
NEW SERIES, VOL. V., No. 9.

think, or feel, or experience; in order to have anything like a correct judgment upon your condition, and upon yourself too, you must turn from all that is within to God. His voice *alone* should be heard, because He only can be trusted. Satan has already falsified God to man. He is a liar from the beginning. Would you trust a liar? The world is under the control of Satan. He is the 'god of this world,' therefore can't surely be credited! Neither can your heart be expected to pass a true judgment; for the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: 'who can know it?' is the Divine interrogation. 'I, the Lord,' is the Divine answer. Hence God *alone*, and God *only*, is competent to tell me what I have done, and what I am."

"Won't creation tell me, or the voice of reason?"

"No, no; creation does indeed tell of 'The Fall,' else why does it groan? But I need to know individually and experimentally what I am—a sinner *bad* beyond conception. And, if a sinner, alas! a Creator God won't do for me; and as for the voice of reason, it is only foolishness with God" (see 1 Cor. i.).

"Give me, then, some of God's statements as to man—what he is, and what he has done."

"Most gladly. Rom. iii. 10:—'There is none righteous, no, not one.' 'All have sinned' (ver. 23). Mark! these statements are true of *you*. They include all—the cultivated Greek, the religious Jew, the stern Roman, as well as every soul within the bounds of Christendom. There are no exceptions—*all have sinned*. Such then, is the sweeping, and *sure* because Divine declarations of God."

"Then, must I not feel that I am a sinner?"

"Undoubtedly, you must *feel*; but, first you must know what God says about you, about your condition, about what sin is; and then you will *feel*; and the more deeply and thoroughly you know your sinnership, your sense of it all will be felt, and felt too, as God would have you. But, first know from God's holy Word that you are a sinner, 'dead in trespasses and sins,' at 'enmity with God,' 'without strength,' 'ungodly,' and 'far off,' then the 'feeling' will come in due course. The Word of God is the only criterion of what I am. My feelings and experiences, right of course in their place and order, ought to spring simply from the conscious knowledge in my soul, learned from God's Word, that I am a lost, ruined—and, in myself—undone sinner. Thus, I know from God's Word that I am a sinner, not because I feel it, but

because God says so. The knowledge that I am a sinner no more flows from feeling it than does the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins result from feeling. It is of the last importance to be clear about this, as a mistake here *may* be fatal.

"I first hear the Word of God telling *me* what *I* am. Secondly, I believe it, simply because God says it, and not because I feel, or don't feel it. Thirdly, I feel, and feel in proportion to the subjection of heart and conscience to the Word. I do not for a moment hold that there should not be deep feeling and thorough exercise in heart and conscience. On the contrary, where these are wanting, 'peace' is neither very solid, nor is it rightly understood; but the mistake of many is occupation with their anxieties and exercises, instead of simple confidence and rest in God's word.

"The Jews of old had the gospel of God's rest preached to them, but the word did not profit them, not being *mixed with faith*. No doubt it was well mixed with feelings, experiences, and the like, but the word did not profit, not being mixed with faith. Thus God ever turns a soul away from self, and apart from self, to that Blessed One who told out in His life, and, above all, in His cross, what man was, and what *he is*. The cross of Christ, the crown of thorns, and man's spittal resting upon *His* countenance, tell out the awful extent of human wickedness. The cross is the revelation that 'God is love'; it is also the witness that man would not have God either in righteousness or love. Thus I know I am a sinner."

II.—HOW DO I KNOW MY SINS ARE FORGIVEN?

Do you believe on God, who gave Jesus for our sins and

raised Him up from the dead for our justification? Never mind feelings at present; but do you really believe in God, who has thus acted for the glory of His Son, as also for the eternal good of the sinner? "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God *hath* raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Can anything be simpler? Could language be more precise or plain? Confession with thy mouth, belief in thy heart, and this connected with God; what follows? "*Thou shalt be saved.*"

The knowledge of the forgiveness of sins is not a matter of attainment; it is simply and only a question of faith in the bare word of God.

"Who is a pardoning God like Thee!
Or who has grace so rich, so free."

Even a babe in Christ can know *now*, at this present moment of time, while his eye scans these lines, that *all* his sins are frankly and fully forgiven. God charges His memory to forget them all—for "their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." The apostle John says:—"I write unto you, *little children*, because your sins *are* forgiven you for His name's sake." (1 John ii. 12.) He *writes* down your full acquittal, so that you may read it for yourselves, and be in confidence before Him. Paul says:—"We *have* redemption through His blood—the *forgiveness of sins*. (Col. i. 14.) "*We have* redemption and forgiveness." Could language be simpler? "We have" surely expresses present possession. Peter says, after preaching a risen Christ:—"Be it *known unto you*, therefore . . . that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. And by Him all that believe *are* justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of

Moses." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) And what is the effect of preaching a present salvation and the knowledge of it—of redemption and forgiveness of sins, as a personal and present possession? Why, it has ever this effect; it fills the soul with peace and joy. Could it be otherwise? (Acts xiii. 55.) Can you tell of one who had his sins forgiven, and knew it too, from God, and yet unhappy? Impossible. David (Psalm xxxii.) describeth the blessedness of the forgiven man. Paul (Romans iv.) says:—This blessedness cometh upon us—upon *all* who believe.

"Thy sins *are* forgiven" (Luke vii. 48, Mark ii. 5, &c.). Jesus says so. God has pronounced it, and has taken to Himself the character of a pardoning God. Paul, John, Peter, and David concur in one united testimony, viz., the present, full, frank, and eternal forgiveness of all the believer's sins.

Reader, are thy sins forgiven?

REALITY.

THE great thing I would aim at is *reality*. To be before God just as I am; and to take care that my practical walk and life as He sees it be owned by Him, and be in conformity with His Word. Experience and feeling and profession are beautiful things when they are the result of reality before God in one's secret hidden walk with Him. But at all times, and especially in an hour of visitation, I should be more anxious to be real before Him than full of feelings. It is but a very little while, and the summit of the hill will be reached, and then the Lord Himself will be our fully satisfying portion.

CHRIST satisfied to the uttermost, and therefore can save sinners to the uttermost.

EXERCISES AND FAITH.

MANY anxious persons are greatly puzzled how to obtain the conscious assurance of a present and eternal justification from *all* things. They desire peace with God. They long to hear the Saviour say to them, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee, go in peace." But how? is the great question. What am I to do? What exercises of soul have to be passed through? What have I to feel, or experience, or realise? Most deeply does one feel for all the mental distress and real anguish of soul borne by many in their fruitless efforts to get peace and rest.

Now, these lines are penned in order to liberate, if possible, the struggling conscience and calm and quiet the troubled heart. "Why are you troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" Is God's testimony about Jesus and His finished work enough? or is it not enough, to give peace to the troubled? Is it exercises and faith? Exercises about myself, about my state, about God, about faith! Is it so? Assuredly not. And here it is that anxieties and exercises *practically* take the place of Christ and His finished work. Faith rests upon a divine object, and sees only a divine work having been wrought, and there only finds rest for the heart and peace for the conscience.

Where are you, troubled one? and what are the thoughts arising in your heart? Know, on the authority of God's own Word, that Christ is risen—He is alive for evermore. His work in bearing wrath, in putting away sin, is *done*; and God is satisfied in the doing of this mighty work, for He raised Christ from among the dead, and in heaven has "crowned Him with glory and honour," the expression of His infinite delight in His beloved

One who has thus wrought redemption for the sinner.

Now, anxious one, Christ meets you. He would deliver you from your doubts and fears. He would bid your anxieties be gone, and fill your soul with joy and peace. And how does He do this? By presenting Himself as the Risen One. He stands before you, understanding your troubles, and tracing the rising thoughts in your hearts, and oh how lovingly and tenderly He speaks, "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold My hands and My feet that it is I Myself: handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have. And when He had thus spoken, He showed them His hands and His feet" (Luke xxiv. 36-43). Perfect peace may be yours this moment if only you will cease looking *inwards*, and out to Him who died and rose again. It is impossible for one to have doubts and fears when gazing upon His pierced hands and feet. Why were they pierced? Why was He slain? Why, for the very thing now troubling you and causing such distress! Sin, then, has been put away. Guilt, *my* guilt, has been borne. It is even so; and the proof is here—"Christ risen, telling you to look at the blessed evidences—His hands and feet. Will you doubt any more? Will you grieve His loving, tender heart, by further questioning the value and efficacy of His finished work? Read, and read again, those intensely interesting verses in Luke: Jesus, in the midst of His terrified disciples, calming their fears by bringing to them *in person* the first blessing of His precious blood-shedding "peace unto you." He died to make it. He rises from the dead, and carries it to them. But, further, He would rest both heart and mind upon Himself—"My hands, My feet, behold them!" Ah!

if one only looks to Jesus—one sight of Him as the risen man! and neither faith, feeling, nor experience need be thought of. "And while they yet believed not for joy;" if your eye is upon Christ, joy will fill your heart, and so fill it that believing won't be thought of. And, to assure and settle their hearts in happy confidence *before Him*, He did eat *before them*. Blessed Saviour! Thou art ever like Thyself, full of tenderness and grace.

"Therefore, being justified by faith, *we have peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans v. 1).

SALVATION BY FAITH,
NOT BY WORKS.

THERE are many who own that we are saved through believing in Christ, but they wish to add their own works to His finished work. The following texts prove that believing in Him *alone* saves the soul: "But to him that worketh *not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, *his faith* is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5); "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16); "But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God it is evident, for the just shall live by faith" (Gal. iii. 11). Such persons bring forward other texts which *appear* to contradict the above passages. Now, to arrive at the truth, we must begin with this principle, that one passage of Scripture cannot possibly contradict another. It would be as true to say that God contradicts Himself. The following are favourite ones often quoted by such to oppose the doctrine of justifica-

tion by faith *alone*: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling" (Phil. ii. 12); "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith and have not works; can faith save him?" (James ii. 14); "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith alone" (James ii. 24). A simple mind will see at once there is not the slightest contradiction. The first of these texts has nothing at all to do with working for salvation, but with working it out; mark the words "*your own*," which show they were in possession of it. "For it is God which worketh in you" shows plainly that we are to work out what God works in us, "that we may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation."

This is the standard of those who belong to Christ. Christ was surely blameless and His ways harmless—"holy, harmless, undefiled." The words "fear and trembling" do not mean that they dreaded losing the Saviour of their souls, but because they felt the responsibility of being Christians (1 Cor. ii. 3); the *true* believer "shall not come unto judgment, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24). The apostle could say, "Rejoice in the Lord *always*, and again I say rejoice" (Phil. iv. 4). As regards the second of these texts, the apostle says, "What doth it profit though a man 'say' he hath faith?" an empty profession, a mere *head* belief, is worth nothing. "It is with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness" (Rom. x. 10). As regards the third text, there are *two* justifications—one by faith *alone* in the sight of God, the other by works before man. Man says, "Show me your faith by your works" (James ii. 18), but God knows if our faith is a

lively one, without proof. You *cannot* separate works from faith (James ii. 17), because if a man hath *real* faith it must and will produce works, but it is not faith and works *jointly* that justify a man in the sight of God (Gal. iii. 11), but faith *ALONE*. It is the root of the tree that keeps it alive, not root and fruit together; good works are the outcome of *saving* faith. A man, when he believes in Christ with the *heart*, *knows* he is saved, not by feelings or experience, but because God says so, hence the text, "These things have I written unto you that *believe* on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* ye have *eternal* life" (1 John v. 13). Those that do not know God say it is presumptuous to know you are saved; it is more presumptuous to doubt it when God says it (1 John v. 10). You must know you are saved in order to walk as a *son* before God; how can you behave rightly towards your father and mother if you do not own your own relationship. A naughty child is one that forgets itself, its father, or its mother. It is precisely thus with a Christian.

F. J. M.

A SAVIOUR FOR THE LOST.

I REMEMBER the story of a man who simply took the New Testament and read it. He was one from whom the Bible had been shut out for years. He began to read to his wife. "Well," he says, "if that is right, we are wrong." He read it a second time, and when he had completed it, having learned more deeply its effect upon the conscience, he exclaimed again to his wife—"If this is true, we are lost!" That is the fact; if that word is true man is a sinner, a lost sinner. His religiousness is nothing; his righteousness is filthy rags.

Then he read it again. They felt that the book must tell them something farther. When a man gets a little troubled in conscience he often goes to a preacher, not to the book. Where should you go when you learn you are a sinner? If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. So they read it the third time, reading it as lost sinners. If you know you are a lost sinner, I am quite sure you will find something to meet you as such. It is written for the lost; Christ is the Christ for the lost. He came down from heaven to save the lost. "The Son of man came to seek and save the lost;" and therefore the Word of God must be suited to the lost. After reading it the third time, he closed the book saying, "If that is true we are saved!" It is all as simple as that. You take God's word about you, His judgment of your condition, then His word about Christ, whom He judged for the lost sinner. You learn His complete satisfaction with Christ's work on the cross. You see that it does meet the case, and He says so, and you have rest. You too can say, "I am saved. I have eternal life." "And this is the testimony that God has given us (who believe) eternal life, and this life is in His Son." It is not the believing, it is the thing you believe, the person you believe on—Jesus Christ set forth as a Saviour.

"I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same."

IF we would stand, Christ must be our foundation; if we would be safe, Christ must be our sanctuary.

WHAT WE MAINLY NEED.

IN times of sickness, depression, or straitened circumstances, the frequent thought of many is that, if they could only get change of scene, or higher friendships, or ampler means, all would be well with them. In this, however, they deceive themselves; for true happiness depends not so much on things as on thoughts, even as our Blessed Lord Himself intimates when He says, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Though Solomon had everything that heart could wish, it was "all vanity" to him and "vexation of spirit." On the other hand, though the prophet was thoroughly stripped of all, "yet he rejoiced in the Lord, and joyed in the God of his salvation." What we mainly need, therefore, is not so much fuller stores as richer grace; for this would give us sweet contentedness in any sphere, and enable us, as it were, rather to keep looking at earth from heaven than looking at heaven from earth, as though present things were already past and future things already come.

Nothing comes wrong to the soul that is, through grace, at peace with God, and has a trustful loving confidence in His word and ways; for he feels assured that, whether the Lord gives or takes, smites or heals, sends cloud or sunshine, He doeth all things well.

"The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill:
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will."

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. To mention my own case: God has been depriving

me of one blessing after another, but as every one was removed, He has come in and filled up its place; and now when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago I might have been spared much anxiety.

A GREAT WONDER.

How true it is that God's mercies are older than man's boasted progress in science. We are accustomed in these latter days to glorify the magnetic telegraph, and to speak with great self-complacency of this wonder of the nineteenth century. What can be more astonishing than the fact that a message may be transmitted around the world on wire?

But the people of Palestine, in the first century, witnessed the working of something far better than any of the modern systems of telegraphing. Without the intervention of the electric machine, voltaic piles, needles, coils, registering apparatus, armature movements, posts, wires, cables, glass and rubber insulators, or any of the appliances by which operators now transmit messages, "a healing word" is sent instantaneously a distance of twenty-five miles.

No atmospheric disturbance, no accident to the wires or machinery, no want of skill on the part of the Operator, endangers the transmission.

Behold its effect.

There, in the sick chamber of a family belonging to the upper class, honoured and respected, surrounded by all the comforts of life, lies a child—perhaps the only son of doting parents. For days and nights they have watched the progress of the disease. It baffles the skill of all the physicians, and defies the efforts of kind friends and neigh-

bours. At last, with broken and bleeding hearts, they give up in despair. They have exhausted the last remedy, and still the child grows worse! Is there no hope? Can mortal skill suggest no restorative? Have we done all that can be done to save our darling?

"Yes," say the parents, "we have done all that we could, and, oh, how willingly would we give all our possessions for the restoration of our dying boy."

"No," says one, "not all. There is still hope. Physicians can't save him. Medicine can do him no good, but there is One who is greater and wiser and better than all physicians. He attended a marriage not long ago, and, while there, actually converted, for the benefit of the guests in attendance, six large vessels of water into excellent wine. That man can save your child."

The agonised father acts upon the suggestion and starts at once for Cana of Galilee. He makes no apology for his rudeness, but rushes at once into the presence of the Miracle Worker. His manner indicates to all his terrible earnestness.

"Come down to Capernaum at once, my son is dying," is the touching request.

"Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," is the ambiguous response.

The anxious nobleman needed a gentle reproof. Here he had rushed into the presence of Him who had ability to open eyes, unstop ears, still waves, and raise corpses, and yet in his heart, he limits the power of Jesus, and seems to think that nothing but His actual presence can do any good for the dying child.

He has faith enough to go to Jesus, but seems to doubt His ability to send help so far. He repeats the request.

"Sir, come down ere my child die."

The response is, "Go thy way, thy son liveth."

With the utterance of these words there goes forth a power that is felt in that distant sick chamber.

To the astonishment of the attendants a sudden, a striking, an unprecedented, an unaccountable, a miraculous change takes place. The pulses at once become regular, the skin moist, the eyes natural, the limbs strong, the voice right, and the dying child leaps up from his couch, and is just as well as any of the attendants.

Next day the father, strong in the faith that the Saviour's word is true, is delighted to hear, as he approaches the house, "Thy son liveth!"

"At what hour began he to mend?" asks the nobleman.

"Yesterday at the seventh hour, the fever left him."

Here now was a "mathematical proof" that the telegraph worked accurately.

Thus the ruler reasoned :

"Yesterday in Cana, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I besought Jesus, and here in Capernaum, twenty-five miles distant, at one o'clock precisely, the fever left him."

Is it any wonder that this man and his whole house believed? May just the same incident serve to establish our faith in the ability of Jesus, who is still the Lord of life? Yea, more, are there not similar responses to the prayers of God's people now? Can we not detect these wonderful coincidences on every page of the history of prayer?

God has placed the foot of the ladder, reaching to heaven, with angels ascending and descending, at our very feet. It is our privilege to pray. It is our duty to pray for our dying sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, and friends, and while we are yet speaking, God will hear and answer.

EXALTED TO GIVE.

WHEN the Jewish rulers, who had sworn the life of Jesus away before the tribunal of the Roman governor, heard first of His resurrection, they remonstrated with the witnesses: "Ye intend to bring this Man's blood upon us." The resurrection of Jesus had no other meaning to them than vengeance.

They reasoned: "If He whom we slew is exalted, woe unto us!" But to these very men the Apostles preached pardon. They proclaimed that Jesus is exalted for the purpose of showing mercy to His murderers. He is exalted to give, and He gives even to them. He gives to all, and upbraideth not. Now that He is exalted, and His enemies are in His power, instead of taking vengeance, He gives remission of sins.

The water is exalted into the heavens in order that it may give rain upon the earth—it is exalted to give. It is drawn up, as by a resurrection, and rises pure into the heavens, that it may be in a capacity to send refreshing to the thirsty ground. In the same way He who comes as rain on the mown grass was exalted that He might give—that He might give Himself, as the living water, to "whosoever will."

"I LOOK FOR THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD."

My earthly days move on with sorrow crown'd, [go;
With steady pace they come and
And mournful memories cluster
thickly round
Their brows, beneath the crowns
of woe.

I could not meet their faces one by one, [grace,
And greet them with a patient
Save that, with every rising of the sun,
There comes to greet me, in my
place,

A Presence dear, who walketh close
by me [hour,
Through each slow-footed, heavy

Who fills the air with His sweet
company,
And girds my heart with wondrous
power.

His eyes do look as if they knew all
grief
That ever on this earth hath been,
And yet as if they see some sure
relief
On which their hope, content, can
lean.

He leadeth onward all my saddened
days—

Above their sorrow-crowns, above
Their darkening memories, always
Shines, bright with hope, His
smile of love.

And yet though thus I daily see
Him now,

And find Him ever at my side,
I know the crown of glory decks
His brow,
And in the heavens He doth abide.

Sweet mystery! I marvel oft that He
With such an one as I should stay,
Yet greater were the depth of mys-
tery

If He could change and turn away.

His faithfulness upholds my spirit
still;

I look to Him and journey on;
The sweet light from His wondrous
Face doth fill

The places whence my loved are
gone.

And then it seems as if all pain
forsook

My heart; the shadows all are fled;
And brightly beams the hope for
which I look—

"The Resurrection of the Dead."

For, lo! the One who walks with
me was dead,

And is alive for evermore!

I know it, and am straightway com-
forted;

I sing, and worship, and adore.

Above the memories which cluster
round

My earthly days, so that I dread
To see them come, Hope, like a
crown, hath bound

"The Resurrection of the Dead."

Then, then the life of the world to
come!

The days that know no sorrow,
crown'd

With all the sweet delights of
Christ's own home,

Where loved and lost at last are
found!

M. M.

"PRAYER AND METEOROLOGY."

WE would advise our readers to take no notice of the absurd notions which are floating about on this subject. Those who profess to believe in God, and who yet tell us that He does not answer prayers on such and such subjects, only speak for themselves, and tell us plainly that they never received such answers. "Is it right to pray for rain or for fair weather?" You might as well ask, Is it right to pray at all? But has not God fixed whether it is to be rain or not? Yes; and tell us what He has not fixed? If He had not fixed and determined that such and such should be, we could not pray about it. Those who find difficulty with the eternal counsels of God, or with the so-called laws of nature and prayer, have yet to learn the very A B C of the meaning of prayer. To separate the spiritual from the physical world, so as to define the region where prayer is of avail, is neither Scriptural nor philosophical. All in the so-called spiritual domain has been exactly ordered, just as in the physical; and all in the so-called physical domain is to be prayed about as in the spiritual.

Scripture, beyond doubt, makes no such division. The true nature of prayer could never be more clearly put than we find it in Ezekiel xxxvi. 36, 37: "I, the Lord, have spoken it, and I will do it." This is surely as strong as the laws of meteorology. The voice of the Eternal, and the determination of the great I AM, to do it; and what are the next words—"Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." Just because it was fixed Israel was to pray. We would ask our advanced (!) theo-

logians to take a month or two in old Ezekiel's college.

We cannot enter into all the things we are to pray for, but shall merely give a text or two on praying about the weather. 1 Sam. xii. 17:—"I will call unto the Lord, and He shall send thunder and rain . . . So Samuel called unto the Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day." James v. 18:—"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months." In Deut. xi. 13, we find the sending of rain to depend not merely on weather laws, but also on the obedience of men. "If ye shall hearken diligently unto my commandments . . . that I will give you the rain of your land." Many more can be found, but these will be enough for those who are willing to be commanded by the Word, and any number would not convince the unwilling.

True science always coincides with the testimony of Scripture; and a short course of study in meteorology would be of great service to clear the philosophic vision of some of our modern metaphysicians. It is a well-known fact that if a rain-cloud is pretty near the earth and has not discharged its contents, and if a number of pieces of artillery be discharged the rain will begin to fall. Let us suppose that some artilleryman is standing to give command to fire, but a theorist on the laws of nature steps in and says, "No, sir, the physical causes are so fixed that your mental acts in planning to bring out and discharge this artillery are entirely out of place; don't fire; it may not have been arranged that the shower should come now!" Such is the stuff that passes current as philosophy—so our minds must not act in planning and laying out

forests of trees to cover naked heights, or fell down the trees that attract the moisture! True science always testifies for God.

Could I then pray that summer might be changed to winter, and winter be changed to summer? Certainly, if God had not said, in Gen. viii. 22, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." But how am I to explain Matt. xxi. 21? Don't explain it at all—read it, believe it, and rejoice in it. "If ye have faith and *doubt not* . . . if ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea,' it shall be done." Show me the man that will do his part ("doubt not"), and I'll guarantee that God will do His. The rain or the drought is all ordered by God, as everything is, and is brought about by what men call the laws of nature (a very unsatisfactory expression: they are not laws at all, but merely inferences deduced from a certain number of observed facts). A comet crossing the pathways of the planets sadly disturbed the conceptions of those who had thought that bodies revolving round the sun always by the laws of nature kept to planetary paths; and here Hume and other infidels are by analogy answered, for miracles are but the comets of the spiritual orrery. But prayer is just as much ordained by God as rain is: and the man that refuses to pray, or to let God's children pray, with regard to the weather, is about as absurd as the man who quite believes that a steam-engine must have a fire, and boiler, and water, and fly-wheel, but disdains to take into account such mere machinery as cylinder, and piston, and connecting-rod, and crank or beam. A similar answer is given to those who put the doctrine of election

against the action of faith : they believe in the motion of the fly-wheel, and the generation of steam in the boiler, but overlook the interposed machinery ; they believe in bread and a man's stomach, but they have no conception of the great convenience of having hands and knives and forks. We trust, by such everyday illustrations, to dispel from the minds of any of our readers any lingering leaven of unbelief as to the province of prayer "in all things." God has ordained the end, but He has also ordained the means, and He has told us that faith and prayer are parts of these means.

W. P. M.

THE THREE CROSSES.

LUKE xxiii. 27-49.

"AND when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."

Have you ever pondered over all that is unfolded in that little word *Him*? Who was He? The only-begotten of the Father, the Son of God, the brightness of His glory, the Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God. He whom they thus crucified was all this and much more beside.

Have you ever pondered over all that is unfolded in that little word "*they*?" Who were they? The religious world of that time, the heads of the nation of Israel, the chief priests and scribes—but it was *man* in his rebel hatred of God and His Christ, letting out his true character, showing there was not a spark of latent good in his heart. If, then, I look at "*Him*," I learn, 1st, what sin is. Reader, do you know what sin is? The evil deeds of men whose names darken the calendars of crime will not teach you ; the wail of the lost and damned, even if you could hear it, would not teach you ; but the sorrow of the soul of Him, the Christ, the

God-man, as He cried, when under the judgment due to sin, and forsaken of God, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" This, and this alone, tells me what sin is in its own nature, and how intolerable to a holy and righteous God it is. Reader, is it not sufficient to make you blush to think it was on your account that blessed One suffered all this terrible judgment? 2nd, I learn what God is. He it was who gave His only-begotten Son ; He it was who undertook to remove the distance which man by his sin brought in between himself and God. I learn what His love to the poor sinner is at the same place where I see that He cannot tolerate sin. It was *man* who introduced the distance, and, therefore, it was man who was bound to repair the breach thus made, but man had neither the ability nor the *will* to do so. How it magnifies the riches of His grace to know that on the side and part of the blessed God was the thought of removing the distance, as well as the providing, at the cost of His own Son, the only way by which it could be effected.

But there are two other Crosses. Let us look a little at each.

In one I see a blessed and wonderful illustration of what God meant by the Cross of Christ. He means a *salvation*, i.e., pardon and forgiveness, and a place in Paradise with Christ, for the very vilest sinner that believes in His blessed Son. Observe the change which has taken place in this man :—

1st, He has the fear of God in his heart ; he rebuked the insolent mocking of his companion with these words, "Dost thou not fear God?" This is what man has not in him by nature. "There is *no* fear of God before their eyes."

2nd, He justifies Christ in words which tell out the simple

story of His life, "This man hath done nothing amiss," at the same time that he fully condemns himself, for he says, "We indeed justly (are condemned), for we receive the due reward of our deeds."

3rd, His simple confidence was in the person of the Lord Jesus ; his request was to be remembered when Christ came into His kingdom ; he asks for no present relief in His suffering ; he urges no plea ; he seeks not to make good a claim ; his simple utterance is perfectly magnificent, "Lord, remember me." And, reader, mark well the answer, "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." This is what God's salvation is and means—a full deliverance, and a place with the Saviour, all on the ground of the blessed redemption accomplished by the death of the Son of God.

But there is another lesson which may be learnt at the cross of the other thief—how near a man may be to Christ and perish. Here was one that witnessed all that we have had before us, one who, being beside the Son of God, who was in that sense outwardly, at least, near to Christ, and yet he perishes. He spends the last moments of a life of shame and infamy in railing on the Saviour, and the tongue which soon would be silent in death is raised to revile and mock. Are there not many who pass away from the busy scenes of life, like him? Some who have been in their day as outwardly near to Christ, surrounded with privileges, making a profession of Christianity, religious it may be, and respectable, who have never known Christ, and who died as they lived, and are now lost for ever ; over whose tombstone the truthful inscription would be :—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and they are not saved."

THE PURPOSE OF GOD.

(Continued.)

IN order to bring some unity into the many truths which are revealed to us in connection with this one central truth, I would ask you, dear friends, to fix your thoughts on the one idea of Sonship—the Sonship of Christ. He is the Christ, and, as the Christ, the purpose of God was in Him. But He never could be made the Christ unless He was the only-begotten Son of God. He could not be the Prophet revealing unto us the Father, unless He was the Son from all eternity who was in the bosom of the Father. He could not be the Priest who, after having offered an all-sufficient atonement, presents us unto God, unless He was the only-begotten of the Father; so that His death has an eternal and infinite value. Nor could He be the King unless God had said to Him from all eternity, “Thou art My Son.” Therefore in the Sonship I think we have the central and fundamental idea with regard to this great subject.

He is the only-begotten Son. Scripture commands us, when we think of Jesus, the Son of God, to look away from time, from space, from all creation, from the highest angel down to the lowest blade of grass, before any world was—before the angels sang the praise of God. We are to think of God, the “I AM”—the ever-blessed, self-existent One. But Scripture reveals to us, in this God, life and love. Some one once said to me, “Oh, it is very difficult to believe in the Triune God.” My answer to him was, “If you had ever been a Jew or a Unitarian, and had tried to believe in God without knowing that He is Triune, you would then know that it is a difficult thing to believe in God.” God is love, God is light, God is blessedness in Himself. This mystery is

revealed to us because Scripture teaches us that God is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Therefore is Jesus called the only-begotten of the Father, who was in the bosom of the Father, who was equal with the Father before the foundations of the world were laid. But some one asks me, “Now, is not this all very deep theology? What use is that to me?” My dear friend, I would not part with this for all the treasures of the world. Jesus wishes you to know the love wherewith the Father loved Him from all eternity, and for this simple reason—because it is this very love which He now bestows upon you. If we do not know the infinite love of the Father to the Son, we should never know God’s infinite love; for His love to the creature is limited and modified by the attitude of the creature. It must of necessity be changeable unless it be rooted and founded in a love that has an object perfectly adequate, and which, therefore, is inexhaustible, infinite, and unchangeable. Wherefore this remains the grand and ultimate consolation of the Christian—the Father loveth the Son, the only-begotten of the Father. But there is another birth in eternity. Scripture commands us now to look at creation. Scripture tells us to think of all things. The Bible is very fond of this comprehensive expression, “heaven and earth,” “all things visible and invisible.” Think, then, of “all”—seraphim, cherubim, thrones, principalities—all the thousands and tens of thousands of angelic messengers—mankind—the irrational creation—the mountains, the fields, the sea—everything—everything that is. Form a conception of this, and then see Christ before all—Christ above all. Nay, more than that. All was presented unto the Father in His only-begotten Son, who thereby became the

First-born of every creature—the beginning of the creation of God, Himself uncreated. “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and God was the Word.” But the Son of God represented to the Father the idea of the whole universe, and thus He was, so to speak, the mother—the beginning—of the creation of God. “All things were made by Him;” and lest there should be any evasion or any escape, the Apostle John, with that precision which is peculiar to him, adds, “And there was not anything that was made apart from Him.” There, then, is the whole cosmos in the eternal mind of God—the Word, the First-born of every creature—the beginning of the creation of God. “All things were *created* by Him.” But that is not enough. All things were created *in* Him. That is implied by the expression, “The beginning of the creation of God, the First-born of every creature.” If there is any strength, if there is any beauty, if there is any order, if there is any thought, if there is any expression—whatever there is in the creation that is real and is good—it was in the Word, and in this Word all things have been created; so that the relation of the whole universe to Jesus is, if I may speak so, a filial relation. And if all things were made in Christ, oh! how do we at once see why all things are parabolic of Christ. The firmness of the rock declares Him; the beauty of the plant declares Him; the strength of the lion declares Him; the meekness of the lamb declares Him; the innocence of childhood and the wisdom of man declare Him. All things were made in Him; and seeing that there is organic and essential connection between the Word and the “all things,” all things consist in Him. They could not exist for

a single day or a single moment if it were not for the Word that beareth all things. And oh! could it be otherwise? Do you not see at once the eternal reason of things? If He is the First-born of every creature, if by Him and in Him all things were made, who else but He is the rightful heir? "Whom God hath appointed heir of all things." There is none else who deserves to be the heir, or who has the power to be the heir. God saw all things in Christ, and appointed Him to be heir of all things.

But we must go yet a step further; and, as I take this step, I feel great hesitation and great difficulty, lest I should speak differently, either in matter or in manner, from that all-perfect Word which God has given to us. There is the dark shadow of sin—of the apostasy of Satan, of the fall of man, and of the ruin of mankind by sin; but

No purpose of wisdom was altered thereby;
It was all for the setting of Jesus on high."

The Lamb slain was in the mind of God before the foundations of the world were laid. Before the history of the first three chapters of Genesis took place the last three chapters of the Apocalypse were already in the mind of God. Redemption is no after-thought of God. The purpose of God was His self-manifestation in Christ Jesus, the Lamb that was slain upon Golgotha. Oh, blessed anachronism, that before we read of sin and the fall we are to think already of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; and that, before we read of the first creation, which sin defiled, and which became corruptible, we are to think already of the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." For this was the pur-

pose of God, that in Christ Jesus, God and man, righteousness should be given to the creature—a Divine righteousness; life—a Divine life; glory—a Divine glory. And before God created the heavens and the earth, which shall pass away, He had in His mind "the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," and a creation which, through faith in the blood of Jesus, should stand fast for evermore in the Man Christ Jesus, the Mediator, to the glory of the Father.

And thus we find that for four thousand years these purposes of God were slowly and gradually unfolded, and that the revelation of Jesus Christ was prepared. Of these four thousand years I shall not speak now; but I only wish to make this one remark—How wonderful it is to think of God! It is a thought so sublime that, without the Spirit of God, even the wisest of men cannot attain to it. How wonderful it is to think of God who, in His own eternity and in His love to His Only-begotten, purposed in Himself those wonderful manifestations which shall be fulfilled when the Lord Jesus comes again. But it seems to me still more wonderful that, after God had purposed all things in Himself, He so orders things that the liberty and responsibility of man are in nowise affected, and that He Himself out of His eternity enters into our time—lives with us from day to day. His invitations, His warnings, His rebukes, His expressions of sorrow—oh, how deep, how sincere, how true they are. And, again, the conflict of faith, the earnest cry of anguish, the voice of thanksgiving and praise in His own children—how real and how true they are! Oh, we are not frozen in, in some ice-block of fatalism, when we believe in the purpose of

God! I hear the sigh of Jesus through the whole Old Testament, when He says, "Oh, if My people had only trusted in Me!" I see the tears of Jesus in the whole Old Testament, when Jehovah says, "How shall I give thee up, O Ephraim?" or when He said before, "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of My people in Egypt." Wonderful God!—no more wonderful in eternity than He is in time. And look at the dejection of our blessed Lord Jesus. How free were the Jews, alas! There was the liberty of man against God. How free were the Jews when they rejected Him; and how free were Pilate and Herod, though they acted according to "the determinate counsel of God?"

(To be continued.)

GUIDANCE.

ARE there difficulties in my way,—or am I poor or weak or oppressed, needing a powerful friend to undertake for me and be a very present helper in my time of need?

Being in straits, I cry,
Lord, make a way,
Open a door for me,
Help me, I pray;
Gold Thou hast endless store,
Strength all I want, and more.
All hearts are in Thy hand,
Nothing can Thee withstand;
Lord, look and give command,
Lord, make a way.
Being in doubt, I say,
Lord, make it plain,
Which is the safe, true way,
Which would be vain.
I am not wise to know,
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so clear to Thee,
Lord, make it plain.

How benevolent and liberal ought every Christian to be! He who has Christ can afford to part with a portion of his substance, he can afford to part with everything except Christ and his own soul.

STUDYING IN SPOTS.

THE number of those who *study* the Bible is comparatively few; and many of those who have reputation as Bible students, are simply familiar with some point or phase of Scriptural statement. There are persons who can quote you every passage in the Scriptures which speaks of being baptized in water, but if you ask them to repeat those passages which speak of the presence of the

Holy Ghost, they know very few of them. There are those who can quote to you passages which speak of the condition of the dead, but if you were to ask them to refer to the Scriptures which point out the duties of the living, they would be much less ready in the work. So some will discuss by the hour the question of damnation, and refer to every Scripture which seems to bear upon the subject; while if they be desired to invite a sinner to the

way of life and peace, and show him the path of salvation, they have little or nothing to say.

Some persons' Bibles open always at the Psalms, and others will open at the prophecy of Daniel, or some other portion of the inspired book. When the farmer's boy finds that his grindstone always stops with the crank in one position, he concludes that the stone is not hung evenly on its axis; and when any man in studying the Scriptures, or in speaking concerning them, constantly recurs to a single topic, the probabilities are that his Scriptural studies have not been properly balanced. It is not likely that he has studied too much upon the passages to which he refers, but he has studied too little on other passages.

In reading the Scriptures we do well to read them by course from beginning to end, taking every chapter, and verse, and word, and weighing them as we go. Every such exploration will be to us like walking in the midst of a goodly orchard, each bough of which is richly laden with ripe and precious fruit; it will be like exploring some ancient mine where gems and jewels flash amid the darkness; and as we go down into the depths of hidden wisdom and knowledge, we seem to hear a voice continually encouraging us, saying, "Dig deeper, and thou shalt find more."

But it is not enough that we study the Scriptures in their course. We need to trace them in their connection, and see how the law, and the prophets, and the Psalms, combine with each other, and how the New Testament, based upon all the rest, receives their authentication, and sets its seal upon them all. And in tracing this book from the beginning, where man was created, to the end where

HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOUR!

Moderato. *p* *mf*

"Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came

f *ff*

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
"Full atonement," can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

"Lifted up" was He to die,
"It is finished" was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Behold, all vanity and vexation of spirit: no profit under the sun.

I am thy exceeding great reward.

he shall be restored; from the beginning where the world was made, to the end where it shall be renewed; from the beginning where sin entered and Satan deceived; and death brought sorrow, and curse brought desolation, to the end where sin shall terminate, and Satan be cast out, death be swallowed up, and the curse be removed for ever from the world that God has made; we shall find constant accessions of light flashing upon our path, as we walk through this weary pilgrimage of toil and tears, till our feet shall stand within the gates of the city of our God.

We have studied the Scriptures entirely too much in spots. There is much more land for us to possess. Let us go up and inherit it. Let us walk through the land in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, for God giveth it to His people as their portion. His word is better than thousands of silver and gold, and yet how careless we are of its value, how ignorant of its vast extent. Search the Scriptures, and in searching as for hidden treasures, we shall find them to be the joy and rejoicing of our hearts.

THE GIRL AND THE SCEPTIC.

THERE was once a very clever and learned gentleman, but an infidel—who was travelling

among the mountains and valleys of Wales. He came to a road-side cottage in a lonely, lovely spot, and as he was very tired and thirsty, stopped to ask for a drink of water. It was a little girl he spoke to, sitting at the cottage door with a book on her knee. She instantly rose and said, "Will you not have a cup of milk, sir? for you are hot, and the cold water would hurt you."

He was very much pleased with her kindness, and thought he would like a little chat with her. So when she came out with the milk, he said, "I see you are getting your lesson there, my dear." "No, sir," she answered, "I am only reading." "Why, what book?" "The Bible, sir." "What," said he, half smiling to himself as he gave back the cup, "do you like that book, then?" For a moment the little maiden did not answer for surprise, then lifting her bright eyes to his face, she said, "Why, sir, I thought that everybody loved the Bible."

And the gentleman bade the child good-bye, and slowly rode along. No one knew what he was thinking of then; but years after, when he had become a true and humble Christian, he used to tell of that little Welsh girl, and say, "And I, too, now that I understand what the Bible is, am almost as ready to wonder at my question as she was; for every one who really knows it must surely love it too."

HOW WE ARE TO SERVE GOD.

1. "SERVE the Lord with all thine heart" (Deut. x. 12).
2. "Serve Him without fear" (Luke i. 74).
3. "Serve the Lord with gladness" (Ps. c. 2).
4. "Serve with a willing mind" (1 Chron. xxviii. 9).
5. "Serve with pure conscience" (2 Tim. i. 3).
6. "Serve God acceptably with reverence" (Heb. xii. 28).
7. "Serving the Lord with all humility" (Acts xx. 19).

"The British Evangelist."—We are happy to find that many are doing what they can to circulate the *Evangelist*. But we would still impress upon those who have as yet done nothing—neither having ordered it for themselves nor for others—that they might have their own souls freshened and established by its gospel truth, and might be the means of saving many souls by giving it to the unsaved, or getting them to take it for themselves.

We who know the preciousness of Christ for ourselves, should surely put ourselves to some trouble to get others to know Him and be saved. What do we live for if not to "bring forth much fruit" in the conversion of souls, that the "Father may be glorified," and Christ may have some credit of us as His "disciples"?

TORONTO.—E. D.—Letter with enclosures received, with many thanks.

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EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

OCTOBER 1879.

[No. 148.]

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FINDING HER TITLE-DEED.

SHE was pointed out to me by a friend in the inquiry-room of the Tabernacle, with the request that I would talk with her. Her friend informed me that she was a lady of considerable fortune, and the owner of a beautiful house in a distant city, whence she had come to attend the meetings, with the hope of getting good to her soul.

Approaching her a few moments afterward, I inquired of her in regard to her spiritual condition.

"I have been for several years trying my best to be a Christian," she said, "and I am no nearer to it now than when I began."

"That is strange," said I, "when the promise of immediate salvation is so plain for all who will accept it. What have you been doing all these years in order to be a Christian?"

NEW SERIES, VOL. V., No. 10.

"I have been doing everything I could do. I have prayed, and striven to do right, and to break off every known sin, and to obey every known requirement of God's Word."

"And yet you are not at peace with God?" I asked.

"Far from it. On the contrary, I have had constant doubt and darkness and misery of mind, so that I have been tempted again and again to give up all further effort."

"Have you ever accepted Christ as your personal Saviour, and entrusted the whole matter of your salvation to Him?"

"I have tried to, but I haven't been able to get any evidence that He has accepted me."

"What evidence do you expect to have?" I asked.

"Why, I think I should feel entirely different if I were a Christian. I should be happy and peaceful in my heart. I should have that joy and delight in Christ which so many tell about. Instead of this I am unhappy, and only growing more so the more I try to be a Christian."

I saw at once that she was making the common mistake of searching the testimony of feeling for evidence of her conversion, instead of taking the testimony of the Word; and so I sought to clear away her difficulty by a simple illustration.

It had happened that a day or two previous I had heard two

gentlemen talking about a house, which one of them, having come into possession of by the foreclosure of a mortgage, was trying to sell to the other.

"I doubt if you really own the house," said the one who was asked to buy. The other replied, very confidently: "I was in doubt of it myself till yesterday; but I spent the whole day in looking up the record, and now I am as sure of my title as I am of my own existence."

Recalling this simple instance, I used it to make plain the assurance of faith to my inquirer.

"Do you own the house in which you live?" I asked abruptly.

"I do, sir."

"How do you know that you own it?"

"Because my husband bought it and paid for it, and before his death gave me a deed of it," was her reply.

"If any one should dispute your ownership of the house, you would appeal to this deed for the proof of it, would you not?"

"Certainly," she answered.

"But what if you were to say something like this: 'I know I own this house, because I feel happy and contented every time I walk through its rooms. I have a homelike feeling in it which I have nowhere else. And so I am sure it is mine, because I feel that it is.' Do you think that this would be a suffi-

cient ground on which to fix your claim in law?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"But you do have a homelike, contented feeling in that house, which you do not enjoy anywhere else, I suppose? You have a sense of ownership and rightful possession which you could not have in any other house?"

"Of course I have."

"And what gives you the feeling of ownership and contentment?"

"The knowledge that I own the house, I suppose."

"And this knowledge rests on the written word of your husband, contained in the title-deed, does it not?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now let us look at the matter of salvation. Christ Jesus came into the world to give us eternal life. Our sins had merited for us eternal death. But He atoned for those sins by His death. 'Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross' (Col. ii. 14). And not only did He blot out the 'handwriting that was against us,' and so cancel our sins, but He caused a *handwriting which was for us* to be executed, called the 'New Testament.' That Testament contains our title-deed to the forgiveness which He has purchased for us, and the eternal life which He has freely given to us. The way to be assured that we have forgiveness and eternal life after we have believed is to consult our title-deed, which is the New Testament, the Word of God."

I then rehearsed to the lady the incident given above in regard to the sale of the house. I asked her whether the strong confidence of ownership which the man avowed after consulting the title-deed was not reason-

able; whether she had not the same confidence "in regard to her own property resting on the same evidence, to which she of course assented. I then added, "You say that you have tried to receive Christ as your Saviour, and that you are willing to accept Him now?"

"With all my heart," she answered, with great emphasis.

"And if I can show you your title-deed to eternal life, conditioned simply on such acceptance, and written by God's own hand, ought it not to satisfy you?"

"I suppose so," she replied.

Then taking my Bible and turning to 1 John iv. 11, 12, I slowly read that title-deed to her:—

AND THIS IS THE RECORD,—

That God hath given unto us eternal life, and

That life is in His Son.

He that hath the Son hath life.

He that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

"Will you tell what this record is written for, as indicated in the verse following?" I asked. She read: "*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.*"

"Do you believe on the Son of God?"

"I do."

"Do you not accept Christ with all your heart as Saviour and Lord?"

"I do."

"What does the record say about you then?"

"He that hath the Son hath life."

"Don't you know that you have eternal life then?" She hesitated. "You believe the witness of men, as found in the title-deed of your house, you say; which is the surer, that, or God's Word?"

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater," she replied, reading

the ninth verse, as I pointed it out.

"But what if we do not believe God's record?" "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, *because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son.*"

With these questions and explanations I left my inquirer, having gained her promise that she would carefully read and ponder her title-deed.

I saw her soon after, and found that the same change had taken place in her which came to the gentleman who had spent the day looking up his real estate record. Doubt had given place to assurance. Knowledge had been gained from the written Word, and on that knowledge peace was now springing up. Being justified by faith, peace had come, and peace was fast growing into joy; so that ere long this much-troubled seeker was as firm as a rock in her confidence of her acceptance. It is a history often repeated: A simple soul searching day after day the confused record of its own feelings, and striving painfully to get comfort from the stammering testimony of its own consciousness, and only finding out at last the truth of the Psalmist's words: "*The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.*"

Would that it did not take us so long to learn this lesson—that we must first accept God's Word before we can expect the inward witness—that we must know *in order* to feel happy, instead of expecting to know *because* we feel happy. And the title-deed has been executed in order that we may know: "These things I have written unto you that believe, that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

A. J. G.

Be not conformed to the world, be more and more conformed to the mind of God.

"NO ONE CAN BE CERTAIN OF THAT."

A few months ago, while travelling in a railway carriage in the south of Scotland, I began to distribute some gospel books amongst my fellow-passengers.

A tall, stout man, sitting opposite me, while reading the one I had given him, shouted aloud—

"And he was quite right."

I asked what he meant. Holding the book in his hand, he replied:

"The man spoken of here, when asked if his sins were forgiven, replied that no one could be certain of that, and I believe he was right."

I remarked that that was only his *opinion*, and he might be wrong.

"Oh, but," said he, "no man living knows that he is saved, and I don't care how good he is, he cannot be certain of it on this side of the grave."

"Surely you don't believe God's Word?"

"Oh yes, I believe every verse of it, from Genesis to Revelation."

Opening my Bible I read: "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).

"You say, 'No one can know,' and God says, '*Ye may know*,' whether should I believe you or God?"

Immediately he burst out saying, "I don't care what you say, we can never be certain about it till we die, we must just do what we can, and *hope for the best*."

"Friend," I replied, "I am sorry that you don't believe what God has said."

"But I do believe the Bible."

"Does K-N-O-W read H-O-P-E in your version?"

To this he made no remark, excepting that no one could

know, and that it was "great presumption" in any one "going the length" of saying he was saved.

I replied that if what he said was correct, he would require to get a pair of scissors and cut out the following Scriptures:

"I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you* for His Name's sake" (1 John ii. 12). The apostle John states that the sins of those to whom he was writing were forgiven. If the apostle knew this, they surely knew it themselves.

"*We know* that we have passed from death unto life" (1 John iii. 14). John does not say, "I who have attained to such holiness know," but "*We know*." *They* knew it. They did not *hope* that this great change would take place. *They knew it had taken place*.

"We are *always confident*" (2 Cor. v. 6). Paul did not say, "It is great presumption in any one to be confident," nor did he say, "I who am so nearly perfect am confident," but, "*We are always confident*."

My friend listened to the Scriptures and my remarks on them, but declared that he would still hold to his opinion that "No one could be certain."

Reader, have you hitherto imagined that no one could be sure of his sins being forgiven while here on earth? If so, lay aside your "thoughts" and "opinions" and believe God's Word.

Men say, "No one can be certain."

God's Word says, "*Ye may know*."

Men say, "It is great presumption to go that length."

God's Word says, "These things have I written *that ye may know*."

Men say, "We can only hope."

God's Word says, "We know."

Men say, "You can never be confident."

God's Word says, "We are always confident."

Reader, whether will you believe God or man? "Tell me how I can be sure of it," I hear one ask. You can only know it through believing what God has said in His Word. You cannot *feel* saved; you cannot *feel* your sins forgiven, but thank God you can *know* it, and *know it now*, as you read these lines. You and I deserved to die eternally on account of our sins, but Christ died for us. The punishment that we merited He took. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities;" and now Jehovah declares, "By Him *all that believe* are justified" (Acts xiii. 39). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36). Don't wait for any "experience" or "feeling," but rest your soul on the bare Word of God, and you will *know* (not, "feel") that you are saved and your sins forgiven. A. M.

FAITH OR FEELING.

"If I could only *feel* it," said a young officer to me, when I pressed on him that enough had been done by Christ on the cross, to save his soul.

"But," I said, "you are not called to *feel* it, but to *believe* it. You are to be *saved* by faith, not by *feeling*. I *believed* in Christ for about a fortnight before I knew that I was *saved*: I might have known it *at once*, only I was waiting to *feel* saved. At last I said, Well, if I don't *feel* saved, until I find myself in heaven, still I'll rest solely on the *Word of God*. God hath said in that Word, 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life.' I *know* that now I do believe on Christ; I *used* to trust in my *prayers*, or *something* that I could do *myself*; but I don't trust in *any one now* except Christ, and His work on the cross, for my salvation;

therefore I have everlasting life. God's Word says it. Then Satan whispered, 'Do you *feel* you have everlasting life?' I could not say I felt it. 'Then you cannot have it,' whispered that arch-liar! I remembered '*It is written*,' 'He that *believeth* on the Son *hath* everlasting life.' I *knew* that I really *believed* on Christ; therefore I had everlasting life, whether I *felt* it or not. God said it is so, and I surely must be right in *believing Him*, despite every feeling. Thus I found I was safe, not because I *felt* it, but because of God's Word, which is unchangeable. I did not (as it so happened) feel joy or peace until *long afterwards*."

"I declare I believe you are right," said the young man, who had been listening with the greatest attention; "I have all along been thinking that I had to bring good *feelings* to God before I could be saved."

Reader, Satan has been misleading souls for nearly six thousand years. He is an experienced foe, and not to be overcome except by "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." Take care that he is not misleading *you*—tempting you to "*trust in feelings* instead of in *Christ*," or "*to wait to feel saved*," when you should "*believe and be saved*." Feelings are changeable things at the best—like the quicksilver in the barometer, sometimes *up*, sometimes *down*. Mark how the officer was kept from salvation by waiting for "*feelings*;" Satan tempting him to bring feelings to God, instead of simply relying on the blood of Jesus, in the condition in which he then was.

What are you doing, dear reader? Are you one who *believes* in Jesus, yet cannot *feel* saved? If you are really trusting in Jesus, there is ground for your enjoying *perfect peace of mind* at all times, since God hath

"raised Him from the dead; that your *faith* and *hope* might be in God," and that, "being justified by faith" (not by feelings), you should have peace with God." Let me ask you, then, when "the offering of the body of Jesus Christ" has been given and accepted by God, as an all-sufficient sacrifice for sins, is it not just of Him to justify you, if you are a believer in Jesus; and does He not also delight in doing so? You say, "I am sure He does, because I know He *Himself* has given the blood to make an atonement for the soul, and 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin'—but I don't *feel* that I am justified; therefore, sometimes I think I cannot be." But God says, "All who believe *are* justified from all things." And it is a suggestion of Satan, that because you do not *feel* justified upon believing, therefore you cannot be justified.

Dear friend, Satan deceived me for a long time in this way; so I thank God for allowing me to expose his snares to others. I have rested now for upwards of four years *simply on the blood of Christ* as the atonement for my sins, and I rest on the *Word of God*, and not on *my feelings*, as the ground of my security. Where is there firmer ground? Is it to be found in the state of my feelings? No—the more Satan would tempt me to look to my feelings as the ground of my security—the more I see him the subtle *peace-disturber* of my soul. If you rest on *Jesus* as your Saviour, and on His blood as having made a *complete atonement* for all your sins, you are warranted in *knowing* that you *are*, through *faith*, justified by Him from all things, whether you *feel* it or not—*just because* God hath said it is so. Hear His Word, then, and enter into peace with God; for "by Him all who believe are justified from all things." T.

THIS IS REST, LORD JESUS.

"And Jesus said unto them, Come ye yourselves *apart* into a desert place, and *rest awhile*."—MARK VI. 31.

THIS, *this* is rest, Lord Jesus,
Alone with Thee to be;
The desert is a gladsome place
With Thy blest company.
Oh! sweet to hear Thy tender voice
Bidding me "*come apart*;"
Such rest for throbbing, aching mind,
Quiet for weary heart.

Yes, this is rest, Lord Jesus,
Alone with Thee to be;
And when I sigh for "*fellowship*,"
To find it all in Thee.
Thy saints on earth, how dear they are;
Their love how passing sweet;
Yet would I leave them all to sit
Alone at Thy pierced feet.

Such precious rest, Lord Jesus,
Alone with Thee to be;
Thy secret words of love to hear,
Thy look of love to see.
To feel my hand tight clasped in
Thine,
To know Thee always near,
A happy child *Alone with Thee*,
My heart can nothing fear.

THIS, *this* is rest, Lord Jesus,
Alone with Thee to be;
The desert is a happy spot
With Thy blest company.
Amid the throng I might forget
That I am all Thy own;
I bless Thee for the "*desert place*,"
With Thee, my Lord, *alone*.

"CHILDREN OF WRATH" MADE "CHILDREN OF GOD."

SIN is a virulent poison, which has permeated the very being of us all. But, blessed be God, He has provided for us a sure remedy, and offered it to us all freely—"without money and without price," namely, "the blood of Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7-10); and He is able and willing to make us holy in heart and life. Who-soever will may have this certain cure.

By the Holy Scriptures, every man may see *what he is*, *what he is not*, and *what he ought to be*. Let us, therefore, meditate upon them, consult them as our rule, and make them evermore our pattern.

A SAVIOUR OR A JUDGE.

CHRIST is risen out of the dead. There is a glorified man in heaven. Once He hung upon the cross for sins. Drop, then, dear reader, your deadly doings at His pierced feet, and gaze, oh! gaze upon that work—the Son of God answering for sin, and for the nature, too, in which it was committed—answering for it in agonies and blood—answering for it during the silence, loneliness, and darkness of the three hours' anguish and abandonment by God. "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" was His cry; and why such a cry from the spotless Lamb of God? Absolutely pure in Himself, yet on the cross our iniquities were made to meet on Him. He stood in the sinner's place, bore his doom, gave a Divine answer to God for His righteous judgment upon sin and man's moral state, thus removing every barrier to peace. So priceless the blood, so perfectly finished the atoning work, that the God of glory and resurrection on the third morning *did* triumphantly raise up His Son and seat Him in victorious power at His own right hand in heaven.

The empty tomb and a risen and glorified Christ is God's answer to the finished work of His beloved Son. Christ carried with Him to His grave the sins and sin He answered for upon the cross; and *His tomb has now become the eternal resting-place of every believer's sins*. God has a memory in which is treasured up the doings of the universe; all is remembered but the sins of the believer; for He says: "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Blessed truth! Jesus risen, exalted, and glorified, and my sins left in His grave. Risen from the dead! Glorious news indeed. Healer, that Jesus before whom angels bow, and saints adore,

was *once* smitten to death for thee. What is He doing in the glory? He is offering to thee a *present, full, and perfect salvation*. He is no mean giver; He died to procure it; He delights to give it. Accept, then, of the gift of eternal life and present forgiveness of sins. The gift is only to Him "who worketh not, but believeth on Him who justifieth the ungodly."

Dear reader, the voice of God from heaven is sounding to thee. What joy! It is the voice of God! Oh! listen to the blessed words: "Deliver him from going down to the pit; *I have found a ransom*." If unsaved, thou art going with railway speed *down, down, down* to the pit. Pause, I beseech thee. Listen to the Son of God, while He pours out from His very soul these wondrous words: "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). If rejected as a Saviour He must be met as a Judge. "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and *every eye shall see Him*, and they also which pierced Him; and *all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him*. Even so, Amen" (Rev. i. 7).

"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST."

THE precious blood of Christ has satisfied all God's claims upon sinners believing on Jesus. The wages of sin is "death," and after that "the judgment." Now, the blood-shedding of Christ on Calvary is surely owning the truth that "death and judgment" *had* to be met ere sinners—ere you, dear reader—could be brought to God, and have peace in His presence. Without the shedding of blood there is NO REMIS-

SION OF SIN; but the blood of Christ *has* been shed, and accepted by God, and so there is remission of sin.

"Christ died for the ungodly." His precious blood cleanseth us from all sin. Well, therefore, may it be called "precious." It hath cleansed the vilest—the most polluted—and why not you? It has given peace to thousands of troubled consciences, and why not yours? God rests in it as an infinite satisfaction for all you have *done*, and all you *are*, if you will only prove its value by confiding in it. He **HATH** made peace through the blood of His cross. Observe, it has been made. It is an accomplished fact. Peace has been made for the sinner, not through the holy living of the Blessed One; neither by the tears, exercises, nor efforts of the sinner. Christ has made peace *through* His blood. Then, blessed to know that I have not "to make my peace with God." Yes; Christ has made it through His own blood. Now this takes one completely out of self, and away from self, to *another*, and *His doings*!

Many are looking *within*, and, instead of finding peace, find sin and disappointment. Others are looking to their *doings, tears, prayers, feelings*. But, sooner or later, all must find that God's word and work are alone sufficient for the sinner; and what is the testimony of God's Word to the value of the blood of Jesus Christ? Listen! "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin" (1 John i. 7).

That precious blood has satisfied God, and surely, if the righteousness and glory of God is displayed in it, it may now satisfy you!

Jesus will die no more, for He has been raised from among the dead, and is alive for evermore. He sits upon His Father's

throne, and to Him, thus exalted and glorified, all, all may come; there is no hindrance. Sin need not keep you away, for His blood cleanseth from all sin. Your badness ought rather to send you to Him. Go to Him in faith. He won't cast you out. He died for sinners—for *just such sinners as you*. And were He to spurn you away, or refuse to take you in, yours would be the first refusal, besides being a practical denial of the work He came to do. He came to *save*. Whom, then, does the risen Saviour save? Not the good, righteous, or moral, for there are none. God loved the world. Jesus died for sinners. Why not for you?

"FOLLOW ME"

JOHN xxi.

IN John we see the confidence and simplicity of love. Though he makes little noise, he always follows Jesus. He incessantly expects Him, and thus he recognises Him even before Peter, the most zealous of disciples. It is only his intimate acquaintance with Jesus which gives him this advantage. Love is calm, and finds its enjoyment in its object. John passes through few painful experiences like those of Peter. The perfect love of Jesus banishes all fear from His disciple; it slays also the activity of the flesh, and keeps his heart engaged with its object.

John is neither jealous of Peter, nor restless about his brother, who is on his way to death. Peter, on the contrary, disquiets himself about John, who in the meantime is occupied about Jesus, and remains perfectly calm and at rest even while following his Master, whom he is accustomed to follow, and gaze upon, and listen to; Jesus needs not to say to John, "Follow Me."

THE HEART OF MAN.

DID you ever in the light of Scripture consider what the heart of man is? You will tell me it is a wicked thing. Ay, that it is; but it is not only capable of wickedness; it is incurable, desperate. Conceive a man taking stones in his hands to batter and beat a face shining like an angel's! Could you conceive it? Look at the priests in the temple in the presence of the rent vail; they plotted a lie. Look at the soldiers in the presence of a rent tomb; they consented to a lie. The riven waters of the Red Sea did not cure Pharaoh's heart; the shining countenance of the martyr Stephen did not cure the heart of the multitude; a rent vail did not cure the priestly heart, and a rent tomb did not cure the populace's heart. Is this a picture of the heart you carry? You may have different habits, but the flesh is the same in all, not only evil, but incurable. Tell me what will you do with a heart that has been proof against those things?

UNITY AND VARIETY.

WE are accustomed, and that most justly, to consider the Bible as one book; but we ought to remember that it is also a collection of books (pamphlets or tracts, we might call them), not less than sixty-six in number, written originally in at least three separate languages, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek (the most famous and extensively spoken of all antiquity), and composed during a period of 1600 years between the time of Moses and that of the Apostle John. Written, too, by legislators, patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings, statesmen, physicians, shepherds, tax-gatherers, tentmakers, fishermen; in short, by men of every class of the community, in every stage of human progress and experience,

both in poetry and in prose; on the most exalted and interesting subjects, such as the earliest origin and history of the human race, the providential government of God, the gradual development and exhibition of human progress and declension, and of God's ways and dealings with men, and the consummation of Divine wisdom, purity, love, and life in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

It embraces, in short, the history and fate of nations and individuals; an extensive and luminous code of laws, civil, sacred, and ceremonial; an unrivalled collection of psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; of prophecies, biographies, and epistolary correspondence; of philosophical disquisitions, nuptial songs, and mournful elegies; yet all agreeing, in the most wonderful manner, to present essentially the same sublime views of God as to His nature, character, works, and words; of man, as to his origin, fall, depravity, hopes, and final destiny; his duties, responsibilities, and privileges as a creature; in all his relations of life as a superior, an inferior, or an equal.

In a word, it gives all that we are to believe concerning God, and all the duty God requires of man; yet, at the same time, in the most simple, artless, pleasing, truthful, and practical way possible. Consider all this, I say, and remember that it is but the barest outline of this most wonderful volume. And will you not join in saying that the Bible is its own best witness; that the intelligent mind which planned its formation and employed its penmen was as truly Divine as that which set the sun in the heavens, keeps the planets in their spheres, and gives us this rational soul, those moral and mental powers, and ~~its~~ human form, "so fearfully and wonderfully made"?—R. YOUNG.

THE SACRIFICE, THE PRIEST,
AND THE SAVIOUR.

ADDRESS BY DR. MACKAY.

WE see these three—Sacrifice, Priest, and Saviour—connected in that wondrous chain of doctrine in the end of Heb. ix. 24–28, where we find the word *appear* three times repeated—

1. He appeared to put away sin as the Sacrifice.

2. He appears before God for us as the Priest.

3. He shall appear the second time for final salvation.

Each of these has a different word in the Greek, used, as we might expect, with a Divine propriety, in each case serving only to elucidate the different aspects under which the Lord Jesus is here seen.

1. He *appeared*, that is, *became manifest* as the one who ever existed, but now came to be visible.

2. He *appears*, that is, *officially*; for He always appeared before God, but now it is “*for us*.” Compare Ex. xxxiii. 13, where this word is used in the Septuagint.

3. He *shall appear*, that is, *shall be seen face to face*, as a man with his friend. This is the word used in connection with Christ risen (1 Cor. xv. 5), &c.

I. THE SACRIFICE.

“Now once, in the end of the world, *hath He appeared* to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.” He who was the invisible God took to Himself a true body, and became manifest to this world, not merely a manifestation of God, but God Himself manifest in the flesh. Wondrous thought! God has appeared; God has been manifested; God has been seen; God has been treading this earth, and has been seen by mortals’ eyes. When was He here? On what errand did He come? How did He perform His work?

1. *The time when He appeared*—“Now, once, at the end of the world.” What? Has the world come to its end? Yes, Christ gathered up the lines of all the past ages. He appeared at the end of the world, as under the period of man’s trial. Man was proved utterly bad by Christ’s coming, and His cross is the end of man’s probation. “In these last days God hath spoken to us by His Son.” He sent His Son “*last*.” He is the “last Adam.” The last and worst thing against man is now out. He would kill God if he could. He killed God manifest in the flesh. This has brought the world to its end. The world is “condemned already.” God is only delaying the execution of the sentence to manifest His grace. After a man is condemned, his history is done. What of all the vaunted histories and progress of the race? God looks at the period since the Cross as a blank—as a timeless gap, in which there is no earth-history, but a wondrous unearthly, heavenly calling going on, gathering people out of the world to share the throne with His Son.

Now. Yes, during these eighteen centuries the relative position of parties has remained fixed, the world doomed, and God, saving, out of it. “Now is the day of salvation.” It has been one great long-suffering *now* since Calvary. If we belong to the world, we are doomed—we are at our end already. If we are only in the world, but not of it, our sin is gone—we are safe.

ONCE only in eternity has this happened; once done, and perfectly completed is the work. Eternity never saw and never will see such a sight. It can be seen only once.

2. *THE WORK DONE*. “He appeared, and put away sin.” What? Was sin put away eighteen hundred years ago?

If it was not, Christ’s mission failed, for He came to put away sin. He died in vain if sin be not put away. Friend, do you not realise this fact, that sin was put away by Christ before you were born? Are all your efforts not to try to get sin away? Is all your unrest not occasioned by the feeling that sin is not put away? If you are trying to put away your sin, or to get your sin put away, you know nothing about the gospel. Let us look at a few things that this does not mean.

(1.) It does not mean that, as to its *presence* in this world, sin has been put away. Alas! no one can look to our streets, our jails, our asylums, our infirmaries, our newspapers, and dream of such a thought. It has been left to the too-wise Neologist to shut his eyes, and call evil good. I have just been wondering why they don’t deny the existence of death. They deny the resurrection; they deny the existence of sin; why not of death? Is death not a mere idea? Is death a reality? No philosopher ever felt death and told us what it is. The fact that I see it could be as easily got over as the fact of hundreds having seen a man risen from the dead is got over. Reason, so called, gets over anything. When they have got rid of the servant, *sin*, it should be very easy to get rid of the wages, *death*. Is it not wonderful that they still let God speak, though they do try to tell us about the debt of nature. They still must know that death is the wages of sin, the Divine appointment. “It is *appointed* to men once to die.” Sin exists all around as really as its wages, death—therefore, that its existence is done away with in the world is not meant by the expression here. And, moreover, God has settled the matter, for after Christ died and put away sin, He says, “If we say we

have not sinned, we make Him a liar."

(2.) It does not mean that, as to its *presence in the heart* of any man, sin is put away. We appeal to every man who knows what sin is, and though he is the oldest saint in the world, he, if conscientious, must confess that in him, that is, in his flesh, there dwells no good thing. One of the greatest signs of growth in grace is the judgment of sin within. It is as walking in the light, that we detect our sin, and, above all, the God of truth has said, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (1 John i. 8). Therefore all your ideas of trying to get rid of the feeling of sin are absurd, and all your efforts in that direction are worse than useless. If you did not feel any sin in you, it would be the worst sign possible. Don't try to get rid of the feeling of sin. Look to God's Christ, who has put it away.

(3.) What does this mean? Mark; it is not that He put away *sins*—"Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away" (not the *sins*, but) "the *sin* of the world." Look at it from God's point of view, and you will be able to get a more scriptural grasp of the thought. Take away your mind from yourself, or any other sinner—your ruin or your salvation. Look at the existence of sin in the moral government of God. God is not the author of it. God's name has been dishonoured; God's glory has been assailed; God's character has been compromised. The foul blot, sin, has been put on the fair creation of God. Christ comes, saying, I will put it away; I will erase the dark blot; I will vindicate Thy name; I will manifest Thy character. And, in prospect of it completed, He exclaimed, "I have glorified Thee upon the earth." Mark; this is alto-

gether independent of any single man's salvation.

Had every soul from Adam down to the last man rejected God's offered mercy, Christ would, by His death, have glorified God by the putting away of sin. Man is always taken up with himself; but the first note from the choirs in harmony with the chorus of heaven is, "Glory to God in the highest," then, "Peace on earth."

And is it not of far more consequence that God should be glorified than that sinners should be saved? Thanks be to God, both are accomplished by CHRIST; but the latter has its value only as the former is its foundation.

Since, now, God has been glorified as to the existence of sin, and in the person of His Son it has been put away, He can send forth His heralds, proclaiming a righteous way, by which the vilest sinner, born in sin, steeped in sin, may approach to Himself. He can now tell the messengers to go into all the world and tell the good news, that there is a way in which God is just, and cannot only pardon, but justify sinners. He is now held forth as the meeting-place between God and any sinner in the whole world.

"How did you see the truth?" I once asked a man.

"From an expression you once used in preaching."

"What was that?"

"That God was dealing with us now, in the gospel, not as to the sin question, but the Son question."

Blessed be God, this is His good news. Of course, if we refuse to accept of His Son, we remain in our condemned state under all our sins, with the superadded one of rejecting God's offered salvation.

Suppose a harbour of refuge has been made, everything is ready to let in the ships that are riding out in the stormy

ocean, except the ponderous gates that are swung across its entrances. Any ship, now, in all the ocean may get into the harbour through these gates, but the actual state of each is in no way changed if they remain outside—only this, they know of safety, and won't take it. Thus has our Lord Jesus Christ taken away the barrier—the legal, just barrier—sin, between man and God, glorifying God. Any poor, heavy-laden, tempest-tossed soul may come to Him, and through Him to eternal rest. Nothing has been done for them, but only as they are in Him. He Himself is offered for the acceptance of all, and how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation. Without money and without price are His conditions. He will in no wise cast out whoever comes. Though sins be like scarlet, He can make them white as snow; red like crimson, as wool. The chief of sinners is in heaven, therefore God cannot be dealing with us individually on the sin question. The platform is entirely changed. God's law has been magnified; God Himself has been glorified. Sin has been put away—sin the barrier between God and the sinner. Sin has been put away as the platform on which God now transacts business with man. His own question now is, "What have you to do with my Son? Do you accept Him? Do you accept my way of putting away sin? Do you accept of His putting away of sin as the putting away of your sins? Then you are justified, accepted, complete in Him. Do you neglect Him? Are you out of Him? Then you remain in your 'condemned already' state."

(To be continued.)

RELIGION is the best armour that a man can have, but the worst cloak.

THE PURPOSE OF GOD
IN CHRIST.

AN ADDRESS.

BY DR. ADOLPH SAPHIR.

(Continued.)

Now let us look at the fulfilment of the counsel of God. "The Only-begotten of the Father," in the absolute eternity, who is "the First-Begotten of every creature" in what I may call the relative eternity, now the incarnate Son. Born of the Virgin Mary, and for thirty-three years living upon the earth, but upon whose shoulders are the government of the universe, He is the centre of the whole world. He is, if we may so speak, the Creator of the whole universe, the animating Spirit of the whole universe; and now we see Him born of the Virgin Mary—"born of a woman, made under the law"—a servant, obedient, even obedient unto death. All the whole creation was summed up in this Jesus, Son of Man; Son of David—above all, Son of the ever-blessed God. And now He enters right into the centre of the disease, the mortal disease—right into the centre of that which has created disturbance throughout the whole universe of God. He was "made sin for us;" He bore the curse of the law for us—He who alone, in His infinitely holy and sinless humanity, was able to understand the depths of the guilt, of the pollution of sin—He who so loved the Father, that of all beings He was the only one who could feel adequately the hiding of God's countenance—He entered into this lowest state. He overcame all our enemies: He fulfilled the whole counsel and mind of God. Not merely did He give to the Father the penalty for our sins, but the sin-offering

became the most fragrant burnt-offering, so that God was delighted in this infinite love and in the self-sacrifice of Jesus. And to Satan He showed forth that He had fulfilled all righteousness, and that He was the Advocate of the human race. Satan aims at our destruction, though it is not because he thinks us worth his while. Never think for a moment that the ultimate point of Satan is to destroy you. The ultimate point of Satan is to tarnish the glory of God. Therefore mankind was of such great importance, man being the keystone of creation in whom spiritual and natural are blended together. To Satan, who is the accuser of the human race, Jesus appears as the Advocate of the human race. Oh, how touching is it to see this side of Jesus! He represents humanity. He comes before God the Father, and He says to the Father, "They have sinned. I make no excuse for them. The depth of sin and guilt, the holiness and severity of the law, the wrath of God, the consequences of sin, I acknowledge them fully, but I will bear them." He faces Satan, and He says, "They have sinned, it is true, but I look upon their sin as the physician looks upon disease; I have come to heal them. They have sinned, but I look upon their sin as the folly of sheep who have gone astray. They will perish; I have come to rescue them." The righteousness and holiness of God combined with that infinite, strong love unto death, in order to rescue the sheep. And when, on the cross, He had conquered death, satisfied the law, magnified and glorified the character of God, and offered Himself as a sacrifice for our sins, then He was complete. Perfect He was during all His life; but now, if I may so speak, the features of His

divine human character have reached their ultimate and stereotyped expression. Every thing that is holy, and loving, and strong in Him has been sublimated into the greatest perfection. Now having died, He shall live for ever unto God. Here come we to the last sonship of Christ, "the First-begotten of the dead." Now that all negative difficulties are removed, begins the positive. When Jesus rose from the dead, that was His birthday, and therefore is called "the Lord's day." Then Jesus entered upon this new existence which shall never end. And not merely was it His birthday, but with His birthday it was also the birthday of the whole Church of Christ. And not merely was it the birthday of the Church of Christ, but it was also the birthday of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Now is the last age; here is the beginning and the centre of that world in which there will be outward manifestation, outward, visible, massive, concrete, but no longer anything that is corruptible, or anything that can be defiled, or anything that can become weak or feeble. The First-born from the dead is Heir of all things.

And now, since Jesus is risen from the dead, our sins forgiven, and new life given to us out of Jesus—for the Spirit could not be given until Jesus was glorified—in one sense the purpose of God is fulfilled. In reality, it is fulfilled, but not in actuality. Now, does He gather to Himself from among all nations and kindreds, and peoples and tongues, a people to be His disciples, to be His friends, to be believers in His name, to be His Bride, to be members of the body of which He is the head; and so intimately is Jesus connected with His believers that, when He appears,

they must also appear with Him in glory. It tells at once what a wonderful union that is. Our life is now hid with Christ in God, but when he shall appear, *ipso facto*, by this appearing of Jesus, we also shall appear with Him in glory. And then there will be summed up in Jesus Christ the whole creation of God. Even the angels have been brought nearer to God through Jesus. They beheld in Jesus depths of divine love which they never saw before. With wonderful sympathy are they linked to us. With wonderful love and adoration they have been subject to Jesus in His humanity; for unto Jesus, the Son of Man, all power is now given in heaven and on earth. And the outward inanimate creation shall also be transfigured; for man was the centre of the visible creation on earth, and therefore even the creature is waiting now for the manifestation of the sons of God. Then shall all things be summed up under Christ.

There is one point which I do not like to add, but I feel it on my conscience to add it. I have avoided hitherto, I trust, everything that is controversial, and dwelt upon the catholic principles of truth, or, rather, on Jesus Himself; but, dear friends, I wish to say, with all humility and deference, that I can see nothing in Scripture to hold out any hope that in the "all things" that are summed up together in Christ are included also Satan and the angels that fell, or those who have neglected the wonderful salvation of God. Christ shall have His victory; and, more than that, all shall acknowledge Him in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth. But let us abide within the Scripture limit, "All things." Yes, "unto them that love God" all things shall work together for good,

even unto them that are the called according to His purpose."

And now, in conclusion, dear friends, when we think of this great subject, let us *adore* God. Adoration is different from prayer. Petitions, confessions, thanksgivings, all have their deepest root in adoration. Oh, notice how, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, where Paul soars into the highest regions, he most frequently bows his knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. I do not think that we truly know what adoration means until we have been humbled before God to acknowledge that He is sovereign—that He can do with us as it seemeth good in His sight; that He alone is God. "I, even I." Then we prostrate ourselves before the Lord, and worship Him. But when we thus worship, we are also able to *praise* God. There are three benedictions or ascriptions of praise in the New Testament, which seem to me gradations. First, in the song of Zacharias, God has come: He has come—the Christ of God. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath visited and redeemed His people." Then, in the Epistle of Peter, the Christ of God has not merely come, but He has finished the work. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath begotten us by His abundant mercy unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." And the last is in the Epistle to the Ephesians, where we not merely know that He is come, where we not merely know that He has finished the work, and that He has regenerated us, but where we are seated together with Christ in heavenly places, and say, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual

blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

"PEACE! THAT'S A POOR THING."

A POOR woman, in great distress about her soul, was present one evening at a gospel meeting. At the close an invitation was given to any who were anxious to remain for conversation. Availing herself of this, the poor woman went forward to a gentleman present. "What do you want?" he kindly inquired. "Oh, sir, I want peace!" "Peace! that's a poor thing. Won't you take Christ?" The poor woman joyfully accepted the glorious offer of a Saviour.

Beloved reader, what do you want? Everything is wrapped up for us in a Person! Is it peace you want? "He is our peace" (Eph. ii. 14). Is it the forgiveness of sins? "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). Is it righteousness? "We are made the righteousness of God in *Him*" (2 Cor. v. 21). Is it life? "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). Is it propitiation? "He is the propitiation . . . for the whole world" (1 John ii. 2). What else would you have? Is it an object for your heart? Won't you take God's Beloved, the delight of Heaven, "the chiefest among ten thousands, the altogether lovely?" As one has said, "Were I asked what my creed was, I would reply, 'The blood of Jesus for my conscience, and the person of Jesus for my heart.'"

Reader, is this your creed?

He who has other graces, without humility, is like one who carries a box of precious powder without a cover on a windy day.

CONSOLATION.

WHEN we have sickness, when we have affliction, when we have poverty, when we have the misunderstanding of friends, when we have various difficulties and trials, let us remember that He will perfect that which concerneth us. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." He who has begun a good work in you will perform it unto the end. If we have this hope, let us remember what Jesus did.

In the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of John we are told that, on that last evening, that our adorable Lord was with His disciples, He had a full and bright consciousness that He came from God and that he was going back to God. His pre-mundane glory and His future glory stood brightly before Him. What did He do then? Remembering His eternal glory, He rose up from supper, girded Himself, and took a basin and washed His disciples' feet. Oh!

if we know the purpose of God in Christ, let us be clothed with humility; and let us love and serve one another in the bowels of Jesus Christ.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

It requires more grace to bear prosperity in a right spirit than adversity; one is apt to ensnare—the other humbles us, and teaches us self-knowledge. In prosperity we often slide into a spirit of conformity to the world almost imperceptibly.

Many a Christian who has stood his ground boldly against the frowns and persecutions of the world, and passed through deep affliction in safety, has been won by its smiles in the time of prosperity, and brought either to deny his Lord, or has sunk into a state of deadness and lukewarmness of soul.

Peter, who zealously stood up for Christ in the garden of Gethsemane in the face of the Roman soldiers, denied Him while sitting at ease by the fire-side in the palace of the high priest.

How pure and unblemished was the character of David during the days when he watched his father's sheep, and when he suffered from the bitter persecution of Saul! But when he was exalted to the throne of Israel, when he exchanged the shepherd's crook for the kingly sceptre, and the humble tent of Jesse for the princely palace, he fell into those sins which caused him to water his couch with tears, and the remembrance of which embittered his future days. Oh! how much mercy there is in the failings of the saints being recorded! If they were set forth as perfect characters, we might indeed be discouraged, and almost ready to despair, when we feel our corruptions strong and our enemies so numerous and powerful. If

TILL HE COME.

"Till He come!"—oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords;
D.C.—Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "TILL HE COME!"

Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;

D.C.

WHEN the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "TILL HE COME!"

Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "TILL HE COME!"

See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "TILL HE COME!"

WHAT WE OWE.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice;

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Ev'n on earth as through a glass,
Darkly let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Ev'n on earth, Lord, make me know—
Something of how much I owe.

COME, AND WELCOME.

FROM the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!"

"Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burden groan,
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owes the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!"

"Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest dainties stor'd;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
All thy sins to Him confess'd,
Never from His house to roam:
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!"

"Soon the days of grief shall end,
Lo! I come, thy Saviour, Friend,
All my ransom'd to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!"

Where shall wisdom be found?

The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.

(JOB xxviii. 12, 28.)

we read that the father of the faithful lied—that the man after God's own heart became an adulterer and murderer—that the bold apostle, who was so ready to go with his Master to prison and to death, yet so shamefully denied Him—what lessons of humility and watchfulness should it teach us! what tenderness towards our backsliding brethren! when we remember that we are liable to the same temptations, and that it is by grace we stand, and by *grace alone* that any are kept through faith unto salvation.

"THE GIFT OF GOD!"

In certain seasons of the year the poor in Egypt suffer terribly from want of water; then it is that the cry is heard from the Egyptian water-carrier—

"The gift of God! the gift of God!
Who will buy the gift of God?"

Strange, inconsistent cry! selling a "gift," and God's gift too! Eagerly do those who are able to purchase the precious gift pay down their money, and the man pours out from his water-skin the coveted water.

Is this God's way? Does He sell His gifts? Does He press these streams of health and blessing upon you for payment? Does He invite you to His wells of salvation, and then bid you pay? What are His terms for the gift of eternal life? Look! over the fountain of living waters is inscribed:— "WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE OF THE

WATER OF LIFE FREELY." Could His terms be more easy? Are any excluded because they have no means? In other words, are character, morality, religion, a good name, prayers, good works, needed or required? Read the inscription again, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "Whosoever." Whom does that mean? Why, everybody, anybody, you, me, every one. "Take the water of life." Does that mean buy—purchase? "Whosoever will, let him take," not buy, "the water of life *freely*." "Life" is God's gift—eternal life—and this life is in His Son. Man's present life is forfeited by sin. Death, and judgment after, are sin's wages; they are justly due to man; and God in strict righteousness will pay the impenitent and unbelieving their wages. But "Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many." He has taken death and judgment upon Himself for every one who believeth. He is risen from the dead, and is at God's right hand the source of a new life altogether—even life eternal—a life which God has justified, putting it altogether beyond the possibility of forfeiture. "The gift of God is eternal life *through* Jesus Christ our Lord." "Justified *freely* by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." Now take this water of life *freely*. It is offered you without money and without price." Nothing to pay are God's terms.

His only condition is, that you bring NOTHING in your hands.

This eternal life is far too costly—far too precious to be sold. He gives it away "freely."

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

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'"

Have you heard His voice?
Have you obeyed His word?
Have you got eternal life?

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

THE earth is now traversed by self-denying missionaries, who encounter every hardship to carry Christianity to remote regions. But where is the infidel who has exiled himself from his country to civilise savage tribes? Not one is to be found. They sit at home nursing their pride, and deriding the virtue they cannot equal.

We have a considerable number of back numbers, which we will send at 4s. per hundred, and will be glad to receive contributions for free circulation. Communicate with

Dr. MACKAY,
The Park, Hull.

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THE

BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

NOVEMBER 1879.

[No. 149.

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GIVE US SOMETHING BETTER.

I REMEMBER, when a boy, going one day to Hoboken with our Professor to collect mineralogical specimens: what I learned of minerals that day is not very fresh in my memory just now, but I learned one lesson that I shall never forget. The boys were constantly plying the Professor with this question, "Is this a good specimen, Doctor?" to which he frequently replied, "Well, no, not a first-rate one." "Shall I throw it away, then?" "No, keep it till you get a better."

I have seen many opportunities, since that day, to use this wise advice, but it never seemed wiser than it does to-day, when we are urged, from many quarters, to give up all that we have ever held dear—all, in fact, that makes anything dear, or even

NEW SERIES, VOL. V., No. 11.

desirable, and when many, not only of the world, but of the Church, are yielding to the clamour. If one asks me to give up the Bible, I reply, "Never, till you give me something better. Write me something that contains more wisdom, more comfort, more peace, more joy, something more suited to my needs in this world, more inspiring with hope as regards the world to come, something more evidently from God than is the Bible." This I must have before I can listen for a moment to this demand. But who can do this? Whoever attempted it? There has been no lack of those who have decried and derided the Bible from the earliest days of the Christian Church to the present, but who ever attempted to supply its place? Who is ready to do it now? If the vast army of infidels, sceptics, and doubters, can devise anything better, let them produce it. D'Alembert, or Diderot, it matters not which, said to his infidel comrades one day, "Gentlemen, you may deride the four Gospels as much as you will, but you all know very well that there is not one of you who can write anything comparable to them." If an infidel exists to-day capable of doing this, let him show it. Till he does, we may be excused from saying we will hold to what we have till we get something better.

TO THE JEW FIRST.

THERE was a protracted meeting in progress in Baltimore, in which there was noticed a Jewess several evenings. Afterward, her experience came to the knowledge of the Church in this way: Her husband, a gay man of the world, was in the habit of passing his evenings with congenial friends at the theatre or other places of amusement, leaving her alone at home. To relieve the monotony of an evening,—the Methodist Church, in which a protracted meeting was in progress, being situated on the same street,—she slipped out, and, impelled by curiosity, attended one of the services. The first evening's service left no particular impression. The question simply arose in her mind, just as a cloud flits over the sky, "Suppose that Jesus was the Messiah?" The next night Jesus was again preached, and before the sermon was over the question became more than a question; she said to herself, "Jesus was, perhaps, the Messiah;" and it greatly distressed her.

On the third night the thought seized her soul, and shook it through and through, "Jesus was the Messiah." Of course there came with it—inevitably to a Jewess—the conviction, "I am lost for ever, for my people slew Him." And in that spirit she went home sobbing and

wailing. Her husband returned at midnight, and she met him in tears and said at once, "Go to some Christian neighbour's and borrow for me a New Testament." He tried to laugh her out of her impressions, or argue her out of them, but it was of no use; and so for the love he bore her he went out, at half-past twelve in the morning, and rang up a Christian neighbour. When he came to the door the caller said, "I beg your pardon, but will you be so kind as to lend me a New Testament?" You may be sure the request was most cheerfully granted. The neighbour thought, "There is work in that house to be done for Jesus to-night;" and as soon as he could properly dress himself he hurried to a Christian brother's, and with him repaired to the Jewish mansion. The door was instantly opened, and the mistress met them with a smile, saying, "I have found Jesus!" And then she told the story I have told you, with this addition: she said that, when the Testament was put into her hands, she went into her own room, and kneeling, she lifted up her face to heaven and cried, "O Lord God of my fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, give me light! give me light!" She opened the Testament with closed eyes, and chanced to open it where this Bible is open now, at the beginning of the Epistle to the Romans. She read slowly, and the verses went tearing through her soul like hot thunderbolts, until she came to the sixteenth verse—"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; *to the Jew first*—" Here she stopped, her bursting tears blinding her. She looked again. It is "to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." As she read these words she believed them, and was saved, and knew it. When the Christian brethren

came, she was a Christian. Do men tell me this is a fancy? that there is no reality presented by such an experience as this—when a lion becomes a lamb? when a drunkard becomes sober? when a mean, low, drivelling youth is made a very apostle? when a Jewess becomes a Christian; when Saul passes over into a Paul? Only God works moral miracles like these.

"I REST UPON HIM."

A YOUNG man once waited on me and said: "My mother is a Christian, sir, and I would like to be one too, but somehow I cannot get at it. I cannot get faith, although I have read all the books in the house upon the subject. I keep a Sunday class too, and find myself in rather an awkward position. Can you help me, sir?"

"I think, under God, I can. It is not faith you want, but truth. You want an object for your mind to rest upon. It is not so much *how* to believe as *what* to believe. Do you believe that book in your hand to be the Word of God?"

"Why do you ask me, sir? Of course I do."

"Does it teach that Jesus Christ was God's Son, and that He died, was buried, and rose again?"

"The Bible is full of the doctrine, and I most certainly believe it."

"What was it all for?"

"For sinners." (Here he said a good deal about the government of God, &c.)

"Did He die for you?"

"Ah! sir, that is precisely what I would like to know."

"I thought so. Let us turn to Rom. v. 6-8; are you a sinner?"

"I have been well brought up; but in the Bible sense I am a sinner, no doubt."

"You do not find your name here, and it is well, for there are

many of the same name, and then there might have been some mistake about that; but there can be no mistake about your character as here described—'without strength,' 'ungodly,' 'sinner,' 'enemy.' Does it suit you?"

"I confess it does, sir."

"Don't you see that the Saviour died for you, then, as such? You will never get more. No sinner will. If you were at the point of death from want of food, and had nothing in your pocket, and saw over a door, 'Any starving man may have food in here for nothing,' would you not be warranted to step in and have your wants supplied? Young man, remember, if you perish, you shall have that text, and others like it, to face. Christ offers Himself a Saviour to you a *lost sinner*, and you will not have Him. This is the sin of sins—the condemning sin. How shall you face the word 'Whosoever' in the place of woe?"

In a few minutes, after staring alternately at me and the passage before him, he began to sob as if his heart would burst, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, said, "I have it. I am shut up to it. I now believe. I have Christ. I rest upon *Him*!"

"RECKON."

"RECKON" (Romans vi. 11), *not feel*. We only know because we are taught it as a truth outside us, that our old man has been crucified with Christ. It is not really what so many would like to make it—a matter of subjective experience; for this would flatter the flesh in its pious frames and aspiration, instead of honouring the grace of God in the death of Christ.

"A MAN may have enough of the world to sink him, but he never will have enough to satisfy him."

THE GUIDE-POST.

MOST readers have seen a guide-post, and know its use: there it stands at the cross roads, with its arms pointing different directions, and the needed information painted on them. How convenient to the perplexed traveller! He looks up, reads, and passes on with a light heart. The guide-post points the way, the traveller follows the road pointed out, and finds himself in the course of time at his destination. And God in His great mercy has not left us to travel on to eternity in ignorance of whither we are going; He has set up His guide-posts, so that we may not in anywise mistake our way. Let us pause for one moment and read this one:

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it" (Matt. vii. 13, 14).

Now, my reader, here is the guide-post calling your attention to the two roads. Where are you? On the broad road which leads to destruction, or on the narrow way which leads to life? On one or other you are most certainly travelling, whether you know it or not. Like the river rolling on to be lost in the ocean, so you are speeding on to eternity, every breath you draw bringing you nearer to *everlasting glory* or *eternal misery*. Which?

One of these roads has a *wide gate*, and many there be which go in thereat. The road is *broad*—no need to crush each other—plenty of room—souls are born on it, live on it, die on it. It is large enough to hold all, and on it are attractions to suit all as they pass along, according to their various tastes.

Moral or immoral, religious or profane, it matters not, so long as Satan gets souls to the end of that broad road. O reader! beware, lest you are one of those whom he is beguiling with his attractions. The broad road is the road to hell.

The other road is the road to heaven. Its gate is strait, its road is narrow; but it leads to life, and few there be that find it. Reader! have you found it? Have you passed in at the strait gate of conversion, and are you upon the narrow way that leads to life eternal? There is plenty of room for *you* to get through, but no room to take anything with you; every rag of righteousness must be stripped off which you would fain take with you, and if you enter the strait gate it must be as an empty and naked sinner.

"Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come."

"Come, for all things are now ready." Come in, sinner, come in! It is Jesus who says "Come." Will you believe what He says, and enter while "yet there is room"? "I am the door," says Jesus; "by Me, if any man"—how precious, *any man*—"enter in, he shall be *saved*"—mark the word, *saved*—"and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John x. 9).

Now which road are you upon? Do not say, I do not know. You do know. You were *born* on the broad road; and if you are not *born again*, you are still hasting to eternal ruin and misery, in spite of the warning cries which have been raised to arrest you. Do not continue your present course, it is an awful incline, lest when you want to stop you cannot. Like a wicked coach-driver when dying—"Ah," said he, "I am on the down grade, and I cannot find the brake." Poor fel-

low, with fearful rapidity he was rushing into hell.

I beseech you, stop and listen to this good news, "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). The sin question was raised and settled at Calvary's cross. There Jesus glorified God about sin, so that God could glorify Him in heaven, and now there is a Man in yonder glory, and "through Him is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that *believe* are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). He has done the work—"It is finished" (John xix. 30). May it be yours to accept it now. Remember the guide-post, calling your attention to the two roads, and where they lead to. The narrow one to heaven, the broad one to hell. God has told you so, therefore you are without excuse. W. E.

THE RECEIPT.

SOME time ago I was standing with a commercial gentleman in his office, conversing with him about his eternal prospects. He was one who had manifested some anxiety as to the great question of his soul's salvation, and I had frequently spoken to him before. On the occasion to which I now refer, we were speaking about the ground of a sinner's peace in the presence of God. There were some files hanging up in a corner of the office, and pointing to them, I said, "What have you got upon these files?" "Receipts," said he. "Well," I said, "are you not anxious about the amount of these various bills?" "Not in the least," he replied; "they are all receipted and stamped." "Are you not afraid," I continued, "lest those persons from whom you received the bills should come down upon you for the amount?" "By no

means. They are all legally settled, and do not cost me a single thought."

"Now, then," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "will you tell me what is God's receipt to us for all that we, as sinners, ever owed to Him as a righteous Judge?" He paused to consider, and then replied, "I suppose it is the grace of God in the heart." "Nay; that would never do. God's grace in my heart is no receipt for all I ever owed Him." My friend paused again, and then said, "It must be the knowledge of salvation." "No; you have not laid hold of it yet. You cannot but see the difference between your knowledge that these bills are paid, and the receipts which you have on your file. You might know they were paid, and yet, if you had no receipt, your mind would not be at ease." "Well," said he, "it must be faith." "Not right yet," said I. "Faith is no receipt." At length, feeling assured he had the true answer, he exclaimed, "It is the blood of Christ." He seemed a good deal disappointed when I still demurred, and quite gave up the attempt at further reply.

"Now," said I, "it is most blessedly true that the blood of Christ has paid the debt which I, as a guilty sinner, owed to Divine justice; yet you must admit there is a difference between the payment of a debt and the receipt. For, even though you had seen the full amount paid down, yet, until you were in possession of the receipt, your mind would not be at ease, inasmuch as there was no legal settlement of the transaction. You must have a receipt. What, therefore, is God's receipt for that heavy debt which we owed Him? Blessed be His name, it is a risen Christ, at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. The death of Christ

paid my debt; His resurrection is a receipt in full, signed and sealed by the hand of Eternal Justice. Jesus 'was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.' Hence, the believer owes not a fraction to Divine justice, on the score of guilt, but he owes an eternity of worship to Divine love, on the score of free pardon, and complete justification. The blood of Christ has blotted out his heavy debt, and he has a risen Christ to his credit.

"How marvellous, that a poor, guilty creature should be able to stand as free from all charge of guilt as the risen and glorified Saviour! And yet so it is, through the grace of God, and by the blood of Christ. Jesus has paid all our debts, discharged all our liabilities, cancelled all our guilt, and has become, in resurrection, our life and our righteousness. If it be true that, 'If Christ be not raised, we are yet in our sins,' it is equally true that, if He be raised, we who believe in Him are not in our sins."

"WHEN IS IT TIME TO DIE?"

I ASKED the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild

Among the vine-wreathed bowers;
I crossed her sunny path, and cried:
"When is the time to die?"
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden: back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there!
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh;
"Not now!" she cried, "oh no! not now;
Youth is no time to die."

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms.

In quivering tones her accents came,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Nor dimmed by woe or care.

In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye:
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die!"

I questioned age: for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,

This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried:
"Life, only life, is my desire!"
He gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian, "Answer thou,
When is the hour of death?"

A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul:
"My Master's time is mine!"

SEVEN INDISPENSABLE THINGS.

1. "Without SHEDDING OF BLOOD is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22).
2. "Without FAITH it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6).
3. "Without WORKS faith is dead" (James ii. 26).
4. "Without HOLINESS no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. xii. 14).
5. "Without LOVE I am nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 1-3).
6. "Without CHASTISEMENT ye are not sons" (Heb. xii. 8).
7. "Without ME" (Jesus Christ) "ye can do nothing" (John xv. 5).

CHRISTIANS, own Christ's person; love His name; embrace His doctrines; obey His commandments; and submit to His cross. His person is lovely; His name is sweet; His doctrines are comfortable; His commandments are reasonable; and His cross is honourable.

"OLD THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY."

It was midnight, and the city was wrapped in slumber. In one of the chambers of a lofty mansion sat a maiden, tearfully turning the leaves of the Bible that lay before her. She was an only child, and had everything wealth could bestow. The flattery of the world was lavished upon her, yet she was not happy; she had been aroused from her youthful dream, and she longed for that which the world could not give; she sought peace, but could find none.

There she sat in the silvery moonlight gazing on those words, which until now had passed unnoticed, "To him that worketh not, but believeth." For weeks she had been trying to establish a righteousness of her own; but now she saw all her prayers, her tears, and good works as filthy rags. She saw she must come to Christ as a poor lost sinner; and she came leaving behind all her own righteousness. She brought her guilt and misery to "the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, and was washed and made whiter than snow."

Light broke in, and in joy she cried, "Glory be to Thee, O Lord! I believe, and he that believeth hath everlasting life." She knelt in adoring gratitude, and from her lips there burst the first notes of worship. As she rose from her knees the clock struck twelve. "Old things are passed away," she whispered; "behold all things are become new." A new day dawned, and a new life had begun. One more added to the "little flock." Another traveller on the way to the celestial city.

It was echoed in heaven, "Rejoice with Me, for I have found my sheep that was lost." And there was joy in the presence of the angels.

Reader, has there been joy in heaven over your repentance? If so, press onward singing with more zeal, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion for ever and ever."
M. D. N.

BEHOLDING THE CRUCIFIED.

ST. LUKE, in his account of the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus, writes, "And the people stood beholding." To-day a multitude which none can number are still standing beholding Christ crucified. Some, like the crowd, look confusedly on Him, and do nothing; some, like His acquaintance, would like to serve Him, but dare not take their stand beside Him. Some, like the chief priests, reject Him, but dare not take their eye off Him, for they fear His power is greater than it seems. Some stand close beside Him, and share His reproach, and cling to Him as their all, and trust Him as their Saviour. Which do you do? *Happy will those be at the great day, who now stand closest to the cross of Christ.*

SEVEN THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

1. "WE KNOW that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true" (1 John v. 20).

2. "WE KNOW that He was manifested to take away our sins" (1 John iii. 5).

3. "WE KNOW that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14).

4. "WE KNOW and believe the love that God hath to us" (1 John iv. 16).

5. "WE KNOW that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us" (1 John iii. 24).

6. "WE KNOW that all things

work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. viii. 28).

7. "WE KNOW that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God—an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. v. 1).

"And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments" (1 John ii. 3).

A TRIO.

"Grace for grace."

"Strength to strength."

"Glory to glory."

HERE are three stages in a believer's history. John places us at the great starting-point: "Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Immediately we think of the greatest manifestation of Christ's wondrous love: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, how, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." It is a daily exchange between our poverty and His riches. Bunyan, who had got so far before us in his perception of that grace, says: "All these graces of God that now were green to me, were yet but like these cracked groats that rich men carry in their purse while their gold is in their trunk at home. I saw my gold was in my trunk at home in Christ my Lord and Saviour."

When we pray, God has promised to pour on us the "spirit of grace;" when we sing, it is to be "with grace in our hearts;" and when we speak, it is always to be "with grace." Paul's summing up of all this is: "By the grace of God we have our conversation in the world." Let this be true of us, down even to such minute details as the ending of our letters, where instead of our often meaningless words, we might say after Paul, "The grace of

our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

"Strength to strength."

This reminds us of the margin in Isa. xl.: "They that wait on the Lord shall change their strength." As we grow in grace we gain in strength, for the two are inseparable. Our faithful Lord is ever watching to pour in new strength, and it often comes to His children in most unlikely ways.

In the recess of a lobby in a Cunard steamer, between Boston and Queenstown, a few camp stools were being collected for a small meeting with the stewards. There was simple reading and prayer, but it was found rather up-hill work. Through the open grating over a state-room door, God had carried the word to one of His children unable from weakness to lift her head. After the friends had returned home, they received a letter thanking them for that meeting, and saying how to one unseen, the words had come from God as comfort to her soul, reminding her that she was not forgotten by Him, and she was strengthened.

"Glory to glory."

But who may lift the veil to speak of this? It hath not entered into the heart of man, and so we bow and say, "Even so, Father." And yet the word stands written to show that even in the realms of bliss there will be progress too.

"Now we see through a glass darkly; but *then* shall I know, even as also I am known." As we look at those weights in God's scales, "now" and "then," we begin to see things in their right proportion and true value. Now, it is the "light affliction;" then, it is the "eternal weight of glory." When in conscious communion with Him, we have seen the scales adjust themselves; the weight of glory eternal opposed to the feathers of time; the

scene, if not the sense of suffering, is changed; the prison becomes palace walls.

"From glory unto glory!" Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along!
'From glory unto glory!' O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year."

THREE COMES.

"Come now, and let us reason together."—ISA. i. 18.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while."—MARK vi. 31.

"Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom."—MATT. xxv. 34.

"COME now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." It is wonderful that God should so speak to the sinner. It reminds us of where Jeremiah says, "Yea, let me reason the case with thee" (margin). What condescension! There are some doubting hearts to whom light would sooner come, if, instead of reading books or arguing with others, they would go right into God's presence and state the case to Him. But Satan tries hard to keep a man off his knees; he knows that would be half the victory. "Though your sins had been ten thousand times more in number than they are, Christ would wash them away," wrote an honoured servant of God to a dying friend.

George H. Stuart, of whose noble labours in connection with the Christian Commission in the time of the civil war in America we have all read, relates the following story. He had been detained at a meeting some distance from Washington, and wished to enter the town late that night. On stepping out of the carriage, the sentinel approached saying, "Who goes there?" "A friend." "Give the countersign." "Minnesota." The sentinel raised his gun, say-

ing, "Wrong; go back, Mr. Stuart." He had to drive some miles, and when he found his friend, the latter said, "Oh yes, you were wrong. Minnesota was the word for last night, but Massachusetts is the word for to-night." Again the carriage stopped. "Who goes there?" "A friend." "Give the countersign." "Massachusetts." "Pass on." As he passed in, Mr. Stuart put his hand on the sentinel's shoulder, saying, "How did you know me?" "I heard you address a meeting one evening, and I have never forgotten you, otherwise I should have shot you." "Have you got the countersign?" asked Mr. Stuart. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," was the prompt reply.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place."

There was much coming and going, and Christ saw that His disciples needed rest and solitude. In the very thick of active service, when we think the labourers could least be spared, the command has gone forth from the Lord of the harvest and their places are vacant. But it is never "go," it is always "come," and the desert changes into a garden because of the presence of the Rose of Sharon.

"Come, ye blessed of My Father."

The Bible is burdened with Comes, and each one who has heard is a new chord to vibrate with the sound. It is comforting to know that the familiar word which we have heard so often from our beloved here below will be the command of welcome from the Great White Throne. The scene of that day we cannot imagine; we only know that He who called us at first, and was with us in the desert places, will Himself usher us into the kingdom.

"SORROW is mortal, but joy is immortal."—Schiller.

WHAT LACK I YET?

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

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

SAVED IN THE SEA.

A PROFESSIONAL diver has in his house what would probably strike a visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. The possessor of this ornament was diving on the coast when he observed, at the bottom of the sea, this oyster on a rock with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached and commenced to read through the goggles of his head-dress. It was a Gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart that he said, "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became, whilst in the ocean's depth, a repentant, converted, and (as he was assured) sin-forgiven man—"saved at the bottom of the sea."

THE SACRIFICE, THE PRIEST, AND THE SAVIOUR.

(Continued from our last.)

WE considered in last paper the time of the sacrifice and the

work done. We now would look at

3. THE PERSON sacrificed—HIMSELF. Wonderful truth! Had millions of angels, and tens of millions of the highest created intelligences, been sacrificed, they never could have put sin away. It required Himself, and Himself did it. It did not require our agency, for our agency was useless; but Himself did it. Poor ignorant man tries by his own sacrifice to please God. Man's efforts are always to try, like Adam, to make a covering for himself; God's way is to cover us first, and then ask us to work. Not all the offerings of Old Testament days could put away a single sin; but no sooner did sin and the great Sin-bearer meet than He burned it up by His own intrinsic essential merit. Man, when he touched a leper, was defiled; Christ, when He touched a leper, was not only not defiled, but cured the leper. When we touch sin we are contaminated; when Christ touched sin He consumed it. Himself is the central word of all the revelation and the counsels of God. Himself is the alone sacrifice. Himself is the sum of every believer's creed—the Alpha, the Omega, the beginning, the ending, the first and the last of all His theology. We think much of His work, because it is that which is more close to us. It is that on which we stand; but what is the work without the Person? We stand on the work, but the work stands on the Person. God has given us first Himself, and in Himself the work. The first note of all true scriptural preaching is *Himself*. The power with the anxious is giving them *Himself* first, and in *Himself* His work. The power to raise the struggling believer is seeing *Himself*, the living One who was dead, and is now alive for evermore. And the centre of all worship, the

subject of all praise, the object to fill every eye in the coming glory, will be *Himself* seen as the man of Calvary, who now once in the end of the world appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of *Himself*.

II. THE PRIEST.

In these days of apostasy, it is well to consider Jesus Christ as our great High Priest, who hath entered for us within the veil. Are there any priests, then, on earth? Yes. All true believers are priests; and no minister, no pastor, no teacher can be called a priest in any other sense than that in which all Christians are. All Christians are not pastors, are not teachers, but all Christians are priests (Rev. i. 6, and xx. 6); and any Christian who assumes a special priesthood over other Christians, is denying the High Priesthood of Christ. He hath made us unto our God a kingdom of priests made nigh, with the power and in the place where we can worship and serve as the royal priesthood. Wondrous truth!

But we are to consider not the priesthood of Christians, but the priesthood of Christ as *now* exercised for us, and as keeping us right all the way through our journey. And we see this in the second use of the word "*appear*" in Heb. ix.

"For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to *APPEAR* in the presence of God for us." And is this not what we need when we come to understand that sin has been put away, that our sins have been borne by the great sacrifice? We have been brought into the presence of God by faith, but that very presence reveals to us that we are ever prone to sin and get defiled. God knows this, and God provided, and His provision is, that Jesus as our

Priest now "appears" in the presence of God for us. Sin has been put away by Him as the victim. Wrath has been poured out upon Him. The wrath, the condemnation, the judgment that were prepared against the sinner who believes, are gone now in Christ. There is no cup of wrath for the believer now. There is now no condemnation—he shall not come into judgment; for Christ *has appeared* and put away sin. The Victim's blood has been shed, and is accepted for us. We need Him now as our Priest appearing in the true holy place, and who offers there His own blood; and peace, pardon, and reconciliation are the only notes that are heard from the throne of God, coming to every believer over that offered blood. Let us consider—

1st, *Where* He appears. He "appears in the presence of God." He was always in the bosom of His Father, now He has taken our place, and representatively, according, not to the value of what He had as God, but of what He has acquired as the God-man who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He is in the presence of perfect holiness, perfect light; and this is our place maintained as procured by the value of the precious blood. Do we really believe that the sanctuary is our place? In the resplendent light of this Holiest of the holies, we learn the meaning of two words. These words are *sin* and *holiness*.

We begin to get into God's thoughts about sin. We begin to realise that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Solemn words! It was because Jesus prayed for Peter that He was convinced of his sin. Christ's advocacy shows me what I am, leads me to judge my ways, my sins, myself, in the light of God. Everything inconsistent with the light of the "Holiest" is set aside when we understand what the

"Holiest" is, and realise that our walk is there.

We begin to understand what holiness is—that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. As to our standing, we know that Christ is our sanctification, perfect and unchangeable; but in our walk with God in the light, we cannot see God unless we are walking in practical holiness. Place the smallest coin over the eye of the best-seeing man, and in the midst of the all-pervading light around he will be in darkness. Place the slightest unconfessed sin on the spiritual eye of the strongest believer as he walks in the light, and we can realise that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Blessed be His name, all is done that we may be partakers of His holiness, and His advocacy will not cease in the Holiest till that is accomplished.

2d, *When* He appears. "Christ is entered . . . into heaven itself now, to appear"—now in the midst of all our wilderness experience; now, just when we require Him most; now, when we are sinners. It was when Satan desired to sift Peter that Jesus prayed. In the coming glory, when we shall be with and perfectly like our Lord, while we stand upon His merit, we shall require no more His advocacy, His precious blood to wash out stains; but it is *now* that we require Him, and it is now that He appears in the presence of God for us. Not only did He once appear on earth and put away sin, but He *now* appears, at this present hour, before God on our behalf. He has not to come out of heaven at each suing of His believing one, and die over again; but He has with Him where He is the merit of His death, which has the continued efficacy before God. It is not that Christ has washed my sins all away, and now tells me to

make my way to heaven, which I'll reach if I hold on, but, *now* He appears, now, after I have believed; now I see Him by faith ever presenting to the eye of God His own precious blood, which cleanseth me from all sin. *Now*, in the midst of the opposition of the world, the temptation of Satan, and the unsubject evil nature still within, Jesus is for us before God. *Now*, as we rise each morning, afresh to the battle and the defeat, to the triumph and the conflict, we can go forward with the certainty that God is for us.

3d, *For whom* He appears. "For us." He never required to leave heaven to die, and to return to His native home for Himself. It was "for us" He came, for us He died, for us He has again entered heaven. It is not for angels He appears; they stand on their own creature merit. He appears for us. We put in no claim but as He presents it. He looks after all our interests, for it is for us He appears.

He does not appear for the unsaved. He died for the unsaved, but He has entered into heaven for us, the saved. We claim Christ at Calvary as unsaved. We claim Christ in the Holiest as saved sinners. We must be justified before we can claim the merits of what is now being carried on before God. In other words, we must first be sons before we can lay claim to Christ's advocacy, which is God's provision for the walk of His own children.

Neither is it "for us" as pure and spotless, and perfectly holy. We will not be like Him till we see Him as He is. But it is for us as journeying through the wilderness, in which we are apt to contract sin, and if any of us (saved ones) sin, we have Him as our Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

III. THE SAVIOUR.

"As it is appointed unto men once to die :

"And after this the judgment :

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many :

"And to them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

This is the Divine Proportion, or Rule of Three, the great parallel God has drawn between the TWO MEN, the only two men that were seen by Him, the first Adam and the last Adam. The first two factors tell us what we have in Adam, death and judgment; death as the end of this state, judgment as the beginning of another and eternal state. The second two factors tell us what we have in Christ—our sins borne and salvation given; our sins borne as the end of our Adam state, salvation, complete and final, as the beginning of our glorified state, and,

As (in the case of *men*, all sprung from Adam),

Death is to judgment,

So (in the case of *saints*, all sprung from the Second Adam, all born of God.)

Christ bearing sin is to

Christ appearing the second time *for salvation.*

In the day thou eatest thou shalt die. He ate, therefore it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment, which must be eternal wrath. David trembled at the thought, and said, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified" (Ps. cxliii. 2). If God judges me I am condemned. Blessed be God for ever! this is not our place. We do not stand in the first Adam. The first factors of the proportion are not ours in Christ; death and judgment are passed for us in Him; we are "dead" (Col. iii. 3), "we

shall not come into judgment" (John v. 24).

Instead of death, we have "Christ was once offered," and He not only put sin away, but He bore our sins. All our sins, believing in Him, were on Him when He bore the wrath due to sin. They are gone for ever; therefore since the sin is gone, the death is gone for the believer. He may be put asleep by Jesus, but we (Christians) shall not all sleep. There is no necessity for any Christian dying. There is a divine appointment for men as men dying. We know that some saved men have not died, and many saved men will not die. But this fearful doom hangs over all men out of Christ—death, and they cannot get rid of it. Gnash at it, groan at it, philosophise about it, as they may, but there it stands calmly as the appointment of God.

Instead of judgment we have "Christ appearing the second time without sin unto salvation." As truly as the enemy Death, which men know well about, stands across the path, so surely will the sword of judgment fall on every Christless soul; but in Christ we look not for judgment but for salvation. There is no question of sin now. He put it away. He bore our sins. Sin and sins have been dismissed. He had to do with them the first time He appeared, but the last time He appears He will have no sin on Him. He will enter into no question of sin, death, or judgment with His own, but *salvation*, final and perfect, will be His great work then. We shall then be perfectly saved as to our bodies as we are now as to our souls.

As He appeared and put away sin, and only as sinners "without strength," "ungodly," "lost," "condemned," "dead," could we claim Him. As He now appears for us only as the ransomed of the Lord, the redeemed from

men, the royal priesthood; so He will appear the second time without sin to them that look for Him.

Of that day or hour no man knows; but He that shall come will come and will not tarry. His first appearing to put away sin was death to all men, merely men, and is the bearing of our sins, believing in His name, now sons of God. His appearing the second time is judgment to all men, merely men, and is salvation to us who look for Him. *Knowing* that He is coming, and *looking* for Him, are two things quite different. The head may tell us the former, the heart must be exercised for the latter. He shall come as the great Saviour, saving us by power out of the enemy's hand. This salvation is our hope, this salvation is nearer than when we believed. Instead of judgment we are to be saved out of the midst of the whole doomed scene. Is this not a blessed hope—His glorious appearing? At death our bodies are still left in the hands of the enemy, but His appearing is our hope.

Friend, are you a *man*? Your end is death. The coming of Christ is the thunderbolt that comes from the throne of a righteous God, the funeral knell to your lost soul. Your only chance is to accept Christ, and then you will look for Him and His salvation which He shall bring, every trace of sin being gone.

Look back to Him as the sacrifice, who appeared once and put away your sin.

Look up to Him now as the Priest appearing in the presence of God, keeping us ever clean there.

Look forward for Him who will appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

As waters in motion are purest, so saints in affliction are holiest.

A THREEFOLD CORD.

"All things are of God."—2 COR. v. 18.

"All things are for your sakes."—2 COR. iv. 15.

"All things work together for good."—ROM. viii. 28.

"ALL things are of God."

Sometimes it is very easy to say this. All is going well and our desires are granted, but it is equally true when our desires are crossed and our plans thwarted. How thankful we should be to recognise that God's hand is about our lives; and yet it is very hard to have no will of our own. The Lord has made us for Himself.

"The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows."

We must not mind what seems to us waste and unnecessary chiseling. We do not see the design He has in view in making us a masterpiece of grace for a niche in the heavenly temple.

"All things are for your sakes."

We can understand God keeping the world in motion and working out His own grand purposes in heaven and earth; but to think that my little common-place life should be watched over by Him seems too wonderful. And yet, "He only keeps the world going on as a school for His children." Some day you will understand and read the secret of His glorious plan for you; meanwhile you must believe that the circumstances of each day are arranged as if He had only you to think of, and that He guards you from numberless dangers of which it is well you do not dream. Some have learned from experience that the things they have dreaded have never turned out to be their real trials, and that brooding too much over the past does only harm.

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on."

"All things work together for good."

It is generally in the blessed afterward of our trials that we sound this triumphant chord. But He has taught some of His loved ones, even in the midst of the furnace, in the first freshness of disappointed hope, to say it. A little boy had been disobedient, and was struggling in the misery of wanting his own way. After prayer the victory was gained, and he ran to be the first to do what before he would not. With a beautiful smile he looked into his father's face and said, "You've made me good, papa." Have we not known something akin to this? We have ceased our rebellion, given up the useless struggle, and as we lay back on His glorious will, wondering at our changed selves, we have said with a deep sense of sin, and yet a note of victory, "You have made me good, Father."

"THE PLACE OF HIS FEET."

"I will make the place of My feet glorious."—ISA. ix. 13.

BY A. J. GORDON, BOSTON, U.S.

LUKE vii. 38.

A WOMAN at the Saviour's knees,
Bowed down with shame and guilty fears,
Hears while she bathes His feet
with tears,
"Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

MARK v. 41.

At Jesus' feet a ruler cries,
"O Master! spare my child to me,"
And gets for his strong, plaintive plea,
"Damsel, I say to thee, Arise."

LUKE x. 39.

A sister sits with open heart,
At Jesus' feet, to hear His word;
Ah! blessed saying, rich reward,
"Mary hath chosen that good part."

LUKE viii. 35.

The demons at His word retreat;
The maniac wild, whom none could bind,
Now tamed and clothed, in his right mind
Sits calmly down at Jesus' feet.

PS. xxii. 16.

The cross bears up His pierced feet,
"Eli, lama sabachthani;"
"Father, forgive them," hear Him cry!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?

MATT. xxviii. 9.

The Lord is risen from the dead;
His brethren hold Him by the feet;
And hear while rendering worship meet,
"My peace I give, be not afraid."

ZECH. xiv. 4.

"His feet shall stand on Olive's brow;"
All hail to Him, who bringeth peace,
Who gives from strife, at last release,
When at His feet all kings shall bow.

FEARING.

IF the life of Christ be in us we shall tremble at God's word. It will be a holy fear (not dread of God). Knowing that we are redeemed is the very ground of our fear—a fear lest the craft of Satan or the power of the flesh should hinder our communion or our service; lest something should come in between our souls and Jesus, for we would keep so near Him that everything we do should be the "*work of faith*." And we should use the warnings of Scripture to produce this holy fear; as it is written, "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear," not as doubting whether the Lord is our friend, but as knowing that *Satan* is our enemy.

"THE whole universe is but a thought of God."—Schiller.

"THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN THEE."

THE Good Shepherd is out after a poor, strayed sheep. He sits at meat in the house of a Pharisee. A sinner of the city is there. She is not talking about self, she is engaged with Him, weeping, and washing His feet with her tears, wiping them with the hairs of her head, kissing them, and anointing them with ointment.

The Pharisee looks on in

amazement,—has he been mistaken in his guest? "This man, if He were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him; for she is a sinner!"

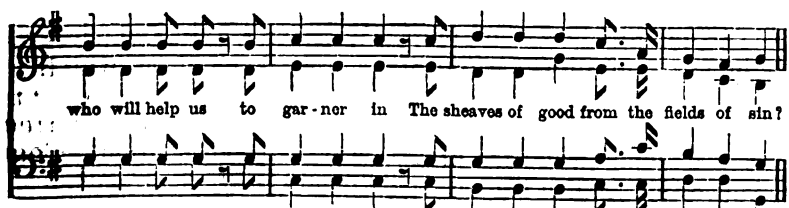
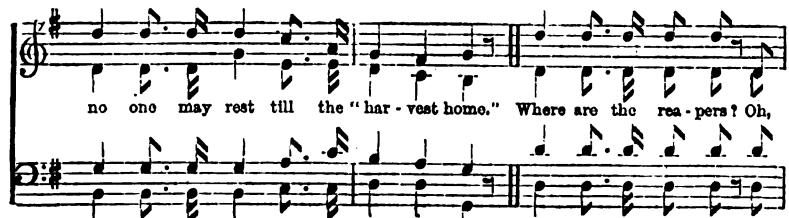
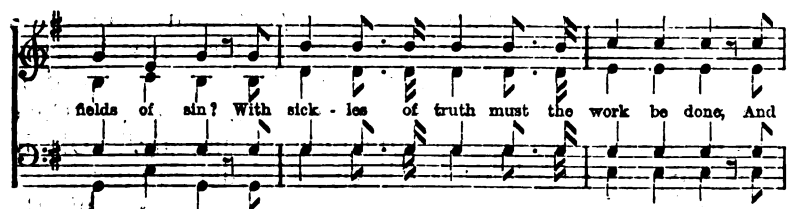
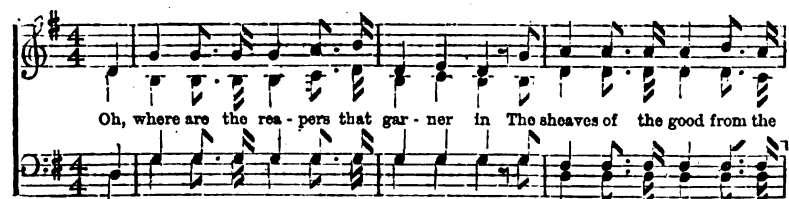
A Pharisee cannot understand it. Ignorance of grace and of the God of grace has set him comparing himself with—whom?—not merely (as his brother Pharisee) a publican, nor yet that poor harlot kneeling there before his eyes, but with Him

at whose feet she kneels, God manifest in the flesh! A good Pharisee would have resented the contact!

But the sinner is in the secret of God; her sins serve her as passport; without ceremony, and without fear of man to deter, she makes her way into the midst of a circle of Pharisees.

What attracts her to that (for her) inhospitable roof? She has heard that JESUS sits at meat there—One who understands and can meet her need. She knows and feels her need. She is *real*, and no veil hides the MERCY-SEAT. The *sinner* and the "Friend of sinners" have met. The Son of God is JESUS to seek and to save such, and not to meet *clean* Pharisees, and dine with them on equal terms. "*Thy sins are forgiven thee*," He tells to this poor out-cast one. Pharisees demur. "But Wisdom is justified of her children." The live coal from off the altar has touched her, and her sin is purged. She hears the voice of the Son of God—the voice that in a coming hour shall call forth all that are in the graves, and pronounce a fiat as to each—she hears it, and it gives her absolution. Again it speaks, "*Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace*."

WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?



GO out in the by-ways and search them all:
The wheat may be there, though the weeds
are tall;
Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.
The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:

But reapers are few, and the world is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share in the joy of the "harvest home."

"CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY."

(ROM. V. 6.)

WHAT a remarkable text this is. How completely it answers the question, "For whom did Christ die?" Many a one anxiously asks, "How may I know that Christ died for me?" Scripture alone furnishes a reply both simple and certain: He died for the *ungodly*; are you that?

A kind-hearted man provides a great dinner, and invites all the poor and destitute of the town to come and partake of it. No one expects his name to be

The way of PEACE have they not known.

Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be
at PEACE.

(Rom. iii. 17; Job xxii. 21.)

found in the general invitation that is issued, nor does he stay away because it is not there. Enough for him that he is famishing and in want; that in itself is a sufficient warrant for him to go where the dinner is to be had. So it is not written in the Bible that Christ died for Thomas Smith or James Brown, but that He died for the ungodly. Say, would you not rather have it thus? Do not suppose that because Christ died for the ungodly, therefore all the ungodly will be saved. Such reasoning would be very shallow and very false. Were the Queen to charter a fleet of ships to take all the poor to New Zealand free, and then send forth a proclamation that on a certain day the ships would sail, we know that all the poor would not go, though it was open for them to do so. Many might, but others would prefer to remain in poverty rather than face the perils of the sea. The vessels were there to take them, but they would not go. In the same way "Christ died for the ungodly," but His death only shields from judgment, and brings to God as many as believe.

CHRIST died—who is He? The question admits of but a partial answer, for what pen could describe Him and the glories that are His. But this, at least, we know, that "by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in the earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or do-

minions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him, and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist" (Col. i.). His the word that gave their being to angels and to men. His the hand that formed and fashioned the world in which we live, as also the countless worlds that look down on us from their home in the wide heavens. Glorious, indeed, must He be whose works are so marvellous and so great, and yet He died. Veiling the glories of His Godhead, He became a man, that as such He might be capable of dying. Yes, Christ has died—died for the ungodly—in the room and stead of such—His death an atonement for all the ungodly deeds of ungodly sinners, who, by Divine grace, hating their sins and themselves, believe in Him.

Oh, what a story is this! it goes beyond the wildest fables that were ever penned. Here, indeed, is love that excels all that man or angels ever knew—love that led the Saviour from the throne of God to the manger at Bethlehem, and from that manger to the cross.

If the mightiest monarch that ever ruled a kingdom or an empire had seen and loved a damsel of lowly birth, and, to win her, had laid aside his imperial robes and donned the garb of a workman, toiling with his hands for his daily bread; and having won and made her his, resumed his former place and rights, and made her the partner of his

throne; if, I say, such a thing had been, how it would have shone in the page of history and been woven in many a poet's song. But such a story would have been poor and mean in comparison with that told out in the five words of this wondrous text "Christ died for the ungodly."

Let the words be inscribed in permanent characters on every thought of your mind and affection of your heart. Let them be always before you as if written athwart the sky in letters of unfading light. Yes; "Christ died for the ungodly." Oh, believe, and doubt no more.

W. B.

REVIEW.

THE articles, "A Trio," "Three Comes," and "A Threefold Cord," in this Number, are taken from an interesting and edifying volume, just published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., entitled "*Steps through the Stream*," price 1s. It is written by Mrs. Margaret Stewart Simpson, and from the specimens we have given our readers, we believe that many will wish to read the volume. It will make a very appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift.

We have a considerable number of back numbers, which we will send at 4s. per hundred, and will be glad to receive contributions for free circulation. Communicate with

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

DECEMBER 1879.

[No. 150.]

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"I GO BY THE BOOK."

Two men were standing on the deck of a ship, which was on the stocks, and nearly completed, in a ship-yard. One of them was the foreman, and the other was one of the carpenters engaged in building the vessel.

"Well, David," said the foreman, "I have been thinking I would like to talk with you a little. I hear you are one of those who say they know for certain that they are saved, and I am curious to learn how that can be."

"Yes," said the carpenter; "I thank God I know that I have passed from death to life, and that I am as sure of my acceptance with God as I am of anything on earth."

"Well," replied the foreman, "that is something which I cannot see through—how any man

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can know that he is saved, as long as he is in this world. It seems to me a very bold position for one to take."

The foreman then went on to relate something of his own history—how he had once been urged to join the Church, but had held back, because he had no assurance of being a Christian; and how, from his uncertainty in regard to himself, he had come to doubt about others, and, finally to question the very reality of Christianity.

"Well," said David, "I *know* it is a reality; and I know, too, that there is such a thing as knowing that one is saved. What is the breadth of this water-way?"

The foreman, astonished at the apparently sudden change in the conversation, said—

"Why, fourteen inches all round, to be sure; what makes you ask that, when you know?"

"But are you quite sure that it is to be fourteen inches?" said David.

"Certainly."

"But what makes you so sure?"

"*Why, I go by the book;*" and as he said so, he pulled a small memorandum-book out of his pocket, in which were marked the sizes and position of the various things on the deck. I'm sure it is fourteen inches, for it is here in the book, and I got the book from headquarters."

"Oh! I see," said David.

"Now, look here, that is just exactly how I know I'm saved; '*I go by the Book;*'" and as he said so he pulled a New Testament out of his pocket. "*I just go by the Book;* it came from headquarters; it came from God; it is God's Word. I found in here that I was a lost, condemned sinner, worthy of nothing but the Lake of Fire; but I also found in the Book that God loved me, lost and guilty as I was; that He so loved me as to give His only-begotten Son to die in my room and stead, and if I believed in Him I should not perish, but have everlasting life; for it says here, '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). I took God at His word, and I'm saved; and you, too, may be saved if you will, simply as you are, a lost, condemned sinner, believe in Jesus; that is, trust Him as your Saviour, and you are saved; and then you can say, without presumption, I know I'm saved, for '*I go by the Book.*'" Here the conversation ended.

And now, reader, let me ask if you go by the Book? for this is the question that settles almost all others. "How do I know that I am such a great sinner as you say I am? I don't feel so at all; I consider myself as good as most men, and my conscience don't trouble me, but

I am quite at peace with myself." That is what you are saying, perhaps.

But do you go by the Book? If so, you must instantly change your mind. For read what is written in the Book: "It is written, There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10-13).

Again: "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. viii. 7). If you go by the Book, you see where you are placed. And which is most likely to be correct, God's book or your own judgment? the Bible or your imagination? the image that is reflected in the mirror of the Holy Law, or the picture which your own flattering fancy has drawn of you?

Or, perhaps you are saying: "Oh, I do not believe this idea of eternal punishment. My idea is, if one does as well as he can, he will come out all right, whether he believes just as you do about Jesus Christ or not." But suppose you lay aside your idea, and just go by the Book. Read what that says: "*He that believeth not the Son* shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). "These shall go away into everlasting punishment" (Matt. xxv. 46).

Is it best to risk it on your own opinion, or believe the Book? A ship commander found a rock laid down in the latest chart, which he had never heard of before. "There is no such rock," he said confidently. "I care not if it is laid down in the chart; I have been over this course for thirty years, and I never found it; and I am willing to put my experience

against the chart that there is no such rock." And then, to prove his statement, he turned the prow of his ship directly upon the point marked dangerous in his chart. And, alas! he found just too late that he was mistaken, and the chart was right.

How many men and women are putting their judgment against God's, on the question of eternal punishment for such as obey not the Gospel. Will you continue the risk, reader, until your soul strikes the rock and you go to the bottom, sighing as you go, "Oh, that I had gone by the Book!" And will you not, doubting and discouraged Christian, uncertain whether or not you are saved, take the Book and go by it henceforth? That Book says, "*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.*" Do you believe on the Son? Then you may know, beyond all question, that you are saved, if you will only go by the Book. Have you been putting an "I feel" against a "Thus saith the Lord"? Have you been turning over the leaves of your own experience to find evidence of your acceptance, instead of searching the leaves of Holy Writ? Have you been looking to the volume of your prayers and repentance to find proof that you are saved, instead of looking to see what is written "*in the volume of the Book?*" Cast all these notions away, and say boldly, henceforth, "I go by the Book."

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK.

In the desert there is nothing around the traveller but dreariness; a burning sandy plain and sun-scorched mountains. The great heat sometimes cracks the skin bottle in which he had hoped to find water, and lets the precious liquid run out,

while his own flesh almost burns in the blaze of the sun. It is too hot to walk, and riding is little better, for you get the heat of the camel in addition to that of the air. "You cannot," says a traveller, "rest under your tent, for that is to add suffocation to heat." Then it is that the deep shadow of a great rock becomes a cooling refreshment, priceless beyond all count. The Lord Jesus is thus a comfortable shelter to the wearied wanderers in the deserts of sin; their comfort is all gone; their hope is withered; the heat of divine wrath assails them; they find no protection from the sun of justice, but then, even then, they fly to Jesus and are happy in Him. No man brings anything to the rock to aid its shade. If the rock cannot shelter the wanderer, nothing will: even so no good deeds of our own are needed to help the Lord Jesus. But a man must be in the shade, or it will be of no service to him; and we must be in Jesus by a living faith which trusts Him alone and entirely. The rock comes between the traveller and the sun, and averts the heat by receiving it upon itself; and even thus the great Redeemer intervenes between our guilty souls and divine vengeance, bearing in His own person the whole weight of the wrath of His God. Let us sit down under His shadow with great delight.

THE Christian must expect opposition from the world, because he is going just the contrary road from the multitude, and has to pass through them. Believer, if you and the world are upon good terms, it may be well to inquire—if you are not come down from your eminence—do you live godly in Christ Jesus?

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

I MEAN by God's help to show you, dear reader, "what great things the Lord has done for me," for I can truly say that "whereas I was blind, now I see." The following is a short but true account of my conversion, and I pray God that He may bless and own it as an instrument in His hands for the salvation of some souls.

I was born in the parish of S—— in the county of B——, and, like Timothy of old, was early taught by my dear mother to read the Holy Scriptures, "which were able to make me wise unto salvation." Mine was truly a happy childhood and a favoured one, yet I never thanked the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." Strange as it may appear, although I said my prayers regularly morning and night, I never *prayed*, although I read my Bible often, and heard sermons at church every week, yet I never *heard* the Gospel, "having ears I heard not, and eyes, I saw not." Thus the precious time slipped quickly away until the year 1871, when the following circumstances happened to me.

It was a cold wintry night in February (and well do I remember it), dark and quiet; I had occasion to go to my bedroom, and thinking that I could easily place my hand upon the article I wanted, I went without a candle. As I walked towards the window I was struck with the strange appearance of the sky—red and beautiful. Imagining that it might be some large building on fire I naturally called my dear mother from downstairs to look, and after some minutes we discovered that the cause was not that of a fire, but the "Northern Lights," which illuminated the heavens. Whilst gazing with

wonder and admiration on the beautiful picture before us, my mother remarked, "Oh, does it not look like the last judgment day! How I wish that my dear Saviour would now burst through those fiery clouds and take me to live with Him for ever!" But, dear reader, what think you were my feelings when these words were uttered? I felt confused, ashamed, and serious. I firmly believed in my own mind that it was indeed the last day, and I knew for the first time in my life, that I was a sinner unprepared to meet my God. I felt that I must "Call upon the rocks and the hills to cover me," and to hide me from the wrath of the Lamb. I tried to pray, but could not; I seemed to be stunned with terror and alarm. The mother whom I loved so well I thought would be parted from me for ever! No words can express my feelings at that time. Oh! what would I not have given for one brief hour to live, that I might repent and "prepare to meet my God!" But it was then (as I really thought), too late for repentance. In the course of a few days my terror became less, but I was now effectually awakened to a sense of my awful and dangerous condition as an unsaved sinner, and I felt that should death overtake me I must certainly spend eternity in endless torment, in "the lake which burneth with brimstone and fire, where the worm dieth not." For a period of five months nothing occurred which might lead me to believe that I had found peace. During the whole of that time I was most unhappy. Wherever I went I felt that God was looking upon me with a frown; I felt a longing for something which this world cannot give—a craving after something which this world does not afford. If I travelled by train I could not help think-

ing, "What if this train should be dashed to pieces by a collision and I should be killed! Where would my soul go to?" I was too proud to ask any fellow-creature for advice, and when I tried to ask God He seemed to have hid His face from me,—to be so distant, so stern and cold, and the only reply which seemed to come to my prayers was, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die." Then I thought "God is so pure and holy, and I so vile a sinner, surely He will not hear me!" and I could never ask Him believing He would hear and answer. But blessed be His holy name, He heard even my unuttered prayers! It was He who inflicted the wound and He who was now about to heal.

It so happened that in July of the same year I was on a visit to a much-loved brother in the little village of T——. The first Sunday I was there two of God's dear children came into that place to try and win souls for Jesus. God in His mercy had led them to the gate of the very house in which I was staying, and they preached there to a small crowd of villagers. But I would not go outside to hear the Ranters (for such I called them), but sat looking at them from the window. Still I felt half inclined to go out, but just then Satan would whisper, "But what would the world say?" and so I allowed them to depart without hearing them. Next Sunday, however, they came again. My brother asked me to go for a walk, but it was God's mercy that they should be still there on my return. I went to my room, and the window being open I heard them singing a hymn, and as I thought it was somewhat strange I went to the gate—with the same odd question still uppermost in my mind, "What must I *do* to be saved?" That question was now to be

answered by the means of the hymn then being sung :—

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it,—did it all,
Long, long ago.
When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done—
Hearken to His cry.

"Weary working burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your doing,—all was done
Long, long ago.
Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

"Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet,
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously 'complete.'

"'It is finished ;' yes, indeed,
Finished every jot ;
Sinner, this is all you need ;
Tell me, is it not ?"

God's Holy Spirit sent those sweet words home to my heart. Was my debt to God then really paid, and might I take Jesus as my Saviour,—free and for nothing ; my own substitute, my sin-bearer, my peace-maker ; was it really my sins which had nailed Him to the tree, my guilt that He bore and died for ? Was it love to an unworthy sinner like me that had kept Him to the cross, when He might have come down and saved Himself ? And might I stand "gloriously complete" in Him, clothed in His righteousness ? Why, this was just the very thing I wanted ; how very strange that I had never seen it before ! But then Satan said, "But how do you know that you are such a vile sinner and may claim Jesus as your Saviour ? I did not attempt to answer that question then ; but the following day, while reading the *British Evangelist*, I had such a sight of Jesus dying on the cross as the *sinner's* friend that I could no longer doubt that He was all my own. Yes, it was all true, dear reader, and now the once stern and angry God was my loving and

reconciled Father in Christ Jesus,—“I who was once afar off, was now brought nigh by the blood of the Lamb.” My joy was now too deep for words to express. The very sun of nature seemed to shine more brightly than before, and I fancied I could hear the joy of the angels in heaven over one sinner brought to repentance. I *knew* I was born again. A mother's prayer had been answered !

The Sunday following I went joyfully out of the house to hear the preacher. He read about the "Good Samaritan," and at the close of the service asked me if the "Good Samaritan" had found me. I then told him what I have already told my readers, and he joined with me in praising God. Soon after this I returned to my own home, and I think I shall never forget the joy of my dear mother as she saw me for the first time bend the knee in prayer. Her loving arms were soon around me as she wept upon my shoulder. It was indeed a wonderful sight for her to see. The Prodigal had returned, having on the best robe, the sandals of peace, the ring, the "fatted calf," or the sacrifice, had indeed been killed and accepted, and it was mine now to sit at my Father's table, and to eat and drink and be merry with holy joy ; for whereas I had been dead in trespasses and sins, I was now alive through Christ ; I had been lost, but was now found, and sitting at the feet of Jesus "clothed and in my right mind."

S. L. C.

EVE AND THE CHURCH.

EVE I believe to be the true type of the Church ! She was his fulness ; she was the complement of Adam ; she was a member of his body, "being of his flesh and of his bones." "And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made He," or as the word is, *builded He*, "a

woman." As the Lord afterwards said, "On this rock will I *build* my Church." God knew what rib to take from Adam. God knew His Church in Christ before all worlds (Eph. i. 4). The Eve was as old as the Adam. The Church in the thought of God is as old as His eternal thought of Christ as its Head, yea, as old as His eternal love for His Son. Hence "who can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord ?"

Eve was first in Adam. Then she who was in him, on his being in a *deep sleep*, was taken from him ; so that she who was first in him was now raised up together *with* him. So we, who in the purpose of God were in Christ on His having died, "are raised up together *with* Him, and are made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." At the creation of Adam the Lord God breathed into his nostrils and he became a living soul ; but when Eve was formed there was no breathing again, she was of the same life with Adam. So also with Christ and His Church. Christ and His Church form together "*one new man*"—Christ the Head, the Church His members—"we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones." This is a great mystery, but I speak, says Paul, concerning Christ and His Church. And as Eve had the same life with Adam, so also she possessed the same rank, and was joint-heir with him of all the same inheritance—image of the Church's place through all eternity ; for Christ's dominion will be ours ; His glory will be our glory ; His joy, His rest, His delight, being one with Him, will be ours also.

THE Christian very frequently is the only Bible the world will read. How sad that the copy should be so defaced.

CHRIST NOT A PLAN BUT A PERSON.

A LITTLE boy of some seven years of age was taken dangerously ill, and the writer, on hearing of it, went to see him. Now the parents of this boy were members of one of the village chapels, and had brought up their child *religiously*—in fact, religiousness was a marked feature in this village, and if “cleanliness is next to godliness,” as some say, the inhabitants appeared to be ambitious of proving that they were in any case “not far from the kingdom of God,” for a cleaner village could hardly be found in any county in England. Three chapels and a church opened their doors twice a week for their several congregations, and although the number of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ was exceedingly few, the number of *professors* might be correctly computed as very nearly equal to that of the census of the population of the place.

On arriving at the shop where this little boy lived, and was supposed to be dying, the writer was accosted by the mother, who very civilly invited him upstairs to see her son, but in doing so, remarked, “He is *well* acquainted with ‘the plan of salvation.’” This was said with the evident intention of implying that the writer’s visit was *hardly* needful, though tolerated for religion’s sake. “The plan of salvation,” thought the visitor as he ascended the stairs. “‘Well acquainted with the plan of salvation,’ and probably as ignorant of the PERSON OF THE CHRIST as a Hottentot! Oh, the delusions of religiousness! Better far to have been born where the Gospel of the grace of God was never heard, than to mistake ‘acquaintance with the plan’ for the knowledge and love of Christ, knowing much and many things *about* Him,

yet totally blinded as to *Himself*, who is neither a plan nor a scheme, but a living, loving, gracious, glorified PERSON.” A very few words with the poor boy satisfied the visitor that his mother was right enough—he *was* well acquainted with “the plan,” and quite satisfied both with it and himself. A bright intelligent boy, he had readily seized (intellectually) what he himself, young as he was, called “*the scheme of redemption*,” but proved to be altogether without Christ, as the writer (knowing the parents) had expected.

His first care was to dig away the shifting sands on which the poor boy’s hopes were built, and to show him as gently as he could the rotten slough that lay beneath, a process which drove the religious mother from the room. Then when the boy’s self-satisfaction was turned to misgiving and alarm, the visitor went on to tell him of One who, when here on earth, *loved* little children, and proved it out in many ways. Love, light, and grace, and truth, and glory, all found in Jesus, then (and now) sitting at God’s right hand, and waiting to be gracious to a poor, foolish boy, who had thought to merit heaven because he knew a good deal about “the scheme of redemption,” were themes so new to him that while they convicted him in his measure of his sinfulness in reducing One so precious to a mere “plan,” mapped out in his little brain, but found nowhere in his heart’s affections, they (by grace) opened his eyes to see JESUS AS HE IS.

Then, to encourage him to come to Jesus, the visitor told him how He took little children up into His arms, and laid His hands upon them and blessed them; how, when the disciples were disputing among themselves as to which of them should be the greatest, He showed who was greatest in *His* loving eyes by setting a little child in the

midst of them, as an Eastern king or chieftain sits surrounded by his servants; how, when a poor girl had died of fever, and was raised to life again at His almighty word, He thought of, pitied her exhaustion, and “commanded that something should be given her to eat;” how even, when going to the cross for our sins, with all its anguish full before Him, He could still think of children, for He said to the women, “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves AND FOR YOUR CHILDREN;” and how, when sin was put away by the sacrifice of Himself, and all sorrow past for ever, and He at God’s right hand in glory, He forgot not the children, for He sent down the Holy Ghost to preach through “His messengers” the forgiveness of sins, even to His murderers, and to say, “The promise is unto you and to *your children*.”

Whether the poor boy had ever heard these things before or not, he *now* saw that there was, up there in heaven, an OBJECT too worthy and winsome, too perfect and precious to be slighted, “who, when He had by HIMSELF purged our sins, sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high;” and he understood for the first time in his life, by the Spirit’s teaching, what is meant by the words “Whosoever believeth IN HIM [not merely *about* Him] shall not perish, but have everlasting life.” The boy did not die, but recovered, and meeting another boy one day in the village street, he said to him, “It was your father that showed me what it is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Dear reader, do *you* know what it is to “believe in the Lord Jesus Christ”? It is to be feared that thousands and tens of thousands in Christendom *think* they do, while yet to them Christ is but a theory, a

map, a plan, a scheme, a bundle of theology! How deep was the wisdom of God when He inspired His servant to write, "If any man LOVE NOT the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha" (1 Cor. xvi.). Do *you love Him*? If He is your very own Saviour, you do; if you do not, you are yet in your sins. "He that hath the Son hath life"—have you? Is He yours? Can you look up there where He is and say, "*My Saviour*"—not simply, "*Our Saviour*"—"sits at God's right hand, having put away *my* sins by His precious blood"? "He that hath NOT the Son of God hath not life," although he may have the most minute and intimate acquaintance with the plan of salvation that it is possible to attain, while yet he is ignorant of Christ, who is NOT A PLAN BUT A PERSON. J. L. K.

WHERE DID MOSES GET THAT LAW?

A CONVERTED sceptic experimented long and patiently as a lawyer, to see if he could add anything to the law of the Lord or take anything away, so as to improve upon it. If it could be thus amended, then he would rest in the conviction that it was of human origin merely.

The results reached he states in this way: "The first commandment, I find, directs us to make the Creator the object of our supreme love and reverence. That is as it should be. If He be our Creator, Preserver, and Supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat Him, and *none other*, as such. The second forbids idolatry, the third profaneness, and all this is certainly right. The fourth fixes a time for religious worship. If there be a God, He ought surely to be worshipped. There should be an outward homage expressive of our inward regard. It is proper some

time should be specified when all may worship harmoniously, and without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much, and I do not know that it is too little. The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from the family relations. Injuries to our neighbour are then classified by the moral law into offences against life, chastity, property, and character. I notice, too, that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus, the greatest injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; to character, perjury. Now the greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to life; and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command prohibiting every improper desire in regard to our neighbour.

"In thinking where did Moses get that law, I searched history. I find the Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters. So were the Greeks and the Romans, and the wisest and best Greek or Roman never taught a code of morals like Moses.

"Where did Moses get this law, which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? Living at a period comparatively barbarous, Moses has given a law in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent times can detect no fault. He could not have risen so far above his age as to have devised it himself. It must have come from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

Thus he was led to Christ, and from that time this song made glad the house of his pilgrimage:—

"The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

"They more than gold, yea much fine gold,
To be desired are;
Than honey, honey from the comb,
That droppeth, sweeter far.
"Moreover, they Thy servant warn
How he his life should frame;
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same."

GAINING A SAD LOSS.

God sees that you are naked and poor, and comes to you with a royal wardrobe and all supplies. Suppose you succeed in proving that there is no Bible, no atonement, no food or raiment, you are still poor and naked. What would you think if there were to be an insurrection in an hospital, and sick man should conspire with sick man, and on a certain day they should rise up and reject the doctors and nurses? There they would be—sickness and disease within and all the help without! Yet what is an hospital compared to this fever-ridden world, which goes swinging in pain and anguish through the centuries, where men say, "We have got rid of the atonement, and we are rid of the Bible!" Yes, and you have rid yourself of salvation.

"HIMSELF."

How sweet the plea
From all to flee
And shelter in my Saviour,
Oh! precious grace
With HIM'S my place
In GOD'S eternal favour.
JESUS the goal
Before my soul,
The one I know in glory.
While I'm on earth
I'd tell HIS worth,
A saved one's sweetest story.

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.—
Shall I not be ashamed of the roses around my brow, when I see Him, and all the princes of His kingdom, with the crown of thorns?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. H., John xxi. 15.—“Lovest thou Me more than these?” We could not for a moment suppose that the Lord asked Peter if he loved Him better than he loved fish! Such an interpretation carries absurdity in its face. This is borne out by Peter’s answer. Had it been the fish that were spoken of he would have rightly said, “Certainly I love you better than all my gains,” but he in his learned humility quietly omits “more than these.” It has undoubted reference to Peter’s rash statement before Christ’s death, “Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended,” and his consequent thrice denial, met here by our Lord three times probing his heart, he being before all the other disciples in leaping out of the boat. Our Lord noticed his prompt leap, leaving all the others behind, and as if to remind him that leaping into the sea for Christ among friends was a far easier matter than saying “yes” for Christ among those who did not know Him, even before only a poor woman. “Do you still think, Peter, that you love Me better than the other disciples do?” But Peter had learned how dangerous it was to compare himself with other saints. May we all learn the lesson! Christ used a very strong word for *lovest*, but Peter answered Him with a *weaker* one, left out all hint of being better than others, and appealed to Christ’s own knowledge. The passage might be freely translated thus:—

“Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me very strongly, and more than your brethren love Me?”

“I will say nothing of my brethren, or of the strength of my love, but I appeal to your own knowledge that I do have a regard for Thee.”

“Lead my little lambs to their pasture.”

He said to him again the second time, “Simon, son of Jonas, we won’t look then at the love of the other disciples, but do you love Me strongly?”

“I keep by my former statement. I have learned not to trust to my own strength, but I do have a regard for Thee.”

“Shepherd my full-grown sheep, by feeding and ruling them, as you can thus be trusted, knowing your own weakness.”

He said unto him the third time (taking up Peter’s own words, and leaving the stronger word for love),

“Are you sure that you really do have a regard for Me?”

Peter was grieved, not because he had been asked three times, but because on this last occasion He probes him with his own word, as if doubting that he even had a regard for Him. He saith unto Him—

“Yea, Lord, I appeal to Thine own universal knowledge, to that Eye that can see to the bottom of my heart; and while others cannot see the attachment that is there, Thou knowest that what I said first is correct, and I do have a regard for Thee.”

(Perhaps “I am attached to Thee” might be a better translation, but neither gives the exact shade of difference between *αγαπᾶω* and *φιλεῶ*. Some suggest the one as ethical the other personal.)

And Jesus saith unto him, “Lead to the pasture my little sheep.”

We have not much to boast of when we sing of our loving Christ; throughout eternity we shall sing of His love to us.

“EDIFY ONE ANOTHER.”

1 THESS. v. 11.

THIS is best accomplished by storing the heart with the Gospel of Christ; feeding daily, regularly, and systematically, on the Word of God; meditating upon the passage selected for the soul’s sustenance *that* day. Then, when thrown in company with others, letting its fragrance fill the soul of your friend as well as your own. Indeed, as the persons who use perfumes about them carry the fragrance with them wherever they go, so will the true child of

God be known by the blessed refreshment coming from the Name which is as ointment poured forth, that, first making glad his own heart, doth also gladden the heart of a friend.

‘HEARD...CAME...TOUCHED.’

MARK v. 27.

“WHEN she had heard of Jesus”—only *heard*;

As yet she had not seen His gracious face,
Nor listened to the wonder of His word,

Nor proved His grace:
Her heart despaired, for rest she long had yearned,
But when she heard of JESUS, hope returned.

“Came in the press behind”—just simply *came*;

She fain would prove if all she heard were true;
As yet ’twas but the fragrance of His name

Alone she knew.
But still she came: and though ’twas “in the press
Behind”—’tis lowly hearts He waits to bless—

“And touched His garment”—only *touched*, her soul

All trembling, yet in faith; and at that touch

Straightway she knew and felt that she was whole!

Lord Jesus, such
Thy changeless way of love: one touch of THEE

Draws virtue forth, and we stand saved and free!

A. L. B.

GRAPES AND GIANTS.

NUMBERS xiii. 23-33.

It must have been sad to see how the children of Israel, all save Joshua and Caleb, received those grapes and turned back and perished in the wilderness.

Two things are set before us here—*Grapes* and *Giants*—the goodly promises of the land and the dangers on the road.

1st. The grapes denote the blessedness Christians may enjoy ere yet they are admitted

into heaven. They came from Canaan, and were the same as those still there; so the joys of Christians below are the same as those of saints in glory. Is God the Father of their delight? He is ours also—"we joy in God." Is the Lamb in the midst of the throne? Whom have we in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth we desire in comparison with Thee, "whom having not seen we love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." As saints in glory are led by the fountains of living waters, so the Holy Ghost is in our souls a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Are angels there? They are here also, sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation. Do saints in glory enjoy the blessedness of sins forgiven? "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

2d. This cluster of grapes was wondrous large. How large the joys of Christians may be even in the wilderness! John Newton used to say that for twenty years he had not had one half minute's doubt of his salvation. What a wonderful amount of communion with Jesus may be enjoyed! Look at that scene in the upper room! Jesus will repeat it still, for it is written, "If any man here My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." How much knowledge! "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold, not a few, but wondrous things out of Thy law." What peace! "The peace of God which passeth all understanding." What love! "That ye may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

3. Christian joys are sometimes recognised by those who

do not follow on with them. All acknowledged the beauty of the grapes, but they dreaded the giants, and turned back. The world owns the Christian's joy. Balaam said, "Let me die the death of the righteous," but his dark soul, greedy of gold, clasped it too convulsively, and perished. Cecil tells us that, looking at his pious mother, two things struck him. "My mother is more afflicted than any one I know, yet she is more happy," and these thoughts, like blessed twins, led him to his Saviour.

Will you fear the giants' guilt, unbelief, corruption, shame? or, if not the sons of Anak, is it Anak himself you dread—Satan? "Nay, we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us," who through death "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil." So as we journey let us sing:—

"Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Father's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

"Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

"Onward, then, we gladly press;
Through this earthly wilderness;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee."

NOTES OF ADDRESS.

PHIL. iii.

HERE we get the glorified man gone up. *He fills the eye* of the apostle. There is the true power and energy of work.

What we require is that self should be set aside.

When faith is at work no circumstances ever dim the heart.

It is no sacrifice giving up things which you have been taught to esteem as dross and dung.

There is no difficulty in giving up things, if we have the eye fixed on Christ.

The difficulty is to have the eye fixed on Christ.

If I am thinking *only* of the race, I throw off the cloak as a hindrance.

What we should look to continually is the judgment of self, and complete conformity with Christ.

The terms of exhortation are simply what Christ was.

The failure of man is uniform and immediate, however something better might be brought in.

Man fell in Eden.
Man made the golden calf.
Man crucified Christ.

And men all seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ.

But if I get the first man in ruins, I get the second man in perfection and glory.

No failure can break the link of faith in the power of God.

Faith says, if God be for us who can be against us.

The candle is brightest in the darkest night, so should our faith be when all is dark around.

Christ's path from glory was all lowering, humbling Himself even to the death of the cross. Where was self to be found in that path? Nowhere. And now the Holy Ghost says by Paul, "Let *this mind* be in you."

In the measure in which self is forgotten God is there.

In Christ, self found no place; in us, it is to be the death of self. Where there is not the judgment of self in the power of the Holy Ghost, there is sure to be the working of self.

Christ's path was a divine path, going through this world in the grace and love of God.

I have a divine path, through this world—viz., to be like Christ.

Nothing can ever stop the sufficiency of Christ, no matter what the circumstances may be.

Christ could not take a place in this world.

Which would you like best? a place in this world, or Christ's place?

A WORD TO THE WEARY.

O GIVE me a word, blest Master,
That I may repeat for Thee!
A message to one who needs it;
Entrust it, dear Lord, to me!
And teach me, that I may say
What Thou shalt desire to-day!

O mourner! whose tears are falling
So fast on the cheerless sod,
Who feelest the world is empty,
Ay, almost without a God;
Look up, there is one Friend left;
Thou art not of Christ bereft!

He feelth for all thy sorrow,
His heart knoweth all thy grief;
He yearns to afford thee comfort,
To give to His child relief:
Look up, though thine eyes be
dim,
And pour out thy woe to Him!

In love He withdrew thy treasure:
I know not the reason why:
Perchance He may tell thee softly,
When none but Himself is nigh;
And then with a sob of peace
Thy bitter distrust may cease!

Hush! listen, for He is speaking:—
"Be still, my poor child, be still:
I might not have dealt more gently;
Oh doubt not My holy will:
The potion is hard to take;
But drink it, for my dear sake!

"I once drained the cup of sorrow
To save thee from untold ill;
My child, wilt thou not then trust Me,
Though thou canst not trace my
will?
Believing that I know best,
Come now unto me and rest."
CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

How cheerful ought every
Christian to be! If he have
Christ, he has the promise of
all things! Worldly objects and
changes ought to have no power
over him.

PRAISING GOD.

OUR praising God should not be
as sparks out of flint, but as
water out of a spring—natural,
ready, free, as God's love to us
is. Mercy pleases Him, so
should praise please us. It is
our happiness when the best
part in us is exercised about the
best and highest work. All
things are either blessings in

their nature, or so blessed as
they are made blessings to us
by the overruling command of
Him who maketh all things ser-
viceable to His people. Even
the worst things in this sense
are made spiritual to God's
people against their own nature.
How great, then, is that good-
ness which makes even the
worst things good!

A WORKER'S EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE often been asked the
question, How did you manage
to get such a large Bible-class?
My answer has been, I did not
get the class—it grew. I little
dreamt when I began, twelve
years ago, that it would ever be
so large; but, like the "little
seed," it has grown from a very
small beginning to be a "great
tree." I live in a town where
there are a great many mills
and factories, and, consequently,
many young women. I often
wished to do something for the
spiritual good of this interesting
class of the community, but did
not know very well how to be-
gin. Two girls, who had got
good at a small Sunday-school
class which I taught for some
time, but which I was prevent-
ed from continuing, came and
begged me if I could not teach
them on that day, to take them
during the week. I consented
to do so, provided they could
get two more to come with them.
The following week four pre-
sented themselves, and this was
the beginning of my young
women's Bible-class.

At first I intended it should
be only for Christians, as I
thought something of this kind
was needed to supply a felt
want, viz., a class to instruct
young believers more fully in
the ways of the Lord. A week
had not passed away, however,
when one of the four asked me
if she might bring a companion
with her. "Is she converted?"
I asked. "No; but she is very

anxious to come." "Bring her
then; she may perhaps get a
blessing," I replied. Another
and another desired to come,
and this I took as an indication
from the Lord that I should
receive all who would come and
make it a regular Bible-class.

From the beginning it has
been quite unsectarian. Not
one of the four belonged to the
church with which I was con-
nected—one was Established,
one Free Church, one United
Presbyterian, and one Congre-
gational. This has continued
all through the members of the
class, comprising representatives
of all denominations. I would
never waste my time in merely
seeking to gather members to
any particular church, much as
I love my own. My aim has
ever been higher—even to win
souls to Christ—work that will
last throughout eternity. Each
week new members were added
to the class, not by any spe-
cial effort of mine, but by the
girls themselves bringing their
friends and companions. Thus
it became known in the different
factories and mills.

Three weeks after its forma-
tion one of the young women
was awakened, and soon after
was brought to decision for
Christ. Another and another
followed in quick succession, and
each one who trusted in Him
was eager to bring others to
hear the glad news, which, by
the Spirit's power, had led her
to the feet of Jesus.

At the close of the first ses-
sion of nine months, there were
56 on the roll, next year 77.
Then the kitchen of my house,
in which we had always met,
became too strait for us, so
much so that I had to forbid
them bringing any more. One
girl came to me at this time, say-
ing that if I would allow her
to bring a careless companion
to the class, she herself would
stay away to make room for
her; "although," she added, "

will be sorry to do so; but having got blessing myself, I would like my friend to come, for, maybe, she will get the blessing too." She was, of course, allowed to bring her friend, and to come herself also. This, however, made me decide to look out for another place of meeting. Accordingly we, in a short time, removed to the hall of the church which I attended. Every week brought fresh members. The hall was soon as crowded as the kitchen had been, until the number on the roll reached 200 or more each year. About this time the Lord was graciously pleased to pour out His Spirit upon us, and many were brought out of darkness into His marvellous light.

There is nothing of an outward kind to attract. Many fall into the mistake of supposing that the interest of such a class can only be kept up by the aid of music, story reading, and such like. My experience has been quite different. I have used nothing but the Word of God, and I believe this to be the secret of the success of my class. The more we honour God's Word the more He will honour our work, for He has said, "Them that honour Me I will honour." I consider it of great importance that the young women should be brought into personal contact with the Word. Each one has her Bible in hand, and during the lesson turns up the passages to which I may refer, and these are marked by many of them. In this way they obtain a knowledge of their Bibles which they would not otherwise have.

I prepare very carefully, spending seven or eight hours over each lesson every week. As soon would I think of having no class at all as of going to it unprepared. But while seeking to give instruction, my chief aim is conversion, and never once would I teach without appealing

to and pressing upon my class the acceptance of Christ as their Saviour and Substitute.

I also give an opportunity at the close of each meeting to any one who may wish to converse with me, besides setting apart an evening each week on which any of the young women may come to my house to get counsel and direction on the all-important matter of their salvation. Many have taken advantage of these opportunities, and not a few have in this way been united to Christ. I look upon personal dealing as a most important part of a teacher's work, and I never lose an opportunity of speaking to the members of my class about their spiritual state when I meet them alone, either in the house or by the way. I also try to know them all by name, and to take an interest in all that concerns them.

Another thing that has helped me very much is a little prayer meeting that we have for twenty minutes before the class gathers, at which two or three of the young women plead for the presence of the Spirit on the lesson that is to be taught. This has been a great source of strength to me; and often, when in fear and trembling, the simple earnest prayers of these godly young women have filled me with a power not my own. I believe in the power of prayer; for our God is a great God, and He has said, "According to your faith be it unto you." None are admitted to this meeting unless they take part in it.

Many look upon our mill and factory workers as a sort of *lower species*. It is a great mistake; for while there are many who are rough and uncouth, there are also many of the finest specimens of womanhood amongst them—ay, and many noble Christians too. The way to raise them is to teach them God's truth, and anxiously to seek to bring them under its

power: nothing else will do. It is not amusement they need, but something that will satisfy them, not only in time, but throughout eternity. They require earnest and faithful dealing and warning, for their temptations are many and great. Even careless girls know when they are faithfully dealt with, and despise in their hearts those who are only "half-and-half" in their dealing with them.

During those twelve years one thousand young women have passed through the class. Many of these are now in different parts of the earth; not a few have gone into the eternal world. Some of these by their lives, as well as by their bright and happy deathbeds, have left a clear testimony behind them that they have gone to be with Jesus: over the end of others we would draw the veil.

I have had many precious testimonies as to how helpful the class has been, not only in leading to decision for Christ, but in preventing many from being led in the wrong way. As one lately said, "But for the class where would I have been?"

The results are with God. This is our sowing time, and He can make it also our harvest season. At all events, the reaping time is coming, when sowers and reapers will rejoice together.

One word to fellow-teachers. Teach with a single eye to the glory of God, and aim at the conversion of each soul under your care. Anything short of this will not stand when God begins to reckon with us concerning our work. If we would have the "well done" at last, we must be faithful in the discharge of our duties now. And let our own practice be consistent with our teaching, otherwise we shall have no influence for good over those under our care.

H. L. G.

HE DID WHAT HE COULD.

THE other day I saw a strange specimen of deformity in a human being—a man without legs, without arms or hands—a mere stump. The poor creature's energy was all required in spinning a top; every faculty was employed in making the top spin—a thing every schoolboy is able to do with ease. We might suppose some one looking at this poor creature and saying, "What a silly thing to do all day long!

Could the poor man not be taught to do something useful?" Slowly, friend, speak slowly. You profess the name of Christ—are you straining your every energy in His service? Is your every talent, every ability, used to further His work? You laugh at this poor man's exertions and labour in doing this simple thing. Did you ever think of the powers of body and mind entrusted to you to use for God's glory? You will have to answer to God for the manner in which you have used

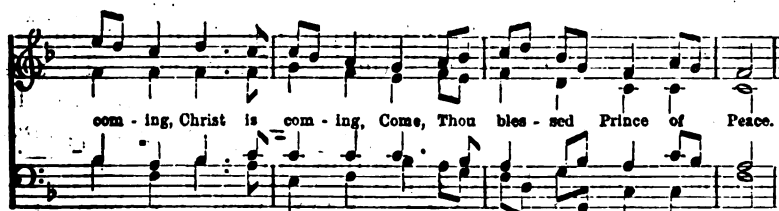
those means. Will you laugh then? Will you be able to say, I have used every talent lent to me to the utmost for the furtherance of God's work? If not, begin now. Do you think when you come to the judgment-seat of Christ you will be sorry for any little thing you denied self and used for God? Think not that you must be engaged in some great work before you can do anything for Him. If it be all you can do to speak of Jesus to one poor child, if done out of love to Him, it will not be forgotten. God will be no man's debtor, even to a cup of cold water. Jesus is coming—it may be to-day. He will come to take us to Himself. Is this not enough to rouse us from our coldness and indifference? He is letting us have this little time to work for Him. How are we using the time and opportunities given us? Can we not deny self, and serve only Him? It will not be always easy to speak for Jesus, but

"Oh, how will recompense His smile
The sufferings of this little while!"

Will not His "Well done" be worth all the scoffs and frowns of the world? Let us work now for Jesus; and then, when this "little while" is over, we shall go to live in the glory, to be "for ever with the Lord."

A. M. L.

CHRIST IS COMING.



EARTH can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
They shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign.
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
Soon in heavenly glory shining
Their Restorer shall they see:
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee!

With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll in every tongue:
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

JOYFUL TIDINGS.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away.
Joyful tidings!
Christ the Lord has risen to-day.
Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
By His death He overcame;
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!—
Praises to the Victor's name.
Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches
ring.

PRAISE.

"Now will I praise the Lord."—
GEN. xxix. 35.

WE have all found when we were downcast that, if we could only begin first to meditate on all God's goodness, and then to praise, that we were lifted out of ourselves and left happy. Praise is the atmosphere in which God lives: "He inhabiteth the praises of Israel," and all murmuring and repining are quickly silenced there. Those who live nearest to Him who is the Leader of the praise, praise

HE THAT IS UNJUST, LET HIM BE
UNJUST STILL.

HE THAT IS RIGHTEOUS, LET HIM BE
RIGHTEOUS STILL.

most, and, consequently, live that attractive life which gains those outside. A soul, like other instruments of delicate construction, has its tuning times. To test one instrument by another were of no use; it, too, may have fallen far below the true concert pitch. But the great Master comes, and as His hand runs over the keys, He makes us hear the discord; now He must mend a broken string, then a jarring note must be made sweet. It is not an easy process, but it must be if our lives are to be in harmony with His.

Here at best it is only the bass sounds deep and low; up there is the treble, as one has sung:—

"The Lord's
Wand beckons; we here beat out our
life's bass,
While He builds up the treble in His
own high place."

Many have got their first sight of salvation when they ceased striving and struggling, and just said, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." This reminds one of the little gipsy boy who was visited in the encampment by a Christian lady. As he lay dying, she whispered to him the "old, old story," which he had never heard before. "Who is the kind gentleman?" was his eager inquiry. She told him more of all that Jesus bore for us. The little fellow looked up into her face, and putting his small hands together, exclaimed, "To think I have never thanked Him! The lady replied, "You

know of His love now, Jamie, and He is taking you to His home to thank Him for ever there."

Let us to-day, as we read this, raise a new song:—

"The 'fowler's snare is broken,'
And loosed my captive wing;
And shall the bird be silent
Which Thou hast taught to sing?"
"In the dust I leave my sackcloth,
As a thing of other days;
For Thou girdest me with gladness,
And Thou robest me with praise."
M. S. S.

GONE ASTRAY.

MEN sometimes object to the doctrine of the depravity of mankind. But the strongest teachings of the Bible are more than confirmed by their own actions—by the conduct of the world itself. Every bolt and bar and lock and key, every receipt and check and note of hand, every law book and court of justice, every chain and dungeon and gallows, proclaim that the world is a fallen world, and that our race is a depraved and sinful race.

TOO LATE.

A FRIEND of mine had a relative, one of whose sons was sick, I think with consumption. All the family were thoughtless of things of the life eternal. The parents had no faith in future retribution. They were unwilling to have their son alarmed regarding his condition, or troubled by thoughts of the world to come.

A cheerful and merry manner was maintained before him, even to the very latest days of his life. Anything and everything but what should have been was told him, to keep his spirits up, and his thoughts away from himself. At last there came a day when his affectionate parents and brothers and sisters could no longer hide from his keen eyes their feelings. "What ails you all?" he questioned with roused fears. Their silence and hesitation caused conviction of the truth to dart into his mind.

"Am I in danger? I *dying*!" he asked. They dared not, could not, deny it. "Then I am lost!" he screamed. "Lost! There is a hell. I feel it. I am in it. And you, *you*," he cried, turning his gaze of agony upon his parents, "are the cause of the loss of my soul." Then he died. *What a memory* for his parents to carry, as they *must*, through life!

MANY men stumble at a straw in the way to heaven; and climb over great mountains in their way to hell.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

JANUARY 1880.

[No. 151.]

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THE OPENING YEAR.

AN opening year before us
Lies in its shadowy dawn;
Let us pause awhile on the threshold
Ere a veil o'er the past is drawn;
Remembering the Master's leading,
As we glance at the backward way,
Let us strengthen our hearts to serve Him
In the year we begin to-day.
To many the bygone year
A "beginning of days" has been,
New life, new joys, new hopes are theirs
In a new-found Saviour seen.
To all it has brought new mercies;
From all let new praise arise;
For even its bitterest sorrows
Have been blessings in disguise.
For some have been brought by sorrow
From wanderings far and wide,
To the Father's house and the Father's heart;
And though some are still "outside,"
NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 1.

Yet for those let us still pray on,
And the year which we now begin
May find, perhaps at its close,
These stray ones gathered

Others the race have run,
Have borne the heat of the day,
Have finished their course, have kept the faith,
And the Master has called away.
We may miss the well-known form,
We may mark the vacant place,
But our hearts remember the "coming One,"
And the meeting "face to face."

This may be the last New Year
That ever our eyes shall see,
For in *it* the Eternal Day
May dawn for both you and me.
Perhaps for me alone,
But perhaps together—all
Shall be gathered around the throne
Ere this New Year's night shall fall.

Then lift up the weary heart,
For the hours are fleeting fast,
There is an end to the longest day,
A rest that will come at last.
On! till the fight is o'er,
In courage, and hope, and love;
We shall meet at the pearly gates
Of our fair bright home above.

TO OUR READERS.

At the beginning of a new year we trust our readers will do all that lies in their power to aid us in the spread of the truth which we present in our paper. That the truth should be spread by the written Word, as well as by the spoken message, comes to us from the very highest authority. That it should come

to men in a periodical form has also similar authority. Is not the Bible God's written message to man? Did it not come out at intervals over a space of about 2000 years? And since the Spirit of God has come, and the Bible has been completed, no additional revelation can be given. The ascended Christ has given pastors, teachers, and evangelists to proclaim His Gospel to the world, and to build up His Church,—to the world to evangelise it, and to the Church to teach it.

We try in this paper to present to you the Gospel of God in clearness and fulness, with truth calculated to arouse, convince, convert, quicken, and enlighten.

Since the invention of printing, the press has been exerting a most powerful influence on the world. This influence has gradually increased, until in the present day it seems to be the most powerful of all means for spreading truth or error, good or evil. We need not speak of the papers that pander to the lowest passions of men, or the organs of politics or the world's news. Their name is legion. Almost every party has its own proper advocate in the shape of a periodical. World-reform schemes in all their different grades spread their purposes before the public. Besides all these, we have the several denominations into which the Church of God is unfortunately

broken, owning, pleading, and supporting their own peculiar views. Almost all parties are thus ecclesiastically represented by the periodicals which they send forth. Besides the decidedly immoral, the world-news, the scientific, world-mending and ecclesiastical papers, there is a class that seems to be a go-between—a mixture between Church and world, having a slight tincture of religion, but as much sensationalism and excitement as will make them “take” with the world. We encroach on the domain of none. We do not give world-news, nor do we plead for any denomination of the Church of God. We plead for no sect, no party, no man, no denomination. Our endeavour, amid much weakness and failure, will ever be to hold up Christ for the sinner, and Christ for the saint. We would call all believers, by whatever name men may know them, to rally round the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our *Evangelist* will keep by plain Gospel truths, raising no controversy, but endeavouring to place the conscience before God, and present a living Christ for the dead sinner.

Reader, will you help us in your prayers, sympathies, efforts? We know several ladies who have some little time every month. They get 20, 30, 40, 50 (one has more than 70), and these they take to the doors of readers to see that they get them regularly, receiving the pennies for them. Any one who has a little time and no money can do this. If you wish to try a few copies, let the editor know, and back numbers will be sent to you.

Our great Master wishes to have none idle in His harvest-field. Will you, dear reader, help, not us, but Him? God has opened up a wide door for us, will you help us to enter in and occupy for the Master?

Pray for us that nothing but what is for His glory may get into the papers. A scholar of old was told by his inspired teacher to give himself to reading. When you are told to read nothing but your Bible, be suspicious of that teacher, for certainly you should not have read that advice. God has given teachers. It is despising His Spirit not to listen to them either by their voice or by their writings. What we advise you is, to read what opens up the Scripture to you; read everything which makes you relish your Bible more, which brings out of the treasury things new and old.

If Christians would read more carefully, prayerfully, and regularly, the teaching of Spirit-filled men, they would know and love their Bibles better, would be more established in the faith, and more holy in their walk. If any Christian thinks himself independent of such, he is getting wise in his own conceits, and is getting into a place God never intended a member of the body to be. Every member depends on the other for nourishment. The Spirit wrote the Bible; the ascended Head gave the teachers and evangelists, and by being taught of such, we shall be all taught of God.

W. P. MACKAY.

IT IS PLEASANT FLOATING.

SEVERAL years since, three young men, bathing one day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downward toward a waterfall some distance below. At length two of them made for the shore, and, to their alarm, found that the current was stronger than they had supposed. They immediately hailed the other, and urged him also to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears and floated on, “It is pleasant floating!” he said, and seemed to enjoy it

much. Soon several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, “Make for the shore, make for the shore, or you will certainly go over!” But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain the bank. But, alas! it was too late! The current was too strong. He cried for help, but no help could reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below.

How striking an illustration of the conduct and final ruin of thousands of immortal souls, who are floating pleasantly and thoughtlessly on the stream of life towards the gulf of despair! They are warned and entreated with tears, by alarmed and faithful friends. Christians urge them and ministers warn them, but all in vain! They float on, they flow on, mocking the fears of those who love them most, till too late they awake to their danger, and see just beneath them the gulf of eternal ruin!

Reader, it may be that this is *your* case. You have been warned, you have been entreated in vain. This year began, and you were floating towards destruction, and months have gone, still you are floating on to your eternal doom. How near you may be to the brink of the precipice, neither you nor I can tell. Make for the shore! make for the shore! before it is too late to seize the hand of the Saviour stretched out to save you! It will be too late *some time*. It may be *too late soon*! Thank God, it is not too late now!

“MERCY is the rod by which the noble-minded chastise.”

NONE BUT CHRIST.

ALICE was an only child and heiress. Lovely and accomplished, she lived for this world, and this world offered her no ordinary attractions.

In the Old Abbey Church adjoining her home there had been a change of ministers. The Evangelical pastor had been succeeded by a young Oxford divine, who very quickly established what is termed "Ritualism." Alice entered zealously into the new arrangements.

Soon, however, it was observed that Alice failed to look so bright and well as formerly. The physician called in declared it consumption, and that her days were numbered. Alice sank by degrees, and as she lay on her couch, surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could procure, began to think how sad it was to leave her loving friends and all her brilliant prospects, and to go—where? where?

She sent for her Ritualist clergyman. He came. The family were assembled. He produced a missal. They all knelt round the bed. He intoned the service for the sick. Having received her confession, and pronounced absolution, he administered the sacrament, and placing his hands on her, blessed her, and pronounced her a good child of the Church. He departed, perfectly satisfied with his own performance, and assured the parents that all was right.

Was Alice satisfied?

She had submitted to it, but *felt* that all was not right.

"Father," she said, "I am going to die. Where am I going?"

The father could give no reply.

"Mother, dear, can you tell me what to do to get to heaven?"

No reply.

"I'm lost! lost!" she exclaimed. "Am I not, father? Is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?"

At length the father spoke. "My child, you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended the Abbey Church, and helped in its services, and the minister has performed the rites of the Church, and expressed himself satisfied with your state."

"Alas! father, I feel that is not enough. It is no rest to my soul. It is hollow—it is not real. Oh! I am going to die, and I know not where I am going. Oh! the blackness of the darkness! Can no one teach me what I can do to be saved?"

Alice was attended by a little maid who *knew* the Saviour, and *knew* the forgiveness of *her own* sins, and longed to tell her mistress of one who had preached to her "forgiveness" through the finished work of Christ. She did so.

"Oh, that I could see him!" exclaimed the dying girl.

He was sent for. Again the family were assembled. The dying girl, raising herself, appealed to him, "Can you tell me *what I must do* to obtain rest for my soul, and die at peace with God?"

"I cannot."

Alice fell back. "Alas!" said she, "and is it so? Is there no hope for me?"

"Stay," said he; "though I cannot tell you what you can do to be saved, I *can* tell you what *has been done* for you."

"Jesus Christ, the Saviour, has completely *finished* a work by which lost and helpless sinners may be righteously saved. God is love. The blessed Saviour left the throne of His glory, bled and died, that the sinner might live. 'He bare our sins in His own body on

the tree.' He endured the wrath of God. All, all is done—the work is finished. Believe and live. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

"And have I nothing to do?"

"Nothing. No doing, working, praying, giving, or abstaining, can relieve a conscience burdened with guilt and sin. It is not a work done *in* you by *yourself*, but work done *for* you by *another*, long, long ago. Jesus said: 'It is finished.' It is impossible to add to the perfect work of Christ. *Doing* is not God's way of salvation, but ceasing from doing, and believing what God in Christ *has already done for you*."

"I do believe that Jesus died on the cross for sinners; but how do I know that God has accepted *me*?"

"Jesus has ascended into heaven. He has presented His blood to God, and has been accepted *for us*; and when you believe, you are accepted in Him: 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* life.' You desire peace. Believe the message which God sends you, and you may appropriate to yourself *all* He did, and say:—'For *me* He was slain.' He was bruised for *my* iniquities. 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

The deeply-awakened sinner listened with breathless attention. She received the Word of God revealing Christ to her soul; and in a few days afterwards she slept in Christ.

Oh, that every reader of these pages may ponder deeply the realities of the future! Reader, where are *you* going?—where? Are you trusting in works, feelings, or aught *save* the finished work of Christ? Test your hope—try your foundations *now* by the Word of God, and in the light of that cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" else, they will be tested

at and before the judgment seat. Blessed it is to know that forms, ceremonies, bowings, and the whole service of Ritualism, from first to last, is but a snare and delusion. What need I save the knowledge of Christ on the cross for *my* sins?—buried and raised again for *my* justification? Can man's rites and mummeries add to the value of Christ's blood-shedding? Perish the thought! He has died and risen—that is enough. And the soul that has learned anything of the exceeding preciousness of Christ will gladly say—"Let ceremonies, rites, and the whole round of ritualistic theology go for ever. I have found Christ and His finished work ENOUGH."

Art thou a Ritualist, or a simple believer in Christ?

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

DID you ever have a bit of cloth that you thought clean until some time it happened to be laid near a new piece, and you then saw it was soiled? In a similar way people discover facts about themselves sometimes, as Burt and Johnnie Lee did when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. They were "pretty good boys," and would have been angry if anybody had called them deceitful. Well, when their cousin came, they were delighted. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he recited finely. At night, before the close of school, the teacher called a roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "ten"

if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you 'zero,'" said the teacher sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say, 'I haven't,'" said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied very hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his own account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to; yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown much quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of "disgrace." Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy blue-eyed

Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and "story-tellers." They talked him over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I tell you that I want to give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.

PAUL SUFFERED WHAT SAUL INFLICTED.

Saul stoned, Acts vii. 58;—Paul was stoned, 2 Cor. xi. 25.
Saul beat, Acts xxii. 19;—Paul was beaten, 2 Cor. xi. 25.
Saul persecuted Church, Gal. i. 13;—Paul was persecuted, 2 Cor. xi. 32, 33.
Saul bound, Acts ix. 21;—Paul was bound, Acts xxiv. 27.
Saul imprisoning, Acts viii. 3;—Paul in prisons frequent, 2 Cor. xi. 23.
Saul delivering to death, Acts xxii. 4, 20;—Paul in death often, Acts xiv. 19.

A CHRISTIAN witnessing the conflagration of his property, exclaimed, "Glory to God! there go the fetters which bound me!"

"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?"

How solemn the question! it rings
on my ear!

It wakens my conscience! arouses
my fear!

It tells me of danger! it warns me
of hell!

I long for an answer. O! hasten to
tell.

O! sinner so anxious, to thee will
we give

The word that will save thee, and
says to thee, Live;

Glad tidings, indeed, for 'tis God's
gracious word

That tells of salvation, through
Jesus the Lord!

'Tis Jesus! 'tis Jesus from wrath
bids you flee,

And says to thee, "Sinner, come,
come unto Me;"

Give heed, then, O sinner! post-
pone not a day,

So great a salvation you must not
delay!

He warns thee, and calls thee; will
welcome thee, too;

O! say then, poor sinner, what now
wilt thou do?

Salvation! salvation! 'tis Jesus that
gives;

Accept it, accept it, thy soul ever
lives!

But neglect that salvation, so great
and so free!

Just simply neglect it, 'twill lost be
to thee;

Neglect not salvation! accept while
you may!

Neglect not salvation! secure it to-
day!

WHO NEXT?

Moving up and down the earth,
one involuntarily hears many of
the sighs and groans that are
forced from its sin-stricken,
Satan-bound dwellers. How
glorious to move in it with the
assurance that through the blood
of Christ we are delivered from
its sorrows, its curse, and its
doom (Gal. i. 4).

God pity you! beloved reader,
if *your* hopes and joys are bound
up in this poor world, which lies
now under the sentence of God's
judgment, waiting to be executed
so soon as the "day of salvation"
shall close.

It is nothing striking I have to
tell you, only a simple reminder
that TO-DAY is not a moment too
early for you to have the ques-
tion of your soul's salvation set-
tled, once and for all. A few
days since I sat down in the
train beside an old dame who
was talking to an elderly man
on the opposite seat. Family
matters were the subject of con-
versation. Without intending I
could hear every word spoken.
Said the old man, "I took a little
business for my young daughter,
I didn't know how long I might
be here you know, and it would
be something for her after I was
gone. She hadn't been in it a
fortnight when she took cold or
something, and she is *dead*. We
buried her in W.—churchyard." The
fresh opening of the wounds
of sorrow filled the father's eyes
with tears, and one's heart bled
for the bereaved, solitary old
man, and grieved too for the
root of the matter: "For by one
man *sin* entered into the world,
and *death* by *sin*" (Rom. v. 12).

Beloved reader, this is but one
sample of what composes the
daily history of this poor world.
The arrows of death are sped
with sure aim, and strike where
least expected. The grey-haired
father makes provision for the
young daughter. ("For," says
he, "I didn't know how long I
might be here, you know"), and
in one short fortnight weeps
over her corpse. The sapling is
cut down and the old tree of
many winters is left standing.
Who next? Look in the church-
yard, and tell me how many
small graves are there! Read
the inscriptions on the tomb-
stones, and tell me how many
ages are there younger than your
own! Have you a pledge from
God that *your* days shall be long
on the earth, so that you can
afford to trifle with, or procrasti-
nate about, your precious soul's
salvation?

Listen then, beloved reader,
to words of God, which, if be-

lieved in your heart, will cause
that heart to flow over with joy
and thanksgiving. "God sent
not his Son into the world to
condemn the world, but that the
world *through Him* might be
saved" (John iii. 17). That Son
Himself said, "Verily, verily, I
say unto you, he that believeth
on Me *HATH* everlasting life"
(John vi. 47). Believe Him, and
your sins are forgiven, judgment
is passed, peace is secured, and
Christ and glory is your future!

F. L.

"THE AMENDED WILL."

A FEW days ago I was asked to
dine with an elderly gentleman,
over whose head seventy sum-
mers had passed. He had been
known as a Christian for many
years, but, as we often find, had
allowed his ideas of humility to
hinder the joy of "full assurance
of faith." At the same time his
self-denying labours of love and
close following in the footsteps
of the Divine Master would
shame many advanced believers.

As he sat in his arm-chair in
the course of the evening, he
said, "I am going to the Con-
tinent to-morrow, and as we
never know what a day may
bring forth, especially at my
time of life, I have written out
a few directions as to the dis-
posal of my property, and wish
you to append your name as
having witnessed my signa-
ture."

He then read the will over to
me, and I was particularly struck
with the concise way in which
he had given expression to his
wishes. There was nothing
superfluous or vague, and no-
thing omitted. With the follow-
ing words he concluded, "I wish
to testify that I die trusting in
the merits of my Lord and
Saviour Jesus Christ, and *hope*
I am accepted for His dear sake."
I said, "You have stated every-
thing so clearly, may I ask why
you add, 'I *hope* I am accepted?'"

The Word of God tells us that 'He hath made us accepted in the Beloved' (Eph. i. 6); and again the Apostle Paul says, 'For we *know* (not hope) that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens' (2 Cor. v. 1)."

"Well," said he, "it is one thing for the Apostle Paul to speak thus, and another for me. I have no sympathy with those who are presumptuous enough to speak so confidently about their salvation. They must be sadly wanting in that paramount Christian virtue, humility."

"My dear friend," I replied, "if it be presumption, has not God endorsed it? Did not Christ say, '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?' (St. John v. 24). You say you trust in the merit and work of Christ, and Him alone?"

"I do," he added, "firmly believing that when He said 'It is finished,' the work was fully done, and nothing can be added to it."

"Or taken away?" I inquired.

"I see you do not believe in the final perseverance of the saints?"

"I believe rather," said I, "in the final perseverance of God to guard and keep His saints unto the end. If it depended upon the holiest saint of God to keep himself, it would be a sorry affair. He could not stand in a place of responsibility for half an hour. It is the perseverance of the Father in drawing all to Jesus—the perseverance of the Son, and the perseverance of the Holy Ghost. Thus we have instead of the perseverance of the saints, the perseverance of the divine and eternal

Trinity. Is not this a firm basis on which to rest?"

"It is indeed a sure foundation," he exclaimed. "I see my mistake. It is far more presumptuous to doubt God than to take Him at His word, and believe it because He says it."

Without more ado, he struck out the word "hope," and inserted "know" instead of it.

How many we constantly meet having these false ideas of humility! True humility gives self no place at all, and makes everything of God. "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, or anything taken from it" (Eccles. iii. 14).

THE RAILWAY TICKET.

WHEN in the darkness of the midnight train, the conductor's lamp is seen glimmering through the carriage, does he hold it to your face to learn who you are, in order to be satisfied of your right to proceed? No! he lets its beams fall on the ticket which you hold out to him, and if that is right you are right, no matter who you are, whether rich or poor, whether rude or noble. Christ, and Christ alone, is our passport to glory. Never can we say, "O Lord, look upon me, for I am holy." Always must we say rather, "Behold, O God, our Shield, and look upon the face of Thine Anointed." And ever since that face dropped pale and gory on His breast with that dying sentence, "It is finished," God has only to look upon it to justify any sinner, however guilty, who looks upon it also in a trusting faith. Believest thou this, my heart? Or is pride setting you to the hopeless task of self-redemption, putting you to gazing upon some thin transfiguration of self, to find a groundwork of confidence and trust.

But many are beguiled away from the simplicity that is in

Christ by a false humility. Unworthy? Most assuredly you are. And if you live to be the veriest saint you will be so still. And that is the reason why God has chosen to save you by one who is worthy. It is not a question of what you deserve, but what Christ deserves. And for you to refuse to take the place which God assigned you in redemption because of a sense of unfitness, that is not humility, but unbelief. It is putting self in the place of the Cross, and that is always to set aside Christ. I care not whether it be a proud self or a humble self; a self-righteous self or a self-condemning self; the moment you put it in the place of the Cross, you throw the atonement into eclipse, and Christ is made of none effect to you.

The Gospel stipulates to take men at their worst or at their best. And it matters little which. It has to do the same work for both. You know it costs our Government just as much to uniform a well-dressed recruit as it does a ragged one. In either case the recruit must put off his citizen's dress and put on the army clothing. And so it is not worth while for a volunteer to spend his pains to get a new suit to enlist in. There is likewise no necessity for a sinner's waiting to get a better moral garb, a more respectable wardrobe of frames and feelings, before he may come to Christ. For in any event he must put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.

He that thinks he hath no need of Christ, hath too high thoughts of himself; he that thinks Christ cannot help him, hath too low thoughts about Christ.

THE MILESTONE.

THE spot invited rest and suggested thought. While the weary limbs enjoyed repose, the mind was busy recalling the pictures of the past. With gratitude the pilgrim looked on the milestone, and noticed the mark of his progress. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," was his devout exclamation; "but let me see the other side, that I may learn how many years of further toil and hardship will bring me to my destined goal!" He looked, but the milestone bore no inscription on its other side. "Is it only of the past," he asked himself, "and does it reveal nothing of the future?" And while he examined it more carefully, he found this inscription: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever;" and below it, the words of Immanuel: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Whereupon the pilgrim said, "My times are in His hands, and things to come shall not separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."

He looked again at the milestone, and on its near side he beheld the year 1880. "So many years has He been absent, and His Church has waited in faith and love! When will He return according to His promise?" But there was no date on the other side. He read the words, "Watch, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

During the great fire which nearly destroyed Königsberg in the year 1764, a pastor of that city, ninety years old, lost his church, his house, his valuable library, and all his worldly goods. One of his grandsons rescued him from the flames, carrying him on his shoulders. When asked, some time after-

wards, by a friend who visited him, to tell him the result of his long and varied experience, he replied, "I have just been meditating on the ninety-first Psalm. I have experienced every statement it contains to be true, every promise sure. I have lived in times of pestilence, and I dwelt in the secret place of the Most High, and abode under the shadow of the Almighty. I have passed through times of war and bloodshed: His faithfulness was my shield and buckler: I was in danger of fire: He gave His angels charge over me, to bear me up in their hands. He has honoured me and satisfied me with long life. There remains only one promise unfulfilled, and for this I am waiting now: 'I will show him my salvation.'"

GIVE WHILE YOU HAVE IT.

It is wonderful how many benevolent men we find who have no money. They feel for the cause of Christ, for the necessities of the poor, for the welfare of the heathen and a thousand other good objects, but really they have nothing that they can give. They have lost so much, and property has depreciated so greatly, that they are restricted, and cannot do as they would. But how was it when they *had* money? Then they used it for themselves and for their own advantage. When it is gone they are very willing to give it away, but while they had it, neither God nor man could loosen their grasp upon it. They proved themselves unfaithful stewards, and have been put out of their stewardship. They now have the opportunity of being "faithful over a *very* few things," and if they are thus faithful the Lord can make them rulers over many things.

The lesson for us all to learn is to do good *while we can do it*; while our hand is on the plough

is the time to cut the furrow. To-day we have opportunity to do something for the Lord. It may be our last opportunity; it may be our only one. Let us do while we can do; let us give while we can give; let us work while we can work. The night cometh wherein no work can be done. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hand to do it" (Prov. iii. 27.)

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

A BIBLE-READING ON ST. JOHN XIV. 6.

WE have here one of the well-known seven "I am's" of this Gospel. Jesus says:—

1. "*I am the Bread of Life*" (St. John vi. 35).
2. "*I am the Good Shepherd*" (x. 11).
3. "*I am the Door*" (x. 7).
4. "*I am the Resurrection*" (xi. 25).
5. "*I am the Light of the World*" (ix. 5).
6. "*I am the true Vine*" (xv. 1).
7. "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life*" (xiv. 6).

This "I am" is threefold. It contains an answer for each of three classes of inquirers.

1st. For those who say, "I want to go to heaven; but how am I to get there? I am ignorant of the road. What must I do to be saved?"—the answer of Jesus Himself to such is, "I AM THE WAY."

2d. For those who are troubled with doubts—who are searching, groping after light—who say, with Pilate, "What is truth?" (St. John xviii. 38)—the answer of Jesus to such is, "I AM the TRUTH."

3d. For those who say, "But my heart is so cold and dead, so lifeless and hard, I *cannot* be a Christian"—the answer of Jesus is, "I AM THE LIFE."

And then, all these three

classes are summed up in one, when the Lord tells us in the last part of the verse, that *all*, whether lacking knowledge, light or life, or whether blindly thinking they *have* all these things (Rev. iii. 17, 18), must alike come to God by Him. No MAN cometh unto the Father but by Me." It is not every one who is sincere, or every one who does his best, who gets to heaven; neither is it through the intercession of saints and angels that any can come to God. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

"*I am the Way.*" It is interesting to trace out all that is said in the Bible about "the way" to heaven, remembering that way is Christ. *He is—*

The way of peace (St. Luke i. 79; Eph. ii. 14).

The way of life (Pro. xv. 24; Col. iii. 4).

The way of pleasantness (Prov. iii. 17; Cant. i. 16).

The way of holiness (Isa. xxxv. 8; 1 Cor. i. 30).

The way everlasting (Ps. cxxxix. 24; Isa. ix. 6).

The way into the holiest (Heb. ix. 8, x. 19, 20).

The one way (Jer. xxxii. 39; John x. 7; Acts iv. 12).

Like the ladder of Gen. xxviii. 12, He is the connecting medium between heaven and earth (see St. John i. 51). The only way of approach to God; the only channel of blessing to man.

"*I am the Truth.*" For every one who has found the world false, and scepticism a vain refuge, this is a word to be tested. God says, "Prove Me now." Jesus says, "If any man will (*i.e.*, be willing to) do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it is of God, or whether I speak of myself" (St. John vii. i. 7). The inquirer honestly pleading this verse, and taking the ground it gives him to stand on, shall find the fetters that have

bound him fall off. "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you *free*" (St. John viii. 32). Light shall dawn on the darkness, and you will know Christ, the Truth, as a reality.

"*I am the Life.*" No warmth, no love, no feeling, no power, until Christ is yours. In Him, in Him only, we get life. Having life, we have all things—and much more; for, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. v. 17).

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

IN Egypt there was darkness over all the land except in the dwellings of the Israelites. Think you the moral darkness of the world now is one whit less dense and stifling than the Egyptian darkness was in that day? Surely not. But blessed be God! there is light in the Christian's heart, because Christ is there, "Ye are light in the Lord." But how is it that when a Christian steps forth into the darkness of the world he is not as conscious of it as an Israelite would have been had he stepped forth on that day from his heavenlit home? Is it not that we live too much in a *twilight*, partly light and partly dark? Were our souls dwelling in the light, how dense that darkness must appear! Surely our blessed Lord was fully conscious of the gross darkness that surrounded His path when down here, even when He traversed the most religious city in the world. Surely Paul was conscious of this darkness when he beheld an altar inscribed "To the unknown God," though he found it in one of the most learned cities of the Roman empire. And is there anything now which modern science and advancement so called has produced, that emits one single spark of true heavenly light? Not one! And yet, alas, Chris-

tians feel the darkness but little. The electric sparks produced are deceiving men and even Christians. May we be so living in the light of God's presence as to be undeceived by those will-o'-the-wisps; be more conscious of the gross darkness all around us; and be more valuing and enjoying that true, pure, heavenly light which God in His infinite mercy has brought us into.

BEST OF ALL ENVELOPES.

THERE was a striking instance of gratitude, on the part of a girl who had once attended a Ragged School. There she was rescued from starvation and misery, and, what was still better, there she found peace in Jesus. She was recommended to a place as general servant, at £8 a year, and every one was pleased with her. One Sunday afternoon she visited the school so dear to her, and, to the surprise of the superintendent, put an envelope in his hand, which contained a ten-shilling piece. She said modestly, that she gave it "as a thank-offering for the good, temporal and spiritual, she had received in the school." She also said, "It is not much; but, sir, I have *wrapped* it up with an earnest prayer and many tears."

Now could she have chosen a better envelope? "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," whether rich or poor. And we are sure that when we "wrap" up any gift in prayer and tears, it carries a blessing with it.

SOUTHEY says in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments and pack away my troubles in as small a compass as I can."

THE ALONENESS OF THE SON OF GOD.

IN no Gospel is Jesus seen so near the sinner as in that of John. He is *alone* with the Samaritan, *alone* with the adulteress, *alone* with the outcast beggar. And this gives its highest interest to this precious portion of the Word of God. The joy and security of being alone with the Son of God, as is here exhibited, is beyond everything to the soul. The sinner thus learns his title to the Saviour, and discovers the blessed truth that they were made for one another. The moment we learn that we are sinners, we may look in the face of the Son of God, and claim Him as our own. And what a moment in the very days of heaven that is! He came to seek and save sinners; and He walked as a solitary man on the earth, save when He met a poor sinner. Such alone had title, or even power to interrupt the solitudes of this heavenly Stranger. The world knew Him not. His paths were lonely among us, save when He and the sinner found their way to each other. The leper outside the camp met Him, but none else.

And let me say, this being alone with Jesus is the sinner's *first* position. It is the beginning of his joy; and no one has a right to meddle with it. That which has called itself the Church in every age of Christendom, has sought to break in upon the privacy of the Saviour and the sinner, and to make itself a party in the settlement of the question that there is between them. But in this it has been an intruder. *Sin casts us upon God alone.*

And indeed, beloved, in the variety of judgment, nowadays, it is needful to our peace to know this. Others may require of us to join them in particular lines of service, or in particular

forms and order of worship; and may count us disobedient if we do not. But however we may listen to them in those things, we dare not give up, in fear of them, God's prerogative to deal with us *as sinners* Himself alone. We must not surrender to any the right of God to talk to us *alone* about our sins. Nor should our anxiety on a thousand questions which may arise, righteous as that anxiety may be, be allowed to lead us for a moment to forget, that as sinners we have been already alone with Jesus; and that He has once and for ever, in the riches of His grace, pardoned and accepted us.

This solitude of Christ and the sinner, our gospel most comfortingly presents to us. But as to all others Jesus is here, but at a distance, and in reserve. And so as to *places* as well as *persons*. The Son of God had nothing to do *especially* with any place—the wide wilderness of the world, where sinners were to be found, was the only scene for Him.

LIFE AND LIBERTY.

"Loose him, and let him go."

—JOHN xi. 44.

THERE are many divinely-quickened souls who need to know the power of those commanding words, "Loose him, and let him go" (John xi. 44). They have been quickened out of a state of death by the life-giving voice of the Son of God; but they "come forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes," and their faces "bound about with a napkin." That is to say, they have not, as yet, been able to shake off the trammels of their former condition, or go on their way in the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. That they have received divine life is manifest from the very struggles and conflicts of which they complain. Those that are

"dead" know nothing of such things. So long as Lazarus lay in the silent tomb, in the cold grasp of death, he never felt his grave-clothes to be any hindrance to movement, or his napkin to be any hindrance to vision. All was dark, cold, and lifeless; and the grave-clothes were the suited trappings of such a condition.

Thus it is with the unconverted, the unregenerate, the unawakened. They are "dead"—morally, spiritually "dead!" Their feet are fast bound in the fetters of death; but they know it not. Their hands are confined by the handcuffs of death; but they feel it not. Their eyes are covered by the dark napkin of death; but they perceive it not. They are dead. The robes of death are around them—the grave-clothes are upon them, and suit their condition.

But, then, in some way or another, the persons for whom I write this paper have been acted upon by the mighty, quickening voice of the Son of God—"the Resurrection and the Life." A verse of Scripture, a tract, prayer, some passing event, has proved to them a life-giving voice. It has sounded upon their ears, it has penetrated to the very depths of their being. They are aroused, they know not how. They awake up, they know not why. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8). The life is there in all its reality. The new birth has taken place. Those who are standing by, who know what life is, see the movements, the struggles, the heavings and workings of life; but, as yet, the grave-clothes and napkin are there. I believe there are many in this condition—many quickened—many born, who know not the privileges which

attach to their birth, or the source and object of the life which has been communicated to them. In a word, they need that the voice which has already said, "Lazarus, come forth," should also say, "Loose him, and let him go." They have been quickened; they need to be set free.

Let us take an example from the Word of God. The prodigal was quickened before he was set free. "I will arise and go to my father" was the utterance of the new life—the aspiration of the new nature. When he spoke thus, he was full of doubt and uncertainty as to the mode in which the father would receive him. He was full of the thought of servitude instead of the thought of sonship. The new life was there, but, as yet, it was connected with numerous doubts and fears within, and the rags of his former condition were upon him. He had been acted upon by a life-giving voice, and he only needed to be set at liberty. The new nature, having been imparted, moved toward the source from which it had sprung, but, as yet, its movement was cramped, as it were, by the grave-clothes, and its vision impeded by the napkin.

Now, who would think of maintaining the monstrous idea that the prodigal ought to have continued in his rags—to have persisted in his doubts, fears, and uncertainty? Who would assert that, for the rest of his days, Lazarus ought to have worn his grave-clothes and napkin, in order to prove that he was a living man? It will be said that the father's embrace dispelled the prodigal's fears, for how could he fear in the arms of parental love? But was it not the father also who commanded the rags to be displaced by "the best robe"? And, then, as to Lazarus, it may be urged that the voice that had quickened

and raised him commanded him to be loosed and let go. Exactly so; and is it not just the same in reference to any one who has obtained new life by believing in the Name of the Son of God? Truly so. He should no longer wear the rags of the "far country" nor the trappings of the grave. His hands and feet should be unbound, so that he may serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and run in the way of His commandments. His face, too, should be uncovered—the napkin should be removed—so that he may gaze upon the One whose voice has quickened him.

And, be it remembered, that it is the self-same voice that quickens and sets free, that gives life and liberty—that delivers from the dominion of death, and leads forth in the liberty of life. It is well to see this. The life and liberty are connected, as coming from the same source. The life which the believer has is not old Adam-life improved, but new Adam-life imparted; and the liberty in which the believer walks is not liberty for the old Adam to fulfil his horrible lusts, but liberty for the new man to walk with God and tread in the holy footprints of Christ. How does he get this life and liberty? By the Word of God, received by faith, through the power of the Holy Ghost. The same voice that quickened Lazarus quickens the soul. And where is this voice heard? "In the word of the truth of the Gospel." The soul that believes on the Name of the Son of God has received new life. What life? The resurrection life of Christ. The simple word of the Gospel is the seed by which this new life is produced. And what does this Gospel, this message of glad tidings, declare? That Christ died and rose again—that He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself—that He is gone into heaven—that He has,

by Himself, purged our sins—that He has met every claim, every objector—that Justice is satisfied—conscience tranquilised—the enemy confounded. This gives life and liberty—new life—divine liberty. It carries the soul entirely out of the old creation and all its belongings, and introduces it into the new creation and all its privileges, joys, and glories. The death of Christ delivers the believer from the old Adam condition in which he was born; and His resurrection introduces him into the new Adam condition in which he is born again.

May the Lord, the Spirit, deliver precious souls from the grave-clothes in which they are entangled. May many hear and understand those thrilling accents, "LOOSE HIM, AND LET HIM GO."

I WANT.

I WANT that adorning Divine,
Thou only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments
to shine,
Which distinguish Thy household
below. —Col. iii. 12, 17.

I want so in Thee to abide
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy
praise!
The branch which Thou prunest,
though feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.
—John xv. 2, 5.

I want Thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things—
Too tenderly cherished, too closely
entwined,
Where my heart too tenaciously
clings. —1 John xi. 15.

I want, by my aspect serene,
My actions and words to declare—
That my treasure is placed in a
country unseen,
That my heart's best affections are
there. —Matt. vi. 19, 21.

THE blood of Christ, which satisfied the justice of God, may satisfy the conscience of an awakened sinner.

PEACE.

THAT which is commonly taught and believed is, that *we* are to make our peace with God, but how could an unholy, unrighteous, and unjust sinner make peace with a holy, righteous, and just God? As well expect an infant to leave its mother's bosom and stop the express train as it rushes down the main line; be assured of this, poor sinner, that nothing you *have* done, *are* doing, or ever *will* be able to do, could make your peace with God.

Man's heart by nature is at enmity with God, and Christ died not to reconcile God to man, as is so commonly taught, but to reconcile us to God (see 2 Cor. v. 18-20; Col. i. 20, 22), and until you know and believe this, you will never be at peace with God. But I think I hear you say, "If I am unable to make my peace with God, and yet must be at peace with Him, to be perfectly happy here and hereafter, how is it to be accomplished?" Christ *has made peace* through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20). Yes, Christ *has made it by* His blood, *has made it with* God, and *has made it for* you; and having done so, said, "It is finished."

And now, having slain all our enemies on the cross, God raised Him from the dead, and sent Him to proclaim peace to us. The first three words He uttered after His resurrection to His assembled disciples were, "PEACE UNTO YOU" (John xx. 19, 21, 26). Now so many dear souls have not settled peace with God, because they stop at the cross and do not go on to the resurrection.

But Christ is no longer a dead Christ hanging on the tree; the angelic instruction and invitation is, "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which *was* crucified; *He is risen*; He is not here; behold the place where they *laid* Him" (Mark xvi. 6).

"Now the God of peace that brought again *from the dead* our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant" (Heb. xiii. 20).

Do not confound the work of Christ *for* you with the work of the Holy Ghost *in* you: God does not preach peace by the Holy Ghost, but by *Christ*: "*Preaching peace by Jesus Christ*" (Acts x. 36; Eph. ii. 17). But further, not only did He make peace *on the cross*, and announced it in *resurrection*, but "*HE IS OUR PEACE*" (Eph. ii. 14), not feelings, experiences, realisations, progress, or service, but *Himself in heaven*, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," is our peace.

We have now seen that Christ *crucified* made peace with God for us; that Christ *risen* preaches peace to us; and that Christ *glorified* is our peace, and the moment we believe in God who *gave, raised, and glorified* Christ, we have present, perfect, and permanent peace with God.

H. M. H.

PATTERN.

BEING pardoned, and having peace with God, I need a pattern to walk by as I go through this world on my way to glory; and the same blessed person through whom I have pardon and peace, becomes my pattern. "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should *follow His steps*" (1 Pet. ii. 21); he that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also *so to walk even as He walked* (1 John ii. 6). We become exactly like what we are occupied with; if we are occupied with the world, we become worldly; if with ourselves, selfish; but if with Christ, Christ-like.

When I went to school I had a copy set me to write; being desirous of pleasing, I endeavoured to copy the head-line

exactly: on looking at it, my schoolmaster praised me for the first line, but found fault with the lines which followed, as being each one more unlike the head-line. I assured him that I had done my best, when he kindly pointed out the secret of my failure; my first line was well written, because I had kept my eye steadfastly on the head-line, which I failed to do in writing the second and following lines; and thus my copy grew worse and worse; since I have been converted I have profited by my school lesson, and have endeavoured to keep my eye on the Head-line—Christ.

"Oh, fix our earnest gaze,
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That with Thy beauty occupied
We elsewhere none may see."

And now I affectionately urge you, if you have accepted Christ as your pardon and peace, to accept Him also as your present, perfect, and permanent pattern.

H. M. H.

SEVEN THINGS WORTH HAVING.

1. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation" (Titus ii. 11).
 2. "The blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psa. xxxii. 1).
 3. "Peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).
 4. "A great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God" (Heb. iv. 14).
 5. "The spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father" (Rom. viii. 15).
 6. "An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you" (1 Pet. i. 4).
 7. "A crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day" (2 Tim. iv. 8).
- "He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John v. 12).

PHARISEE : Thank God, I am not as other men.

Rejected.

PUBLICAN : God be merciful to me the sinner.

Justified.

SAVING WORDS.

THERE is a little text I should like to have you find, which tells of "words whereby 'we' may be saved" (Acts xi. 14). Why, perhaps, you ask, how can words save us? Go out into the street; see that man just crossing the road: he has not looked carefully, for there is an omnibus close upon him. A little more, and he will be killed. But one seeing his danger, calls out to him. He hears, gets out of the way. Words, warning words, have saved him; words believed. Read these words of Jesus: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." These and others like them are "words" whereby "you may be saved"—*if you believe them.*

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

MANY years ago a young man was shipwrecked. A passing vessel rescued him, and landed him, penniless, and stripped of everything but a few old clothes, on the wharf of New York. As he wandered along the street, a gentle-looking woman, noticing his downcast appearance, accosted him with the words, "God has a message for you, my friend; and here it is"—at

the same time presenting him with a tract.

"I wish," he replied, "that I had a shilling for a night's lodging."

"By God's blessing I am able to give that to you too," said she: and with a hearty "*May God bless you!*—*I shall pray for you,*" she left him. It may be that, as she kneeled that night, she sadly exclaimed, "Who hath believed our report?" and with faltering faith feared that all her labour that day had been in vain.

The tract was one of God's arrows that lodged in the heart of an enemy, repeating the world-old story of slaying and making alive. When the sailor found himself again on the broad ocean, he was no longer a rebel against God, wandering over the surface of the earth, but a child of God, walking in the loving care and guidance of Jesus. Some of his shipmates, through his testimony, became Christians, and the fore-castle became a house of prayer. Their chief suffering arose from an infidel, who, with relentless energy, ridiculed and persecuted these newly-born children of God. It, however, only gave them the added blessings of those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

After a few voyages, the burning desire of giving himself to the work of seeking and saving the lost took possession of the sailor, to whom the tract had been so seasonably given. To

this was added a longing to offer his thanks to the angel of mercy who had bestowed on him the tract, and the effectual benediction, "God bless you!" Many a day he wandered along the docks, looking among the countenances of the passers-by for that face of Christian love.

"Do you know me?" was the abrupt question when at length he met the well-remembered face.

When she could not recollect him, he again asked, "Do you remember the poor sailor to whom you gave that tract and a shilling for a night's lodging?"

"Yes; *are you saved?*" said she eagerly.

"Glory to God, I *am* indeed saved!" said he.

"*Glory to God!*" she involuntarily echoed.

Her woman's heart was touched by his story. Both had the same all-absorbing purpose in life, the winning of souls to Jesus.

A CHILD was asked, "What is faith?" She answered, "Doing God's will, and asking no questions."

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WE call the attention of Tract distributors and others to the fact, that we have several back Nos. of different years, which we are prepared to send at 4s. per hundred—less than half price.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

FEBRUARY 1880.

[No. 152.]

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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

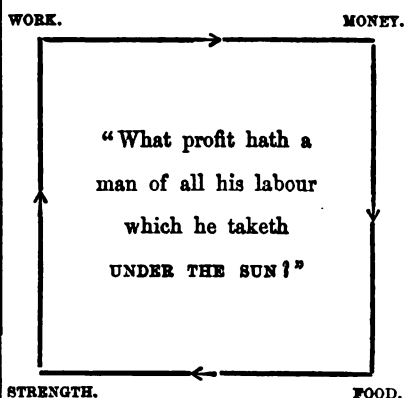
UNBELIEF that begins by doubting the fact that God has spoken, or tries to see as little of God or the supernatural in Scripture as possible, and to exclude God from His creation and creatures, goes on of necessity to ask the above question. If man's chief end is not to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever, then most certainly we cannot see that a life spent in the glorifying of self or humanity and the enjoying of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, at the highest or lowest levels, or at any of the intermediate stages, is worth living; and it does seem better that we had never existed at all. We are not here referring to the just and awful and eternal judgment of a righteous God, concerning which it has been said by Him who was the Truth that

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 2.

it would have been better for a man never to have been born than to fall under it. But we are dealing with the question merely as to what we see before our eyes, and appeal to the everyday experience of humanity.

Ask the working-man on Monday morning why he goes out to work. His answer is to get money. Ask him why he wishes money. He will tell you it is to buy food. And why does he buy food? In order that he may have strength. And on what does he expend his strength? Work!! We are back to what we started from, having compassed the whole of

THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORKING-MAN'S WORLD.

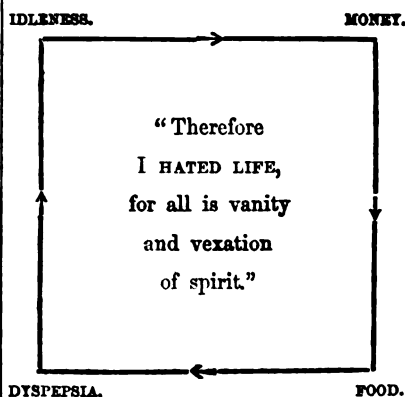


The miserable possessor of plenty of money and nothing to do is in a worse plight. It has been noted that the poor laugh more than the rich.

The track of the richer man living only for time may vary

somewhat by omitting *work* and *strength*, but he substitutes worse—*idleness* and *dyspepsia*. As real are

THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE RICH MAN'S WORLD.



No tiger in its cage at the Zoological Gardens has a more monotonous and unsatisfying existence. Round and round the same beaten track, like a poor worn-out pedestrian, is his life's work. We have quoted the wisest and richest man's experience in the squares around which rich and poor wander, and now quote from two thoughtful men who had tried the track, and their experience, after more than threescore years and ten, is worth listening to.

Alexander Humboldt, a noted sceptic, wrote as follows:—"I despise humanity in all its strata. I foresee that our posterity will be far more unhappy than we are. If for eighty years one strives and inquires, still

one is obliged to confess that he has striven for nothing and found out nothing. It would be something did we at least know *why* we are in the world."

Goethe, whom so many put forward to be admired, and indeed imitated, also writes:—"When I look around me and see how few of the companions of earlier years are left to me, I think of a summer residence at a bathing-place. When we arrive you first get acquainted with those who have already been there some weeks and who leave you in a few days. This separation is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while and become really intimate, but this goes also and leaves us lonely. Then we see the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have properly nothing to do. . . . I have ever been considered one of fortune's chief favourites, nor can I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet truly there has been nothing but toil and care, and in my seventy-fifth year I may say that I have not had *four weeks* of genuine pleasure. The stone was ever to be rolled up anew."

How different to the dying utterances of many of the godly poor, rich in faith, patient in all trouble, content under all circumstances, happy, rejoicing, triumphant in the face of death! We have seen many of them. You can see many of them if you just look a little for them.

We have just heard of the peaceful passing away of one who, in labours most abundant, it was our pleasure to have known in his uninterrupted work for God in Edinburgh during the last twenty years, whose meat and drink while labouring, working with his hands in daily business, was to work for God. When we write that it is dear brother Jenkinson who has gone to his reward, many in all lands will

feel that they have one less cord uniting them to earth, and an additional one drawing them to the throne. He not only found life worth living, but his highest glory was to live the life of eternity in time, and get as many of his fellowmen as he could, snatched from this present evil age.

The testimonies of such noble witnesses for God are, however, more or less echoes of that magnificent utterance in prospect of death of him who knew what it was to abound and what to suffer want—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Such a life was worth living—such a fight was worth fighting, for a real fight it was.

Here is an extract from a small catalogue of incidents that marked his track:—

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one" (one hundred and ninety-five stripes on that beloved apostle's back).

"Thrice was I beaten with rods,

Once was I stoned,

Thrice I suffered shipwreck,

A night and a day I have been in the deep;

In journeyings often,

In perils of waters,

In perils of robbers,

In perils by mine own countrymen,

In perils by the heathen,

In perils in the city,

In perils in the wilderness,

In perils in the sea,

In perils among false brethren;

In weariness and painfulness,

In watchings often,

In hunger and thirst,

In fastings often,

In cold and nakedness."

Such was part of his *good* fight, of his happy race, of his contented life. Rather a thousand times to be in Paul's course than Goethe's four weeks!

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulations, or distress, or persecutions, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are *more than conquerors* [not merely existences] through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

W. P. MACKAY.

HULL, January 1880.

TRUSTING IN THE LORD:

I SAW a parlour clock a few days since which was enclosed in a glass case. Through that case all the mechanism and motion of the clock were clearly visible. Every adjustment of the wheels, every click of the lever, every stroke of the pendulum, was distinctly seen. But it is not necessary that a clock should have a glass case, in order that it may be trusted to tell me the time of day. Ordinarily only the hands and face are seen, but these are enough to go by. So an intimate knowledge of God's ways is not necessary in order to command our trust in him. I need not understand all the relations and adjustments of Divine Providence before I can trust the Lord. On the dial-plate of Scripture I see the hands pointing to the promises and the commands and the rewards of discipleship, and it is enough. I believe and trust.—*Dr. A. J. Gordon.*

If sin was better known, Christ would be better thought of.

UTTERLY CONDEMNED.

"He's been a good husband to me, sir, and a good father to his children; an' he's done his duty by his master, and never done no harm to no one." Such was the tearful testimony of a poor old wife as she stood by the bedside of her dying husband. The man was eighty-five years of age, and had worked up to the last as a farm labourer, and a hale old man he had been until suddenly stricken down that morning with paralysis. He was now evidently dying, and his aged wife and several grown-up sons and daughters had gathered round him, some converted and some not. The writer had heard, on entering the village, that the old man was not likely to live, and now stood beside him as the above words were uttered. The man lay with his eyes closed, but evidently heard his wife's testimony, and heard it with complacency, believing it to be all perfectly true.

"There is one thing he has done," said the visitor slowly and sympathetically, "which would be enough to sink him into everlasting perdition, even if he had never committed any other sin."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the poor old wife in utter amazement, "whatever have he done?" while the dying man, roused from the partial stupor and self-complacency in which he was sinking into death and judgment, opened his eyes and stared at the speaker in alarm.

"He has, to my certain knowledge, *made God a liar!*" replied the visitor. "He has been doing this day after day, week after week, and year after year, ever since he was old enough to think, and he is now eighty-five years old. He has heard the *Word of God* over and over again, and has *not* believed Him; and 'he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar,

because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son."

The startling suddenness with which this was purposely said had had the effect intended. The dying man's attention was completely gained, and every one in the room was silent. Then, turning to him, the speaker went on to remind him that he had seen him frequently at meetings where the gospel of the grace of God had been preached, where other sinners had been converted and brought to Christ, while he, the oldest sinner there, had gone away heedless alike of God and His dear Son, caring nothing for the love of the One who gave, nor for the awful sufferings of the One who was given to die for sinners; that if "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son," that very *love* was *his* condemnation, because he had treated it with such contempt that he didn't care a straw about it, but went back to his work and his own affairs as if nothing had happened—as if God were nobody; and that if "Christ suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," he, a dying man, was about to pass into God's presence to answer for it, that those terrible sufferings had never touched *his* heart, and were nothing in his eyes—nothing at all: a hedge-stake or a bit of firewood was of more consequence! And then, beside all this, he had "made God a liar" all through a long lifetime! If these words were uttered with some feeling of indignation, the speaker could not help it. He felt as he spoke. There were several of this man's grown-up sons and daughters present who had been brought to Christ by the gospel which he had coolly rejected, and he, knowing that well, had gone on as he was, perfectly indifferent about it. Is this anything like *your* case,

dear reader? Do you know anybody who is unmistakably a Christian, while you are conscious that you are not? If the gospel has proved in that one's case to be "the power of God unto salvation," why not in *yours*? Because that one "*believes*," and you do not. But "he that believeth not hath made God a liar!" How awful!

The dying man felt it to be so. He was not only aroused now—he was *convicted*, and in a voice of positive anguish that sounded like a groan, he exclaimed, "Oh, sir! pray for me! *do 'ee* pray for me!"

Every one in the room was affected and alarmed, too, for the old man's condition. Those who were the Lord's knew it was all true, and those who were not were startled at their *own* state before God. There were two such of the adult children present, a son and a daughter; the former lived in the same village, the latter had come twelve miles to see her father die. The visitor knew that those who were the Lord's would be here to agree in their hearts to ask for their poor old father's conversion, and therefore he knelt down in the fullest confidence and most absolute certainty of an answer, remembering how the Lord has said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it *SHALL BE DONE* for them of My Father which is in heaven." For God's glory's sake, the visitor sought to set forth before all a full confession of the old man's actual state, his long, long rejection of Christ, the fearful nature of his special sin in making God a liar! and that God would be justified in leaving him and all such to the just judgment that awaits the despiser of the sufferings of His most precious Son. Then he pleaded for the aged sinner, pleaded that precious, all-comprehensive promise just quoted, and besought

the Father of mercies and God of all comfort to magnify His own grace, to exalt His dear Son, and to comfort the hearts of His children then present, by giving power to a dying sinner, eighty-five years a despiser, to believe in Him who "came into the world to save sinners," who "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and whose precious "blood cleanseth from all (every) sin." Do you, reader, think that God can for a moment forget His own dear Son's promise? Not He! The cry of His children's hearts was answered in an instant, and ere the visitor had well risen from his knees the old man exclaimed in stuttering accents, and with a half-paralysed tongue, "Bless the Lord, I am saved!"

The reader must remember that the old man had heard the gospel over and over again. Apathy and indifference were the sole hindrances, for God is willing; there are no hindrances on His side. He "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth;" so that the moment the old man's "will not" was broken down, God's blessed "will" made itself manifest enough, and grace flowed in like a river! But this was not all the answer He gave to their prayers. Hardly had the visitor done speaking to the dying man, setting Christ fully before him, and ascertaining that there was no question of his full and entire salvation, than the poor old wife and mother said to him—

"My daughter here, sir, wants you to pray for her. She's in great trouble about her soul from what you have said to her father."

And so it proved, for she was in tears and in deep distress. She was a woman of about forty, in ill health, suffering from neuralgia, and, as it afterwards turned out, decline. She had come twelve long miles to see

her father die, perhaps conscious that her own end was not far off, and the solemn statements she had heard as to those who listen to and neglect the gospel, had brought her to know herself a sinner before God. Another little "prayer-meeting" was held beside that death-bed, and then, dear reader, another sinner was convicted. Yes, the unconverted son I have referred to was reached, and went home to know that he too had met with God in that little chamber where his old father's spirit was hovering between life and death. Of these two, suffice it now to say they both were saved, and both are now where Lazarus is, where the dying thief went, whither their old father preceded them but a little while—in paradise! Let the believing reader never forget the promise just quoted, or hesitate to have a whole-hearted absolute reliance on its truth, and the inevitable certainty of its fulfilment wherever God's glory is concerned as here. To the unbeliever, to all who do not "love the Lord Jesus Christ," I would say, Did "Christ suffer, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God"? If you think He did, how is it that His sufferings have never yet touched your heart? If you think he did not, you have "made God a liar." Think over it. In either case, you are UTTERLY CONDEMNED!

J. L. K.

GOD'S WAY OF PEACE.

"When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

—LUKE XV. 20.

ALL the way to the cross of Calvary has God come running to meet sinners. A long way that is; for who can measure the distance from the throne of glory to the dust of death? That cross is the meeting-place between the righteous God and the repentant prodigal. In Christ

God has come in infinite compassion, showing how He can be a just God and a Saviour; and when we grasp that cross in simple faith, it is then that He embraces us and takes us home to His heart. "In Christ" the Father has come, as far as He righteously can come, to save sinners; and when the sinner is by faith "in Christ" also, then is he received by God.

Hence the action of the father as portrayed in this parable is only a pictorial representation of the truth which Paul proclaims as the ministry of reconciliation, to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and concerning which he says, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "In Him," mark that. Till we are "in Him" God has not met us; but when we unite ourselves to Him by simple trust, then we too are "in Him," and the Father embraces us, and falls upon our necks and kisses us.

MARRIAGE.

If a Christian marry an unconverted person, a commandment of God is as really broken as if a man had murdered his neighbour. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." Nothing but disaster and godlessness can follow such a union. However plausible, pleasant, or profitable it may seem to sense to be, faith writes one word on it—"Disobedience."

OBSERVED duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.

HAVE I TO BELIEVE IT SIMPLY
BECAUSE GOD SAYS SO?

SUCH was the question put to me by a young lady after a long conversation we had been having on the subject of assurance of salvation. The question may seem strange, and as we examine it we find it strangely inconsistent, and yet it is the language of many souls perplexed on this point.

"Tis a point I long to know,
Am I His or am I not?"

is their doleful cry, and often utter misery fills their hearts. There is no doubt but that they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for them and rose again; but why this doubt and uncertainty about their acceptance? Why are they so miserable? I think it is because they have not entered into the meaning of the young lady's question at the head of this paper, "*Have I to believe it simply because God says so?*"

Now this young lady did believe on the Lord Jesus, as the One who died for her; but she was one of those persons who are for ever looking at self, trying to find *there* some evidence that she was accepted of God and saved. And of course she was disappointed. Whether it was good self or bad self, she found no resting-place for her weary soul. An unbeliever or a self-righteous person may find plenty in self to feed and satisfy him, but a divinely-quicken soul is like the dove that Noah let out of the ark, it could find no place on the wild waste of waters, it had to return to the ark—blessed type of a risen Christ, the only resting-place and shelter for any weary soul.

It is impossible, therefore, for any one to find assurance of salvation by looking within. There are things that result from self-occupation, and into one or the other the soul is sure to fall; the first is, it finds nothing but

evil there, and which leads to perfect wretchedness; the second is, it becomes satisfied with itself, and perfectly self-righteous.

If you are a quickened soul, dear reader, I would fain see you delivered from both of these evils. Both dishonour God, and both are the wrong road to get assurance of salvation.

We must return to the young lady's question, "Have I to believe it simply because God has said so?" Well, then, it is not self, be it cultivated or uncultivated self, religious or irreligious self, that is the ground of assurance. I would say more. It is not my feelings, be they good, bad, or indifferent, that form that ground, or that give me a title to *know* that I am saved. If I were in prison owing a debt of £20,000, and a friend of mine went to my creditors and paid the debt for me, and brought me the receipt of the debt being paid, what would be to me the assurance that my debt was paid, and that my creditors had nothing against me, and that I was free? Would it be my feelings or the receipt? Would I question my feelings or myself at all? No! I should be occupied with two things outside of myself altogether; first, the love of my friend in paying the debt for me; second, the receipt, the legal proof that my debt was paid. Should I not have feelings? Should I not be happy? Indeed I should; but my feelings and happiness would be the result of knowing my debt was paid, and that I held in my hand the receipt, the proof to me that it was paid. Or, in other words, I should believe it simply because the receipt said so. I should not consult my feelings at all. To consult them would be to call in question the validity of the receipt; and that no debtor would ever do.

Even so in knowing that I am saved? Has God spoken? Yes.

Then let me listen to and believe Him. "Let God be true and every man a liar." Let us set to our seal that God is true. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater," yea, infinitely greater! And what does God say? Read with care and faith the following statements from His word:—

First. "To Him (Jesus) give all the prophets witness that through His name WHOSOEVER believeth in Him SHALL receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 14). "I write unto you, little children, because your sins ARE forgiven you for His name's sake" (1 John ii. 12).

Second. "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, WE HAVE PEACE WITH GOD THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST" (Rom. x. 1-3).

Third. "By Him (the ascended Jesus) all that believe ARE justified from ALL things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 39).

Fourth. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH everlasting life, and SHALL NOT come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 26).

Fifth. "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26).

Sixth. "To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein HE HATH MADE US ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED. In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 6, 7).

Seventh. "And the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them (believers); that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me,

and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me" (John xvii. 22, 23).

Beloved reader, do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you accept Him, and no one and nothing else, as the Saviour of your soul? If so, then see from these words of His what you have and are:—Pardon—peace—justification—eternal life—relationship with God—acceptance in the Beloved—the glory with Christ, and loved by God as He is loved.

Now, what the receipt would be to me in prison, the proof of my debt being paid, these words are to a believing soul; they are the witness of God to him that he is saved; they are the blessed assurance of his everlasting salvation and acceptance with God. They change not; and however happy he may be, it is simply the result of "*believing it simply because God says so.*"

PROPHETS OF THE LORD.

WHERE is the missing ministry? Where is the voice of the prophet? Not in foretelling future events, but in making the Word of God heard in the conscience.

Teachers we have who have given us back through the grace of God many a long-lost truth. But the ministry of yesterday is not that of to-day. Yesterday, ignorance was the prevailing sin—for this teachers were needed; to-day it is deadness of conscience—for this a prophet's voice is required.

Truth, that cost those who dug it out years of prayer and fasting, can now be clearly apprehended by the perusal of a single tract, without the least exercise of heart or conscience. *The result of this is appalling.*

Laying hold of a truth and being laid hold of by one are two vastly different things. Shall we not cry to God for true prophets, men of godly lives, who are gifted to speak

solemnly, searchingly, and unsparingly—who can awake the long slumbering conscience, who will be content to call things by their true names, and who will not flinch in exposing "in the light" that hidden corruption that loves the darkness.

Let none say love forbids such an exercise of gift. *Love calls for it.* None loved like the Master, and yet none ever spoke to the conscience like Him, who was not only full of grace, but of truth.

Such a ministry is greatly needed. No doubt self-satisfaction would receive a death-blow. Much "fair show in the flesh" would be brought to an untimely end; but only that which is false and unreal could suffer, and surely no heart could regret this.

The question for us is whether *our reputation* is dearer to our hearts than *God's glory*. We have speakers and writers, but where is *this ministry* to be found? Is it silent through fear of man?

The Lord will hear prayer. Let every true heart to whom His honour is dear, cry to Him to raise up in our midst, in conscience-searching power, this missing ministry.

POSITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

BE not content with a purely negative religion. It is much easier to be negative, that is, not to commit gross sins, than to be positive. It is not so easy to be an outspoken, active, decided Christian. The world will bear with us any length if we do not push the thought of eternity upon them. But this is what the Lord wants; not merely negative Christians, who do no great harm, gliding on smoothly with the current, but bold and active labourers, who seek by word and deed to turn men to God. Scripture speaks of the salt and the light.

Observe that while salt pre-

serves from corruption, light dispels the darkness; that while the salt is meant for the Church, the light is meant for the world. And we are not only to have salt in ourselves, to preserve what is good amongst the saints, but we are also to be lights in the world to dispel the evil, pushing forward among perishing sinners, in the activity of the new man, not only *not* doing what is evil, but doing positive good, and seeking the salvation of souls, bearing the fruit of the Spirit in all goodness and righteousness and truth, and then glory will be brought to God by our lives. May we be less content with moderate attainments, and more desirous to be *filled* with the Spirit, that we may be as overflowing vessels; for when a vessel is full to the brim, the least little touch will overflow it; so it shall be with us, that the least opportunity will cause our full hearts to overflow with words of grace and love to those around.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

ARE you so living to Christ that you take up all the duties that lie in your path, and do what your hands find to do unto Christ? Satan often blinds the eyes to the omnipotency of Christ, leading one to say, "I cannot expect Christ to come into such a little thing." What! does not Christ fill little things as well as great? All the omnipotency and might of God is found in the heart of that risen Man. If not, prayers could not be heard. I get His whole attention when I speak to Him in prayer, as if there were not one more save me. If I say that anything so small cannot occupy Him, it is only pride denying His omnipotency.

It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

MAN'S RELIGION.

ADDRESS BY DR. MACKAY.

WE may have been trying as Christians and as men to look upon our prospects in the new year on which we have entered. I want to lay before you our prospects as sinners, as those who have offended a righteous God and have made themselves obnoxious to His wrath, and to ask, How can man be just with God? How can this quarrel between the Creator and ourselves be put right? I want to say a few words by way of contrasting God's way with man's. Esau and Jacob had had a quarrel, and this was their first meeting since Jacob had rushed away from the presence of his brother into the land of Laban (which we find in Gen. xxxii. 20); now he is plotting and planning about this meeting, and his plan is this—

"I will appease him with the present that goeth before me,

"And afterward I will see his face;

"*Peradventure* he will accept of me."

1. His presents.
2. His own presence.
3. Acceptance.

He would send a present, and by its power he would appease Esau's wrath; then he would see him, and by the effect of his present and his own interview, *peradventure* Esau would accept Jacob.

This plan is carried out to a great extent when men begin to think of the controversy between God and themselves. It is natural to go on in this way. We think that by doing something before God—in the way of sending a present, by and by we shall see His face, and in the long run He will accept us. This is the belief of many who have begun to think of Divine things; therefore, putting infidels and atheists out of court,

I come to every one of you. You believe that there is a God, and that the Bible is His authoritative word; you think that if 1880 is to be a happy year to you, you must have the certainty that you will die happily, for no man can be happy with a sword hanging over his head, not knowing whether he will awake in heaven or hell. He may try to gild himself with gold, he may try to dance, and sing, and laugh; but he is a fool. We wish you a happy new year, the year which made you happy for time because happy for eternity. You have tried to have this matter settled. You have prayed, or rather *said* your prayers (I do not believe in *saying* prayers; three words of prayer will go further than 10,000 formal prayers), you have tried to feel good, you have gone to church or chapel, you have tried to feel sorrow for sin and have done many good things. A man said to me, "If I am lost, many will have a bad chance." With this idea in his head this man gave his charity. He was moral, he enjoyed this life, read his Bible, and prayed religiously morning and night. "Do you mean to say this will count for nothing?" he said, with consternation. I could not help smiling, knowing what the Gospel is. He knew he was not the Lord's, and he thought that what he could do would subtract from his debtor account, like a man who, owing £500, tries to get this and that account in to pay off the debt. This is all right for earth, but not for heaven. "I will appease Him with the present which goeth before me." "Lord, here is a prayer. I am sorry for my sins. I give to this and that, surely it will count for something." No, you must turn Jacob upside down; he only reached a *peradventure* in the long run, for his presents were the ground of his acceptance, and therefore the

result of his expectation was uncertainty, because he had not the items on the debtor side. "*Peradventure*" was his word, because he did not *know* that the presents would do it. The uncertainty must arise because the terms of peace do not come from the offended party, but from the offending. Presents coming first, then a possible, but not at all certain, acceptance is to follow. A better specimen of man's ideal it would be difficult to find. One word on God's way, showing the contrast to man's, may be seen summed up in one verse:—

1st. "Being made free from sin, and become servants to God."

2d. "Ye have your fruit unto holiness."

3d. "The end everlasting life!"

Here there is not a word about appeasing presents, nor doubtful future acceptance.

But, 1st, *We are accepted*. We start when justified from sin and become servants to God, accepted in the Beloved.

Man's religion is all about what I have done, am doing, ought to do, and shall do. God's is about what Christ has done. Man's religion is *do*—God's religion starts with *done*. God has made the conditions, and these are—"Are you content to take the remission of all your sins for nothing, and to start believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and having peace already made, not trying to appease, but accepting Christ as your peace?" Acceptance on these conditions of this Christ is becoming a servant of God.

2d, "*Ye have your fruit unto holiness*." Now come the presents—not of prayers, tears, faith, works, &c.—but we present ourselves a living sacrifice, as not our own at all. We present ourselves, not to appease God, but because God is appeased.

3d, "*And the end everlasting life.*" There is no peradventure in all God's plan, because it is all of God. There is no uncertainty in God's salvation. The end is as sure as the beginning or the fruit.

Man's way is—

The beginning is "presents to appease."

The fruit is seeing his face.

The end is a peradventure acceptance.

God's way is—

The beginning is acceptance.

The fruit is holiness.

The end is everlasting life.

Reader, man's way or God's, which is your choice? I come as an ambassador, with terms not too hard. I come from the superior to the inferior, and I come with an ultimatum. "We, then, are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." We have not invented or made up the terms, we merely repeat them in the same words from the throne, that God was in Christ when He was on earth, in His ministry and on Calvary's Cross the work was done; and "He has committed unto us (not the work), but the word of reconciliation, and we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." God does not say "peradventure;" there is not a peradventure in all God's Gospel, because it does not allow imperfection in the satisfaction of God's claims. They have been met, and He is now handing down a receipted account to you for all His demands. The resurrection of Christ is the receipt, because "if Christ be not raised your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins."

A friend of mine, who taught me more of the Bible than any one else, was once a dashing student. He tried to appease God with prayers, but he was of the world. One day the words

struck him which I have quoted—"If Christ be not risen ye are yet in your sins," and the thought came, "Christ has risen, therefore I am not in my sins." "He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

The resurrection is the ground of our acceptance, and then God wants our presents, but there must be acceptance first on the ground of Christ's rising. "He is exalted to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins;" as it were He has earned the right, by His own resurrection, to save any one, and if any sinner applies to Him, He fills in a blank cheque, payable to bearer, signed and sealed by Jehovah's own hand, and that payment is never rejected.

A friend sent me in a bill which I had paid before. In five minutes I found the same identical bill receipted, so I took the receipt with me, and going to him I said, "That bill is from you?" "Yes." "I shall not pay it." "Indeed!" I put the two together before him. I had no words to say. Neither prayers, tears, nor requests were needed. He suddenly snatched away the un-receipted one, and saying, "I am very sorry," he tore it up. As I walked away, I thought that it was just the same with God. He says, "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."

"Payment He cannot twice demand,
Once at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again from me."

I have a receipted account in my Surety's hand.

If anything in the world kept me from rest and peace it was the question, "What is faith?" As a boy I learnt what would save me, but I could not understand faith. I asked many

people to explain it. Some said it was a sort of mysterious something to be prayed for, and to keep awake all night for. This reminds me of the man who sat by the river-side, a hundred yards from the bridge, waiting till the river should run dry, so that he might cross over. Another tried to show it to be a sort of logical puzzle; and others said faith was a *feeling*. That was the most difficult of all to me, for if a man says he *feels* faith, you look at him as a contradiction. I tried to feel faith; I wept for it; I have walked shivering on my knees in the night praying for faith, hoping it would come to me in my dreams, but I had no comfort in any of these things. What is faith? Coming to God, having to do with God. It is the *God* that is in it; it is not the Bible; for He saved Noah and Abraham without a Bible, but it is the coming to God which has all the merit in faith. It is not being convinced of a doctrine, but it is all alone as a naked, cast-out, worn, and weary sinner, to come and say, "I the chief of sinners am, but, O God, you have a Saviour to give, give Him to me." Nothing between the Saviour God and the naked, hell-deserving sinner—that is faith, that is coming to God.

"Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the Voice Divine."

It is a great thing to present Christ as an outside object. The man bitten by the serpent says, "I feel wondrously better since looking at that serpent." I say then, "Go on looking."

"It was Thy need of me
That brought Thee from above;
It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
That draws me to Thy love."

THERE are many finger-posts nowadays labelled "To heaven." But remember that God has set up *His* finger-post—THE CROSS, and you can only get to heaven *that way*.

THE GLORY OF THAT LIGHT.

"I was journeying in the noon-tide,
When His light shone o'er my road;
And I saw Him in that glory—
Saw Him, Jesus Son of God.
All around in noon-day splendour,
Earthly scenes lay fair and bright;
But my eyes no longer see them,
For the glory of that light.

Others in the summer sunshine,
Wearily may journey on;
I have seen a light from heaven,
Past the brightness of the sun.
Light that knows no cloud, no
waning—

Light wherein I see His face;
All His love's uncounted treasures—
All the riches of His grace.

All the wonders of His glory,
Deeper wonders of His love;
How for me He won, He keepeth,
That high place in heaven above.
Not a glimpse the veil uplifted—
But within the veil to dwell,
Gazing on His face for ever,
Hearing words unspeakable.

Marvel not that Christ in glory,
All my inmost heart hath won;
Not a star to cheer my darkness.
But a light beyond the sun.
All below lies dark and shadowed,
Nothing there to claim my heart;
Save the lonely track of sorrow,
Where of old He walked apart.

I have seen the face of Jesus,
Tell me not of aught beside;
I have heard the voice of Jesus,
All my soul is satisfied.
In the radiance of the glory,
First, I saw His blessed face—
And for ever shall that glory,
Be my home, my dwelling-place.

Sinners! it was not to angels
All this wondrous love was given,
But to one who scorned, despised
Him—

Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.
From the lowest depths of evil,
To the throne in heaven above;
Thus in me He told the measure
Of His free, unbounded love.

WHOLLY FOR CHRIST.

By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

WE never like to find fault with
our "authorised version" of the
Scriptures unless we are com-
pelled to do so. But the com-
mon rendering of the twelfth
verse of the third chapter of

Philippians gives a very weak
idea of a very strong passage.
Paul really means to say, "I
press on (for the prize). If
I may *seize* that for which I
was *seized on* by Christ Jesus."
Dean Alford's rendering is, "If I
may lay hold on that for which
I was laid hold of by Christ
Jesus." Paul realised that the
crucified Saviour had grasped
him on the road to Damascus
and appropriated him to His
glorious service. When we con-
template the prodigious vigour
and the splendid dialectic skill
of the man, we do not wonder
that Christ chose him for the
apostolate, and "seized on" him
by His converting grace.

Bearing this in mind, we
understand better why Paul's
motto should have been, "This
one thing I do." He lived for
one great purpose, and to that
he bent all his powers, and con-
secrated all his faculties. In
the best sense of the term, Paul
was a man of one idea. The
"hold" of his intellect (if we
may use a nautical simile)
was abundantly stowed with
resources of learning, argu-
ment, and rich mental gifts;
but a single holy purpose trod
the quarterdeck, and floated
its ensign from the peak.

"Go a little deeper," said a
wounded French soldier at
Austerlitz to the surgeon who
was probing his left side for
the bullet; "Go a little deeper,
and you will find the emperor."
So the great Apostle might say,
Go deeper, go to the inmost
core of my heart, and you will
find the crucified Jesus. Other
feelings I am possessed of, but
this one possessed me. Other
affections lie near the surface,
but this master-passion lurks
and lives in the inmost centre
of my soul. "For me to live is
Christ. This *one thing* I do,
forgetting those things which
are behind and reaching forth
unto those things which are
before, I press toward the mark

for the prize of the high calling
of God in Christ Jesus."

All the men and women who
have made their mark in this
world, and have achieved the
best results, have kept the eye
clear and single toward one
noble purpose. The master-
passion with Newton, the prince
of Christian philosophers, was
science. He attributed his
splendid successes in discovery
to the simple principle of
"always *intending* my mind
upon the one thing on hand."

Luther shocked all Europe
by continually hurling the great
revealed truth of "Justification
by faith" against its old ram-
parts of superstition. Such
men swing their whole being
into one direction. The effec-
tive Christian is the man who
unites all his powers into a
single pile or package, and then
binds them round with this
strong cord, "the love of Christ
constraineth me." So Paul bound
up his, and hurled the mass with
such momentum that it burst
through, and has come bound-
ing on, even into these modern
centuries.

A man of modern talents may
achieve blessed results for Christ
by concentration. George Müller
is a striking illustration. He
lives and acts every day as if
the loving Jesus has seized on
him for a single purpose, viz.,
to house and feed and instruct
thousands of little orphans. In-
stead of letting his life waste
itself in numberless little twigs,
he, like a wise gardener, has
pruned them off, and allowed
the whole sap of his spiritual
being to flow into one or two
bountiful boughs laden with
precious fruit. I can name
within the circle of my ac-
quaintance several men and
women of wonderful effective-
ness for good, who are not
gifted with remarkable talents.
Their single talent is to love
Jesus, and to serve Him tho-
roughly.

Alas, how many lives of professed Christians are utterly wasted by being frittered away into scores of channels, instead of being condensed into the single purpose of doing Christ's will, and thereby being of some service in the world. With all such, the pulse of love to Jesus Christ beats low and feebly. They need a re-conversion, a thorough pruning away of the limbs which steal the heart's blood from their master. The first step must be the penitential prayer, "Lord, I am a cumberer of the ground. What wilt Thou have me to do?" And when they have taken the new departure, let them put their whole soul into it. This process well begun and well carried out in all our churches, would soon quadruple the power of our Christianity. At present it would be hard to discover what is the "one thing" for which thousands of church members are living, unless it be for money-making or some respectable form of self-indulgence.

To "get on" in the world is the uttermost thought, and if by "getting on" no more is meant than industrious thrift and honest provision for life's necessities, then it is not only innocent but commendable. God's Word honours industry and frugality. Would that both of them were more practised as Christian virtues! But while a Christian is striving to *get on*, ought he not to be still more earnest in his endeavour to *get up*?

Ought he not to make life's chief aim to "press towards the prize of a high calling," to attain to a higher spiritual stature, to ascent toward the fuller, stronger, clearer likeness to his master? My friend, are you getting *up* every day?

President Van Buren is reported to have remarked when he heard that his son, a lawyer,

had married a lady of great wealth, "Well, he is ruined! She is very rich. Now he'll give up his profession for which he has great ability, and become merely a rich man, the least useful of human things." This is too true. Merely to absorb and enjoy a large amount of God's silver and gold, without holding any of it in trust for God's service and the good of humanity, is one of the lowest forms of human existence.

For a Christian, redeemed by Calvary's blood, to have no higher aim, is treason to Christ and spiritual suicide. I know of wealthy followers of Jesus Christ, who consecrate their purses to bountiful charities, and their drawing-rooms to the uses of a Christian sociality and the promotion of Bible philanthropies, and their personal influence to winning sinners to the Saviour. While getting on, they get up and lift others with them.

This is too wide a topic for a single paragraph. But the gist of it lies in this truth, Christ must have the whole heart, and give the casting-vote in every decision, or else we cannot be full-grown Christians. This is the "one thing." All others are chaff in comparison. Write six ciphers in a line and they amount to nothing. Put the number "1" before them and they amount to a million. All human talents and possessions are but ciphers until you put the name of Jesus at the head of them. Then they make their owner a millionaire for heaven.

HIS UNDERSTANDING IS INFINITE.

PSALM CXLVII. 5.

IN faith and love the course of duty run;
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done.
But thou would'st do the same if thou could'st see
The end of all events as well as He.

ON THE WAY HOME.

"And then from that bright throne
I shall look back and see
The path I trod, and that alone
Was the right path for me."
"He led them on safely, so that they feared not."—Ps. lxxviii. 53.
"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud . . . and by night in a pillar of fire."—Exod. xiii. 21.

A TRAMP was brought into a London small-pox hospital. As the nurse bent over him, asking his name, she heard him say, "Pilgrim Zionward." His words were a short, true description of those who have been turned round, and had their faces set in the right direction. Often when we are in perplexity, we wish that there were a cloudy pillar still; and yet, as truly now as then, the angel of the Lord is going before us. Even here He brings us into "prepared places" on our way to the Kingdom prepared for us. If we believed in and looked up for God's guidance,

"What only seemed a barrier,
A stepping-stone would be;"

and as we came to a turn on the road, we should find that He had indeed been before us, making our "mountains a way." We may plead the promise and have it fulfilled, that the Lord "would create on our dwelling-places a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night." Why should it not be, when we have the Father of Lights ready to make our path a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day? What is light to us is darkness to the world, for they comprehend not this marvellous light. We must see to it that we are light-bearers looking ever to Jesus, and so shining—not with a flash or flicker, but with a steady flame—that the world, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in heaven.

M. S. S.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

"And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book : But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God ; and that believing ye might have life through His name."—JOHN xx. 30, 31.

OUT of all Christ's words and miracles a selection has been made.

It is a Divine selection. Being Divine, it is perfect. There is no imperfection here, either in reference to what is inserted or to what is omitted. The feeling often occurs, Oh, that there were more of these words and miracles written down for us. No ; it is not necessary. Others may say, Might not this passage have been omitted ? No ; it could not be omitted.

It is a selection precisely suited to the end in view. The reasons why some things are omitted which we might wish inserted, and some things inserted we might wish omitted, is just that the addition or omission would have hindered the object in view. The multitude of facts and truths omitted is an immense treasure-house, the doors of which will one day be thrown open to us. The miracles recorded are representative miracles, so that whatever lesson we gather from any one of them, we know that is confirmed by being done perhaps a thousand times.

What is the object, then, of these signs and miracles ? They are all intended to prove that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God. And how do they prove this ? They prove it in relation to the prophecies of the coming Messiah. They show that this Jesus of Nazareth was the very person spoken of all along ; that He was the seed of the woman ; He of whom Enoch prophesied ; He regarding whom Abraham got the promise that all nations should be blessed in Him ; whom Jacob saw as the

rising star ; whom Moses spoke of as a prophet like unto himself ; whom David celebrated in all his psalms ; He of whom Solomon sung in the Song of Songs : of whom Jeremiah spoke as Jehovah Tsidkenu.

Is this only an historical fact, or is there some meaning in it for us ? Yes, these facts contain depths no line can fathom, heights no wing can scale ; they are longer than the earth, broader than the sea ; they contain the unsearchable riches of God, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Always God has wrapt up His great truths in facts. For instance, what of Bethlehem ? The history is this : One night a poor man and woman were travelling, and the woman brought forth a little babe in an inn. That is a simple fact, and the world has been studying that fact for ages and will never get to the bottom of it. The incarnation of the Eternal Word is something unsearchable.

Our passage says, These are written that ye might believe. What then ? And that believing ye might have life through His name. This wondrous fact, then, contains in it everlasting life for the dead in trespasses and sins ; and the way in which I get possession of this fact is by believing it. I should not like to wander into any disquisition about faith, for it is by such discussions that men are perplexed. God has used the word "believing" in a very obvious sense, so that the wayfarer, though a fool, need not err. There is only one definition in the Bible of faith,—that it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. It is just because of its simplicity that it is a stumbling-block. Men won't believe it to be so simple a thing that eternal life comes with it. And men try to make it a complex thing, so that they may obtain from it

some food for self-righteousness. It is extraordinary that so many should put away from them the comfort of justification, by puzzling with themselves whether they have gone through the performance of believing. It seems incredible that men should make that mysterious and mystic which God has made simple, and yet it is in this way that multitudes are walking in darkness and having no light, and losing the joy they might have in their pilgrimage. We ask the question far too often, What is the quality, what is the quantity, of my faith ? We will never get that question satisfactorily answered. But we cannot too often ask about the truth and significance of the glorious facts on which our faith is to rest.

THE MAN OF GOD.

1 KINGS xvi. 29, xvii. 1.

THE earth is still full of God. What has drawn a veil over His presence ? Really it is unbelief. That is all. Unbelief ! I grant you that veil is perfectly impenetrable unless the Word has approved itself to us as His revelation. But then creation becomes, from mere materialism, spiritualised and transfigured. Our own history becomes the story of an omnipotent love, under which all "things work together for good to them that love God." He counts the very hairs of our head, goes beyond all our thought and care for ourselves, and fills our loneliest moments with His presence. It is only that which will make our lives at all what they ought to be ; it is only that which will redeem them, so to speak, from the littleness and meanness and unimportance otherwise attaching to them. The meanest life in His presence ceases to be drudgery, and becomes ennobled. The noblest without it, what is it but utter vanity ?

Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?

I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

LUKE xiii. 4, 5.

THE SAILOR.

A POOR sailor lay dying in his hammock bed, whilst the vessel in which he served was far out at sea. "Bring a Bible and read to me," he asked one of the crew; but, alas, no Bible was to be found. "We have none," was the confession of all. The poor man was in despair; he was thirsting for the water of life, and could not obtain it. Suddenly, however, a little cabin boy hearing what was wanted, said he had a Bible in his chest, and producing it, offered to read to the dying man, and turning to the third chapter of John, read it slowly and distinctly. The sick man listened eagerly, but said nothing till He came to the 16th verse—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Read that verse again," he said. The boy obeyed. Slowly it was repeated again. "Once again," he asked—he cared for no more—over and over he repeated the words—he had got all he wanted—he saw God's way of salvation. Dear readers, do you? This verse makes it very plain. God has given us His only Son, has laid on Him the iniquity of us all, and whosoever believeth on Him *hath* everlasting life; and because Christ has died we shall live. You remember the doves in the Jewish law. The one was killed, and the other, passed

through its shed blood, was allowed to go free—its freedom purchased by the death of a substitute—beautiful symbol of Christ and His ransomed people. Will you think it out for yourselves, and then say, Can I do enough to show my love and gratitude to Him who has done so much for me? One thing you can do, tell the good news, repeat this very verse—the Saviour's own words, to those who know it not. Look around you, and you will find plenty who have never heard it; and it may be it will bring as great comfort to their hearts as it did to that of the dying sailor on the wide ocean.

THE PROUDEST HEART SUBDUED.

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

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

The above lines were found written in the Bible of Home, one of the proudest and most wilful of infidels. So pernicious and blasphemous were his tracts and pamphlets, that on going to France to circulate them, he was prohibited doing so. How vile they must have been for infidel France to have repressed their circulation!

"Grace reigns through righteousness." And surely it was so in the case of this poor, rebellious sinner. Surely it was the almighty power of God's goodness that broke him down and led him to repentance; and what but the infinite merits of the blood of Christ could have met his need, and furnished him with a *title* to stand before God as justified and in peace?

How great are the triumphs of God's grace, and the wonders of His love! The vilest, the worst, the most rebellious, can be saved, *now* that grace reigns through righteousness, on the ground of the atoning death of Christ. His love in the Gospel proclaims the fact (St. John iii. 16); His goodness leads to repentance (Rom. ii. 4); and His grace saves eternally all who accept the testimony of God, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

Perhaps my reader is a poor, hardened, deluded infidel. What a life of misery you must lead! How dark the future must be to you! Would you be saved? Then there must be "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Flee from the wrath to come!

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MARCH 1880.

[No. 153.]

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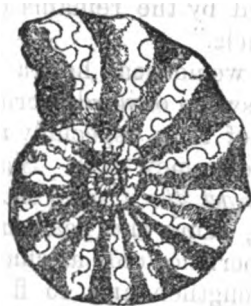
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THE OLD GOSPEL.

WHETHER it be the earliest or the latest preaching of it, this glorious Gospel is still the same. It is "the testimony of God, which He has testified of His Son;" it is the gospel of the bruised and yet victorious seed of the woman. In the bright and perfect idea of it man is silent and passive. Abram had only to *believe*, and righteousness was imputed to Him. Israel had but to *stand* still and see God's salvation. Joshua, in Zech. iii., the prodigal, the convicted adulteress, are all in like case. And with Adam at the beginning of our sin, and the beginning of God's Gospel, it is just the same: Adam was only to *listen*, and through hearing to believe and live. The Word is nigh us, and we have but to receive it, without working anything in the heights above or in the

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 3.

depths beneath. The *activities* are God's, the *sacrifices* are God's. The profoundness of our silence and passiveness in *becoming* righteousness is only equalled by the greatness of the Divine activity and sacrifice in *acquiring* righteousness for us. In the sight of such a mystery we may well stand and say, "What has God wrought?" "Simple indeed it is to us," as one once said, "but it cost *Him* everything." J. G. B.



THE NAUTILUS.

THE Nautilus is a floating mollusc, from whose history we may derive important teaching. We quote the following from an interesting volume for the young, entitled "The Observing Eye:" "At the beginning of its life the young creature bears upon its back a small shelly covering which is rather larger than itself. But as the mollusc grows from day to day, its house in a short time is not found large enough for its body. The mantle is then pushed forward to make a new and larger chamber in front of the old one,

which new piece is again formed of very thin and frail walls. As soon as the new walls grow compact and hard, the mollusc leaves his old inconvenient dwelling, and advancing into the wider space settles himself comfortably in it. The back of his mantle soon forms a partition wall of fine cement behind him, which wall runs across the shell from side to side, and shuts out the old chamber. As the animal grows, he adds, in this way, chamber after chamber, each one being of larger dimensions than the last which he inhabited. In large and old shells these chambers form many twists or whorls, which are arranged round each other like the folds of a coil of rope. The whole of the delicate shell is thus greatly strengthened by these inside partition walls that have been raised at different times, and which from their numbers give it power to bear a heavy pressure without injury.

As the nautilus shell and its inhabitant are intended to float on the surface of the sea, it is necessary they should be, when joined together, a little lighter than the water around them, otherwise they could never rise from the bottom. And this lightness is afforded them by means of the air that is contained in the deserted chambers of the shell, all of which act as so many bladders in buoying it up. The buoyant power of

these air cells is so great, that if some contrivance were not adopted to give the mollusc the power of compressing the air in them—that is, at its pleasure, of making the cells heavier by filling them with more air, the shell would always float upon the surface, and could no more be kept down under the water than a cork or a log of wood can. In order, therefore, to give the creature the power of sinking when it wishes, all the chambers in the shell are connected together by means of a tube which is called a siphuncle. This tube belongs to an air chamber that lies within the body of the animal, and by means of this tube the mollusc, at its pleasure, can drive an additional weight of air down into the shell, and make it heavier. As soon, then, as the creature desires to sink in the sea, it draws its fleshy body back with a powerful motion into the front cavity or opening of its shell. This action presses the air in the cavity backward, and sends it down the siphuncle into the chambered spaces, making the air in them much closer and denser by the fresh supply.

Thus we find that the whole quantity of air contained in the body and shell of the mollusc, being now driven down and squeezed into the smaller space of its chambers, the shell is made heavier than it was, and immediately sinks in the water. Merely frightening the nautilus instantly sends it down, for fright causes the mollusc to shrink back into its house, and this shrinking back at once squeezes in the buoyant air.

Only one kind of these beautiful chambered shells now floats in our seas; but in times past and gone the ocean swarmed with creatures of this description. All the mud and sand that lay at the bottom of the olden seas is now turned into

rocks, and in many of these rocks strange stones abound, which, from their coiled appearance, are called Ammonites or Snake Stones (our illustration is that of an Ammonite). These snake stones are the remains of shells very similar to the nautilus; but from lying long in the earth they are now petrified and filled with stony matter. Yet traces of their shell may often be discovered, and when cut through the middle by a stone-cutter's wheel, the partition walls that were built across the inner cavities of the shell can easily be discerned. All the different chambers in the ammonite shell were connected with each other by an air-tube that acted in the same way as the siphuncle of the nautilus, only the air-tube of the ammonite runs along the outer edge instead of through the middle of the shell, and in consequence of this the outer edge of all snake stones is grooved by the remains of the siphuncle."

Can we not read here a lesson as we sweep onwards across the ocean of time, especially at the dawn of a new year. Shall we not *forget the things that are behind*, using the past and all its experience only as chambers to strengthen and to float us onward, heavenward, and homeward, or as safeguards in times of danger, to compel us to betake to the depths of a Father's eternal love.

Year after year, behold the silent toil
That spreads its lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for
the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining
archway through,

Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home,
And knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message
brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea
Cast from her lap forlorn;
From thy dead lips a clearer note is
born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed
horn.

While on my ear it rings
Through the deep caves of thought—
I hear a voice that sings.

Build thee more stately mansions, O
my soul!

As the swift seasons roll;

Leave thy low-vaulted past,

Let each new temple, nobler than
the last,

Be built around thee with a dome
more vast

Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea.

CONSIDER THE NAUTILUS!

"CANNOT BE LOST."

It is well for us to understand this—to see clearly that, Christ having once borne our sins in His own body on the cross, God cannot righteously have anything against us who have taken Him at His word, and trusted (but have you?)—our souls to Christ and Christ alone—who have accepted (but have you?) His offer (see Rom. vi. 23), and have acknowledged His kindness in inviting us to the marriage supper of His dear Son; and who, therefore, are privileged to know, on the authority of the Word of God, who "cannot lie" (Titus i. 2), that our souls having been "apprehended of Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 12), cannot be lost, from the knowledge of which truth flows all the desire after, as well as power for, a holy life.

But if, on the other hand, the sinner "will not" (St. John v. 40) be entreated (2 Cor. v. 20) to allow himself to be laid hold of or "apprehended" (Phil. iii. 12) by the living, loving God, through faith in the work and name of Christ alone, how can such an one hope to escape from the effects of that curse under which he was born?

ABLE TO COMFORT.

SELDOM can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

FAITH IN HIS WORD.

I stood by the death-bed of a lady of great natural benevolence; but her good works, which she vainly recounted, brought her no peace. She writhed in agony, and believed that it arose from her unworthiness in partaking of the sacrament (1 Cor. xi. 27, 29).

It was a terrible sight as she tossed to and fro in physical and mental anguish, with none to point to the bleeding Lamb. I had nothing to say but "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." I was forbidden by her family and doctor to see her again. One text, only one,—and no prospect of hearing if it had been received in faith. I had gone forth encouraged by a word from a Christian physician—"Remember, God's resources are infinite in bringing souls to Himself."

So, in spite of man's prohibition, I stood again by the dying woman, a strange servant having admitted me. The poor weary one was in peace; and when I inquired whence sprang her hope, she repeated, "'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' All night you seemed to stand by my side repeating it. I asked some one to read in the Bible, but no Bible was there. The hired nurse repeated to me some of Wesley's hymns; but when she was silent I heard again, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.'"

The thief on the cross had but one sentence of the Word of God,—and those blessed words of consolation lighted him through the valley of the shadow of death. It was enough. Better are "five words" "fitly spoken" of the word of life than a multitude of "thine own words."

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Thy word is truth."

Have you, beloved, proved its

truth?" Can you say that the "precious blood of Christ" cleanseth you from *all* sin?"

THE HONEST HOUR.

DEATH is an honest hour; therefore dying testimonies are valuable. Now, I would put the question to Infidels, Pantheists, Universalists, Atheists, or ungodly men the world over, and challenge an answer: Did you ever know, did you ever hear, or did you ever read, of a Christian renouncing his faith in the dying hour? The poor Atheist cries, "No God!" till he comes to die, and then he cries, "All God!" The poor Infidel cries, "No Revelation, no Bible, no Christ!" till he comes to die, and then he cries, "All true, all true, and I am undone!" The poor Universalist cries, "All in heaven, all in heaven! no hell, no hell!" till he comes to die, when the very pains of hell get hold on him, and he departs in fearful terror, in dreadful agony of soul. But oh! how different with the Christian! his faith may be weak, his spiritual eyes may not discern as clearly as he would wish the glory in store for him, but no Christian has ever lived who renounced his faith and his religion in the trying hour of death.

FULL PARDON—EVER-
LASTING LIFE.

A NOBLE-LOOKING soldier lay in the hospital ward. "I want to speak to you about religion," he said, as I stood by his bedside. "I have made up my mind," he continued, "with an earnest resolution, to serve God and do my duty—not with the feeble resolution of a boy, but with man's determined purpose, that henceforward I will do right." At some length he told me what he was going to do; he spoke about his vows, his purposes, his plans. All was about himself,

not one word about Christ the Saviour.

Having listened to him quietly, I said at last, "Then you are at peace, my friend."

"Oh, no," he said, "my agony of mind only increases."

"Why so? Have you not kept your vows?"

"No, I cannot," he answered despairingly.

"Had you not better then try again? or can you think of no way of making up the account?"

He shook his head hopelessly and said, "I know not what to do."

"My friend," I replied, "stop your vowing. Satan has enticed you on to one of his quicksands, where you are fast sinking down to hell. Your house is on the sand. You cannot be your own Saviour. Listen to God's way of saving sinners. Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh—came into the world to *save* sinners, not to *help* them to save themselves. His work was finished on the cross eighteen hundred years ago, and He has left you nothing to do but to receive by faith the benefit of what He has done. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved'" (John iii. 36; Acts xvi. 31).

"But must I not do something?" he asked. "Can I believe on Christ and become a child of God, and to-morrow go back to the world and live like the other soldiers?"

"God forbid," I cried. "'How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?' When you become a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus, God gives you the nature, the heart of a child, and the Holy Spirit to dwell in you, so that you no longer love the sins you once delighted in; and you have the power of the Spirit to resist the flesh, your old nature."

After some other questions

and answers, the Lord gave him to see, not only that he was a lost sinner, but that Christ had borne the judgment of sin on the cross, and that all who believed in Him were saved. Still his mind was not clear, for, though he had lost confidence in vows and resolutions, the enemy had thrown him on his feelings.

"Must I not have happy feelings," he said—as thousands say—"before I know that I am happy?"

"No," said L. "On the contrary, you must believe before you can possibly feel happy. Peace comes from believing, and not believing from peace. You are to believe *simply because God says so*, and not because you feel happy. Were happy frames and feelings the foundation of your faith, you would drift about at their mercy. But God's Word is a rock that cannot be moved. It is when we are dwelling, neither on our feelings, nor our faith, but on the *object* of faith, Christ Jesus, that we are brought into peace and joy."

It was now evident that the Holy Spirit had led him to the Saviour, though he still inclined to look into his own heart for happy feelings. This led to the close of our conversation.

"Do you believe the testimony of God concerning Christ?" This is the question, and not the evidence of happy feelings. These are changeable as the wind. Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that God gave Him to be the Saviour of the world—the great propitiation for our sins? Take your thoughts completely off yourself, and look to Jesus. Do you believe in Him?" Now he answered earnestly,

"With all my heart I do."

"The Lord's name be praised—to Him alone be all the glory. And now, Can you believe what

God says concerning them that have this faith?"

"What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." "He that believeth hath everlasting life." And observe, my friend, it is not *can* have, *may* have, or *shall* have, but *hath* everlasting life. When we believe in Jesus, and surrender the heart to Him, we have perfect peace, we are sealed with the Holy Spirit. What a salvation! Full pardon, everlasting life, peace with God, and only waiting for glory. In parting, I said to him, 'May I not leave you now with the happy assurance that you know, on God's testimony, that you have eternal life as a present possession?'

After a pause, he raised his eyes and said, with deep feeling, "Yes, you may. I have eternal life through faith in Jesus."

May these scraps of such an important conversation, and with such important results, be made a great blessing to all our readers.

ALMOST SAVED.

ALMOST sweet is unsavoury, almost hot is lukewarm, which God spueth out of His mouth. A Christian almost is like a woman which dieth in travail; almost she brought forth a son, but that almost killed the mother and the son too. Almost a Christian is like Jeroboam, who said, "It is too far to go to Jerusalem to worship," and therefore chose rather to worship calves at home. Almost a Christian is like Micah, who thought himself religious enough because he had gotten a priest into his house. Almost a Christian is like the Ephraimite, who could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. Almost a Christian is like Ananias, who brought a part, but left a part behind. Almost a Christian is

like Eli's sons, who polled the sacrifices, like the fig tree which deceived Christ with leaves, like the virgins who carried lamps without oil, like the willing-unwilling son, who said he would come, and came not. What is it to be born almost? If the new man be but born almost, he is not born. What is it to be married almost unto Christ? He who is married but almost, is not married. What is it to offer a sacrifice almost? The sacrifice must be killed, or ever it can be sacrificed. He who gives almost, gives not, but denieth. He who believeth almost, believeth not, but doubteth. Can the door which is but almost shut, keep out the thief? Can the cup which is but almost whole, hold any wine? Can the ship which is but almost sound, keep out water? The soldier who doth but almost fight, is a coward. The physician who doth but almost cure, sees his patient die. The servant who doth but almost labour, is a loiterer. Believest thou almost? "Be it unto thee," saith Christ, "as thou believest." Therefore, if thou believest almost, thou shalt be saved almost, which is to be altogether lost.

THE Lord takes none up but the forsaken,
Makes none healthy but the sick,
Gives sight to none but the blind,
Makes none alive but the dead,
Sanctifies none but sinners,
Gives wisdom to none but the foolish
LUTHER.

THE more we labour by works to obtain grace, the less we know how to take hold on Christ; for where He is not known and comprehended by faith, there is not to be expected either advice, help, or comfort, though we torment ourselves to death.

A FREE PARDON.

A FEW years ago the writer was visiting one of the prisons in New Zealand, and while there witnessed a scene he will not easily forget.

Among the prisoners was a young man who was undergoing a sentence of penal servitude for life. He had been in jail five or six years, when the governor was induced to grant him a free pardon, and the document ordering his release from custody was sent to the jailer, who, taking it in his hand, stepped on to a balcony overlooking the yard where the prisoners were, and holding it up called out, "S—, here is your pardon." The man thus addressed asked no foolish questions, nor did he raise any objections, as many people do when told that God is offering them pardon of all their sins through the blood of the Lamb. He did not suggest that there must be a mistake; that he was too great a sinner to be pardoned; nor did he say that he was no worse than his comrades, and needed no pardon. He did not say, "Before I believe that the pardon is for me, I must see my name written in it, and that it is properly signed and sealed."

What, then, did he do? Why, he at once believed the good news proclaimed to him by the jailer, and with his face beaming with joy he clapped his hands together, gave a spring into the air, and cried out, "Thank you, sir, thank you!"

Nor did he remain where he was. He did not say that he would prefer to continue in the society of those who had been his fellow-prisoners, as some of Christ's redeemed and pardoned ones, alas! too often seem to do, but he at once walked out of the yard to doff his prison garb, and clothe himself in suitable apparel which had been provided for him, and shortly after

he left the jail a free man, rejoicing in his liberty.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The *whosoever* means you, if you will but accept it; and God is now beseeching you to be reconciled to Himself through the death of His Son, who bore our sins in His own body on the cross. A pardon has been made out. It is signed by God Himself, and is sealed with the blood of His dear Son. He entreats you to leave the bondage of sin and the company of the world, which rejected and crucified His Son; to cast off the filthy rags of your own righteousness, and be clothed with the garments of salvation, and covered with the robe of true righteousness. "If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed."

HEIRS WANTED!

SUCH is now and again seen as the heading of advertisements in the newspapers, and if the name is given, and the estate is large, most who happen to have the name ransack their family registers, and try to prove their right to the property. One case of a disputed claim to a large amount of money was before the law courts for some time—viz., the Tichborne case. No amount of trouble was spared—witnesses were brought from all the ends of the earth, agents were sent to Australia, while one man tried to prove that he was the rightful heir, and another tried to make him out an impostor. The claimant for the Tichborne estates tried in every way to prove his case. He brought forward his carelessness, his slovenliness, his want of education, to show that these were true of the rightful heir when young. If he had had some striking deformity, such as a

hump on his back of a peculiar kind, and the young heir of Tichborne had had the same, his identity would have been proved by his deformity.

Friend, you have a great deformity that you carry about with you, a thousandfold more hideous than any spinal complaint. You are a living body carrying about a dead soul. This deformity may be used greatly to your advantage, but if not it will sink you down to endless perdition. You were not born in sin that you might live and die in sin, but that you might use your sin nature as a plea to prove your right to a great inheritance. By finding out that death entered by sin, that you are dead in sin, that Christ died for sin, and believing in Him, you are on a new ground, in newness of life, dead to sin, and alive in Christ risen, an heir of God!

This proclamation has gone out from the throne of the universe:

HEIRS WANTED!

God is seeking them. What is the worth of the estate? Look around you. Have you seen *all things* yet? Cattle on a thousand hills, gold in hundreds of mines, pearls in scores of oceans. Look above you at the millions of stars and suns and systems ever revolving round the throne of God. Do you know what is in them? Do you know their extent? Can you count their number? Have you yet discerned *all things*? To His heirs He says, "*All things* are yours."

The inheritance is variously described in Scripture. It is said to be "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for the heirs: "who are kept through faith unto salvation" for the inheritance. They shall "inherit the kingdom," "inherit the earth," "inherit all things." It is "an inheritance among all

them which are sanctified." The "reward of the inheritance" is the prize for the lowliest servant; and though not enjoying their possessions, yet the heirs have the Holy Ghost as "the earnest of the inheritance."

The heirs are described as "heirs of promise," "heirs of the righteousness which is by faith," "heirs of salvation," "heirs of the grace of life," "heirs of the kingdom," "heirs of God," "joint-heirs with Christ."

For such possessions who can send in a claim? Only deformed creatures called sinners. This is the use you should make of your sin. Don't come saying, "May I approach, *although* I am a great sinner?" but say, "I approach *because* I am a great sinner." Claimants are now being sought; He came to seek them Himself; "He came not to call the righteous," "He came to seek and to save that which was *lost*," He died for "the *ungodly*," for those "*without strength*," "for *enemies*." Sin is a fearful deformity, but use it as a proof that you are just the one for whom Jesus died, who therefore has a right to claim the heirship.

Suppose a hotel established for negroes, and written over the door were these words, "This hotel is only for negroes." If a very black negro came past, whose blackness could not be touched with soap and water, even with the addition of nitre, do you think he would say, "I dare not go in, I am so black?" No, he would say, "I certainly have a right to go in, I am so black."

A man once said to me—

"I do not believe in converted blackguards preaching."

"Well," I replied, "I don't believe in any others; for we are all black enough in God's sight by nature, and if you are not a converted blackguard, you are an unconverted blackguard, which is much worse."

Is it not wonderful that faith can say, "I am black" (in myself) "but comely" (in Christ)?

In all earnestness, dear reader and fellow-sinner, I ask you to make this use of your sin. Some of us have tried it, and we have found that the claim was not disallowed: we were made heartily welcome, coming not as believers but sinners, coming without a feeling as a recommendation, presenting nothing but our sins to the great Sin-bearer. Come where you are and as you are; yea, come because you are a great sinner. The greater sinner will find Jesus to be the greater Saviour. And though you may scarcely be able to make ends meet here, having been all your life engaged in a hard struggle to keep hunger from the door, you may look onward to the possession of *all things*, yea, to be an *heir of God*. This you will get, not because you are poor, for there are none more miserable than the devil's poor. I have found many sadly deceived here. They thought that since they had so many trials here, on that ground they would get rest in heaven. Fearful delusion! Unless you have brought your sin to Jesus, and accepted Him as your own personal Saviour, these words are for you, "He that believeth not shall be damned." There is no respect of persons with God. Let God be true.

The rich man that believeth not shall be damned;

The poor man that believeth not shall be damned.

The good man that believeth not shall be damned;

The bad man that believeth not shall be damned.

The old man that believeth not shall be damned;

The young man that believeth not shall be damned.

The prince that believeth not shall be damned;

The beggar that believeth not shall be damned.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved—born again—made an heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ, and all that He has will be yours. Now is the time to decide; God has shut you in on the spot to accept His gift, or be lost. The blood of Christ will either save you or add to your damnation, will either cleanse you or judge you. Man, in his selfish greed, said, when the true heir came, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him that the inheritance may be ours." This is man's way. If he could get the inheritance he would care nothing for the heir; many men would like pardon for their sins if they had not to take Christ with it. "God was in Christ reconciling the world." The world would take the reconciliation if it had not to take the Christ. It is as identified with the death, grave, and resurrection of "the Heir" that we become joint-heirs. It is in His death that we meet Him. It is as dead to sin, dead to this world, dead to self, that we become heirs of God.

Is it not strange that so great a fortune should be seeking heirs? Has not the god of this world been very successful in blinding people's eyes to what is offered them? Is it not strange that people should get it into their heads that if they accept Christ they are doing God a favour? I beseech you, before you finish this paper, calmly weigh the whole matter. Serving Satan is hard work; and he'll pay you all the wages. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

—W. P. MACKAY.

"CHRIST'S great end," says Richard Baxter, "was to save men from their sins; but He delighted also to save them from their sorrows."

A M E N.

THIS familiar word has always been cherished by the Christian heart. It is found in some one hundred and thirty places in the New Testament, in some eighty of them used by our Saviour, and translated by the word "verily." In the Old Testament it is found in a great number of places, being the Hebrew word rendered "truth." The Hebrew meant that which is firmly built, durable, faithful; in brief, *sure, true*.

No wonder, then, that in a religion so positive, so heartfelt, so reliable, this word declaring it should have found so ancient, so continual a use. Let us look at some of the Amens of representative value.

1. *The Amen of the Covenant* (Deut. xxvii. 15), "And all the people shall say, Amen." This was to be that most dramatic scene, when from Ebal the curses, and from Gerizim the blessings, were predicted against future good or evil doing. The remarkable thing was, that the people were educated to acknowledge the curses denounced against what might be their own future conduct. The result of this education was, that the Hebrews were deeply impressed with God's justice.

2. *The Amen of Thanksgiving* (1 Chron. xvi. 36), "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for ever and ever. And all the people said, Amen, and praised the Lord." This was a more grateful service, but as seriously neglected as the first, just mentioned. Indeed, in that long list of anticipated curses Moses spoke of, one was, "Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with gladness of heart for the abundance of all things."

3. *The Amen of Prayer*. This is the most common use of the word among Christians. What innumerable petitions have closed with this word! There

is an amen which is only used as a kind of period, to announce that the prayer is ended. There is another which is only a prolonged flourish of sound, used to close a highly eloquent and rhetorical prayer, addressed to the listeners. And another, uttered in a doubting tone—a feeling of experiment—makes the amen merely a query. And there is the true amen, uttered worthily in the prayer of faith.

4. *The Amen of Common Experience* (1 Cor. xiv. 16), "Else, when thou shalt bless with the Spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest?" The unwise use of the gift of tongues has long ceased to hinder edification. But while many strange voices disturb the joy and profit of Christians gathered for combined praise, yet the blessed capacity for any true believer to echo the experience of another—learned or unlearned, native or foreign—is, that we are all one in Christ Jesus.

5. *The Amen of Divine Comfort* (2 Cor. i. 20), "All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him amen." Absolutely worthless to-day are multitudes of human promises to pay. Not only does individual honour fail, but states tamper with faith reposed. But God will redeem in full.

6. *The Amen Himself* (Rev. iii. 14), "The Amen, the Faithful and True Witness." Jesus has declared, "I am the Way, the Truth." Paul said, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." How assuring the words of the Amen—Jesus Himself—"They shall never perish."

7. *The Amen of Consummation* (Rev. v. 9-14), "And the four beasts said, Amen." And, looking toward that coming of Jesus which shall usher in crowning

glory so long yearned for, John exclaimed, "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

What a precious word this "Amen!" It has honoured the law of God, cherished the goodness of God, sought the helping hand of God, echoed the common grace of God, rested in the unfailing promises of God, believed the sure salvation of the Church of God, and now confidently awaits the glorious consummation of the kingdom of God.

MUCH MORE.

"Much more, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."—ROM. v. 9.

"Much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."—ROM. v. 10.

"Much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace . . . hath abounded unto many."—ROM. v. 15.

"Much more they which receive abundance of grace shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ."—ROM. v. 17.

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—ROM. v. 20.

LET us climb these steps, looking in wonder at the view from each; and at the top we shall be prepared to raise a monument to sovereign grace.

The very order is significant. Paul had been speaking of God's great love in the gift of Jesus, and gives this as the pledge of our salvation from coming wrath: "Much more, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him." Many and various are the paths by which human souls are brought to this step from which our upward journey begins. A medical student found himself at the bedside of the daughter of a Moravian missionary. Her widowed mother could scarce afford the necessities of life, far less provide any alleviation for her suffering. But the poorness of the girl's surroundings only served as a dark background for the brightness of her face, and the contentment and joy of her soul, as she looked at the things that

are unseen, and waited for the coming of His feet. From that room the student passed to another, where every modern invention was made to contribute to the relief and ease of the invalid. But even the highest human skill availed not to arrest the disease. No peace was in her heart; and no grateful look was ever given to those who watched beside her. Within a short time of her death she was talking of the ball dress she was to wear a few days later. She looked only at the things which are seen.

The contrasts of that day were among the elements that went to change the current of the young man's life.

Another step: "Much more, being reconciled, we are saved by His life." It reminds us of His own word: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The next step is a long one, and gives us a wider outlook: "Much more the gift by grace hath abounded unto many." Few live as if they believed this. A short time after what we have just told, the student was absent for a few weeks of holiday from the ward of an infirmary in which he took a prayerful interest. He had given himself to God, but had not yet learned to speak of Him to the individual patients. On his return to his work, when asking how she was, one of the patients said, "But, doctor, I am saved." He told her how welcome was the news, when she quickly rejoined, "I was sure you would be glad. But, you know, I used to think it very hard of you when you were doing all you could to heal our bodies, and speak to me day after day in the ward, and never to ask, 'Is your soul saved?'"

The last step commands the most extensive view: "The saints reigning in life by One;" and, or ever we are aware, we have placed the headstone, cry-

ing, "Grace, grace!" "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." M. S. S.

"HE LOOKED THAT IT SHOULD BRING FORTH GRAPES."

WE are told to "remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no" (Deut. xiii.). It is a wonderful history, the history of a saint. Every act and every thought either contribute to our blessing or hinder it. Just as the air and food affect our health, so do acts and thoughts promote or hinder spiritual life. No one with the finest sensibility of body can feel or judge of the effect of air and food, in any measure, as the Spirit of God in us feels and judges of our acts and thoughts; not unkindly or severely as we often may do with regard to one another, but His purpose is to separate the precious from the vile; to remove the shell from the grain; as little birds do before swallowing it. There is a great deal of mixture in all our acts and thoughts; and it is of amazing interest and comfort to us to know that the Spirit of God is ever desiring to promote and maintain the good; that He does not hesitate to sift out the chaff and the shell, while He carefully preserves the grain for the judgment-seat of Christ. There is often a good intention in an ill-devised act. We suffer from the act as we would from eating bad food, but the good intention is laid up in store, and another time it will be better expressed.

The great thing for us is to have the abiding sense that we are under the perpetual scrutiny of the Spirit of God. He is always watching for the good; our fellows are most ready to

see the evil. He not only watches for the good, but He is ever seeking to impart it, and He is grieved when He is forgotten or overlooked as the great guest in our bodies.

I have seen a picture of diamond-sorters. The diamonds and rubbish and mud are all spread out on a table. Then the sorters search through the mud and rubbish, turning over and over for everything that looks like a diamond. Diamonds they want, and diamonds they seek for. Thus I believe the Spirit of God detaches what is really divine from my acts, and lays them up in store for the day of Christ's session; and every true intention which has not ripened into act, He fosters and encourages. What a comfort to be under so great and loving a Guardian, and as we trace His love and care, our hearts warm in consciousness of the marvellous nature of it, and we find ourselves gradually submitting everything to His scrutiny as one would to a microscope which always took the truest and most favourable view of everything. It is well known that the more man's works are magnified by being submitted to a magnifying glass, the coarser they appear; whereas the more the works of God are magnified, the more beautiful and perfect they appear.

CONFIDENCE.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."—JOHN xxi. 22.

WHAT though to-day

Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason,

For His strange dealings through the trial season,

Trust and obey!

Though God's cloud-mystery enfold thee here,

In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.

"His face was like a benediction."—Don Quixote.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

God being holy and man guilty, sin must be judged. A happy friendship once existed between God and man, on the ground of innocence; but sin having entered and snapped the link asunder, there can be no reconciliation, but through the full expression of the moral judgment of God against sin. We can only have "life through death." God is the God of holiness, and He must judge sin. In saving the sinner, He condemns his sin. The cross is the full and perfect expression of this.

Typically, this was the great question, on "the evening of the fourteenth day of the first month," namely, *how can God exempt from judgment, and receive into His favour, those whom His holiness condemns?* To this most solemn question there was but one answer that would satisfy the demands of the God of holiness, and that was *the blood of the Lamb of His own providing*. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." This settled the all-important question. It was one of life or death, of deliverance or judgment. The blood-sprinkled door-post was a perfect answer to all the claims of holiness, and to all the need of the congregation. All was settled now. God was glorified, sin judged and put away, and Israel saved through the blood of the Lamb.

Blessed truth! Israel was now at peace with God, a sheltered, saved, and happy people, though still in Egypt, the land of death and judgment. God was now *pledged* to deliver Israel—precious type of the perfect security of all who are trusting to the blood of Christ! They were securely and peacefully feeding on the roasted Lamb, when "at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of

Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon, and all the first-born of cattle. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead" (Exod. xii. 29, 30). "But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue, against man or beast: that ye may know that the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel" (xi. 7).

But why, some may ask, put this difference? The Israelites were sinners, as well as the Egyptians. True, on this ground there was "no difference." But in type, the judgment of God against sin had been expressed in the death of the unblemished lamb. The blood "on the lintel and the two sideposts" was the proof of this. It proclaimed with a loud voice, that the lamb was slain, the ransom paid, the captive freed, justice satisfied, and the hour of Israel's deliverance fully come. *It was the blood that made the difference, and nothing else.* "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23).

But oh! what a difference! The one divinely shielded from the sword of judgment; the other defenceless, and slain by it. The one feasting on the rich provisions of grace; the other compelled to taste the bitterness of the cup of wrath. The destroying angel entered every house throughout all the land of Egypt that was not sprinkled with the blood. The first-born of Pharaoh on the throne and the first-born of the captive in the dungeon fell together.

No rank, age, or character escaped. The day of God's long suffering was ended, and the hour of His judgment was come. One thing alone guided

the angel of death on that dark and dreadful night, and that was, **WHERE THERE IS NO BLOOD, THERE IS NO SALVATION.**

Dear reader, this is as true now as it was then. Where there is no blood there is no salvation. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." Can any question be of such importance to you as this one, Am I shielded by the blood of Jesus? Oh! have you fled for refuge to the blood that was shed on Calvary? There "Christ our pass-over was sacrificed for us." His blood is represented as being sprinkled on "the mercy-seat above." There, God's eye ever sees the blood of our true paschal Lamb. Have you faith in that precious blood? Though deeply sensible of your guilt, can you say in truth, This is my only hiding-place, "I do depend upon the blood?" Then rest assured that you are *perfectly safe*; that you are *eternally saved*. You have God's own word for it—"When I see the blood, I will pass over you." We have redemption *through His blood*, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace. "But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh *by the blood of Christ*." "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation *through faith in His blood*" (Eph. i. 7, ii. 13; Rom. iii. 25).

But, on the other hand, if the blood of Jesus is neglected or despised, there can be no security, no peace, and no salvation. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.) Unless the destroying angel sees the blood, he enters as the judge of sin. Every sin must be punished, either in the person of the sinner or the sinner's substitute. This is a deeply solemn truth; but how blessed to know that "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "For He hath made

Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (1 Pet. iii. 18; 2 Cor. v. 21). To neglect this Divine substitute, and the shelter which He has provided, is to expose the soul to the unrelenting judgment of God. No sin, however small, can escape judgment, either on the cross of Christ, or in the lake of fire. Oh! the priceless value of that blood which "cleanseth us from ALL sin!"—which makes us clean enough for heaven!

THE WEARY.

OPENING into one of the rich chapters of Isaiah—that are as full of nourishment as a wheat-field—our eyes lighted upon this passage: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." This set us to thinking about the restfulness of God's Word, and of Christ's supporting grace. A very different thing is this from dreamy indolence. God abhors the idle man as a monster, and laziness as a cardinal sin. But rest is not only refreshing, but invigorating. The farmer's noon-day hour under the shady tree refits him for the hot afternoon's toil in the harvest-field. Nothing fits an army for battle like a good night's sleep and a full morning meal. If some "terrible toilers" would oftener halt and rest, they would live the longer.

All around us are multitudes of weary people. They are tired out with life's daily battle, with bearing the heat and burden of the day.

For all these tired and burdened hearts Jesus, the relief-bringer, has His word in season. To the Christian with a small purse he says, "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel

thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. At My right hand are pleasures for evermore." Only think how rich a man is who has a clean conscience here and glory hereafter. To the doubting and desponding Jesus says, "Fear not, little flock. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." There is a wonderful restfulness for worried hearts in this single assurance: "Lo! I am with you alway." This may be called Christ's richest and sweetest promise. The most common cause of weariness is the attempt to carry an overload of care. And this is not a wise forethought for the future or a proper providence for life's "rainy day." It is sheer worry. The word in season for such overloaded Christians, who toil along life's highway like jaded packhorses, is this: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." If we will only drop everything that is sinful and superfluous in the shape of worry, He will enable us to carry the legitimate load. One more word for the weary is, "Cast your care on Him, for He careth for you." The literal meaning of this tonic text is, He has you on His heart. What an inspiring, gladdening thought! The Infinite God from His everlasting throne has poor, little, sinful me on His divine heart! My big load has been laid upon Him. He knows my frame, He remembers that I am but dust. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pitieth us poor weaklings. He says to us, "Give Me your burdens." He who piloted Noah and all the precious freight in the ark; He who supplied the widow's wailing cruse of oil; who put Peter to sleep in the dungeon, and calmed Paul in the roaring tempest—He says to me, "Roll your anxieties over on to Me. I have

you on My heart." What fools we are when we strap the load more tightly, and determine that nobody shall carry it but ourselves!

This divine doctrine of trust is a wonderfully restful one to weary disciples. It takes the tire out of the heart. As the infant drops over on mother's bosom into soft repose, so faith rests its weary head on Jesus. He giveth His beloved sleep, so that they may wake up refreshed for their appointed work.

It is not honest work that really wears any Christian out. It is the ague fit of worry that consumes strength, and furrows the cheek, and brings on decrepitude. That giant of Jesus Christ who drew the gospel chariot from Jerusalem to Rome, and had the care of all the churches on his great heart, never complained of being tired. The secret was, that he never chafed his powers with a moment's worry. He was doing God's work, and he left God to be responsible for the results. He knew whom he believed.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

Now the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward the perfect beauty
Of the Palace of the King.

Now the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

SORROWS are like tempest clouds; in the distance they look black, but when above us, scarcely gray.

How free from care might every Christian be! He might be free from all care except that which relates to knowing and doing his Master's will. And those who do His will have His promise that duty shall be made plain, and we know that such go "from strength to strength."

TWELVE HINTS FOR OPEN-AIR
SPEAKERS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE OPEN-AIR MISSION.

1. SPEAK in a tone of voice, that enables those standing round you to hear easily; without excitement or shouting, pronouncing the words distinctly, and with an earnestness becoming the subject. It is a great relief to the vocal organs to change the pitch of your voice, say from a higher to a lower key, for a time.

2. Be guided a good deal as to the length of your address by your audience; if they stand, and you have much liberty in telling out the Gospel, you need not stop, though addresses over fifteen minutes are, as a rule, to be avoided; but if your hearers are gradually melting away, it is time to call a halt.

3. As regards action or gesture during speaking, it ought to be *natural*, and never, by its oddities or awkwardness, such as to produce a smile. Any motion of the arm or hand, if in sympathy with what is being said, will add force to the remark and help to carry it home to the audience.

4. As this is God's work, and ministers to eternal weal or woe, a becoming reverence ought to rest on every part of the service; anything like frivolity or lightness is to be deprecated.

But inasmuch as it is "glad tidings" we have to tell, lugubriousness or anything to repel or depress should never be seen or heard; but on the contrary let a ripple of joy and a bright sparkle of animation permeate all our remarks.

5. Illustrations and stories must be both short and to the point, and only used to explain or make clear some point dwelt on—never for the sake merely of telling the story.

6. Use your own individuality, never copy speakers. God wants

you, and your own gift, little or big. There is one thing you can do well, there is one line of truth, one aspect, perhaps, of the Gospel, you can speak on with power and freedom—keep to that. *Be yourself* and God will honour you in your work.

Remember, this does not imply that you should be confined, monotonous, or full of repetition. You have, and should have, your own way of using your flail, but the Gospel is a prolific theme, and yields much grain.

7. "Not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." These are remarkable words, brother; God can do without your cleverness, but He must have the "cross of Christ," or the glorious Gospel, told out according to His own mind. In other words, we must be "mighty in the Scriptures," we must bring the Word of God, the naked sword of the Spirit in all its power, to bear on the consciences of our hearers. We only hold the chisel, that the mighty Spirit Himself may wield the hammer of the Word on the rocky hearts of sinners.

8. Singing—it cannot be too good. This is the bait often that draws the fish near our net. Bawling or shouting is unnecessary, but while guided by the subject of the hymn we sing vigorously or in modulation, let us not forget the effect of soft gentle singing in almost whispered cadences, seeking to win lost souls to the loving Saviour.

9. Let the speakers stand together and keep together, avoiding all unnecessary talking; taking notice of what has been said, and, above all, silently lifting up the heart to the Lord for much blessing.

Each meeting must have a leader to regulate the proceedings, and see that everything is done decently and in order.

10. Never controvert any statement made by a previous

speaker, let such be done in private if you choose. Let us rejoice that there is so little of the nature of controversy in this work.

11. The meeting is begun and closed by prayer, which should always be short and earnest and to the point.

12. Lastly, as the meeting breaks up, do not forget to have individual dealing, lovingly, and with tact, with those who may linger behind, seeking thus to remove prejudices, encourage the seeking, and clench home the nail by faithful speaking face to face.

The work is the Lord's—He saves souls by it.

No work is nobler—Our Lord was a street preacher.

The work is despised—The Lord uses "things which are despised."

The work is urgent—Souls are perishing.

Will you help in it?

ETERNITY.

(Rev. xvi. 1-8.)

THE curtain has fallen, the tragic drama of Time is over. The dream is over. The word has been fulfilled, "How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou shalt despise their image." The Lord, who in long-suffering grace bore with man's wickedness, has at last executed vengeance. The last scene was the final judgment of the wicked, when they were judged out of those things which were written in the books, and being undoubtedly guilty, neither having their names written in the Book of Life—for they were Christ's rejectors—they have been cast into the lake of fire.

But the curtain is raised again for a brief moment, and we have before us (those who

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?

PS. cxvi. 12.

What hast thou that thou didst not receive?

I COR. iv. 7.

have been theatre-goers, like myself, will understand what I mean) a set-scene. We are shown what will be the everlasting portion of the two classes. First, the bright side, those who are sharers in eternal life have their tears wiped away by God's own hand, and have Him as their reward. "God Himself shall be with them, and be their God." What a blessed reward for those who have loved Him through years of sorrow and tears! Only those who know Him now will know Him more then. Dear, unconverted reader, would being *eternally* in the presence of God be happiness to you? Do you not dread each thought of His presence now? Do you not stifle each emotion leading you to seek His face? You well know that His presence would not be happiness to you, even if you could be there.

But there is a dark side to this eternal scene too. We are shown that just as the portion of the righteous is one of *eternal* blessedness, likewise is the portion of the wicked *eternal* misery. They have their part "in the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death." You say you do not believe in a lake of fire, but remember these are God's words, whether you believe them or not.

But, "turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die." He who will be your judge Himself sends you a message. He has no pleasure in the death of

the wicked. He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." I beseech you, give heed to His gracious message ere it is too late. Oh! hear it! "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

Which will you have, the fountain of life or the lake of fire? Oh! we do earnestly beseech you, reader, do not trifle with this question. Barter not your soul for a morsel of sin. If you serve sin, you shall have your wages, and you know what that is—death. Not only the first death, but the second death too—"the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Oh! serve not for such a fearful recompense, but come and take of the water of life *freely*.

But, ah! you are not thirsty; the message runs, "I will give unto him that is athirst." Then your state is truly awful. Oh, consider, if you do not thirst here, you will thirst for one drop of water *there*! But if you are thirsty, drink—drink freely, He Himself who opened the fountain offers it to you; yea more, He says, "whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." C. B. H.

If thou art not born again all thy outward reformation is nought in the sight of God; thou hast shut the door, but the thief is still in the house.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.—"THE WHITE STONE," &c. (Rev. ii. 17.) The blessings to the overcomer in Pergamos are three-fold:—

1. "The hidden manna," the food for the soul that will be our reward in glory, a foretaste only got here in time, which is the delight that God had in Christ as the perfectly obedient One when He glorified God in His rejection.

2. "The white stone." The ancients, in voting, used white stones to acquit a person accused, or admit him into a place desired. Just as we speak of the opposite—a person black-balled; that is, a black ball voted against him. The white stone refers to our perfect acquittal by God Himself. Blessed thought!

3. "And on the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth save he that receiveth it." This points to the knowledge communicated only to each individual, of the Master's own secret satisfaction in what we have individually done for Him in the days of His rejection, and when Church and world are shaking hands.

W. H. C.—Your request was duly attended to. The Lord is our *strength* as well as our salvation.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

APRIL 1880.

[No. 154.]

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THE CIPHER DESPATCH.

BY DR. GORDON, BOSTON, U.S.A.

A COMPANY of gentlemen were engaged, not long since, in raising funds for the endowment of a college professorship. After having subscribed a thousand dollars among themselves, it was suggested that they should telegraph to a certain very wealthy gentleman who was known to be a strong friend to the college in question, asking him for a subscription. A message was accordingly sent, stating the amount pledged, and requesting a donation. Immediately the answer came back, "*Put me down for a cipher.*"

It might have been supposed that he had simply given nothing; but the gentleman at once interpreted his intention, and added a cipher to the sum already subscribed, which at

once raised it, as will be seen, from *one thousand* dollars to *ten thousand*. The rich man had added a cipher, which standing alone would have been simply nothing, but standing in connection with the numeral and the ciphers already subscribed, amounted to a very large sum.

Is not here a perfect illustration of grace? In the story of the Church's beginning and growth, as written in the Acts of the Apostles, much is said, and said constantly, about addition: "And believers were the more added to the Lord;" "And much people was added unto the Lord," &c. But what was added? So many men and women of deep piety and great spiritual gifts and eminent holiness? No! the rather so many who had utterly renounced their own righteousness, and thrown away all claim to merit and goodness, and confessed themselves as nothing and having nothing. It is so always in genuine conversion. It is the addition of a cipher to Christ, the joining of an empty soul to Him in whom dwells all fulness. And what happens thereby? The same as in the illustration—the soul who is nothing in itself shares all the work and value and righteousness that belongs to Christ, as the cipher takes the value of the numeral which stands at the head of the column of figures.

"Christ is all and in all."

When the sum of ten thousand dollars had been written, the numeral *one* that stood first was the only figure that had any value in itself. All the rest were so many naughts. And yet that one numeral extended its value to all the other figures, when they stood by its side, and gave them significance. It was all, and it was in all. Christ Jesus is the only being in the Church who had a positive and perfect value in God's reckoning. Not that others do not exhibit something of righteousness and true holiness in their lives, but the evil so preponderates that they confess that it more than neutralises the good that they do. But, blessed be God, the Christ who is all, is also "*in all.*" He extends His divine value to all who have added themselves to Him by faith. He lifts them into a worth and significance of which they were utterly destitute without Him. He gives them a standing which can be reckoned in God's books, "Who is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

And this is not all—oh, blessed revelation! they are honoured to add something to Him, as well as to receive value from Him. The zeros add powerfully to the numeral, as well as take immense value from it. The greatness and worth of Christ are shown in a single expression—"In Him dwelleth all the ful-

ness of the godhead bodily." But what unthought-of value is assigned to His redeemed and believing Church, when it is called "*the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.*" Such value and importance do they have who, while nothing in themselves, are joined by faith to Him who is all.

All this when truly discerned may well reconcile men to that spiritual reduction which it brings to them. This depreciation of human worth is a great offence to the world. "What! do you say that we must all consent to go into spiritual chancery?" exclaims one; "to take the poor debtor's oath and to be marked down to zero on God's books?" Yes, all this must be before we can come into true relations to Christ. It is when we find for the first time that we are nothing and can do nothing without Christ, and when, in self-despair, we submit to Him, that we begin for the first time to have a real value in God's sight. If this saying shall, perchance, give offence to the natural man, let it cheer and exalt you, O Christian.

Do you sometimes say, in self-depreciation and distrust, "Ah, me! I am nothing, and I can never hope to be anything—so little grace, so little strength, so little energy"? But "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; . . . and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are." President Edwards said to a friend, "I am a cipher, you are a cipher, we are all ciphers, but God is *One*." All the power and greatness that belong to this One, belong also to those who range themselves by His side in trustful and appropriating faith. It were well for us that we often studied this problem of the nothings and of the All as it stands in Scripture.

"Without Me ye can do nothing" (John xv. 5).

"For I know nothing by myself" (1 Cor. iv. 4).

"Having nothing" (1 Cor. vi. 10).

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13).

"But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things" (1 John ii. 20).

"And yet possessing all things" (1 Cor. vi. 10).

For salvation, then, come to the Lord Jesus, acknowledging yourself to be nothing, and take Him as your all.

For support, come to Him empty-handed, and learn with the Apostle to say, "I have all and abound."

For service, come to Him acknowledging that you are weak and nothing, and learn the meaning of what He has spoken, "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

The great question, then, is not, What are we? but, What is Christ? "How many do you count me for?" said the Macedonian general, as his soldiers expressed fear in regard to meeting a superior enemy. If you are considering whether you are sufficient for the foes that threaten you, for the duties that devolve upon you, for the responsibilities that are before you, hear Christ asking you, "*How many do you count Me for?*"

NOT CONDEMNED.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more" (John viii. 2).

We see a crowd. The Pharisees are hurrying a woman to hear her sentence of doom from Christ's lips. She dare not lift up her head for shame. The moments seem as hours. Her sins are nearer to her than the accusing crowd, as they pass in swift array before her. She is conscious of a bustle in the crowd, but only expects a stone is being picked up to be cast at her. All is still, and a voice unutterably sweet, breaks the silence: "Woman, hath no

man condemned thee?" In her answer do we not see signs of the beginnings of faith in that almost shipwrecked soul, as she said, "No man, *Lord*." What a sight! The Spotless One standing alone beside a fountain of impurity. Have her ears betrayed her? No. Instead of the sentence of doom comes the words of peace and pardon: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

On a communion day in Edinburgh, there was at the Lord's Table a woman of the city, which was a sinner. She had been cleansed in the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and admitted to the fellowship of the household of faith; and when she now sat down for the first time at the family table, she found herself seated next one of "the elders of the church;" somewhat, perhaps, as in the narrower circle of a kindly home, the helpless little one is brought nearest to its mother's care. The "one bread" had been partaken of; and now "the cup of blessing" was passing round from hand to hand, according to the manner. When it came to this dear woman, there came upon her such a sense of her own unworthiness that she trembled to touch it, and was ready to let it pass, when the venerable man beside her—the Rev. John Duncan—rose up, and holding out the cup with both hands, said, "Oh, but take it! *It's for a sinner.*" It was as the voice of the Shepherd calling His own sheep by name, and leading her to fountains of living waters; and she drank that "drink indeed!" If your name is "sinner," you are free to that blood; yes, you are welcome to it.

M. S. S.

It matters not who are our accusers if Christ be our Advocate.

REUNION.

THOU wilt not sever us, O Lord our God,
In Thy blest mansions. On earth's
dreary sod
Our hearts are torn with partings. One
by one
The lov'd and cherish'd leave us. Every
stone
The cold, damp cemetery holds, is faced
With lines that find their parallels deep
traced
Within our souls. Thus works Thy
chisel, Lord,
In strokes severe; yet be Thy name
ador'd
For all Thy dealings; in Thy purpose
deep
A blessing lies, unscann'd by us who
weep
Amid these shadows. Night will soon
be past—
The cloudy night of time that ends at
last
In heaven's bright morning. Yet a little
while
And we shall greet that blissful morn-
ing's smile
With hallelujahs. Then Thy love's deep
thought
Shall be unfolded; all Thy blood has
bought
Shall come with Thee—and those we
lov'd and knew,
And mourned for here, shall rise upon
our view
In brighter, lovelier form—akin to Thine,
Thy work, Lord Jesus, perfect, pure,
divine!
Thus, re-united, through eternal days
Our joy shall be *Thyself*—our work Thy
praise.

HAVE YOU TIME TO LOSE
YOUR SOUL?

BY THE EDITOR.

"VERY bad times we are pass-
ing through?"

"Very bad indeed, and I don't
see how some will get through
them at all."

"But I suppose the dearest
times have been lived through,
and the worst season has been
got over, and such losses may
be made up, but there is a loss
that never can be made up—a
loss that many have experi-
enced—a loss that you may ex-
perience, and which you could
never remedy."

"I guess what you mean; I
suppose you are one of those re-
ligious folks that preach ser-
mons to everybody they meet.
We may, I think, be righteous
overmuch."

"Whatever I am, you must

confess I speak of a great fact
—a great certainty—that people
try to keep as much out of
their minds as they can. That
fact is, that they have never-
dying souls; that certainty
is, that those souls may be
lost for ever. They speak
of everything else with so-
lemn countenances, with serious
words, at all times and at all
places; and as to being right-
eous overmuch, I would not
wish to be so, which would
make me hard and exacting to
the last farthing. But we are
never told that we may be godly,
or gracious, or holy overmuch;
and it is just because I am not
strictly dealing in righteousness
that I would wish to speak to
you words of grace."

"But *there is a time for every-
thing*, and we hear enough of
that on Sunday."

"There is no time for a man
losing his soul. How much pro-
fited will you be if you get a
good harvest, and everything
turns out better than you ex-
pect, and at the end you lose
your soul?"

"But *I do the best I can*, I'm
sure. I pay every man his due,
and that is more than some of
your high pretenders have done,
who can get a lawful settle-
ment, paying six or seven shil-
lings in the pound, and then
can act the gentleman on other
people's money. I never did
such a thing, nor don't intend
to do."

"What you say of others I
believe is too true, and I think
is one of the greatest blots on
a Christian man. To say that
any man is, as before the judg-
ment seat of Christ, free from
his lawful debts because he has
paid so much a pound is simply
shocking. Misfortune may make
a man a bankrupt, but he should
never rest till he can say,
'I owe no man *anything*.' But
though a man pay all his debts,
that will never save his soul."

"But, I'm sure, I've never

done anything very bad, and I
attend the means of grace. I
had a godly training and I
became a member of a church,
and I give my mite of charity
to any good object. I know my
Bible and read it, and say my
prayers, and never but believed
in God and Christ. I never
was an infidel."

"All these may be very good
in their place, but is your soul
saved?"

"Well, I've said, I'm doing
the best I can, and God helps
them that help themselves, so I
leave it with Him."

"Now let us see what God
says. In God's book, which you
say you believe, does He ever
say that we are to do the best
we can in order to save our
souls?"

"We have to *use the means*."

"What are the means? I
know of only one. Him who
said, 'I am the way.' You
spoke of never having done
anything very bad; this is
where your argument begins to
go wrong. God says every ima-
gination of your heart is only
evil continually, and there is
none righteous."

"Of course we are all poor
sinners, failing every day; but
God will be merciful when we
stand before Him. Is it not
said, 'God is love,' and I'm sure
He, in His mercy, will not be
hard to a man if he does what
he can."

"God is merciful, but not to
sin; and as long as your sin lies
on you, you can have no ground
of peace with God whatever.
This is all a mistake from be-
ginning to end. There is not
such a thing as the general
mercy of God. He cannot be
merciful at the judgment-seat.
It is justice that will judge, and
He is impartial. 'God is love,'
but God is just, and can by no
means clear the guilty. 'God
is love,' but 'God is light'—
light that can overlook nothing."

"Well, then, how can you

“speak? are you not a sinner, and what do you look for?”

“I am a sinner, and what I look for is a *just* judgment-seat, and ‘a new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth *righteousness*.’ I am a sinner, but a sinner saved by His grace.”

“I can have no patience with people who say they are saved. It is all a *delusion* and *self-righteousness*. Just like the Pharisees of old. How can any man, while a sinner here, dare to say he is saved?”

“Now this, I believe, is really what you think, and it is *natural*; but I believe the Word of God is against you. The self-righteous Pharisee says, ‘I thank God I’m not as other men—not as this publican,’ &c. The Christian says, ‘I thank God that being just as other men, God has shown me His grace that brings *salvation*, and which has appeared unto *all* men.’ The difference is in God; if you knew God, you would have this salvation too.”

“Well, all I can ever reach is a *humble hope* that it will be right in the end.”

“That is to say, you hope in some way or other it will turn out not so bad as we say it is, or, in other words, that God’s threatenings will not come true. You hope God’s Word will turn out false; you hope God’s mercy will snatch the justice diadem from His crown. Let me speak in all plainness, there is not such a thing in Scripture as hoping to get my soul saved. There is a blessed hope that none but the believer has—the hope that appropriates the future certainty that, when his Lord shall appear, his soul and body shall be presented spotless before Him; but the salvation of his soul is a matter of faith, an accomplished thing in the past. There is the ‘hope of the hypocrite,’ which will be cut off—that hope that dreams of salvation of his soul as a thing

for the future. And you speak of humility. True humility surely does not consist in thinking that God is so weak that He cannot save me, or unable to let me know it when I am safe. Humility does not consist in speaking of what I am, bad nor good, nor in doubting what God can do to the best or the worst, but in not thinking of myself at all, and being judged by the revealed mind of God alone.”

“But do you not think that you may be *deceived*?”

“Well, if I trusted to my frames and feelings, which are so changeable, I might be deceived, but you see I depend upon this glorious fact, that He who was once under my sin (mine because I take the lost sinner’s place) has been raised by the just God. God loved me, therefore gave me Christ; God was just, therefore He raised Christ from under my sin. God will be just to Christ, therefore I’m saved.”

“Are you never afraid that it is *presumption* to say that you are saved?”

“Now which do you think is the greater presumption, making God a liar or taking God at His word?”

“Most certainly I would not like to have much to do with the man that could look up to God and say, ‘You tell lies.’”

“Let us take God’s word then (1 John v. 10), ‘He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar;’ how does this happen? ‘Because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son.’ And what is the record? Let us read on. ‘And this is the record that God hath given’ (not shall give), ‘to us eternal life; and this life is in His Son.’ I’m a poor sinner, but let me never call God a liar. Of all kinds of humility, give me that which obeys God’s first commandment, to believe in His Son.”

“But does not Paul say, ‘*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling*’?”

“Yes, but he does not say, ‘*Work for your own salvation*, and before I can work it out God must have wrought it in to me; therefore He says, ‘For it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.’ We can get much error by quoting half-texts.”

“But none can believe but by God; and if I am to be saved, *must I not wait* God’s time?”

“I don’t like to say hard things, but I think if there is one evil more from hell than another, it is this holy-looking excuse for putting off salvation. Salvation is of God, from beginning to end; but I just ask you, *name your time*. Would it be to-morrow? Wait till it comes, you will find it more inconvenient than to-day. Is it a deathbed? That is, when you have to die, you would rather get ease than torment; but that is not God’s way. Waiting God’s time! Is not God *waiting* to be gracious? If I came to a man sitting by a river, and he said to me he was wishing to cross, I would say, ‘Well, why don’t you take the bridge?’”

“I am waiting.”

“And what are you waiting for?”

“Oh, I’m waiting till the river flows past.”

“You never heard of such a fool. Now this is just your argument. Do you know God’s time? I do. He says, ‘Now is the accepted time.’ *To-day*—three times in one chapter the Holy Ghost says to-day. You see your enemy and mine just contradicts everything the Holy Ghost affirms in connection with our soul’s salvation, and we naturally believe Satan to our own everlasting ruin.”

[Continued in the following page we shall see the truth of God and the falsehood of Satan].

SATAN OR GOD.

READER! do you believe Satan's testimony, carried to you through the opinions of men around you, and the suggestions of your own heart? or are you believing the testimony of the Holy Ghost, which contradicts all our notions, and what we would think ought to be and is found only in the written Word?

Satan says, "Do the best you can, and trust in God for the rest."

The Holy Ghost says, "You can do nothing to him that worketh not but believeth."

Satan says, "Work out (meaning for) your own salvation."

The Holy Ghost adds, "For it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

Satan says, "Look to means, and ordinances, and prayers, and 'preparations.'"

The Holy Ghost says, "Look to Jesus only, who said, 'I am the way.'"

Satan says, "It is written, 'God is love,' therefore He will overlook your failure."

The Holy Ghost says, "It is written that God is 'just, and the justifier of Him that believeth in Jesus;' that He can overlook nothing; must judge everything; has judged every sin of every believer, and therefore forgives."

Satan says, "You are no worse than your neighbours, and if you are lost many will run a bad chance."

The Holy Ghost says, "All have sinned, and there is no difference; wide is the gate and broad the way that leads to destruction, and the many go in thereat."

Satan says, "All you can have is to hope for your soul's salvation."

The Holy Ghost says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God."

Satan says, "You have to wait God's time."

The Holy Ghost says, "To-day, if you will hear His voice. Now is God's time."

Satan says, "It would be presumption for you to appropriate Christ."

The Holy Ghost says, "It is the highest presumption to refuse God's gift."

Satan says, "It is humility to doubt."

The Holy Ghost says, "The only true humility is to take God at His word and be found in Christ."

Satan says, "Dare you believe God?"

The Holy Ghost says, "Dare you doubt Him?"

Satan's gospel is, "Hath God said?" (Gen. iii. 1), and appeals to your own feelings.

The Holy Ghost's gospel is taken up with Christ, and gives you "Thus saith the Lord" to build on.

When God said (Gen. ii. 17), "Thou shalt surely die,"

Satan said, "Ye shall *not* surely die."

When God now says, "I have given you Christ, that you may live through Him,"

Satan says, "He has not given you Christ, and you can never know whether you are saved or not."

Satan says, "Dare you take Christ?"

The Holy Ghost says, "Dare you disobey God?"

For God does not merely *allow* us to take Christ and offer Him freely and fully, but He *commands* us with authority; and if we are not saved, this is the greatest disobedience we have been guilty of, "For this is His commandment, that we should believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ," &c. (1 John iii. 23.) What love! He commands us to be saved. What a shame, what disobedience, not to know that we are saved!

Dear reader! are you believing the suggestions of Satan working upon your natural heart,

or do you stand upon the truth of God? The blackest sinner out of hell can be saved, even between the reading of the last sentence and this, by simply trusting in Jesus. And there is no other way. I need not argue this point. Scripture says it—that's enough; you don't believe it, but that does not alter the fact. The most respectable moral man, if he is to be saved, must stop all his self-regenerating machinery, and on the spot accept Christ. Some of the more prominent sand foundations I have tried to deal with. They can be met with every day in all our land. What a day when men find out the truth, and have to exclaim, "We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves," when God shall "sweep away the refuges of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place" (Isa. xxviii. 15-17). Stop, my friend, at once; stand still for a moment and THINK. This is a high-pressure age, and men have no time to think. I beseech you stop. You may be in hell next moment. Satan will give thousands of refuges to ease conscience for a moment. Are you building on sand or rock? You are near the rock, building just close beside it; but it is sand. Think, by the love of God, we entreat you. You may be saved now, as you are, and where you are, without moving a finger. You may get now what all your religion could never give—Christ Himself, and everything you need. What I have written is true, whether you believe it or not. You need great preparation to meet God and His judgment-seat. That preparation is Christ. You need no preparation for Christ. He emptied and prepared Himself to meet you. Now He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

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

GOD'S PROMISE.

"My word shall not return void."

I VISITED a man who was very ill. After some conversation, I said, "Well, my friend, the best news that any one can ever bring you is contained in this text from the Bible, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners'" (1 Tim. i. 15). His face was immediately lit up with a smile, and raising himself in the bed, he pointed to the patched window, and said, "Oh, sir, I know that already. Look there: that's a piece of the 'British Workman' you once gave me. My wife tore it up, and mended the window with just that piece of it that has *that text* on it. And since I've laid here, I've read it over and over till I've got it off by heart."

I believe the Holy Spirit made that text on the patched window a *blessing* to the man's soul.

Often have I been grieved to see pieces of tracts and religious papers pasted on the shattered windows of cottages; but I am now constrained to have increasing trust in God's precious promise—"My word shall not return unto Me void."

SIMPLE AND SINCERE PRAYER.

As a father is more delighted with the imperfect talk of his own little child when it first begins to speak, than with the exactest eloquence of the most famous orator upon earth: so assuredly our Heavenly Father is infinitely better pleased with the broken, interrupted passages and periods of prayer in thee, an upright heart, heartily grieved that thou canst do no better, than with the excellently composed, fine-phrased, and most methodical petitions of the most learned Pharisee. Nay, His soul extremely loathes the one, and graciously accepts the other in Jesus Christ.

THE DESERT DESERTED.

OH, past are the fast days; the feast day, the feast day is come! The solitude endeth, the guest most beloved is come. Deserted one, thou hast deserted the desert at last; O Love, the Beloved who cannot desert thee, is come, And sever'd the severing; departed for ever the parting. And met is the meeting: the One, the most Blessed, is come! The fleeting has fled, the ban of the exile is banished; Far distant the distance, the bird to the nestlings is come; The moon to the sky, to the desolate garden the rose, To the palace forsaken the King in His glory is come; The life to the root, and the sap to the height of the tree: The wreath to the sprays, and the crown to the branches, is come. And now let him come, the assaulter who fain would assault me; I am safe in the tower; my tower of shelter is come. Now cast on me ever and ever the fire of love; I fear not the fire, my robe of asbestos is come! As soon as they heard it, that Thou with salvation wert nigh, Behold every heart, heavy laden with sorrow, is come. O vessel of fulness, poured out for the thirst of the world, We thank Thee, we thank Thee, to us Thy refreshing is come! For long came no breeze to the deserts unblest; and now, One, With wings which the dew of all blessing has moistened, is come. We have waited till voice of the spring should awaken the dead: Behold from the east to the west the spring-glory is come!

TRUTH OF GOD'S WORD.

THE unbelief of the sceptic gives just as strong a confirmation of the truth of the Gospel as the faith of the believer. Since the Bible foretells Christ's rejection by many, as well as His acknowledgment by others, therefore the rejector confirms the Word of God by his denial as truly as the believer by his acceptance.

This principle nowhere holds more strongly than in relation to Christ's second coming. If, side by side with an extraordinary revival of this doctrine in the Church, there should be found a wide-spread denial and rejection of it, it is only an added proof of its truth. For so the Bible declares it shall be. The shadow reveals a substance as well as the light. The strong denial gives proof of the truth of doctrine as well as the strong assertion of it. And, side by side with the words of the Scripture, "Surely, I come quickly," is found the prediction that "There shall come in

the last day scoffers, saying, Where is the promise of His coming?"

It is even as Matthew Henry, so long ago as 1700, wrote: "Till our Lord come, they will not themselves believe that He will come; nay, they will laugh at the very mention of His second coming, and do what in them lies to put all out of countenance who seriously believe and wait for it."

"I HAVE GIVEN THEM THY WORD."

JOHN xvii. 14.

He robed

In finite words the sparkles of His thought,

The starry fire englobed

In tiny spheres of language, shielding softening thus

The living, burning glory. And He brought

Even to us

This strange celestial treasure, that no prayer

Had asked of Him, no ear had heard. Nor heart of man conceived. He laid it there,

Even at our feet, and said it was His Word.

A FIRM OF FISHERMEN.

THE religion of Christ is the grandest system of partnership this world has ever seen. The terms "fellowship," and "communion," are the words used to express the common participation, common responsibility, common labour, and common reward connected with the Gospel of the Son of God.

This partnership commences on high. First, "our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ;" then if we walk in the light "we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 3, 7).

Involved in a common ruin, partners of a common redemption, heirs of a common salvation, sharers in each other's sorrows, helpers of each other's joys, co-workers with God in common labours, and joint heirs to a common heritage; the household of faith becomes in its development, both inward and outward, both present and future, a partnership, the closest, the broadest, the dearest, and the purest that humanity has ever known.

No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. A constant interdependence, and an intertwining of the tenderest and most vital interests and necessities, unites God's children by the strongest bonds. Against this unity, Satan works incessantly, while above the jars and tumults of a discordant world, above the strifes, schisms, and dissensions of a distracted Church, the Saviour spreads His pierced hands, and prays for His people, that they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us" (John xvii.).

Nowhere is the necessity and utility of the Christian's partnership more manifest than in

the work of saving men. The unity of Christ's followers is the token by which "the world may know" that God has sent them; and on this knowledge depends the acceptance of their testimony and the success of their mission. Every division impairs this testimony; but when the people of God are in close and intimate fellowship, their testimony comes with convincing power.

The partnership of the people of God is not only a fact, but it is a necessity. In union there is strength, and that strength is needed in order to cope with the hosts of darkness that assail on every side. Labouring alone they are weak and inefficient, while by uniting they mass their forces and achieve success.

When our Lord had preached the gospel from the little fishing-boat of Simon as it lay idly upon the sunny waters of Genesaret, He said to Peter, "Launch forth into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." Simon objected that they had spent the whole night in fruitless toil, but said, "Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net." They did so, and instantly the swaying of the struggling mass informed them that they had "enclosed a great multitude of fishes," and under the strain, the meshes of the net began to tear away, and the fishes were pouring out and escaping. Something must be done at once, or the "haul" was gone, "And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both ships, so that they began to sink."

"They beckoned." They did not need to wait, and talk, and call, and frighten the fish and delay the work; one wave of the uplifted hand, one beck of the outstretched finger, was

enough, and the hardy fishermen bent to their oars, rounded to, and were ready to haul in the net and save the fish.

"They were partners." The bargain was already made, and they had no need to stop and adjust terms of co-operation. Many a good catch has been lost while men were disputing as to how the fish should be divided.

They were honest men, for without honesty partnership is the poorest ship a man ever sailed in. If they had quarrelled over the division of the last catch; if one boat's crew had covetously insisted on having the whole draught; if one boat's crew claimed all the big fish, and the best fish, and the gold fish and the silver fish, and left the other boat's crew only jelly-fish, and star-fish, and dog-fish, no beckoning would have brought their partners round with such quick and steady oar. But there was no such trouble as this;—they were ready for work, "they were partners," and they saved the fish.

"They filled both ships, so that they began to sink." There were fish enough to load both boats to the water's edge,—no trouble about that, and both crews had all they could do to take care of them; and there were as good fish left in the sea as those they had taken out.

And what about Simon Peter? Did he start off to find the local editor of the *Capernaum Chronicle* or the *Galilee Gazette*, and give them each a string of fish, get them to insert in their columns a little notice which he had prepared, intimating that "Simon Peter, the eminent fisherman, had by a masterly exhibition of piscatorial skill, succeeded in securing two boat loads of fish at a single haul—a thing never before known on the sea of Galilee;" and advising all who wanted fish caught, to "send for the firm of

Simon Peter, Zebedee and Sons, to bring their boats and nets, and have the business done at once?" Simon Peter, Zebedee, and Sons! Why, they had toiled *all night* and had not caught a fish, and no wonder, their net was so foul that when daylight came they had to take it ashore to wash it; and the first haul they caught, the old thing began to break, and they came near losing all the fish. No, they had no such nonsense as this in the *Galilee Gazette*. But "when Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken. And so was also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

"I will make you fishers of men," is the promise, but how poorly we succeed in the work. And what is the reason? Dirty nets that need washing; nets with holes in them that need mending; rotten nets that would rip and break if they ever got a haul of fish in them,—which they never have had, nor are likely to have—and worse than all, no partners to help to haul in the nets, but rather a set of fishermen who try to scare the fish away from each other's nets, and who, if they ever fish in partnership, are liable to wind up with a grand quarrel when they come to divide the catch.

Then, there are so many different boats on the lake, that there are not fishermen enough to man them, and so they have got aboard a lot of landlubbers who do not know how to fish, but who will fight and quarrel, and scare the fish, and dispute when they come to divide them; and so each boat has to go by

itself, and catch what they can, and get ashore with them the best way they know how. Some of the big boats are manned by crews who have splendid nets and nice tackle, but they are afraid of getting them wet; and as for fish they do not know a mackerel from a skate, and as for fishing, they mostly raise their own fish in their private ponds, and never let them out for fear they will never be able to catch them and get them back.

Then there are others who dare not "launch forth into the deep and let down their nets"—they are afraid of water, and would not get wet for anything,—but they have built a splendid fish house upon the top of a high hill in a central location, and have issued proclamations for all the fish, especially the big fish, and gold fish, and silver fish, to come ashore, and crawl up through the sand half-a-mile to their fish-house and be caught, and promising that they shall be well taken care of.

Away with all this nonsense. Go into partnership with each other, ye fishers of men. Send your landlubbers and bullies ashore, and get some of those old fishermen in their cobbles whom you have driven off the grounds, to come and show you how to catch fish. Do not quarrel over your catch. Stop scaring away the fish. There are fish enough to fill all your boats if you will only behave yourselves.

You "—ist" boat, make a little less noise and do a little more pulling, and you will catch more.

You "—ian" boat, better not be quite so much afraid of water, you will have to spoil some fine clothes before you catch many fish.

You "—ist" boat there, those carpets look very nice on the bottom of the boat, but if you do ever get a load of fish,

your Brussels will be in a sorry plight before you get them ashore.

You "—ist" boat there, your craft is a little narrow, and you are a pretty strait-laced crew, but never mind, come into the partnership, you will learn, and there will be some fish caught if you toil faithfully.

You "—ian" crew, do you not think it would be as well for you to try and lay aside your starch and propriety, and catch a few fish yourselves, as to hang around the other boats and pick out the best fish, and especially the gold fish, after they have caught them?

You "—ist" crew, your net needs mending and washing too; it is in a horrible condition; better pull ashore and get in fishing order, and then you will be able to catch fish.

Fishing is rough work and hard work, and unpleasant work. The fish will not come to you, you must go to them; they will not climb into your boat, they must be hauled in: and fishing for men is very different business from the pick-nicking and pleasuring which dainty-handed kid-gloved gentry so greatly enjoy.

Hark! The Great Teacher, He whose head has pressed the fisherman's hard pillow, and whose wisdom has guided their weary toils, says, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." Listen to His word. Pull away! there,—not too close together,—give plenty of sea room, don't get foul of that little boat! Now, pull away! there, let down your nets, mind! "on the right side of the ship,"—there, you have them! now beckon to your partners! See them bend to the oar; now all hands to the work, haul in the nets and fill the boats, and rejoice that the Lord has made you "fishers of men."

ECCLESIASTES.

It is a common and a correct thought, that the Book of Ecclesiastes is a witness, under the Holy Ghost, to the vanity of all things "under the sun."

This is so, most surely. Solomon was lifted up, that he might be able, from his position and resources, to inspect and test the vanity of all human conditions. All that either business or pleasure could provide for him, all that wealth or station or learning commanded, was within his reach, and at his disposal. And he challenged it all to say what it was worth.

He went through all the conditions of human life which carried with them even a semblance of promise to contribute anything to him. His search was complete. His inspection and testing left nothing unproved; and each and all were equally vain and unsatisfying. No one thing relieved the disappointment which another had produced. His journey was a wearying and vexatious pursuit of what was ever and equally eluding him. From everything the sense of vanity pressed on his spirit, and there was nothing to relieve or deliver him of all that was done or that was found "under the sun."

The principal business of this Book of Ecclesiastes is to tell us this; and a valuable as well as serious lesson it is. Well, if we learn it; and the better for us, the better we learn it.

We should not, however, fully honour the wisdom of God in this Book, if we said that this was its *only* business. It is not so. It teaches us principally, it is true, the general vanity of all the scene around us, but it likewise lets us know that there is *one* outlet, *one* relief from the oppressive sense of the common, universal emptiness, and that that is found in the *service of God*. This is its second lesson.

I may here call to mind how the Apostle teaches us that there is but *one* outlet from our condition of condemnation. He tells us that we are "shut up" to the faith of Jesus. Law and works and all other provisions fail, and prove themselves vain; for all of us are concluded under sin, and there is no escape from such condition of death but faith in the Lord Jesus now revealed to us. (See Gal. iii.)

This Book of Ecclesiastes reminds me of that; for in it I see *one* way, but *one* only, open to us as an escape from the condition and from the sense of an universal vanity. We are "shut up" to it.

In these thoughts we have this analogy. Faith in Jesus, says the Apostle, is the *one* only outlet from a state of condemnation. The living to Jesus, says the Book of Ecclesiastes, is the *one* only outlet from a state of vanity. And we may well rejoice in the simplicity of such relief from such heavy and grievous conditions. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." (ch. xi. 1).

Here there is found something solid, something abiding, something which does not partake of the common universal vanity. The service of Christ has the value of eternity in it. The bread cast on the waters is found after many days, or at a future hour.

And, I may add, that this lesson is again taught us. All the New Testament reads it to us; for there we learn that there are "bags which wax not old," and that it is service to Christ which fills them for us—that there is such a thing as being "rich toward God," and such a treasure as "faileth not," no thief approaching it, no moth corrupting it. And there also we learn, according to the whole bearing of the Book of Ecclesiastes, that "the world passeth

away, and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Happy, serious, simple lesson! The highest attainments or richest prosperity in things under the sun are all vanity, while the smallest service to the Lord, even the giving of a cup of cold water in His name, has the value of eternity in it.

"DEPART FROM ME!"

BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

Matthew xxv. 31.

WHEN a friend said to M'Cheyne that he had been preaching on the doom of the wicked, he asked, Were you able to do so tenderly? I would speak tenderly, but I would not in the very least diminish aught from these solemn words of warning. Each word contains unutterable woe. In the days of His flesh the word "Come" was constantly on the lips of Jesus. Here the word is "Depart." Depart, not from heaven, from blessedness, but depart from *Me*. That is the summing up of a sinner's doom. Most sinners would not regard that as a sentence of doom at all. They would rather He should depart. But Christ takes it up as the very essence of doom. "Depart from Me" is the beginning of the endless journey into a dark eternity.

"Ye cursed." What that word fully means I do not undertake to say. I cannot draw aside the curtain to show all that it means. I can only pray that the Holy Spirit may take that word to strike terror into the careless soul, and to rouse up Christians to consider what is the awful end of a lost world. We sometimes hear the word from those who can only speak it, but cannot inflict the curse. Here it comes from Divine lips.

"Into everlasting fire." I dare not attempt to draw a

picture of what everlasting fire is. But God did not mean needlessly to terrify or shock us; He did not mean to mock us when He used these words. He knew what was coming, and He gave us warning. No human author would suffer his language to be dealt with as men deal with this language of God. "Everlasting fire"—it is the same language which is applied to the everlasting God—"from everlasting to everlasting." Have you any difficulty in comprehending what that means? Or take the word here, "eternal life," which is the same word. Who are you that you should attempt to say that in the one case it means for ever and for ever, and that in the other case it does not!

"Prepared for the devil and his angels." As if God were saying, "I did not mean it for you, I meant it for the devil and his angels; but you must share their doom, as you have shared their sin." "Prepared,"—did you ever put this alongside the same word when Christ says, "I go to prepare a place for you." How dreadful the thought of an eternity in the company of the devil and his angels! Christian men and women, do you believe this? Do you believe the extent of the doom from which you are delivered by Christ your substitute; and, realising that, do you deal in earnest with your fellow-men exposed to that doom? Are you earnest in your words and lives, and do you show by your conduct that you believe in an eternity of light and an eternity of darkness?

NO CONDEMNATION.

No condemnation! What a blessed word! Is it no condemnation to a good and estimable man? No! It is no condemnation to the worst man on earth, when that man is found

IN CHRIST. "There is therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." This is *good news, glad tidings of great joy*. All by nature in sin and in condemnation. All children of wrath. None that doeth good; no, not one! How can any one of them be delivered? It is in this way; God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh; and He, that blessed Jesus, stood in the sinner's place, and made by His own blood a full atonement. He died that we might live. And now whosoever believeth on Him hath everlasting life. The wages of sin was *death*; Christ went down unto death, and bore the penalty. Being made sin, He took the wages; and now the gift of God is eternal life, and that life is in His Son.

Christ having obtained eternal redemption, God can now be a just God, and yet the justifier of him who believes in Jesus. "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).

He that believeth is not condemned! He that believeth has entered into rest—into life and therefore into rest. We trust entirely in God's Son. We believe God's Word; and we know that we shall never be condemned.

KEPT THROUGH FAITH.

THERE is a similar inheritance for the saints with Christ Himself—"an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven," where He has already gone. More than this, there is full security, spite of our passing through a world filled with hatred and peril, for the Christian above all. "For you," says he, "who are *kept*;" for Chris-

tian doctrine is not, as men so often say, that of saints persevering. One sees alas! too often saints going astray, comparatively seldom persevering, as the rule, if we speak of their consistent fidelity and devotedness.

But there is that which never fails, "the power of God through faith," by which the believer is kept to the end. This alone restores the balance; and thus we are taken out of all conceit of our own stability. We are thrown on mercy, as we ought to be; we look up in dependence on One who is incontestably above us, and withal infinitely near to us. This ought to be the spring of all our confidence,—even in God Himself, with His own power preserving us. There is given to the soul of him, who thus rests on God's power keeping him, a wholly different tone from that of the man who thinks of his own perseverance as a saint. Far better is it, then, to be "kept by the power of God through faith." In this way, it is not independent of our looking to Him.

"FOR OUR PROFIT."

He traineth so,
That we may shine for Him in this dark world,
And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled;

That we may show
His praise by lives that mirror back His love,
His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely-purposed end!

He traineth so,
For higher learning ever onward reaching,
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper teaching.

THE soul is the life of the body
Faith is the life of the soul
Christ is the life of faith.

AN OLD MAN'S VISIT.

A MINISTER, whose name is well known, but which I will not give, rose from his bed on Monday morning after a sleepless night. He had spent its hours "in sad weary thought" about a number of people, who seemed to be utterly insensible to the infinite love and paramount claims of Christ. He went into his study, but he could not settle to work. A leaden sky and drizzling rain drew him to the window. Nature dripped in gloom happened to be in sympathy with his own despondent mood. For some twenty minutes he stood, looking at the dull sky, the drizzling rain, and the cheerless streets. "This will not do," he said to himself; "I must settle to work." He went to his seat and took up a book. But instead of reading he found himself repeating the words of Keble—

"Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried."

"There are plenty of fishes in these waters," he soliloquised, "but the difficulty is to catch them. I try 'cast after cast,' but my net comes up empty. Is the fault in the nets? Am I not able to make a net both fine enough and strong enough to bring up the fish! Sometimes I think I see my net about them; but when I draw it up, they have all escaped. I see them swim away into the great sea of indifference. Am I in my proper sphere, and doing the work which God has given me to do? Paul was not always happy in his work. At Troas he could not preach, because his mind was so harrassed about those heretics and schismatics at Corinth. Well, Paul found, as others have done, that all the fishes caught are not fit for the market; but he was happier in the work than I am. He *did* catch the fish. He hardly ever let down without enclosing a

'multitude of fishes.' I preach the same gospel—'the glorious gospel of the blessed God,' as he calls it. Why is my success not greater?"

"My dear, here is Mr. Asker," said the minister's wife, as she entered the study.

"Indeed! what has brought him here this miserable morning?"

"I don't know," she replied; "he has had a cold and comfortless journey."

"He must have had. The old man must be in trouble."

"He does not appear to be. Indeed, I think he looks quite happy."

"What can have induced him, at his age, to travel over twenty miles!"

"You had better go and ask him, my dear; he is waiting to see you."

The minister went down to his aged friend, and gave him a warm welcome. Tears gathered in the old man's eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said—

"You will be surprised to see me, sir. The fact is, I could not keep away. I thought, if I came on Monday morning, I should not disturb you very much. Some weeks ago my heart began to hunger for a sight of you: I was forced to come."

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Mr. Asker. You must be both cold, and wet, and hungry. Let me see you made comfortable, and then we can have half an hour's quiet talk."

"Thank you, I cannot stay; my train returns in about forty minutes."

"But I cannot let you leave without dinner."

"You must, if you please. The sight of your face, and the sound of your voice, are more to me than a score of dinners. The moment you came into the room and spoke, I was carried back to those precious Sundays about

eight years ago when I first found Christ."

"I was afraid, when I heard you were here, that you were in trouble."

"Trouble! trouble! I never was happier in my life. I am now close upon eighty. I seem for nearly seventy years to have been chasing shadows, and only to have found the solid substance of happiness about eight years ago. I shall never forget that Sunday night, when I first entered your church. I hardly know what led me there. I had heard hundreds of sermons before, but not until that night did I ever feel that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. I went home from that service to weep over a wasted life, and pray for pardon. Do you often find that men who have lived a godless life for seventy years are converted? I fear not. But I was. Yes, thank God I was; and I have had eight years of such happiness since then, that I sometimes wonder whether I am the same man. I did not believe such happiness possible in this world. And now, sir, I must go. It will take me all my time to walk to the station. Old men cannot run like lads, and they are very unwise when they venture on the dangerous attempt to do so. May the blessing of Abraham be yours! You know what God said to the patriarch: 'I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing.' He has made you a blessing to one poor old soul. May He make you a blessing to hundreds more, both old and young! I do not expect to see you again in this world. I am fast nearing the end of my journey. But I am ready—yes, *ready*. I shall pray for you as long as I live; and then I shall wait for you in heaven. I think I shall be one of the first to see you, as you enter our 'Father's house.'"

The old man took up his

Give diligence to make your **CALLING** and election sure.

2 PETER I. 10.

I am not come to **CALL** the righteous but sinners.

MATT. IX. 13.

crutch, and slowly walked away. As the minister watched him leave the door, he felt that the venerable saint had come to him, as the angel came to the prophet under the juniper-tree, "to strengthen him," and to send him back to his work with a new confidence and zeal.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

DANIEL QUORUM rightly says: It is not much good just *reading the Bible*. The Word itself does not say anything that I can remember about reading it. But it says a great deal about *searching the Scriptures*. And it says a great deal more about *meditating* on them. I don't know much about pearls, but I've heard they come from the bottom of the sea. Now we come up and look at the great stretch of water, and say, "This is where the pearls come from," and we take up the water and get nothing but bubbles of foam. But David comes along, and he dives down under the water and he brings up a wonderful pearl, and so he says, "It's more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." Reading skims, and can't find anything but what floats on the top; meditation dives down deep and finds pearls. I believe that if some of the Lord's feeble folk would try this—just a half-hour's quiet thinking over the Lord's Word, they would hardly know themselves in a month, and their nearest friends would

begin to think they were ripening for glory sure enough.

SERVE ONE ANOTHER.

WHAT an infinite distance there is between the policy of the world and the policy of Christ! "Look out for number one," is the maxim of the world; "Look out for number two," is the maxim of Christ. Or, as it is stated in Scripture, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Be more eager to bless and benefit others than to magnify yourself. Be willing even to humble yourself if thereby you can exalt another. All of which is not so easy to practise as it is to preach. The natural way is to exalt ourselves by depreciating others. You know you can swell up as large an amount as you please by affixing ciphers to a given numeral. Well, many of us would like to have other people serve as ciphers, to increase our value. That is one way of looking out for number one, to make everybody else a zero for increasing the value of that number one which we represent. This is the hateful secret of envy and jealousy—the fear that we shall be overshadowed and eclipsed by some one else, instead of overshadowing them. And there is many a person, no doubt, who wishes to be great only that he may tower above some one else, and throw him into the shade.

FEAR not to trust His simple word,
So sweet, so tried, so true;
And you are safe for evermore—
Yes, even you!

PERSONAL.

HAVING received this communication from one who has got blessing from reading the "Evangelist," we insert it for the encouragement of those who are trying to spread the truth:—

"SIR,—Many years ago I was awakened to a sense of my sinfulness before God. For nearly two years I lived in misery, trying to work for salvation, and, of course, finding no peace. One night, when rolling up some tobacco in the store I was employed in, I saw that the piece of paper held in my hand was printed with something of a religious nature. I kept it, and found it was a letter to such an one as myself. It pointed me to Jesus, Author of the finished work which alone can save, and 'joy unspeakable' sprung up in my heart. The 'bit of paper' was a piece of an 'Evangelist.'—I am, yours,

"A BELIEVER IN JESUS."

S. S.—The text you ask the meaning of seems capable of various interpretations, therefore we risk none. The whole of the "Song of Solomon" requires careful, prayerful, cautious treatment. Much nonsense, we believe, has been written upon it. Its great leading truth is, that the heart finds a true object outside of self in contrast to the self gratification and unrest of Ecclesiastes. With details we have to be wary.

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WE call the attention of Tract distributors and others to the fact, that we have several back Nos. of different years, which we are prepared to send at 4s. per hundred—less than half price.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

MAY 1880.

[No. 155.

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THE OLD CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

"I DON'T know much about the God you folks believe in, but things do happen strangely sometimes;" and the man's face took on a dreamy look. "Did I ever tell you about just escaping death on my train once? Never did? I thought I had. Well, sit down, and I'll tell you about it.

"I was conductor on the night express from Detroit to Chicago. We were behind time that night, and I was determined we should be on time in Chicago, so I went forward and told the engineer not to stop at the next station. 'Some one may want to stop,' said I, 'but no matter what happens, go right on, don't mind the bell or anything!' Then I went back into one of the passenger coaches. A woman began to

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gather up her parcels, and asked if we were almost to N—.

"'Yes,' said I, 'but we shan't stop there to-night. We are behind time and must make it up, so you will be obliged to go on to the next station.'

"'But I can't; I must stop. My sister is dying and I have hurried on to see her. I must stop. She may be dead even now;' and the woman got up and caught hold of my arm, repeating, 'I must stop; I must.'

"'But we can't,' I said, a little crossly, too, perhaps, for I didn't like to have her crying out like that before all the passengers. 'I have given orders to the engineer to go on and not mind any signals, the bell or anything. It is impossible, madam!'

"Then she began to cry and to beg somebody to make me stop, and the men began to say I must stop, it was cruel, and they never saw anything like it; and some of them cried, too, for pity.

"But I wouldn't stop. I didn't like to be forced to do anything; besides, after what I had said, the engineer would not mind the bell if I rang it an hour. I was determined I would not stop, and we rattled along. We were running forty miles an hour, and I thought we would not be long getting to the next station, and the woman would get out and then we could go on in peace.

But she kept on crying, and the other women cried too, and the men talked harder and harder, till at last I rushed out and began to ring the bell. But the engineer did not pay the least attention. I told the brakemen to put on all the brakes, and finally they stopped the train. Then I stepped out and told the engineer to back up to N—, but I was very angry because I was obliged to do it.

"Just as we began backing down, the engineer spied a signal ahead of us. He had not noticed it before, and I saw it about the same time. We knew something was wrong, and in a few moments more some one had rushed up out of the darkness, and told us the bridge just ahead of us was gone. I've been in bad places a good many times in my life, but I never felt as I did then. I couldn't stand, but dropped down helpless as a baby. I knew the river was full and running as swiftly as a river could, and in five minutes more we should have been pitched into it head first. I kept thinking how near I had been to murdering all those people in the cars, who were wondering why we had stopped. It has been twenty years since then, but I dream about it yet;" and the proud, rich man, noted for his fearlessness, stood there with his face white and his mouth twitching with ex-

citement. "No, sir, I don't know much about your God, but if there is a God, I believe He put that woman on my train, and made them all bound to stop me, and I don't doubt they thought so when we backed down into N—, and they found out all about it."

And what do you think? I think He did. Perhaps you were there;—for this is not a work of the imagination.

SHE FELL ASLEEP.

THE following derives all its interest from the remarkable leading of God's Spirit in bringing the writer and subject of this paper together a very few days before the Lord took her home to Himself. She was a child of sorrow and suffering indeed, the mother of a family, all of whom had fallen under death's hand, leaving herself and her partner a solitary couple. The weight of her sorrow pressed her down, and disease of a trying nature began to develop itself. Living now next door to her, and seeing the frequent visits of the medical attendant, and occasionally the clergyman of the parish, I felt a deep interest and a yearning anxiety, which they only know who have had it, as to her *true* state and condition. Did she know a Saviour's love?—was she looking to Him?—was the prospect before her dark or bright?—were often weighed questions in my mind; and many a time did I speak to the Lord about her, and found my only solace and comfort there; for I should say this pressure on my spirit about one of whom I had known nothing personally, and whom I had never seen, was *new* to me; for I am not an evangelist in the true sense of the word, but greatly desire to have a deeper interest in and concern for immortal souls. Thus matters went on for weeks,

until at last, on my return home one afternoon, I heard she was so much worse, and that death was evidently very near. After looking to the Lord, I sat down and wrote a very few lines to her husband, asking for her, expressing my deep sympathy for him, and also the earnest hope that she knew the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin; adding that I myself, as a poor needy one, had known what it was to trust Him. I had occasion to make a call a little way from the house, and on my return found that she had meanwhile sent a message to me, requesting me to call and see her. I hastened to her bedside, and as I took her hand she said with great earnestness, "Oh, I have been longing for some weeks to see you, and now I feel so thankful the Lord has sent you to help me on my way." As it was advanced in the evening, and she was very weak, I did not remain long with her. When leaving, she requested me to see her again next morning. I did so, and again the same evening, and so on almost each day until she fell asleep. From the first evening I saw her I found out that she was a soul awakened to a sense of her need of Christ and His sufficiency for the deepest need. I have since found out that the gracious Lord wrought this in her in various ways, mostly, perhaps, through sorrow and family bereavement, of which she had no small share. I was in nowise instrumental in this; but I had the joy of seeing in her the power of God's delivering grace in many ways, and the blessedness of His Word in quieting her *natural* fear of death. One little circumstance of this kind I may record. She expressed on one occasion to me her fear in prospect of death—not, she said most decidedly, as to her acceptance in any way, but she had a shrinking

from death and the suffering of it. The nature of her disease, too, was very likely to lead to such suffering. I read her part of Joshua iii., calling her attention to the fact that, when the children of Israel were crossing Jordan, it was on the ark, not on the waters of the river, their eyes and thoughts were to be fixed. "When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests, the Levites, bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place and go after it." As soon as I had finished she said with great earnestness, "That ark is Christ." I said, "Thank God, it is so." She never lost sight of that, and it comforted her many a time afterwards. The last time I saw her she had all her family around her bedside. It was the last time they saw her. She herself wished and arranged it so. Her simple acknowledgment of perfect confidence in Christ, and rest in Him, was very sweet. And then she asked for the hymn—

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

And the earnest way in which she sang it, weak though she was and exhausted, was very touching. This was my last visit to her. I called as usual next day, but she was unable to see me; and that evening, without the struggle she at first dreaded, peacefully and calmly she fell asleep, so quietly, so gently, that "they thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died." Reader, do you know that Saviour whose blood was shed? What is all the world to you if you have not Christ? Where are you going to spend your eternity? Reader, Christ is coming; are you ready? Or death is at hand; are you ready? "He that hath the Son hath life." Have you?

SAVED.

WHEN God calls, He calls sinners, sinners lost and ruined in their sins. But He calls them to be like Himself in nature, and near to Himself in relationship.

Dear reader, I must have a word with thee. Thou art as a weight on my heart. Hast thou listened, hast thou yielded to the call of God, to the call of the Gospel? Now is the time, tomorrow may be too late. And what a loss thine would be! To believe in Christ, to own and trust Him, is to yield thyself to God's call. To love and follow Christ here, where He was rejected, is the clearest proof that thou art called of God. The heights and depths, the lengths and breadths, of God's love to thee are in Christ. To receive Him is to receive all; to reject Him is to reject all. What a prize, O my fellow-sinner, to lose or win! Think of the noble prize won by that poor woman at the feet of Jesus in the house of Simon—pardon, salvation, and peace. Grace is free, free to all, free to thee. "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." We win the prize of eternal life, and all that belongs to it, by accepting it as God's free gift. He who glorified God by putting away sin on the cross is now saying to thee, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out"—on no account, on no consideration, cast out or reject.

Dost thou believe, O guilty conscience, O doubting heart, these assuring words? Could Divine goodness itself frame words more assuring, more encouraging? Impossible! And remember, for thy further assurance, that Christ died for us *just as we are*; therefore come *just as thou art*. To wait for some fancied difference may be thy ruin, must be thy loss.

Hast thou come then, O my fellow-sinner? Come! I beseech thee! Come in the faith of His own words. Let thine eye be up to Christ Himself, and let the invitation which He has given thee be in thy heart; and so coming to Him thou art saved. Saved—what a word! saved! a soul saved, yes *thy soul* saved! Saved from sin—saved from death—the death that never dies—saved from the lake of fire—the fire that shall never be quenched—saved from an eternity of misery—saved to an eternity of blessedness—saved to share the honours and glories, the dignities and privileges, of God's beloved Son.

THE FOUR STEPS OF THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

1. Conviction—"Came to himself" (Luke xv. 17).
2. Contrition—"No more worthy" (Luke xv. 19).
3. Confession—"I have sinned" (Luke xv. 18).
4. Conversion—"He arose and came" (Luke xv. 20).

PERFECT AND PERMANENT.

WERE we to judge of the comparative value of the soul and the body from what we see around us, we should surely come to the conclusion that the body is much more valuable than the soul. So little attention is paid to the one and so much to the other. We see, on every hand, far more thought, care, labour, and money spent on the body than on the soul. It is perfectly right, of course, to attend to the body: it is our duty to do so. But the danger of neglecting the soul is all the greater on that account. Our greatest snares are daily duties. Just because they are lawful and right in themselves, we seek thereby to keep the conscience quiet under the plea that duty must be attended to. Surely it is right to do our duty; but it is wrong, always wrong, to neglect the soul. If it is neglected, all

is wrong, however prosperous we may be in the world. Has the soul no claims? Do we owe no duty to it? Many satisfy themselves by attending for a few hours, on the first day of the week, to what is called their *spiritual* interests, and then devote the remaining six days to their *temporal* interests. Thus the soul comes in for a very small share of their time and consideration.

But we shall neither rightly understand the worth of the soul, nor appreciate its claims, until we have learnt its value from the word of Christ: "For what shall it profit a man," He says, "if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37.) Here we are plainly taught that one human soul is of more value than the whole world—that if a man were to gain the world and lose his soul, he would be an infinite loser.

The soul is spiritual and must exist for ever, either in a state of perfect happiness or the most awful misery. The world is material and must pass away; but the soul will never pass away. It is immortal—it will never die. It may, alas! be eternally separated from the living God, which is called "the second death;" but it can never cease to exist. Either the Father's house of many mansions, or the burning lake, must be the everlasting abode of every immortal soul, and of the body, too, after the resurrection. It is this consideration that makes the soul so precious, that gives it such a value to the compassionate heart of Jesus. No one could tell the worth of a soul as He could. He had counted the cost and paid the ransom price of its redemption.

And now, observe, the soul being spiritual and immortal, nothing will meet its need that

is not both *perfect* in its nature and *permanent* in its duration. Besides, the soul has to do with God, and nothing will suit Him that is not as perfect as He is Himself. The soul, being immortal, must have an everlasting portion. But where, you may ask, are we to find this character of blessing for the soul? Certainly not in this world. Vanity, decay, and death are written on everything down here. There is nothing PERFECT—there is nothing PERMANENT. Nothing can be found “under the sun” that will meet the need or satisfy the desires of one human soul.

In the book of Ecclesiastes, we have the record of human experience, with reference to this world, on a large and magnificent scale; and the result proves that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. “Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; ALL is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?” (chap. i. 2, 3). So long as we seek happiness UNDER THE SUN, we shall not find it. Solomon was a wise man and a great king. He tried and proved everything that “could be supposed capable of rendering men happy.” (See chap. ii.) He tried mirth and pleasure, wisdom and folly. He made great works, builded houses, planted vineyards, gardens, orchards, and trees of all kinds of fruit. He got singing men and singing women, silver and gold in abundance, and the peculiar treasure of kings. “So I was great,” he says, “and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy: for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that

my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit *under the sun*” (vers. 9-11).

So long as the heart of any one is seeking rest, satisfaction, or happiness in this world, it will surely be disappointed. The result in every case must be bitter disappointment, for it can only reap from such a soil “vanity and vexation of spirit.” The heart of man is too large for this world to fill. Its capabilities are too vast for all that is *under* the heavens to satisfy. And yet how eagerly many are chasing after the fleeting phantoms of time, to the entire neglect of the solemn realities of eternity. But supposing that every desired object were reached, and all possessed, what would be gained? Only a deeper sense that all is vanity—that it is not in the power of earthly good to fill up the aching void within. All worldly pleasures, amusements, indulgences, and gratifications, leave the soul more thirsty than ever: they cannot satisfy. Excitement is the right name for worldly pleasures—take that away, and they would prove a most burdensome task. They only increase the painful sense of want, with an intensified desire, which makes the poor neglected soul thoroughly miserable. There is a worm at the root of every gourd, and a thorn in earth’s fairest flower.

The portion, dear reader, which thy soul needs is not to be found within the wide range of nature. Solomon could not find it *under the sun*, and “what can the man do that cometh after the king?” There is nothing *perfect*, there is nothing *permanent*, that has its spring in this sin-stricken world. What a poor, hollow, worthless thing the world appears in the light of this plain truth! It only excites the feverish thirst of the

soul, but cannot quench it. A greater than Solomon found it to be “a dry and thirsty land where no water is.” This is a true testimony. There are no living waters in this world. There is no life, no food, no rest, no joy for the soul beneath the throne of God. Husks you may have, if you can buy them; but the price is your soul.

But where, you may again ask, are we to find the needed, suited portion for the soul? Let the Spirit of Truth answer: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” And again, “In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto ME and drink” (Isa. lv. 1-3; John vii. 37). Nothing can be plainer than these passages. Christ Himself is the life and food of the soul. “And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst” (John vi. 35). Here—and here alone—the soul of man will find eternal rest. He is the only *perfect* and *permanent* good of the soul. But He is *above the sun*. He has gone up on high. We must believe in Him, and, through believing, come to Him where He is. We must rise in spirit—in heart, above the sun, to find the spiritual blessings which our souls need. “He that *hath* the Son *hath* life.” We must possess Himself as our wealthy portion. Have you found your way to Him? Are you occupied with Him? Can you now say—just now—“Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee”? (Ps. lxxii. 25). Christ not only fills, but overflows, the soul that is occupied with Him alone.

The contrast between a person who is seeking happiness in the world and one who has found it in Christ is strikingly presented in the book of Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon. (See Song i. 1-7.) In the latter, the believing soul is with Christ Himself, and that is everything. In His presence there is fulness of joy. It is not, as in Ecclesiastes, an endless variety of things, but a living Person, the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. The heart not only believes the truth, but it loves the Person. The blood of the cross having met all the need of the conscience, the Person of Christ meets all the need of the heart. What confidence, rest, and joy the believer has in Him, speaking of the bride in the Canticles simply as a believer in Jesus: "Thy love," she can now say, "is better than wine." Wine is the symbol of human joy—the joys of earth—but all that the heart now desires is to know and enjoy more of the love of Jesus. For it has found that the blessed realities of His faithful love are sweeter and better far than all it ever found here below. This is the only source of true happiness to the soul, the only spring of real joy.

But observe, further, there is not a word here about sin, forgiveness, or justification; neither was there anything said about these things by the father to the prodigal. Why is this? Is God indifferent to sin? Far from it. It is intolerable to His being. But these matters were perfectly settled for every believer in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. So that when the prodigal returns, he is not blamed or charged with anything, but met by all the affections of the father's heart. Surely, if sinners believed this, they would not be so unwilling to return to their heavenly Father. Judgment was spent on the *case*: the wrath of God was

poured out there, and sin was dealt with and put away, according to the glory of God. He had something to say to Christ about the prodigal's sins, but nothing to the prodigal himself. When the sinner returns to God in the name of Jesus, he comes before Him in all the value of His work, and that so fully answers for all his sins, that God the Father says nothing about them. True, the sinner himself may be deeply exercised about his sins, and fully confess them, and very right that he should do so, but the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin, and fits us to be "in the light, as He is in the light."

And now the poor heart is free in the presence of God, and occupied with Jesus there. It can now say, "The King hath brought me into His chambers" (ver. 3.) It has learned His wondrous love. It has tasted its sweetness. It is at home with the King in His chamber. What joy can be compared with this? Every other attraction loses its power when I am here. What are all the varieties spoken of in the book of Ecclesiastes, compared with this place of perfect and everlasting joy? They all dwindle into utter insignificance, now that I have found the *perfect* and *permanent* good," "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). When the heart is occupied with Christ Himself, it can relish nothing else. In Ecclesiastes the heart was too large for its portion; in the Song of Solomon the portion is too large for the heart—its cup runneth over. To know that the presence-chamber of the King is my eternal, happy home, is joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

But a strange feeling passes over my spirit, and whispers, "Is there any other place beside this?" The truth must be told. There is another, and *only* an-

other; and that is the burning lake of fire. Solemn thought! And know thou, that every child of Adam must be in one of these two places for ever and ever. Which is to be thine, the chamber of the King, or the lake of fire? The highest place in heaven, or the lowest place in hell? If Christ be the desired object of thy heart, thou art with Him already in His chamber. Rejoice, then, in thy portion. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice." But if the world be thy portion here, the lake of fire must be thy place for ever. Be warned of thy danger ere it be too late! Hast thou no thought, no concern, no care for thy precious soul? Jesus says it is of more value than the whole world, and wilt thou sell it to Satan for the pleasures of sin, which are but for a moment? Wilt thou barter away the ineffable bliss of heaven for the gratifications of earth? Ponder the bent of thy heart, and the ways of thy feet. If thy foot be lifted in the direction of the world, stay! put it not down. Let thy back be on the world, and thy face to Jesus. Let the uplifting of thy heart be unto Himself. Believe in Him; trust in His finished work as the ground of acceptance in God's sight. His precious love has long kept the door of mercy open for thee—yes, for thee! Why linger outside? He still says "COME;" "yet there is room." ENTER, this is the "door" that leads to the chamber of the King—to His presence, to His heart, to the Paradise of God, to the eternal blessedness of heaven. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

How sad to have the world say of the Christian, "Maybe he is a good man, but he is very hard and close in his dealings."

HIMSELF.

"He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself" (Luke xxiv. 27).

Oh, what a Bible reading have we here !
Not hard, dry facts, nor rules, nor doctrines drear.

Our loving, living Christ fills all our view—
Himself the preacher, text, and sermon too.

"Who gave Himself for our sins" (Gal. i. 4).

He gave Himself, He gave not angels bright,
Nor myriad worlds revolving in the light.
Ah no, for sins like ours His blood alone
Could clear us at that holy, heavenly throne !

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me"
(Gal. ii. 20).

Why me, Lord, why this wondrous love to me ?

This mine of love, exhaustless, changeless, free ?

Mine was dark hell, the heights of glory now,

O heart of mine ! adoring, ever bow.
R. T.

THE FRIAR'S
CONFESSION.

SOME hundreds of years ago, there was a poor Carthusian friar, named Martin, to whom the Lord Jesus revealed Himself by His Spirit. The friar being shut up in the lonely cell of his convent, had no opportunity of testifying before men of the Saviour he loved, but he longed to utter the praises of Jesus, so he wrote out the following confession, which he placed in a wooden box ; enclosing the box with its precious contents in a hole within the wall of his cell :—

"O most merciful God ! I know that I cannot be saved and satisfy Thy righteousness, otherwise than by the merits, by the innocent passion, and by the death of Thy dearly beloved Son. . . . Holy Jesus ! all my salvation is in Thy hands ! Thou canst not turn away from me the hands of Thy love, for they have created me and redeemed me. Thou hast written my name with an iron pen in great mercy, and in an indelible manner, on Thy side, on Thy hands and on Thy feet. . . .

And if I cannot confess these things with my mouth, I confess them at least with my pen and with MY HEART."

Some hundreds of years rolled by, the old convent at Basle went to decay, and part of the building was formed into a dwelling of another kind. The confession of the friar remained unseen by mortal eye. At length, in the year 1776, some workmen began to pull down the old building which had absorbed the remains of the convent, and in doing so they stumbled upon the box, and thus was brought to light the sweet confession to the preciousness of Jesus, which the good man had hidden in the wall of his cell.

"He being dead yet speaketh." A voice uttering the worth of Jesus sounds from the crumbling wall of the old convent cell. Doubtless the writer of the confession prayed over his words ; he longed to speak of Jesus, but the darkness of Popery prevented him, yet to-day he speaks to you. With the privileges of an open Bible and a gospel testimony before you, do you say from your very heart, "I know that I cannot be saved otherwise than by the death of Thy dearly beloved Son" ?

"IF THOU SHALT CONFESS WITH THY MOUTH THE LORD JESUS ; AND SHALT BELIEVE IN THY HEART THAT GOD HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD, THOU SHALT BE SAVED." Is your name written, as it were, in the very wounds of Jesus ? His wounds tell of LOVE—His love, God's love ; but they also tell of SIN—our sins ; yet those wounds of Jesus speak too of RIGHTEOUSNESS—God's righteousness. Love ! Sin ! Righteousness ! God's love, God's righteousness, our sins. God gave His Son, and herein is love. Our sins nailed Him to the tree, and now the voice

of God's righteousness declares peace by the wounds of the risen Saviour to every one that believes in Him.

Do you rest in this love, reader ? "Perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." The friar had no fear ; the confession of His name being written in the hands and side of his Redeemer, is full proof of this. Nor is there other proof for your salvation, save the precious death of the now living and ascended Jesus. God's righteousness is satisfied by the work of Jesus, and now "by Him all who believe are justified from all things."

May you confess Jesus boldly in the world which has rejected Him ; and the more so, since already the midnight gloom of the dark ages threatens once more to eclipse the Gospel's light ; and instead of the wounds of Jesus, works, prayers, penances, again clamour for glory. Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord.

WHERE SHOULD WE
LOOK ?

Read Psalms lxxiii. and lxxvii.

In Psalm lxxiii. the soul looks out, and reasons on what it sees there, namely, successful wickedness and suffering righteousness. What is the conclusion ? "I have cleansed my heart in vain." So much for looking about one.

In Psalm lxxvii. the soul looks in, and reasons on what it finds there. What is the conclusion ? "Hath God forgotten to be gracious ?" So much for looking in.

Where, then, should we look ! Look up—straight up, and believe what you see there. What will be the conclusion ? You will understand the "end" of man, and trace the "way" to God.

OUR RED LETTER DAYS.

Mr Alpine staff recalls each shining height,
 Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing
 Carved with a lengthening record, self-explained,
 Of mountain-memories sublime and bright;
 No valley-life but hath some mountain days,
 Bright summits in the retrospective
 And toil-worn passes to glad prospects new
 Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise;
 Thus then inscribe them—each “red letter day!”
 Forget not all the sunshine of the way
 By which the Lord hath led thee,
 Answered prayers,
 And joys unasked, strange blessings,
 Lifted cares,
 Grand promise-echoes! thus each day shall be,
 A record of God's love and faithfulness to thee!

THE TWO ANTHEMS.

A HEARER'S NOTES OF A LECTURE BY
 DR. W. P. MACKAY.

LUKE II. 13, 14.

Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace.

Goodwill toward men
 (good pleasure in men).

LUKE XIX. 38, 39.

Blessed be the King
 that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Peace in heaven,

And glory in the highest.

THE Lord Jesus had now finished His public ministry, and was about entering on the most momentous work the world ever heard of; the question of sin was to be settled. His disciples, energised by the Spirit of God, give the Omega Song, as angels had sung the Alpha Song—the angels sang the Song of Annunciation, men, the Song of Departure, and fitly so. In the former we see Christ a Divine Stranger coming upon a mission to earth. In the latter we find the Rejected One accomplishing His Father's will, yet sent to a death of doom by wicked hands. Let us put the two alongside and see—

I. The different choristers employed.

II. The change in the order of the words in the two anthems.

III. The change in their substance.

IV. What is common to both.

I. The choir that sang the first anthem were angels. These

heralded the coming of Christ as a body-guard—the advent of Him who had not where to lay His head. These told out God's purposes of glory, in the highest; peace, best of blessings, on earth; God's good pleasure in man—first in His Son, then in the myriads saved by Him, who shall do His will in heaven, when God shall see His good pleasure fulfilled in men. In the Anthem of Departure, the singers are men, those who had clung to their Master through good and evil report; who had acknowledged His Kingship, and received Him as sent from God. Here we find redeemed hearts singing Him back to heaven, as angels had sung Him down from heaven.

II. We find a reversal in the order of the words: The Anthem of Departure ends with “glory in the highest.” The Anthem of the Annunciation commences with it. There is a Divine propriety in this. Angels from heaven begin with that which lies nearest them—God's eternal purpose. Man begins with that which is nearest to him—“Blessed be the King.” It is like the rainbow, but inverted. One limb of the bow begins at the throne, the apex is on earth. Angels descend down one limb, redeemed sinners ascend by the other. Peace, the apex, is on earth. We inverting the bow, commence with what is on earth, and end with that which is in heaven, and so we get the rainbow from heaven to earth.

III. We find a change in the substance of the two anthems. Peace in heaven in Luke xix., peace on earth in Luke ii. Glory in the highest in the former, glory to God omitted. In the Anthem of Departure, God's good pleasure in man omitted, and its place taken by “Blessed be the King.” This looks at the representative character of the King who comes to reign and

accomplish God's good pleasure in men. One clause of each anthem is nearly alike; another clause of each has a different application; while the third we find opposed in each.

Men have not listened to the words of the Departure Anthem, and so have got wrong thoughts concerning peace. There never has been peace on earth since Christ left, nor will be till He returns. We cannot get peace while the Prince of Peace is rejected, since the world has said, “We will not have this Man to reign over us.” The peace of the Christian now is in heaven. That is our centre. Peace now is only to be got by faith in a rejected Christ—He is our peace. The saints of God have got their headquarters in heaven, heavenly men sent back to earth, taken out of the world by faith in Christ's death, sent back to it with a new life by faith in His resurrection. We get from above—

- (a) Our birth.
- (b) Our calling.
- (c) Our testimony.
- (d) Our blessings.
- (e) Our worship.
- (f) Our hope.
- (g) Our home.

All these are heavenly witnessings for God down here. We are to get our information from the heavenly book, and so to bear testimony for God among rebels who reject Him.

Our hope is Christ. The Jew rightly looked for an earthly hope. Christ's feet shall again stand on the Mount of Olives. We look for Him in the air. Then we shall come with Him to Olivet to share His glory. Then will peace be brought to this poor earth. Then shall all nations be blessed in Him. Men try by legislation, education, reformation, to bring in peace. Not by these, nor even by the Gospel preached, will the world be converted and peace established. The Gospel is to be

preached as a witness to all nations, to gather out a people for the Lord. Popular remedies are tried to effect that which will only be effected when God brings in His only begotten into the world again, and sets up a kingdom, the Bride, the Church, reigning with her Lord, the Jew, His body-guard on earth. Peace has been transferred to heaven, and will be there so long as its representative is there. Then, when He returns, shall be the consummation of that of which the Annunciation Anthem was the announcement; then from every part of God's creation—save from the banished lost ones—shall the cry echo, "Glory to God in the highest!" Then shall the earthly and heavenly choirs join in the universal song of praise.

Thou art coming! we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day nor hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure!

HIS JOY.

I HAVE just been reading that lovely fourth chapter of John. What a little heaven it is, to sit, in spirit, there, and be in company with Him that is the Eternal Life, in full grace dispensing Himself to one of the degraded captives of pollution and death.

The *satisfying* water springs from that grace in the Son of God which reaches and *quiets the conscience*; and it was such that Jesus here dispenses to her. Till our need as *sinners* is met and answered, we must be thirsting again, let us get what we may, because the soul is not at rest with God. But Jesus came to repair the breach in the conscience—to give rest before God, and in God, and thus to impart the satisfying water of life, through the Holy Ghost.

And when this is done, in a great divine sense, the *end* is reached—God is glorified—the sinner made happy, and entrance into the places of glory becomes a *necessary* result.

This *end* is beautifully shown in this same exquisite and marvellous chapter, for the woman goes away with a spirit in deep refreshment because of conscious acceptance and life, and the Son of God Himself is so satisfied in the fruit of His own way, that He has had that which sets Him above the thirst He had been feeling and the food He had wanted: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." It was as *manna* to Him. What a thought!—The Son of God comes down to our degraded earth to find *His* manna, His strange mysterious food and satisfaction of heart,—bread which He could never have known in heaven—a joy that He could never have *tasted* amid the glories of His unfallen creatures. But here, on earth, among sinners, He finds in the dispensing of the Father's grace, the deepest and fullest answer of all the longings of His divine love. When a sinner is happy in Him, His end is reached, and so is ours, and all that remains is to spend eternity in the glory that becomes such an end as this—His joy in us, and ours in Him. J. G. B.

THE SECRET AND TEST OF FAITH.

Ps. xxxiv. 1.

"I WILL bless the Lord at all times!"
'Tis difficult to say,
When heavy clouds are overhead,
And not one cheering ray.
It is easier to bless Him
In bright and happy hours,
When the sunshine is all golden,
And paths are strewn with flowers.

"I will bless the Lord at all times!"
Bless Him for everything;
Some choicest gifts are wrapped in clouds,
With a message from the King.

There must be shadows here below,
All sunshine would not do;
For it could not make the landscape
So beautiful and true.

"I will bless the Lord at all times!"
Oh this indeed is rest;
Here we find faith's deepest secret,
Its surest constant test,
To prove that it is really strong,
If it will bear the strain
Of some constant weary pressure,
Or sorrow, grief, and pain.

"I will bless the Lord at all times!"
This sounds so very clear,
For the ring of the true metal
Is heard through ages here;
The exercise of faith is good,
More precious far than gold;
It is not counted much on earth,
In heaven it can be told.

"I will bless the Lord at all times!"
Through every cloudy day,
When earthly schemes are blown
upon
And lonely seems the way.
My Lord will never make mistakes,
At all times He is right;
It is my blessed privilege—
To "walk by faith" not sight.

HULL, Feb. 8, 1880. S. M.

THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.

"BUILD your nest upon no tree here; for you see God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree whereupon we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up, *and build upon the rock, and dwell in the holes of the rock.* . . . There is less sand in your glass now than there was yesternight; this span length of ever-posting time will soon be ended: but the greater is the mercy of God, the more years you get to advise upon what terms and upon what conditions you cast your soul into the huge gulf of never-ending eternity."—*Rutherford's Letters.*

God makes the earth bloom with roses, that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; He makes it bear thorns, that we may learn to look for something better beyond.

"QUITE SURE."

I LATELY knocked at the door of a cottage in Ireland, and it was opened by a tidily-dressed woman, who evidently could not expect to be much longer in this world, for her grey hair and general appearance told of old age, and showed that the moment could not be very far distant when she would have to exchange time for eternity, and begin a new life, either of endless bliss or endless woe. I asked her, after a few words of greeting, how old she was? "Upward of threescore and ten," she answered. "Then," I said, "you are very near either heaven or hell, and getting nearer every day. Which is it?" "Oh, heaven," she answered, without a moment's delay. "Are you sure of that?" I said. "Oh, quite sure," she said with a happy smile. "And what makes you so sure?" I asked. "*Christ has made it sure for me,*" was the unhesitating reply.

I needed not to ask any more. She meant what she said, and knew that her soul's salvation rested on that sure foundation—the finished work of a risen and glorified Saviour; and He had made it sure for her, by going down into the death and judgment she deserved, and bearing all the penalty Himself. Not a word about herself. She did not say, as so many do, "I have done the best I can, and hope God will have mercy on me." No, she rested simply on what Christ had done, and that was enough—enough for God, and enough for her; enough to meet every claim of a holy God, enough to meet every need of a lost sinner.

She *was saved*, and *knew it*.

And now, reader, let me ask you one question. Can you say what this dear old woman said? Is your future as bright as hers was? She had little enough in

this world; but her future was as bright and as sure as a glorified Saviour could make it. The light of the knowledge of a Saviour-God had shone into her heart, and, be her present what it might, her future was clear and bright. Is yours?

The question is, Are you saved or not?

If you had to close your eyes on this world, on what would they open in another? In one moment the whole scene changes, and it is either departing to be with Christ, as it was to the poor thief on the cross, whose only hope was in the One the world had cast out; or departing to be in misery till you have to appear before the great white throne of Revelation xx. 11, to be judged and then banished for ever to the lake of fire. It is recorded of the rich man in the sixteenth of Luke, that "he died and was buried. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." That was the next thing. He had had all the heart could wish for in this world: purple, and fine linen, and sumptuous fare; there was the outward expression of his wealth to others, and the inward gratification of himself by it. Nothing is said about his character, whether he was good or bad, moral or immoral; all that we are told of him is that practically he lived for himself in this world, and spent eternity in torment.

Oh, dear reader, think for one moment, I beseech you, what an eternity of torment must be.

"No rest day or night," nothing but torment for ever and ever. What a prospect. And yet if you are unsaved it is the only prospect before you.

Look for a moment at the other side of the picture, as I have given it in the little incident recorded in the beginning of this paper. One who had nothing in this world to boast

of, had before her the certainty (not the hope only) of eternal glory with the Saviour who had died for her, and had said, "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John xiv. 19); her every hope was resting in that sure foundation, the finished work of Christ; and her simple faith was in that Word which "endureth for ever" (1 Peter i. 25). Well might she be bright and happy with such a future as that before her.

And that may be yours, dear reader, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; not, as many think, a thing to be hoped for, struggled for, prayed for, all your life; but a *present possession*, consciously enjoyed, for "He that hath the Son, *hath life*"—and, "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. 12, 13). That is what God says in His Word; and what all who believe Him know to be true.

There is One in God's presence, who more than 1800 years ago hung upon a shameful cross for poor, lost, ruined sinners—crucified and slain by the very ones He came to save; and to Him faith looks for salvation, and finds its answer in the wondrous fact, that the very same One who cried on that cross "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," is now the brightest object in all the brightness of the glory of God. Oh the blessed reality of having, and knowing that I have, a Saviour in glory; and of rejoicing in the bright hope of seeing Him, and being for ever with Him! For Jesus *will* have with Himself in that glory every one that has been washed in His precious blood, every one that believes in Him. Not one will be left behind of those who are His, bought at such a price, on that bright morning when He will call them up, dead and living saints, to meet Him in

the air, and to be "for ever with the Lord."

Is that your hope, dear reader? Or are all your prospects for this world only? What is the end of it all as far as this world is concerned? "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away" (1 Peter i. 24). Yes, the brightest flower fades and dies; the brightest hopes and prospects that the world can give are gone for ever when death lays his ruthless hand upon you, and then—**ETERNITY**.

Which is it with you, as you read this? Christ or the world? Do you hesitate? What, will you barter away an eternity of glory for a few years of pleasure? the golden reality of a glory made good and sure by His precious blood (and yours by faith in that blood), for the wretched varnish and tinsel of this world's pleasure? "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" is the pleading of a Saviour-God to you to-day. *To-day*, mark you, not to-morrow. *To-day* life eternal may be yours by faith in Christ Jesus. *To-morrow* and the hand of death may be on you, and your opportunity gone for ever.

A young friend of mine, a bright young Christian, recently fell asleep in Jesus. He was not seventeen years old, and his sufferings were great during the last few days of his illness. He knew to whom he was going, and a few hours before he passed away his father said to him, "It is all peace and joy, dear F., is it not?" "Oh," he replied, "it has been peace and joy all along, but now it's *overflowing*." Think of that! overflowing peace and joy in the midst of suffering, and with the certainty of death close at hand. A scene such as that makes the possession of Christ a wonderful reality.

One meets with numbers of unsaved people who are not

"afraid to die," as they say; and one expects to find such, for the Word of God says of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death." Their consciences are hardened because they do not believe that after death comes judgment. But you never heard of one who even pretended to peace and joy at the prospect of death, still less to "overflowing" peace and joy. Nothing but the knowledge of a Saviour-God, and of His love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit, can give that. You never heard of an infidel "longing to go," as many and many a child of God has longed. How could they when they don't know where they are going, and have no hope beyond this poor world of sin and death? But to the child of God, the sinner washed in the blood of Jesus, all is indeed peace and joy, for he is going to be with the Saviour who loved him and gave Himself for him. As my dear old friend said, "Christ has made it sure."

Once more, dear reader, I ask you,—Is your future bright should death come upon you? Is your soul saved? Don't cast aside this little paper as if it were a matter of no importance; but before you lay your head on your pillow to-night ask yourself if the great question of eternity is a settled one for you. And if all is yet dark before you, remember that the door will soon be shut, and the question will be settled then, and you lost for ever. The *long-suffering* of God is truly salvation, but soon the day of long-suffering will be over, and the great day of His wrath will have come, and "Who shall be able to stand?"

To-day, as you read, God sends you a message of love and grace, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

That is the way in which God gives—*freely*. "The gift of God

is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23).

A. P. G.

CHRIST'S JOY IN THE CHURCH.

THINK of the Church as an occasion of joy to Christ.

1st, Before the foundation of the world, when, as in the counsels of His own heart, He found the treasure; for joy thereof He went and sold all that He had, and bought it.

2d, When the world was made, He rejoiced "in the habitable part of His earth; and His delight was with the sons of men."

3d, When He finds His lost sheep, He lays it on His shoulders rejoicing. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

4th, When He shares that joy with His friends and neighbours.

5th, He rejoices in the obedience of His children. "If thine heart be wise, My heart shall rejoice."

6th, When He comes for us, it will be with a shout of joy and victory.

7th, When He presents us to the Father in the home of love, it will be "with exceeding joy."

8th, The marriage supper. "Let us be glad and rejoice."

9th, The throne of glory. "With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the King's palace."

Maysuch thoughts of our glory wean our affections from the joys of earth!

"If Christ fill the heart, it will not merely be that I am happy because I am saved, but the thought of Him to whom I am going will fill my soul with joy. It is true that I am going to heaven, but the thought that makes heaven a heaven to my soul is, that Christ Himself is there. There is some one to go to; the person I have loved on earth I am going to be with in heaven."

ALL THINGS POSSIBLE WITH GOD.

"For with God nothing shall be impossible!"—LUKE i. 37.
"Is any thing too hard for the Lord?"—GEN. xviii. 14.

WHILST the full-soul loatheth an *honeycomb*, to the hungry soul every *bitter thing* is sweet. These truths are, perhaps, more proved in regard to simple scriptural statements than in any other way. The humble, meek, and growing Christian picks up the crumbs, and delights to handle and turn over the simple passages and promises of God's Word, pleading them in prayer, meditating on them in secret, and endeavouring to fortify himself by them in practice.

Not so the more lofty or self-satisfied Christian; (and alas! may we not all more or less plead guilty of this sin?) he passes by the simpler passages; he would fain dive deep, or soar high, and be restless if obliged to tarry at an elementary truth. But thanks be to God, as we grow in experience, so we grow in setting a high value upon the simplest and most elementary portions of God's holy Word. Much as we value the love and gifts of others, truly do we find that they serve us *really* only as they are used by God, and as we use them to Him. Happy advance, when our souls find all our good in Him, though this be learned through the breaking of earthly cisterns.

When walking in the narrow path, and realising the daily difficulties of the Christian life, the grand truth, that God is a God of impossibilities, will afford a deep solace and consolation to the tempted and harassed soul. Whilst he contemplates this glorious character of God, he will be led, in calmness and composure, to lay all difficulties at the footstool of divine grace: he will be led to look less at difficulties and more at God: he

will be less often disappointed, and oftener made glad: he will be led to consider matters, and as this or that will be for God's glory; easy though it be or difficult, he will plead with One whom he knows is fully able to maintain His own glory and honour, though, as to sight and reason, there may be many obstacles. The history of the children of Israel (Ps. lxxviii., cv., cvii., &c.) fully verifies this character of God. Have we any difficulties, personal, family, or others of a graver nature? Yea, have we not many? Let it be our business then to prove our God, and to know Him as the God of wonders. Jeremiah pleads thus, "Ah, Lord God! behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee" (Jer. xxxii. 17). Our blessed Lord said, "With God all things are possible" (Matt. xix. 26). And this He Himself pleads in His hour of sorrow, "Abba, Father, all things are possible unto Thee" (Mark xiv. 36).

The amount of our faith in this business is of great importance; but these remarks are rather for those of weak faith, pointing out to such what a God we have to do with. It is often said in such and such a trial, "Oh! it is past hope!" the smile on the lips betrays the unbelief of the heart, and many a child of trial succumbs under it with the impression that there is no remedy.

Moses says, "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" (Exod. xv. 11). Isaiah testifies that "His name shall be called *Wonderful*" (Isa. ix. 6), and says, that "The Lord of Hosts is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working" (Isa. xxviii. 29).

Even Job says that He does

"great things, past finding out; yea, and wonders without number" (Job ix. 10): and Daniel declares of Him that "He delivereth and rescueth, and He worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth" (Dan. vi. 27).

The Scriptures, however, abound in similar testimony, and the more we read them, the more shall we learn, amid other things, of the character of God.

Let the timid, and tempted, and cast down, in this cloudy and dark day, be encouraged to trust in God, and to remember that "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God" (Luke xviii. 27).

Faith is a mighty principle; it grasps great things, because it is dealing with God. Oh, how near to God our souls are brought when we thus deal with Him, no matter how great the difficulties! It seems as though we had got up into one of the high mountains, from whence the men and things below look very small, and comparatively insignificant. "O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for His mercy endureth for ever. To Him who ALONE doeth GREAT WONDERS: for His mercy endureth for ever" (Ps. cxxxvi. 3, 4).

"I WILL LEAD THEM."

NOT yet thou knowest how I bid
Each passing hour entwine
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
In one great love-design;
Nor how I lead thee through the night
By many a varied way;
Still upward to unclouded light,
And onward to the day.

LIVING DEVOTEDNESS.

Few Christians realise what an honourable sphere is open to them, of *living devotedness* to Christ. We have an example of this in Paul—he was ready to die for the name of Jesus.

The preaching of the cross is to them that
PERISH FOOLISHNESS; but unto us
 which **ARE SAVED** it is the **POWER**
OF GOD.

I COR. i. 18.

He had nothing more to gain or hope for here. We want more of this earnest devotedness of heart to the Lord. We want to get above the heavy atmosphere in which most Christians live. Our testimony should not be confined to the seasons of united worship; but abroad in the world, and among the multitudes of poor dying sinners around, we should seek to testify of Jesus, both by our words and our ways.

How *happy* we ought to be as Christians! *Nothing* can make us unhappy if we have a single eye to Christ—calling on the Lord out of a pure heart. It is the want of this which causes much of the nervous depression and lowness of spirits we meet with in many Christians. If Christ were the one object of our hearts, His glory the one thing we had in view, we should not be thinking or caring about ourselves at all. We want just to yield ourselves to the Lord. Isaiah vi. illustrates this. First, the prophet says, "Woe is me," &c.; when purged, the word follows, "Here am I, send me." These principles are carried out through the book of Isaiah; the testimony being first to Israel's *uncleanmess*, and then, in the latter days, they appear as the willing messengers to others of the grace of God.

May we know the privilege of living devotedness to Christ. It is an honour to be used of Him. At the same time, we must remember that direction

is needed as well as devotedness of heart. As in a railroad the steam is the propelling power, but without the rails the carriages would run into the fields, or anywhere else; so *the Word* is needed to guide our zeal for the Lord.

NOTHING IS LOST.

To talk with God—no *breath* is lost;
 Talk on, talk on!
 To walk with God—no *strength* is lost;
 Walk on, walk on!
 To wait on God—no *time* is lost;
 Wait on, wait on!
 To grind the *axe*—no *work* is lost;
 Grind on, grind on!
 The work is quicker, better done,
 Not needing half the strength laid on;
 Grind on!
 Martha stood—but Mary sat;
 Martha murmured much at that;
 Martha *cared*—but Mary *heard*,
 Listening to the Master's word,
 And the Lord her choice preferred,
 Sit on—hear on!
 Work without God is labour lost;
 Work on, work on!
 Full soon you'll learn it to your cost;
 Toil on, toil on!
 Little is much when God is in it;
 Man's busiest day's not worth God's
 minute;
 Much is little everywhere,
 If God the labour do not share:
 So work *with* God and *nothing's* lost—
 Who works with Him does *best* and *most*;
 Work on, work on!
 SUNDERLAND. A. A. R.

TELL JESUS.

Matthew xiv. 12, &c.

FROM the parallel passage in Mark vi. 30, &c., we find that "the apostles gathered together unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught." And here we read that the disciples of John the Baptist, after burying his body, "went and

told Jesus." The remedy for both elation and sorrow is His own immediate presence. He said (Mark vi.), "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." While there, the faith of the disciples was tested. The multitude was large, and the provision but five loaves and two fishes. The selfish hearts of the disciples would reason thus, "There is but enough for us—this is what we brought for *ourselves*—send them away." But no, the Lord says, "They need not depart, give ye them to eat." True, the supply was small; but they had God and the loaves; and the answer to their selfish reasoning was twelve baskets of fragments.

"EXCEPT your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." And yet a pharisee could say, that as touching the righteousness which is in the law, he was blameless. Thus it is evident that no creature righteousness can stand before God. If we are saved, it must be by being made the *righteousness of God in Christ*.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

JUNE 1880.

[No. 156.]

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THE ECHO-BOY.

A LITTLE boy once went home to his mother, and said, "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back, and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head;' and he said, 'I will punch your head.'"

So his mother said, "Ah,
NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 6.

Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said, "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you will say to others, they will, by and by, say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

DO I KNOW GOD FOR MYSELF?

"That I may know Him."—PHIL. iii. 10.

KNOWLEDGE is increased. To call attention to the fact seems hardly necessary; the testimony is universal. In all branches of science, art, literature, and religion, the human mind is making wonderful strides. The characteristic feature of the age is progress. The masses of the people are becoming enlightened. Churches, newspapers, periodicals, and lectures, all combine to teach the people *knowledge*. The doctrines of religion have become familiar to the great mass of Christendom, so that you rarely meet a person who has not considerable knowledge of Christian ethics. Churches and societies are organised with distinctive and peculiar doctrines, and it is not an un-

common thing for professing Christian people to boast in this very thing, because thereby (they say) the Bible becomes better understood, as opposition and controversy stimulate research and study. There is no lack of champions to defend any doctrine that may come up, be it true or false. Knowledge of how to study the Bible, how to teach, how to preach, how to work, how to contribute, how to convert the heathen, how to reach the masses, how to raise funds for the spread of the gospel, or pay off church debts, is spread out before the people, and every intelligent person knows something about all these things.

Truly, knowledge is increased. All Christendom testifies to the truth of that declaration, and yet read the sentence at the head of this article, and let us bow our heads in shame and confession. How that single sentence tests all, "That we may *know* Him." Let the plummet fall into your own heart, and mark the result. Can it be, with all the boasted knowledge of Christendom, that knowledge of *Him* is of so little value? Why do we find so many professing His name, and yet doubting His word, holding false and pernicious doctrines, without spirituality, incapable of discerning spiritual truth, placing themselves under the law, indifferent to those things

which concern His glory? They have studied *about* HIM, His life, His teachings, His character, but never have *KNOWN* HIM. It is the burden of the apostle's prayer for the Ephesian saints, that their "*knowledge of Him* may be increased," and for the Colossians, that they may "increase in the *KNOWLEDGE OF* God."

May God lead us into the knowledge of Himself, the *only* knowledge that gives peace and rest to the soul.

"And this is life eternal, that they might *know Thee* the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3).

Reader, do *you* know God for *yourself*? Depend upon it, if you do not, you are in no sense prepared to teach Him to others. All your knowledge is utterly vain and useless if *HE* is not its *life*. You may be very busy in doing religious work, but if you do not know God personally, for yourself, then He is outside of it all, and your work will be burned up as wood, hay, and stubble.

The truth ought to be confessed in humility and tears, we have forsaken God Himself, and are seeking by the energies of our natural selves to supply the lack. *It cannot be*. God saves *to Himself* (1 Pet. iii. 18), and nothing can satisfy His heart except our knowledge of Him. Depend upon it, this is the *only* knowledge that gives distinctive Christian character to your walk. You may go to church, read your Bible, give to the poor, contribute liberally of your means, live a moral life, attend to all the religious duties that can be exacted of you, and yet, if you do not *KNOW HIM* for yourself, it is all worthless.

How was it when our Lord came into the world? The whole religious body was busy in studying *about* the Messiah, giving of its substance, keeping

the law; yet, in spite of it all, they did not *KNOW HIM*. "Jesus answered, Ye neither know Me, nor My Father; if ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also" (John viii. 19).

To whom were these words spoken? Scribes and Pharisees, the religious teachers and strict observers of the law. Christ was *outside* all their knowledge. They could say (John vii. 49), "This people who *knoweth not the law* are cursed;" but there was no room for Christ, the *Maker* of the law, in their hearts; they did not *KNOW HIM*.

Reader, let this question try you, *Do I know God for myself?*

H. W. R.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

On the glassy sea of green,
Flooded with God's noontide keen,
Can there be for sin a screen?
Omnipresence none can flee:
Flight from God to God must be.

Evermore with God must I
Dwell in strife or harmony;
Evermore my changeless past
Gaze on me from out the vast:
Thou art first and Thou art last.

Oh if now before Thy face,
In Thy brightness I had place,
With the past unscreened from Thee
Thou, from whom I cannot flee,
How could peace abide with me?

Since from Thee in heart estranged,
If, this instant, I, unchanged,
Were in heaven, Thou, God, dost know,
Highest heaven were deepest woe,
I and it are variant so.

God! O God! Thy likeness give,
In and of Thee let me live;
Christ did for my sin atone,
By Thy love awake my own:
I must meet Thy face alone.

GRACE.

THERE is nothing so hard for our hearts as to abide in the sense of grace. It is by grace that the heart is "established;" but there is nothing more difficult for us really to comprehend than the fulness of grace.

Grace supposes all the sin and evil in us, and is the blessed revelation that through Jesus all this sin and evil has been put away. A single sin is more horrible to God than a thousand

sins, nay, than all the sins in the world are to us; and yet, with the fullest consciousness of what we are, all that God is pleased to be towards us is *LOVE*! It is vain to look to any extent of evil—a person may be (speaking after the manner of men) a great sinner or a little sinner; but this is not the question at all. Grace has reference to what God is, and not to what we are, except indeed that the very greatness of our sins does but magnify the extent of the "grace of God."

I have got away from grace. If I have the slightest doubt or hesitation about God's love. I shall then be saying, "I am unhappy, because I am not what I should like to be." But this is not the question: the real question is, whether God is what we should like Him to be—whether Jesus is all we could wish. If the consciousness of what we are—of what we find in ourselves—has any other effect than, while it humbles us, to increase our adoration of what God is, we are off the ground of pure grace. The effect of such consciousness should surely be to humble us, but to make our hearts reach out to God and to His grace as abounding over it all.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

WE hated God without a cause; and He loved us without a cause.

Our love to God is the reflection of His love to us; we love Him because He first loved us.

God loves us *in* His Son, and *as* His Son, and as long as He loves His Son.

God loveth His people to the end, therefore they shall endure to the end.

Love begets love. It is a flame that communicates itself. They that have much *forgiven* them, much *done* for them, much *laid out* for them, and much *laid up* for them, will love much.

THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and, placing his hand upon it, said—

"What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and, though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business like to point out the defects of your fruit to the customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh," he continued, turning to Ben Williams.

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the

fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

A man who, by lying and cheating, drives away one customer a day, will, in a little while, have very few left, and they will soon find him out and leave him.

THOSE PRECIOUS WORDS
HAVE FREED ME.

INSTANCES of God's wondrous grace to the sinner are of frequent occurrence, but, surely, to those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, every fresh instance of His goodness is as good news from a far country, and to be received with thanksgiving. And to those who are yet in nature's darkness, every conversion becomes a telling witness to the truth of God's Word.

I write the following account of Mrs. G.'s conversion as another proof of God's signal mercy to the sinner, and as a corroboration of His promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psa. l. 15).

Upon returning home late one evening, I received a message asking me to go and see a person who was dying of consumption. "She is very unhappy," said the bearer of the message, "and is continually calling upon God for help. A minister came to see her a few days ago, but his visit seemed to do her no good, and since then we have vainly sought for one who could give her comfort. To-night Mrs. G. thought of you—will you come?"

"Most gladly," said I, "and

I do trust that she may receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and find rest and comfort."

The sick woman was coughing violently as I entered her room, so, silently taking a chair proffered by her husband, I looked to the Lord to give me the right words to speak to her. But a minute was given to me, for though scarcely able to speak from exhaustion, the sick one beckoned me near her, saying,

"I'm so glad that you've come, surely—God—has sent you."

"What is your trouble?" I said, "are you afraid to die?"

"Yes," she quickly replied, "for I am—not fit—for His presence. Oh this fearful agony!"

"What agony?" I asked; "your poor body?"

"No, no," she answered, "the pain—of this—poor frame—is nothing—it's my poor soul. Help me if you can, oh, do help me!"

"Dear woman," I replied, "you must look above me, I am only a poor creature like yourself, but I can tell you of One who is able to save you. 'Come unto Me,' says the Lord Jesus, 'all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Does not this meet your need?"

"I do want rest," she replied, "but it don't help me. Please, tell me more."

"Have you heard the story of the brazen serpent?" I asked. She nodded assent, and I went on. "Those Israelites bitten by the serpents were dying fast, but God told Moses that whosoever looked upon the uplifted serpent of brass should live. And so it came to pass. You Mrs. G., are like to a bitten Israelite—sin has destroyed you, but God has provided a way whereby you may be saved. His Son has been lifted up—Jesus died upon the cross for sinners—the work of salvation is completed—look and live."

"Look and live," she repeated, while a ray of brightness passed over her poor sad face.

"Yes," I said, "this is God's saving way, are you willing to be saved His way?"

"What else can I do?" she replied, "I am helpless, vile, and ready to perish."

"Then what says God's Word, Mrs. G.? 'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that *whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have eternal life.'" I waited a few moments ere I spoke again, and then I asked her if she trusted the Lord Jesus—whose blood had paid sin's heavy debt. Then came another pause.

"Bless God!" at length came from her lips, "I can trust Him! Oh! the power of those little words!"

"What words?" I asked.

"'Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,'" she replied.

"And so you can fully trust Him, and believe that you will not perish, and that you have eternal life?" I inquired.

"Yes, bless His name!" she responded with fervour; "I can believe all that; those precious words have freed me."

"Then you are not afraid to die?"

"Afraid?" she replied, her face lighting up as she spoke, "Oh no, I'm very, very happy; I'm quite ready to go. His is a complete salvation. I know I shall go to be with Christ. I long to see Him!"

Together we praised God for His wondrous love in revealing Jesus, and then I rose to go.

"How can I thank you enough," she said, as she grasped my hand, "for coming to tell me such blessed news? The Lord bless you!"

"Don't thank me," said I; "thank Him! The work was His alone—"

'Alone He bare the Cross,
Alone its grief sustained;
His was the shame and loss,
And He the victory gained;
The mighty work was all His own,
Though we shall share His glorious throne.'

'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen'" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

And so we parted for the night.

Contrary to all expectations, Mrs. G. lingered for several days. She became unconsciously a witness for the Lord. Her neighbours, who had witnessed her former condition, were amazed at the change, and took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus. Never a doubt crossed her mind as to her acceptance. When questioned as to the ground of her trust, she would say, "I rest upon God's Word which cannot alter. God says, Whosoever believeth on His Son hath eternal life; I believe what He says, and therefore know that I'm saved."

One day I repeated to her that hymn beginning,—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

As I came to the last verse she was much affected, and said,—

"Truly, His name does 'quell the power of death.' Before that night you came to see me my fear was very great; not that I wanted so much to stay in this world of sin and sorrow, but I feared the judgment following death. Oh, that time was very dreadful, it makes me think of what Jesus suffered when He was forsaken of God on account of sin. I'm glad to know that sorrow is past for Him, and, all praise be to His name! for me, too."

The Lord took her home one Lord's-day morning. Very quietly she passed away, declaring with her latest breath her happiness in Christ.

Dear unconverted reader, are you, as Mrs. G. was, afraid to die? Do you dread to stand before God with your sins upon you? If so, I trust that the Scriptures that spoke peace to the heart of Mrs. G., may find an entrance to your heart, for your present joy and everlasting good. Know, on the authority of the Word of God, that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). Take your place as a lost, helpless sinner, and receive God's free gift, which is eternal life, through Jesus Christ.

E. E. S.

APRONS.

Our common state of guilt makes us shun even our fellow-creatures. We cannot stand inspection even from them. One great and constant effort in the scene around us every day is to escape *full* notice. The apron is still invented. The social system understands and allows this. Indeed, it is maintained by a common consent of this sort. And religion, in its way and measure, as well as the rules and common understanding of society, helps in all this. But "the presence of the Lord God" is a different element from that of the presence of our fellows. No rules which sustain the social system will make that tolerable for a moment. The clothing and the ceremony, the inventions of society or the good manners that array and adorn it, will be found vanity. All have "come short of His glory." Let but the conscience hear the tread of His foot or the sound of His voice in the garden, and no attempt will be equal to that moment. Even religious inventions will all be vain. They can give no confidence with God, nor turn the current of the heart: with his apron upon him, Adam hides himself among the trees of the garden.

**"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE
RISEN UP, AND THE DOOR
SHUT."**

(LUKE xiii. 25.)

THESE solemn words of the Lord JESUS were part of His reply to one who said unto Him, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" As was usual with the blessed Lord, He answers the *man*, not his question. It was just such a question as a man might engage his thoughts with, solemn though it is, without any *personal* exercise whatever; a question which many a man would gladly discuss, and eagerly argue, without any special reference to himself in the matter. Hence, no doubt, the blessed Lord made it a most *personal*, *searching*, individual matter. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." He gives three powerful reasons for this word:—

1st. The gate, road, or way, is at *present open*, and it is *strait*, *i.e.*, narrow, the real entrance of faith in Christ, and conversion to God. The striving to enter in does not imply an energy in return for which entrance is granted as a reward, but it is a man's casting himself upon the grace of God in Christ; a man cannot bring anything of *himself* in by such a gate; all that belongs to that must be left outside for ever.

2nd. The Lord says, "For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." This means clearly that many would seek to get in some other way beside the strait gate, either by good works, or ordinances, or something of man which bring dishonour upon Christ and His work. Is it not largely so at the present time? Are there not multitudes who wildly fancy that they can make good a claim upon God? Reader, do you belong to that class? Listen to the solemn word of Christ. "*Shall not be able.*" Oh, how it bars and shuts up

every avenue on that side, closing the door for ever against all that would not only destroy the sinner's hope, but cast a slur upon the alone sufficiency and work of the Lord Jesus Christ!

3rd. Another and most solemn reason is, that the door which is now open, and for every poor sinner who has a heart for Christ, will not always be open. "When once the master of the house is risen up, and *hath shut to the door*," leaves no question as to that. At the present time Christ is *seated* and *expecting*. He is now an exalted Prince and Saviour. "I am the Door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." So long as His present session in the heavens continues, He where He is in the glory of God, and the Holy Ghost on the earth sent forth from Him where He is, bear testimony to the *completeness*, *fulness*, and *perfection* of that redemption which is in Christ Jesus. In virtue of Christ's death there is salvation, *present* and *eternal*, for all who believe. "By Him all that believe are justified from all things." But—and, reader, mark it well—as soon as He leaves His present position, when He rises up, as it were, the door is closed for ever. Were such to take place at this moment, *where* would you be? Do these words describe you? "Ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets. But He shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from Me, all ye workers of iniquity."

Reader, that moment is speeding its way. He who now sits on the right hand of God will soon rise up. If you should be found without at that moment, how

solemn, how dreadful, to knock when the door is closed for ever against you, and to carry into an eternity of misery the *memory* of a *slighted* Saviour and a *despised* salvation!

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

How soon
Our new-born life,
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to grey-haired
night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and
we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days
they flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is
done;
Man, count thy days, and, if they
fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count,
count every day the last.

CHRIST ALONE.

If you trust to your faith and to your repentance, you will be as much lost as if you trusted to your good works. The ground of your salvation is not faith, but Christ; it is not repentance, but Christ. If I trust my trust of Christ, I am lost. My business is to trust Christ; to rest on Him; to depend, not on what the Spirit has done in me, but what Christ did for me, when He died upon the tree. Now be it known unto you, that when Christ died, He took the sins of all His people upon His head, and there and then put them away. He then suffered all they ought to have suffered; He paid all their debts; and their sins were actually and positively lifted that day from their shoulders to His shoulders, for "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." And now, if you believe in Jesus, there is not a sin remaining upon you, for your sin was laid on Christ.

FAC-SIMILE OF ONE OF THE FIRST TRACTS ISSUED

One of the most world-wide

No. 52.

TO A CHILD.

LONDON: PRINTED BY A. PARIS, ROLLS' BUILDINGS,
AND SOLD BY T. WILLIAMS, NO. 10, STATIONERS'
COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

MY DEAR CHILD,

IT is with the most tender affection these lines are addressed to you for your good, and you are particularly requested not only to read them with care and attention when you are alone, but earnestly to pray to God your heavenly Father, to give you his blessing with them.

1. You are now in the house of your parents, or friends, who endeavour to make you happy. "Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." Eph. vi. 2, 3. Pray to the merciful Saviour to keep you from telling lies; from self-will and obstinacy; from pride and envy; from murmuring and muttering; and all such ugly things, which if you indulge, you will find as injurious to yourself, as they are painful to your parents, and what is still worse, hateful to God.

2. You are acquainted with other children of your own age, and it is a lovely thing to see children of the same place, and still more of the same family, in harmony and love. But "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and thousands of children have been ruined by the wicked example of their companions.

"One sickly sheep infects the flock."

3. We are desirous you should have all proper time for play and amusement; but remember you did not come into the world merely to play and be amused. If you go to school, be attentive to your teachers and

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diligent to learn, because the design is that you may be prepared to fill some useful station wherever the providence of God may call you.

4. When you go to the house of God, whether it be church, chapel, or meeting-house, consider the solemnity of the service, and the propriety of good behaviour in the place. God calls the hours his own. It is pleasant to see children conduct themselves with silence and attention through all the time of public worship. *Often think of the blessed example of Jesus Christ. What a lovely child he was at your age!*

5. Treasure up in your memory not only the text of Scripture from which the minister addresses the congregation, but be careful to carry home as much as you can of the sermon. Ask yourself when you return, "What particular doctrine or promise did the minister labour to impress on my mind—or what particular duty did he explain and enforce?"

6. There are some important things which are constantly preached by the ministers of the Gospel: *Ruin by sin—Redemption by Christ—Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.* Ruin by sin—"for the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men." Rom. i. 18. Redemption by Christ—"We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins, according to the riches of his grace." Eph. i. 7. Regeneration by the Holy Spirit—"According to his mercy he saves us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. 'Tis but a little while since you were born, the good Lord grant that you may soon be born again.

7. Forget not that God speaks to you, both when you read the Bible, and when you hear his ministers, Jesus said "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his

At the Eighty-first Anniversary of the London Religious Tract Society, held in Exeter Hall on the evening of the seventh ultimo, the Chairman, Sir Charles Reed (Chairman of the London School Board), referred to the infancy of the Institution, which had now reached the venerable age of fourscore years. Holding up before the meeting one of the Society's earliest tracts, he said, "The early history of this Society may be fairly represented by this dingy-looking religious tract of four pages

which I have in my hand, badly printed upon poor paper, and sold in 1801 at the price of one farthing, or twenty pence a hundred. It is a tract written and addressed to a little child, bearing in every page of it the Gospel truth. . . . That tract, preserved carefully by one who loved me much, was given to me when I was a child, and the influence of that tract will be best understood by you, when I tell you that poor as it looks, it is so precious to me that I preserve it among the treasured things of my

household."—Through the kindness of Sir Charles and the efforts of our printers, we are enabled to give a very exact facsimile as above (errors included) of this very interesting tract.

I SUPPOSE no one can tell when and to what extent a vessel is marred so well as the potter: and so no one can *fully* measure the failure of man except His Creator. Now it is *He* who has provided the remedy: what folly then to doubt its sufficiency!

BY THE LONDON RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

Gospel Agencies existing.

(3)

arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Sweet are his words, and full of encouragement—"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Mark x. 14. 16. Prov. viii. 17. Many little children have loved Christ, and sung Hosannahs to his praise, shall he not be the object of your love too?

8. If your parents are wicked, you are nevertheless under obligation to love and honour them. You may respectfully and affectionately warn them of the evil of their way by reading to them those Scriptures which condemn swearing, drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, &c. And whatever they do, let it be your determination to pray to God to make you holy, that you may be happy.

9. But if your parents are kind and good, reflect how great your advantages are, and how much you are obliged to serve God with greater zeal on that account. Do they pray with you morning and evening—Do they encourage you to read the Scriptures and other good books—Do they warn you against evil company, and lead you into that which is useful—Do they gently chide you for your faults, and with a sweet smile applaud you when you do well—Do they set before you an example holy, just, and good—O praise and adore the divine goodness for all these excellent things. *Dr. Doddridge* before he could read, learned from his mother the history of the Old and New Testament, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney of the room where they usually sat.

10. The world in which you now live is a world of snares, and sin, and sorrow. You will continue in it however, but a little while, and then you must die and go up to heaven and be happy, or down to hell and be miserable for ever. See 2 Cor. vi. 3.

11. *Pray without ceasing.* You have many wants, many dangers, many sins, many mercies. God is love. Intreat him above all things to pardon your sins to purify your heart, and to make you happy in

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his love, through the mediation of his son Jesus Christ. Read John xiv. 6.

The following Hymn I recommend to you to learn by heart, and to muse upon when you are in secret :

I.

"Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

II.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from the womb I stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

III.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
and wash away their stain ;
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

IV.

To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home—
Their tears he'll wipe away.

V.

For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love ;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above."

London: Printed by A. PARIS, *Rolls' Buildings, Fetter-Lane*, for the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY; and sold by T. WILLIAMS, No. 10, *Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street*.

Sold also by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers.
Price ONE FARTHING, or 1s. 8d. per 100.] 1801.

THE PARABLE OF THE HUSBANDMEN.

(LUKE XX. 9.)

Hearer's Notes of a Lecture by
DR. MACKAY.

IN this parable we have a vivid picture of God's rule over His creatures, and their rebellion against Him. We see—

- I. The Rightful Owner.
- II. The Patient Possessor.
- III. The Rejected Proprietor.
- IV. The Righteous Avenger.

This parable covers the whole territory of all kinds of responsibilities—individual, the Church,

Jewish, national, and world-wide. God has not two methods of dealing with individuals and nations. He demands a return commensurate with the trust He has given. He has given us our lives, strength of muscle, intellects, time—all talents to be used for Him.

In the parable is set forth His patient long-suffering in the different servants sent forth at the right season, and yet each in turn receives no fruit, is shamefully entreated, is sent away empty.

We find God coming to Adam in innocence. All He required was obedience as to the fruit of one tree. Adam was weighed in the balance of innocence, and found wanting—no fruit.

He sent forth another servant, Conscience, that something that tells us, "I knew my duty, and I did it not." Another servant He sends, His Law. Then last of all the greatest test sent by God to man, His Son, and Him they murdered. We see in this active opposition, as well as passive withholding of fruit.

We have three methods by which we find out where man is, and what is his condition.

I. His history. His is a downward development. Out of Eden, into Noah's Flood. An untiring law-breaker, ending up with the murder of God's Son.

II. God gives man's character in Rom. iii. 10-19; and if we accept this, we know where we are. His law is God's finger on the pulse of humanity.

III. We may have to find out where we are from bitter experience. Let us rather accept God's history and estimate of us, than have thus to find out our true place. The history of man is consistent with the doctrine concerning man, and his experience consistent with both. He is guilty on every indictment.

The Stone is here set forth as God's test of humanity. We find it in Type in Gen. xlix. 22; as seen in Joseph's rejection, preservation, exaltation, and glory. Then in Isa. xxviii. 15, we get the character of the Stone. There it is laid for a foundation in Zion. Sure and precious, because tried. Tried by Satan, in the temptation, and found sure, in contrast with Adam who failed in temptation. Tried by men, yea, even by God Himself. In Ps. cxviii. 22, we see this Stone as given by God to the builders, the elders, chief priests, and scribes. On them was laid the responsibility of accepting or rejecting Him. They refused Him. Therefore this stone is not yet laid on earth as a foundation, for it must be laid in Zion, must have its foundation in the acceptance of it by the Jewish nation. But this Stone, rejected by the builders, is become the Head of the Corner. It is laid in heaven, and all who now wish to build on that Stone, may do so by living faith in the living, exalted Christ (1 Pet. ii. 4, 5).

At His first coming, those

who rejected His claims and stumbled on Him were broken. They had a chance given of correcting that mistake, and many did so—when Peter, by the Holy Ghost, exhorted the people to change their minds concerning that Stone—and three thousand were brought to Christ in one day. None but living stones are built up in the hidden Temple, quickened and built in by the Spirit of God. We have each to find out our place in that Temple, and then endeavour to fill it.

Do not imitate any worker for God. God never made two workers of the same calibre. He needs no duplicate. We see the climax of this Temple built on the Stone in Rev. xxi. 19. There is the Temple completed. Each stone has been quarried and polished. Some stones will take a polish, others will not. Some Christians seem like the soft stones that cannot be polished. Let us see we get all the polishing the great Lapidary sees we need, to make us shine. This Stone is now being added to, and is coming back to earth with an added momentum, as we see from Dan. ii. 34-44, and those who are built on Him shall return with Him. Then all who have not accepted Him shall be ground to powder as He falls in fury on those who rejected Him.

THE WORD OF GOD.

"A pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night."

TRUE from the beginning (Ps. cxix. 160).

Worlds framed by it (Heb. xi. 3; Ps. xxxiii. 6).

Firmly established (Ps. cxix. 89).

Shall stand for ever (Isa. xl. 8).

Not to be despised (Prov. xiii. 13; Isa. v. 24).

Man is to live by it (Deut. viii. 3; Matt. iv. 4).

Pure, therefore a purifier (Prov. xxx. 5; Ps. cxix. 9; John xiv. 17).

Source of strength (1 John ii. 14).

Not bound (2 Tim. ii. 9).

Quick, powerful, prevailing, (Heb. iv. 12; Ps. cxlvii. 15; Luke iv. 32; Isa. lv. 11).

A fire and a hammer, burning and breaking (Jer. xx. 9, 23, 29; Luke xxiv. 32).

How it is not to be used (2 Cor. iv. 2; i. 17).

The exalted Saviour (Rev. xix. 13).

What are you doing with the Word of God, dear reader?

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." "Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." J. H. S.

CONFIDENCE.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Isa. xxx. 15.

LORD! Thou alone dost know
The secret sorrows that oppress my soul;
The hidden woe,
The weight of care that I would long to roll
All upon Thee;
The tears that flow unseen by human eye,
The battles fought when Thou alone art nigh,
Who lovest me.

Oft have I tried
To trust the future to Thy care;
And weeping, cried—
"The burden is too great for me to bear."
Yet do I pry
By far too anxiously within the veil
That kindly hides the morrow's chequered tale
From mortal eye.

Dark unbelief!
How cold, and sad, and sorrowful thou art!
What sweet relief
To bring in childlike faith the wounds that
And every care [smart;
To Him who marketh when the sparrows fall,
With whom all things are great, and nothing
Who heareth prayer! [small,

When Thou hast said,
My tender Lord, that e'en our very hairs
Are numbered,—
Gladly I'll trust Thee with all graver cares:
Do Thou but lend [way,
Thy strength'ning presence with me all the
So shall I love Thy will—be what it may,
Mine own great Friend.
E. A. W.

THE law addressed men in the way of command—telling them what to do. The Gospel addresses them in the way of invitation—telling them what God has done.

I MUST WORK.

Death worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,
Let me work too;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

—Bonar.

UNDERNEATH.

"UNDERNEATH" are the everlasting arms. Are we conscious of it? Do we feel them bearing us up? How blessed! Sometimes these "arms" are so far underneath—there is so much above them on which we lean for help and joy, that God in His all-wise providence has to take much away, that we may find our true rest and support in Him and in Him alone.

REJOICING IN THE LORD.

(Phil. iii. and iv.)

THE Epistle to the Philippians is to the saints in general what the Epistle to Timothy is to the servant. The apostle has not been delivered out of prison, and his voice from the prison tells us to "Rejoice in the Lord." There is nothing here on earth to rejoice in; but that is what people are very slow to learn.

Now one of these chapters is in relation to yourselves; the other in relation to things around you. Some may say, "It is not my state that depresses me, it is the things around me." Well, the third chapter treats of your state; the fourth of your circumstances.

There are three things I must

notice in the first of these chapters. 1. Christ is the *object* (ver. 8); 2. He is the *mark* (ver. 14); and 3. He is the *hope* of the saint (ver. 20).

The apostle begins with a warning. "Beware of the concision." The concision are those who try to correct themselves; and they stand lower in the sight of God than even the self-indulgent. The apostle writes much more severely to the Galatians, who tried to mend the flesh, than to the Corinthians, who indulged it. The great attempt of the present day is to Christianise man; but God's way in Scripture is to make man a Christian. The attempt to Christianise man is all wrong. A Christian is a man of an entirely new stock and a new lineage; he is of Christ, who is "the beginning" of all.

Then he says, "We are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and *boast* in Christ Jesus,"—not "*rejoice*," it is a stronger word than "rejoice,"—"and have no confidence in the flesh;" that is, the flesh is practically set aside. This is what you must start with. The thing that was insisted on as soon as ever the people of Israel got into the land,—the first thing, as you may remember,—was, that they were to be circumcised; and that was to set forth this fact, that in heaven we have no will of our own. Abraham brought in Ishmael by his own will; and the right of circumcision was to show that he altogether ignored the flesh that had led his will.

Now in the following verses (4-6), we have the good state of man,—human righteousness, everything that is good in itself,—and we find this: that man, not only in his bad state, but in his good state, has no sympathy with God; so that the apostle ends by taking God's side against himself, and saying, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of

Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." Christ is the object, and what I seek is, "that I may have *Him* for my gain." The apostle says in the first chapter, "I long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," and "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The gain would be to be with Christ; it would be gain to him if he were to die. But here, in the third chapter, he shows what it is that leads him to this,—even that *Christ* is his *object*.

Now it is a great moment to the soul when Christ first becomes your object; it is then that you can count all things but loss for His excellency, so that He may be your gain.

But many persons ask the question, How can I have Him in such a distinct way that I may know Him as my object? Well, there are two ways. When Jonathan saw David with the head of Goliath in his hand, and knew that he had delivered him—brought relief to him,—he loved him as his own soul. He stripped himself of his robe, and his garment, and his sword, and his bow, and his girdle, and put them on David. It might have been said, What an improper thing for the king's son to do! But Jonathan cared not for that. His heart was won by David because of what he had *done* for him, and he loved him as his own soul.

But there is another kind of devotedness, of which I will also give an example in the Old Testament, which will make it clear to you. Ruth says to Naomi, "Where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." This is a deeper thing. It sets forth one to whom the Lord becomes the object of the heart for what He *is*, not only for what He has *done*.

Now you will find that saints rarely arrive at the second of these, though every true-hearted saint knows something of the first. You may know Christ as your relief, but it is quite another thing to know Him as your resource. It is one thing to know Him as the one who has relieved you from every pressure; it is another thing to know Him as the one attraction of your heart. If I know Him thus, I ascend as a balloon with not a string left to tie me to earth. All my links were to earth, but now I have Him, not only as my relief from the death on myself, but as my resource from the death and ruin on everything around me. I will try to explain the difference.

I might say to Jonathan, Do you know David? No, he says, I do not know him, but I love him; he has relieved me from the dreadful pressure that was upon me. I love him as my own soul.

I say to Ruth, Do you know Naomi? Yes, she says, I *know* her, and I *love* her too. I say to her, "Where you go I will go, and where you dwell I will dwell; your people shall be my people, and your God my God."

Now this is an example of a heart not only attracted by what a person has *done*, but by what he *is*.

There are four stages in a soul which is led to this happy, practical association with Christ. In the case of the widow of Sarepta there was first relief from the pressure that was upon her and her son; the barrel of meal did not waste; neither did the cruse of oil fail; it supplied all their need for a whole year. But though it did not waste, neither did it increase. Then, at the end of the year, death comes in. The prophet takes the death upon himself,—bears the child up to his own room, and from thence delivers him alive to his mother, and he becomes the solitary witness that

the power of death was broken. *Then* she says, and not till *then*, "*Now* I know that thou art a man of God." She had learnt so far, even that there was power over death. *We* have more; we have eternal *life*, and the witnesses to us of it are the Spirit, and the water, and the blood. I have not only got power over death, but there are witnesses to me that I have eternal life. I have first relief from death, and secondly, I have eternal life.

The next thing I find is that there is death on all around me. Jonah finds, when he gets out of the depths of the sea, that there is death all around him; his gourd withers. Where then does the heart find comfort? Where did Mary of Bethany find comfort, when every light was, as it were, gone out? It was then, as she trod that solitary path to the grave, that she found that He walked beside her,—not only as a relief to her, but a resource. And, fourthly, in the next chapter, she takes the costly ointment, and anoints the Lord with it.

Is it thus with you, or have you a hundred other things to delight in beside Christ? Paul might have had attractions down here to bind him to earth. But would he stay here? Yes, he says, I would stay for the Church, but not for myself. "To depart and be with Christ is far better" for me.

If I look at the Lord I ought to be able to say "*Come*;" because I answer to the wish of His heart, but, if I look at the earth, I have nothing to tie me down here, and then my wish is to *depart* to be with Him. How was it that Hezekiah, when he had to face death, said, "Like a crane, or a swallow, so did I chatter." It was just because he had all his links to earth. The apostle was quite different; he had nothing to detain him

Christ is not only my relief, but He is my resource. If I have nothing down here but a dreary waste before my heart, I can say, He has relieved my conscience, He has satisfied my heart.

If you have not Christ thus as your object, you cannot count all things but loss for the excellency of His knowledge; but if you have, when you get up in the morning, your thought is not, I hope I shall behave myself well to-day; but, I have to live Christ to-day. You ought to begin your day with this confidence that you have enough in Christ to meet every difficulty that may befall you, just as you know that you will have light enough to do your work by; you never think of wanting another sun; the day may be more or less bright or cloudy, but all you want is clearer light, not a new light.

If you do not know this, you are not enjoying eternal life. I have a new condition altogether. I am in a region where I can enjoy God, and the proof of it is that death is not on me only, but it is also on all around me. Have you ever seen the world a bleak barren desert, and you yourself left alone in it like a solitary tree? And could you then say, Well, there is One who sits on the throne, and He is enough for me, though all else has withered? I make Him my object; and as I cannot yet depart to be with Him, I shall try so to win Him while I am on the earth, that I may be as truly with Him in spirit, and as truly see Him by faith, as if I were gone to Him. When we see a man without an object in life we say he is an aimless man. Now here is a man with a purpose, with an object: "that I may *win Christ*," and "that I may *know Him* and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death?"

THE MARK.

We see not only that he has an object, but he has a mark. It is not only that I know what He has done and what He is, but I must be in association with Christ where Christ is. Then it is I come to understand what the mark is.

The mark is what gives steadiness to the walk. If a man is a stranger, he shows by his behaviour that he is strange in the place; if he is a pilgrim, he shows by his behaviour that he is going to a place. Now Paul says: I am going on my way to do a service; I have started from a place, I am going on a circuit, and I shall come back to that same place again after I have done my work. I do not expect to grow old here; if I look forward I see myself die as a martyr; I see the stake before me. But when I think of what I have to comfort my own heart, I see *Him* before me. There is no steadiness in your heart unless you see Christ in glory. When my heart gets the sense of seeing Him where He is, it acquires a certain definiteness. It is vain to talk of a mark if you do not see it.

Now, what people say in answer to all this is,—I do not see what you say! Well, have you ever spent a night praying to God to show it to you? Have you ever been thoroughly in earnest about it?

The apostle brings these things before them so that they may be able to rejoice always. I find that if there is one thing that marks the saints in general, it is absence of joy in the Lord. How can you get joy in the Lord? By making use of Him. You will never know the value of Christ until you use Him. The Lord likes you to use Him. He says "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee," and "casting all your care upon Him, for He careth

for you." I find when I sit down with people quietly to have a talk that they begin at once to speak of the trials of the way! And after that, if I say, Suppose we change the subject and talk of the things of God;—then I find that they can talk of nothing but the *mercies* of God to themselves, but it is all the *temporal* mercies of God they talk of. And they get no higher than this. How few can say, The Lord has shown me wonderful things lately about the Lord Jesus Christ!

Lastly as to our hope, We look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. This is what we are looking for; we have no country but heaven, and we are looking for the Lord to come and take us to it. And when He comes forth, the first thing He will do will be to raise the bodies of His sleeping saints; He will raise them in likeness to His glorious body; and as to us, He will also "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." That is our hope, and you see it is all connected with Himself.

And thus we are brought back again to the text that we started with, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice."

POOR LOUEY.

THERE is a verse in God's Word which says, "As ye have therefore opportunity, do good unto all men:" and it sometimes happens that a little act of kindness does much more real good than we could expect at the time. The following true but simple story proves this. Will those who read it remember our Saviour's words, that, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward."

Many years ago a poor woman, named Louey P—, lived in a small village in one of our pretty English counties. She had much to make her unhappy, as her husband was a drunkard; and one day she sat crying very bitterly on her little cottage door step. A neighbour, seeing she was in trouble, wished to show her kindness. There was not much she could do in a case of such real distress, but she had got two beautiful apples, and she gave them to poor Louey. It seemed a strange way of offering comfort to any one who was crying so bitterly, and from such a cause; but it showed that this neighbour wished to be kind, and to do what she could. Now listen to the result. The poor woman took the apples, and planted the pips. She knew the fruit would not keep, and perhaps thought she should like a little tree in remembrance of her neighbour's kindness.

After a time the seed sprang up, and a tiny green leaf peeped from the ground. I can fancy how pleased Louey would be when she saw this, and how carefully she would watch and water it whenever the ground was dry. But I do not think she expected it would become such a fine tree as it did, or prove such a help and comfort to her in after years. When it grew up, all the neighbours said it ought to be grafted; but Louey said she knew nothing about grafting, and seemed to wish her favourite young tree to be let alone; and so it was, till at last it bore fruit—not common wild fruit, but beautiful golden pippens. And as the tree grew, and grew, and grew, the poor woman grew older too, so old that she could do little or nothing to earn her living. She had very little help from the parish, but then her tree yielded such a number of beautiful apples every summer, that she

Men of the world, which have their portion
in this life.

PSALM xvii. 14.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.

PSALM xvi. 5.

made enough money by them to support her in her old age.

Poor Louey was, I believe, one who loved and feared God, and could therefore trace a *Father's hand* in all this, and could give thanks at the remembrance of His loving-kindness and tender mercies. How little did her kind neighbour think, when giving her a couple of apples, what a great blessing they would prove! And *we* can never tell how much God may bless *one* kind word or action. It is said of our Lord Jesus Christ that "He went about doing good," and He left us an example that we should follow in His steps; therefore we should ask Him to teach and help us to

Do all the good we can,
In all the ways we can,
At all the times we can,
To all the people we can.

But before we can really *follow Jesus* in seeking to do good, we must know Him as our own Saviour. Are any who read this story asking in their hearts, "What must I do to be saved"? The answer is plain,—"*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" "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." We have also our Saviour's gracious invitation and sure promise, "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek*

and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Let us, then, always bear in mind that we must not only come to Jesus for pardon; but after our sins are blotted out in His own blood, we must be *continually* coming to Him for grace and strength daily and hourly to follow in His steps.

May we thus become so like our blessed Master, that all around may take knowledge of us that we have indeed "*been with Jesus,*" and sweetly learned of Him.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO FOR ONE ANOTHER.

Love one another, John xv. 17.
Serve one another, Gal. v. 13.
Receive one another, Rom. xv. 7.
Bear ye one another's burdens, Gal. vi. 2.
Forbearing one another, Eph. iv. 32.
Exhort one another, Heb. iii. 13.
Confess to one another, Jas. v. 16.
Consider one another, Heb. x. 24.
Submit to one another, Eph. v. 21.
Be kind to one another, Eph. iv. 32.
Abound in love to one another, 1 Thess. iii. 12.
Comfort one another, 1 Thess. iv. 18.
Pray for one another, Jas. v. 16.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 6.

Carefulness for nothing.
Prayerfulness for everything.
Thankfulness for anything.

GOD LOVING US.

SOME years ago two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus: "Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I

feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other, "but God loved me." This answer produced such an effect upon his friend, that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened up to his soul at once the great truth—that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

THERE is no honour like a relation to Christ; no riches like the graces of Christ; no learning like the knowledge of Christ; and no persons like the servants of Christ. Think not the worse of Him for His manner or His cross. As He ceaseth not to be *man* in His highest estate, so He was *God* in His lowest. His words were oracles, and His works miracles. His life was a pattern; His death a sacrifice; His resurrection glorious; His ascension triumphant; His intercession prevalent; and His coming again will be magnificent. All the angels in heaven adore Him; all the devils in hell fear Him; all the redeemed have been saved by Him; all the lost shall be judged by Him.

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EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

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JULY 1880.

[No. 157.]

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FINISHED.

I HEARD the voice of one who said,
"Jesus has died for you."
My heart was glad, yet soon I cried.
"And I, what must I do?"

The answer came, "Believe on Him:
There's nothing you can do;
The Lord of life and death hath
wrought
A finished work for you.

"He bore your sins upon the tree,
His blood He shed for you;
Dear soul, accept this precious gift,
'Tis all that you can do."

I bowed my head in thankfulness,
'Twas all that I could do:
To cleanse my soul, that blood I find
Is all-sufficient too.

NOT MISSED BECAUSE NOT KNOWN.

BY DR. W. P. MACKAY.

HAVE you ever heard of such a
thing as colour-blindness? It
means that a person can see
well enough his way through
the world, but cannot distinguish
NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 7.

between red and green, or any other of the beautiful hues that are seen in the rainbow. Some are partially colour-blind—that is to say, distinguish some colours but can't distinguish others; but still a few are found totally colour-blind. They that see colour in all its beauty and diversity, as God has made it, cannot but think this is a great misfortune. They see the crocus and the snowdrop the same as the green grass, and it again as the stone-wall. Everything to them is either black or white, and the glorious rainbow is nothing to them but a part of the black cloud that it spans. Everything is to them like an engraving; and the lilies of the field, that we are asked to consider, have no more beauty than is derived from their shape and position. It is a misfortune, but the unfortunate one does not know it. How true is that saying by Sir John Herschel, referring to this colour-blindness, "*What we never knew we never miss!*" How true in the great realities of our existence! How many people go about this world absorbed in its business, its pleasures, or its science, and have never seen the most glorious idea that has burst upon it—the perfect love of God to sinners, and the perfect hatred of God against sin; or, rather, have never seen the most glorious Person that ever trod this earth, as their sacrifice, as

their propitiation for sin, as their object to fill their hearts now and for ever!

They never knew Him, and they never miss Him. If you were saying, "Christ is not in the world; do you miss Him?" the idea would startle many. Others would feel that they wouldn't at all like Him being always where they went; they wouldn't feel free if He were always sitting at their table, or went with them wherever they went. Have you never heard people say, when a godly man had left, "Well, I'm glad he's gone; we couldn't do anything before him?" How would you like Christ to be always beside you? Far from missing Him, you are very glad He is not here. Thank God there are those who have known Him who do miss Him, and are waiting for Him. They never knew Him: this is why the lady of the world so enjoys company, while the pierced Christ is never missed. She never knew Him. This is why the men of the world enjoy their learning, their riches, or their pleasure, and don't miss Christ, God's greatest gift. They never knew Him. They wonder that people can enjoy prayer-meetings, revival preachings, or Bible-readings, and always enjoy them. They pity such. Is it not like the man who is colour-blind pitying us as we stand in rapt enjoyment admiring the glorious rainbow? He sees and

feels the rain falling, but no rainbow: we only see the wondrous play of the perfection of colouring, and forget the rain. They never knew the joy of being the Lord's, therefore they never miss it.

"I MEAN BUSINESS!"

A DRUNKEN engineer! What can be more dreadful to think of than that? One shudders at the possible results, the horrible wrecking of trains and loss of lives, bodies crushed beyond recognition, others bruised and maimed and blood-stained, and all the sickening detail that sets a country to trembling; for from all parts of it are members of households in each train that flies over the glistening rails. A long train with hundreds of people on it, flush with life and expectancy, all in the hands of a madman, dashing at a rate that blanches the cheek of the onlooker! A drunken engineer! Is anything more frightful to consider?

And yet such an one was, and such are, to-day. The one I speak of was found in a daily prayer-meeting a few days ago, speaking so clearly and positively of the grace of God, that he was accosted after the meeting, that the pressure of the hand of a brother in the Lord might be given him.

"I will tell you my story," he said, when asked how long he had been converted.

"It is about seven months since the Lord found me and made known His love for me. I am an engineer on a railroad, and was a drunkard. Many a time I have been in liquor when on the engine, and many is the time I have held on to the throttle-valve with my train leaping over the ground and my heart aching, and the sweat rolling off me, and tears in my eyes, yet desperate and half mad, aroused at last to see what I was doing,

and sobered by the thought to slacken the speed. Oh, how many nights have I gone plunging into darkness that seemed Egyptian, bearing loads of unconscious ones, when if anything had been in the way, all would have been dashed to pieces.

"It was on my engine and while drunk that the Spirit convicted me of sin. I was led to think of what I was and what an awful doom was before me as a sinner. But I was sober when I was converted. I saw what Christ had done for just such lost ones, and just because I was a lost sinner I learned that it was all for me. And now I am for ever His who redeemed me.

"But you may well believe I was an ignorant one. Why, sir, I attempted family worship, and when I read a chapter of Scripture I did not know what to say to God. My little daughter, who had been taught in Sunday-school, had to help me repeat the Lord's Prayer. And for a good while afterwards whenever I tried to pray before others I broke down. But I knew God had saved me, and He understood me.

"Very soon after my conversion, when I drove my engine up to the old stopping-place where I was accustomed to take a meal and something to drink besides, I saw my old companions there ready for me. As soon as they saw me they called out, 'Here comes Tom, now we will have a good time.'"

"I hope you did not go near to them or go into the saloon with them, but avoided them altogether," said one of the crowd of listeners who had gathered around this dear man.

"That was what was first suggested to me. I think it must have been Satan, though," answered the man. "This was my dining-place regularly, and as I had helped them to serve the devil there, it seemed to come

clearly to my mind that I should now testify of my new Master. So I looked up to Him in my hour of need, and went in and took my seat at the table and began to eat.

"Soon they pressed me to drink as usual; but I told them I could not do it, I belonged to the Lord Jesus now. They, of course, began to ridicule me at first. But I told them how the Lord had met me, and what He had done for me, and they quieted down under this. Since that time the Lord has converted every one of them.

"I do not know how it is, but I have found enough to do just to tell of His work, with and for me and in me. And sometimes I have been sent for to talk with others. Once when I was sent for to see a friend that was very sick, he asked me to pray for him. I did not know what to say. But I concluded to tell the Lord just what was in my heart. So I knelt down by his bedside and all I could say was, 'O Lord! I mean BUSINESS!'

"This may seem strange to you, but He understood me, and knew the business in hand, which was the conversion of this man's soul. And he was converted. That was enough for me.

"Well, friends, I have known what they call the pleasures of sin in this world, and they are nothing but sorrow and evil. And I know what the Lord can be and do for a poor lost one like me. I have no desire for the old ways. He keeps me, and He will keep me to the end."

"I CHANGE NOT."

ALL earthly love is as a thread of gold
Most fair, but what the touch of time
may sever;

But His a cable sure, a strength untold—
Oh, His love lasteth ever!

And this great love He will on thee be-
stow,

The fulness of His grace to thee make
known,

Earnests of glory grant thee here below,
If thou wilt be His own.

STORMED AND CARRIED BY ASSAULT.

ON knocking at an open door in a London court to give a tract, a Christian visitor was suddenly confronted, as he stood in the passage, by a furious Irishman, who, coming out of an opposite room with a shoemaker's knife in his hand, declared with violent gestures that he would strike it into him "if he didn't get out of that." Of course he obliged him by doing so, simply remarking that if he did not wish to read the tract, there was no occasion to get into a passion about it. Some two or three weeks after this little incident, the visitor went again. He had made up his mind to carry the place by assault, and so, instead of knocking at the door with an objectionable tract in his hand, he just walked gently into a room on the left hand, where the "tap, tap," on the lapstone told that the old shoemaker was at work.

Wishing the man "Good morning," he went up to the fireplace to warm his hands, and began at once to speak of the weather, the crops, the famine in Ireland (just then at its height on account of the disease among the potatoes), and kindred subjects. That the poor old Irishman was for the moment completely confounded with astonishment, and that he really did not know whether to jump up in a towering rage or to keep his seat, was evident enough to his visitor; but the increased energy the man threw into his work showed just as plainly that his temper was rising, and that one misjudged word, or even a moment's silence, would give opportunity for it to blaze forth. This opportunity, however, his visitor did not give him. He hit upon a theme which he knew would interest the old man and divert his attention from himself, and

that was "the absentee landlords" of Ireland, whom just at that period every Irishman truly believed to be the cause of all the poverty and misery of his people. It turned out that the man had once been a small landowner in Ireland himself, and had (so he said) been wrongfully deprived of his little inheritance by the "Sassenach."

From the particulars which he gave, there was evidently some truth in his tale of sorrow, and as he ran on with a true Irishman's volubility, he not only unconsciously showed in his manner of speech that he was better educated than one in his position would ordinarily be found, but he fully aroused the sympathies of his listener. The wrongs he had suffered, and was still suffering from, had made him the avowed and implacable enemy of every Sassenach, or Saxon. The poor old man was full of bitterness. He was alone in the world, old and poor, childless, cast out from the home of his fathers, a stranger in a strange land, "having no hope and without God in the world;" deprived even of the doubtful consolations of the religion he had once professed as a Catholic, for he had become an infidel. "And now look here, sir," said he, "it's of no use your coming here. I'm an infidel, and even if you could convince me that I am mistaken in that, I should only go back to the old religion. Of course you're a Protestant, and you want to make me a Protestant, but you won't, I can tell you. So it's of no use for you to come here again."

This was candid, and his visitor told him so, but added: "If you think I want to make you a *Protestant*, you are mistaken. You may call yourself just what you like, it makes no matter to me, I assure you. I shall not say a word about Romanism or Protestantism, good, bad, or indifferent. You

have been badly used; you're all alone, and I mean to come and see you as often as I can. You can work while I talk, and you need not even listen unless you like." As it was rather a novelty to the Irishman for a "Protestant" visitor to be perfectly indifferent as to whether he was Protestant or Catholic, and whether he listened or not, what could he say? He took the only course open to him and said nothing, and except that he tugged a little harder at his wax-ends, he gave no sign that he was listening even then.

At one part of the interview, the visitor observed that, while the man was dilating on the injustice he had suffered, he pulled his short pipe out of his pocket, thrust his finger into it, as if in preparation for a smoke, and finding it empty, quietly put it back again, and went on with his work. Now, to be without a morsel of tobacco was a proof that he was penniless, and as his visitor felt that he was too proud, even in his poverty, to accept a gift from a Sassenach, he surreptitiously placed a few coppers on the chimney-piece (the old man's back being towards him bending over his work), and, wishing him good day, took his departure.

That little gift, or rather the manner of it, won the old man's heart, and when the visitor called again he was perfectly at liberty to say and do what he liked. But he neither mentioned infidelity, Romanism, nor Christianity. Instead of this he took up a theme which had no direct application whatever to the old shoemaker, he talked about prophecy and the *Jews*, their past, present, and future. The old man looked upon the Irish as an oppressed people, and therefore a people who have been oppressed for ages had more interest in his eyes than might have appeared probable.

In this and subsequent visits whole chapters were read from the Scriptures, particularly the beautiful books of Isaiah and the Psalms: confessions of sin, neither to pope nor priest, but to God alone, were selected as bearing on the subject; and the old shoemaker, forgetting that he had professed infidelity—while his Romanism was nowhere—asked questions, and accepted replies from the Word with a simplicity which would have been amusing if the subject had not been so solemn.

Slowly but imperceptibly to himself, he began to take an interest in Scripture for its own sake, and his visitor, perceiving it, often read more than was connected with the subject on hand, until at last it became evident that the poor old man was under conviction. Yet even then close personal dealing was avoided, lest it should alarm his prejudices, and perhaps drive him to the priest to confess that he had been listening to a "heretic" for weeks, and allowing the Protestant Bible to be read in his hearing without protest. All, therefore, that his visitor could do was to wait on the Lord to lead him to suitable portions of the Word, let them speak for themselves, and leave the result with God.

The last visit he ever made was one winter's day, their acquaintance having only begun in the autumn. The snow lay thick on the ground, and it was bitterly cold. The old shoemaker's fire was laid, but not lighted; for, except to cook his two meals, a breakfast and a late "tea-dinner," he could not afford to have a fire. But he no sooner saw his visitor enter, than he threw down his work, set the fire blazing in a moment, and then, taking his overcoat down from a nail behind the door (which he carefully closed), he spread it over the only chair in the room, set it by the hearth,

and saying, "There! sit you there, sir," he went back to his work and his cold corner by the window.

The conversation was long and interesting that day, and the earnest attention of the old shoemaker gladdened his visitor's heart. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple," and "faith cometh by hearing (or the report), and hearing (the report) by the Word of God," and in the confidence of that, the Word was read, the Gospel of God's grace was fully set before the aged listener, and although the question, "Have you received it?" was not asked, the visitor could see and feel that the old man drank in the truth with the simplicity of a child. It was the last opportunity. On calling again, not long afterwards, the room was empty and the old shoemaker gone. A hard winter, little work, and the infirmities of age had compelled him to take refuge in the poor-house, where, before many days had passed, his toils and his wrongs were ended for ever in the grave.

The full result is known to God alone; but an upward glance to Him, a sigh begotten of the Word of God and breathed to Christ-ward; yea, *one look is life* (Num. xxi. 8, 9; John iii. 14, 15). For what heart ever yet went unto Him in vain, or unless it was divinely led? And He never begins a good work but He completes it, and never has, nor never will, disappoint or disregard the most feeble motions of faith.

That "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," that He died for them and rose again, and is now at God's right hand "able to save to the uttermost," the lonely old man had heard again and again from God's own Word, and the rest can be confidently left with Him, "who spared not His own Son,

but delivered Him up for us all."

Have you, my reader, taken your place among the "all" for whom Christ died? Has such love constrained *you* to believe in Him as your own—your divine, your gracious Saviour and Lord? It was His love that constrained the visitor to go where his life had been threatened, and it was by that same love that the poor old Irishman's home and heart, too, were STORMED AND CARRIED BY ASSAULT. J. L. K.

A POOR RICH MAN.

AN aged man was found sitting before the embers of a fire in an almshouse. He was very deaf, and every limb shook with palsy. Other afflictions as well as deep poverty pressed heavily upon him. "What are you doing?" asked a friend who had called upon him. "Waiting, sir." "And for what?" said the visitor. "For the coming of my Lord." "What makes you wait for His coming?" "Because, sir, I expect great things then: He has promised that when He shall appear, He will give a crown of righteousness to all that love Him." "On what foundation do you rest in such a glorious hope?" inquired the friend. The old man slowly put on his glasses, and opening his well-worn Bible, pointed to the words, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 1, 2). Happy old man! poor in this world's riches, but rich in faith.

THE Christian who has put aside his Christianity because he is in worldly company, is like a man who has put off his shoes because he is walking among thorns.

NOT MEETINGS, NOR FEELINGS, BUT CHRIST.

THE other day as I was visiting with a devoted Bible-woman, in the town of C—, among some anxious souls, we called in upon an old woman who seemed to be in a very unsettled state of mind as to the future; but, from my conversation with her, I gathered that she had a longing desire for settled peace.

I took a seat by the fire, and something like the following conversation took place, which I trust and pray may prove a help and blessing to many others, for I fear numbers are in the same state.

After silently praying for needed wisdom, I asked her if she was happy. "Nay, I can't say that I am," she replied.

"Then I suppose you do not believe in Jesus?"

"Oh yes, I do," she answered, looking rather surprised that I should doubt such a thing; "but one often has doubts and fears, and I am not quite sure that it is all right with me."

"I am rather afraid, my friend, that you do not really believe in what Jesus has done for you as a sinner; if you do, you are saved; and if you are not saved, you do not believe. Jesus Himself said, 'He that believeth *hath* everlasting life'—that means, he is saved. Now which is it, saved or unsaved?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," she sadly replied. "You see when I was able to get out to the means of grace and attend the meetings, I felt much happier; now, being confined to my house, makes a great difference to me—you see I have not the same chance."

"Ah! now I see from whence came your joy. Not from Christ, but from what you call 'means of grace,' and attending meetings; now you are cut off from these, your Saviour is gone, and hence you have doubts and fears, and

consequently do not feel happy. I certainly cannot wonder at it, for how could any one feel happy upon such a sandy foundation? Your happiness, to a very great extent, has depended upon meetings, and what you call 'means of grace,' and not upon what God has said about Jesus. Is it not a mercy that salvation does not depend upon our feelings, nor going to this place or that place? Nothing of this kind has saved me.

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

"Would you not be very happy if you were certain that God had pardoned all your sins, and had now nothing against you? this would give settled peace, would it not?"

"Yes, indeed, it ought to," she replied.

"Listen, then, to God's unfailing word." Turning to John iii. 18, I read, "He that believeth on Him (on Jesus) is not condemned." Do not forget that it is *believing*, not feeling. When Jesus hung on the cross He there took the place of the sinner (your place, if you believe). He was condemned in your stead; the punishment fell upon Him instead of you; you justly deserved it; but mark, He took your place and answered every question instead of you. Is that not enough? The word plainly reads, that if you believe you '*are justified from all things*' (Acts xiii. 37). Then, again, Jesus said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath everlasting life*, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life' (John v. 24)."

I asked her if this was not plain enough.

"Yes, it is very plain," she

said; "but one wants to be quite sure."

"Cannot you give God credit for speaking the truth if His word simply tells you that through believing in Jesus' finished work you are saved? Does He wish to deceive or mock you? If, when I get home, I were to write you a letter, saying, I write this that you may know that I am now at home, would you have any doubt about my being at home?"

"Not any," she said.

"Why?"

"Because I should believe what you had written in your letter."

"Quite so. Now, if you could place confidence in a letter from me, surely you ought to believe what God tells you in His letter to you. The Bible is like a letter from God. Now listen to what God writes." Turning to 1 John v. 13, I read slowly—

"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." "You see," I continued, "God writes that ye may know."

This appeared enough for the old woman; light seemed to break in upon her soul. After a little thanksgiving and prayer, with moistened eye she said, as I wished her good-bye, "*I don't think I shall ever doubt again.*"

Reader, how is it with you? Is the above case a picture of your own state of soul? Does your happiness depend upon meetings, or spring from the attendance of what some people call "means of grace"? Alas! friend, all such things will fail you. Nothing but the finished work of Christ can save you from endless woe. All things apart from "*Jesus only*," are a refuge of lies and delusions of Satan. I have no doubt the devil will let you have a little of Christ, as a make-up weight with some of your own doings, but this will never do, Jesus will

either save altogether or not at all. It must be Christ to begin with, and Christ while time lasts, and it will be Christ throughout the countless ages of eternity.

Sinner, do not wait another day; no, not even another hour. Yea, this very moment, while you read these words, take Jesus as *your* Saviour; another moment, and it may be for ever too late! Your awful portion would then be the dreadful realities of an endless hell! Now, take your stand as guilty, undone, and helpless, a condemned *sinner*, hopeless and lost, and simply believe that when Jesus died He died for your sins, and was raised again for your justification. Your troubled soul shall then have peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. iv. 25, v. 1; John x. 27-29). Your triumphant song with every redeemed sinner shall then be, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father—to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

TAKING V. ASKING.

I ASKED a respectable farmer one day whether he had salvation in Christ? "No, indeed, sir, I have not, but my wife and I are both very anxious for it. There's not a day of our lives but we read a chapter in the Bible at night, and we ask God to give it to us."

"You ask God to give it to you?"

"Yes, sir, indeed we do."

"You are quite wrong," I added. "Your business is to take it. God is asking you to be reconciled. He is beseeching you to be reconciled. What business have you asking God for salvation, or to be reconciled to you, when He says here,

pointing to 2 Cor. v. 19, 20, 'that He was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself'? I want you to take Him at His word, rest on the finished work of Christ for sin, and be reconciled."

"And do you mean to say, sir, I have not even to ask for it?"

"No, of course not; for the work is finished, and God wants you to believe that Jesus' blood is an atonement for your sin."

"Well, sir, I never thought of that before, that it was so free I hadn't even to ask for it. I'll rest on His word. I do believe in Jesus that His death is sufficient for all my sins."

"And Jesus tells you that 'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.'"

"I see it all now, sir. I never saw it before."

Some months after I met him a happy believer, by taking the gift of God—eternal life—instead of going on asking for it. He said his wife had accepted it too, and now they didn't ask God for salvation, but they thanked Him for it.

Reader, are you asking God for salvation? If so you are wrong; your business is to take God at His word. When He tells you He has given Jesus to be a propitiation for sins, you cannot be wrong in resting on God's own Word, and if you believe Him, you may go in peace.

TO-DAY!

TO-DAY God is telling a wonderful story, The sweetest and gladdest that ever was told;

The fullest disclosures of grace and of glory, Kept hidden from all of His prophets of old.

It tells of a life, to be heartily given To all who will take it, for nothing at all— A life that is linked with His Son now in heaven,

From which it's impossible any should fall.

It brings the assurance of present salvation, Eternal as God's own immutable throne;— Deliv'rance for ever from all condemnation, A standing in Christ, and the place of a son.

It offers a share in the fortunes awaiting Him now on the throne of His Father set down!

That they who receive Him, get all that's relating To Him, the New Man, from the cross to the crown.

It relates that, for such as believe, He's preparing A place that is suited to rank such as this; That He will come for them, so much is He caring That they shall be worthily brought into bliss.

Nay, more, there's a deeper and still richer meaning In all this great volume of love that we greet;

There's One that He sends, for the time intervening, To teach, and dwell in them, till Him they shall meet—

The Spirit, the Comforter, fitted for teaching His things, in the present, the past, and to come; Thus filling their hearts with Himself, until reaching His presence, they'll know the full wealth of His home.

This then is the day when, with love far-exceeding, With all that He has, God would hasten to endow: The acceptable time—e'en the time of His pleading.

The day of salvation—God's wonderful now!

COMMON TEMPTATION.

If the account in Genesis of man's first temptation corresponds to, and is of one texture and colour with, man's daily and hourly temptations, as they are acted over and over again, in the cities and towns, the palaces and cottages, the streets and lanes, the shops and lodging-houses, the chambers and hearts of this nineteenth century, inso-much that the words "Thou art the man" ring in our ears as we read and bring back upon us wicked deeds of school and college, wicked thoughts which beset us still, in work and sleep, in prayer and communion, when we not only know better, but have actually set our faces and our steps Zionwards; if all this be so, does it not turn for a testimony to the truth of this history, upon which sceptics and infidels are never weary of casting their taunts and their scoffs and their blasphemies?

"Jesus saith unto her, Touch Me not." She would have kept Him here, but He says, That would be good enough for *you*, but it would not be good enough for *Me*; you are not going to have Me *here*, but I am going to have you *there*, less would not be enough for Me to give.

HOW LONG IS ETERNAL LIFE?

AFTER giving an address on John iii. 15, I went among the congregation to endeavour to help those desiring it. To one I said, "Have *you* eternal life?" He replied, "I had it twice."

In astonishment, I asked if he did not still possess it.

He said, "No," and past disappointment seemed to have made him hopeless regarding it.

I told him that eternal life was eternal, and therefore what he had had could not be that, else he would still possess it. This seemed a new thought to him, and when I said, What you want now is *eternal* life, is it not? he replied, Yes, in a manner that evidenced some desire for it. I have not seen him since.

How blessed it is to be simple, and to take God's Word to mean what it says. It says, "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have *eternal* life." and it means *eternal* life. When we turn to 1 John i. 2, and find that this eternal life is Christ the Son of God Himself, we surely cannot question that it is never-ending as He Himself is: a new life that sin and death cannot touch, obtained not by works, not earned as wages, but a free gift to "whosoever believeth in Him."

"THE PARSON IS CONVERTED."

By REV. W. HASLAM.

I WAS brought at a critical period of my life to a *real* faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ in a way I knew not, and little expected. I had promised a visit to Mr. Aitken, of Pendeen. Soon after my arrival, as we were seated comfortably by the fire, he asked me (as he very commonly did) how the parish prospered. He said, "I often take shame to myself when I think of all your work. But, my brother, are you satisfied?"

I said, "No, I am not satisfied."

"Why not?"

"Because I am making a rope of sand, which looks very well till I pull, and then, when I expect it to hold, it gives way."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," I replied, "these Cornish people are ingrained schismatics."

I then told him of my gardener's conversion, and my great disappointment.

"Well," he said, "if I were taken ill, I certainly would not send for you. I am sure you could not do me any good, for you are not converted yourself."

"Not converted!" I exclaimed. "How can you tell?"

He said quietly, "I am sure of it, or you would not have come here to complain of your gardener. If you had been converted, you would have remained at home to rejoice with him. It is very clear you are not converted!"

In the course of our conversation, he said, "You do not seem to know the difference between the natural conscience and the work of the Spirit." Here he had me, for I only knew of one thing, and he referred to two. However, we battled on until nearly two o'clock in the morning, and then he showed me to my bedroom. Pointing to the bed, he said (in a voice full of meaning), "Ah! a very holy man of God died there a short time since." This did not add to my comfort or induce sleep, for I was already much disturbed by the conversation we had had, and did not enjoy the idea of going to bed and sleeping where one had so lately died—even though he was a holy man. Resolving to sit up, I looked round the room, and seeing some books on the table, took up one, which happened to be Hare's "Mission of the Comforter." Almost the first page I glanced at told of the difference between the natural conscience and the work of the

Spirit. This I read and re-read till I understood its meaning.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was finished, I resumed the conversation of the previous night with the additional light I had gained on the subject. We had not talked long before Mr. Aitken said, "Ah, my brother, you have changed your ground since last night!"

I at once confessed that I had been reading Hare's book, which he did not know was in my room, nor even in the house. He was curious to see it.

He then challenged me on another point, and said, "Have you peace with God?" I answered, without hesitation, "Yes;" for, for eight years or more I had regarded God as my Friend. Mr. Aitken went on to ask me, "How did you get peace?" "Oh," I said, "I have it continually. I get it at the daily service, I get it through prayer and reading, and especially at the Holy Communion. I have made it a rule to carry my sins there every Sunday, and have often come away from that holy sacrament feeling as happy and free as a bird." My friend looked surprised, but did not dispute this part of my experience. He contented himself by asking me quietly, "And how long does your peace last?" The question made me think. I said, "I suppose not a week, for I have to do the same thing every Sunday." He replied, "*I thought so.*"

Opening the Bible, he found the fourth chapter of St. John, and read, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." "The woman of Samaria drew water for herself at Jacob's well, and quenched her thirst; but she had to come again and again to the same well. She had no idea of getting water except by drawing, any more than you have of getting peace excepting through the means you use. The Lord said to her, 'If thou

knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water, which should be 'a well of water springing up into everlasting life'" (John iv. 10-14). My friend pointed out the difference between getting water by drawing from a well, and having a living well within you springing up.

I said, "I never heard of such a thing."

"I suppose not," he answered.

"Have you this living water?" I continued.

"Yes, thank God, I have had it for the last thirty years."

"How did you get it?"

"Look here," he said, pointing to the tenth verse, "Thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water?"

"Shall we ask of Him?" I said.

He answered, "With all my heart," and immediately, pushing back his chair, knelt down at his round table, and I knelt on the opposite side. What he prayed for I do not know. I was completely overcome, and melted to tears. I sat down on the ground sobbing, while he shouted aloud, praising God.

As soon as I could get up, I made for the door, and taking my hat, coat, and umbrella, said that "I was really afraid to stay any longer." With this I took my departure, leaving my carpet bag behind. It was seven miles to Penzance, but in my excitement I walked and ran all the way, and arrived there before the coach, which was to have called for me, but brought my carpet bag instead. In the meantime, while I was waiting for it, I saw a pamphlet by Mr. Aitken in a shop-window, which I bought, and got into the train to return to Baldhu. My mind was in such a distracted state that I sought relief in reading. I had not long been doing so,

when I came to a paragraph in italics: "*Then shall He say unto them, Depart from Me; I never knew you.*" The question arrested me, What if He says that to you?

Ah, that is not likely.

But, what if He does?

It cannot be. I have given up the world; I love God; I visit the sick; I have daily service and weekly communion.

But, what if He does?—what if He does?

I could not bear the thought; it seemed to overwhelm me.

As I read the pamphlet, I saw that the words were spoken to persons who were taken by surprise. So should I be. They were able to say, "We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets: in Thy name we have cast out devils and done many wonderful works." Yet with all this, He replied, "Depart from Me, I never knew you." I did not see how I could escape, if such men as these were to be rejected.

Conviction was laying hold upon me, and the circle was becoming narrower. The thought pressed heavily upon me, "What a dreadful thing, if I am wrong!" Added to this, I trembled to think of those I had misled. "Can it be true? Is it so? I remembered some I had watched over most zealously, lest the Dissenters should come and pray with them. I had sent them out of the world resting upon a false hope, administering the sacrament to them for want of knowing any other way of bringing them into God's favour. I used to grieve over any parishioner who died without the last sacrament, and often wondered how it would fare with Dissenters.

My mind was in a revolution. I do not remember how I got home. I felt as if I were out on the dark, boundless ocean, without light, or oar, or rudder. I

endured the greatest agony of mind for the souls I had misled, though I had done it ignorantly. "They are gone, and lost for ever!" I justly deserved to go also. My distress seemed greater than I could bear. A tremendous storm of wind, rain, and thunder, which was raging at the time, was quite in sympathy with my feelings. I could not rest. Looking at the graves of some of my faithful Churchmen, I wondered, "Is it really true that they are now cursing me for having misled them?"

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed by, each day and night more dark and despairing than the preceding one. On the Sunday I was so ill that I was quite unfit to take the service. Mr. Aitken had said to me, "If I were you, I would shut the church, and say to the congregation, 'I will not preach again till I am converted. Pray for me!'" Shall I do this?

The sun was shining brightly, and before I could make up my mind to put off the service, the bells struck out a merry peal, and sent their summons far away over the hills. Now the thought came to me that I would go to church and read the morning prayers, and after that dismiss the people. There was no preparation for the Holy Communion that day, and I had deputed the clerk to select the hymns, for I was far too ill to attend to anything myself. The psalms and hymns were especially applicable to my case, and seemed to help me, so that I thought I would go on and read the ante-communion service, and then dismiss the people. And while I was reading the Gospel, I thought, Well, I will just say a few words in explanation of this, and then I will dismiss them. So I went up into the pulpit and gave out my text. I took it from the Gospel of the day—"What think ye of Christ?" (Matt. xxii. 42.)

As I went on to explain the passage, I saw that the Pharisees and scribes did not know that Christ was the Son of God, or that He was come to save them. They were looking for a king, the son of David, to reign over them as they were. Something was telling me, all the time, "You are no better than the Pharisees yourself—you do not believe that He is the Son of God, and that He is come to save you, any more than they did." I do not remember all I said, but I felt a wonderful light and joy coming into my soul; and I was beginning to see what the Pharisees did not. Whether it was something in my words, or my manner, or my look, I know not; but all of a sudden a local preacher who happened to be in the congregation, stood up, and putting up his arms, shouted out in Cornish manner, "The parson is converted! The parson is converted! Hallelujah!" and in another moment his voice was lost in the shouts and praises of three or four hundred of the congregation. Instead of rebuking this extraordinary "brawling," as I should have done in a former time, I joined in the outburst of praise; and to make it more orderly, I gave out the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the people sang it with heart and voice, over and over again. My Churchmen were dismayed, and many of them fled precipitately from the place. Still the voice of praise went on, and was swelled by numbers of passers-by, who came into the church, greatly surprised to hear and see what was going on.

When this subsided, I found at least twenty people crying for mercy, whose voices had not been heard in the excitement and noise of thanksgiving. They all professed to find peace and joy in believing. Amongst this number there were three from

my own house; and we returned home praising God.

The news spread in all directions that "the parson was converted," and that by his own sermon, in his own pulpit! The church would not hold the crowds who came in the evening. I cannot exactly remember what I preached about on that occasion; but one thing I said was, "that if I had died last week I should have been lost for ever." I felt it was true. So clear and vivid was the conviction through which I had passed, and so distinct was the light into which the Lord had brought me, that I knew and was sure that He had "brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a Rock, and put a new song into my mouth" (Ps. xl.). He had "quickened me," who was before "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1).

THE CHARACTER OF THIS DISPENSATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN Old Testament times God had a nation gathered out from the nations of the earth who were to testify to the unity of His Godhead and the name of Him who is the self-existing I AM. In New Testament times He is gathering out from all nations a people who are the witnesses that He is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, acting in grace equally to Jew and Gentile. In all ages when God deals with sinners with regard to the questions that are necessary between Him and them the conditions are always the same; but in His sovereignty the purposes of His ways may display various peculiarities. Regeneration, faith, the atonement, sanctification by the Spirit, must always be the same as pre-requisites for any sinners approaching a holy God.

While thus each individual has to settle the matter with God as to his individual relation on the moral grounds which are eternally the same, we purpose inquiring what our conjoint testimony and attitude ought to be at this time when God has no nation, and when there is not one gathering of men on earth that rightly claims to be the one and only Church of God; that which claims it being the apostasy, or Babylon.

Our Lord when on earth told us the conditions on which a company of people on earth could claim His guidance in these memorable words, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst." Every word here has to be studied.

1. "Where;" Christ tells us that neither in the Samaritans' mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, as excluding other places, was the Father to be worshipped. Worship now is not in external ritual even of God's ordering, but is in spirit and reality. The consecrated Old Testament temple is in ruins; what a mockery then is man's thoughts in the present dispensation about holy places.

The presence of a king makes a palace, and the Church of God can be constituted anywhere; in attic or cellar, in dungeon or desert island, in an upper room or a building specially set apart for this purpose.

2. "Two or three;" no individual Christian can thus intelligently understand the idea of the Church of God until he is in association with at least one other believer. At the other extreme it does not require a clergyman and layman, a priest and a people, a minister and a flock, but "two or three;" on the same priestly ground every believer being a priest.

3. "Are gathered;" we do not gather as a club or as a

voluntary association, to make our own laws and do as we please, but are gathered by the power of the Holy Ghost, and therefore bound to endeavour to find out His mind and go by it alone.

4. "In My name;" this is the centre and rallying point. If gathered to the name of any man, however great or good, or to a system of man's inventing, this condition is not fulfilled. The name that is above every name in heaven or earth is the only name that should be recognised among Christians as their bond of union. The very idea of the Church of God is a gathering from and a gathering to. We gather *from* the world and we gather *to* Christ. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," is a clear call to separation from the unconverted. But those who have come out may not continue faithful, but may lapse as the apostasy has done, as seen in our day in that anti-Christian system which claims to be the Church of God—the Popish Church; hence the word is given, "Come out of her, My people." Again, at the other extreme are found rationalistic teachers denying the fundamentals of Christianity, such as Hymaneus and Philetus, and we are further instructed that a man is to purge himself from these. Let him that nameth this name depart from all iniquity. It also gathers, for He came to gather together the children of God scattered abroad.

5. "There I am in the midst;" this is not a promise that He will visit us if we ask Him, but it is the continued presence of the self-existing Jehovah, unchanging and everlasting, the "I AM" whose existence is an eternal "now," and who has been and always will be in such congregated companies of believers, which

worshippers the Father is seeking. In the olden time you would have had to go up to Jerusalem, and on the great day of atonement alone, could have been introduced to the "glory," the "shekinah," only in the person of a middle man, the high-priest. Now, instead of the assembly gathering to the "glory," the "glory" is found in the congregation where the "I AM" is. It may be on a lonely hill-top or in a crowded city, on Greenland's ice-bound shore, or China's million-peopled plains, but there the sainted of the Lord may claim the presence of the "I AM." Build the most expensive mansion which money can rear, and after all it is only a costly building; let the Queen take up her abode in a hut, and the hut then becomes a palace. A cathedral without Christ, what is it? mere stone and lime. Christ in a cellar with His own constitutes the Church.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE children of Israel were found in this position—

EGYPT *behind* them, with the RED SEA *between*.

THE WILDERNESS all *round* them.

THEY THEMSELVES *looking up* for the supply of all their need.

This is a true picture of our proper position.

THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." "Wounded in the house of my friends" (Zech. xiii. 1, 6).

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee!

Wounded, the dear, dear hand that holds me fast!

Oh! to recall the word! That cannot be!

Oh, to unthink the thought that out of reach hath passed!

Sorrow and bitter grief replace my bliss;

I could not wish that any joy should be;

There is no room for any thought but this,
That I have sinned—have sinned—have wounded Thee!

How *could* I grieve Thee so! Thou couldst have kept;

My fall was not the failure of Thy Word,

Thy promise hath no flaw, no dire, "except"

To neutralise the grace so royally conferred.

Oh, the exceeding sinfulness of sin! Tenfold exceeding in the love-lit light

Of Thy sufficient grace, without, within,

Enough for every need, in never-conquered might.

With all the shame, with all the keen distress,

Quick, "waiting not," I flee to Thee again;

Close to the wound, beloved Lord, I press,

That Thine own precious blood may overflow the stain.

O *precious* blood! Lord, let it rest on me!

I ask not only pardon from my King,

But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee,

Just as I came at first, a sinful, helpless thing.

Oh, cleanse me now! my Lord, I cannot stay.

For evening shadows and a silent hour:

Now I have sinned, and *now*, with no delay,

I claim Thy promise, and its total power.

O Saviour, bid me "go and sin no more,"

And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow

Of Thy perpetual fountain; I implore,

That Thy perpetual cleansing I may daily know.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

NOTHING is more calculated to assure and establish the doubting, trembling heart, than the knowledge that God has taken us up just as we are, and that He can never make any fresh discovery to cause an alteration in the character and measure of His love.

BELIEVING IN CHRIST HIMSELF.

THE means of giving the new life is said to be the Word of God applied by the Holy Ghost; and that, when figures are used, water is what is chosen. But the sum and substance of the entire teaching is, that the testimony of God is the divine means of communicating life to the soul when applied by the Holy Ghost—that is, by faith. And if we want still further to know what specially in the truth of God is used to quicken those who are dead in sins, it is always, more or less, the revelation of Christ. My believing that the creature was made by God will not quicken my soul. I might believe any facts in the Old Testament, and be assured of all the miracles, discourses, and ways of Jesus in the New, and yet my soul might still be unquicken. But believing in Christ Himself is a very different thing from not doubting things about Him. It supposes that I have, more or less, come to an end of myself; that I have bowed to the humiliating sentence of Scripture upon my nature, and that I own myself to be lost in the sight of God. . . . So that, when a man receives Christ, he has still his old nature, not only body, soul, and spirit, but even “the flesh”—for this, too, he has still, and it may be, alas! the occasion of many a slip and sorrow, if he be unwatchful. Besides these, there is for the believer a new nature that he had not before.

We must take care that we put things in their proper places. It is the word brought home by the Holy Ghost that produces faith, and this not by mending the first, but by revealing the last, Adam. God has come down from heaven to accomplish this great purpose—to give me this new life—to deliver me from sin and self: and how is

it done? It is the Holy Ghost who effects it by the word of God, which makes Christ known to the soul.

THE DEPARTED NIGH.

DEPARTED, say we? is it
Departed, or Come Nigh?
Dear friends in Christ more visit
Than leave us when they die.
What thin veil still may hide them;
Some little sickness rends,
And lo! we stand beside them;
Are they departed friends?

The many tides of ocean
Are one vast tidal wave,
That sweeps, in landward motion,
Alike to coast and cave;
And Life, from Christ outflowing,
Is one wave evermore,
To earth's dark caverns going,
Or Heaven's bright pearly shore.

Hail, perfected immortals!
Even now we bid you hail!
We, at the blood-stained portals,
And *ye* within the veil!
The thin cloud-veil between us
Is mere dissolving breath,
Our heavens surround and screen us;
And where art thou, O Death?
DR. W. B. ROBERTSON
of Irvine.

TRUST THOUGH YOU CANNOT TRACE.

I RECOLLECT going once with my father a trout fishing. I went with him many times, but I have a special recollection of this time. After riding a mile or two, we came into a road that was unfamiliar to me. There we stopped, and father hitched his horse—that was always safe to be hitched! He then gathered up his rod and line, and we started across the field. My little soul was not big enough to hold the pleasure that I had in going with father to fish, and I ran and capered on behind him, and behaved myself quite like a little dog.

Father went on throwing his line, without paying much attention to me. He was a natural-born fisherman, and he never threw his line in vain. When we had got across the first mea-

dow, and were climbing over the fence into the second one, a strange fear came over me. We were in an out-of-the-way place, and I did not know the way home; and the thought of being lost frightened me. But I looked back and could see the carriage-top, and that dispelled my fears. So long as I could see the old chaise-top, I had no trouble in trusting my father! And there are many people who can trust God so long as they can see their way!

But by and by we got so far that I could not see the chaise-top; and then my fear returned, and I said, “Pa, do you know the way home?” “Yes,” he said, and did not pay much attention to me. That made me feel a little better, and I got along very well till we came to the third fence, when my fears were stronger than before, and I came up to father again, and said, “Pa, do you know the way home?” “Yes,” said he; but it scarcely crossed his mind what the meaning of it was. I was comforted once more, and I went on pitapat, pitapat again, my heart going pitapat all the time too, until we came to still another fence, where there was a kind of thicket, when I could not stand it any longer, and, with tears on my face, I cried out, “PA, DO YOU KNOW THE WAY HOME?” He turned round and put his arms about me, and said, “Why, Henry! I am ashamed of you. Yes, I know the way home. Do you suppose I would take you where I did not know the way?” And he patted me on the head, and parted the hair on my forehead; and I was perfectly content after that.

PRESENT GLORIES.

WE do not wait for the kingdom to see glories. Is it no glory for you to have a purged conscience? Is it no glory to be fully entitled to be in the pre-

MANY, O LORD MY GOD, ARE THY WONDERFUL
WORKS THOU HAST DONE, AND THY THOUGHTS.

PSALM xl. 5.

YET THE LORD THINKETH UPON ME.

PSALM xl. 17.

sence of God without a blush? No glory to call God Father? to have Christ as your Fore-runner in heavenly places? to enter into the holiest without a quiver of conscience? No glory to be introduced into the secrets of God? If we can lift up our heart and cry, "Abba, Father;" if we can lift up our heart and say, "Who shall condemn? or who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" If we can believe that we are bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh; that we are part of Christ's fulness, will any one say there is no glory in all that?

REVELATIONS OF NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first
parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard
thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely
frame,
This glorious canopy of light and
blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent
dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great
setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven
came,
And lo! Creation widened in
man's view.
Who could have thought such dark-
ness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or
who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insects stood
revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou
mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with
anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, where-
fore not Life?

"GRACE AND TRUTH" FOR THE BLIND.

It gives us very much pleasure indeed to acquaint our readers that "Grace and Truth" has been embossed and stereotyped for the blind by Dr. Moon, Brighton. Seeing that the blind have to depend entirely on the *feeling* of the points of their fingers in order to read the printed page, it can occasion no surprise to learn that "Grace and Truth" appears in five volumes, each 13½ inches long, 11 inches deep, and 2 inches thick, and at the very reasonable sale price of 3s. 8d. per volume, or 18s. 4d. for the complete work. This could not have been accomplished without the considerate help of several of our readers and others interested in the blind, who have sent help to get it stereotyped. We heartily ask prayer for the blind, and for the Gospel thus proclaimed to them. Blind asylums and others please send for complete copies, 18s. 4d., to Dr. Moon, 104 Queen's Road, Brighton.

In connection with the above we have much pleasure in quoting what our excellent and evangelical friend, now Bishop of Liverpool, says of "Grace and Truth," as also that honoured evangelist, W. H. M. H. Aitken.

"DEAR DR. MACKAY, — I cannot help telling you how very much I like your 'Grace and Truth;' the first chapter especially is worth its weight in gold.

"I do not hesitate to say that I have

seen no book so likely to do good as your 'Grace and Truth' for many a long day. May God bless it! — Yours sincerely in Christ, J. C. RYLE."

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — I have read your book, 'Grace and Truth,' with much interest, and can understand all the better now why it is that it has been under God, as I know it has, the means of so much blessing to many. I don't think I know any other book that I would more readily recommend to an awakened soul. — Yours very faithfully, W. HAY M. H. AITKEN."

YES, sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,

With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light

We never saw by day.

DID you ever hear it remarked that not a single religion on earth takes *grace* as its secret, but the Divine religion? It is keeping God quiet if you can, with them all. God's religion is the only religion ever thought of that takes grace for its basis: He knew that nothing but grace could avail.

THE friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep these tears alone.

BACK NOS. AND VOLUMES.

WE call the attention of Tract distributors and others to the fact, that we have several back Nos. of different years, which we are prepared to send at 4s. per hundred—less than half price.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

AUGUST 1880.

[No. 158.]

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"WAITING GOD'S TIME."

SEVERAL years ago a young man was awakened to see himself as a lost sinner, on the broad road which leadeth to everlasting destruction. He had been brought up religiously, but was deplorably ignorant of the glorious Gospel which sets the sinner free. The terrible danger to which he was exposed was revealed to him by the Holy Ghost, and there escaped from his lips the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" "He went to a friend of his who was a professing Christian, and, unburdening his mind, eagerly and earnestly besought him to tell how salvation was to be obtained. His spiritual adviser declared that all his efforts were worthless and unavailing; that salvation was not

to be had by works; and that if he patiently *waited*, in "God's own time" he would get what he was in quest of. "But *how long* am I to wait?" asked the seeking soul. "I cannot answer that question," was the reply. Months and months passed on, and his fears were not dispelled nor his doubts removed. He followed out the instruction he received, and "waited" and "waited" "God's time." His agony of soul increased and grew more intense.

At last he resolved to call on another friend, and seek his advice on the matter. This person told him that the previous instruction was unscriptural, and that, instead of "waiting," he ought to *pray* earnestly to God for pardon, and he would obtain it. "*How long* am I to pray?" asked the anxious inquirer. "You must just continue praying, and in due time you will receive it," was the reply. He prayed earnestly, and *besought* God to give him salvation. For years he continued "striving" and "agonising in prayer" to God, entreating Him to be reconciled. He "knocked and knocked" at the door of God's heart, imploring Him to "have mercy" on his soul, and give him the blessing which he so much desired.

At the end of about three years he began to think that his friends had given him wrong advice, and resolved to seek

counsel from an earnest Christian whom he had come in contact with, and see how he had received the forgiveness of his sins. Having told what his friends had said, and how he had been "waiting" and "praying," this Christian pointed him to God's simple plan of salvation. He showed that all the time God had been *waiting*, and had been beseeching *him* to be reconciled (2 Cor. v. 19); that Jesus had been "knocking" at the door of his heart, eagerly anxious to obtain admittance.

When he perceived that Jesus had borne the punishment due to his sins, and satisfied the demands of law and justice in his room and stead, and that through Him salvation was proclaimed to all, he took "God at His word," and rejoiced in the liberty which the *truth* alone can give.

Reader! would you like to know what *you* have "to do" to be saved? Is your conscience uneasy? Do you tremble as you think of the time when you must stand in the presence of God? You have "to do" with Him (Heb. iv. 13). "Prepare to meet thy God," for meet Him you *must*. There are many persons you *may*, or may not "meet," but you *must* give an account to Him of the "deeds done in the body." "Who shall be able to stand?" Would you, my friend, be afraid to stand in His presence now? "Oh yes," says one,

"I would be afraid to meet God." Would you not like then, my fellow-sinner, to be able to appear before Him without fear? "Oh yes," you reply, "I would very much like that." Then there is, I am glad to say, pardon for you. "But how is it to be obtained?" I hear you ask. *Not by waiting.* Thousands and tens of thousands of souls are lulled in the sleep of security by this pious delusion of the devil. Soft and sweet the music may be to many souls. "Wait," "wait," but it is the devil's march to perdition. Reader! are you "waiting" on God to save you? Who asked you to "wait"? No-where in Scripture is any unsaved man urged to "wait" on God for salvation. It is quite true He has said, "They that *wait upon the Lord* shall renew their strength; but it is a very different thing "waiting upon the Lord," from waiting away from Him. Besides, the unsaved man cannot have his *strength* "renewed," for he is "without strength" (Rom. v. 6). Reader! God is "waiting to be gracious" to you. He has been waiting long upon you, pressing on your acceptance a full, present, and free pardon. He has been saying to you, "*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). You do not need to wait a moment longer; "*Now* is the accepted time." As you read these lines you may be saved; Jesus now knocks at the door of your heart, and wishes to gain admittance.

"Behold a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is 'waiting' still,
You use no other friend so ill."

"How then am I to be saved?" I hear you ask. *Not by prayer.* Many are earnestly endeavouring to obtain salvation by prayer,

but it is not God's way of saving. You may, my unsaved friend, have been under the delusion that if you "prayed earnestly" to God for forgiveness you would obtain it; but such is not the case. You may pray from the present moment until the day of your death, but you will never be saved through your prayers. Suppose that all the prisoners in the various jails in the land were to petition the Queen to liberate them, would it be at all likely that she would do so *on the ground of their prayers*? Assuredly not; for if she did, there would be nothing but anarchy and confusion everywhere. If, then, an earthly sovereign would not forgive criminals on the ground of their prayers, can you suppose that the holy and just Governor of the universe would grant pardon to rebels on the same ground? *God nowhere in Scripture promises to unconverted men that He will blot out their sins in answer to prayer.*

Reader, there is only one way of receiving pardon, and that is through simple faith in the glorious gospel of the blessed God. You and I deserved to die. Our sins merited eternal death. But Jehovah said, "Deliver from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24). What is that "ransom"? Is it a sufficient price for our sins? Will the law be honoured? Will justice be satisfied? "Jesus gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 6). O unsaved reader, think of the price! "Himself a ransom for all." *Is that enough?* You don't need to "add" to it. "The Lord is well pleased" *on account of what Jesus Christ has done.* No man is saved on account of anything *he* does; it is simply and entirely on account of what Jesus has done that any sinner is saved. You have no works to perform in order to obtain salvation. Jesus has "finished" the work of atone-

ment, and He has declared: "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the *ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness*" (Rom. iv. 5).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

Do not, my friend, hesitate any longer, but "take God at His word," and rest your soul on the finished work of His Son. Stop "waiting" on God for salvation. Take His wondrous love-gift which He presses on you for your acceptance. Stop "praying" for salvation. He is even now "praying," "beseeching" you to take it as a "gift." "The wages of sin is death, but *the gift of God is eternal life*" (Rom. vi. 23). Stretch out the hand of faith—

"And take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives,
And know with assurance thou never
canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives."

"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).
A. M.

A BETTER COUNTRY.

THOUGH the world around us glory,
Lost in pleasure and in sin;
We have found a better country,
Where our Lord has entered in.

God in love has given Jesus,
His beloved One, to die;
That to glory He might bring us,
Where the many mansions lie.

Lost one! Jesus now in heaven,
Speaks in words of love to thee;
Bids the weary, heavy laden,
"Come and find your rest in Me."

Hark! the Shepherd now is calling,
Seeking lost ones, as of old,
On His shoulders homeward bringing,
With a joy and love untold.

Why then wander from Him longer?
You will never find such love,
Though you search the wide world
over,
As is found in God above.

MAN'S RUIN AND GOD'S REMEDY.

MAN is lost. The fact that God is offering him salvation is a proof of it. It is not that man has only gone out of the way. All will admit this, but that he has gone so far out of the way that he is lost, and he is so completely lost that he cannot find his way back to God again. It required One to come from God to *seek* and to *save* the lost. Man may sigh and weep, and struggle to get his sins forgiven and to get to God, but it is the sighing, the weeping, and the struggling of a lost sinner. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray" (Isa. liii. 6). The silliest thing in the world is a sheep; once it gets away from the flock it will wander farther and farther away, and never return: the shepherd has to go after it. (Luke xv. 4.)

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was
lost;
Out in the desert He heard it cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

Oh! the grace that brought Him from brightest glory down to us when in our ruin, so that He, the Good Samaritan, might have it all His own way with us. (Luke x.) But by nature we take our own way, for not only have we, like sheep, gone astray, but we have turned to our own way. And oh, what a way it has been!—far from God, and Christ, and salvation, on the dark, dark mountains of sin and folly. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. xiv. 12). Death, that grim monster, man's last enemy, like a mighty detective, waits at the end of *man's way* and hands him over to judgment.

I AM THE WAY,

says Jesus, the way to God, the way to eternal glory. There is

no peace, no joy, no light, no life, no salvation apart from Him. "He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John v. 12).

Reader, have you got Christ? I do not ask if you have religion, or a good character in the world, but have you Christ? If you have Him, you have all, for time and to eternal day. Without Him, you have nothing, though the wealth of the universe were in your possession. You are unblest still if you have not Christ. You are unsaved still if you have not Christ. You are on your way to eternal ruin if you have not Christ. You are lost if you have not Christ.

ONLY BELIEVE!

Poor John lay dying. A lady came to see him, but, like many around, though she had religion, she had not Jesus Christ, and knew not God's way of salvation. She looked seriously at him, shook her head, and said, "*O John, there is a great work to be done, and you have but little time to do it.*" Poor John sighed deeply, the sunken cheek, the glazed eye and hard breathing told very plainly that his days were numbered; as for his doing or working he could not; he was too weak to do anything.

But there was one at hand who knew God's simple way of salvation. She said, "*John, there is a great work that has been done—done by Jesus on the cross 1800 years ago, and you have nothing to do but believe in it.*" John rested then on the work done, done on the cross, done for him, and was saved.

Man's gospel is, *do* the best you can, and get up to God. God's gospel is, when you had all sinned and wandered away, I came down to you; and in Luke xv. we see the man Christ Jesus sitting in the midst of publicans and sinners. He stoops to come to the condition of the fallen, so as to reveal the heart of God.

MUST I NOT STRIVE?

In one of the wards of an hospital, lay a man dying. A servant of Christ told him of God's free grace, of His willingness to save, and of how He met the prodigal in the far-off land, and how He saved the thief on the cross. He said, "I believe it all."

"Then have you peace?"

"No, I have not peace."

"Why?"

"Because, you see, sir," he answered, "I have come behind in doing my part. I believe that God has done His, but then, you see, sir, I must do mine."

"And what is your part?"

"Well, I must strive and do my best."

He went on in this way for some days, struggling, striving, and seeking to work his way up to God, until life was almost gone.

Again the servant of God called to see him, and taking him by the hand, said, "Well, what can you do now to get salvation?"

"Do," said the dying man, "I can do nothing. My strength is gone. I can't lift that glass to my lips to take a drop of water."

"And what will you do?"

The dying man looked up, his anxious face telling of the fearful struggle going on within, his eyes glazed by the hand of death, and said, "I'll do what the dying thief did; I'll turn my head and look." So he did, blessed be God! and life and salvation were the immediate result.

There is life in a look! "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth" (Isa. xlv. 22). God is a just God and a Saviour. Here, then, is the One to whom we are told to look, *a just God*; but if this were all, a guilty sinner dare not look to Him for anything but eternal

condemnation. A just God must punish sin, He cannot pass it over. If a just God and a guilty sinner meet, the result must be eternal condemnation—the depths of an eternal hell! That is, if they meet in judgment.

But eternal and universal praise be to His name! He is not only a just God, but He is also a Saviour. But you may ask, How can God be just in forgiving sin? The cross is the triumphant answer. God the sin-hater, and Jesus the sin-bearer, went into and settled the whole question of sin. The claims of justice are fully met. The precious blood of Christ meets the highest claims of Heaven and the deepest need of man. And now a Saviour-God receives to His bosom the vilest sinner that will but look to Him.

And observe, dear reader, those who are thus called to look. It is not some special class. Thank God, there is no fence erected around His gracious invitation. The word is: "All the ends of the earth." There is no restriction. A Saviour-God addresses Himself to all the ends of the earth, Whosoever *will* may come—young and old, rich and poor, learned or ignorant, savage or civilised, from every land and from every clime, "*All the ends of the earth.*" Will you look to Him? Will you trust Him? God grant that you may, is the prayer of him who pens these few lines.

"KNOW HEREAFTER."

Not yet thou knowest what I do,
O feeble child of earth,
Whose life is but to angel view.
The morning of thy birth!
The smallest leaf, the simplest
flower,
The wild bee's honey-cell,
Have lessons of My love and power
Too hard for thee to spell.

THE HEART OF MAN.

WHAT IT IS.

"THE heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it? I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings."—Jeremiah xvii. 9, 10.

WHAT COMES OUT OF IT.

"For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: All these evil things come from within, and defile the man."—Mark vii. 21-23.

WHAT DOES NOT ENTER INTO IT.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

"ONLY" AND "EARLY."

(Read Psalms lxii. and lxiii.)

THERE is a sweet and profitable lesson taught us in the above Psalms. The heart is ever prone to divide its confidence between God and the creature. This will never do. We must wait "*only* upon God." "*He only*" must be our "*rock*," our "*salvation*," and our "*defence*." This is Psalm lxii.

Then we are frequently tempted to look to an arm of flesh *first*, and when that fails we look to God. This will never do either. He must be our *first* as well as our *only* resource. "O God, Thou art my God, *early* will I seek Thee." This is the way in which the heart should ever treat the blessed God. This is the lesson of Psalm lxiii. When we have learnt the blessedness of seeking God "*only*," we shall be sure to seek Him "*early*."

THE HEART OF GOD.

WHAT IT IS.

"AND he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke xv. 20-24.

WHAT COMES OUT OF IT.

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

WHAT DOES NOT ENTER INTO IT.

"God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?"—Numb. xxiii. 19.

WHAT THEN?

ARE angels my attendants! Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue so soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes so soon to look on the throne of eternal glory and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips, should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world and live for heaven.

LOVE DIVINE.

THOU wilt not lose the travail of Thy soul,
O Lord, my Saviour. 'Twas to make me whole
Thy sacred limbs were bruised, Thy blood was shed,
And Thou for me didst stoop to death's cold bed.
To win my ransom, blessed be Thy name,
Thou passed'st through the grief, the woe, the shame
My guilt had heaped upon Thee. Oh what grace,
That Thou should'st take the dying sinner's place,
And suffer all his doom! Then didst Thou rise,
And opening wide the portals of the skies,
Didst beckon thither. All the path is trod—
The victory gained—the favour of my God
Secured for ever through Thy dying pains.
A crown of life henceforth for me remains—
Thy perfect gift. Oh set my spirit free,
To love, to worship, to delight in Thee.

NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS.

I HAD been asked to visit an elderly man who had, it was supposed, not many weeks to live. He was a stranger to me, and I was anxious to find out whether he was ready to be called away into the presence of God. I found it very difficult to say anything to him, as he had himself so much to say about his various ailments and the affairs of his farm. When, at last, I spoke to him of his soul, and of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, he replied with indifference that he had no doubt it was all very good when people understood those things, but he did not, and though he had often heard them, he had never been able to take them in. "There are some that can, and some that can't," he said; and again he returned to the subject of the farm, the cows, &c. As I left the house, the dull, leaden sky, the November trees half stripped of their yellow leaves which lay trodden in the wet road—all looked far less dreary than the house within, where

the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ could find no entrance. The following visits were much the same; and I then left the neighbourhood, sorry to have found so little hearing for the message from God, though I had always been received with great civility and kindness.

It must have been six months later, when in London, that I received a message from Mr. J. It was, that he was sure I should be glad to hear that he was saved. I was surprised at so decided a way of expressing it, and, as I was then just returning to the place where he lived, I went immediately to see him. I found him looking well and strong, and his face beamed with the light which is "above the brightness of the sun."

"The Lord has taken me in hand," he said, "He has healed my body, and He has saved my soul."

I asked him to tell me how it happened. I will relate what he there told me, as far as I can remember it, in his own words:

"You remember," he said, "how stupid I used to be when you came to talk to me last autumn. I couldn't see what you meant, and it all seemed something far above me, that was out of the reach of my mind altogether. I went to bed one night just as stupid as ever, a poor, lost, dark sinner, as I was. Then I dreamt that I awoke—but, strange to say, I found that I was gone! I had no self left. There was the room, but I was not in it. Out of the window I saw nothing. All was gone! There was only a barren wilderness. The crops were gone; the cows were gone; and, more strange than all that, I was gone, too. Then, I thought, what is there left? Is there nothing that is not gone? And it came before my mind, as clear as the sun in

the sky, that there is One who *could* not be gone, and He seemed to me to fill heaven and earth—only Himself, and no other! It was the Lord Jesus Christ that remained! 'Yes!' I said to myself, 'I am gone; there is only Christ!' And then I saw that was just what I needed; for the poor, wretched sinner that was such a trouble to me was not there at all, and the One who *was* there was perfect, and God was looking at *Him*—not at me, but at Him. Yes! God put me out of sight, and Christ stood in my place before God, and God was satisfied. And my joy was so great I awoke, and I called out aloud, 'The Lord has shown me that I am gone, and there is Christ instead of me!'

"Now," he continued, "I see why I did not understand you before. All the time you talked to me I kept thinking, 'Oh yes, that is all very nice, but somehow I *must* do something myself; I must pray, or repent, or do something or other on my part. And now the Lord had shown me that not only He did not want my *doings*, but He did not want *me*. He had put an end to me, and Christ was there instead. What more could He want? Christ stands before God for me, and God is satisfied with *Him*—perfectly satisfied—and I have nothing to do but to own that it is so, and thank and praise Him. How simple it all is when you see it! But I might have gone on blundering till now in my own thoughts and ways, if the Lord had not come to my help. There, now!" he said, correcting himself, "you see I cannot even speak of it right; I said that wrong. He did not come to my help at all, for He did it all Himself, and put me clean out of sight, for I was not to have *any* hand in it. It is a blessed, blessed thing, too, that now I know not only I *am* nothing, but I *have*

nothing. I used to think a deal about the farm, and say to myself, these are my fields, and those are my cows, and so on. Well, now, when I go about, I think to myself, if the Lord were to take me this minute, there is not one of these things that belongs to me; they would all be just nothing to me at all. But I have *Christ*, and nothing but Christ! What a thought! He is mine, and He is mine for ever."

It was indeed wonderful to hear these words from the lips of a man who had by power of mind learned *nothing*, but now, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, he knew the glorious truth we are so slow to learn (and perhaps the most intelligent are the slowest in learning it), that "I am gone, and Christ is there instead!" From this time, a year and a half ago, Christ indeed seemed to him to "fill heaven and earth."

Sometime afterwards we received a message that he was very ill. I went to see him, and found that he was dying. "Nothing but happiness!" he said; "just think what it is to be going to *Him*! Any moment, now, I may go and be with Him for ever. There is only one thing about it I mind, and that is—I cannot speak loud enough to tell them all what the Lord is, as I should like; but I can praise Him myself, and soon I shall praise Him much better. I have no pain, and nothing but joy." A few hours later, he was absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

Do *you* know what it is to see Christ instead of you? and to own that *God* sees Him instead of you? "I live, yet *not I*, but Christ liveth in me." "He that is *dead* is freed from sin." Not only the sin removed, but the sinner removed also. Sin put out of God's sight for ever, and the sinner who did it gone too; Christ, who took our place on

the cross of judgment, now living *for us* in the glory; *His* acceptance, the measure of *our* acceptance. God well pleased in us, because He sees us in Him, and in Him only. This alone brings perfect peace, because it shows us the *perfect* satisfaction of God. We see that the full, unclouded love of the Father rests on us, because we are in Him in whom He delights. The sinner not improved or mended, but *gone*, and Christ alone left, the perfect man in the glory of God, with whom we are one. As God and man we adore Him; and as such we also are one with Him, if Christians at all, for there is *no* lower place. F. B.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE DEAD?

MOSES on Mount Nebo and Mount Tabor (Deut. xxxiv. 5, 6; Mark ix. 4). Fifteen hundred years had passed since the mysterious disappearance of Moses. All that the people knew was that he died and was buried by the angels. There is no word or sign from him. There is utter silence for fifteen hundred years. The infidel says, "Where is he? Where is the candle I just blew out?" But the veil is lifted on Tabor after these many centuries and we see him. (1.) He is safe. So perfect is his personality that the disciples at once recognise him. (2.) He is changed, glorified. (3.) He is in company with Elijah, who passed from earth centuries later. (4.) He is in close communion with Christ and there is no surprise at the meeting. They have been in communion often before.

OH, inconsistent professor! In the great day of judgment, doubtless, some shall rise up and charge thee as being the stumbling-block over which they fell into perdition.

THE DECEIVER'S LIE.

THE doctrine of the non-eternity of punishment is a thrust of Satan's against the Son of God. If he can make out that the punishment of sin is a thing that can wear itself out—a finite thing—then the work that has met it is a finite work, and the person who wrought the work is a finite person. But an eternity of misery can never measure the extent of the work of Christ on the Cross, or bridge the distance that lies between the lowest hell due to my sin and the throne of God, where He has seated Him who now measures my nearness to Himself, even as He measured my distance when on the Cross.

"HOW WONDERFUL!"

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought
With blessing more than I had asked or thought;
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.
I stood amazed, and whispered,
"Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!"
O faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!

F. R. H.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE has truly and strikingly said: "Who knows but the salvation of ten thousand immortal souls may depend on the education of a child?"

WORRY AND TRUST.

If our hearts are fearful and we worry, we may know that we are not trusting. A firm, unfaltering trust in God takes all the worry out of our lives. If we have fully committed our all to God—utterly subordinated our wills to the Divine will, with faith that God will take upon Himself our burdens, and take us by the hand and lead us tenderly through the dark and bewildering mazes of life, as a loving mother would lead a little blind child, we will not worry, although we cannot see the way, or understand all the trials and hardships of the journey.

God plans for us better than we could plan for ourselves; and often, if we could see the end from the beginning, we would abide in sweet content under the shadow of His wing. But instead, we worry and distress ourselves over the possible evils that may come, but perhaps never do, and so spoil all the pleasure we might have if we trusted instead of worrying.

A friend of ours owned cottages by the sea-shore, which she rented each year. The income from these was her chief means of support.

But one year the season was almost gone before she secured tenants. The houses were furnished, and she and her friends could have had a good time resting and recruiting, if it had not been for the worry. "My houses are not rented yet, and the season is well spent," she would say, "but I am trying to trust the Lord." But her anxious face revealed, plainer than words, that her heart was full of distrust. In God's own time He sent her tenants, who took her houses and paid her the full price, all that she asked in the beginning of the season.

"How foolish I have been," she said; "the Lord is better

than all my fears. He let me have the houses most of the season, that I might have rest and a good social time, but I lost a great deal of the sweetness of His gifts by worrying."

We may at any time test our faith by this rule, *Just to the extent we worry, to just that extent we fail to trust.*

DIVINE DELIGHT IN GRACE.

"In the meanwhile His disciples prayed Him, saying, Master, eat. But He said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of" (John iv. 31, 32).

MANY witnesses we have to the delight which God takes in the exercise of grace, in the work of Christ for sinners, in the provision He Himself has made for the bringing home of His banished ones. The whole of Luke xv. declares this; and this delight of God in the saving of poor sinners gets another fine reflection in the experience of Christ in John iv. 31, 32.

A sinner had just been converted, and her spirit filled with liberty and joy.

The disciples, who had left their Master to buy some food, rejoin Him just at the moment, and spread the table for Him. But He tells them that He needs it not. He has been already at a feast; though wearied, hungry, and athirst, He has been rested and refreshed.

But how? Since they had left Him He had been toiling diligently, and had only seen water without tasting it. All this might well have made Him more weary and more athirst. But still He was refreshed, and needed not the table which they had spread for Him. A sinner had been saved and made happy: *this had given Him a feast in a desert.* The very style in which He answers the disciples, its fervour and energy, bespeak the joy of that moment to Him, and what His soul had known.

What an expression of the

divine delight in the grace that saves a sinner is this! The sinner had known her joy; but it was not to be compared with the joy the Saviour had known. To speak in Levitical language, *the fat was still the food of the altar.* In her new-found joy the woman forgets her *water-pot*; in His, Jesus forgets His thirst. Sacred, happy witness of a precious secret of the divine bosom.

And joy, let me add, begets generosity and largeness of heart. When we are happy we are open-handed. Joy is the parent of great and noble sentiments of soul. And thus is it also with Christ here; not that, but at all times, as I need not say, every sentiment of His soul was infinitely perfect. But these verses give us an expression of what I observed, that joy begets generosity. The mind of Christ, having conceived this joy which we have noticed, is borne onward in a strain of beautiful generosity, "One soweth and another reapeth," He says to the wondering disciples. It was the mind of David after the capture of Ziklag. David was then so full of joy that he decreed, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his be that tarrieth by the stuff." The joy of the spoil of the Amalekites so enlarged the heart of David, that there came forth this great ordinance, and he made it a statute in Israel (1 Sam. xxx.) And so, to speak as a man, the mind of the Son of God in this passage.

What, I ask, does all this tell us poor sinners, but the deep interest which our salvation has in the bosom of God? The Son came forth from that bosom to reveal it to us; and, in the words of a hymn, we say,

"Tis His great delight to bless us."

That song we may sing, tuning our instruments for such music, at this fine and fervent scripture.

THE ACTIVITIES OF CHRIST ON BEHALF OF HIS PEOPLE.

He gave Himself for their sins (Gal. i. 4).

He quickens them by His voice (John v. 25).

He seals them with His Spirit (Eph. i. 13).

He feeds them with His flesh and blood (John vi. 56, 57).

He cleanses them by His word (John xiii. 5; Eph. v. 26).

He maintains them by His intercession (Rom. viii. 34; Heb. ii. 25; 1 John ii. 1).

He takes them individually to Himself (Acts vii. 59; Phil. i. 23).

He watches over their ashes (John vi. 39, 40).

He will raise them by His power (John vi. 39, 40; 1 Cor. xv. 52; 1 Thess. iv. 16).

He will come to meet them in the air (1 Thess. iv. 17).

He will conform them to His image (Phil. iii. 21; 1 John iii. 2).

He will associate them with Himself, in His everlasting kingdom (John xiv. 3; xvii. 24).

Thus the activities of Christ, on behalf of His people, take in, in their range, the past, the present, and the future. They stretch, like a golden line, from everlasting to everlasting. Well may it be said, "Happy is the people that is in such a case; yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord."

"Happy they who trust in Jesus,
Sweet their portion is, and sure."

"TURN THOU TO THY GOD."

HOSEA xii. 6.

THE reason the Scriptures so abound with declarations of God's love and pity for His people, and His desire they should return to Him, is that the heart once gone astray has much difficulty in getting back again.

We have all need to be on our guard, that we do not, like Judah, go astray; and if we do, we must hear Him say, "Turn thou to thy God." We generally find the principles of return are exactly opposite to those which caused our turning away from God. Thus the prophet says, "Wait on thy God *continually*." And the beginning of departure is found in only waiting on God *occasionally*.

There is something in the heart which tells us if we are really in fellowship with God. The soul that has tasted it cannot be mocked by an apparent return. One cause of going astray is the preferring something to God's worship, even as Israel followed Baalim.

Often are we beguiled into worldly things with an idea that we can make them subservient to God's glory; but the things we have thought would bend as a bow to shoot arrows against the enemies of God, become the means of piercing us through with many sorrows, and leading us away from God.

Nothing requires more spiritual discernment than to detect the snares of the enemy. They are often so covered over as to appear the leadings of God.

A PROOF OF OUR RE- TURN TO GOD.

ONE of the peculiar prerogatives of the fatherly character of God is, that He should provide for His children as He likes, and that they shall never seek even the shadow of independence of Him, the desire for which was the first great sin of Satan.

One of the sweetest proofs of our return to God, as dear children, is that we have learnt to rest on Him with unlimited rest, and do not care for those things on which the hearts of the Gentiles are set.

HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
And smile for joy. We say, "How fair they are—
Tree, rock, and heather-bloom—so clear and bright!"
But when the sun draws near in westerling night,
Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light!
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness, that we,
Whose swift, short hours of day so swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,
So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light but Thine the world may see,
New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.

F. R. H.

TRIM THY LAMP, BROTHER.

WHO ever knew a lamp that never needs re-filling, and that never needs trimming and other attention? But many, professing themselves Christians, seem to act upon this impression; for what are they doing to nourish and sustain the holy life within their own souls? What are they doing to make their lights burn brighter? The burning lamp needs replenishing; it needs trimming; it needs cleaning. So we must seek constantly to fill our souls with God's truth by reading and meditation. We must, by prayer without ceasing, be ever opening the doors and windows of our hearts to God's grace, nor let the flame of the lamp become feeble or extinct for the want of good works. There is plenty to do to keep our grace in exercise.

IDLENESS is the nest in which mischief lays its eggs.

OUR TALENTS USED.

"Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for Me and thee" (Matt. xvii. 27).

BUT why all this? you may naturally ask. Surely if the Lord Jesus Christ required money for any purpose, He had only to speak the word and the riches of the world were at His disposal. Why this peculiar exercise of miraculous power? Why employ Peter? Why go to the sea? Why catch a fish? It seems to us the very last place where we should expect to find money. It seems the most unlikely way to carry out the Lord's work. There was, however, wisdom in it all, and whether we look at the person employed, or the means used, there is much in it for our instruction in working for God.

We must remember that the miracles of our blessed Lord were not only to prove His Divine mission; they were not only to manifest His saving grace; but they were also to teach us how to appropriate and apply the Divine power. "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto My Father." Thus Christ generally used the ordinary means at hand—the water-pots of water, the loaves and fishes, the ointment of clay. Thus also He employed people in the way in which they were able to work. He does not tell Peter to take bow and arrow and shoot a bird, and find a piece of money in its beak. Perhaps he could not have done that; but he was a skilled fisherman, and so the Lord bids him catch a fish. Thus also it is generally in answer to the application of faith that Christ puts forth the exercise of miraculous power. From all which we may perceive, that in carrying out the great work of God in the world, and for the accomplishment of His

purposes, there are certain things which we can do, and there are certain things which we cannot do. And just as we use the talents which God has given us to do what we can, we shall find that He Himself will do what we are unable to accomplish. We cannot, for instance, make the corn to grow; but we can till the soil, and plough, and sow the seed; and as we do so we may expect the richest harvest to crown our labours.

And thus it is, dear reader, in the great field of missionary labour. There is one thing which is the secret of all success, and that you and I cannot do; we cannot save souls. But what can we do? We can send the Gospel to heathen lands; and it is the power of God unto salvation. We can be constant in our intercession at the throne of grace, and we know that whatsoever things we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive. We can collect money, or we can give ourselves more or less, and the administration of this service not only supplieth the wants of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God. There is not one of us who cannot do something; that something is all which God asks us to undertake. And just as we do it we shall find that He will do the rest. He will accomplish what we are unable to perform. He will work the miracle.

Take this simple thought, then, for your prayerful consideration. If we would see a display of the Divine power in the missionary field, you and I must do what we can. We must listen to the Master's word, and set about that for which we are peculiarly suited. "Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for Me and thee."

"FINE TWINED LINEN."

EXODUS xxvi.

THE fine twined linen, as expressive of Christ's spotless manhood, opens a most blessed spring of thought to the spiritual mind. When the angel had announced to Mary the tidings of the Saviour's birth, she said unto him, "How shall this be, seeing that I know not a man?" This was not the expression of unbelief, but of utter incompetency to understand the wondrous mystery of "God manifest in the flesh." But mark the angelic reply. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; wherefore, also, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Luke i. 34, 35). Mary, no doubt, imagined that this birth was to be according to the principles of ordinary generation. Hence her inquiry. But the angel corrects her mistake. Divine power was about to form, in the virgin's womb, A REAL MAN—One whose nature was divinely pure, utterly incapable of taint. He was "in the likeness of sinful flesh," without sin in the flesh. He partook of real flesh and blood, without a shadow of the evil thereto attaching. (Comp. Rom. viii. 3; Phil. ii. 7; Heb. ii. 14; iv. 15).

This is a cardinal truth, which cannot be too accurately held, or too jealously guarded. The incarnation of the Son of God—His mysterious entrance into pure and spotless flesh, formed by the power of the Highest, in the virgin's womb—is the foundation of the great mystery of godliness, of which the top stone is a glorified God-man, in heaven—the Head, Representative, and glorious Model of the redeemed Church of God (1 Tim. iii. 16). The purity of His manhood fully met the claims of

God; the reality thereof met the necessities of man. He was a spotless real man, in whom God could perfectly delight, and on whom man might confidently lean.

I need not remind the enlightened reader that all this, if taken apart from death and resurrection, is quite unavailable to us. But incarnation was the first layer of the glorious superstructure; and the curtain of "fine twined linen" prefigures the spotless purity of "the man, Christ Jesus." We have seen the method and character of His conception; and, as we pass along the current of His life here below, we see instance after instance of the same purity. He was forty days in the wilderness, tempted of the devil; but there was no response, in His pure nature, to the tempter's foul suggestions. He could touch the leper and receive no taint. He could pass unscathed through the most polluted atmosphere. He was like a sunbeam emanating from the fountain of light, which can pass undefiled through the most polluted medium. His humanity was as incapable of receiving as it was of communicating any evil. He could say, "Thou wilt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption" (Ps. xvi.) This was in reference to His humanity, which, as being perfectly pure, was capable of being a sin-bearer. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24).

BELIEVING.

BY REV. THEODORE MONOD.

As an illustration of the nature of true faith, take "the good tidings of great joy" delivered by the angels of the Lord to the shepherds who were "keeping watch over their flock" on the night when the Saviour was

born. How far did they credit the intelligence they had received? Its effect on their conduct is the measure of its influence on their mind. Had they utterly disbelieved the reality of the heavenly message, they would not have moved from the spot; had they questioned its truth in the faintest degree, they would, at most, have taken steps to ascertain whether these things were so indeed. But what was it that they said and did? "And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, *and see this thing which is come to pass*, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." "This thing" was to them not merely a report that they had heard, but a fact; and they treated it as such: they *believed* it. So with us. Although we may be ready to acknowledge of any revealed truth that "the Lord hath made it known unto us," yet, if we practically say, "It is not so," we disbelieve it; if we say, "Is it so?" we doubt it; when we say, "It is so," and act accordingly, then, and only then, we believe it, and believing, we see the glory of God.

"FATHER KNOWS."

"JOHNNY, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You've got more than you can carry now."

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet happy voice, "my father knows how much I can carry."

How long it takes many of us to learn the lesson little Johnny

had by heart—"Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no discontentment, but a sweet trust in our Father's love and care that we shall not be overburdened!

The Holy Spirit alone can teach us how to trust God as little Johnny did his father; for He alone can "reveal" to us the love of God which passeth knowledge." Let us ask Him to do so on our knees, "*Lord, teach Thou me!*"

PEACE.

THE peace which Christ gives to His disciples is not a peace which comes of the disciple's surroundings: it is a result of nearness to Him who is the centre of the universe, and who is unmoved by surroundings. The Christian's peace is as great in times of storm as in times of calm. When the tempest of sorrow or of opposition rages on every side, then he who is one with Jesus realises "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

"There is a point of rest

At the great centre of the cyclone's force,

A silence at its secret source;

A little child might slumber undistressed,

Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl."

"TIME NO LONGER."

THEN Time will seem but as a pebble cast

Into the ocean of eternity,

Breaking for one short moment the pure light

Which dwells upon its calm expanse of joy,

And in the depths of that translucent crystal,

Bearing, deep-graven on its pale, clear front,

One word—*Redemption!*

How sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath His smile.

THE PILGRIM'S PORTION.

"AND having food and raiment, let us be therewith content," says the Apostle. It would seem like a small allowance to be contented upon, but it is all a man can have. Our capacity for acquirement and possession is absolutely limited. The heavens are full of air, but no man can inhale more than a lung full of it at a time. The earth is covered with food, but none can take in but a stomachful of it at once. You can only possess according to your capacity, and the moment you go beyond that you are possessed—your wealth has you instead of your having it; you have changed places with your property, and consented to let it own you instead of your owning it; you have become a slave instead of being a master; and instead of being contented with what you have, what you have is more and more discontented with you, till it has utterly absorbed and possessed you. This is a certain and universal law, that the greater controls the less. Put two drops of water on your finger tips and let them touch, and immediately the greater will absorb the less. And put a man and his wealth side by side, and let both grow, and as soon as the wealth becomes greater than the man, it will control him—it will completely monetise him, so that he will think in dollars and cents; and, when appealed to, will respond only with a kind of metallic ring, such as a coin gives forth when flung upon a counter, instead of the warm, tender tones of a human heart. Of course this is not saying that large wealth should never be amassed by a Christian. If he can, at the same time, amass a large heart to control and dispense it, it is well. The munificent heart of the Jewish Paul controlling and sanctifying the munificent wealth of the Jewish

Rothschilds, would be the greatest blessing that could fall to our earth to-day. As long as the man is greater than his money, and the Christian larger than his coin, the wealth may be of use instead of being a curse. When a Christian says, I have acquired the means for the comfortable support of myself and family, and I am satisfied; henceforth what I acquire shall be the Lord's: with it I will do good—be "rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold of eternal life,"—when he can say this, he has conformed to the Word of God. He is content with food and raiment, and only discontented now that he has rendered so small a return to the Lord for all His mercies; and only desirous to gain more that he may add hundreds to the tens which he has given, and bestow thousands in requital for the hundreds which he has selfishly withheld.

It is just as clear as day what the discontent is which stands opposite to the godly contentment here mentioned. Christ has sketched it in a word in that parable of the rich man: "I will pull down my barns and build greater," he says. It is discontent with the sufficiency already acquired. "I will build greater." "I have a large estate, but I wish to increase it, that I may be called a millionaire. I have a comfortable house and ample for my needs, but I am going to build a larger one in a more aristocratic neighbourhood. I have a good-sized store, but I am going to build a greater. I have a little farm in the country, but I am going to buy a greater. I have one horse, and I am going to own two. I have a good coat, and I am going to cast it aside and get a better." It is the discontent that is for ever grasping

after more for self, instead of the content which says, "Enough for self, but more for Thee, my Lord; more for Thee, who didst give all Thou hadst to redeem me."

BREAD FOR THE DAY.

It was a cold murky day, and very few passers-by cared to stop and look at the feeble old apple-woman at the corner of a Dublin street. In vain she had made her little piles of apples. No one bought, and all day long her old shaggy dog lay hungry at her feet; and all day long the old woman sat, wrapped up in an old, warm cloak, her spectacles often on her nose, and her large Bible before her, open at the Psalms, which she was diligently getting by heart.

Night was coming on, and still she had not a penny to buy her supper; but she knew that the promise was hers, "They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing," and she lifted up her heart to God to ask for her daily bread. As she was packing up her apples in a basket to go home, an old gentleman came up and said to her, "My good woman, can you tell me the way to Zion?"

"Do you mean the earthly or the heavenly Zion?" said she.

"The heavenly, can you tell me the way there?"

"Sir, Jesus is the way, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"Where did you learn that?" said the old gentleman, astonished, at the same time giving her a penny.

"Sir, it's long since I learned that;" and she began to praise His sacred name.

"Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"I was, sir; but I've learned from my Bible the right way, and am trusting alone in Christ."

The old gentleman gave her a sixpence, and the poor woman

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD.

WHERE IS THY GOD ?

GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

thanked God that He had answered her prayer, and had sent her this money to buy a meal for herself and her faithful dog.

"Trust His wisdom Thee to guide,
Trust His goodness to provide,
Trust His saving love and power,
Trust Him every day and hour.
Trust Him as the only light
In the darkest hour of night ;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth ;
Trust in joy, trust in grief ;
Trust His promise for relief ;
Trust His blood to cleanse thy soul,
Trust His grace to make thee whole ;
Trust Him living, dying too,
Trust Him all thy journey through.
Trust Him till thy feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea !"

AN ODD WAY OF WORK- ING FOR CHRIST.

DURING the recent revival in Boston under the labours of Mr. Moody, the following incident came under my observation. I was one evening, as usual, passing down one of the aisles of the inquiry-room, sorting out the inquirers from the Christians and assigning them to the workers. To a person whom I met I put the usual question:—

"Are you a Christian, sir, or an inquirer?"

"I trust I am a Christian," he answered.

"Then," said I, "I want you to talk with an inquirer."

"Oh! please excuse me," he said; "I cannot do it; I only came to look on. You must excuse me."

I left him, and immediately behind him I came upon a woman with a little child in

her arms. As she afterwards told me, she was intensely anxious to find the way of life, and having no one to leave her baby with, had brought it with her. I found her truly in earnest for the salvation of her soul, and immediately became deeply absorbed in trying to make the way plain to her. But the child was so full of noise and prattle that it greatly distracted her attention, and made it quite difficult for me to deal with her as I wished. Timid Christian sat in front of us, with an ear turned toward us, listening to our conversation; and soon, comprehending the situation, he quietly came to us, and coaxing the child into his arms, carried it away to a retired part of the church, and for nearly an hour entertained it while I talked and prayed with the mother. She gave herself to the Lord, kneeling down, and with great earnestness accepting Him as her Saviour, and has lived as happy and assured a Christian ever since as I ever saw.

The timid Christian did such real service, that I could truly salute him as Paul did Urbane, as "our helper in Christ." For, though he thought himself unable to lead a soul to Christ, he proved himself able to help in the work, by holding the baby while another did it. It ought to be a humiliating confession for any Christian to make, that he cannot direct an anxious soul to the Lord Jesus. If, in his timidity and inexperience, he

cannot do it, he certainly is in the way to learn, if he has a mind to undertake and faithfully execute some subordinate service for Christ's sake. Blessed is the man, who, if he cannot drive the chariot of the Lord, is willing to gather out the stones from the highway while another drives! and blessed is he, who, not having learned to speak the quickening word that calls the dead soul to life, is ready to obey the Master's command, "Take ye away the stone!"

HE REDEEMED US.

"Not your own!" but His ye are
Who hath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's stores of gems and gold
With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom-treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Free salvation is assured.

"Not your own!" but His by right,
His peculiar treasure now;
Fair and precious in His sight,
Purchased jewels for His brow.
He will keep what thus He sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought;
Cherish that which He did choose,
Always love and never lose.

NEVER covet *easy* paths. The Lord keep you and me from that sin, beloved.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

[Price One Penny.]

SEPTEMBER 1880.

[No. 159.]

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BECAUSE HE BELIEVED.

BY DR. GORDON, U.S.A.

A HOD-CARRIER was toiling up a ladder, with his load of bricks upon his back, when a letter was handed him by a messenger. He paused in the midst of his work and read it; when, suddenly, he dropped his hod, threw off his working garb, and, tossing his hat in the air, exclaimed, "Boys, I'm not going to carry bricks and mortar any longer. I'm a rich man!"

It proved that he had received a letter from his far-off home, in Ireland, announcing that a wealthy uncle had died, leaving him the heir to a large property. This was the occasion of his extraordinary conduct. It was a very sudden change. It would seem, also, to be a very extravagant course of action,—throwing up his whole business, casting

away the tools and the garments of a day-labourer, and announcing himself a man of wealth; and nothing to base it all upon except the fact that the postman had brought him a letter.

"I don't believe a poor man can become a rich man as quick as that," said one of his fellow-workmen. "I think he'd better see his money before he is quite so sure," remarked another. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said a third; "and a dollar in the pocket is better than a hundred dollars on letter paper."

In spite of all these comments, however, our workman persisted in his assurance of sudden affluence, declaring that he had no occasion to work any longer, since he was now a man of wealth. And what was the ground of his confidence? Simply that he believed in the genuineness of the letter. He knew the writer well, he said, who had communicated the news. He recognised his signature. He knew that his uncle had been rich, and believed that he had now bequeathed to him his property. And that was enough.

Reader, how may a man know that he is saved and has eternal life? A letter has come to him from heaven, announcing that God has made a bequest to him. "This is the record that God hath given to us, eternal life." "He that believeth on the Son

hath eternal life." Such is the contents of the letter. We become rich, therefore, and assured possessors of salvation, by simply believing the message that has come to us. It is not what we feel that gives us the evidence of our salvation. The workman had not felt the money. He had not put his finger on the coins; he had not handled and examined the title-deeds of his estate. He simply believed the letter; and his faith in the letter which he had seen was the evidence of the wealth which he had not seen.

And so we "believe the record that God has given of His Son." The Gospel is "good news from a far country," and faith is the credit which we give to that news. It is not what we feel, but what God has said; not what we read in our own consciousness, but what we read in God's epistle: "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). There was, certainly, a possibility of mistake in the case of the workman's letter; but he saw such evidences of its genuineness that he was satisfied.

There can be no mistake about the genuineness of this letter which the Word of God brings to us. It has been proved authentic by a thousand evidences. It has every mark of veracity that can possibly be re-

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 9.

quired. There is much stronger reason for crediting it than in the case we are considering. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." The good news of eternal life has been brought to us; who will credit it, and become rich instead of poor—possessor of all things instead of having nothing?

DEATH UNTO DEATH; LIFE UNTO LIFE

SHE came in leaning on the tender and loving support of her husband, frail and faded as a plucked and withered flower. The lack-lustre eye, the dejected features, pallid and weary, told the tale of the ruin within; the faint flush flitting over the cheek—the mere mockery of the vanished roses of youth and health, gone never to return. The most unobservant could say for her there was no remedy. But love in the lover by her side would hide all this from his eyes, by seeking to cover its object with dainty things, such as silks, warm furs, jewels, &c.

The office of the physician in such a case is to give all the help and comfort which the condition renders possible, to give all reasonable encouragement and hope which science may discern, and art find remedy to ensure.

But, when this was done, I turned to her and spoke of Him who hath, as sent of God, brought up life and incorruptibility from the grave—not direct from heaven as man would suppose, but strange, unexpected place, out of the grave—His grave. I told her of the tender love and wondrous grace of God the Father, who sent the Son to seek and save the lost; of the devotedness of Him who came to do the will of God the Father, with life in Himself, who broke into the house of death to rob it of its victims,

even as Lazarus, who lay four days with corruption for his father, and the worm for his mother and his sister (Job xvii. 14); him who was afterwards seen reclining at the same table with the One who raised him up from among the dead, the One who could say of His own person, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." A wondrous story, ever fresh to the needy, weary heart thirsting for the truth—the glad tidings of the grace of God—in Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

But, alas! with this dying one it fell upon a shut ear. The word about the crucified and risen Jesus fell among thorns, and the seed was choked by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. Like the drowning one, she clung to the highest straw, and despised the lifeboat with its sure and certain security; would listen eagerly for any remedy for the poor frail body, but turned wearily from the Word of eternal life. She saw no beauty in Him to desire Him!

Days after, the sorrowing husband came alone to tell of failing strength, and the thick coming proof that the house of clay of her whom he cherished, as the wife of his youth, was fast breaking up, the bitter end was at hand.

As he was about to leave I said to him, in effect, "Now we have spoken of the poor perishing body, how about her immortal soul? You heard what I said to her, do you think she has received it as the WORD OF GOD?"

He looked at me sadly, but remained silent, though his heart was full.

"What!" I said, "no response to such a message from God, when all of nature is slip-

ping from her feet? no answer no need expressed?"

His silence still gave the expressed negative. I repeated, as to myself, "What! no result from such a message?"

And now he looked up and smiled simply as he said, "Yes."

"How? where?"

"In me. I have received it as the WORD OF GOD for my own soul" (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16).

THE FAIRER LIFE.

(Written for a Young Friend.)

HAVE I heard the Saviour saying,

"Will you let Me win your love?"

With the early dew of morning

Set your heart on things above.

"Life is very fair, and, children,

Fairer still it is with Me;

Very bright the glad, fresh spring-time,

Brighter still it yet may be.

"Halcyon days are in My keeping,"

Once again I hear its voice;

"Deserts, as the rose, shall blossom,
And the wilderness rejoice.

"Fragrant flowers and milkwhite lilies

Richly strew the homeward way,

Clouds disperse which thickly gather,
Darkest midnight turns to day."

Taste His love, and see in tasting,

There was never love like His;

Only those who try can tell us

What the love of Jesus is.

Sweeter than the sweetest honey,

Finer than the finest gold;

More to be desired than either,—

Love which passeth being told.

Love unquenched by many waters,

Love which floods can never drown,

Soothing, healing, balm-bestowing,

Love, of heavenly crowns, the crown.

Softer than the summer ocean,

Gladder than a bridal morn,

Sweeter than a wealth of roses—

Purchased by a crown of thorn.

Yearningly again He pleaded—

"Prove Me as a friend of yore,

Loving once I love for ever,

Love is love for evermore.

"This the legacy bequeathing,

Through the deepest depths of woe;

Love and life for you, O children,
From the Cross of long ago."

E. J. C.

THE EXPLOSION.

I WAS travelling on the South Yorkshire line, on my return from Lund Hill, soon after the fearful explosion there, when a gentleman put the following difficulty. He said, "How is it that a person may try his utmost to escape from sin, and still sin has the mastery, and he, of course, has no peace?" The following illustration may help to explain the difficulty.

On my first visit to Lund Hill Colliery I called at several houses, and found in each widows and orphans, whose fathers and husbands were shut up in that burning pit. One woman said, "My husband and two sons are in the pit." In another house I found four women; three had lost their husbands, and the fourth her brother. But when the widows and orphans assembled to hear the Gospel, never did I see such a sight of sorrow. Amid such sorrow there is a power in the name of Jesus that can be found in none other.

The last of seventeen persons who were got out alive before closing the pit, was there. I said to him, "Well, how did you feel as you lay at the bottom of the shaft?" He replied, "Oh, sir, I cannot describe my feelings as I lay, half dead, suffocating and unable to stand." "Suppose you had heard some one at the top of the shaft shout down, and say, 'I have brought you *good news*; you must do the best you can to get out; ' would that have made you happy?" "Oh no, sir; it would have been of no use at all. Get out? Why, I had not strength to stand." "Then, after you had waited three hours and a half in that fearful place of death, how did you feel when those three valiant men descended to the very bottom where you lay, to seek the lost, the dead, the dying?" "Nobody can tell what I felt

when the cage was going up for the last time, and I knew that if I was not *put in it* I could never get out; but they did lift me up and put me in the cage, and I was drawn out at the top."

Here we have an illustration of the two gospels of our day. Man's gospel is, that he must *do the best he can* to get out of the pit of sin. He thinks his condition is not so bad but that he can still do something to save himself. The gospel of God is the very contrary of this. The Word of God plainly shows man's condition so utterly bad that he cannot help himself. Just as the gas at the bottom of the pit had stupefied the men, and taken away their strength, even so has sin stupefied all men, and taken away their strength. In proof of this, in Rom. v., God's love is commended in that whilst men were "without strength," "whilst we were sinners," "ungodly," "when we were enemies;" God did not send word we were to do the best we could to get out of this condition. Oh no! But just as the three men descended to save those poor, lost, dying men in the pit, so did God send His own most glorious Son to save lost sinners. "For when we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." What a striking illustration this is! If you had seen that sight, when more than two hundred poor men and boys were all deep down in that pit of fire-damp and death! Every effort was made to save them. It was enough to melt a heart of stone to hear the sobs and cries of the women and children. What an expression of the love of man for his fellowman, when those three men descended at the risk of their own lives! And have you never read that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting

life"? And this was not at the risk of His own life, but with the certainty that nothing but the offering up of that precious life could atone for sin and save the soul. Now, it is most certain that if these poor men were not *got out* they must perish. It was awful, when the last man was out, to see the last ray of hope destroyed by the closing the mouth of the burning pit. God is sovereign—seventeen were taken out, and nearly two hundred left in. Oh, if this solemn fact were but more thought of—God is sovereign. The whole world lies in darkness, sin, and death. Few are saved; many perish. Reader, are you one of the few, or one of the many? Do not be deceived. Do not think that you need not be alarmed; that when you begin to feel the pit too hot, you will then get out. Do not dream about getting out by ordinances, or by your own self-righteous works. You are too deep down. If you knew your condition, you would cry out this moment, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" This is a solemn thing, that unless Christ saves you, you must perish.

There was one poor man dreadfully burned, and when they brought him to the cage he mistook them for his enemies; and rushed back again to the dark works of the pit. They pursued him again and caught him, and brought him again to the cage. And now you would have thought him safe; but again he rushed up the dark old works, and perished in the pit. What a lesson for a backslider! It is a sore grief to see a person that one thought saved, go back again to the dark works of sin and death. Reader, if that is your case, what a fearful looking forward for judgment you have! I need not ask, Are you happy? Sin and happiness are eternal strangers.

But do not despair; if by

reading this little paper God shows you your utterly dreadful, lost condition, let me tell you that for eighteen hundred years not a person has ever known his need of Christ, and trusted in Him, but that person has been saved. And if you really know your need, that you are an ungodly sinner, without strength to be better, you are just the one for Christ.

The last thing I would notice, and not the least, is, those who *were saved* from the pit were saved clean out at the top. They were not drawn half-way up, and then told to do their part; that, it all depended on themselves whether they were finally saved. Some are told to work out their salvation, as though that meant that Christ had finished about one-half of their salvation, and they had to do the other half. It is a great mistake. God's salvation is clean out at the top. No! no! not drawn half-way out of the pit; but the Christian gives "thanks unto the Father who *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son, in whom we *have* redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Read that over again, will you?

The man I talked with was out of the pit. He knew he was. He did not hope to get out. If he had done so, that would have been a flat denial of the kindness of those who had got him out. They were drawn out together, the *deliverer* and the *delivered*. It is so with the believer and Christ. "God hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus." Christ took my place in death for my sins; but God hath raised us up together; so that the believer is as clean out of sin and death as Christ is. My fellow-believer, there is just as much condemna-

tion to Christ, now, at God's right hand, as there is to you in Him. Read the first and second chapters of the Ephesians, and the fifth and sixth of the Romans, and you will there see that the believer is as clear of sin and condemnation as Christ Himself is clear. Oh, for more faith in the out-and-out salvation of God, through Christ Jesus our Lord!

"CAN A MAN HELP HIS FAITH?"

I HAVE seen people, says an American writer, who would listen to any argument against Christianity; who would spend money at any time to get a new book that was at variance with Christianity; who would read and ponder over all the free-thinking newspapers they could find; who would refuse to read a work on Christian evidences, or listen to a lecture on the subject, or stay where the subject was being talked about by its friends, and then excuse themselves for their infidelity by saying, "A man cannot help his faith." Nay, I have in mind a man whom I could name at this moment. He used to read Tom Paine. When Colenso's book came out, he took no interest in it any more than he did in any other commentary, until he heard that it cast discredit upon some Biblical statements. All at once his interest was aroused, and he sent for it. I have seen his copy; and it is marked only in those places where the insinuations are found. The man committed them to memory so as to have them ready to tell to other people. Then he bought Darwin and Huxley and Tyn-dall; and, although he cannot understand one half they say, yet he tries his best to understand everything which seems to reflect upon the Bible. He has worked with all the energy of his nature to strengthen himself

in unbelief. He has worked at it for years. He has succeeded in making himself a blatant infidel; and now the astonishing feature of the whole thing is, he turns round with a sham veneering of ingenuousness and says, "He can't help his faith."

COMMONPLACE

"A COMMONPLACE life," we say, and we sigh:
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world, and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

BE STILL AND LISTEN.

A LITTLE child beautifully said, "Thinking is keeping still and trying to find out something." Who could have stated the case better than this? It makes one think of these striking words of the Highest, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" Silence! ye harsh noises and babbling tongues of human strife and folly and speculation. Be still. Listen! Find out something. Find out God, if you can. Climb up, in the silence of your soul, to a knowledge of the Almighty. You are not God. The world is not God. Matter is not God. The mighty forces of nature are not God. "I am God." I am come to you in the hush of your spirit that ye may know Me. "Be still, and know that I am God."

God will give us nothing for our sakes, but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.

WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS.

SOME years since a family moved to the West. They secured a piece of land, and began to make them a home. As years passed, that home assumed shape and acquired beauty, and the wild land became a rich farm. Beyond their expectations even, they prospered in all they undertook.

Among the few books taken with them from their former home was the old Family Bible. They had never used it much before; they used it even less now. It was kept on the stand at first; but in the small house it proved to be in the way, and was moved from place to place, till at last it was thrust on to an old shelf over the door of the cabin. When they entered their "new house" the Bible was put away with many other things, "too good to leave behind, but not of much use."

Many years had passed, and one of their children was sick. For many days they watched at the bedside. At last the doctor said, "To-night will be the crisis. As she passes it, so will she live or pass away." It was a fearful night. Most people know of some such night—a night never to be forgotten. Hour after hour those parents waited. Midnight had passed, and the clock had struck one, and still no change. At length mother said—

"I cannot bear it any longer, I feel that we must pray and ask God to help us."

"But I have not prayed for years—not since I was a boy at home. And our Bible; I do not know that we have any."

"I think I can find it."

She went and sought the Book, which for years had been an encumbrance. She brought it out, and they both sat down and read it. Oh, how different it seemed now! Passages they had learned when children now

glowed with brightness. How rich! how comforting! how wonderful it was! It seemed as if God was right there with them, and talking to them. For a long while they read on, and at last knelt down and prayed as they never prayed before. They did not pray for the life of their child, but for themselves, that God would heal them. And God heard them, and that night of sorrow was turned into a morning of joy. To their bliss, their child awoke in the morning refreshed, and from that time began to recover.

It seemed to me that the Bible illustrated the grace of God. How patiently it had waited for its time to speak! For fifteen years it had been neglected. It had been thrust from its place again and again. There was not room for it in the house. It was never spoken of but in jest. It was never looked at but to find for it a more obscure place. But it never murmured when thrust aside, and when it was reviled it reviled not again. At last its day came, the heart opened, and it was ready to speak and bless. How it waited to be gracious! How ever after it blessed that home, filling the place it had waited to fill these many years!

IN WHAT ARE YOU TRUSTING?

HEARING that a neighbour of mine had turned to God from his old and evil ways, I called to see him. His wife greeted me. She was eloquent about the change in her husband and her home.

"Then you do indeed see a change in your husband now that he has turned to God, Mrs. A.?" said I; "and tell me, are you also ready for heaven?" "Will you both be there?"

"Oh yes," replied my neighbour, and gave this for her reason: "God hears my prayers; what should I have done if He

had not befriended me in my husband's thirteen weeks' illness? But He sent me the very things I prayed for, and which I could not buy; so I make no doubt that when I am upon my dying bed He will hear me and take me to heaven."

"You rest, then, upon your prayers and God's care for your body? Just look at yonder sparrows feeding amongst the fowls; do you think that they are going to heaven?"

Mrs. A. thought this exceedingly foolish.

"Ah," said I, "they are His creatures, for He made them as well as you, and in His own Word we read, He feedeth them." But remember you have sinned, and God will not allow one sinner in His presence in heaven whose sins have not been washed away in the blood of Jesus. God hearing your prayers is no title to heaven. Do not think that because He is kind to you as His creature, you are therefore His child; for He makes His sun to shine upon just and unjust alike, and sends His rain to both good and evil. There is no title to heaven save the blood of Christ, and unless washed in that blood you will sink down into hell, and all God's answers to your prayers will be but bitter memories to you then of His goodness which did not lead you to repentance."

Mrs. A. was brought by God's Spirit to the sense of sin, and to build her confidence upon the precious blood of Jesus, which alone cleanseth us from all sin; the sinner's only title to glory.

There are hundreds of persons who rest upon God's hearing their prayers as sufficient evidence for their souls' salvation. A man upon his dying bed said to us the other day, "I believe I shall get there now." "Why?" we inquired. "Because God heard me last night and took the pain away. I assure you I have not suffered

since I prayed to Him." "Poor man," said we, "you are going into God's presence with your sins still upon you; you are putting God's kindness to you as to your body in the place of the death of His Son for sin."

Reader, in what are you trusting? God's kindness to you as one of His creatures? or in the blood of Jesus, which atones for the soul?

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,

If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,

If the querulous heart would wake it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,

And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright

Though the wintry storm pre-vaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,

And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,

When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,

Nor an evening without a morning;

And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,

Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life,

Which we pass in our idle pleasure,

That is richer far than the jewelled crown,

Or the miser's hoarded treasure;

It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,

Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,

And to do God's will with a ready heart,

And hands that are swift and willing.

Than to snap the delicate silver threads

Of our curious lives asunder,
And then Heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

A COLPORTEUR calling at a house in the suburbs of London met with a very angry reception from the servant, who refused even to look at his books. Before turning away, he offered her a tract, but she replied that she did not want it.

"But you will want it," he said, "I'm sure of that!" and after some pressure she accepted it, and threw it into a bag; then, seeing a small twopenny Testament in the pack, she asked the price of it, purchased it, and threw it into the bag beside the tract.

There they lay for some time untouched; but one day she was going to visit her brother, who lay dangerously ill in one of the London hospitals. She took the bag to carry some delicacies to him, and on her way purchased a newspaper, thinking he might like to see it. When she arrived, the first thing she offered him was this newspaper; but he put it aside, saying wearily, "I don't want it; there is plenty of that to be got here."

"I needn't have brought it, then!" she retorted, and opened the bag to take out the few groceries. There she found the forgotten Testament and tract, and, taking them out, asked if he would have these.

"Oh yes," he said eagerly, to her surprise, for he had lived a wicked life; "if it's the Word of God, let me have that!"

The man died; but the evidence of the nurses and the other patients in the same ward was that he was constantly poring over this tract, and turning up the passages in the Testament to read them therefor him-

self, and at last he passed away peacefully, trusting in Jesus.

The woman, who on a subsequent visit related this to the colporteur, was deeply solemnised by the conversion and death of her brother, and said she now wanted a Bible for herself. Since then she has been regularly attending the preaching of the Gospel.

"Is not My Word like as a fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

"WHY DON'T YOU?"

SOME time ago, J. was brought to know his need of a Saviour.

He got very unhappy and could find no peace; over and over again the Gospel of the grace of God was presented to him. He was told it was for SINNERS Jesus came, that it was "to seek and save that which was lost." He left the glory and became a man. But all this gave no comfort to poor J. He told His wife the cause of his unhappiness, and said, "I want to come to Christ."

She replied, "Why don't you?"

This word was used of God. J. saw that Christ had finished the work, and was offering him salvation as a free gift, and all he had to do was to receive it. So he came to Jesus as he was, and since then has gone on his way rejoicing.

And now, dear reader, if you are not saved, why don't you come to Jesus? Are you unhappy as J. was? Then, why not come to Jesus just as you are? No matter how bad you are, Jesus knows all about your badness much better than you do. His word to you is, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out." "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." Oh, then, delay not; now is the accepted time of bad

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

"Rise up and walk" (Acts iii. 6).

This is what Peter said to the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple; and this is what Jesus says to every one He saves.

First—"Rise up."

Then—"Walk."

What a beautiful comment we get on these words in the Epistle to the Ephesians!

The first three chapters are, "Rise up."

There you see every believer in Christ quickened into life with Christ (Eph. ii. 5).

Raised up together with Christ (ii. 6).

Seated in Christ (ii. 6).

Blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ (i. 3).

All this is of grace; and it is true of the believer before he put a foot to the ground to walk. It is his *position*.

The last three chapters say "Walk."

Walk worthy of the calling (iv. 1).

Walk in love (v. 2).

Walk as children of light (v. 8).

Walk circumspectly (v. 15).

Walk not as other Gentiles (iv. 17).

This is the believer's *practice*.

Some try to walk without having to "rise up." This is impossible. Others talk a lot about being "high up," but forget to *walk*. Both are wrong. God's way is right—"Rise up and walk."

Reader, have you been raised up? If so, do you *walk*?

Contrast now the downward walk in sin, with the upward walk in grace. David gives us a negative description of the first:—

"The man that *walketh* not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor *standeth* in the way of sinners, or *sitteth* in the seat of the scornful."

The second, the walk of grace,

is described thus: "And he, leaping up, stood and *walked*, and entered with them into the Temple, *walking* and *leaping* and praising God" (Acts iii. 8).

THE SEVEN BOOKS OF THE WORLD.

The seven books of the world are: the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent of these seven books, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testament, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas.

The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century.

The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B.C.

The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Muller, Wilson, Johnson, and Whitney, that they are not older than the eleventh century B.C.

The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it con-

tains, was born in the twelfth century B.C.

Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B.C., and therefore has a clear margin three hundred years older than the most ancient of the other sacred writings.

SUBMISSION.

OH, what woe, what heaviness,
What days and nights of weary pain!
Yet I would not wish them less,
Or pray too earnestly for rest;
Lord, Thou knowest what is best.

Faith discerns the bow beyond
This dark cloud of misery;
I had grown of life too fond,
Sickness came, and broke the spell;
Father, Saviour, it is well.

If the choice were given me,
Wilt thou, weak, be strong once more?

I would leave the choice to Thee,
My Father, as Thou seest fit;
Only teach me to submit.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR.

(Eph. vi. 10-18.)

*A Hearer's Notes of an Address by
Dr. Mackay.*

We find a Trinity of perfection, goodness, and truth revealed in God's Word: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Opposed to this Trinity of holiness we find a Trinity of evil—the world in opposition to the Father, for "whatsoever is not of the Father is of the world;" the devil, the prince of this world, opposed to the Son, "the Prince of Peace;" and the flesh opposed to the Spirit, for "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh."

The devil is a person; the world a perversion, not necessarily evil in itself, but, when perverted, is used to shut out God; so that the world to each man is whatever comes between him and God. The flesh is a principle within us. The devil would persuade men that he has no existence. He is the de-

ceiver, and tries to keep men from hearing the Gospel. He believes the Gospel is true, and trembles. "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine unto them." He levels his darts at the believer. As Christ said to Peter, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired" (demanded as a right is the full force of the Greek word) "to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."

1. In this closing chapter of Ephesians we get the armour provided by God, whereby the believer may repel Satan's assaults. God equips His people as warriors. He provides, not a staff, but a sword; not a knapsack, but a shield. The first piece of this armour consists of a girdle, the girdle of truth. The Eastern robes were full and flowing, and when any work had to be undertaken, the girdle was essential to tuck up the garments, to gather them together, so that the man should not be impeded by that which he wore.

This girdle of truth denotes straightforwardness, honesty of purpose, transparency. In business, in look, word, action, there must be truth, else Satan will soon entangle the Christian in his own circumstances.

This Epistle to the Ephesians deals with the highest truth connected with the Church of Christ. Yet in it the Ephesian Christians are warned, "Lie not one to another." We want Christians not to be hazy, but transparent. Cultivate truthfulness in speaking, acting, writing, looking—in all things.

2. The breastplate of righteousness is to be worn. The devil must be faced; and so we need this breastplate, not of Christ's imputed righteousness, but sterling uprightness between man and man. This will never save your soul, but you need it

to face the enemy. No man having the money, and yet leaving his debts unpaid, is in a position to meet the devil.

3. Your feet shod with the preparation of "the Gospel of peace." This is what the Christian has to carry to this poor world. His steps to be marked by peace, not discord; his business to manifest the Gospel of peace to his poor fellow-sinners.

4. The shield. This was worn on the left arm, the sword wielded by the right. The shield was moveable, and for the defence of the whole body. The shield of faith suited to every emergency is the believer's defence. Some wonder if they will have faith to die. We must not cross the bridge before we come to it. The great path of faith is not to lay up troubles for the morrow. If we had a revenue of grace we should lose it. Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, stored up in Him, poured down day by day.

5. "The helmet of salvation." If a man does not know he is saved, his head is bare. Many Christians, on account of muddy or defective teaching, are not conscious of their safety. The devil may come and say to the child of God, "You are not a believer." "Then, am I a sinner?" "Oh yes," the devil answers, "a very great sinner." "I accept that, for 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' therefore He is my Saviour; my claim to Him is that I am a sinner." Thus, taking the place of the lost sinner, and accepting the lost sinner's Saviour, relying on His word, can we meet and fight the great adversary, having our head covered by the helmet of salvation.

Lastly, "Take the sword of the Spirit." Encounter the devil with a text. That runs him through. To do this we must be skilful in wielding the sword, must know the Word of God,

and how to apply it. The devil came to tempt the Master. He took the sword and thrice repelled him with, "It is written," each time quoting from the book of Deuteronomy. The devil does not like that book. Criticism has tried to prove that book was not written by Moses. Do not argue with the devil. You will not need to prove by arguments to an opponent that it is a sword you have in your hand. Strike him through with it, that proves it. So meet the devil with "It is written," and as Christ overcame so also shall you. The devil can be resisted only as that sword is wielded; that helmet worn, that panoply girded on. "Brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." Take unto you the whole armour of God.

"THE SEA IS HIS, AND HE MADE IT."

THE myriad-handed might
From which the million-teeming
ocean fell,
No greater toil to Him
From silent depth to surfy rim,
Than the small crystal drop which
fills a rosy shell.

NOTHING, save the blood of the Lamb, will shut out the destroying angel. He enters, with the sword of judgment, every house that is not sprinkled with the blood. Nothing else will meet the holy and righteous demands of heaven. Nothing else will meet the deep and varied necessities of the sinner. Nothing else will meet the accusations of the enemy, and turn aside the accuser. They, and they only, are safe who are under the shelter of the priceless value—the eternal efficacy—and the redeeming power of the blood of the slain Lamb. "We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7).

THE MORTALITY OF HUMAN LITERATURE.

THE tables of literary mortality show the following appalling facts in regard to the chances of an author to secure literary fame:—Out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing; 200 just pay expenses; 100 return a slight profit; and fewer still show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, barely 59 have maintained their reputation, and are reprinted. Of the 50,000 works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are scarcely more than 500 writers throughout the globe who have survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of man. It might be safely added that there are not 50 of the 500 that are known to the mass of ordinarily intelligent readers in any one country of the globe.

But if these figures furnish humiliating proof of the utter vanity of human ambition, and the disappointment of human hopes, it is comforting to turn to "the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." Here we find a collection of books, the last of which was written 1800 years ago, the first of which was more than a thousand years before the birth of Herodotus, called by Cicero, "the father of history." It is marvellous that they were so religiously preserved by the Jews, when they contain an almost unbroken record of Jewish stupidity, and blind unbelief, and shameful idolatry, and wicked rebellion against their own God. It is

equally marvellous that they have been preserved since the Christian era dawned, when we remember that for centuries the fires of persecution, and the raillery of wit, and the scorn of philosophy, and the pride of science, and the natural antipathy of the human heart to their searching reproofs and holy demand, have strenuously sought to consign them to oblivion or destruction.

But according to the last report of the American Bible Society, over 154,000,000 Bibles and Testaments have been distributed in more than 230 languages and dialects of earth since the Bible Society work was inaugurated in 1804. Of this number, more than 36,000,000 have been issued by the American Bible Society, about 86,000,000 by the British and Foreign Society, 32,000,000 by other Bible Societies whose reports are accessible; beside the millions that have been sent forth by private publishing houses. If God's blessed word contained the absurdities which so many shallow, conceited, and depraved men and women profess to find in it, nearly always as second hand discoveries, it is inconceivable that it could attain this enormous circulation. All the unnumbered millions who have read it, and lived and died happily by its teachings, are not fools and hypocrites; and the more they have studied it, the more convincing and overwhelming are the evidences of its divine origin, until they can say with John Randolph, "a mole could have conceived the *Principia* of Newton as easily as man could have made such a book."

Amid much that is discouraging to the thoughtful Christian, the increasing circulation of the Bible among the nations is the most hopeful sign of the times; and it will surely accomplish its mission whether received or re-

jected. It is "unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life" (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16). "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isa. lv. 10, 11). It is a solemn thought that this ever-living Word will appear as a witness against those to whom it comes, and who turn a deaf ear to its admonitions and entreaties. "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John xii. 48).

GOD'S "FEAR NOTS."

How precious to the believing soul are the "Fear nots" of God recorded in His holy Word! Let us look at them for a moment.

To Abraham, the great father of the faithful, God said—

"Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."

To Jacob, at Beersheba, when he had arrived on his journey to see his long-lost Joseph, saying—

"I am God, the God of thy father; fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation."

To the trembling children of Israel, with the Red Sea before them, and the host of Pharaoh pressing on behind, Moses, as the mouthpiece of God, gave the cheering watchword—

"Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show you to-day."

Over the pages of Isaiah there is scattered many a sweet and precious "Fear not." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "Fear not; I will help thee." "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." "Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west." "Fear not, O Jacob, My servant; and thou Jeshurun, whom I have chosen. For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon a dry ground." "Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings." "Fear not, for thou shalt not be put to shame; neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame."

Jeremiah, too, has "fear nots," and Ezekiel one to make his forehead as adamant against apostate Israel—

"Fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house."

To Daniel, the "man greatly beloved," God sent a most precious "fear not" by the hands of an angelic messenger—

"Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words."

We now come to the New Testament, and here all the "fear nots" are Jesus' own. For the reviled and slandered He has one—

"Fear them not, for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be made known."

For the persecuted even unto death, He has one—

"Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

For the mourner, whose beloved one is even now dead, He has one—

"Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole."

For "Little-faith" (with his unbelieving cry), "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me," He has one—

"Fear ye not, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

For the "little flock," which He loved with an everlasting love, and for which He laid down His life, He has one—

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

For Paul, in his tempest-shattered bark, and amid the howling of Euroclydon, He had one—

"Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

And last, but not least, for the beloved John in the Isle of Patmos, when, overwhelmed by the effulgence of His glory, he "fell at His feet as dead," He had one—

"Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore. Amen."

Oh! beloved, what treasures of Divine love, what stores of blessed consolation; what sources of spiritual strength, what pledges of final victory, do these most precious "fear nots" contain! They are God's "fear nots," and therefore as true and faithful as Himself.

"Then forward and fear not, we'll speed on our way;

Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?

We tread but the road which our Leader hath trod:

Oh let us press forward and trust in our God."

SATAN.

MICHAEL said, The Lord rebuke thee (Jude 8, 9).

NAME.

Great Dragon. Old Serpent. The Devil. Satan (Rev. xii. 9).

Great Dragon. Old Serpent. The Devil. Satan (Rev. xx. 2).

CHARACTER.

Deceiver (Rev. xii. 9).

Murderer (John viii. 44).

Liar (Gen. iii. 4).

Abode not in the truth (John viii. 44).

PRESENT PLACE AND POSITION.

Prince of the power of the air (Eph. ii. 2).

Prince of this world (John xiv. 30).

God of this world (2 Cor. iv. 4).

PERSONALITY.

Satan came also among them (Job i. 6, 7; ii. 1, 2).

The Devil walketh about (1 Pet. v. 8).

Satan as an angel of light (2 Cor. xi. 13-15).

Satan stood up (1 Chron. xxi. 1).

Satan standing (Zech. iii. 1-5).

The Devil and Jesus (Matt. iv. 3-11).

WORKS.

Christ's works—Believe the works (John x. 37, 38).

Devil's works—Threw him down and tare him (Luke ix. 42).

Devil's works—Cutting himself with stones (Mark v. 1-5).

Devil's works—Kill thyself.

LIMITED POWER.

Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world (1 John iv. 4-6).

Satan bound a thousand years (Rev. xx. 1-3).

Cast into lake of fire, FOR EVER AND EVER (Rev. xx. 10).

J. N. C.

If sin doth not taste bitter, Christ cannot taste sweet.

FORGIVENESS FIRST—THEN POWER.

IN Luke v. we have an incident related that may serve to illustrate to us the simplicity of the glad tidings of grace.

A poor helpless man, sick with the palsy, was brought to the Lord for Him to heal. Exceedingly anxious to lay the poor man before Him, and having confidence that He possessed power and grace enough to do it, they uncovered the roof of the house and let him down in the midst. "And when He saw their faith, He said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." Their thought was simply to have the palsy taken away, but Jesus looked deeper than that, He knew the need of the man's soul, and therefore, first gives him forgiveness, and then, as a proof of His power to forgive sins, says, "Arise, take up thy couch, and go unto thine house."

A palsied man is surely a very apt illustration of the state, the helpless condition, of the sinner. Everything out of order, no power, unable to walk, to conduct himself righteously—no control over his limbs, beholden to others to bring him to Jesus. This is figuratively the condition of all who, as the Scripture says, are "dead in trespasses and sins."

Being such, my *first* need is, not power to walk in newness of life, but forgiveness for the sins of the old life. Conscious of the lack of power to glorify God, and yet ignorant of how the grace of God meets the sinner in his need, just as he is, many souls are seeking for power, seeking for a cure of their moral palsy, without knowing first the blessing of forgiveness. It is a mistake of fundamental importance. I must first receive forgiveness as I am, as a sick man; then, having that, I may trust

Him who has power to forgive, also, to give power to walk.

The palsied man knew that his sins were forgiven because Jesus said so. Any of us may know the same blessing by the same means, for it is written, "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." Let me hear with an hearing ear what the voice of Jesus says in the Scripture, and I also may know that *my* sins are forgiven with Divine certainty, for forgiveness is preached, is proclaimed to me through Him, and God has declared that every soul that believes in Him is justified.

After the Lord had said, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee," the Scribes and Pharisees began to reason, saying, "Who is this which speaketh blasphemies?" "Who can forgive sins but God alone?" But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, He answering said unto them, "What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins (He said unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, 'Arise and take up thy couch, and go unto thine house.' And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God." Thus the curing of his sickness was the *proof* that his sins were forgiven, and not the means of it. It was the proof, not to himself, but to others. I may know that my sins are forgiven by the testimony of God's Word,—He *says* to the believer, to whoever receives the testimony, that his

sins are forgiven. But to others, the sight of him who was bed-ridden walking to his house glorifying God was a powerful testimony that the Son of Man *had* power on earth to forgive sins.

And now, dear reader, let us ask you what is it you are seeking—power or forgiveness? Be sure you need and must have the latter before you can have the former. You may have thought that all you needed was a cure for your weakness, an infusion of power; you do need that, you do need a power beyond yourself before you can ever walk glorifying God, but you have *sins*, and these must be settled ere God can enter into that question. Sins that, until they are cancelled, until the conscience is purged, must effectually prevent any communion with God. There is one way of access to God, and that is by the Lord Jesus. Him "God has set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood." Faith in His blood justifies, justifies from all things. If my faith is in the blood of Jesus, I am justified—God says it. Freely forgiven of all my sins and accepted as righteous—justified not by what I have done, or hope to do, or what I am or hope to become, but simply as Rom. v. 9 says, "Justified by His blood."

TRUE DEVOTEDNESS.

If ever there was a day when it is important for every true follower of Christ to stand fast and be true to his profession, I believe it is the present day. There is no answer to infidelity like the life of Christ displayed by the Christian. Nothing puts the madness of the infidel and the folly of the superstitious more to shame and silence than the humble, quiet, devoted walk of a thorough-going, heavenly-minded, and Divinely-taught

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow:

O ye of little faith!

MATT. vi. 28-30.

Christian. It may be in the unlearned and poor and despised; but, like the scent of the lowly violet, it gives its fragrance abroad, and God and man take notice of it.

The heart of the Lord Jesus, when down here, was ever occupied with His Father's will and glory; so now the heart of the saint, while occupied with the risen, glorified Jesus in heaven, is enabled to walk as He walked down here.

The word "servant" is as inseparably linked with the word "*obedience*," as "work" with "workman." A servant should move when the bell rings; and the true language of a Christian servant is, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

No man takes a dirty glass to drink from; so, if you really desire to be used of God, see to it that you are a vessel fit "for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work" (2 Tim. ii. 21).

SALVATION, PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

HAVE you ever considered the various meanings of the word "salvation" as used in Scripture?

It has a threefold aspect, and we lose by not remembering this. There is—

First, salvation from the penalty of sin (Col. i. 13; 1 Tim. i. 15; 2 Tim. i. 9; Eph. i. 7; ii. 8; Acts xvi. 31).

Second, salvation from the power of sin (Matt. i. 21; Rom.

v. 10, vii. 24, 25; Heb. v. 9, vii. 25; Jude 24).

Third, the salvation or redemption of the body (Rom. viii. 23; xiii. 11; Heb. ix. 28; 1 Peter i. 9).

SCRIPTURE NOSEGAY.

A REFRESHING Scripture nosegay gathered by a sympathising friend, and presented to the mourners:—

Burden of sin—Ps. xxxviii. 3, 4; Isa. xliii. 25.

Weakness—Ps. vi. 2; 2 Cor. iv. 16, 17, 18.

Conflict—Rom. vii. 19; Rom. vi. 14.

Deep waters—Ps. lxxix. 2; Isa. xliii. 2.

Leanness—Isa. xxiv. 16; 2 Cor. ix. 8.

Darkness and assault—Ps. cxliii. 3; Isa. lix. 19.

Desertion—Job xxiii. 8, 9; Isa. liv. 7, 10.

Backsliding—Jer. xiv. 7; iii. 12.

Alienation of kindred—Ps. lxxix. 8; Ps. xxvii. 10.

Bereavements—Ruth i. 20, 21; Isa. liv. 5; Jer. xlix. 11; Lam. v. 3; Ps. lxxviii. 5; Isa. lxvi. 13; Ps. lxxxviii. 18; Heb. xiii. 5.

Death—Ps. liv. 4; Hos. xiii. 14; Heb. ii. 14, 15; Rom. viii. 28; 1 Cor. iii. 21, 23; Eccles. vii. 3; Isa. xiv. 3; Jer. xxxi. 13; Ps. xxx. 5; Isa. lxxv. 19.

Examine each, and tie up all with faith. May the God of all grace and the God of all comfort cause these sweet flowers,

plucked in His own garden, to shed forth all their fragrance for the refreshment and consolation of thy sorrowing spirit.

SAD is the condition, and vain the endeavour, of those that would please both God and the world.

WE were cheered to see the following in the annual report of Mr. Spurgeon's Colportage Association:—

A Policeman converted by reading "Grace and Truth."—"I was very much cheered while calling at A—to hear the 'policeman' give me a cheering account of how the Lord had blessed the reading of 'Grace and Truth' to his soul, which he had bought. He says it is one of the best books that he ever read. He says he never saw the way of salvation so clear before as he was enabled to see it through reading 'Grace and Truth'; in fact, he was so deeply impressed as to the value of the book, that he asked me to get him another one, to give to a person who was ill, hoping that it may be made a blessing to him."

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WE call the attention of Tract distributors and others to the fact, that we have several back Nos. of different years, which we are prepared to send at 4s. per hundred—less than half price.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

OCTOBER 1880.

[No. 160.

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THE CUP OF TEA.

CORPORAL A— had served in the army for ten years, and as a proof that he had faithfully performed his duty as a soldier, his coat was distinguished by good-conduct badges.

Ill health, brought on by foreign service, prostrated him at the age of forty. His disease was painful. Indeed, his suffering was so great, that on my first visit, he said that he was "the most miserable man that lived," and that he often wished he was dead. Being desirous of ascertaining his mind as to spiritual matters, I asked him—"Would you then wish to change your present pain for eternal pain?"

"Ah, sir," he said, "if I look on it in that light, I am wrong."

"But how are you to escape the eternal pain?"

"I am praying to God, and

striving to *do my duty* as well as I can."

"What are you praying for?" I asked.

"For pardon for my sins," was his ready reply.

"But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?"

"To take it from her, surely."

"Do you think that God is offering you anything?"

"Oh yes, sir; I think He is offering pardon to all through Jesus Christ."

"What is your duty, then?"

"Ah, sir," he said, with much feeling, "I ought to accept it."

"But now," I said, "suppose your wife were offering you the tea, and that, instead of taking it from her, you continued asking for it, might she not say, How blind you are!—do you not see that I am offering it to you? And has not God much more reason to charge you with blindness? You ask Him for what He offers, instead of taking it at once. You think you must ask, and ask, and ask, for pardon continually; and you won't believe that God is asking you to accept it in the name of Jesus. You are thus only proving your own blindness. But now, tell me what you really require in order to be this moment a pardoned man?"

"I only want faith in Jesus," was his answer.

His manner was so decided

that I was convinced he now saw how false his view of his duty had been, and with a look of tearful earnestness, he exclaimed, "I had been groping in the dark all my days."

Now that the Corporal saw *what his duty was* as a sinner, his way was clear. He saw that God gave Jesus a *sa* Saviour to the lost, and that he had only to receive Jesus as *his* Saviour, and in Him he would receive the pardon which he so much desired.

Some days after this conversation, he told me how simple all now seemed to him. He now saw that Jesus was his substitute, and had borne his sins, and that therefore his sins were gone. He could now look into the grave without fear, and forward to a happy immortality with that dear Saviour, who had been bruised in his stead, and by whose stripes he was healed. His nights and days were spent in calling to remembrance the precious promises of God to His believing people, and the great love which God had shown to him, a poor hell-deserving sinner. Although suffering from weakness and pain, instead of being "the most miserable man that lived," he seemed perfectly happy; and, as he had done *his duty as a sinner*, by believing God's Word, and trusting in Jesus, so he did *his duty as a Christian*, rejoicing in the Lord, feeding on His Word, and en-

deavouring to show forth the praise of Him who loved him, and had washed him from his sins in His own blood. His message to me on the day preceding his death was—"Tell him I shall meet him in heaven."

Reader, have you been making the same mistake as Corporal A—, and been groping in the dark all your days? If so, this incident may teach you an all-important truth. God is now beseeching you to receive Jesus and be reconciled to Him. (2 Cor. v. 20.) Until you are, all your prayers to one in whom you have not faith, and whose words you do not believe, are unbelief and sin. Do not deceive yourself, they are only a solemn mockery of God. Come at once to Jesus. He is the gift of God to the world. Receive Him as your Saviour, and in Him you will find all that you need for time and for eternity.

CAIN'S OFFERING.

"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord" (Gen. iv. 16).

Is this *your* condition, dear reader?

"No!" perhaps you say, "I should be sorry indeed to be a Cain, and have to bear the sentence which God gave *him* for his terrible sin; we are all sinners, I know, but I try to live uprightly, and God is very merciful."

True, my reader, we *are* sinners and God is merciful, but the point is, are you a *saved* sinner, and on what ground do you count on the mercy of that God who has said He will in no wise clear the guilty? Sin sent Cain out from the presence of the Lord, and Scripture says "There is no difference—for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." His offering of uprightness (the honest labour of his hands) did not avail him here. God was merciful then

as now, but sin must be punished according to His claims as a righteous, just, and holy God; so he who had sinned went out from His presence.

Ah, you who are sinners unsaved, bringing as an offering to God the fruits of a cursed earth, good works, so called, from a nature pronounced by Him as corrupt: have you ever thought what it cost Him to redeem sinners to Himself; to bring them out of the condition sin has cast them into as outside of His presence? It cost Him His Son, that Son who to do His Father's will (that will to save poor lost ones) was made sin in that awful hour, when what was due to sin hid the face of His God from Him, and placed Him in the anguish of that time where you and I would have to be, if unsaved, for all eternity—under the weight of its judgment. What of Cain's offering now, or expecting mercy for uprightness? Have you found out yet where you are, if on this ground with sin upon you, in spite of the offering of fair fruits? You have in reality gone out from the presence of the Lord; you are without God and without hope in the world—a stranger to Him as the Saviour God.

But is there no escape from this condition? Yes, Abel's offering is at hand—the blood of the Lamb. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." The blood of Christ is that which justifies a guilty soul before a holy God the moment it is trusted. God is satisfied with, nay, glorified by the death of His Son, and according to the value of His blood the soul is cleansed from sin. He offers you salvation upon that ground alone. "He that heareth My word, and

believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life." Hear His word, trust Him, and receive everlasting life.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I AM my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked a friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look-out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under His direction, and where He is master all goes right."

THORNS.

I do not think the Providence unkind

That gives its bad things to this life of ours;

They are the thorns whereby we, travellers blind,

Feel out our flowers.

ALICE CRAY.

A RIGHTEOUS PEACE.

MR. T—had lived many years what he thought a moral life, which, however, never rose to God's standard on that matter, as given in the Ten Commandments; but was rather to go along comfortably with men, paying his business debts faithfully and keeping a generally decent exterior. The Jews had the most perfect code of morality; but, in departing from God, they declined from all that was true and sweet toward men, and presented but the counterfeit of what was good.

So this man, while thus living, was really sinking lower the standard of what was right, and in the gratification of his own whims, and by his intense fondness for such trifling games as draughts and dominoes, was spending his evenings away from his family, thus in supreme selfishness demonstrating the falseness of all his assumed goodness.

But God had gracious thoughts of him, while he thought nothing of God. In nothing probably does man show his entire opposition to God more clearly than in what he calls religion. The moment he is allowed to see a little of what he is, and is doing, he meets it by his resolutions to do something else. As if God were not already wearied out with his doings! As if his good doings were any more acceptable to God than his bad doings!

On going home late one night, after having spent the whole evening in play, this man was mildly remonstrated with by his wife who was a Christian, and told of her anxiety for his soul. This had little effect then; but on the following day, while in his shop at work, the thought of his course was brought to him, and a deep anxiety for his salvation seemed to come sud-

denly upon him, threatening to press him to the earth. In such a case what ought a man to do? Most certainly go to God's Word to see what He has to say about it all. But this is not man's way, and this was not his way.

And so this troubled one sought others; sought prayer, and at last took refuge in his own resolutions. He determined that he would serve the Lord. And is not that right? Let us see what the Word of God says. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*!" (Tim. i. 15). Is there anything of serving the Lord in that? "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is *lost*" (Luke xix. 10). Here God takes the distinct ground of saving sinners, and Christ of dying for sinners. It is doing all for them; not asking them to do for Him. It is being *saved*, not *serving*. Christ Jesus is seeking *sinners*, not *servants*. God is commending His love to sinners, not asking them for something.

The result of this resolution, however, was a peculiar feeling of delight, but it was not peace. It was a thrill, a wondrous change of emotions, a satisfaction with himself, but it was not peace with God. *He* had been somehow left out of the account, and what He thought of all the matter had been strangely ignored.

How do we account then for this joy? It was as if one had been borne down with a sense of a heavy debt, and in thinking it over, resolves to give his note for the amount, and not realising his bankruptcy, determines not to go in debt any more. And in this solution of the difficulty which has not compromised his pride, nor involved his dignity,

but rather established them, he feels restored and relieved. Only this was greater because the debt was felt to be greater, and the cry that rang through his mind in the night, "Choose this day whom you will serve!" was answered, as it was at its first utterance, by a resolve and nothing else, not knowing that the answer to this resolve was "Ye cannot serve the Lord!" (Josh. xxiv. 15-19).

This was man's work. He had met God's demand for the *death* of the sinner by a plea for *life*, and a promise of a better one. But "the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is" (1 Cor. iii. 13). And God was preparing the fire which should test the worth of all these fine feelings.

His first act of "serving the Lord" was to tell others what he had done, and how he felt. And then to go with zeal to meeting in the evening, and get to praying and rejoicing over it again. But, somehow, the joy did not stay. It had no foundation. Nothing had been done, and there was no peace. God's only part in the matter, thus far, was giving him a little knowledge of his being a sinner. But this he had dodged by getting behind a resolution, as his first parents, on finding themselves in the same condition, had covered themselves with aprons, and then hid behind the trees. Man's resolutions are his apron, and his religious zeal and activity the hiding.

The blessed thing was, that God had taken up this work, that He had come on purpose to save this poor lost one. And when the excitement of the evening had gone, there was a blank as to happiness. His joy had gone, and it was good for him that it had. The account as to his sins and his nature was not yet settled, only postponed. And now it was brought back.

There he was a sinner, stripped

of his covering. The flattery of self that came from a good resolution would not stay the soul. He had thought it was having an experience, knowing one's self a better man, going along gladly through exercises that belong to a *new man*. But he was not a new man, only the old one veneered. And the veneering was coming off. What had he? What was he, and what was he to do?

Just one thing. Go to the other party in the matter, the One against whom he had sinned, and who must give him the words of life. And he did, not by praying, with his own sense of sin or its merit, or of God and His claim; but by turning to the Word of God. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple."

So ignorant was he of what God had written, that he knew not what to read. So he asked his wife to read something from the New Testament to him.

Thus they sat that evening, after all the boast of his good and happy feelings; he, now a bankrupt indeed, feeling that he could not live if God gave him not relief, and she counting on God, and anxious to administer such word as He would give. For a long time she read portion after portion, but they did not seem to meet his case. At last she turned to that place where God judged sin, the only place where judgment has really been executed against sin and the sinner, the scene on Calvary. And as she read, his eager attention was given. Then came the terrific event of that hour, the numbering with transgressors, the darkness in which God was dealing with Him whom He made to be sin for us. And then those thrilling, awful words, "MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?" "There," he said, "stop there!" And as he meditated upon this wonder-

ful fact of Christ being forsaken of God, it came home to his conscience that nothing but that would answer the case, and meet the real condition of guilt and defilement. His sins deserved that, and there was the desert. The actual forsaking had taken place. As the night wore on this came out clearer and brighter, and instead of himself, he saw Christ; instead of a pious resolution, he saw a criminal put to death, and God satisfied. Sin meant that forsaking, sin deserved it, and sin got it. And oh, how wonderful, that it passed on to the Son of God, who did not sin, for his sake who did sin!

It was enough. The work was finished, and God and he could be happy together. This was peace, a righteous peace. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life." "He that hath believed His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true" (John iii. 33).

The former feeling shirked the main issue, the question of what he had done and what he had deserved; this explored and traversed all. That gave an ephemeral ecstasy that must be kept up to the highest pitch, lest it be lost; this a settled peace that grew more solid as it took in the vast fact. That left out God and gave man importance; this brought God in with His great salvation. That was a joy without reason, a false thing of imagination: this a peace that never can be shaken.

And are there not multitudes in the state of this man, either in the feeling of fleshly gladness over a resolution to be good, or else in the depression that follows sooner or later? In many cases, after a time, the person's interest in his soul and in religious things declines, and he goes into worse things than before, and then the assertion is that one who was once a Christian has lost his salvation. He is what is often

called a "backslider." And he is a backslider; but a backslider from what? Only from his own resolutions, which are now demonstrated to be nothing at all. It was a mistake to suppose that was salvation. It was the very opposite, an ignoring of the real condition of things, that he was a lost man, a guilty sinner, condemned to death. Salvation is through the judgment of sin on the Cross.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Oh, weary in the morning,
When soft the dew-drops fall,
And weary at the noon-tide,
When God's sun shines on all:
And weary at the night-fall,
When each day's labour o'er,
I count my mis-spent moments,
As lost for evermore.

Oh, weary of the turmoil,
The striving and the care,
And weary of the burden,
Which we of earth must bear.
Oh, weary of vain longings,
And weary with vain fears,
And wearier with heart sorrows,
Than with the weight of years.

Yet like a ray of sunlight,
The word shines through the gloom,
And after winter's darkness,
Comes spring in fresher bloom;
And after vainly searching,
We find a resting meet—
For rest, and hope, and glory,
Are found at Jesus' feet.

God never sends a sorrow,
Without the healing balm,
And bids us fight no battles,
But for the victor's palm.
Yet we by earth's mist blinded,
Knew not His holy will,
Till o'er the troubled waters,
His voice said, "Peace, be still!"

We will go forth and conquer,
Depending on His grace;
The lowliest station near Him
Must be an honoured place:
And after battle, victory—
And after victory, rest—
Like the beloved Apostle
Upon the Master's breast.

TRUST not so much to the comforts of God as to the God of comforts.

A PERISHED ONE.

THERE WAS a certain rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, who was laid at his gate full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence.

Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.

Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

And he said, Nay, Father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead they will repent.

And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

THE WELL OR THE PUMP.

"THERE is a great difference between a well and a pump." These words were spoken by a friend, with whom I was spending an hour one evening. We had been speaking about the fourth chapter of John's Gospel. Afterwards, as I thought over them, the well and the pump seemed to illustrate Christ and the world. At the home of my childhood there was a lovely spring well. The water was clear as crystal; and even in the heat of summer cool and refreshing—because it was continually bubbling up through a bed of rock. There was no water like it anywhere near. Like the well at Sychar, it was deep. But in our changeable climate—where we know little or nothing almost of a burning sun for days and weeks, or even months at a time—we scarcely appreciate a drink of cold water; and how many people in the world pass the greater part of their lives in ignorance of the "Living Spring," which is Christ Himself. The woman at the well wanted only that water which the well supplied; she was unconscious of deeper need. Even though the Lord told her of "living water," her heart did not take in the meaning of His words. She was ready to talk with Him about religion and worship; and there are many like her who will talk any amount of religion, but if you seek to go deeper, and speak of sin and a Saviour, they will soon try to get away. But the Lord dealt faithfully with her; He touched the secret of her life; He showed out her true condition, a sinner, guilty and condemned before Him; and under His word she had to acknowledge what she was. There was no hiding from His searching gaze; she had to realise her need, and receive from Him before she could testify of Him to others.

My reader, how is it with you? Have you drank of that "life-giving stream" which springeth up, ready and waiting, that you may stoop down and drink, and live eternally? There is no effort needed on your part; you have but to *take* what God has supplied to meet your need. Perhaps you are still occupied with the pump of this world's pleasures. You may with trouble and labour pump up a little enjoyment. The theatre, the ball, and the evening party may give you pleasure for a time; you may enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; but, like the pump when you let go the handle, the water ceases to flow; and when you are unable to join in these so-called pleasures and excitements, you have nothing left to satisfy the craving of your heart. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" (Isa. lv. 2.) Can you answer the question put by God Himself? Can you say from your heart I am truly happy, and satisfied with my present life? Ah! no. You must be true, and admit you are neither truly happy nor satisfied. You cannot think of the future—of death, judgment, and eternity—without a shudder and dismay. The only really happy beings on this earth are those who know their sins forgiven—who have taken shelter beneath the precious blood of Christ. But even as you read these lines may the Lord by His Holy Spirit convince you of sin, and of your deep, deep need; and then, "Let him that is athirst *come*, and whosoever will, let him *take* of the water of life **FREELY**." "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35). In this life only can the thirsty soul be satisfied. Oh, think how the holy Son of God suffered for us on the cross. He thirsted that we might have the

living water freely. Reject not this water of life now; lest you lift up your eyes, being in torment, and crave the water, which is then denied to those who have rejected it here.

"There is a death whose pang
Outlives the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death."

THE NEW LEAF TURNED, AND THE PAGE BLOTTED.

WHEN a man finds that he is not going on as well as he ought, how common is it to hear him say, "I must turn over a new leaf." And men not only say it, but they try it. They turn over their "new leaf," as they call it, but no sooner is it done, than blot after blot defaces it, and it is spoiled.

Well, dear reader, have you ever tried this, and have you also failed? If so, let me tell you why, and also let me show you, how you and many others might save themselves endless sorrow and disappointment here, ay, and a worse thing hereafter, if you would in this matter listen to the Word of God, and not trust to your own understandings.

The fact is, that you want something more than a "new leaf," just because every page of the book of nature is blotted from the beginning to the end. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one;" and again, "They that are in the flesh *cannot please* God." The Lord Jesus Christ has also said, that "Except a man be *born again*, he *cannot* see the kingdom of God." These, with a number of other passages in God's Word, plainly mean that man, as he is by nature, cannot be saved by his own works. His *good* works cannot blot out his bad ones; his "new leaves" cannot hide the blots upon the old ones; in fact, every leaf that he turns over must only bring him nearer

to the end of the volume, on the last page of which is written, "*Finis*," or "DEATH," and after death, remember, comes the JUDGMENT.

Now, if this is true, you will admit that it is not a "new leaf" which will do for you. No, dear friend, nothing short of a new *book* will meet your case. To get out of the book of nature into the book of grace; out of the history of Adam, by whom *all die*, into that of CHRIST, in whom all are *made alive*.

Yes, this is the secret; for concerning Christ it is written, that He "came into the world to save sinners,"—that "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv. 25). That "Christ also has *once* suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18). On the cross, and in His death, Christ bore the judgment of sin, and *put it away*. In the person of Christ, the wondrous substitute, God judged and condemned our old nature (called the "old man," Rom. vi. 6). He "condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. viii. 3); and, having done this, and Christ having borne wrath and judgment to the uttermost, "God raised Him from the dead," and made Him, as the Risen One, to be the Head of a new race, a "new creation" (as Adam was head of the old), and the source and giver of eternal life to all who believe on His name.

Is not this what you require—a new book indeed? Christ, and His finished work of atonement for sin in His death, and of resurrection to life; and *all* for sinners. Sin put away by His precious blood in death. Life—eternal life—the gift of God, flowing from Him in resurrection.

As it is written, "The wages of sin is death;" and Christ HAS died for sinners, for the

ungodly. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and Christ has risen again, and as a corn of wheat once sown in the earth *alone* in death, has not only Himself sprung up into life, but has also brought forth life abundantly to all who believe in His name (John xii. 24).

So, then, "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). And again, "He that believeth on the Son of God, *hath* everlasting life" (John iii. 36). "Therefore, if any man be *in Christ*, he is a new creature, *old things* are passed away, and behold, all things are become new, and all things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. v. 17, 18).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"—saved not only from the judgment and the "wrath to come," but from the power of sin now, so that you may be able to live to Him who loved and gave Himself for you.

"NOT TILL THEN."

WHEN you own your sin and guilt—
Vain the hopes which you have built;
When you see your depth of shame—
Nought to offer, nought to claim.

Then, and not till then, you'll know
What the grace God can bestow.

When you see you nought can do
To avert the wrath so due;
That "to do" is but "to sin"
And God's purpose hindering.

Then, and not till then, you'll know
What the grace God can bestow.

When your eye alone can view
Jesus on the Cross for you,
Meeting there the wrath of God,
Giving there His own life's blood.

Then, and not till then, you'll know
What the grace God can bestow.

Then, ah then! God's peerless grace,
You with joyous soul shall trace,
Saved and happy! saved and free!
Blest for all eternity!

Eased then of your heavy load,
Oh, how deep your joy in God!

A. M.

ATTRactions OF THE BIBLE.

IN giving the Bible, God had regard to the mind of man. He knew that man has more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity, and that persons are more anxious to hear some new thing, or read some beautiful theme, than to hear or read about God and His great salvation; that few could ever ask, "What must I do to be saved?" till they had once been attracted and brought to the Bible itself. And therefore He made the Bible not only an instructive book but an attractive one—not only true, but enticing—a book which in trying to catch the heart of man, should gratify his taste. The pearl is of great price, but even the casket is of exquisite beauty; the world's Maker is the Bible's Author, and the same profusion which furnished so lavishly the abode of man, has filled thus richly, and adorned thus brilliantly, the book of man.

For God has made inspiration a counterpart of the incarnation; and just as in the incarnate mystery, without mutual encroachments, and without confusion, we have very God and very man, so in Scripture we have a book, every sentence of which is truly human, and yet every sentence of which is truly divine. Holy men spake and wrote it "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and just as when God sent His Son into the world, He sent Him, not in the fashion of an angel, nor even in the fashion of a glorified and celestial man, but sent Him "in all points like unto His brethren," so when He sent into the world His written Word, it came not ready-written with an angel's plume, but with reeds from the Jordan, and was consigned to paper from the marshy Nile, and every word of it not the less heavenly.

We have in God's divine revelation the beautiful simplicity of John, the argumentative soul-stirring energy of Paul, the fervent solemnity of Peter, the lyrical mood of David, the ingenuous and majestic narrative of Moses, the royal wisdom of Solomon; but we have also God. And such ought to be the word of Jehovah, like Immanuel, full of grace and truth, at once in the bosom of God and in the heart of man—powerful, yet sympathising—celestial, yet human—exalted, yet humbling—imposing, yet familiar—God and man.

Oh, my brethren, there is a loveliness even in the letter of the Bible, but there is life for our souls in the divine significance. In blissful bewilderment may you forget the fascinations of earth and the pleasures of sin, and only wake up to consciousness still to find yourself alone with the Master; and none will less grieve than He who now addresses you, if the literary attractions of the Bible become thus merged and superseded in charms more spiritual—in those attractions, which if they draw you to the Bible, will also draw you at last to heaven.

J. H.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ATTITUDE.

"Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven" (1 Thess. i. 9, 10).

"To serve Him!" Do we think it hard

To hear the Word of old,
Which tells us of the place on earth
Our Lord would have us hold?

The place where we can work and serve

While waiting for Him here;
While rays of glory breaking down,
Sustain our hearts from fear.

"To serve Him!" Does it mean some work

That history's page will hold,
And thousand grateful hearts and tongues

Will to the world unfold?

"To serve Him!" Nay, 'tis but,
to go
To those His heart holds dear;
To soothe the orphan's bitter wail,
To dry the widow's tear.

"To serve Him!" 'Tis within your home
To shed a sunshine round;
Which tells with louder voice than words
The treasures you have found.

"To serve Him!" 'Tis the angry word
Checked e'er it well began;
It is to make a stream of bliss
Where once but discord ran.

"To serve Him!" 'Tis to bow our hearts,
Though He our cup should fill
With deepest sorrow, and through all
Have faith to trust Him still.

"To serve Him!" 'Tis with little deeds,
No other eye can see
But His, whose voice will one day say,
"Ye did it unto Me!"

"To wait!" These hearts too often ask,
"How long, O Lord, how long?"
Must we amid the world's rude scorn,
Do battle with the wrong?

"To wait!" Oh! is it to look on
Through heavy clouds and gloom
To that bright light, whose rays e'en now
Shine out beyond the tomb?

"To wait for Him!" Nay, 'tis to watch
With faithful hearts and true
For His return, while all around
Grows darker to our view.

"To wait for Him!" 'Tis just to find
His absence such a loss;
That pained we turn from earth's gay scenes,
And gladly clasp His cross.

"To wait!" 'Tis like some brilliant light
Through darkness shining clear;
The day-star rising in our hearts,
The Lord will soon appear.

"To wait!" 'Tis day by day to cry,
And in our hearts to be
READY! to go or stay, dear Lord,
As best may seem to Thee.

Be this our one desire, O Lord,
 Whate'er our earthly state;
 And sweeter may it prove each day,
 To *serve* Thee, and to *wait*.
 A. S. O.

WHAT LIFE MAY BE.

"We cannot afford to throw away our past,
 They are poor
 Who have lost nothing. They most poor
 Of all, who lose and wish they might
 forget."

You tell me life can never again be to you what it has been. No, but it will be what it never could have been,—sadder, perhaps, but wider and deeper as well. And the time will come, not soon, but surely, when you will give God thanks that it is what He has made it. He has laid a gift in your hands with this sorrow, whose value you know not now, but you will hereafter—even on earth.

A gift! Nay, but you will say, "He has added nothing; rather He has taken away all." Not all—not indeed anything which was really needful. He never spoils our lives for us—never leaves them crushed and empty,—at least if they are so, it is by our own choice, not His. For the fulness in Himself, of strength and rest and peace, may be ours if we will. He may not give us what we have stretched out our hands for, in the wild yearning that knew not what it sought, but something falls into them that meets our true want as well, or better.

You cannot take the comfort of this at present. We do not suffer and rejoice at the same moment, nor, while fighting, do we gather the fruit of victory. Others may watch the battle and understand the meaning of it, but we only learn it afterwards, when we have come out with wounds that are noblest trophies. For the present there is only a blind struggle of passion and pain, no more. But looking back, after it is over, we can see for others what we once

could not realise for ourselves; and therefore I have one thing to say to you which, though you will not believe it, is nevertheless true,—that in time the bitterness of the grief will pass. You feel now as if this *could* not be. In ten years, or less, you will know that *it is*. Thousands who have suffered as you suffer will tell you the same. How else could life be borne at all? God's own hand will put a veil between you and your past. Its outlines will reach you through the midst of memory, touched with softness, if not with beauty. They will throw no shadow on your present, or only one of calm. Remember again, remember always, that your life is not a mere spoiled life, which you have just to live on and live out. It seems empty now, but if you can believe and wait, it will bring you still enough and to spare. You have seen a thing that "might have been"—a glimpse just shown you and withdrawn. But all the rest is left—and God.

And there are many brightening influences, after all, stirring our sensitive inner consciousness in some subtle fashion which we cannot explain. They may not reach, and could not heal if they did, the one sore place in our hearts, but they play around and soothe its aching, like the breath of a wind that tells of summer. We may shut them out. Many do, and their hearts grow dry and wither. It is a sure retribution for refusing any gift of God, whether cross, or simple joy. But if we take it as He sends, who is over all and in all, we shall often find that we have entertained angels unawares.

Our prayer is for "daily bread," and there is such a thing as missing the answer, while we try to grasp some "bread" in the future which we think may fail us. We shall

find it there when we go forward and meet the want of it, but we must wait till then. And there is something to wait for always. Not what we have dreamed, or even ever caught sight of, rather that which may come by means of losing all this. Something lying now under the horizon of our lives, yet still coming, here or *there*. And let us remember that while we wait, it may be in that painful "missing" which seems so dreary, some one else has, even now, the joy which for us only might have been. Other eyes watch the beauty which is shut from ours. Other lips are singing the song we only hear afar. Let us learn to be glad in this better thing, though we may but stand aside and see it pass. We think we have only half what life should have brought us, while some one else has the other half, and we must go on always with the sense of loss,—the yearning without the answer. But there is the whole beyond: beyond the waiting and behind it.

"Where the hidden wound is healed,
 Where the blighted life reblooms;
 Where the smitten heart the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes."

HETTY BOWMAN.

EARTH HIDING HEAVEN.

A LITTLE boy held a sixpence near his eye, and said, "O mother! it is bigger than the room!" and when he drew it still nearer, he exclaimed, "O mother, it is bigger than all outdoors!" And in just that way the worldling hides God and Christ, and judgment and eternity from view, behind some paltry pleasure, some trifling joy, or some small possession, which shall perish with the using, and pass away, with all earth's lusts and glory, in the approaching day of God Almighty.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I ONCE knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea; and it was on one of these trips that the incident of which I am going to tell you happened.

One day she sat on a coil of rope, watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps, miss," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterwards shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on the coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of his cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she soon came back and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters — for Mary was too young to write — were these words: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

The old man looked into her face, and asked, "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal lights hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and

wept like a little child. At last he said, "You are right, missy, I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has painted, "Signal lights for souls bound for heaven."

ALL IS WELL.

WHEN a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud and night,
Wait for God's to-morrow,
All will then be bright.
Only wait and trust Him,
Just a little while;
After evening tear-drops
Shall come the morning smile.

Sadly bend the flowers
In the heavy rain;
But after beating showers
The sunbeams come again.
Little birds are silent
All the dark night through;
But when the morning dawneth
Their songs are sweet and new.

FREELY.

WHEN the Lord Jesus bled upon the cross He paid, as it were, not only the just due of the sins of all those who believed God up to the time of His death, but He satisfied justice for every one who trusts Him until the end of time. God wrote in His book, "without money and without price," before Jesus died, because He knew that Jesus would pay the price in due time, and now that Jesus has paid the price God has in His book, "Freely."

Love bids YOU come and welcome. "Whosoever will let him come," with nothing but your need, to the boundless stores of God's love and mercy.

God is satisfied with the price of the blood of Jesus, and as you think upon what satisfies Him, surely you may thank God and rejoice in His full provision for sinners. GOD IS LOVE.

THE THREE DISCOVERIES OF PAUL.

By Professor GRAHAM, D.D.

"I am not meet to be called an apostle" (1 Cor. xv. 9).

"I am the least of all saints" (Eph. iii. 8).

"Sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. i. 15).

LET us mark these three words in the order of time in which Paul gives them. Paul, it is generally supposed, was born in the year of our Lord's birth; he was converted in his thirty-fifth year; he has been an apostle twenty-two years; and now, in the year 57, the date of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, he announces the discovery, "I am not meet to be called an apostle;" five years afterwards, when he has been twenty-seven years an apostle, in the year 62, the most probable date of the Epistle to the Ephesians, he cries out, "I am less than the least of all saints;" and other five years afterwards again, it may have been in the very last year of his life, the date of his First Epistle to Timothy, he reaches the discovery, and exclaims with emphatic assurance and with eager earnestness, "I am chief of sinners." We should have put the dates in a totally opposite order. We see all these years this cedar, this tree of God, growing in massive height, overshadowing continents with benign influence, and laden at last with the ripest fruits of a noble work and of a nobler character. Yes; but Paul saw what we do not see. He saw, he felt, the roots of his very soul going down deeper every year, till at last, while the world

hailed Paul as greater than the greatest of all saints, and the greatest of all apostles, he was lost in the overwhelming experience, "I am chief of sinners."

Surely it will profit us—some of us, it may be, in a special way—to look at this strange but divine order.

There are three things here,—the apostle, the saint, the sinner,—each placed over against the salvation and grace of Christ; or, in other words, there is the doing, the growing, the being. Look at these three again. Doing is on others, saintship is in ourselves, sinner-ship is towards Christ. Apostleship leads without, saintship within, sinnership above. These make the complete Christian, in his breadth, depth, and height, and these being all divine, have length of days for ever and ever.

But it is the order in which these appear, as Paul tells out his experience. That is the point we wish to fasten on, and bring before you at this time.

I. Paul, then, has been twenty-two years an apostle, and now for the first time we hear him crying out, "I am not meet to be called an apostle." And yet the first time we hear the voice of his stricken heart, he says, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" Christ's words, piercing as goads, had cleaved down into his being, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou *Me*?" Why not rather, "Feed My sheep, My lambs?"

This was a sovereignly authoritative and most pitiful word of salvation and consecration. And the Christ who not long before had stood to receive Stephen into the heaven of His reward, now stood to receive Saul into the heaven of His service. Paul's first words were like himself—partly the words of the old Pharisee, partly those

of his impassioned temperament, above all, the words that spoke out the throb of pain and joy of the new life within him.

This is the first question of the new man to this hour. Without this, as first and latest question, the Church would never have done its heroic and celestial work. Christ first gave Paul the apostolic spirit, afterwards came the apostolic office; but Christ translated Paul's word "do" into a deeper word—"suffer." "I will show him," ran his commission, "what great things he must *suffer* for My sake." It is only doing that makes one suffer, which makes our work like that of Him under whose doing of good to the world lay the severe and sublime sweetness and power of self-denial and self-sacrifice which all confess to be divine, and which throws a transfiguration of ever-softening, ever-ennobling beauty and power into every deed for others. Your great sufferers, men of Christ-like pathos, are your supreme doers. Give up yourself, with whatever struggle, to the core; you can then yearningly reach the uttermost circumference of the world.

Two faces rule Paul's life.

It was the lifting upon him of Christ's face that melted him all through by its divine majesty and pity, and stamped on the molten soul the double titles of Christian and apostle. This he never lost. This ever drew him onward by its almighty suasion. The glory that had changed his dreary chaos into a new world of joy and fruitfulness was the glory of God in that face, the face of Jesus Christ. But another face also came in, and was hung up in the innermost chambers of his imagination before his daily view. It was the face of Stephen as it looked when Paul consented to his death, ay, and higher still, as Stephen with

angel look, with Christ's look, himself consented to it with a sublime consent. The one was the fountain of his ever-aspiring joy and power; the other the fountain of that lifelong godly sorrow, which kept the light of the third heaven of Christ's face from becoming a barren, it might be a hardening brilliance, and coloured it with the humble, pathetic yearnings of a broken heart. "I persecuted the Church of God,"—that he read in the face of Stephen; and it chastened his pride into a constant and noble humility. "Why persecutest thou *Me*?"—that he read in Christ's face; and it changed all into an utter unreasonableness and a divine redemption. And so, after a few days, the dead Stephen rose again in the living Paul; and Paul, who slew Stephen, was baptized for the martyred saint.

Called "to be an apostle" certainly he was; and not by a hair-breadth, and not for an hour, would he permit the highest apostle to be higher than he was. "Laboured more abundantly than they all;" and as certainly he did with his one hand the work, ay, more than the work, of all the twelve put together. Yes, but still "not meet;" he was but the poor soiled window, through which an all-transfiguring grace broke in glorious illumination. "Laboured more abundantly than they all," yet he was nothing but the weak Moses-rod, that could divide Red Seas only because it was in the hand of Redeeming Power. It is ever your self-emptied souls that have room to hold the largest grace. It is your hearts whose pride is altogether shattered that pour forth their best in richest and widest fragrance; and only when the divine fulness is most fully given out, and themselves are most empty, is "the house filled with the odour of the ointment."

II. Five years afterwards Paul looks deeper, and his own words tell us to our wonder what he discovered: "I am less than the least of all saints." He has reached a new form of spiritual thought in those new depths, and he must make a new name for it. When a king comes to his throne a fresh coin is struck. Paul's new experience breaks through all grammar, and flashes out in a new word. Few things prove the divine originality of the gospel more than that it was compelled to take to itself a new speech; and its new words are of the gentlest to uttermost tears, and the loftiest to an almost unspeakable doxology. As you climb up some Alpine summit and get into the domain of the untrodden snow, you find in their perfection at once the tenderest-hued flowers and the most towering pines. So with Paul here. The shrinking humility lives in the same divine air with the most sublime soaring. "I am less than the least of all saints," and yet "to me it was given to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ!" To be least of the twelve apostles was much; to be less than the least of the 12,000 saints was much more.

It is this sort of experience that an artistic Frenchman, who writes the *Life of Paul*, calls the "transcendental absurd." Give him the symmetry, measured and modulated, of the Athenian Parthenon, and he is in raptures. Put him amidst the glooms and aspirations of a glorious Gothic cathedral, where the very stones out of the wall cry out in their imperfection for something infinitely beyond, and his measure, not the building, is at fault. Another Frenchman, greatest of all Frenchmen in the spiritual order, said: "The heart has reasons which the reason knows not." Paul looks up to the immeasurable stretches of God's revelation in Christ; he sees

the horizon of His infinite pity passing far out and up into "the unsearchable riches"—into the regions which no footsteps can ever track, as the word means—of Christ, and such a cry came from him as, when swept into the same elevation, broke from Isaiah, his great brother and apostle of the Old Testament: "For His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so are His thoughts above our thoughts, and His ways above our ways."

And as the heaven of Christ's revelation and redemption rises up, so the earth of Paul's saintliness sinks down; and as he saw higher than the highest of all the others, so he felt he was less than the least of all. You are out some summer day in a boat on a calm lake. See how that shore is mirrored, and it seems almost on the surface; but lo, these mountains, how far down they are, and the immeasurable height of the summer sky looks up from immeasurable depths of the waters! Thus Paul felt. These unsearchable heavens of Christ, rich with a divine fulness of majesty and tenderness, can only be reflected by a soul farthest down in depths of humility. Who in the Christian ministry or life has not felt this? Oh, the difference between the infinite greatness and gentleness of Christ, and the fragmentary, stained likeness of Him in the holiest saint!

The beauty of the Lord rising before us in its glory the longer we know and preach Him, only reveals the poor daub of the likeness we have as yet painted on the canvas of our souls. For to be a saint is far more than to be an apostle. The richest garments and most gorgeous rites of office, its rank, its eloquence, ay, its labours, are nothing compared with one spark of the living fire straight from heaven,

one line of likeness to Christ drawn by the hand of God Himself. Give me the heart with its new love and life! Without it, in vain are the labours even of an apostle. With it, we have the gift which makes us priests for ever, and which multiplies itself, however small it be, into the food of thousands of souls. Oh, for this life of hunger after righteousness, of desires for holiness! The soul in which it breathes has a power of suction that draws down all heaven to its help; and the Church that still cries for more and more of it will do the most in its time for God and for souls.

The same law holds in all departments that look towards the Infinite. One day Michael Angelo, now old and decrepit, was met as he went out, near the Colosseum, on foot and in the snow. On being asked, "Where are you going?" he replied, "To school, to learn something." And Mozart, a few hours before his death, sighed out, "Now I begin to see what might be done in music!" And Beethoven, feeling his mightiest harmonies were feeble discords, said, "I only grasp into the unending." And it is because these men felt they had only got glimpses of an unseen beauty and glory they could not embody, and heard broken tones, far-off whispers, of an unutterable harmony, that the world calls them masters. And so it is with Paul. Coming out of his Damascus darkness, it seemed as if nothing could ever surpass that joy unspeakable and full of glory; but he lived to learn that the light that warmed and cheered him had its sublime source and untrackable hiding-places.

A child beginning to measure its little stature by the ceiling of its nursery, thinks itself large indeed; but when he becomes a man, he measures himself by the heavens, and feels he is no-

If we say that we have no sin, we DECEIVE OURSELVES.

1 JOHN i. 8.

(*Very rarely other people.*)

thing; and what time he looks through some telescope and pierces far beyond into the unsearchable riches of world beyond world, he cries out, I am less than nothing, and vanity. Paul was the Damascus child; but now, writing to the Ephesians, he has become a man, and the faint ray that first streaked and gradually scattered the Damascus darkness, and was known to be all divine, has grown into a light which is as darkness itself, but therefore the more divine.

It is this feeling, brethren, that makes our work the hardest and yet the easiest of all. Who among you has not felt like Paul, ay, even like Christ Himself, its unutterable heaviness? Our Lord, in His purity and pity, knew it, and all the more because of these. It is, indeed, a divine consolation to know that the disciple is in this not greater than the Master. But each of us has far other and sadder reasons. Some men we little dream of are oppressed with a habitual sense of unworthiness. Dr. William Anderson, of Glasgow, wrote once to his friend the Rev. George Brooks,—and he would write nothing but what he felt,—that “often a sense of unworthiness hung so heavily on his heart, that he seriously deliberated whether it was not his duty to tender his demission.” I pity the man who has not felt that in his own measure, time after time, and I pity more the congregation of that man. But

such heaviness makes the ministry easier also. That holy discontent is of God, and out of that weakness He will make us strong.

Through our sense of incompleteness breaks out the might of Christ's perfection. When the pitchers in the hands of Gideon's soldiers are broken to atoms, then flashes forth the light that strikes terror into the foe, and shows the way to victory. Darken the earth with deepest midnight, so that the earth utterly disappears, then crowd out in triumphal glory all the hosts of heaven. Become less than the least of all saints, then and then only will Christ, laden with His unsearchable riches, have free room to pass on through you and enrich the world. “What a glorious thing,” said Dr. Raleigh, a few days before his death, “it is to be permitted to preach! I have just found out how to do it, and if I had my life over again, I think I could preach.”

(*To be continued.*)

TINY TOKENS.

I.

THE murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall—

Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule,
Such music is not understood
By any school;
But when the brain is overwrought,
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
To make it well.

II.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile,
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, “I cannot
speak,
But I have heard!”
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have
shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

MEN may judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.

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EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

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NOVEMBER 1880.

[No. 161.

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YOU WANT A FRIEND.

THE plain truth is, that nothing but an Almighty personal Friend will ever meet the legitimate wants of man's soul. Metaphysical notions, philosophical theories, abstract ideas, vague speculations about the unseen, the infinite, the inner light, and so forth, may satisfy a select few for a time, but the vast majority of mankind, if they have any religion at all, will never be content with a religion which does not supply them with a person to whom they may look and trust. It is just this craving after a person which gives the Mariolatry and saint-worship of Rome its curious power. And this principle once admitted, where will you find one so perfectly fitted to satisfy man as the Christ of the Bible? Look around the world

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 11.

and point out, if you can, an object of faith fit to be compared with this blessed Son of God set before our eyes in the Gospels. In face of a dying world we want positives, not negatives. I see myriads of men and women all over the world after eighteen hundred years, continuing to drink at this fountain; and none who honestly stoop to drink complain that their thirst is not relieved. And all this time those who profess to despise the good old fountain can show us nothing to take its place.—*J. C. Ryle.*

CEASE FROM YOUR OWN WORKS!

A NOTED clergyman had preached many years, but was still unconverted. He was a man thoroughly in earnest, thinking that by his many praiseworthy works he would be saved. His preaching savoured of the same. It was the church, and attendance at the church, and fasting, and many such like things, that were to save those to whom he preached. He himself fasted twice in the week, and pressed the same, and "the church" upon all his parishioners, whom he visited regularly. But notwithstanding all, he had no peace in his soul, no sense of the love of God to him.

One day he had been out upon his round of visiting and working, and had returned home

thoroughly discouraged and distressed at heart, and on going into his study and closing the door after him, he threw himself upon the floor in agony of soul, and groaned out in prayer, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" Immediately, as if some human being was answering him, he heard a voice say, "Cease from your own works!" These words sank like lead into his poor, legal, distracted heart.

It was the voice of the Spirit of God to this earnest, devoted, yet deceived soul. It brought him to his senses. He was brought to a full stop. In the light of them he surveyed his past life, and saw that he had been deceived by Satan; that instead of, as a guilty sinner by faith resting on the finished work of Christ, and receiving Him as his Saviour, he had been trusting to his own works, which at best were defiled by sin, and were the fruit of a misapprehension of God, and his own state as a sinner, as well as being positive neglect of that Scripture which says, "Without the shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22); and, "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11).

The words, "Cease from your own works," wrought a marvellous work in his soul. A perfect revolution took place in his mind as to the matter of salvation. All that he had done was useless, yea, sin, because it had shut

out Christ as the Saviour from hell. His church-proclaiming, his fasting, his daily round of service, and self-imposed religious duties, were seen to be so many veils to hide Christ from his view, and to be works which supplanted (terrible sin!) the finished and all-perfect work of the blessed Lord on the cross. He saw that his self-imposed duties were not acceptable to God as the means of salvation, but were by Him denounced as "dead works," and that one standing on that ground could only be condemned: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight, for by the law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii. 20).

What a change! After having "ceased from his own works," and taken his stand by faith on the expiring words of Christ, "It is finished;" having believed in God who raised the Lord Jesus up from the dead, "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," his soul was filled with peace, and his conscience had rest. Joy and gladness took possession of his heart, and his lips were filled with praise. He proved the inexpressible sweetness of the following words: "Therefore being justified by FAITH, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 1-3).

When next he preached it was as another man; not now in the spirit of legality, as if man could purchase pardon or merit heaven, but as one who had learned, in the presence of God, man's *lost* and *ruined* and *helpless* condition, and had been led through grace to renounce his own works, and look by faith to Him who died on the cross for him, but who now was enthroned in glory.

It was not now pressing the

claims of the church and her ritual, but spreading before the people the ruin of man, his responsibility to God the judge of all for all his sins, and that his only hope was in God who had given His blessed Son to die, "the just for the unjust." He urged upon the people the necessity of renouncing works as the ground of acceptance with God, publicly confessing where he had been mistaken for many years, and held out the blessed fact that "salvation was of the Lord." Now it was, "Look! behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29).

Suffice it to say that all felt the change, his sermons being no longer dry and uninteresting, but full of unction and power. Christ was his text, and Christ was his subject. He now believed what he never had believed before, that the "Gospel was the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Blessed be God, many were made to rejoice at the change, to renounce with him their own works, and to trust fully in Him "who loved them and gave Himself for them."

Thousands are deceived as this dear man was, blinded by their own vain efforts to save themselves, led on by Satan in their false religious zeal, and, alas! how little do they know that they are rejecting God's truth, and His blessed Son as the Saviour of their soul. Building upon the sands of their own religiousness, they are lightly esteeming the "Rock of Ages," the only place of safety from the coming storm of judgment; hewing out for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water, and at the same time practically despising Him who is the "fountain of living water."

Beloved reader, are you amongst the number? If so, I beseech you to stop and

consider; think of what you are trusting to—a broken reed! Cease from your own works, and trust alone in Jesus, and salvation, in its blessed fulness, is yours. E. A.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

"ONLY a woman! perhaps not *that*,
And a sinner, too," she pondered.
"Only a sinner, and He—a God!
Will He turn away?" she wondered.

They've gaily spread the festive board,

And the crowd have gathered round;

But do they forget, in their hurry and noise,

The bleeding feet—still bound?

"I'll quietly steal to His side," she said

In a whisper, "He may not know,
And it will soothe the aching limbs,
For I love the Stranger so!"

No one noted the timid one

That lovingly loosened the bands;
And no one saw the great hot tears

That gushed through the small white hands.

But it was a scene too beautiful

To pass the Master's eye;

His great heart throbbed with untold love

For the sinner kneeling by.

He cast a loving, lingering look

Upon the hair-screened head,

"She hath done what others failed to do,—

She hath bathed My feet," He said.

Only a woman—a sinner, too;—

A saint—not a sinner *now*!

She rises forgiven at the Master's word,

His love like a star on her brow.

H. B. S.

WHAT believer, in looking to the past, cannot say "Ebenezer"? or in looking to the future, may not say "Jehovah-jireh"?

"TRIBULATION cannot separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, but the love of God will in the end separate you from tribulation, bring you out of it, and give you fulness of joy."—Hewitson.

FAITH AND ITS FRUITS.

WHY does that newly-awakened sinner refuse to believe God's word, though weeping sore to know his mind? Just because *self* is in the way, and the work of the Cross is not yet learned. Self and its feelings are treated by the anxious one, as of higher authority, and more to be trusted than the word of God. What a place to give, we may well exclaim, to mere human feelings! But how often have we heard from the lips of such these words, "If I could *feel* that I am pardoned, I would *believe* it." This is vain, important, unjudged self. It sits on high, and judges everything as below it. And its distrustful nature and opposition to God have not yet been detected by the awakened soul. And, of course, while this is the case, there can be no peace, no rest, no assurance of salvation enjoyed. Dark despair, oftentimes, seems near at hand; and the darkness and the despair will be in proportion to the reality of God's work in the soul. The more real the work, the more real the distress, if self be in the way. And this state of things must continue so long as the voice of self is listened to. It matters not what blessed things the Lord says to such in His Word; they all go for nothing until self be set aside as an utterly condemned thing by the Cross. This is the most subtle of Satan's snares, both with young and old.

The word of the Lord is before the soul in all its plainness and fulness. It meets every case, condition, and state. The light of a cloudless sky shines on them all. But, no; it matters not. Self refuses to yield. It will readily acknowledge God's word to be true; but still says, "It is not true to me yet, for I have not experienced that change *within* which warrants me to believe that it is true to me. This

state of mind may seem humble, but it is really pride—it is unbroken self resisting God and His word. But the controversy must go on until self is subdued. God will never yield the point—the soul must. But that may not be until after many tears, and sighs, and sleepless nights. Let us mark for a moment the struggle.

God says to the awakened, restless soul, "Believe My word, and you shall be perfectly happy." "No," replies the soul; "first give me to feel an *inward change* that the word is true to me, and then I will believe it." "What," God again says, "is not My word true whatever your feelings may be? Can any *inward change* make My word more true than it is? Why should you ask for any token that My word is true?" But again the soul will venture to say, "How can I *believe*, unless I *feel*?" Once more God graciously replies, "How can you *feel*, unless you *believe*?" Thus the sorrowful struggle goes on, until self is lost sight of, and the word of God received as the answer of His love to the anxious soul. He waits patiently in His love, until His word is believed without the feelings, for that is what it must come to in all, sooner or later. In some cases the struggle is short, in others it may last a lifetime. This depends on the simplicity of faith; for the feelings so much desired can only be produced by means of the written word received into the heart. Oh! that we could persuade every weary one to have done with self, and to rest entirely on the sure word of God; then would they have rest, and peace, and joy; and then, too, they would be strong for labour in the service of Christ.

The practical importance of this point cannot be over-estimated. Thousands of true believers are kept in a state of uncertainty, through looking to

themselves in place of looking to Christ, or through looking to their feelings instead of listening to His word. And the unhappy consequence is, that they bear little testimony for Christ, and do little service for Him; they are so much occupied with good-for-nothing self, that the best things are lost sight of. Thus the enemy gains an advantage. Oh, that we may ever remember that all our *blessings flow from the grace of God, and securely rests upon His word!* And that word can never be truer or plainer than it is *now*. Of course, we shall, by and by, understand it better; but our knowledge of the word is the *fruit* of faith, not the *ground* of it. Faith bows to God's word, and sets to its seal that He is true. Sweetly entering into its depths, or discovering its treasures, come afterwards. We must wait on God, that He, by the Holy Spirit, may shed divine light on the infinite fulness of His own word.

"Thy faith hath saved thee," is the plain word of God to all, without exception, who come to Christ—who believe in Him. Having been brought to see our need as sinners, and to trust in Jesus, the full blessing of God is ours. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." Faith believes it just because God says it, and the feelings follow. The good news fills the soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. When self has been silenced, and the word of God allowed its right place in the heart, the believer enters, in measure, into the very joys of heaven. The precious word of God will not be truer there. Therefore we ought to know our blessing *now* as perfectly, though not so fully, as we shall do when enthroned and crowned in glory. But before this happy condition of soul is enjoyed, self, or the flesh, must be judged, broken, and mortified. This needed

work of self-judgment must begin with conversion, and never cease while we are here. It is founded on the work of the Cross. There God judged the sin of our nature, and our many actual sins (Rom. viii. 3; Heb. ix. 28; 1 Pet. ii. 24). We should have the same thoughts of sin and self, and Christ and the Cross, as He has.

The Valley of Baca sets forth the place of blessing through deep exercise of soul. When self is broken down and distrusted, we go from strength to strength, until we appear before God in Zion. When delivered from the galling bondage of self-occupation, and the heart is happy in the liberty of Christ, we have made a fair start on our journey homewards, and a great blessing will be our daily portion. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee: in whose heart are the ways of them."

It is only by faith that we know our pardon, acceptance, and peace with God. And without the knowledge of these, there can be no strength for the journey, and no happy enjoyment of God Himself in the riches of His grace. As all blessing flows from the grace of God, and is all founded on the Cross of Christ, so it all rests on His word. And the Holy Spirit, by whom we are quickened and taught, is given in connection with faith. "This only would I learn of you, Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?" (Gal. iii. 2.) The great doctrine of *life in Christ* as unfolded by the Apostle in the second chapter, and its kindred subject, "the Spirit," in the third, are both received, entered into, and enjoyed by faith. "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." Whether it be "life" or "the Spirit"—

eternal life—or the witness of the Spirit; both are known, and can only be known, by faith.

The risen Christ, victorious over every foe, is the strength of the Christian for his journey through this world. He has his *motive* to devotedness, in the once lowly Jesus; and strength for walk in the now exalted Christ of God. "He loved me and gave Himself for me," is surely enough to command the entire consecration of the heart and life to Him. It is easy to give our hearts to Jesus, when once we see that He gave His heart for us. But our strength from day to day, and from one stage of our journey to another, is in the risen, triumphant, glorified Christ. Blessed Lord—my Lord—Jesus—Christ—I need Thee in all Thy names and titles; I need Thee as my Jesus—my powerful motive for this sluggish, this carnal, ease-loving heart of mine. I need Thee as my Christ on high, with every enemy beneath Thy feet, and beneath mine too, as one with Thee. I need Thee as my Lord—my sovereign Lord—my coming Lord—my blessed hope, amidst all that would entangle and hinder me down here. Oh let my affections be governed, and my character formed, by my knowledge of Thee as my Lord Jesus Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost!

WHAT KEEPS SOULS FROM CHRIST.

With some it is music. There may be such a passion for music that it may run away with the soul. I had an instance of this, but shall not have space to relate it. With another it may be the opera. A young girl asked her teacher, "Can I be a Christian, and go to the opera?" "No," said the teacher. "Your heart says you should not go, and you want to put an 'if' between Christ and your soul;

but Christ will not have any ifs, any reservations; you must give up all and follow Him—all that your heart tells you, and that the Word of God tells you, is inconsistent with a spiritual frame of heart and life." With another it is light reading. With another gay company. A young man in our Sunday School a few years ago was much attached to a young woman. I thought him then almost in the kingdom of God. I said to him one day, "Mr. G., what is it, do tell me, that keeps you away from Christ?" "Well, I will tell you frankly. Do you know Ellen H——?" "Yes." "We have been almost as sister and brother. She tells me, 'You will almost break my heart if you unite with the people of God. I shall not have you then to go to places of amusement, and into society, with me. You will break my heart.'" "Well, what did you say to her?" "Oh, I could not allow anything to step between her and myself."

That young woman came to Cornwall, where I was, the following summer, and while she was standing near the house with two others, the lightning leaping from the skies struck her, and she was dead in an instant! At our next teachers' meeting, this young man came (he was a teacher), and with heart almost broken, said, "O teachers, pray for me, pray for me! God has taken away my idol. Oh that He would now help me to give Him my whole heart!"

COME.

"Come and see" (John i. 39).

"Come and rest" (Matt. xi. 28-30).

"Come and dine" (John xxi. 12).

"Come and drink" (John viii. 37).

"Come and buy" (Is. lv. 1).

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

An aged man, whose every joint and limb was contracted and strangely distorted by rheumatism, passed almost daily by our window. I had often noticed him, and longed to know if he was of the household of faith. After some time an opportunity of conversing with him occurred, and, as nearly as possible in his own words, I give the story of how the grace of God had reached him.

"Am I saved? Do I know the Lord Jesus? Yes, Miss; I can truly thank Him that I do. And perhaps you would like to hear how it was that the Lord brought me to Himself, for often as I sit in my little room, thinking it all over, it seems as if there could hardly be a greater miracle of grace upon earth than myself."

"Well, Miss, you may have heard of Tom Paine; you don't remember him, for he lived and died, ay, 'as the fool dieth,' before you were born. But my father was what he called his right-hand man, and my brother and myself were taught to deny the very being of the God who created us. I was a wild, wicked youth, and truly did I sow to the flesh—the harvest being what the Word of God calls it—corruption. While I was still a young man it seemed as if already I was worn out in the service of Satan."

"I had lost a good situation through my own evil habits; brought my wife and family to such poverty that the only refuge before them was the workhouse; and then came the tempter's whisper that the way of escape from all the sorrow I had caused was in my own hands—to take my life, if the doctrines I held were true, would be an end of all existence. I caught the terrible suggestion. Ways and means for carrying out the pur-

pose were not far to seek, and with almost feverish eagerness I waited for twilight.

"It came at last, and hastening to my room I secured the door; and, while engaged in trying the strength of a rope I had hidden there earlier in the day, I looked round to see if I was alone. Yes, I was alone, but not alone; for at that moment such a sense came over me, not only of the being but of the power and presence of God, as I can never forget, but cannot describe. The rope fell from my hands, my horrid purpose was abandoned, my whole frame trembled, large drops of perspiration started from every pore, and throwing myself upon my knees, I cried out in agony of soul, 'O God, for Thou art God, have mercy on my soul, for I have a soul!'

"Through the night I wept and prayed. But did I get peace? No, only a deeper sense of sin, and a terrible certainty that if I died as I was, hell must be my everlasting portion.

"I soon became outwardly a changed man, broke with my infidel companions, and gave up my old habits, but still no peace; for the thought followed me night and day that if even all the rest of my life I could perfectly please and obey God there would be a terrible debt of long years of sin still unpaid. But I had begun to read the Bible, and to seek the company of Christians, and before long I saw it all—how that work I could not do had been done for me by another—that One the Son of God. And so, having faith in His work—His blood—my sins were taken away. And more, I knew that the work was God's, and that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus, and His Word sets a glorious future before even this poor, shrunken body of mine, for His servant Paul says of Him who died for me, that He shall change our vile body, that it

may be fashioned like unto His glorious body'" (Phil. iii. 21).

A CHILD'S DEFINITION OF FAITH.

THE other day a poor woman came into my shop to speak to me on business matters concerning a daughter of hers, who is doomed to be a cripple for life. I soon found she was a sorrowful Christian; one of those who give many a furtive glance at Goliath without seeing David close by—looking at her trouble always—not looking to the Lord at all. When I spoke of Jesus as the all-sufficient One, she began to tell me of a little boy, seven years of age, she had lost recently, and of what he delighted in speaking of. The love of God in Jesus was his theme. When life was drawing to a close he spoke of mercy and of grace; of faith in God as his only foundation for the hope of going when he died to be with Jesus who died for him. Being visited a day or two before he died by an unconverted relative of mature years, the relative asked him how he was. When he answered that he was very happy, though sick in body, that his faith kept him so, his relative said—

"I can't make you out. How do you get the faith you speak about?"

"Oh!" said Charley, "God gives it to me."

"Well," said his friend, "I don't understand! What's it like?"

"Oh," replied Charley, "it's just like this: s'pose you was upstairs, and you made a hole in the ceiling, and spoke to me through the hole, and told me up there was better than being down here, and that you had got some beautiful things up there for me, if I was to come. I should want to come, shouldn't I?"

"Well, yes; I daresay you would; but how would you know

that I had the things I spoke of?" said his interrogator.

"Well," replied the dying child, "*I should be sure to know you was there when I heard you speak.* That's what faith is, believing God's Word when He speaks, and what He says, without seeing the things He promises. And God do make a good many holes, and speaks to 'most everybody, only they don't pay attention; and if they do hear they wants to see the things afore the time, and that ain't faith."

Thus did a child in years and grace, silence with the words of faith a gainsayer, and so passed away. Reader, hast thou faith as this little child? Faith to trust God for the fulfilment of His promise? "Have faith in God."

GRACE IN JESUS.

JESUS, the Son of God, was full of grace. In Him there was no lack, no deficiency, no weariness, no drying-up of grace. It flowed from an infinite, exhaustless source. It was not an effort, a study to be gracious; it was the overflowing of grace in Him. All His deeds, all His works, all His words, for the poor, the sick, the sinner, the little one, unknown or despised of man, of whom man would think nothing, tell out this grace, ever going forth humbling and rejoicing the heart that loves Him. Nothing is too mean, too trifling, to escape the quick-sightedness of His grace. A cup of cold water given in His name; mere infants brought to Him for His blessing, repelled by His disciples, but taken up in His arms and blest; a secret desire in one Zaccheus to see Him, answered by lodging in his house and eating at his table; a widow's mites thrown into the treasury, and lost to man's eye, like a particle of dust amidst the costly offerings of the rich. It is this grace, condescending to the least things,

hearkening to a secret desire, and giving a full response of love; it is this that renders Jesus so precious to him who feels he has nothing to give, no power to act, no service to offer, nothing but a sigh, a tear, a heartfelt grief for unfaithfulness, ingratitude, and all the workings of an evil flesh. Yes, it is humbling, but cheering too, to think of the fulness of grace in Jesus.

Of what worth could the widow's mites be? How much gold could it add to the temple, or incense on the altar? But she gave them; it was all she could give. She gave them, not as though God needed her service; for indeed had there been need, she might as well have kept them, so insignificant was the addition to the treasury. Nevertheless, the Son of God esteemed her gift of greater value than the abundant offerings of the rich.

SEVEN INDISPENSABLE THINGS.

WITHOUT shedding of blood, no remission—(Heb. ix. 22).

Without faith, impossible to please God—(Heb. xi. 6).

Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord—(Heb. xii. 14).

Without works, faith is dead—(Jas. ii. 26).

Without love, I am nothing—(1 Cor. xiii. 1-3).

Without chastisement, not sons—(Heb. xii. 8).

Without ME, ye can do nothing (John xv. 5).

COMING EMPTY.

CHRIST deals in gifts, not in merchandise. He buys from none; but He is ready to sell to all, without money and without price. Who carries a full pitcher to the fountain? none but a fool. And if he does, what is he benefited? He returns as he went; or else, after the labour of carrying his full vessel, he must empty it by the well's mouth ere he can carry off the sweet water of the

fountain. And yet, how many fools in spiritual things are there? How many go to Christ full—full of themselves, of their own doings, of their own deservings, of their alms or prayers, of good works or charity? How many go with their vessels full of the polluted waters of a corrupt heart? Is it wonderful that many return unbenedicted? Is it wonderful if many are kept long at the well's mouth? He that would come from Christ full, must go to Christ empty.

"AND POUR CONTEMPT ON ALL MY PRIDE."

PRIDE of birth and rank.—"Is not this the carpenter's Son?"

Pride of wealth.—"The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Pride of respectability.—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Pride of personal appearance.—"He hath no form nor comeliness."

Pride of reputation.—"A friend of publicans and sinners."

Pride of independence.—"Many others who ministered to Him of their substance."

Pride of learning.—"How knoweth this man letters," &c.

Pride of superiority.—"I am among you as He that serveth."

Pride of success.—"His own received Him not."

Pride of self-reliance.—"He went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them."

Pride of ability.—"I can of Mine own self do nothing."

Pride of self-will.—"I seek not Mine own will."

Pride of intellect.—"As My Father taught Me I speak."

Pride of bigotry.—"Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is on our part."

Pride of resentment.—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Pride of sanctity.—"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

THE WATERED LILIES.

THE Master stood in His garden
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had
planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and
dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Father said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay;
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work to-day.

It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me,
It is small, but it is empty,
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim.
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him.

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain;
And, perhaps, some day He may use
me,
To water His flowers again."

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF
CHRIST.

1 PET. i. 18, 19.

*A Hearer's notes of an Address by
Dr. Mackay.*

FIRE tries what is precious;
gold comes through it purified.
Peter had come through it, and
he had found out what was com-
bustible, and what would stand.
If we had to pray for ourselves it
would be Save us from the fire;

but Peter had been wisely
guided through the fire. His
downfall had been complete.
He who had boasted of having
more love to Christ than all his
fellow disciples, when accosted
by a servant maid, swore that
he knew nothing of Him.

There are many rocks that
Christians should see beacons
on, and Peter shows this: "Let
him that thinketh he standeth,
take heed lest he fall." There
is a difference between a monu-
ment and a beacon. The nearer
we come to the former, and the
more we resemble the man on
it, the better. The further we
are away from the beacon, the
better. When Peter boasted that
he would not forsake Christ, he
meant it, but he deceived him-
self. Many have not yet availed
themselves of this Peter beacon,
or of the Holy Spirit's hint con-
cerning self-deception. Some
add a number of adjectives to
sin, and speak of conscious, en-
couraged, or unconfessed sin;
but they do not really see what
sin is, and so they imagine they
are perfectly free from it. But
the Holy Ghost declares—"If
we say that we have no sin, we
deceive ourselves," though very
rarely other people. An old
Christian once said, he never
knew any man that went on
that line, but he made a public
failure. After Peter's failure,
he knew what tried, divine
faith was. Boasting,—failing,
restored,—believing Peter was
the one commissioned to
strengthen his brethren.

Blow after blow, lesson upon
lesson, are needed in God's
school. The failure of Peter
made him draw nearer to the
blood. Unlike Judas, the root
of the matter was in him.
Peter's fall led to penitence,
and his penitence to the blood.
This blood is precious—

I. To the sinner. There is no-
thing precious *about* the sinner.
His works are dead, his repent-
ance needs washing, his prayers

are abomination, his faith is in
self. God comes in and reasons,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
they shall be as white as snow."
The sinner is asked to look at
something outside of himself.
While he keeps away from the
blood he is but washing and
patching filthy rags. When he
comes, he finds that precious
blood can make the foulest
clean.

II. The blood is precious to
the believer. He cannot do
without the blood. He has
not one sinless moment. The
corpse of sin is within, defiling
all; and even his holiest prayers
need washing in that blood.
An aged saint said on his
death-bed, "I take all my bad
deeds, and all my good deeds,
and lay them on the Lamb of
God." Never trust to thy sin-
lessness, but to the precious
blood. It is not that there is
interrupted sinning and cleans-
ing, but the blood once applied
goes on cleansing the believer;
thy sins should but make the
blood more precious to thee.

III. Above all, this blood is
precious to God. The Lord
Jesus says, "Father, I have
glorified Thee on the earth." In
type and symbol it was seen that
God appreciated the blood; but
not fully known till Christ came.
Satan had succeeded in plant-
ing a blot on God's escutcheon.
His character was compromised
by the presence of that thing
called sin. Given sin, we have
sorrow, sickness, death, as
the outcome of it. We cannot
understand why sin was per-
mitted; but must cast anchor
till day-break. Meantime, rest-
ing on this, "shall not the Judge
of all the earth do right?" we
know that God's character is
holy and righteous—the blood
tells us this. When the Son of
His love lay under it, He had to
cry, "My God, My God, why
hast Thou forsaken Me?" The
character of God is now com-
pletely vindicated. Only one

choir can sing of the blood—even the blood-washed throng from Abel downwards.

Angels cannot join in the glorious anthem of the redeemed, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

AFTERWARDS.

(HEB. xii. 11.)

How happy are tried Christians, *afterwards!* No calm more deep than that which succeeds a storm. Who has not rejoiced in clear shinings after rain? Victorious banquets are for well-exercised soldiers. After killing the lion, we eat the honey; after climbing the Hill Difficulty, we sit down in the arbour to rest; after traversing the Valley of Humiliation, after fighting with Apollyon, the Shining One appears, with the healing branch from the tree of life. Our sorrows, like the passing keels of the vessels upon the sea, leave a silver line of holy light behind them, "*afterwards.*" It is peace, sweet, deep peace, which follows the horrible turmoil which once reigned in our tormented, guilty souls. See, then, the happy estate of a Christian! He has his best things last, and he therefore in this world receives his worst things first. But even his worst things are "*afterward*" good things; harsh ploughings yielding joyful harvests. Even now he grows rich by his losses, he rises by his falls, he lives by dying, and becomes full by being emptied; if, then, his grievous affliction yield him so much peaceful fruit in this life, what shall be the full vintage of joy "*afterwards.*" in glory? If his dark nights are as bright as the world's days, what shall his days be? If even his starlight is more splendid than the sun, what must his sunlight be? If he can sing in a duceon,

how sweetly will he sing in glory! If he can praise the Lord in the fires, how will he extol Him before the eternal throne! If evil be good to him *now*, what will the overflowing goodness of God be to him *then*? Oh, blessed "*afterwards!*" Who would not be a Christian? Who would not bear the present cross for the crown which cometh *afterward*? But herein is work for patience, for the rest is not for to-day, nor the triumph for the present, but "*afterward.*" Wait, O soul, and let patience have her perfect work.

C. H. S.

ETERNAL LIFE TO KNOW HIM.

HAS the thought entered your mind—it is a *Person* who saves us? Has this truth been received into your heart—it is a *Person* who saves us? This is the very key to a right understanding of the Gospel of God—it is a *Person* who saves us. It is the very meaning of the name of Jesus—Jehovah, He shall save. *He* shall save—not *it*, as if any dead thing could save, nor *they*, as if more than one could save—not *it*—not religion, nor morality, nor faith, nor love, nor repentance, nor the Bible, nor baptism, nor the Lord's Supper; not *they*—not men, nor means, nor ministers, nor ordinances, nor sermons, nor sacraments—*He*, Jesus only. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Yet we find, in fact, that men are very liable to be deceived in this very matter—so deceived as to think they are seeking salvation by *Him*, when they are in reality seeking salvation by *it* or by *them*; to think they are seeking salvation by Jesus, when they are seeking it by self, or man, or a dead system of rules or doctrines.

To these who profess and call themselves Christians—did it

ever occur to you to ask what this name implies? It is to be a man in Christ; one who has been taken out of the standing of the first Adam, and has been put upon a new ground, the standing of the second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ. Do you know that God has put you on this ground, and, therefore, you must walk as Christ has walked? If you do not know this, whatever may be your profession, you have yet got the lesson to learn that you are lost without Christ; and, therefore, if you are to have any hope, it must be in Christ; you must be emptied of yourself, and find in Him your righteousness before God. People are sure to say that it is presumption to own what you now profess, to be in Christ—a man who has got a place in the presence of God, and the Holy Spirit uniting him to the risen Christ, and in spirit and faith already in heaven.

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

I CANNOT pray; yet, Lord, Thou knowest

The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts

Thus torn away from Thee.

Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thoughts of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought
and been

A truer liberty.

Yet, Thou art oft most present,
Lord,

In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles sets the soul

From all illusions free;
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on Thee.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain!
And why fear aught but sin?

Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface troubles come and go
Like ruffings of the sea;

The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee!

THE THREE DISCOVERIES OF PAUL.

By Professor GRAHAM, D.D.

(Continued.)

III. But Paul has not done yet with his deep-sea soundings; and so when nearing, or, it may be, when within the very edge of the last year of his life, and in the hour when he sees the crown of righteousness just over his head, he brings out one more, and that the rarest of all his discoveries; he utters perhaps the most pathetic, the most triumphal words in the whole Bible: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Here is more than some poor thinking of his meetness to be called an apostle, or a setting of his labours against those of the twelve. Here is more than an inward experience of God's grace in him placed in contrast with the unsearchable riches of that grace in Christ. Here all else disappears, and only two Beings remain,—Jesus Christ coming into the world to save sinners; God, in His essential love, incarnate and on the cross, coming forth to reach and redeem sinners; the chief Saviour; and Paul the chief sinner. He ceased not to seek until He found him. This strikes into the nerve of the very essence of Godhead, and of its two most transcendent deeds, incarnation and redemption, and it makes the nerve of the sinful world tingle with a new pain and a newer gladness.

This is indeed a faithful saying. All others are in it or beneath it. Believe it, and you have a perfect creed. This is worthy of all acceptation. Others bring their own comfort; but accept this, and nothing is left worthy of accepting: you have the perfect experience. For it is the meeting of opposites, and

the filling up of all between. When that supreme wave of divine saving love broke out from the very heart of God, it stopped not in its course as it went over the whole world till it reached the chief sinner. It could go no farther; even it had reached its limit. What a gloriously unequalled relation this formed between Paul and Jesus Christ! And now we learn why Paul, in his first discovery, was content with saying, I persecuted the Church of God, but why in his latest he heaps word upon word—blasphemer, injurious, persecutor—as if he could not express it all or often enough.

Brethren, are these "solitary transactions between the soul and God," as Jonathan Edwards, speaking of Brainerd, calls them, in any wise known, and more and more known, by you? To be one of twelve is much, to be one of 12,000 is more, but to be the only one of all millions, is most of all. And yet, strange to say, the great leader of modern thought has got a glimpse of this greatest paradox, this supreme truth of Paul. "Religion," he says, "is reverence. The first, or most imperfect, is reverence of what is above us, which is the religion of the nations, the Gentile. The second, higher still, is that of reverence for what is around us—the philosophical, embodied, he adds, in the walk and conversation of Christ. The third is grounded on reverence for what is beneath us. This we name the Christian, or that of which Christ's sufferings and death were the symbol. It is a last step to which mankind was fitted and destined to attain. This being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde; and we may say that the Christian religion having once appeared, cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution."

Strange, yet true, that to modern minds of the Greek type there is found at last wisdom and not folly, ay, even the highest wisdom of God, in Christ crucified; and the time will surely come when, feeling it to be the power of God also they shall know with Paul it has come down straight from heaven. This marvellous salvation isolated Paul in Jesus Christ, and it isolated him from all other sinners. A man in the depths of a great sorrow feels there never was sorrow like unto his sorrow. It creates a solitude within and around him. And so Paul's salvation and Paul's sin so threw out his personal relation to Christ, in their height and depth, that there could in that sphere be no equal or second. After all, it is the Cross that gives a man the true measure of God and of himself. To receive apostleship was to receive an office; to receive saintship was to receive an influence; but to receive salvation was to receive God Himself, incarnate and redeeming. Service, saintship, salvation, these three, but the greatest of these is salvation.

Such, then, is the order in time and the order and depth in Paul and each soul. Let me close with adding, it is the order in power.

The man who feels with Paul that he is in his deepest being a chief sinner, receiving mercy of Jesus Christ, that man becomes more a saint and more a worker also. Your unselfed-souls are your God-filled souls, who esteem as nothing their sanctity and service, and rest only in their salvation. You observe how the man—ah, how often we have been ourselves that man!—who does the work will not do it long, will never do it well, unless he is growing as a saint; and he will never grow as a saint till his absorbing feeling is, I am a saved sinner.

Why do so many cease their work, why are so many ceasing to have joy and fruit from it, but because they are ceasing to be saints, or growing saints? And why cease to be saints and riper saints, but because they are becoming self-sufficient and less simple, absolute receivers of mercy? The massive masonry of the most stable saintship, the gleaming pinnacles of the most conspicuous apostleship, all lean and are lifted up on the deep foundations of mercy and salvation.

Mark for a moment the contrary. The Pharisee boasts of his poor deeds—of his poorer character. He is not the chief of sinners, he is the chief of saints. The publican has no deeds but such as accuse him, no character but such as rebukes him; but he has reached one thing better than all,—he goes out of sinful self to the mercy of God. “God be merciful to me *the sinner!*” The publican and Paul, the only two in the whole Bible who claim this pre-eminence, clasp hands, and together also clasp the same hand that lifts them out of their sins, and sends them home justified, and in the same hour sends them forth saints and servants.

“SENT.”

“As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you” (John xx. 21).

Who have been sent? You. You disciples, you who have believed in the Lord, and acknowledge Him as your Lord: you, whom He called out of the world, and redeemed from sin and death. *You*, each and all, He has sent. To each of you the Lord repeats the declaration, irrespective of sex, age, office, gift—“I send you as My Father sent Me.” The word is not spoken to ministers only—we are *all* His ministers. Not to missionaries alone: He intended that we each should be a mis-

sionary. He intended that every man and every woman born of the Father, would be His messenger, that each would be a centre of spiritual life and power: that each would be a propagandist. For this purpose He taught us the truth; that we might teach the ignorant of our own social circle. For this purpose He enlightened us; that we might be the lights of our own small worlds (Matt. v. 14; Phil. ii. 15). For this purpose He implanted in our hearts whatever life and force are there; that we might be life-centres and sources of energy and fertility.

That was the Lord's plan. Not that a few salaried and ordained men should do the work, but that *all* should do it. We have not followed the Lord's plan. We have chosen our own methods, with what poor results is manifest. We regard with pride and complacency our societies, and alliances, and large organisations. I do not say that we should not employ missionaries and evangelists, separated and sent abroad; but for the waste lands within the Gospel's pale, or on her borders; for dealing with that ignorance and sin which, year by year, ever renews itself with the birth and growth of men, the Church ought to have trusted to the individual, personal, and direct efforts of all Christian men and women (Matt. xxv. 15; 1 Cor. xv. 58). She ought to have seen to it that each man kept his own home orderly and clean, and his own bit of garden fair and fruitful. Let us fall back on the Master's plan. Let us each remember that the Lord hath sent *me*, even *me*. We have permitted that fact to drop out of memory and sight.

By whom are we sent? Not by the Church or the presbytery, or the board of missions, but by Him who is the King of glory; who is the Prince of the kings

of the earth; who is “over all, God blessed for ever.” The glory and majesty of the Master are reflected on the servants: He gives dignity to the messengers, and divinity to their mission. We are sent by Him. No man should take this office and errand on himself but he that is called of God. If otherwise, let us not wonder should our mission be a failure.

From whence have we been sent? That we have been sent into the world, implies that we have, at some period and somehow, been taken “out of the world.” We have been translated into the kingdom of heaven. Like Isaiah, every true sent man has first of all been in the presence of the glory that fills the earth (Isa. vi.). He has been with the Lord, dwelt with Him, communed with Him. Fain would we remain for ever on the radiant height where we have been transfigured; but the Lord, pitying the world, crushed and torn by cruel and tyrannous sin, sends us back on missions of mercy.

We are the “sent” of Jesus Christ. That truth is true of us, if we are Christ's, whether we have wrought the truth into our beliefs and being, or not. But when it is believed, and the power of it felt, how it stirs the pulses, and braces the nerves, and makes the whole spirit glow with a vivid and joyous sense of strength and victory. We are not our own (1 Cor. vi. 19). We are not alone. We are ambassadors of the King, and the King Himself is ever with us; we are His deputies and fellow-workers. With us, and behind us, are the might and resources of Almighty God. “*How shall they preach except they be sent?*”

In the absence of its objects, love is miserable. How happy are they who have placed their love on Him who can never be absent from them!

"PLEASANT PLACES."

THIS psalm presents the Lord Jesus Christ in the place of self-emptying and absolute dependence. "Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put My trust." This was His attitude, from the manger to the cursed tree. He never, for a single instant, ceased to hang on God. His heart never once cherished a creature expectation — an earthly hope.

Hence, He could, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, say, "The lines are fallen unto Me in *pleasant* places." They might not be smooth places, or sunny places, or places agreeable to flesh and blood; but faith, a confiding heart, a subject will, a dependent spirit, could always say they were "pleasant." He might be misunderstood, misinterpreted, accused of being mad, of having a devil. He might be maligned, despised, rejected, betrayed, denied, deserted, spit upon, buffeted, mocked, cast out—yet, in the face of all, He could say, "The lines are fallen unto Me in *pleasant* places; yea, I have a *goodly* heritage." Yes; "pleasant" and "goodly" were the words which the blessed Jesus used to describe His "lines" and His "heritage," though He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" (Isa. liii).

And how was this? Just because God filled the entire range of His vision. His outward circumstances, as looked at from nature's point of view, would not, by any means, appear to have been either "goodly" or "pleasant." His path was not strewn with roses. It was a desolate, rough, dreary path, so far as earth was concerned. The foxes and the fowls were better off than He. The very beasts of the forest and the fowls of the air had what the

Creator of heaven and earth had not. He had not where to lay His head. There was no rest for Him. He could not enjoy many sunny hours in a dark world like this. Earth did not afford Him a single green blade, a single refreshing spring. He was debtor to a poor Samaritan adulteress for a drink of water, in His hour of weariness. The women that came up with Him, from the despised Galilee, "ministered unto Him of their substance." This world had nought for the heavenly Man save the manger, the crown of thorns, the vinegar, the gall, the spear, the borrowed grave. Yet, notwithstanding all, He could say that His "places" were "pleasant," and His "heritage" was goodly.

Christian reader, these are the words of your Great Exemplar—of Him who has left you an example that you should follow His steps. Say, then, do you feel and acknowledge that the lines have fallen unto you in pleasant places, and that your heritage is a goodly one? To answer this, you are not to look within or around. Your reply is not to take its shape from the circumstances or the influences, the men or the things with which you may happen to be surrounded. You must look straight up into heaven; for there and there alone, properly speaking, are your "lines," there is your "heritage." Your lines are fallen within the "many mansions" of your Father's house on high; and you have received as your heritage "a kingdom which can never be moved." You are provided for, for ever. You can never want any good thing. Christ is your portion, heaven your home, glory your everlasting destiny. The love that has stooped to pluck you as a brand from the burning, has clothed you with a robe of divine righteousness, and will, ere long, crown you, and make you a pillar

in the temple of God, to go no more out, for ever.

Well, therefore, may you speak of "pleasant places" and a "goodly heritage." True, your path down here may be rough and thorny—you may be tried by ill health, poverty, bereavement, sorrow, pressure, personal infirmity, and various other circumstances; but then remember your "lines are fallen" to you "in heavenly places;" your heritage is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you," while at the same time you are "kept, by the power of God," in the midst of those very trials, "through faith, unto salvation." "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; Thou maintainest my lot." This was enough for the heart of Jesus. He needed nothing more. He found His *all* in God, and there He rested.

Then as to His hope; what was it? "My flesh also shall rest in hope. For Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." In these words are wrapped up one of the most profound and precious truths which can possibly engage our attention, namely, that the body of the Lord Jesus came forth from the tomb, bearing the marks of an accomplished atonement, and yet, without the smell of mortality having passed upon it. The foul breath of corruption could not reach His pure, holy, sinless, spotless flesh. This is a vital, fundamental truth—a sublime mystery of our most holy faith. The perfect humanity of the eternal Son of God "TASTED DEATH," and yet "SAW NO CORRUPTION." The soul that denies this must be a total stranger to all spiritual communion with the Person of the Son. He has yet to be divinely taught that all-important truth which lies at the very base of the "great mystery of

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

1 JOHN i. 9.

godliness," namely, that "God was manifest in the flesh." The Lord of life lay in the very heart of death's dark domain; but, such was the character and constitution of His humanity, that neither mortality nor corruption could find aught in Him. The self-same body that was prepared by "the power of the Highest" in the virgin's womb, was nailed to the cross, laid in the tomb, and is now on the throne.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE WORD OF GOD.

WHEN God speaks, men should hear and obey. We nowhere read "Hear ye the word of Moses, of Samuel, of David;" but, "Hear ye the word of the Lord" (Jer. xxii. 29). The Bible is not a book of opinions, it is not simply true, it is Truth—divine, absolute, final (John xvii. 17).

LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

ONE of the greatest objections waged against Christianity is based upon the gloom and joylessness of those who have named the name of Christ. It is true that our Saviour was a man of sorrows, but yet He "rejoiced in spirit;" and He desired that His disciples might have His joy fulfilled in them. We are bidden to "Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with singing." We are commanded to

"rejoice evermore," and "in everything give thanks," knowing that "the joy of the Lord" is our strength; and that those who know this joy are by it fitted to recommend the Gospel of Christ to those who have never tasted that the Lord is gracious.

One great cause of the joylessness of the children of the Lord is their failure to understand the grace and goodness of God. They cannot comprehend, what He has told them again and again, that He loves them; that His heart yearns over them; that He is not willing that *any* should perish, but that all should come to repentance; that it is the Good Shepherd that takes the weary journey into the wilderness to find His sheep that was lost; that it is the father who runs to meet the returning prodigal when he is a great way off; and that pardon and salvation are not wrung from the reluctant hand of God by prayers and tears and sighs, but that they are freely and *gladly* given, and that there is "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

DOING BUSINESS.

WHEN will Christians learn to do business on Bible principles? We met a sister the other day, who, with her husband, are in the decline of life. They had been diligent in business, industrious, and frugal. At the same

time she has always been liberal in her benefactions to the cause of God. But now, when they are about to retire from business, they have lost their all. How? By signing for others. Those who wished to be accommodated were old neighbours, and friends from childhood. It seemed almost unkind to refuse them assistance, especially when so positively assured that no loss nor even inconvenience would result from it. But the neighbours failed—with a *good deal of property in their possession*, so held that it cannot be touched by the creditors, while our aged conscientious friends commence life again poor. Many are every year reduced to want from this very cause. And yet the Bible is very explicit upon this point. "Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts" (Prov. xxii. 26). "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it, and he that hateth suretyship is sure" (Prov. xi. 15). "A man void of understanding striketh hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friend" (Prov. xvii. 18).

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DECEMBER 1880.

[No. 162.

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THE OLD SAILOR;

OR, CHRIST A PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

SOME years ago I entered the fore-castle of a vessel lying in the port of L—— and found an aged sailor on a bed of sickness. I entered into conversation with him, and found he had no hope of recovery. I asked him of his hope hereafter; he said he prayed to God to pardon his sins before he would be taken away, and he knew that Christ died to save sinners. His hope went no farther; he did not trust Christ as *his* Saviour; but still he seemed quite at ease.

I saw his hope was not well grounded, and told him this would not save him. I read from God's Word His way of salvation, and pointed Him to the finished work of Christ as his only hope. I knelt by him and prayed that the Holy Spirit would reveal to

him the truth, and enable him to lay hold on Christ. He grew uneasy; he felt the foundation on which he had built was gone, and saw himself to be a sinner guilty before God. He had a Bible, but the type was small, and his eyes were dim; he could not read it. I gave him a New Testament in large type, marking those passages where Christ is set forth as the only Saviour, and left him unhappy.

I called next morning, and was struck by his countenance when I entered. All was calm, and peace, and joy. "Oh!" he said, "I have peace now; JESUS is *my* Saviour; He has taken away my sins." I knelt beside him again, and we both gave praise to God.

Some time after I met him on the quay, he was being carried by some men to a steamer, ready to sail for his home, which he hoped to reach before his death. He told me he wished to see me in the steamer. I went to the apartment where he was laid, and on stooping down to speak with him, he threw his arms about my neck and drew me to him, and bursting into tears, he sobbed aloud, saying, "I cannot let you go; I cannot let you go; you pointed me to Christ, and he has saved me. Oh, how I love you." The steamer's whistle sounded and the gangway was being removed, so that I had to tear myself away from him, bathed in tears. I said in

parting, "In a little while we shall meet above."

Reader, it is not enough to believe that Christ is a Saviour; you must know Him as *your* Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free!
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by *me*?

We speak of salvation and love,
By the Father, in Jesus, made known;
But if I would live unto God,
By faith I must make it *my* own.

We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
By which God can poor sinners receive;
Yet still I am lost and undone,
Unless in that name *I* believe.

We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
Which frees from pollution and sin;
But its virtues by *me* must be proved,
Or *I* shall be ever unclean.

We speak of the glory to come,
Of the heavens so bright and so fair;
But unless *I* in Jesus believe,
I shall not, *I* cannot be there.

THE HARVEST PAST, THE SUMMER ENDED.

I HAD just entered on my labours in the hospital at ——, when a messenger came saying I was required in ward No. —. It was my first visit. I felt my personal weakness, and in my heart said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" as my eye glanced along a ward where on each side were ranged beds, occupied by pale sufferers, young and old.

I soon discovered the person

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 12.

for whom I was specially sent. She was a young woman in the last stage of consumption. Her mother stood beside her wiping the large drops of sweat from her brow. After a question or two, I knelt to ask Divine guidance and blessing upon what might now be said to this helpless one. My words were few, and when I rose to speak her ears were deaf, her eyes were fixed, her heart had ceased to beat, and there lay the lifeless form of the subject of my first visit.

As I stood looking upon that lifeless body, something seemed to whisper, "There is no room for trifling here; be diligent, the night is far spent; see around, all are hastening on to eternity, set before them life and death—the way of escape from the wrath to come."

I could only speak a few words of comfort to that bereaved mother, and then turn to tell of Him who through death conquered death, and by whom all that believe are delivered from its sting.

The person who lay in the next bed heard of that mighty One, His finished work for sinners, of whom she felt herself to be one, trusted all to Him who is able to save unto the uttermost, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

J. — became exceedingly happy, she gave daily increasing evidences of having passed from death unto life.

During the last few days of her sojourn here, she was heard repeatedly going over that beautiful hymn, commencing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll—
While the tempest still is high."

And dwelt with emphasis upon these two lines,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!"

And when she could no longer

articulate the words, she loved to hear them repeated. As death drew near, her joy increased; it was manifested in looks and broken sentences, in which the name of the refuge of her soul sounded again and again: and in a few weeks after I had stood at the first bedside, Jenny's departure took place in fulness of joy.

To those who witnessed it, who were chiefly Romanists, it was a matter of wonder. They said they never witnessed anything like it. I hope it was the beginning of "good things to come" to many of them.

But how many have passed away in such a manner that it pains my memory now to recall those dreadful scenes.

D— was a young man of twenty-five years. When I saw him first, he was just recovering from fever, and seemed very anxious about his soul; he realised in some measure his deliverance from an early grave, and now his mind was exercised about eternal things. I endeavoured to set before him God's simple way of salvation. He said, "Oh, if I was spared, how differently I would have lived." I tried to show him that that was a device of Satan, that it was his duty now to trust the Lord Jesus, and leave the future to Him.

He recovered, and as strength returned his anxiety disappeared; and he now only seemed to rest in the vain hope of "turning over a new leaf." To my surprise on entering the ward one day I found him again ill; he was very much alarmed, and I again spoke to him. My visits were earnestly sought and as cheerfully paid, hoping that now he would be brought not to rest on "turning over a new leaf," but, resting only on Jesus, become at once a new creature. He was brought very low, but once more restored, and after a few weeks was again walking

about convalescent, hoping to be dismissed in a few days from the building where his life had been in such jeopardy. He had as yet not embraced the free offers of the Gospel, but waited for the "convenient season."

I had just entered the hospital one afternoon, when the nurse of the ward where D— was a patient came for me. I followed her to his bedside; there he lay, every limb trembled, his eye wandered wildly, his lip quivered. I spoke to him of the compassion of Jesus—His work for the lost, His willingness to save. He listened for a few minutes; but as if my words could no longer be borne, he gave me such a look that I cannot soon forget. Oh, the despair and terror that seemed mingled in that gaze, and his voice almost filled the ward with the cry, "IT'S TOO LATE! IT'S TOO LATE!" And before the sun went down, the lifeless form of the procrastinator was carried away.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"THE ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider" (Isa. i. 3). A farmer who had recently listened to an exposition from this text was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears and exclaimed, "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's Word! This poor dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for everything. What a sinner I am!" The lesson had found way to his heart, and wrought there effectually to lead him to Christ.

"I NEVER SAW THAT BEFORE."

I WAS very much touched a few days ago by the case of a man with whom I held a short conversation, while arranging for a little work he was doing for me. I had selected some reading matter to give him, both of the Gospel and of teaching for the children of God, which I was offering to him.

"And which do you think is suitable for me?" he asked.

"I do not know; it is according to what you are. Are you a believer?" I answered.

"Yes," he said, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and have for many years. But the trouble with me is, I do not know whether I am saved or not. I made a profession of religion, and have gone on with the church, but I have not any peace, for I do not seem to know so as to be sure about my salvation."

And this case is only a specimen of a great many who, as they call it, have joined church, and have gone on with religious duties, hoping that, in some way, and at some time, they will get rest and assurance, knowing not that God's first word is peace, and that He has made everything as sure as His own throne, and delights to have *all* who believe to be perfectly happy in His own happiness. In infinite kindness He is bringing forth the truth to satisfy these anxious souls, who have found all their doing, and feeling, and praying unsatisfying.

It is most blessed when He leads them thus, as in the case of this dear man—to whom I had only to show what God had said. Therefore, opening the New Testament as we stood for a few moments together, I said, "Let us see, now, if God has anything to say to you on this matter. Here in John iii. 36 we find, 'He that believeth on the

Son hath everlasting life.' And now we will turn to chapter 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 judgment, but is passed from death unto life!' Then let us look at the next chapter. In verse 40 it says, 'This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one who seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.' And then see verse 47, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, *hath* everlasting life.' And now I shall turn you to 1 John v. 11-13, 'And this is the record, that God hath *given* unto us eternal life, and this life is *in His Son*. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that you may *know* that you *have* eternal life.'"

"Well," said my friend, his eyes filled with tears of joy, "I never saw that before! I have been reading the Bible for years, and yet never saw these words. Why, they are plain enough. God says I have eternal life, and I know that I have! I thank you for showing me these words. What a burden they take off my mind!"

"And now to confirm all this, we will read a few words in John x. 27-29. 'My sheep hear My voice and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish (or cause themselves to perish), neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, who gave them Me, is greater than all, and none shall be able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.' Is not that secure?" I answered.

"Oh yes! yes! I never saw that before. How thankful I am I can never fall out of His

hands. Thank you for showing me, and thank God for the blessed assurance!"

And then we clasped hands heartily in the sense and fellowship of the new relationship, knowing each other as well as though we had known one another for years, though that morning was the first time we had met.

I have said this is the case with many. There is but one way of getting peace in the matter, and that is by going to God, not by prayer, but in His Word. That alone gives light. There is no trouble of conscience and heart that it does not meet perfectly. And yet many are resorting to advisers that fail to give peace, because they tell them to do something, instead of informing them upon the authority of God that all is *done*. Or they will look for certain feelings in themselves towards God, that shall commend them to Him, or get occupied with religious duties of various kinds. All are vain. The Word of God must settle every question between the soul and God.

And it must be *simple* and *direct*. And this is just what it is. There is nothing can be substituted for the plain expression, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." And be assured that if God did not mean it, and did not mean that it should be taken just as it stands, He would not have written it. He is incapable of misleading in such an awfully momentous matter. It would impeach His *love* and His *truth* to think of it.

It should brand at once the character of teaching as not of God, if it gives uncertainty in regard to this question of eternal life and salvation to him who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is no time now to play with terms. God has said that the believer is saved, is a son of God, is as Christ is, is in

heavenly places now: let the heart rest on it, and let none gainsay it.

CLINGING TO THE WRECK.

ONE morning news reached Whitehaven that a few miles down the coast a vessel was sinking about a mile from the shore.

A number of brave men set out to see if they could rescue any of the poor sailors. When they reached the place where the vessel was, they saw that part of the wreck was still above water, and to it was clinging a man, the sole survivor of a crew of four. The side of the vessel was speedily reached, but though the men in the boat shouted to the poor fellow to let go his hold of the mast to which he was clinging, it was of no use, he still remained clinging and heeded not. At last one of the men in the boat swam through the surging waves, and laying hold of the man, unloosed his benumbed frozen hands, and brought him safely to land.

Is not this just what poor sinners are doing? Clinging to a wreck; death on all sides, and they themselves just ready to drop into the terrible abyss. But Jesus comes with His offer of salvation and of life. He has come to *you*. He has plunged into those waves and billows of death to reach you, in order that He might lay hold of you, and you are clinging still to the shivering timbers of your own imagined righteousness, and rejecting His offer of mercy.

You say you cannot "feel" as you want to do. Could that poor man "feel" anything; even his danger? No! he was benumbed with the cold, and not till returning life and consciousness came to him, could he feel what his danger had been, and what love and gratitude he owed to those who had risked their lives to save him.

Poor sinner! clinging to a wreck in the midst of the storm, just drop into the Arms of love that are stretched out to save you.

Do you feel too weak to go to Jesus? Then just loose your hold on what will be certain death to you ere long, and *trust* yourself to Him who has gone through the terrible death of the cross that He might save you.

A dying woman once said to a Christian who was visiting her:

"I am too weak to go to Jesus."

The answer was, "Just fall down at His feet."

She did so, and was saved.

Jesus has come that you might have life; and you are choosing death, in spite of those arms stretched out to save you, and in spite of this entreaty—

"Why will ye die?"

C. A.

DEATH, GUILT, AND THE POWER OF SATAN.

(Pa. xii.)

THERE were three things which the Lord Jesus had to encounter, and to triumph over, and which were ever before Him—Death, Guilt, and the power of Satan. The union of these against Him was the "power of darkness," which He acknowledges to the multitudes who came to apprehend him—"This is your hour, and the power of darkness."

Now, these were the three great enemies which were against us. We had sinned, and God had declared—"The wages of sin is death." We were guilty, and condemnation could not be put away but by the removal of the occasion of it; and Satan was manifestly against us, as an adversary to our final freedom. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ had *just* to meet all these, as the federal Head and representative of His people; then there was liberty—glorious and everlasting liberty. We find, then, that Christ had

really these three to contend with. He came to be the sin-bearer; and bearing sin, He must necessarily subject Himself to its wages, which was death. Thus bearing sin, guilt was necessarily imputed to Him, and He must suffer its condemnation, until God was satisfied; and finally, He must, as the Head of His people, overcome him under whom Adam, and all mankind in him, had failed. This Christ did; these He met, took, sustained, remained steadfast under, and overcame; conquered them all, obtained the victory—with wounds and bloodshed indeed; but, *having* triumphed, He rose with the full blessedness of the enjoyment of God's countenance, death having passed, and guilt removed, and Satan overcome by Him, in the name and for the eternal blessedness of His people.

This was *fully* manifested at His resurrection, which was a seal of His perfect accomplishment and acceptance, when He rose, a living witness to the full satisfaction for sin having been asked and obtained, and God's faithfulness being manifested: "Thou hast heard Me," said Christ, "from the horns of the unicorns," and then without any delay, He immediately adds, "I will declare Thy name unto my brethren," as if the enjoyment He possessed was incomplete until the knowledge of it was communicated to them whom He had made part of Himself.

THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH.

It is an important principle that none can tread the world beneath their feet until they see a fairer world above their heads. When the Lord Jesus in all His love and grace is set before us, our eyes are dim to lower objects. The beauty of the "All-beauteous One" makes other loveliness unlovely.

THE UNBELIEVER SILENCED.

A YOUNG clergyman came to the house of his sister, and found quite a company around the table. He was introduced to the guests, and invited to a seat opposite an officer whose red face told of the things of which he was fond. In the conversation this officer seemed to take the lead, and he indulged freely in frivolous unbelieveing and godless talk. A young lady who was present happened to make somewhat enthusiastic mention of a sermon she had lately heard. The counsellor instantly attacked her, remarking, "I am surprised that you find pleasure in those dark superstitions. In these days we are too enlightened to care about the sayings of preachers concerning God. There is no God; and a young lady like yourself had better talk about plays, dances, and other gaieties, than about such stupid things."

The hostess was moved with some anxiety by this speech, and for the purpose of giving the scoffer a friendly hint, she said, "My dear sir, you are very severe; you seem to forget that my brother here is a minister of the Gospel."

The man, however, did not allow this to disturb him, but turning to the young clergyman, he continued, "Oh well, my clerical friend, we understand each other. I felt very confident that you, as a man of culture, will assent to what I say. You present the old story merely on account of your office, and for ignorant peasants it is all well enough. But after all, you yourself really agree with me—don't you now?"

For a moment the clergyman quietly looked at the unblushing questioner, and then began, "Before answering, I must ask you three questions. You say: There is no God. Accordingly, you are an atheist. Such people have

always existed in the world. We may distinguish three kinds of atheists. The first are philosophers and thinkers, who have earnestly sought the truth and have not found it. So after much thinking, speculating, and groping, they have at last fallen into despair, and said, 'There is no God.' Has this been your experience?"

"Oh no," said the man, with a derisive laugh. "I am not a philosopher. Thinking and searching are not to my taste."

"Well, then," said the minister, "it sometimes becomes fashionable to speak frivolously of God, and faith, and doctrine. Now and then infidelity has some quite able defenders. These men deride and attack all old landmarks of faith that are cherished treasures of many hearts. And as they parade themselves everywhere in speech and writing, it becomes fashionable among the multitude to side with them, and blindly to accept their doctrines. In this way it happens that here and there a man seeks his own glory by deriding the faith, and by speaking frivolously and lightly of sacred things, simply because it is the stylish thing to do so, while after all in his inmost heart he still clings to the faith. Is this your case?"

"No," replied the counsellor, this time not with laughter, but with the flush of irritation very visible. "No, I am not a blind follower of others. I echo the doctrines of no one."

"The third class of atheists," quietly continued the clergyman, "is composed of persons who have long followed the desire and pleasure of this life and wallowed in the mire of sin. But at length comes a moment when a holy God reaches the conscience with His touch. They try to drown the unwelcome voice; they want to rid themselves of death and the judgment; and the shortest and easiest way of doing all this is

simply to say, There is no God; death ends all."

This time the clergyman did not ask, "Is this your case?" The scoffer, silent and confused, ventured no reply. But the eyes of the guests were upon him, and their grave demeanour was a testimony that the preacher had made a hit. This man who had blindly shut his eyes to his own sinful state, and had tried to evade judgment and condemnation by denying the existence of God, was a living comment upon the words of Holy Writ, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Ps. xiv.)

WHAT A LITTLE BOOK DID.

MR. S. A. BLACKWOOD relates an instance in which a word was made efficacious to the saving of a soul. He was travelling on the top of a coach from London to Croydon, and after discussing the topics of the day with one who sat beside him, he turned the conversation to the things of heaven, to the disgust of another passenger sitting near, who talked of "canting hypocrites," &c. and when the coach stopped left his seat. In descending the pocket of his coat opened, and Mr. Blackwood dropped in the little book entitled, "Eternal Life." When the gentleman reached home and emptied his pockets, he found, amongst other things, a small book that he knew nothing of, and, reading its title, he at once guessed who had put it there, and in his rage he tore it in pieces and threw it inside the fender. When he returned from town the next day his ire was increased by finding the pieces placed on his toilet table. He immediately rung the bell and asked the servant, "Why they had not been destroyed." And when she replied that in gathering them up she had seen the word "Eternity," and did not

like to burn them, she was in anger ordered from his presence. When the servant was gone, he began to look for the word that had so arrested her attention, and then he sought to connect sentences by strips of paper that one buys round postage stamps, and managed in this way to fasten the book together, and became converted by reading it. One day when Mr. Blackwood was walking in Cheapside, he was startled by the exclamation, "You are the man! You are the man!" and a ragged book was held up to his astonished gaze. He disclaimed all knowledge of that particular book, and was then informed of the circumstances related above, and of the spiritual change in the heart of the gentleman that had taken place by means of it.

BUILD HIGHER.

A young lady was dying of consumption. As she sat at the open window she saw a couple of little birds come and build their nest on a branch high from the ground. Day by day she watched them, and observed first the nest, then the eggs, then the nestlings. As she watched them day by day, she used to shake her head and say, "Silly birds, why not build higher?" And then when the little nestlings came and began to show their heads above the nest, the burden of the exclamation was still, Why not higher?

One morning when she took her accustomed seat at the window lattice, she saw the nest all torn to pieces, and the ground strewn with the feathers of the poor little nestlings, and marks of violence all around; and then she said, "Ah! did I not tell you to build higher?"

Had you built higher you would have been secure from

harm, and this dire mishap would not have befallen you.

And you, my friends, when you come to cross the river of death, if ever you fail to get to the Better Land, when you look back it will be with the bitterest remorse that you will cry out, "Why did I not build higher?" Why did I not lay up treasures in heaven, instead of spending my time and my money on the meat which perisheth, and on pleasures which pass away in a moment?

NOTHING TO PAY.

Nothing to pay! Ah! nothing to pay!

Never a word of excuse to say!
Year after year thou hast filled the score,

Owing thy Lord still more and more.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt!"

Nothing to pay! The debt is so great;

What will you do with the awful weight?

How shall the way of escape be made?

Nothing to pay! Yet it must be paid!

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to My account,
I have paid the full amount."

Nothing to pay! Yes, nothing to pay!

Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!

Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou has nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free!

Now I ask thee, lovest thou Me?"

F. R. H.

THE HEALING TOUCH.

"As many as touched Him were made perfectly whole."

WONDROUS words about a wondrous Saviour, and a living testimony of Jesus' power and willingness to save! The same

Saviour who, eighteen hundred years ago, lived on earth, ministering to the diseases of men, is nearer of access to thee, weary, sin-sick soul, than if to-day He walked in Palestine.

How many there are seeking for cleansing, who deem it too simple to "wash and be clean." They think they should do some great thing. Such would do well to ponder the above passage.

A young lady came to visit me a few days since with the earnest inquiry, "How shall I find Jesus?" After talking with her a few moments, it was evident that she was looking for "a more excellent way" than the one marked out by the cross. She expressed a desire to do something before coming to Christ, to make herself better; feared that she was too sinful to come as she was into His presence.

After a silent, earnest prayer for help, I reminded her of Christ's own words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

In great distress she exclaimed, "Oh, if I could only find Him! Where is He?"

I replied, "He is *here* in this room, tenderly waiting to receive you." As she sat weeping, this passage came to mind, which I repeated at once, "As many as *touched* Him were made perfectly whole." She raised her head eagerly, and said, "Is that all?" and with a face beaming with joy, she extended Her arms as if to embrace Him, crying, "My Saviour! my dear Saviour!"

Think you not there was joy among the angels when Jesus proclaimed, as He did on earth. "Some one hath touched me," and wrote with His own hand the name of another Mary in the book of life?

Oh, how simple, how free, how beautiful the plan of salvation! Poor sinner, wilt not thou *touch* Him also? Then shalt thou be made "perfectly whole."

GOD'S WAY AND MAN'S WAY.

MAN'S way is, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." God's way is, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Man, in his self-sufficiency, would *wait* till he can give or do something to earn salvation for himself: but when taught of God, he comes empty-handed, and joyfully receives *at once* eternal life as "the gift of God through Jesus Christ." It is *then* that he inquires, "What shall I render to the Lord?" working not *for* life but *from* life.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

THE Holy Ghost is down in this world bearing unceasing testimony to the worth of Christ's blood, shed on *this earth*. It will not do, therefore, to urge the plea of ignorance. The voice of the Holy Ghost is sounding loudly, far and near. He speaks on earth; and God, too, speaks from heaven. And what forms the burden of their testimony? The worth—the unspeakable worth—the eternal worth of the blood of Christ. And can you, my reader, coldly and carelessly turn a deaf ear to the earnest, divine pleading of the Holy Spirit? Has the voice of God *from* heaven no charm for you? Without the blood of Christ what can you do? Has not God pronounced the *whole world*—and you are part of it—guilty before Him? Has not the Holy Ghost written these unerring words of inspiration, connecting them with you and your condition: "Therefore by the deeds of the law shall no **FLESH** be justified in His sight?"

To whom, then, can you turn? No curative measures, no remedial efforts, no improved "Flesh" will now do for God. He has swept the whole of the

old creation out of His sight. It has now no moral standing before God. It only awaits the unveiling of the lake of fire, *there* and *then* to suffer eternally the full weight of God's indignation and wrath. "To whom then may I turn," do you ask? To Christ in heaven, there *set forth* a mercy-seat through faith in His blood. He has passed into the presence of God by His own blood, and God has fully recognised and owned its value. He credits every sinner with salvation who shelters himself in it. He does so in righteousness to Christ. The blood of Christ shed *on earth* has been accepted by God *in heaven*.

"How have your sins been blotted out?" was asked of a poor dumb boy. He wrote, "*The bleeding hand of Jesus passed over each page in my account, so that none can read it through the stain of His blood.*" Beautiful answer! The bleeding hand of Jesus writing pardons, wiping out accounts, and God sealing them with His seal of glory and resurrection! God, too, has sent down the Holy Ghost to tell us that Christ has been received up into glory, after He had by Himself purged our sins. Blessed news direct from heaven! Is there no mistake? No, reader, no. A divine Person has come all the way from heaven—from its brightest glories, to tell out the value of the blood of Christ. Oh, it is a *divinely-finished* and *divinely-accepted* work. The day is quickly coming, the cloudless morning will soon break upon our vision, when, beloved saint of God, we will be done with testimonies, each in himself being the bright, unfailing witness of the unspeakable worth of the blood of Christ.

You are not asked to look upon the blood of Christ, but to receive God's testimony to its worth and value. You are not asked to love God, but you are commanded and besought by

motives of the most touching character to receive the wondrous message of God's love to *you*—a sinner.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."

"ALL NUMBERED."

LUKE xii. 7.

"All numbered," on our heads the hairs,
Our sorrows, too, and daily cares;
The number less from day to day,
Till God shall wipe all tears away.

"All numbered," every cross we take,
Bearing each for the Master's sake;
Made glad by His approving smile,
Cheered with His words, "a little while."

"All numbered," e'er our different woes,
By Him who orders all and knows;
He understands what we can't tell
To any friend, though loved so well.

"All numbered," all our days and years,
Each rugged path, our sighs, our tears;
E'en we ourselves are counted too,
By "Him with whom we have to do."

"All numbered," till in heaven we share
With Christ the bliss of being there;
All numbered things will pass away,
When shadows end in perfect day.

Unnumbered thanks to God we'll raise,
Unnumbered songs of love and praise,
Unnumbered gifts for us in store,
Unnumbered joys for evermore.

HULL.

S. M.

CONFIDENCE AND SAFETY.

THERE are many persons who do not perceive the difference between *feeling* safe and *being* safe; or between *confidence* and *safety*. Men are often in the most danger when they feel the utmost sense of security. On the other hand, men may feel the utmost alarm, and yet be in perfect safety. There was a man who crossed the Mississippi river on the ice. Fearing

that the ice might be thin or rotten, he began to crawl over on his hands and knees, and so worked his way along in great anxiety and trepidation. Just as he gained the opposite shore excited and exhausted, another man drove past him, on the trot, sitting upon a sled loaded with pig-iron! The poor fellow had his fear for nothing. The ice was firm, and he might have walked boldly over. Thousands of the doubts and fears which afflict the souls of good men are as vain as were the anxieties of this timorous man.

On the other hand, there are times when persons who feel the greatest confidence are really in the utmost danger. In the days of Noah and Lot, men feared no danger, they felt no alarm, and yet they perished suddenly and miserably. So there might be persons to-day who are in danger, though they fear it not. There are others who are safe, though they can hardly believe it.

We are not to depend upon our feelings, emotions, or circumstances; the question of our safety depends upon the infallible *Word of the everlasting God*, the unfailing promise of Him who hath loved us and hath saved us. In Christ we are in safety; out of Christ perpetual dangers surround us; and it is our wisdom to know of a surety our standing in the sight of God; to know, in a word, *what God thinks concerning us*, and how we stand, not in the sight of ourselves, our friends, or our neighbours, but in the sight of Him who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;" who loveth righteousness and hateth wickedness; and whose searching glance pierces through every disguise, and discerns the real character of men. If we have settled our account with Him so that our hearts condemn us not, and we have confidence before God,

then we need not wait to scan our emotions, or investigate our frames and feelings; but we may simply cast ourselves upon His goodness, His mercy, and His grace, and fear no evil. His promises never fail, His truth endureth to all generations, and they who trust in the Lord shall never be confounded, but shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

CHRIST'S NEARNESS.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

LET every believer grasp these words and store them up in his heart. Keep them ready and have them fresh in your memory. You will want them one day. The Philistines will be upon you; the hand of sickness will lay you low; the king of terrors will draw near; the valley of the shadow of death will open up before your eyes. Then comes the hour when you find nothing so comforting as a text like this, nothing so cheering as a realising sense of God's companionship. Stick to that word, "*Never!*" It is worth its weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a soldier attacked on all sides grasps his sword. God has said, and He will stand to it, "I will never leave thee."

"*Never!*" Though your heart be often faint, and you are sick of self and your many failures and infirmities, even then the promise will not fail.

"*Never!*" Though the devil whispers, "I shall have you at last; yet a little time and your faith will fail, and you will be mine," even then the word of God will stand.

"*Never!*" When the cold chill of death is creeping over you, and friends can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return, even then Christ will not forsake you.

"*Never!*" When the day of judgment comes, and the books are opened, and the dead are rising from their graves, and eternity is beginning,—even then the promise will bear all your weight; Christ will not leave His hold on your hand. Oh, believing reader, trust in the Lord for ever, for He says, "I will never leave thee." Lean back all your weight upon Him, do not be afraid. Glory in His promise. Rejoice in the strength of your consolation. You may say boldly, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear."—*Ryle*.

TO A CHILD OF GRIEF.

OH! child of grief, why weepest thou?
Why droops thy sad and mournful brow?
Why is thy look so like despair?
What deep, sad sorrow lingers there?

Thou mourn'st, perhaps, for some one gone—
A friend, a wife, a little one;
Yet mourn not, for thou hast above
A Friend in God, and "God is love."

Was it remorse that laid thee low?
Is it for sin thou mournest so?
Surely thou bear'st a heavy grief;
Yet, mourner, there is still relief.

There's One on high can pardon give,
Who gave His life that thou may'st live;
Seek, then, for comfort from above,
And hope in God, for "God is love."

Has cold unkindness wounded thee?
Does thy loved friend now from thee flee?
Oh! turn thy thoughts from earth to heaven,
Where no such cruel wounds are given.

In all the varying scenes of woe,
The lot of fallen man below,
Still lift thy tearful eye above,
And hope in God, for "God is love."

Sweet is the thought, time flies apace—
This earth is not our resting-place:
And sweet the promise of the Lord
To all who love His Name and Word.

Then, weeping pilgrim, dry thy tears,
Comfort on every side appears;
An eye beholds thee from above,
The eye of God, and "God is love."

TWO THINGS TAUGHT BY GOD HIMSELF.

1. *Coming to Christ*.—It is written in the prophets, "And they shall be all taught of God." Every man therefore that hath heard and hath *learned of the Father*, cometh unto Me (John vi. 45)."

2. *Brotherly love*.—But as touching *brotherly love* ye need not that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another" (1 Thess. iv. 9).

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE, and the relations of which marriage is the source and centre, are not permanent ordinances of God. They are, when considered in the light of eternity, temporary and provisional arrangements. In heaven they "neither marry nor are given in marriage;" neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. And in heaven there will be realised among the redeemed that equal fellowship, superseding all family distinctions, which the Lord Jesus recognised on earth when He stretched forth His hand towards His disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren, for whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

It might seem, therefore, that marriage, and its attendant and accompanying relationships in this world, have stamped upon them essentially the brand of that fashion of this world which passeth away. This world's fleeting fashion is theirs. It is but a little while, and there shall be but one family—the family of which the apostle speaks when he says, "I bow the knee to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

But is there nothing in these relationships, or about them, that will abide, even when the fashion of them passes away? Is there not a living spirit enshrined and embodied in every one of them, which will survive when the mere outward fashion of it passes away? Conformity to that living and abiding spirit is not forbidden, but only conformity to the passing form or fashion in which, as in a husk, for a season it lives and grows.

A searching practical question may here be raised and pressed home, with a special application to every one of the institutions of domestic and social life—every relation which any one of us occupies as spouse, parent, child, brother, neighbour, citizen, friend, lover. What, with reference to that particular relation—what is it for me to be conformed to this world?

The answer may be found in the putting of another question. What is it, in that particular relation, that I chiefly regard? What is that I have habitually at heart? Is it what pertains to the form or fashion of it which passes away? Or is it what breathes, or may breathe, into it a living and therefore an abiding spirit?

Try by this test your walk at home, in your family, among your kinsmen and familiars. You form no alliance or connection that can be called sinful. All your fellowships are in themselves lawful and right. And you are faithful, upright, and exemplary in them all. No wilful or customary breaking of any of these ties or relations of private life can be laid to your charge. So far good. But what, after all, is it in these relations that you feel to be congenial? What is there in common between them and you?

Is it their adaptation to your mere animal desires and wants, whether of a higher or of a lower sort? Is it their fitness to minister to your bodily or mental contentment, and make the time you have to spend in this world pass the more easily and the more pleasantly? Is it for their convenience to you in your journey of life, their advantageous bearing on your comfort, your credit, your advancement and success, that you use and value them? Or is it for their capacity of being turned to far higher and more

lasting account that you prize them?

Do you, as with a spiritual instinct, see that in them which can be made available for eternity? that which will live and fructify when the fashion of them with the fashion of this world passeth away? As husbands and wives, are you walking together as heirs of the grace of life, that your prayers may not be hindered? Are you helpers of one another's faith, hope, love, and labour, as well as sharers of one another's joy and grief? As parents, are you training your children in the Lord? Are you training them for the Lord? Not provoking them to anger by caprice or passion: not making mere playthings of them, or slaves, or helps and conveniences in your business, or your idleness, or your pleasure, or your sin; but treating them reasonably, reverentially, affectionately, as belonging to the Lord, and placed under your guardianship by Him? As children, are you obeying your parents in the Lord? and through obedience to them, exercising yourselves in obedience to Him? As brothers and friends, are you not merely amusing one another, instructing one another, showing kindness to one another; but praying for one another, praying with one another, serving the Lord, and serving the Lord together? As masters and servants, are you owning a common Master in heaven, and a common service to Him on earth? And generally, in all the cares and crosses, as well as in all the endearments, joys, and comforts of society, of home, what tastes are you cultivating by means of them? What affections are you cherishing? What habits are you forming? Are they tastes, affections, habits of regardless selfishness, as if you had a right to consult for your own ease alone, and to

expect that all around you should minister to your pleasure or your peace? That surely is the fashion of this world.

When you use these blessed institutions and arrangements for ends and purposes thus transitory and fleeting, are you not conformed to this world in the use of them? But, on the other hand, are they tastes, affections, habits of another kind altogether, that you are exercising? Are they tastes, affections, habits of unselfish, disinterested, generous, and self-denying kindness, mutual forbearance, mutual tenderness and truth? Are they tastes, affections, habits of pure and benign, Christ-like and God-like charity? These will bear to be transplanted into the soil of heaven. They do not partake of any fashion of this world that passeth away. They will live and thrive in the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; in the recovered and regained paradise of God—where all is light and all is love.

CHRIST HEALING.

BEING incarnate God, He shows in the flesh Him who said, "I am Jehovah Rophi (Exod. xv.); and of whom God's people had ever sung, "Who *healeth all thy diseases*."

The *first* cure Jesus wrought must have caused great amazement. So *real*: it was not an experiment; it was not partial; it was altogether successful. So *instantaneous*: it was not slow; it was not gradual; they heard His voice, they rose, they walked, they ministered. So *direct*: there were no means used; no lump of figs; no cruse of salt. And so *thorough and complete*: there would be something in Christ's cures that (so to speak) savoured of *resurrection*; that told of the Healer as the giver of resurrection health,

and resurrection freshness, and resurrection strength. There the finger that touched and healed pointed forward to the second coming; and every bodily cure proclaimed, "I am the Resurrection, and will one day do as much for thy body as I do now for thy soul."

His *last* miracle of healing was *healing His enemy*! restoring the ear of Malchus. All grace!

THE SON OF MAN.

"SON OF MAN" is a title of very extensive meaning. It expresses man in his perfectness, or man according to God. It tells us, as it were, that man stands "a new thing" in Jesus; and that in Him we see all possible human or moral beauty. But not only is all this *moral perfectness* expressed by the title "Son of Man" when applied to Jesus, but all His *suffering* and all His dignities are connected with Him as such.

As Son of Man, He was humbled, so as to wonder that God should have any respect to Him (Ps. viii.); but as such He is also exalted to the right hand on high (Ps. lxxx.) As such He had not where to lay His head (Luke ix. 58); but as such, He also comes to the Ancient of Days to take the kingdom (Dan. vii. 13). Judgment is committed to Him as such (John v.); He is Prophet, Priest, and King as such; Heir and Lord of all things; Head and Bridegroom of the Church. As Son of Man, He has power on earth to forgive sin (Matt. ix. 6); and is Lord of the Sabbath (Mark ii. 28); though as the same He lay three days and three nights in the heart of the earth (Matt. xii. 40).

He was the wearied sower of the seed, and He will be the glorious Reaper of the harvest as Son of Man. He was crucified and raised again as such;

but all the while, as such, had His proper place in heaven (John iii. 13, 14). And as the Son of Man, He is the centre of all things, heavenly and earthly (John i. 51). For it was in man that God had of old set His image, and when the first man, who was of the earth, had broken that image, the Son of God undertook to restore it, to accomplish in man the divine purpose by Man, setting man in that place of honour and trust which God had of old provided for him.

Thus this title or name of the Lord, "Son of Man," is an extensive one, ranging over and linking itself with His person, with all His sorrow, and with all His dignities too, save such, of course, as He owns in Himself, being "God over all, blessed for ever."

He is the *anointed* Man—the undefiled human temple raised at the beginning by the Holy Ghost, and then filled by Him (Luke i. 35; iv. 1).

He is the *humbled* Man, who travailed in sorrow here, down to the death of the cross (Phil. ii.)

He is the *exalted* Man, crowned now with glory and honour, and by and by to have all dominion (Heb. ii.)

CHOSEN LESSONS.

"Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose."—Pa. xxv. 12.

IN the way that He shall choose
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest,
And His training, in the end,
Is completest.

F. R. H.

SELF knowledge lies at the very threshold of all divine knowledge.

OUR SIN AND HIS GLORY.

THE call of Simon to be a fisher of men, gives us a view of man brought really under the power of God. There was nothing in a draught of fishes, let it have been as large and unexpected as it might, that in the way of nature connected itself with conviction of sin. But in the way of God there was. For it is ever the discovery of God that leads to repentance or true conviction of sin. It is only in God's light that we can duly know ourselves.

It was the common judgment of all those who in old time owned the fear of God, that they could not see Him and live. They had carried that conscience with them ever since Adam had retreated from the presence of God among the trees of the garden.

Manoah judged that he must die because he had seen God. Gideon looked for the same. Ezekiel fell on his face, and Daniel's comeliness was changed into corruption, when they came in contact with the glory. Isaiah learnt the uncleanness of his lips when he saw the King, the Lord of hosts. This was rightly learning themselves, not by themselves, or among themselves, but by God. They found that they came short of His glory (Rom. iii. 23).

So is it now with Peter. The glory had come very near him. Others might not have perceived it. What was a large draught of fishes to ordinary fishermen but a lucky cast? But a little matter will speak great things in the ear of a soul that God is leading. A hole in the wall is enough to show a prophet great abominations; and to such an one a cloud no bigger than a man's hand is full of God's works and praise. He who could command the fulness of the sea was now before Peter. A draught of fishes is now the glory to a

heaven-led sinner; and the glory is no sooner at his side, than, like others of old, Peter learns himself. His eyes see God, and he abhors himself in dust and ashes.

This knowledge of ourselves by the light of God forms the principle of repentance. We may read many a blotted page in our history, and be sorry and ashamed of it; but to read ourselves in the light of the glory and presence of God, leads to that repentance which the Spirit works. We learn that we are black, when the sun looks upon us (Cant. i.), when the burning brightness of the glory rises upon us, as here upon Peter.

As we learn ourselves in this way, so do we learn God. As my trespasses and follies may tell me much of myself, but as I shall not know myself duly and thoroughly till I see myself in the light of God's glory, so God's works may tell me much of Him, His power and Godhead, but I shall not know Him really as He is till I see Him by the darkness of my own iniquity. Then it is I learn God indeed, when I see Him in the face of Jesus Christ, providing for me a sinner, and rolling my darkness and shame away for ever in the abounding riches of His grace.

It was thus Adam learnt God. The six days' works of God's hand did not give Adam all that God had for him, or tell Adam all that God was to him. It was his transgression that drew out the full treasure. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head" was the word that fully told Adam what God was. The woman's seed was a secret which creation had not declared; it was a treasure richer than all the fruit of Eden, and which, grace abounding over sin, and not the labour of creating hands, had made Adam's. Adam then learnt God indeed, and the sinner so learns him now. And this is the sequel of the mystery

of death and life: we learn ourselves, all darkness as we are, in the light of the divine glory; we learn God, all goodness as He is, by the evil of our own sin.

THEY GAVE THEMSELVES.

THE Apostle Paul, in writing to the Corinthians (2 Cor. viii.), stimulates their zeal by quoting the example of the Churches of Macedonia: "How that, in a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power, they were willing of themselves; praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints." A fact like this—such abundance of joy in great affliction, such abundance of liberality in deep poverty, requires explanation. The apostle feels this, and accordingly he furnishes the explanation, when he adds, "And this they did, not as we hoped; but first gave their own selves to the Lord."

They first gave their own selves to the Lord. Ah! this solves the riddle; this accounts for the mystery. No wonder their joy abounded in a great trial of affliction; no wonder the riches of their liberality abounded in deep poverty. And no wonder your joy in your religion is marred by gloom, and your liberality straitened by selfishness, if you do not first give your own selves to the Lord. That you may rejoice right heartily in God your Saviour, that you may be always abounding in the work of the Lord, "I beseech you, brethren," that you first give your own selves to the Lord, "that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice and holy."

"MAMMON wins his way, where seraphs might despair."
—Byron.

THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT.

BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY.

HE THAT HEAR AN OPEN DOOR, LET HIM HEAR.

Rom. xiii. 12; Rev. iii. 20.

IN AND OUT.
He keeps them till their journey's over,
They enter in where they go out no more.

By me if any man enter, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

"I AM the door." Over the archway is written: "Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out." But the gracious words must be illuminated for you by His Holy Spirit, or they will be to you like the unlit designs got ready for an illumination, the jets forming the words all correct, but illegible. Often as you have been told of the perfect willingness of Christ now to receive you, we cannot make you enter.

"Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace.
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way."

If you enter in you will say as others before, "Why did you not tell me it was so easy?" A boy born blind received sight at the age of fourteen. When his mother took him to the door some time after the successful operation, and lifted the bandage, his first words were: "O mother! why did you not tell me that it was so beautiful?"

A complete sense of the access is not always clear to earnest souls at first. "I struggled long," writes one, "through my own fault, against God's offer of acceptance. There were days when the door seemed open,

yet like a spring door; it came back upon my hand when efforts of prayer and watchfulness ceased. At last I heard the words, *A wicked woman welcome to Christ*. Full light came, and where the door used to stand there was now none; only a space of open access, open for evermore. Shut doors of difficulty will still meet us, but of these the keys hang at His girdle.

Two travellers stood before a barred door at the foot of an old Roman town, and wondered what could be the use of the rope which hung down the wall and was beside the gate. A notice had directed, "If you wish to enter, ring;" and after they had rung they waited for the sound of footsteps on the stair of some one coming to unlock the door. But instead, a key fastened by a tiny strap came slipping down the rope from the top of the fortress with the direction, "Bring it up with you." So do answers to our prayers come in ways other than we expect. Shall we carry back with us to heaven keys of promise that we have used here, and remember how the doors were opened?

Meanwhile, we have the word which meets the needs of every soul: "These things saith He that . . . hath the key of David, He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth . . . Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

"Yet there is a hall of adoration,
With its fast, holy, beckoning along
Room, room! still room!
enter now!"

"Yet there is room! Still open
the gate—
The gate of love; it is not yet
late:
Room, room! still room!
enter now!"

SUCH AN OFFER.

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

SUCH an offer! Full and free—
Can it be really meant for me?
Shall all my sins on Christ be laid?
(Isa. liii. 6.)
Shall all my debt by Him be paid?
(Gal. iii. 13.)
Yes, Jesus says it, who has died—
(Rom. iv. 5.)
"Believe," and thou art justified—
(Gal. ii. 16; John iii. 16.)

REVIEW.

Beautiful upon the Mountains. Evening Readings for a Month. By MARGARET STEWART SIMPSON. This little volume is intended as a companion to the one which was issued last year with the title "Steps through the Stream." We are sure that those who enjoyed and appreciated the daily readings in it, will be anxious to obtain and make use of this later production by the same writer. A specimen of one of the readings we give above. It will make a suitable Christmas or New Year's gift.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

JANUARY 1881.

[No. 163.

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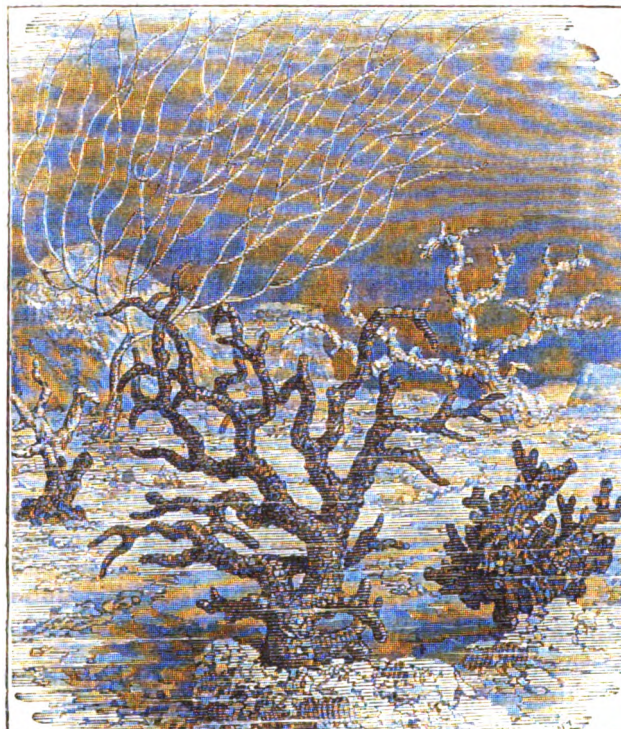
WONDERFUL LITTLES.

THE CORAL.

(By the Editor).

THE littleness of humanity often desires to be linked and identified with what it supposes to be great, whether in fame, fortune, or position, so that the greatness may in some way raise the littleness up from its unknown level. The Almighty Creator shows His greatness by working for, with, and through the most minute of His creatures. He condescends to men of low estate. It was the worm (not the wrestler) Jacob who was to level mountains, and it is by a small marine worm-looking creature that He raises adamantine mountains in the most tempestuous seas. When man's skill and science are baffled, and the wintry winds and waves dash away his thousands of tons of solid stone or

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 1.



concrete which he has laid in the summer months, the tiny coral is working slowly but surely, and raising God's own breakwaters. Innumerable millions of these little polypes work all but unconsciously, and seemingly unaware of any unity of purpose, but all are bringing onward the one common work of rearing the most extensive masonry that earth has seen.

Millions of millions thus from age to age, With simplest skill and toil unweariable, No moment and no movement unimproved, Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread, To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound, By marvellous structure climbing toward the day;

Each wrought *alone* yet *altogether* wrought; Unconscious not unworthy instruments, By which a hand invisible was rearing A new creation in the secret deep. Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them; Hence what omnipotence alone could do *Worms did*. I saw the living pile ascend The mausoleum of its architects, Still dying upwards as their labours closed; Slime the material, but the slime was turned To adamant by their petrific touch. Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives, Their masonry imperishable.

Compared with their works, the proud city of Babylon was only like a wreath of sand raised by the passing wave, to be washed away by the next coming tide. Nebuchadnezzar the king was very proud of his city Babylon.

Its walls were built of bricks like massive stones, and were fastened together with strong bitumen or pitch, and so extensive were they that men had to walk sixty miles to go round the city; and so wide were the walls that nine carriages could stand in a row on their tops; yet this great Babylon is fallen down, and its bricks are crumbled to dust! Not so the coral walls built by the slender little polypes. These soft jelly workmen, having been taught by their Creator to rear their stupendous and lofty mounds, they stand like vast catacombs, filled with the dry mummies of their builder worms, firm and beautiful, from age to age. Yea, were all the barns, houses, churches, castles, and every possible structure that all men have ever built in Europe, Asia, and Africa put together, we should find that these delicate worms of the polypiferous order, have built in much less time a far greater amount of solid masonry than all men on earth ever reared.

The same God who is over them and works through them is our God and Father, who has wrought so much for us, is at all times working in us, and is willing to work through us. The coral worms do not occasionally work at coral. If they could testify they would say, "For me to exist is coral." There is so little done on one reef because we take spells at Christianity instead of being at it for ever. "For me to live is Christ" is our normal condition. The polype's whole existence is to secrete coral. We are exhorted to present our bodies living sacrifices, and this is our only reasonable service.

How are we best able to work *altogether*? By each doing his work *alone* best. When Peter begins to ask about what John is going to do, the Master most surely is prepared not to use

but to rebuke. Let us call a meeting of committee! or let us see how other people can help us! are very common methods among Christian communities. Coral reefs would not get along very quickly if this was their method. But they are all at it, always at it, and wholly at it—their eating and drinking, tossed in the storm or basking in the sunshine, all make for "coral." They have power to do little more than absorb and secrete, but all that goes to "coral."—"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, *yea*, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. i. 27-29).

CHRIST IS ALL.

LORD, mine must be a spotless dress,

But 'tis not mine to weave it;
For thou hast wrought my righteousness,

I have but to receive it.
Fair robe divine!—the grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

It is not mine to toil for peace,
Thy cross, O Christ, doth make it!
I only need from toil to cease,

And gladly, simply, take it.
Sweet peace divine!—the grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine!

It is not mine to purchase life,
Wielding Thy power 'mid sin and strife,

I live because Thou livest.
Glad life divine!—the grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

A. R. C.

WORK AND PRAY.

HAVE you sometimes been sorely troubled at the lack of interest and zest in your private devotions? You have come to your closet and gone away, morning

and evening, and have seemed to be utterly unfed and unblest by it all. You have prayed without relish, and dreamed through your devotions without interest, and gone away at last, utterly unblest. And "What does it mean?" you have asked with a sigh. "Has God forsaken me? Has He become tired of my shiftlessness, and refused to meet me any longer at the mercy-seat?"

Perhaps He is withholding communion from you, because you are withholding service. The time comes even in spiritual things when a Christian gets enough; when God seems to say to him, "*You cannot have any more till you use what you have received.*" You are getting pampered and over-fed. You are turning your food into fat instead of bone and muscle. Go to work, to wear off some of your surplus spirituality in visiting the widow and the fatherless, and doing good to the poor, and then you may hope to get more. God never allows us to separate devotion from duty in our Christian life. Food and service go together in His order. If we cut off service He will cut off food; this is nature's rule as well as God's. If your horse is not worked you diminish his food; if you are idle for a day yourself you find that you are not as hungry as common. Appetite is nature's safety-valve, which regulates the amount of steam we carry, and tells us how to regulate the fuel. The meat must be the measure of the motion which we put forth; and it is according to God's unvarying law to cut off the meat when the motion ceases. "Go your way," saith the Lord; "eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared."

THE blood of Christ *upon the heart* is the greatest blessing, *upon the head* is the greatest curse.

"CHARLIE GRANT,"

THE YOUNG PEDLAR.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a boy at the door with a pedlar's box; and as he has lost an arm and looks but poorly, I thought you would like to see him; so I've told him to come in and sit down, for he seems wearied."

"You have done quite right," I said to the old servant who made this announcement; "and if he will rest there for a few minutes, I shall go to him whenever I have finished writing this note." In a few minutes, accordingly, I proceeded to the hall, and seated there, and leaning wearily on a box that seemed too great a weight for the slight frame that bore it, I found the poor boy she spoke of. He seemed about eighteen years of age, of respectable appearance, and with a countenance whose gentle expression indicated, perhaps, more amiability of disposition than any great intellectual power. He arose as I approached him, and respectfully removing his cap, displayed the thick auburn curls that clustered round his open brow, while the delicacy of his complexion, and the empty coat-sleeve pinned across his breast, added to the interest that his appearance altogether excited. A few words soon drew from him his simple story:—He was the last surviving one of nine children, and "his mother was a widow." To aid in her support and his own, he had been employed in some public work; but one day having become accidentally entangled in the machinery, his arm was so injured that amputation was found necessary. A long and severe illness followed, and on his recovery some kind friends having provided him with the box which he now carried, he in this way still sought to assist in the maintenance of his widowed parent.

On entering into conversation with him I found in him a degree of artlessness and simplicity that greatly interested me, and induced me to invite him to return; and from that time "Charlie Grant, the young pedlar," became a regular visitor.

During these visits, which continued for the greater part of the following summer, I had many opportunities of conversing with Charlie, and seeking to bring before his mind "the things which belong to our eternal peace." He always listened with attention when I spoke, and read willingly whatever I gave to him, but beyond this I could trace no indication of life within. Amiability of disposition indeed there was, and much moral rectitude of character, but the heart was dead towards God.

No consciousness could I trace of sin in the alienation of heart from a Being so glorious and so good—no sorrow that the law of a God so holy was broken—no heartfelt love to Him who so loved us—and no grief that by "our transgressions He had been wounded, by our sins bruised." Outward assent there might indeed be to all these truths, but in the heart-feeling of them the fountain seemed "sealed." Towards the close of that summer I with my family left the neighbourhood of E—, and did not return for some months, so that my intercourse with Charlie was for a length of time discontinued. Supposing, however, that some incidental cause might have prevented him, I did not feel uneasy at his absence; nevertheless, it was with no small pleasure I one day heard the announcement that "Charlie Grant was in the hall," and I hastened at once to join him there. His face was turned from me, so that he was not immediately conscious of

my approach: his eyes were raised towards the window which lighted the hall, and the rays of a wintry sun fell full upon him; but oh! the change in that countenance since I had last looked upon it! It was not alone that the delicate hue of his complexion had faded to a deathlike paleness, and the gentle eye glittered with an unnatural lustre, but in the expression of that eye there was a something that told of life awakened within, and the usual passive quiet of the countenance was exchanged for a depth of repose that spoke of peace such as Jesus only can give—"a peace that passeth understanding."

"Charlie," I hastily exclaimed, "what is the matter with you? have you been ill?" He started at the sound of my voice, and the deadly paleness of his cheek was succeeded by a deep glow more painful still to see. While hastening to meet me, he grasped my extended hand and expressed with earnest warmth his delight at seeing me again. In reply to my eager questioning, he told me that he had been ill—the box he carried had been too much for his feeble strength, and the breaking of a blood-vessel had been the consequence, followed by such weakness that for many weeks he had been unable to leave his bed, and even now with difficulty had resumed in some degree his usual labours. All this he told me rapidly, as if anxious to hurry over what was now to him of minor importance, and then, with all the fervour of a heart that was full to overflowing, he poured forth the glad history of all that God had done for his soul. But who may describe the wondrous process by which a soul passes from death unto life? The Spirit of God had entered his heart and said, "Let there be light," and "there was light;" and in that

light he saw "all things clearly"—saw himself to be a lost and helpless sinner, guilty of rebellion against a God of infinite holiness and love, the transgressor of a law to break whose least requirement was death; and unable, wholly unable, to deliver himself from this fearful pit, or give unto God a ransom for his own soul. But the same light of the Spirit revealed to him Jesus as a Saviour who had offered unto God double for all his sins, who had finished transgression and made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness—Jehovah Jesus, mighty to save even unto the very uttermost—who could say to the prisoner, "Go forth," and give life even unto the dead. In the midst of the tempest that discovered sin awakened in his heart, he heard the still small voice that said, "I am thy salvation;" "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else;" and as the captive bird, dipped in the blood of its slain companion, and then set free, soared joyfully into the boundless expanse of the blue heaven, so did his glad soul wash in the blood of Jesus, and rise to the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

My heart, too, was full, and I listened in silent wonder. Scarcely could I believe that it was indeed the quiet and silent Charlie Grant who now, with lips that seemed "touched as with a live coal from off the altar," poured forth his adoring gratitude for a Saviour's love; but with him old things had indeed passed away, and all things had become new.

The declining light at length reminded me of the rapid closing in of the short wintry day, and fearful of the effects of exposure to cold on Charlie's delicate frame, I hastened his departure. My youngest sister, who had also come into the hall to welcome him, wrapped a thin

veil round his mouth so as to prevent him from inhaling the damp atmosphere, and covered his white and *solitary* hand with a warm glove. With touching gratitude he received these expressions of kindly interest, and he left us—never to return again.

A few days only had elapsed when I received a message to tell me that Charlie was again laid low. The exertions he had been making had proved too much for him; the blood-vessel had again given way, and his recovery was now considered hopeless. The message was accompanied by an earnest request that I would go to see him, and I delayed not to comply with his wishes.

His home was situated in the outskirts of the neighbouring town, and many a sight and sound of sin and woe I encountered ere I reached it; but when I had ascended the broken stair that led to his dwelling, and entered the little room in which he lay, it seemed as if I had reached a quiet haven in the midst of a storm. The room was scrupulously clean and tidy, and its scanty furniture bore traces of better days; a small carpet covered part of the floor, and an old sofa, with its faded chintz cover, was drawn close to the bed on which Charlie lay; and this formed the nightly resting-place of the widowed mother, that she might be near to feel the slightest touch of her child and hear the faintest sound of the beloved voice that was so soon to be silent in death.

Dear Charlie welcomed me with a delight that his feeble strength was scarcely able to express; but it was very evident to me that his days on earth were drawing to a close,—evident not only from the sinking and exhausted frame, but from the bright burning of the light within—a brightness

that the taper seldom emits, save when it flashes its last.

But tranquilly, peacefully, did the few remaining sands of his life ebb away—*how* peacefully may perhaps be best expressed in his own simple words, as he told me how one day had passed over him: "I slept and my sleep was sweet to me, and I awakened and I praised the Lord: and then I slept again, and again I wakened and I praised the Lord."

Yes, his peace was indeed "deep as a river," and no wonder, for it was drawn from the "open fountain" of Jesus' love—the unchanging fountain that knows neither ebb nor flow; and yet, deep as it was, it fell short of the joy "unspeakable and full of glory" that at times filled his heart, and, triumphing over the decay of nature, banished all feeling of weakness, and poured itself forth in words that almost seemed as if "the new song" had already been put into his mouth.

"Oh! the love of God," he one day exclaimed, "it is an ocean whose depth has no bottom, and whose bounds have no shore." "I was all sin, all corruption—nothing but corruption; but He looked upon me and said unto me, 'Live.' He washed me in His own blood; He brought me to God. Oh! my heart is bursting—'tis bursting, and I'll never get it out till I cast my crown at His feet and sing 'Worthy is the Lamb.'"

Ere I again visited Charlie's dwelling, a messenger brought me the tidings that he was gone. The longings of his soul were satisfied; he *had* cast his crown at the feet of Jesus, and his full heart had at last found vent in singing the song he so loved on earth, "Salvation unto Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb! To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

WILL YOU NOT COME?

Will you not come to Him for *life*?

Why will ye die, oh why?

He gave His life for you, for you!

The gift is free, the word is true!

Will you not come? oh, why will you die?

Will you not come to Him for *peace*?

Peace through His cross alone—

He shed His precious blood for you—

The gift is free, the word is true:

He is our Peace—oh, is He your own?

Will you not come to Him for *rest*?

All that are weary come!

The rest He gives is deep and true—

'Tis offered now, 'tis offered you!

Rest in His love, and rest in His home.

Will you not come to Him for *joy*?

Will you not come for this?

He laid His joys aside for you,

To give you joy, so sweet, so true:

Sorrowing heart, oh, drink of the bliss!

Will you not come to Him for *love*?

Love that can fill the heart!

Exceeding great, exceeding free,

He loveth you, He loveth me!

Will you not come? why stand you apart?

Will you not come to Him for *ALL*?

Will you not "taste and see"?

He waits to give it all to you,

The gifts are free, the words are true!

Jesus is calling, "Come unto Me!"
F. R. H.

TWO WAYS TO HEAVEN.

ONCE when I was up in London I was going to the Crystal Palace, and I asked a policeman to show me where to get my ticket. "There's two lines," he said; "which do you want?" Of course I told him I wanted the best, and asked what difference there was between them. "Well," said he, "they both start from this station, and they both get to the Palace. They call one the high-level, and the other the low-level. One runs right into the Palace, and there you are. The other sets you down not far off, only you've got to go up scores of stairs before you're into the Palace itself." "Ah,"

I says in a moment, "if that's it, give me the high-level, of course." And I wondered that anybody ever went the other way. That set me a meditating about it. Folks going to heaven by the low-level; going down under their privileges; going to heaven, but ever so much lower than they might be. I fancy sometimes that I can see the beginning of it. You start from the same station, but the lines are different. There's Paul starting for the Celestial City. He got right off upon the high-level at first. He says, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" It was *Thou*. He hadn't a great big capital *I* stuck in his thoughts, so big that he couldn't see anything else. There's thousands of people who never get beyond "What must *I* do to be saved?" It is all this great *I*. They hug it, and love it, and bring it up to be saved. Mind you, I don't say that it isn't right. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The high-level starts there, where a man doesn't see himself so much as he sees his blessed Lord, and sees what his sins have done, and he hates himself, for he sees how he has injured and grieved his Lord; and he sees his blessed Saviour as the "altogether lovely," and he falls down at His feet, and wants to do anything for Him. There's scores of people who are very religious, but their religion has never got into the sunshine and joy. And the reason is just this—that they think only about themselves. Low-level keeps saying, "I hope the Lord will keep me to the end." High-level keeps saying, "My meat is to do the will of my Father in heaven." The Psalmist says, "Serve the Lord with gladness." But Low-level doesn't think about serving the Lord, so much as the Lord serving him. No wonder poor Low-level is so dull—the only wonder would be if he were anything

else. He carries *himself* about with him like a great pair of blinkers that shut out the view and shut him up in the dark. But High-level gets on the top of the Delectable Mountains, and gets out his spy-glass, and forgets himself, because he sees so much of the love, and wisdom, and power, and glory of his blessed Lord; and he begins to praise Him with all his heart, because he can't help it. Paul went along the high-level because he died to his own self, and lived only for Christ. Seems to me that Paul made short work of self. He gave self notice to quit, and gave up the freehold to his blessed Lord. That's what I want for my own self, friends. My heart cries out, "My Lord, come in and live in this house, to be the Master and I the servant, and all I am to wait on Thee." Then when anybody knocked at the door and said, "Daniel Quorm live here, does he?" I should dearly love to say, "Daniel's gone away, and he's dead and buried." "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Paul says, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." "Present your bodies." Go in before the Lord and say, "Here I am, Lord, take me altogether, Thine, and Thine for evermore."

REPENTANCE.

WHAT is Repentance? Fear is the natural consequence of sin. But fear is not repentance. A man after having sinned is hurt in his self-esteem. He says: Have I been so undignified as to do such an action? Have I so little control over myself as to yield to this temptation? His pride is hurt. Wounded pride and self-esteem is not repentance. Or a man may feel sorry,

for having done something which is not according to the standard of righteousness and truth which lives within him. This sorrow, although not without noble elements, is not repentance.

Repentance is a return unto God. The Hebrew word for "repentance" is "return." Repentance is unto life. Repentance is when Jesus Christ the Crucified is beheld; as it is said in the prophet Zechariah, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and shall mourn." Repentance is when the kingdom of God is brought nigh, and the voice of John the Baptist is heard, "Turn, for the Love of God has come to visit you." Repentance is when the prodigal says, "I will arise and go to my Father." Oh! however tearful and sad repentance may be, there is a note of joy in it; there is in it a pulsation of love, a beginning of life. When the sinner sees the holiness of God in a crucified Saviour, who loved us even to the end, then he returns unto Him; he repents; he sees the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and thirsts after God.

But as the sinner turns unto the holiness of God, nowhere so brightly and gloriously manifested unto the conviction of our transgression as on the cross of Jesus, he feels also the love of God—love undeserved—love infinitely out of proportion to anything that we are or that we have done—love which cannot be compared with anything that has ever been seen or known upon earth—love that is stronger than the strongest, even death—love that seeks those who are unworthy and unattractive, not merely to deliver them from evil, but to bring them into an inseparable union with itself.

Oh, what a wonderful love is here! And what can we do with this love? Can we under-

stand it? No. Can we merit it? No. Can we do anything to make ourselves more worthy of it? No. Can the labour of years lessen the distance between its greatness and our desert? No. What can a sinner do with the love of Christ? The only thing he can do with it is—believe. The revelation of the love of God in Jesus calls forth faith. "I will trust myself to that love. It is perfect; it is glorious; it is infinite; it is undeserved. I will go into this depth of blessedness and of joy, and be beloved of God." And when the sinner does this, when he repents and when he trusts, when he weeps and when he rejoices, when he sees his nothingness and when he sees the abundance of God's love, he does not say, "I *will* become different," but he *has* become different. He does not say, "I *will* go to God," but he *has been* brought to God: he has been attracted, he has been riveted, he has been drawn—drawn by the Father, drawn by Jesus—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." He does not say, "I will make myself a new heart," but he *has* been born again; he has been regenerated; he has been renewed. The power of God has come into contact with him, and he has been quickened unto eternal life.

ADOLPH SAPHIR.

SETTLED PEACE.

THE moment we begin to rest our peace on anything in ourselves we lose it. Nothing can be lasting that is not built on God alone. How can you have *settled* peace? Only by having it in God's own way. By not resting on anything (even the Spirit's work within) but on what Christ has done entirely *without* you. Then you will know peace, conscious unworthiness, but yet peace. In Christ

alone, God sees that in which He can rest, and so it is with His saints. The more you see the extent and nature of the evil which is within and around, the more you will find that what Jesus is, and what Jesus did, is the only ground at all on which you can rest.

FAITHFUL PROMISES.

ISA. xli. 10.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear.
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward then and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

I the Lord am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand.

For the year before us,
Oh what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound:
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake!
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient

For the coming year.
Onward then and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

ONE *fact* is worth more than ten thousand opinions, arguments, conclusions, and deductions that religious men are occupied with: and it is a *fact* that, "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

CONTRASTS AND LESSONS.

MAN.

Desert place (Mark vi. 35).
 Send them away (Matt. xiv. 15).
 That they may go (Mark vi. 36).
 Go and buy (Mark vi. 36).
 Buy themselves (Matt. xiv. 15).
 They have nothing to eat (Mark. vi. 36).
 200 pennyworth (John vi. 7).

Not sufficient (John vi. 7).
 Take a little (John vi. 7).
 What among so many (John vi. 7).

GOD.

Much grass in that place (John vi. 10).
 They need not depart (Matt. xiv. 16).
 Go and see what ye have (Mark vi. 38).
 Make all sit down (Mark vi. 38).
 They did all eat (Mark vi. 42).
 Give ye them to eat (Matt. xiv. 16).
 Five barley loaves and two fishes (John vi. 9).
 They were filled (John vi. 12).
 As much as they would (John vi. 11).
 Twelve baskets of fragments (John vi. 13).

A *lad* brought the loaves; it took twelve *men* to gather the fragments. Disciples would have sent away *empty*; Jesus sent away *full*.

Man always has small ideas. Take a little. God ever gives abundantly; they were filled.

Man could not do what Christ did; Jesus did not do what man could.

Don't look at your scanty supply, but look to Jesus. Bring your barley loaves and little fish; don't wait till you have choice cake, or till you catch a whale—you may never have the first, nor have the opportunity to catch the latter; but you can always bring what you have.

Make the best of surrounding circumstances; sit on the grass. God can feed without man's help; but He condescends to let us hand the bread.

Remember He only gave to the disciples as they gave to the multitudes; He did not break and increase that they might selfishly feed.

They lost nothing by giving as they received; they had a basket full for each.

A GOOD RULE.

SOUTHEY says in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and pack away my troubles in as small a compass as I can."

THE LIGHT LIES AHEAD.

WE walked to-day under the shadow of the mountains, where the sun no longer shone upon our path. But far up the valley, beyond the range of hills, the sunlight still flooded the landscape. We were reminded how often in this life we walk through vales where some sorrow, for the time, casts it shadows over us, but beyond, the eye of faith sees the light of hope shine across the way, and we have but to go

forward that we may escape the shadow and chill which would fall upon us with increasing power if we were to linger in the old places where trouble found us. They who go forward find the openings where the sunshine lies.

WHERE ARE WE?

TAKING STOCK.

AT the beginning of a new year wise men take stock. They see their responsibilities, and how they are to meet them. Let us look at our work as the representatives of the great God of heaven and earth.

In an American exchange we find that, writing concerning the decline of vital godliness in New England in general and Boston (so boastful of its culture) in particular, a gifted writer blames "that religious system which rejects the supernatural altogether, and chiefly follows the

dictates of sense and reason." His testimony is, that this has paralysed the arm of the law; opened Sunday theatres, concerts, excursions; emptied the churches; killed the public conscience; sown the seeds of distrust; sown to the wind, and we are now reaping the whirlwind.

From the Far West our friend Dr. Kettridge, of Chicago, writes, "It matters not in what direction you look, sin is on the increase, but the Church is losing ground in her conflict with sin; she has almost ceased to be felt as a power. If a majority of our church organisations were to-day to become extinct, the world would hardly know it."

A writer in one of the leading American Monthlies testifies that the thinking minds of to-day are "drifting away from the religious belief and dogmatic theology of the past, and that the wave of scepticism affects the orthodox Church itself. The great body of orthodox religious doctrines known as systematic theology . . . is about to go to wreck with the mythology of Greece and the belief in witchcraft." He also marks "the temporising attitude of theology towards such modern doctrines as evolution."

In the South we find that not long since the ministers of Baltimore issued a circular which "urges all to prayer," and speaks of the forces of evil, general corruption, &c., and adds, "The growing scepticism, as well as the intensely secular spirit of the age, are enough to awaken apprehension for our institutions and for the social fabric itself."

The *New York Herald* quotes Dr. Prime, a leading minister of the Presbyterian Church and its foremost editor, to this effect: "A great spiritual drought is prevailing, such as has not been known in the present century. We do not remember the time when revivals of religion were

so few and so far between; when so few accessions to the churches were reported, and when the Church seemed so much in danger of receding before the world."

On the Continent of Europe the same sad and general reaction is noticeable. Professor Van Oosterzee, one of Holland's foremost religious thinkers, recently said that a "wave of infidelity is steadily advancing over Protestant Europe which the most favoured country will not escape. They have had it in Germany, and now we have it in Holland. They are beginning to get it in various parts of Britain. In twenty years they will have it to the full, and all their theology will not save them."

At home the *London Standard* speaks in the most deprecating terms of the spread of Agnosticism in England and Germany. Agnosticism is the new name for a species of infidelity. It begins with questionings and doubts, and ends in disbelief, non-belief, and infidelity. Yet it claims to be a religion, but it is a religion mainly of negations, of know-nothingism. The *Standard* says, "That Agnosticism will eventually and for ever cover the earth as the waters cover the seas (as its adherents in Germany and at home so confidently assure us), is a peril we deem to be visionary: but that a long and dark eclipse of faith may possibly be before us in the future, there are few bold enough to deny. At all events, one, and the greatest, of all the rocks ahead, is this prospect of "atheism among the million!" What will it be like, if we are ever doomed to see it?"

THE WORLD'S PROSPECT.

Such are the testimonies from cautious, truthful, and conscientious observers, looking outward with the observing eye. Has Scripture any light? It is full

In Rev. xiii. we find a fiendish trinity—the dragon, origin and spirit of all, the first beast (political head of nations), and the second beast (the religious head). The dragon remains in the background, but directing all. The first beast opens "his mouth in blasphemy against God to blaspheme His name; and *all* that dwell upon the earth shall worship him." This is atheism among the million, and power is given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. The second beast "deceives them that dwell on the earth, and causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand or in their forehead: and that no man might buy or sell save he that had the mark, the name of the beast, or the number of his name." Noah's days and those of Lot are but photographs of what is coming. Everything but *faith* will be found. Sentimentalism to any amount, a spurious thing called charity and toleration, confident assertion of man's rights, and man's judgments, and man's conscience, and man's claims; but the old-fashioned, Abrahamic self-forgetting will have ceased to exist. And when he does appear, so far from being welcomed and looked for by a world prepared for Him, "all kindreds of the earth shall *wail* because of Him." "Blessed is he that readeth!"

THE BELIEVER'S PROSPECT.

Work! wait! watch! Knowing nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, we have nothing to do here but spread His message of grace to every creature, occupying till He come, and always being as men waiting for the return of their Master. We are here to draw the drag-net through the sea, and pick out poor sinners by His grace; save from the deso-

lation; grasp from the jaws of the angry waves; and rescue from the wild sweep of the all-reaching prairie fire. Brother, up! wait, work, watch! our opportunity is short! All responsibility of the measure of success is with Him. It is ours to be faithful. We wait for nothing but God's Son from heaven—brightest prospect! Only *over-comers* just now, yet the reward, "Unto Him that loves us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Blessed is he that readeth."

THE LORD'S PROSPECT.

He is waiting. His kingdom is now in patience. He is waiting to ask the nations for his inheritance, that He might break them with a rod of iron. He is waiting for the nuptial day when His bride shall have made herself ready. He is waiting for Israel to be gathered in mourning to look on Him whom they pierced. He is waiting for His own throne as Son of David and Son of Man. He is waiting for Antichrist's destruction, Satan's binding, His own nation being gathered, converted, and united, all nations blessed in Him, and that grand eternal day when God shall be all in all, and a new landscape shall be revealed in the universe, a new heaven and new earth where-in dwelleth righteousness. His prospect and ours, then, are one. There is nothing in our prospect but triumph, joy, glory, righteousness; though, alas! through an infatuated rebel crowd these must be reached in the near future by the most awful judgments the world ever heard of, compared with which Noah's flood and Sodom's fire were as nothing.

Reader! what is your prospect? What are you looking for?

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

It was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it is upon it that the bow is set! The cloud is a thing of darkness, yet God chooses it for the place where He bends the arch of light! Such is the way of our God. He knows that we need the cloud, and that a bright sky without a speck or shadow would not suit us in our passage to the kingdom. Therefore He draws the cloud above us, not once in a lifetime, but many times. But, lest the gloom should appal us, He braids the cloud with sunshine; nay, makes it the object which gleams to our eye with the very fairest hues of heaven.

Yes, it is not merely light after the darkness has fled away—that we shall one day know, how fully! but it is light *in* darkness, light beaming out of a ray produced by that darkness! Water from the rock; wells from the sand; light from the very cloud that darkens; life in the very midst of death. This is the marvel, this is the joy. Peace in trouble, gladness in sorrow; nay, peace and gladness produced by the very tribulation itself; peace and gladness which nothing but that tribulation could have produced. Such is the deep love of God; and such is the way in which He makes all things work together for good to us.

H. BONAR.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

MEN eat and drink and do all manner of things with all their might and main, but how many of them do they do to the glory of God? No, this is the fault—the especial curse of our day—that religion does not mean any longer as it used the service of God, the being like God, and showing forth God's glory.

No religion means now-a-days the art of getting to heaven

when we die and saving our own miserable souls from hell, and getting God's wages without doing God's work—as if that were godliness, as if that were anything but selfishness, as if selfishness was anything the better for being everlasting selfishness. If selfishness is evil, my friends, the sooner we get rid of it the better, instead of mixing it up as we do with all our thoughts of heaven, and making our own enjoyment and our own safety the vile root of our hopes for all eternity. And therefore it is that people have forgotten what God's glory is. They seem to think that God's highest glory is saving them from hell-fire.

For what is doing everything to the glory of God? It is this: We have seen what God's glory is, He is His own glory. As you say of any very excellent man, you have but to know him to honour him, or of any very beautiful woman, you have but to see her to love her: so I say of God, men have but to see and know Him to love and honour Him.

Well, then, my friends, if we call ourselves Christian men, if we believe that God is our Father, and delight, as on the grounds of common feeling we ought, to honour our Father, we should try to make every one honour Him. In short, whatever we do we should make it tend to His glory, make it a lesson to our neighbours, our friends, and our families. We should preach God's glory day by day, not by words only, often not by words at all, but by our conduct.

Ay, there is the secret. If you wish other men to believe a thing, just behave as if you believed it yourself. Nothing is so infectious as example. If you wish your neighbours to see what Jesus Christ is like, let them see what He can make *you* like. If you wish them to know how God's

love is ready to save them from their sins, let them see His love save *you* from *your* sins. If you wish them to see God's tender care in every blessing and every sorrow they have, why let them see you thanking God for every blessing and every sorrow you have. I tell you, friends, example is everything. One good man, one man who does not put his religion on once a week with his Sunday coat, but wears it for his working dress, and lets the thought of God gnaw into him and through and through him till everything he says and does becomes religious, that man is worth a thousand sermons—he is a living Gospel—he comes in the spirit and power of Elias. He is the image of God. And men see his good works and admire them in spite of themselves, and see that they are godlike, and see that God's grace is no dream, but that the Holy Spirit is still among men, and that all nobleness and manliness is His gift, His stamp, His picture, and so they get a glimpse of God again in His saints and heroes, and glorify their Father who is in heaven.

Would not such a life be a heavenly life? Ay, it would be more, it would be heaven—heaven on earth, not in mere fine words, but really.

PROSPERITY OF SOUL.

SPIRITUAL healthfulness is as needful for all Christians as spiritual watchfulness is obligatory. More than two hundred years ago Roger Williams, while labouring among the Indians, wrote a very sweet and spiritual letter to his wife, called, "*Experiments of spiritual life and health.*" We cull one quaint passage from it, giving it exactly as it stands in the original form. It is a beautiful sketch of what a true servant of the Lord Jesus should be:—

"Now, as the *outward* man

desires not only *life* and *being*, but also *health* and *cheerfulness* in all the living *motions* and *actions* thereof; so (and much more ten thousandfold) requires the *inward* and *spiritual* man an *healthful* and *cheerful temper*. For as the Lord loveth a *cheerful giver*, so loves He also a *cheerful preacher*, a *cheerful hearer*, a *cheerful prayer*, and a *cheerful sufferer* for His Name's sake. He loves that the shoes of *preparation* be on our *feet*, ready to run (all *wayes* and *weathers*) the paths of His *commandments*; that like a *vessel* our *leaks* be stopt and our whole *soul* be ready, in an holy *trim* and *tightness*, for all His holy employment of us in the greatest *tempests*; that like heavenly *soldiers* our *arms* be fixt, or like an *instrument* the *strings* of our *affections* and *parts* be all in tune, to make heavenly musick in the holy *ears* of our heavenly *Lord* and *king*."

HIS WINGS.

OUR longing this morning as we thought of some difficulty lying across our path may have been, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." But no real rest will ever come to us in flying from God's appointed way for us. "If one would fly from God," says Augustine, "fly to God."

Before we pass to the day's work, let the shadow of His wings rest over us, that the healing and the peace which they bring may strengthen our souls. It was beneath these wings we found our refuge at first, and daily we must return to them. "I will make my refuge in the covert of thy wings." From this follows our twofold occupation in that covert, first trusting, and then rejoicing.

This image is a favourite one in Scripture. In Exodus we

read, "Ye know . . . how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself." We find Ruth trusting under His wings: "A full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." It is not unlikely that David, who speaks so often of these wings, first heard of them when a little boy playing at his great-grandmother's knee.

With this image we connect the supplying of the two great wants in our pilgrimage, *healing* and *strength*: "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings;" and, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up on wings as eagles."

But this word which Old Testament saints filled with spiritual thought, finds its deepest, tenderest meaning, when the Man of Sorrows, as He gazes for the last time over the Holy City, lays bare His heart of love, crying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not."

HOW WE ARE MADE PILGRIMS.

THE notices of heaven scattered through the Word it is blessed to take up and ponder. And, as one has said, "The Holy Ghost, who is called the earnest of our inheritance, acts upon these notices, and makes them living to our souls."

And it is these notices and attractions which make us, in a divine sense, strangers and pilgrims here. Abraham became a stranger in the earth, it has been observed, not from any sorrow or pressure in Mesopotamia, for we read of none such, but because "the Lord God of glory" had spoken in the language of "promise" to him.

He was drawn out from kindred, and home, and country, by something before him, and not urged or driven out by anything behind him. This was divine stranger-ship here.

Is it thus, beloved, or, are we desiring that it may be thus with our souls? Are we pondering the prospect, and following out the distant glimpses of it with fixed and interested hearts? These are the present questions for the stirring and guiding of our souls. The search will lead to humbling and rebuke, but it will be an excellent oil.

THANKFULNESS.

MY GOD, I thank Thee who hast made

The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made

Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept

The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
So long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,

Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest.
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

"MALICE is mental murder; you may kill a man and never touch him."—Watson.

A M E N,

BEING CHRIST'S WORD OF AUTHORITY, AND
THE CHRISTIAN'S WORD OF SUBMISSIVE-
NESS, AND THE LAST WORD OF GOD'S
WORD.

*Special occasions when this Hebrew word
was used (Old Testament).*

By all the people of Israel in response to each of the curses spoken with a loud voice from Mount Ebal (Deut. xxvii. 11-26).

One of the curses thus responded to was on every one who "setteth light by his father or his mother" (Deut. xxvii. 16).

The last of these curses was on every one that continueth not in all the things written in the book of the law to do them (Deut. xxvii. 26, with Gal. iii. 10).

By all the people of Israel in response to the first song of praise given by David to be sung by Asaph and his brethren (1 Chron. xvi. 36).

By the Jews who had lent money to their poorer brethren, in response to an oath that they would restore their lands and houses (Neh. v. 13).

By all the people of Israel when Ezra opened the book of God's law in order that it might be publicly read (Neh. viii. 6).

At the end of Doxologies terminating the first four divisions of the Book of Psalms, viz.: Psalm xli. 13; lxxii. 19; lxxxix. 52; cvi. 48.

*New Testament instances of the use of
this Hebrew word.*

At the end of almost every book.

At the end of the Lord's Prayer (Matt. vi. 13).

At the end of the following ascriptions of praise, namely:—

Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God (1 Tim. i. 17).

To the blessed and only potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords (1 Tim. vi. 15, 16).

To the Creator who is blessed for ever (Rom. i. 25).

To the God of peace (Heb. xiii. 20, 21).

To the God of all grace (1 Peter v. 10, 11).

To Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask (Eph. iii. 20, 21).

To God and our Father (Phil. iv. 20).

Unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb (Rev. v. 14).

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood (Rev. i. 6).

SOME OF CHRIST'S AMENS, ALWAYS
TRANSLATED VERILY.

His first and last recorded Amens.

The first to Nathanael, "Ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man" (John i. 51).

The last before His death, to the penitent thief on the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43).

SOME OTHER AMENS OF JESUS.

1. *As to Himself.*

Before Abraham was I am (John viii. 58).

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit (John xii. 24).

I am the door of the sheep (John x. 7).

2. *As to others.*

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin (John viii. 34).

Hypocrites have, that is, have now in full, their reward (Matt. vi. 2).

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God (John iii. 3).

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven (Matt. xviii. 3).

3. *As to others in connection with Him.*

He that believeth on me hath everlasting life (John vi. 47).

He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life (John v. 24).

Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you (John xvi. 23).

The shepherd rejoiceth over the one sheep found more than over ninety and nine which went not astray (Matt. xviii. 13).

Whosoever shall give to drink . . . a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple . . . shall in no wise lose his reward (Matt. x. 42).

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Matt. xxv. 40).

Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me (Matt. xxv. 45).

HIGHER AND HIGHER.

Jesus alone preceded His statements with "Amen" (always translated verily). He did so fully fifty times, and frequently doubled the word for emphasis.

However many the promises are in Jesus, they are all yea and Amen (2 Cor. i. 20).

Jesus is Himself the Amen (Rev. iii. 14). R. S.

ASK OF GOD.

WE very little know how much blessing daily comes to us in answer to prayer, or how much we lose by the want of it. If we depended less upon our own energies and more upon God's helping and guiding hand, we should find ourselves more cast upon Him in prayer and more inclined to wait for the answer. He can do everything; with Him all things are possible. Where man utterly fails, He is most pleased to come in, and thus show His wisdom, grace, and power. His strength is made perfect in our weakness.

IF RICHES INCREASE, SET NOT YOUR HEART UPON THEM.

SET YOUR AFFECTION ON THINGS ABOVE.

Ps. lxii. 10; Col. iii. 2:

We are never straitened in Him. Let us, then, beloved brethren, "pray without ceasing," and make all our requests known unto Him. Let us rely on the Lord, and wait patiently on our God. "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry" (Ps. xl. 1).

"Some prayers may be answered with the minuteness and rapidity of Eliezer's (Gen. xxiv. 45, 46), and some granted in patient continuance of compassing the object of your wishes, ere it is delivered into your hands, like Jericho to its quiet captors (Joshua vi. 16). Or it may be given to united faith, as in the long-suffering endurance of the palsied man and his bearers (Luke v. 20); or the persistent cry of the Syrophenician woman (Mark vii. 29); or the comprehensive faith of the centurion (Luke vii. 7, 8). Every phase of experience can find its parallel in the Word of God, the prayerful and continuous study of which will lead the trembling believer to turn to the stronghold and accept His strength, who is ready to give more abundantly than we can ask, and the carnal minded will learn that the things he has prized as earthly wisdom are foolishness before the prayer of the least child of faith."

A SPANISH SERVANT-GIRL.

At Oviedo, in Spain, one morning a servant-girl was going along the street, when an ac-

quaintance called to her, "Come here, girl; are you with Mrs. S. now?" "Yes; I have been there for a week." "It would be better for you to be in the worst house you could find." "Why?" asked the girl, who was eighteen years old, and intelligent enough. "Why? because she is a Protestant." "What does that matter to me? If I do my duty and she does hers, I will be satisfied." And she went to market.

Three or four days afterward her mistress said to her, "Would you like to hear something out of this book?" "Why not?" And the lady read to her out of the New Testament. "Do you like it?" "Yes; what you read is good, but"—and after some hesitation she told her what she had heard said against her in the street for being a Protestant. "Well, we are Christians, or, as that woman told you, Protestants; but how do you like the book?" "Well, I like it, and would like to hear more out of it." "Then you can come with me to-night to the Protestant Church, and you will hear the pastor." "Is the pastor a Protestant too?" "Yes; he is the minister of the Protestants." "Very well, I will go." The pastor noticed that evening a new face in his audience, but did not speak with the girl, though he prayed for her. "Did you like what the pastor said?" "Yes; can we go often?"

The next evening the girl, accompanied by a child of her

mistress, entered the room of the pastor. She wished to speak to him. "What do you want, my child?" "Oh, sir, I want to know, *did Jesus die for servant-girls?*" "Why do you want to know that?" "I felt last evening that I am very bad; and if Jesus did not die for servant-girls, I am lost." "Are you a sinner?" "Yes." "Can you read?" "Yes." "Read that text." And she read, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "If you wish to be saved, poor or rich, mistress or maid, if you confess yourself to be a sinner, Jesus died for you." The joyful news filled her heart. "What can I pay?" she asked. "God's grace is free; but you can tell others the favour God has shown to you." She became a messenger of salvation.

WILL the readers of this paper do what they can to get others to take it?

We can only be truly happy in trying to serve and benefit others. Now this is one easy way of trying to spread the truth which is able to make wise unto salvation. If each one will only try, our number of readers would soon be doubled.

If any one would like to have some numbers to give to others in order to get subscribers, the editor will be glad to forward them on application, free.

MARK-LANE.—Letter received with enclosures. They will be appropriated to objects specified. With thanks

THE bound volume for 1880 is ready. We have also a few volumes, 1873 in cloth, 1874 in paper, 1875 in cloth and paper, 1876 in paper, 1878 and 1879 in cloth; paper vols. 1s., and cloth vols. 1s. 6d.—Apply to Dr. MACKAY, Park, Hull.

THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

FEBRUARY 1881.

[No. 164

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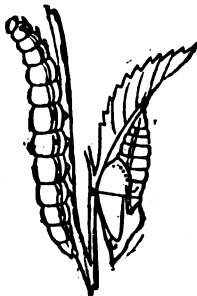
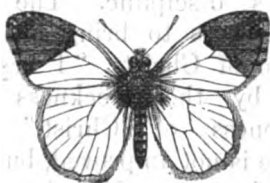
WONDERFUL CHANGES.

THE CATERPILLAR.

As soon as an insect is hatched, its body comes forth in the shape of a worm, being formed of horny rings with flesh between them. Naturalists call these worm-like grubs by the name of larvæ (which means a mask), from their large bodies hiding up the real fly. In this worm state they have large stomachs, and eat voraciously, and change their skins several times. Very soon after the different kinds of larvæ or caterpillars have finished eating, and have settled themselves in their new habitations, the horny hoops or rings round their bodies draw closer together, and the long caterpillar becomes a short, thick lump, called pupa or chrysalis, and, ceasing to eat, they lie quietly as if they were dead.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 2.

In this quiet state some of them wait for days, weeks, months, and even years, patiently awaiting for the hour when their great Creator shall command their little tombs to open. During the time that insects sleep in this state, God changes their worm 'bodies into new and exquisitely beautiful forms; making some fitted to sail through the air on wings, and others to



run fast on the ground. This change has been called metamorphosis, a word which we find in Romans xii. 2, "be ye metamorphosed." The poet has sung—

"And thou wert once a worm, a thing
that crept
On the bare earth, then wove a tomb
and slept;
And such is man: soon from his cell
of clay
He'll burst, a seraph in the blaze of
day."

But we believe better than this.

We shall never be seraphs; and it is not as *men* that our metamorphosis shall come, but as sinners saved by sovereign grace we shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness, and meantime we are being "transformed by the renewing of our minds," as those who have died, and are now raised with Christ.

Let us look at the caterpillar in its metamorphosis. Laws for a butterfly will not suit the caterpillar. It lives a crawling life. That *was* your state. It becomes a butterfly. That is a new, entirely new state, a different state. It crawled on a cabbage-leaf before. It now flies and dances in the sunlight. That is your state *now*, the new creation state. Now what I cannot understand is how people, after having emerged from the caterpillar state into the butterfly state, can go on, or want to go on, as if they were in the caterpillar state. Yet so it is. People suppose that having come out of the old state into the new, they can still go on with the old. Scripture says, "No, you must walk in *newness* of life."

This passage, then, speaks of the new state, the butterfly state, if I may keep up the illustration I have used. "Neither circumcision," that is, self-improved religiously, as in the Jew, "nor uncircumcision," that is, self, whether civilised, polished philosophically, as in the Greek, or savage, as in the heathen,

"availeth anything, but a new creature." Sins are gone, then, completely gone, first.

Turn for a moment to John iii. You will tell me that is new birth; every believer owns that. I know it, but there is more. Look at verse 12th: "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" He speaks here of a heavenly order of things—a new creation—but you could not have a new creation till you had the beginning. Christ is the beginning of the creation of God. There must be a new life for this, a new character of life, and Christ shows how it is to come about. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Christ dies for the caterpillar state, all that I was as connected with the first man, and communicates eternal life, bringing me into a new condition, His own condition.

What is the old creation? It is made up of weakness and defects. I will take two of its defects—temper and intemperance—they will serve my purpose. I am a new creature in Christ, but as to fact I am here in the old creation, full of defects. I don't speak of the weaknesses, because they are not removed. Paul prayed for the removal of the thorn, but God did not remove it. He makes you superior to the weaknesses, and uses them for bringing into relief the new thing. He does, however, remove the defects. There are two ways of dealing with the defects of the old creation. Self-culture, the human way; the Spirit's discipline, the Divine way. The principle of the self-culture method is to bring the force of the will to bear on the defect. Take temper; a man may bring

the force of will to bear here, and by self-culture make himself exceedingly agreeable, exhibit a beautiful, bland manner towards others, and say the most smooth things, while underneath all he may be in a rage—the nature is the same. He may make himself agreeable to his neighbours by this, but not to God. By the force of will a man might say, "I will not drink a drop." Many a one has done so for a wager. But does this give him a taste for sobriety? The Spirit of God would give him a taste for sobriety. He not only represses the defect, but He mortifies it. The Spirit gives the new wine and the new bottle, but how am I to manage the old bottle? Self-culture won't do. I must have the Spirit's discipline. The way He does is to bring out the nature of Christ. "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ." My nature is not improved, but the Spirit brings out Christ's nature. Self-culture cannot create a virtue, the utmost it can do is to repress a vice. The Spirit brings out a virtue. There is not one who is walking with God who does not know his besetting sin from the way the Lord deals with him—by the word, circumstances, trial, and other things. There is a defect in that child of God, the Spirit says, "I can't have that," "I won't allow that," "I will bring out a virtue instead of it." Turn to 1 Peter iv. 1, and see how the Spirit brings in Christ to repress sin. "Forasmuch, then, as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind, for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." There is a child. It sees a lump of sugar, and there being no one in the room, walks off with it, and thinks no one sees it. The child gets converted, enters the room

again. Sees the lump of sugar. The temptation is presented, a struggle goes on in the child's mind, it resists, and won't touch it. The child has suffered in the flesh and ceases from sin. "Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind" as Christ: He is brought in.

SET APART.

"They were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works."—Psa. cvi. 35.

God meant Israel to "dwell alone," to keep aloof from the nations round about, lest they should learn their works and walk in their ways, and forsake Himself, the "living and the true God!" This isolation might be set down as pride, self-esteem, assumption of religious superiority; but it was done by the command of Jehovah, and was meant both as a testimony against evil, and as a preservation against the snares around. Israel was to be "holy unto the Lord," and, as such, was not to "be numbered among the nations."

Thus God has "set apart" the Church. It is to dwell alone. "In the world," but not "of the world," hearing each day from Himself the solemn words, "Love not the world," and the still more solemn warning, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God."

This is not the isolation of the hermit or the monk, fleeing from the battle, and shutting himself out from his fellow-men. It is separation from evil and evil fellowships; from vanity and gaiety, and frivolity and carnal mirth; from the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; from "revellings and banquetings, and abominable idolatries."

"THE habit of looking on the bright side of every event is better than £1000 a year."—*Dr. Johnson.*

JANIE M—'S CONVERSION.

I HAD drunk deeply of the cup of earthly joy in its most subtle and ensnaring form. Education, refinement, and intellectuality were the polished baits which Satan was using to keep my thoughts, desires, and affections on the things of earth; and alas! too well he succeeded. For though I read my Bible as a book of beauty, and sought a certain kind of comfort in it in times of sorrow; and though I used to enjoy, strange to say, my seasons of prayer and retirement, and went regularly, according to my Scotch custom and training, to the communion table, not knowing in my blind ignorance the awful sin I was committing; yet alongside all this, I was emphatically *in* the world and *of* the world, seeking to do the impossible thing of serving God and mammon.

Satan rejoices to let us have just so much religion as will satisfy our uneasy consciences, but when he sees that we touch but the hem of Christ's garment, and lay our weak hands in His strong hand, then all his rage and malignity are directed against us, and we have to put on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against his wiles, and that we be not ignorant of his devices.

I had a foreign education after going through the preliminaries in home schools. I went first to Germany, where I studied hard, acquiring the language in its colloquial and conversational form, making choice friendships, seeing the manners and customs of the people, going occasionally to the theatre, and living that charming *al fresco* life peculiar to the simple tastes and habits of the Germans.

Thence I went to Paris, where I saw the world in its bolder and more open phase. There I learnt something of the French false philosophy, and became

more accustomed to the *worldliness* of the world. There is something in Paris to speak to the human heart, which, deceitful and desperately wicked as it is, but too readily responds to such beguiling allurements. Even the brilliant, buoyant atmosphere, in itself so exhilarating, scented with the sweet perfumes of ladies' handkerchiefs, the *recherché* fumes of the dainty Parisian cigarette, and the breath of the highly cultivated flowers of the "Champs Elysées," the sight of the gay throng around, and the bursts of martial music breaking on the air, all tend to keep the thoughts on this false, fair world; not as it came fresh on the day of creation from the hands of its Maker, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," but perverted as it is by sin.

I grew familiar, however, with its attractions, and soon took them as the normal state of things, and became accustomed to the Paris world. Learning, literature, music, and the fine arts were, however, my chief aim of life, so that I was never dragged headlong into the whirlpool of fashion and amusement. What I desired I obtained—a first-class education.

It was in Germany I met my school friend, Anna H., a charming Swedish girl. There our friendship was formed which has been cemented by time. Her father is a Count, moving of course in the first society of the land. Perhaps what first drew us together was her Scotch extraction, for hundreds of years ago, the H— family removed from Scotland to Sweden, where they have taken root and flourished ever since. Be that as it may, there was about this young girl something that irresistibly attracted me. She was in fact my *belle idéale*, and we were drawn to each other in a way which perhaps only school-girls

can understand. She was tall, bright, fair, and amiable, winning in her manners, and talented, without any show of pedantry.

After we left school we kept up a regular correspondence, which was certainly not marked for its frivolity, but rather characterised by a measure of deep and even serious thought, and a genial playfulness. There was a religiousness about these letters of ours, which even discerning Christians might have thought spiritual, but I know now that I was not then one of the true sheep of the Good Shepherd, and I fear my beloved Anna still wanders in the wilderness where He found me and brought me home to Himself; but I have a firm faith that she too will hear His voice and follow Him.

Being invited to spend a few weeks with my friend, amongst her charming family at U—, I readily accepted her invitation, and during these fascinating weeks I verily thought I had found a Paradise below. What was my surprise, when shortly after my return to Scotland, I found a far greater, and hitherto unknown joy, the only pure joy which alone flows from the ocean of Christ's full love, wherein my soul now finds daily and hourly refreshment.

The house of my friend's father is an ancient castle, which was once the royal residence of Sweden. It stands on a high hill, surrounded by lordly gardens, with a plain of country unbroken by a single rise, extending as far as the eye can reach, like a still, smooth sea.

My friend is the eldest of the family. She had four interesting brothers, one of them, however, is no longer here, for they have lately received the sorrowful tidings of his having been washed overboard during his first voyage—a bright joyous

fellow of sixteen—the pet and delight of his home-circle; and besides there is the sweet little sister Eva.

In this old castle, which has its dungeons, and its history, and its memories, the late king often stayed as he was passing on his journeys. With his poetic, generous nature, his royal position, and his kingly yet genial manner, he was the idol of the people, and my friend joined in the general homage, his intelligent, superior nature finding a response in her ardent enthusiasm and cultivated taste. The late king's brother, who is the present king, and his consort, also make my friend's romantic home their temporary resting-place; and being brought by her position into contact with the flower of society, courted, admired, and caressed by all, yet not spoilt, or presuming upon such advantages, she has thus grown into the charming creature I know her.

During that stay my literary proclivities were indulged to the utmost, for, with the family, I had the *entrée* of all the homes most genial to my tastes and pursuits.

Yet was I satisfied? I thought then that I was; but in comparing the fading pleasures of that time with the fadeless joy I now possess, I realise the unspeakably superior happiness of the Christian, for now I have an abiding joy under all circumstances and conditions, whereas all my pleasure then was conditional upon circumstances.

Well, I left my friend, more closely drawn to her than ever, and soon after my return I found the blessed work of God going on in Scotland. It was not at all in my line, still I was attracted, partly out of curiosity and partly from a real desire to see and hear what every one was speaking of.

The text that night went to my heart: "The Son of Man is

come to seek and to save that which was lost." And was I, with all my religion and education, and love of the beautiful and the true, really lost? Ah! I discovered for the first time that night my condition in the sight of God, and I was aroused to my pitiful state of sin and condemnation outside of Christ. There was no sense of rebellious pride in my heart, no struggle to free myself from this terrible truth, but just a feeling of need and weakness which longed to take hold of another's strength, and I was solemnised before God. It was just a drawing to Himself "by the cords of love," like a tired child being *kissed awake* in the morning, and almost before I knew, I saw the light of His smile beaming down upon me; though for days there was no overflowing joy, but just a sweet, abiding peace filling my heart, because I was "safe in the arms of Jesus."

Now I am rejoicing, and have been for four years in this new life, knowing my sins all washed away by the precious blood of Christ, and I would not exchange it for the renewal of all the pleasures which this world gave me—nor for any price; and earnestly I long that those who are still drinking deeply of the unsatisfying waters of this world's "broken cisterns," may find the greater joy, as I have done, of coming to "the fountain of living waters."

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink" (John vii. 37). For Jesus says, "Who-soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 14).

The foregoing is the experience of a dear friend, converted under Mr. Moody in Edinburgh. I have condensed

it in the above form, as related to me by herself from time to time, putting it into the first person, as being more simple and impressive. She is now seeking to win souls for our coming Lord, in a far-off land, away from her home and friends, and she has been instrumental in leading many to the Saviour.

E. J. CARR.

THY FATHER WAITS FOR THEE.

WANDERER from thy Father's home,
So full of sin, so far away,
Wilt thou any longer roam?

Oh, wilt thou not return to-day?
Wilt thou? Oh, He knows it all,
Thy Father sees, He meets thee here!

Wilt thou? Hear His tender call,
"Return, return!" while He is near.

He is here! His loving voice
Hath reached thee, though so far away!

He is waiting to rejoice,
O wandering one, o'er thee to-day.
Waiting, waiting, to bestow
His perfect pardon full and free;
Waiting, waiting, till thou know;
His wealth of love for thee, for thee!

Rise and go! Thy Father waits
To welcome and receive and bless;
Thou shalt tread His palace gates
In royal robes of righteousness.
Thine shall be His heart of love,
And thine His smile, and thine His home

Thine His joy, all joys above—
O wandering child, no longer roam!

F. R. H.

A CONTRAST.

THE earth is now traversed by self-denying missionaries, who encounter every hardship to carry Christianity to remote regions. But where is the infidel who has exiled himself from his country to civilise savage tribes? Not one is to be found. They sit at home nursing their pride, and deriding the virtue they cannot equal.

"SO GREAT SALVATION."

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation" (Heb. ii. 3).

A MAN is dying of some deadly disease; the best possible medical advice is procured; the only medicine known to cure such a disease is prescribed and placed alongside of the patient; he does not refuse to take it, but he *neglects* to do so, and dies, and thus has to pay the penalty of his folly. Whose fault is it?

A house is on fire, the inmates of the burning building are aroused, a fire-escape ladder is wheeled to one of the windows where escape is possible; a man is seen looking out of the window, he does not refuse the ladder, but he *neglects* it, and as the floor beneath him gives way, he falls with it into the flames below, and is burned to a cinder. Who is to blame?

A man has fallen overboard, he is unable to swim a stroke, a life-buoy is thrown to him and falls within his reach; he refuses it, thinking he is able to swim to the ship from which he has fallen; he *neglects* the only means whereby he could be saved from a watery grave, and is drowned. Where does the fault lie?

And you are dying, sinner, and God's remedy is *salvation*. You are not in a burning building, but you are exposed to the everlasting flames of the lake of fire, and God's way of escape for you is *salvation*. You are overboard, and struggling and sinking in the surging sea of death; but God has a life-buoy for you, and that is *His salvation*. Now, do you receive it or refuse it?

"I do neither," you reply; then you are guilty of *neglect*, and God's question to such is, "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation?" You may say as many are saying to-day, "But I am not wicked; I am not such a sinner

as many around me; I have been baptized and confirmed, and am a regular and devout communicant at the place I usually attend."

All this may be quite true of you, and yet you may be a *neglector* of salvation all the time. God does not say how shall we escape if we "break the Sabbath," get drunk, steal, tell lies, and don't go to "a place of worship." No! We may be most moral, may go to "church" or chapel or meeting, and be a member of one of such places, and still be *neglecting* "so great salvation."

The great sin in this day of wide-spread profession is *NEGLECT*. *Neglect* is the God and Christ and Holy Ghost dishonouring sin, the heaven-forfeiting, hell-filling, soul-damning sin of this privileged moment in which we are living. And whilst you remain in this guilty state of indifference and neglect, there is *no way of escape*. You may look forward and behind you, on the right and on the left of you, but the words NO ESCAPE will stare you in the face; and most certainly there is *no way of escape in ETERNITY*, for there is no blood in hell! no Saviour pleads with souls there! and no salvation is offered there!

But, thank God, now there is a way of escape. Oh, flee to the outstretched arms of Jesus, flee to the rich mercy of God, flee to the great love of God, flee to the exceeding riches of God's grace. There is a way of escape now from sin, death, and judgment. Oh, avail yourselves of it without another moment's delay, by accepting the "so great salvation" of God.

But it is not only that men are neglecters, it is *what* is neglected, "*so great salvation*," that makes them so guilty and responsible.

Why is it called "so great salvation"? Because it saves me *from* my sins, from myself,

from Satan, from the world, and from the lake of fire. It saves me to be a child of God, a member of Christ's body, a temple of the Holy Ghost, an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ. Think of the incomparable, unpardonable guilt of neglecting *such a salvation*.

But it is called "so great salvation" because it is Christ Himself.

When the patriarch Simeon held the Holy Child Jesus in his arms, looking at Him adoringly and confidently, he exultingly exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen THY SALVATION" (Luke ii.); and when Jesus walked into Zaccheus's house (in Luke xix.) He did so, saying, "This day is SALVATION come to this house."

JESUS is the salvation of God, and to neglect Jesus is to be guilty of neglecting the "so great salvation" of God; and what possible way of escape can there be for those who do it? "*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.).

But you ask, "How am I to receive Him?" In John i. it says, "As many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, to them who *BELIEVE* on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

You have neglected Him in youth, manhood, and old age. You have neglected Him in health and sickness, in poverty and plenty. You have neglected Him long—weeks, months, and years.

Oh, do so no longer; receive Him now in all the love of His heart, in all the efficaciousness of His blood, in all the power of His arm, in all His finished work, and in all the glories of

His adorable and matchless person. Yea! receive Him just where you are, just as you are, and just now, by simply believing on Him, and you will at once and for ever be in the possession of God's "so great salvation."

H. M. H.

THE DUMB SPEAK: OR, THE MOUTH CLOSED AND OPENED.

(ROMANS iii. 10.)

THE Gospel sets before a sinner what God is, having shown out what man is. The Cross, which has displayed God in His own nature, has also established the guilt of man. It declares that man has no righteousness for God, nor ever can have in himself; but that God hath provided for man, though outside of him altogether, a righteousness worthy of Himself. Man is so bad that it is impossible to make him any better, and God has *declared* man to be such, having tried and proved him, from the Garden of Eden up to the Cross. God has made trial of man from the very first. God knew what was in him, but God would have it out, openly manifested; and it is very solemn what came out at the close of the probation of man, as it is called. It is a dreadful picture, but true. He broke the law, slew the prophets, murdered Christ, and rejected the Holy Ghost! and all this, because it was in his heart—in his nature, as we say. Man has been *proved guilty*, and hence the words, "there is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good; no, not one." What follows is a description of the kind of fruit which this *bad tree* has produced; but here I desire to point out how that the bad fruit is only natural to the bad

tree, for many are willing to confess that they have been guilty of bad, wicked actions, who will not confess that they themselves are bad, *lost*. Have you, my reader, bowed to this—that you are by nature *lost*, that you deserve to be sent to hell for ever? Can you say God would be righteous in condemning me? I have nothing to say; He has closed my mouth. Were I to open it, it would be to justify Him, and condemn myself. So far we have looked at the guilt and ruin of man in his own nature, as established, proved by God, and his mouth closed. Let us look a little at how God acted *from Himself* for His own glory and the benefit and blessing of the one so lost. First, He gave His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, the delight of His heart, that His love might shine forth, and that in Him all might be made good, according to Himself. He, the just, died for the unjust. He glorified God in His life and in His death. By Him all that believe are justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. To Him give all the prophets witness, that whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins, and Him hath God set forth to be a propitiation or mercy-seat, through faith in His blood, to *declare* at this time God's righteousness, that He might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

You will observe that the prophets spoke of all this as *about to come*; the Gospel declares *it is come*. There is no room left for boasting, for man has had no part in it; all is of God *in* and *by* Jesus Christ, and this is the reason why it is said, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." On our side the mouth is *closed*, but on God's

side it is *opened*; but to make mention of Him, the blessed One who gave Himself for us, what a contrast! In Romans iii. the *heart* is the seat of all wickedness, and the *mouth* utters it, "full of cursing and bitterness," while here in Romans x. it is the *heart's* acknowledgment of God and of Christ, and the *mouth's* confession of it. He, the blessed Son of God, died for sin, was raised again from the dead by the glory of the Father, and is in glory; and now whosoever receives Him receives life and righteousness and glory. Reader, have you believed Him, received Him, confessed Him? Have you?

"HE SUFFERED."

"He suffered!" Was it, Lord, indeed for me,
The Just One for the unjust Thou didst bear
The weight of sorrow that I hardly dare
To look upon in dark Gethsemane?

"He suffered!" Thou my near and gracious Friend!
And yet, my Lord, my God! Thou didst not shrink
For me that full and fearful cup to drink,
Because Thou lovedst even to the end!

"He suffered!" Saviour, was Thy love so vast,
That mysteries of unknown agony,
Even unto death, its only gauge could be
Unmeasured as the fiery depths it passed?
Lord, by the sorrows of Gethsemane,
Seal Thou my quivering love for ever unto Thee.

F. R. H.

BLESSED.

THE man is not blessed who can *forget* his sins, who can *blind himself* to them, or who can temporarily *escape* their consequences. Blessed is he, and only he, whose transgressions are *forgiven*.

ONWARD.

WHEN the Apostle tells us of his faith in the Son of God, who had loved him and given Himself for him, he is letting us into the grand secret of his life. He moved onward under the constraining power of a love that had redeemed him from this present evil world. Hence he forgot the things that were behind, and pressed forward with an eye fixed on meeting the Lord in glory. Why should not we follow in the same track? To rest in the things of this world is to sit down in Satan's enchanted bowers. Jesus found no resting place on earth. Let us, then, not loiter on the race.

"Onward!" is the word. Let us be in earnest as we never were before. Our time here is very short, let us not lose it in looking back. Time enough for that hereafter. In such a high, and holy, and heavenly calling as ours, how diligent we should be! We live in peculiar days, when Jesus is much dishonoured by His own people because they are neither hot nor cold. We are afraid of being thorough Christians. The Church needs pressure to arouse it. She needs a great tug to shake her out of the lap of the world. Let us be true to our calling; making the Lord's service our delight, as in the days of Ezra, building the walls of Zion with one hand, whilst holding a weapon in the other.

SHILOH.

GEN. xlix. 10.

No word has created more difficulty for commentators and translators than this. I give the different renderings, which have the support of scholars, separately.

1. "Sent." From the Hebrew verb, to send, "The Sent One," as often in John's Gospel.

2. "Peace." "Rest." "The

Prince of Peace." From the verb, which is the Hebrew root of the name Solomon.

3. "Which (belongs) to Him." A compound of two words. "Whose right it is." As in Ezekiel xxi. 27, verse 32, in the Hebrew Bible.

4. In reference to the city of Shiloh, there is a rendering favoured in Smith's "Bible Dictionary," and the translation is given, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah," &c., "until He," "so long as He," "comes to Shiloh."

5. Calvin and Luther render Shiloh as "His Son," God's Son.

6. Calmet and some others fall back on the supposition that the word Shiloh was one known to the patriarchs, and by them referred to the Messiah; the derivation of which is lost in the obscurity of the earliest ages of language. It is not the only word of which this can be said; and he may be right.

As each of these renderings has its several supporters, so it has also its several opponents. There is, however, most happily, universal agreement as to the reference of the words of this prophecy to the Messiah.

The Septuagint version supports the rendering, "Whose right it is;" "The things laid up for Him;" but the last is disputed as to correctness of reading.

I do not believe the words have any reference to the continuance of outward rule in Judah, from the time of the utterance of the prophecy until the first coming of Christ. *Outwardly*, the sceptre was not in Judah when the words were spoken; nor was it so before the time of David. Saul, the first king of united Israel, was a Benjaminite.

For fifty years, from B.C. 588, the Jews were subjected to the Chaldean rule in Babylon; that is, the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. For two hundred sub-

sequent years Judea was a Persian province. For a hundred and sixty-three years after that, the successors of Alexander the Great bore the sceptre; until the conquest of Palestine by Pompey. The Maccabees succeeded, who were of the tribe of Levi. Herod was probably not a Jew at all; and, at any rate, was a mere tributary of Rome. It is, I think, very fairly stated in Smith's "Bible Dictionary." It is sufficient to observe, that a supposed fulfilment of a prophecy, which ignores the dependent state of Judea during four hundred years after the destruction of the first Temple, cannot be regarded as based upon sound principles of interpretation. Such an interpretation has held its ground simply because the true character of the earthly millennial rule of Christ has been rejected or unperceived. His authority is legitimate, though in abeyance. Christ was King of the Jews even when dead upon the cross; for God, although He suffer existing things which are not according to His mind, yet "calls the things which are not as though they were;" when, according to His counsel, they are realities.

BLISS IN DYING.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord" (REV. xiv. 13).

My soul! is this blessedness thine in prospect? Art thou ready, if called this night to lie down on thy death-pillow, sweetly to fall asleep in Jesus? What is the sting of death? It is sin. Is death, then, to thee, robbed of its sting, by having listened to the gracious accents of pardoning love, "Be of good cheer: thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee"? If thou art at peace with God, resting on the work and atoning blood of His dear Son, then is the Last Enemy

divested of all his terror, and thou canst say, in sweet composure, of thy dying couch and dying hour,—“I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, because Thou, Lord, makest me to dwell in safety.” Reader! ponder that solemn question, “Am I ready to die? Am I living as I should wish I had done when that last hour arrives?” And when shall it arrive? To-morrow is not thine. “Verily, there may be but a step between thee and death.” Oh! solve the question speedily,—risk no doubts and no peradventure. Every day is proclaiming anew the lesson, “The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” Seek to live, so that that hour cannot come upon thee too soon, or too unexpectedly. Live a dying life! How blessed to live,—how blessed to die, when the consciousness that there may be but a step between thee and glory!

HOME-LONGINGS.

YES, we must *trust* Him when we cannot *trace*,
When thunder-clouds and nightly shadows come;
When blinding mists are driving in our face,
We soon shall be *at home*.
At home! at home! Oh! eye hath never seen,
Nor hath the ear of mortal ever heard,
Nor heart of man conceived, what lies between
The foldings of that word.
Sometimes it seems as if we lose our way,
As if through all we never had a guide,
And then we hear the voice of Jesus say,
Lo! I am at thy side.
Oh! what an infinite and tender voice,
Amid the storm-waves, saying,
“It is I!”
When all is darkness, bidding us rejoice,
Because *Himself* is nigh.

We know He takes, in love, earth's joy away,
And makes the world an arid wilderness,
And only sends us through it that we may
Love things of time the less,

And love Himself the more, the fragrant Rose
Which blooms alone when other flowers have gone,
And makes the desert-pilgrim as he goes,
No longer drear or lone.

Oh! love, and rest, and home! How sweet when all
The storms and wanderings of earth are o'er,
To know that we shall share His festival
For ever, evermore!

E. J. C.

JESUS THE CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

WITHOUT the cross we have no Jesus, no Messiah, Prophet, Priest, and King; Jesus Christ crucified is the true, the real, the all-sufficient Saviour.

It is for this reason that we notice in the life of our Lord, that He is continually looking forward to His death. How different from other men! They speak continually of the great work which they intend to accomplish during their lifetime, of the actions and plans to which they devote their energies. Jesus always spoke of what He would accomplish by His death. While other men look upon death as the limit and termination of their work, Jesus regards His death as His great, His all-glorious work, the source and commencement of His true and eternal influence. Just go rapidly in your mind through the Gospel of John, and see how constantly and emphatically the death of Christ is kept before our view.

In the very first chapter He is introduced as the sin-bearing Lamb. When He appears the first time in Jerusalem He thinks and speaks of His death, the

breaking and building again of the Temple.

In His conversation with Nicodemus He unfolds the mystery of the crucifixion; the lifting up of the Son of man, the sacrifice of God's beloved Son. When He speaks of the bread of life which cometh down from heaven, He does not refer to His teaching or His example, but to “My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.” He calls Himself the Good Shepherd, not because He watches over the flock, feeding them in green pastures, and leading them by quiet waters; but because He lays down His life for the sheep, as the Father gave Him commandment. When the Greeks come to the feast and desire to see Jesus, the Lord, beholding in spirit His future Church, speaks at once of the death which He must first accomplish—the corn of wheat abideth alone, except it fall into the ground and die.

From the very commencement of His ministry the cross stood before the eyes of His heart. To this great mystery of salvation He continually directed His disciples; to this great mystery of salvation He is continually leading us by His Spirit—Jesus Christ crucified. This is the Son of God, our Messiah, our All-in-all, our hope on earth, and our joy in heaven.

Jesus Christ crucified! See Him the foundation of our faith, the source of our love, the spring of our hope.

We say to the sinner: “Behold the Lamb of God!” Whatever may be your present condition, and whatever your present life, stand still and behold the salvation of God. It comes down from heaven; it is the gift of the Father; it has not its root in your heart and character; it descends out of the fulness of Divine mercy—it is Jesus the Christ crucified. “Look unto Me, and be ye saved!”

A. SAPHIR.

READING AND FEEDING.

THERE is a great difference between reading and feeding upon God's Word. The great majority of professing Christians read the Bible, but it is to be feared that only a small proportion actually feed upon its precious things. It is the feeding that blesses and helps. In the former process there may be an intellectual perception of the truths. The words may be understood, may even be followed back into their remotest original roots, and their most delicate shades of meaning apprehended. In the latter there may or may not be the same scholarly delving and the same minute discrimination, but there is a heart reception of the words and their meaning. They are accepted as the very words of God to the reader. They are taken into the soul and assimilated with its life. They become divine realities and are leaned upon as one would lean upon the arm of a friend. They are cherished and pondered in the heart, and give their sweetness and power to the whole life.

For illustration take this word, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." One man reads it, and sees in it a very beautiful golden gate into the family of God. All that receive Christ are admitted into the heavenly household. He takes up the several words and searches out their meaning. What is it to receive Christ? What is meant by power? In what sense do we become sons of God? He goes on framing very beautiful and philosophic theories. But the whole process is intellectual. He gets no new joy from his microscopic study of the passage. He feels no thrill in his own heart as he descants on the unspeakable privilege of becoming a son of

God. He does not for himself freshly receive Christ into his soul. He rises from his meditation no stronger in faith, no happier in the assurance of hope, with no more of Christ in his own life.

Another reads the same words and then begins to ponder their meaning, taking into his own heart every crumb of sweet thought which he finds in them. "As many as received Him." There is no exception. The door is opened very widely. "Power to become sons of God." What wonderful power! What a glorious privilege! Then he does not stand off and admire, as one admires a mountain bathed in sunset glow, or a fine work of art, or a gem of poetry. He grasps with loving eagerness the blessed statement, and appropriates it to himself. In lowly humility he opens his own heart and receives Christ anew as Saviour, Helper, Burden-bearer, Care-taker, Friend, as all and in all. Then he follows out the formula—"Sons of God"—and as he meditates on the ineffable blessedness of his relation to God his whole soul is thrilled. The very atmosphere of divine love flows about him and sweeps through his life. A very rapture of joy possesses his breast. He has not only apprehended the meaning of the words, but has taken them into his own heart, and they have become assimilated in his own spiritual life. As he goes about he thinks of what he is—a son of God. Men see the new brightness on his face, but know not its cause. Burdens that oppressed him yesterday to-day seem light. A new well of joy has been opened in his heart. He writes to a friend, "I have had the richest comfort to-day in feeding on John i. 12."

Or take another illustration: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for

Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." The first reads the verse and admires the sentiment. He contrasts these teachings of Christianity with the maxims of the world, with the precepts of human philosophy, and eulogises the morals and ethics of the Gospel. Then he goes out to live just as he did yesterday—cold, selfish, avaricious, intolerant, resentful, unforgiving. The beautiful sentiments that he admired so much make no more impression upon his own heart and life than January sunshine upon the snowdrifts and ice-fields of midwinter.

The other reads the same words, and at once they take hold upon his own innermost life. He examines himself by this standard. He sees where he failed yesterday in living. He was not kind to that poor man that came to ask help. In his haste he put him off rather rudely. He fears that he is losing somewhat of his tenderness of heart by contact with the hardness of the world. There still lingers a little grudge in his breast against a neighbour that wronged him last year. So the text goes through him, and he bears the chiding well. He lifts up a silent prayer to God to give him more of this loving spirit which belongs to the mind of Christ. He goes out with these golden counsels written on his heart. All day long he walks more softly. Every one that meets him feels the warmth of his kindness. There is an unwonted tenderness in his tones, in his eye, in his features. He meets one that has injured him, and his heart goes out to him in forgiving love. He has fed upon the Word and it has become part of his own life.

The difference between reading and feeding is the same as between looking upon a well-covered table and sitting down, and eating of its luscious food. The Word of God will really do

us good only when we thus take for ourselves its promises, comforts, and precepts. Then they will bless us, cleanse our lives, purify our hearts, sweeten our spirits, quicken our energies, comfort our sorrows, illumine our darkness, and build us up in Christlike nobleness and beauty.

THE TRIUMPHANT SONG OF ISRAEL.

Exodus xv.

THE children of Israel are now over the Red Sea, and have left their enemies dead on the shore. They see now their freedom from condemnation, for Christ hath died, and they have died in Him. Now see the assembled hosts, with uplifted heads and voices, singing with heart and soul Redemption's song, and with them every ransomed one can—

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free."

This song takes us over much ground; it leads us on unto the time when Israel will be planted in the mountains of their inheritance. True, they were for a time on the mountain of the Lord's house; but only for a time. The prediction, not being yet fully fulfilled, yet still holds good, for God's ancient people will, in very deed, be planted, never to be uprooted.

"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously." Well may they ascribe all the honour and praise unto Him; for they did nothing, only followed by faith the leadings of their Lord God Jehovah. And what more can we ourselves say? Nothing more. And we verily are nothing. Only in God is their triumph; only in Him is their safety and rest. As the Apostle Paul says, "We live by faith, not by sight." The enemy may say, "I will pursue, I will overtake." Use-

less such boastings. "God is for us," and thus in Him, by faith, we gain the victory. Or, as Whittier has beautifully said:

"Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath."

Passing through the sea by faith, a firm and sure foundation was found for *every foot* they trod; but the Egyptians assaying to do the same, by sight only, were drowned.

After the song the march is resumed. They come to Marah after three days. Why was this? I cannot clearly see, I only know there was a "need be" in it (1 Pet. i. 6). Trials are needful for our faith; they are the handmaids of goodness and mercy; and I know that when trials come, the many, as Israel, turn from God and murmur, and the few, as Moses, in faith turn to God. The first look to earth and self—and fret, the other look above—and hope.

There are many, many springs of Marah in this life's journey, and I know that many are of our own making. Yet the Father lets us drink of them, that tasting their bitterness we may leave them—our broken cisterns—and flee unto Him, the Fountain of living waters. And there are Marahs that are sent us to wean us from self, the world, and Satan. God has ready, by every such bitter spring, the tree. He says, "I am Jehovah Rophi;—I am the Lord that healeth thee." Christ is presented to us. He is the Tree of Life, with leaves of balm and sweetness. No matter how deep, nor how bitter the spring, Jesus can make it sweet, with a sweetness that neither cloy nor spoils. I often think that Daniel's sweetest time was when in the lions' den, and that the three Hebrew children never felt more peaceful than when in the furnace, for in all the bitterness of their trials there was

with them "One like unto the Son of God," and the many suffering ones who have drank of the bitter brook, yet found no bitterness, for Jesus was with them.

Though there are Marahs, there are also groves of Elim and sweet waters. "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet unto my taste" (Canticles ii. 2). "All my well-springs are in Thee."

He leads me o'er the burning sands of
Deserts sore and drear,
And on to Elim's shady plains, and wells
So deep and clear.

His way is right. Though the wilderness hath its Marahs, it also hath its Elims and sweet waters; and all are needed and given by One who cannot err. We can sing in tribulation. Suffer, yet rest in the shade and drink of the never-failing spring of sweetness in Jesus Christ.

SUPERIORS AND INFERIORS.

THE way in which we are called to walk is always according to the place and relations in which we stand. If I am a servant, I ought to behave like a servant. If I am a master, the conduct that might be proper in a servant would not become me.

The *mixture* of relations is always wrong.

The *oversight* of them is loss.

Their *denial* ruinous. For every position we are set in, no matter where it is or what, there is always the gracious power of God as our resource; but it is to sustain the person walking in consonance with the relationship in which God has been pleased to put him.

In our thoughtlessness we are apt to connect reward only with activity. But Christ has connected it with character, and that is at once indicated and strengthened by suffering and patience as well as by work.

OUR BUSINESS IS WITH GOD.

THERE is a personality, a living reality in the Word, which I feel an increasing jealousy not to come short of. Our business is *with God*, and not with statements and propositions only. God can be known only through His Word—that is most true. But what we read is to give us *Him*, and He is to be known as the living reality and personality of the Word. Unless meditation and communion carry on, under the Spirit, this process, the truth will not reach the soul, or be carried in living, personal power home to its dwelling-place.

“UNTIL;”

OR, THE END OF ISRAEL'S REJECTION.

BY DR. GORDON, U.S.

It has been said that language is fossil history: by which it is meant, that single words often furnish us with the trace and lineage of facts which were otherwise lost from sight.

We may say, with equal propriety, that certain words constitute a kind of epitomised prophecy. Recurring in special connections, they carry such meaning and suggestion as of themselves alone to furnish us the trail of certain great prophetic truths. They are like the blazed trees in the forest which guide the traveller by hints, though he knows nothing of the beaten path. We may select the single word *until*, as an example. One may never have heard of the second coming of Christ; but if he were pondering on the question whether the Lord is to be absent for ever from the earth, the words, “whom the heavens must receive *until* the times of restitution of all things,” would furnish a sufficient hint to put him to searching carefully into the

matter. One may have had no conception of an age, yet to dawn, so bright and glorious that the present is only as midnight in comparison with it. But if he were to fall upon the words of Peter, “We have a more sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to give heed as unto a light shining in a dark place, *until* the day dawn and the day-star arise,” he would have a suggestion of such a time which could not be easily mistaken. Now, we have been forcibly struck with the recurrence of this word *until*, in connection with statements in regard to the Jews and their ancient city which are found in the Bible.

The picture which our Lord gives in the Gospels of the destruction of the holy city and the dispersion of the Jews, is, perhaps, the darkest in all Scripture. It is a massing of the shadows of doom, and a crowding together of successive chapters of woe, which has no parallel in the pages of prophecy. And yet, as we reach the middle of that sentence which summarises whole centuries of divine retribution, “Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles *until* the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled,” we are conscious of a certain powerful relief from the strain that has been put upon us. “UNTIL!” Amid the dense surrounding darkness, this one word fairly gleams with the promise of a better future for the suffering race. It is only a hint, an intimation that is given us; but it is so pregnant with the hidden light of hope, that it impels us instinctively to fix an end to the desolations of Zion.

As the passage just considered is the darkest of our Lord's predictions concerning the Jews, His lament over Jerusalem is the most pathetic. There is a rabbinical tradition that when the Shechinah withdrew from the first Temple, on account of

Israel's sins, the cloud hovered for a long time over the brow of Olivet, a voice at intervals crying out from it, “Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near,” and then moved slowly and reluctantly away, to be seen no more. Jesus has come to the Temple, bringing back the vanished glory. In the expressive words of John, “The Word was made flesh, and tabernacled (*ἐσκήνωσεν*) among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.” But the glory is to be again withdrawn, because of Israel's sin. Despised, and rejected, and to be put to death by the Jews, Jesus utters His sorrowful and reluctant farewell to the Temple. Will it be for ever? “Behold, your house is left unto you desolate; and verily I say unto you, ye shall not see Me *UNTIL* the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

“Until the time come.” Here, certainly, is a flash of light upon the dark prediction of Israel's desertion. It is but a word again; but it is heavy with the burden of prophetic expectation. Next to the silence which says nothing contrary to our hope, the hint which barely breaks the silence in its favour is the most significant. And this is all we have here; but how much is in it!

St. Paul again utters many a sorrowful lament over Israel's judicial blindness. A veil is upon their faces as they read the Old Testament. They not only will not believe themselves, but strive to prevent the Gentiles from believing, that they may be saved, “filling up their sin always,” so that “the wrath of God is come upon them to the uttermost.” But to the anxious question whether this darkening of the understanding

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Consider your ways.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man: but the end thereof are the ways of death.

Hag. i. 7; Prov. xvi. 25.

is to be for ever, a very definite hint again is given. "Blindness in part is happened to Israel UNTIL the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." Thus, again and again this word *until* is heard, like a cadence, in the solemn strain of the divine threatening, in which Jehovah's voice seems to drop, for a moment, from the stern tones of anger and imprecation to those of His old love and tenderness.

THE POWER OF THE BLOOD.

A FRAGMENT ON EXODUS XXIV.

IN this magnificent chapter, we have a sample of true rest in the love of God, and in the blood of atonement. The elders of Israel had passed through the most profound exercises of heart and conscience beneath the thundering mount. They, like Moses, had quaked under the dread exhibition of the inflexible holiness of the God of Israel, and were in little danger of entering into any false rest, in the presence of the *One* who had so solemnly dealt with their hearts and consciences. Now this is just what we need in this day of carnal indifference and sluggish ease.

In chap. xix. the elders were down in the camp, amid human infirmity and human defilement. In chap. xxiv. they are seen on *the mount with God*. No defilement there; but, "under His feet, as it were, a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were

the body of *heaven in clearness*." What a contrast! What wide extremes! What opposite points in the moral world! How could they ever be harmonised? By what wondrous path could the soul make its way from the defiled camp of Israel, upward to that sapphire mount where Jehovah sat in awful majesty, *fearful in holiness*? "*The altar under the hill*" furnishes the reply; the blood of atonement stood between the camp *beneath* and the mount *above*, and the elders could enter into its value, and in so doing pass onward in holy boldness into the very presence of God, and there eat and drink in unbroken repose of spirit.

Here is true peace for the conscience; not the peace of carnal indifference; not the tranquillity arising from an easy placid temperament; but that profound peace which flows from having every wound inflicted by the thunderbolts of Sinai healed by the blood of atonement. When we really know the value of the Cross, we can

"Climb those higher skies,
Where storms and tempests never rise."

What power there is in the words, "*they saw the God of Israel!*" They had seen the lightnings, and heard the thunder's distant roar, when God addressed Himself to man's legal heart; but now *they saw Himself*. The precious blood had hushed the loud roar of

the thunder, and dispersed the clouds, of which Jehovah had formed His chariot, and now they behold Him in a *chariot paved with love*. How exquisite! How tranquillising!

We want more real rest of heart in Christ Himself, in His matchless grace, His unrivalled perfections. We rest satisfied with *far too low* a character of communion. We must seek fellowship with our Jesus, not merely for what *He has*, but for what *He is*. "Thou, art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

BE JOYFUL.

CHRISTIANS must be cheerful in order to be useful. Hence, "*re-joice in the Lord always*," is one of the commandments of the decalogue of grace. A morose Christian will restrain his blessing from the world, as a cross cow holds up her milk. In the latter case it will not cure the ill to pull the more violently at the udders. The disposition must be softened. Oh, unhappy disciples, "the joy of the Lord is your strength," and you will be weak and of little use till you find that joy. "And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full."

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EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

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MARCH 1881.

[No. 165.

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HEALTHFUL OPPOSITION.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE bird of paradise, which has such a dower of exquisitely beautiful feathers, cannot fly with the wind; if it attempt to do so the current, being much swifter than its flight, so ruffles its plumage as to impede its progress, and finally to terminate it. It is therefore compelled to fly against the wind, which keeps its feathers in their place, and thus it gains the place where it would be. So the Christian is not to attempt to go with the current of a sinful world; if he does, it will not only hinder but end his religious progress. But he must go against it, and then every effort of his soul will surely be upward, heavenward, Godward.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 3.

"Among the faithless faithful only he; Among innumerable false, unmoved, Unshaken, unsexed, untainted; His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal. Nor number nor example with him wrought, To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind, Though single."

In Romans xii. 2 the exhortation is given to Christians, "Be not conformed to this world," which rendered literally reads

nature improvers, and a whole host of worldly-wise advisers, will exhort and beseech young Christians especially, to be abreast of the spirit of the age. This is the very thing the apostle Paul besought Christians to guard against. Our flight is against the current—upward, homeward, heavenward. Our plumage is too heavenly, procured from the Paradise of God, for going with



"Be not in the fashion with the age." The world is beautiful, and creation, though under the curse, is fair; but the devil, being the god of this age, has marred all; so that a Christian's first thought is to be against the spirit of the age. His progress is against wind and tide. Sentimental moralists, worldpatchers, the wind. Opposition is our normal condition, but it is an opposition which is full of heavenly health, sending a glow of life and light and love and joy through all our spiritual being, as we soar upward from the mists and fogs and smoke of earth into the pure air of the presence of our God into the

empyrean that surrounds the throne of the Eternal, on which is seated the Lamb who was slain for our sins, who is now the Advocate with the Father, the High Priest with God, and the Light of all the glory of that throne.

"IF THOU KNEWEST THE GIFT OF GOD."

JOHN iv. 10.

A WEARY one sat at Jacob's well. He had left the land of the Pharisees. It was Jesus. He came in love to His own, to save them from their sins; but they received Him not. Weary and grieved was His tender heart as He sat, about the sixth hour, at Jacob's well.

There is a woman coming with her waterpot to the well. She is one to whom the proud Pharisee would scorn to speak. She is a despised Samaritan; and that is not all—she is a poor, wretched being, living in open sin. She little knows that she is about to meet the eye of Him who knows *all* that ever she did. She arrives at the well, and is astonished that Jesus, being a Jew, should ask her to give Him to drink. "Jesus answered and said unto her, If *thou* knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, *thou* wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

He did not say, If thou wert not so great a sinner. He did not say, If thou wilt reform, and become a holy woman, then I will give thee living water. No! no! no! He let her know that He knew all that ever she had done. But there was such a depth of pity, grace, and compassion in the wondrous countenance, such tender love to the sinner in those words, that it won her heart, it converted her soul. Christ was revealed to her, and leaving her waterpot she went to the city, so full of

Christ, that, forgetting her own shame, she said, "Come, see a man which told me all that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

My reader, can you meet the eye of Him who knows every thought of your heart from childhood—all that ever you did open and naked to His eye? And can you say that you are not a sinner? How was it, think you, that there was nothing in Jesus to repel this wretched sinner? And what can those words mean, think you—"If thou knewest the gift of God," &c.? Is this the one great thing needed by a poor, wretched sinner? It is; there can be no mistake about it, for Jesus says it. Of whatever nation my reader may be, whatever the sins you may have committed, the first thing you need is not the waters of the Ganges, or the intercession of saints, or works of amendment; no, the thing you need is to know the gift of God.

Do you ask who and what is that gift of God? The same that met that poor Samaritan sinner; Jesus, the Son of God; as also it is written, "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 GIFT of God is eternal life." "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

My reader, it is a gift, *a gift*, A GIFT. Oh, if thou knewest this! Thou canst not buy it; thou canst not merit it. He that knows all that ever thou didst, all that thou art, sets before thee Christ the crucified, Christ the risen one, Christ the glorified. Dost thou know Him, the gift of all gifts?

Dost thou say, "But my sins are heavy; they press me down; what must I do?" If thou knewest the gift of God! Yes; even though thou hast committed every sin that has been

done in this dark world, yet God's gift, "redemption through His blood," abounds above it all. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." His very business was saving just such burdened, weary, heavy-hearted sinners as thou art. Blessed be His holy name, the work is finished. May God reveal to thy soul, my reader, Christ Jesus. Change of life and holiness of life will follow; but the first thing is, "*The gift of God.*"

JESUS HIMSELF.

LUKE xxiv. 15.

"Jesus Himself drew near"—I saw Him not,
Because my eyes were dim, my heart was sad;
When He through faith revealed Himself to me,
My heart with love o'erflowed, it made me glad.

"Jesus Himself drew near"—just at the time
I needed most His presence and His aid;
He came to strengthen me, my heart to cheer,
He came to tell me not to be afraid.

"Jesus Himself drew near"—He came Himself
To heal my broken heart, my sin-sick soul;
I heard Him say, "Come unto Me; find rest,
For I have healed thee, cleansed thee, made thee whole."

"Jesus Himself drew near"—when sorrow came
He brought such love and sympathy divine;
The trial seemed to lose its keenest sting;
Into the wound He poured His oil and wine.

"Jesus Himself drew near"—so very near,
So close, that He is always within call;
Dear Lord, abide, on earth my portion be,
In heaven my everlasting "All in All."

S. M.

THE LIFE-BELT.

WHEN homeward bound from Calcutta nearly forty years ago, we encountered a great storm off the terrible Cape of Good Hope. In that fearful gale a fine ship in our company foundered with all hands, and was never heard of more. Three days and nights we were hove-to under bare spars. Our old brig, "The Ripley," barely weathered the storm. Having run short of water, we made for the Island of St. Helena. Anchored off James-town, of course the crew got leave to go ashore. Having ascended Ladder-hill and found out some friends in the barracks, we made our way to Longwood, to see the tomb of Napoleon. Gathering a few sprigs from the weeping willow overhanging his plain slab, and tasting the water from his favourite spring, we hurried on board, lifted the anchor, and made sail for old England. That night was the turning-point of my life—the first time I was troubled seriously about eternal judgment. Well do I remember getting aloft into the main-top and meditating on the dismal future. God who had made the brilliant stars in the canopy overhead, reminded me of my past recklessness. It would not profit were I to drag to view bygone sins, "whereof I am now ashamed." Speaking in the figurative language of the prophet, "From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head," I was all "wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores." Suffice it to say, that conscience assented to the charge of sinfulness, and re-echoed the warning voice of God, so that I then and there made the most solemn vows and resolutions, to be good, to turn over a new leaf and to give up sin, and serve Him better for the time to come.

Thus I made *vows and resolutions* my life-belt.

"Mother" is the first word I remember in connection with religion. It was she who taught me of God, of heaven, of the wrath to come. Oft had I knelt at her knee and with clasped hands repeated my form of prayer. She taught me from a child the Holy Scriptures. Well do I recollect the reverence with which the chapter was read, verse about, on Sunday evenings. Sunday school, and to church twice on Sundays, was the regular routine. The catechism was learned by rote, and the Bible stories rehearsed "line upon line." The result was that a reverence for the Word of God was instilled, a fear of God embued, and a solid dread of eternal punishment implanted.

Ere I went to sea, my mother had given me a Bible as a parting gift. I found it at the bottom of my chest, and during my watch below, by the dim light of the lamp, I read and re-read the familiar passages, determined to abandon a sea-life, and renewed my vows and resolutions.

Alas! ere long these earnest religious aspirations faded away like the morning cloud and the early dew, and the resolutions to do good sank with them. I found I was trusting to a false refuge. The life-belt of vows and good resolutions proved a sham and a delusion.

Some years after, serious impressions of longer or shorter duration, again affected me, especially under the earnest teaching of a sterling evangelical minister. Of the truth of the Bible I never had a doubt. At the thought of death and the judgment due to my sins I shuddered.

"Then legal fears shook me,
I trembled to die."

Through misapprehension of free grace, I now placed myself

under the law, and became self-righteous. Very diligent were my endeavours after reformation. Sermons, daily prayers, religious exercises, and almsgiving were resorted to. I practised close self-examination, kept a daily record of my frames and feelings, and strove to prepare myself for the sacrament. In a word, I became very religious.

This time I made *self-righteousness* my life-belt.

Bitter experience soon taught me I was trusting to a reed. Repeated backslidings were disheartening. Mists and vapours rose around me. My life became one up and down, zig-zag course—one time straight, another time crooked—one time on the crest of the wave, another in the trough of the sea. Satan and sin became more powerful. I had to learn that it was "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly *through Jesus Christ our Saviour*," that is, that the atoning death of Jesus Christ had satisfied the justice of God, and opened the flood-gates of His rich mercy and great love to be shed abroad freely and fully, without merit and without price, on every one who believes in Jesus.

The life-buoy of self-righteousness was a painted sham, a fatal delusion. I had well-nigh sunk in the waters of religious formalism, when it pleased God to reveal His Son in me.

It happened on this wise. One morning in the autumn of 1861, in conversation with my dear friend and faithful minister, he repeated (what he had often explained before), that salvation was not *my* work but *Christ's* work, not *my* doing but *His*, not a work done *in* me by *myself*, but a work done *for*

me by another 1800 years ago, that Christ had borne the punishment due to sin in His own body on the tree; that His precious blood had been poured out, instead of the sinner's, and that if I accepted Him as my Saviour, my Substitute, through the value of His atoning death, my sins should be pardoned and for ever blotted out from God's sight.

I had been on the wrong tack. I had been looking in upon self, instead of looking out upon Christ. Oh! what a mighty revolution took place in my inmost heart, and thoughts, and belief. This was the great crisis in my spiritual life. All my self-confidence was crushed into shivers. All my views were, so to speak, turned upside down. The Holy Spirit revealed to me the precious work of Jesus, and sealed these truths to my soul, Christ's life, Christ's blood, Christ's sacrifice, Christ's intercession, that is salvation. Oh, this was relief, joy, gladness, security. Here was a safe refuge, a sure resting-place, an unutterable deliverance. I had found the true, warranted life-buoy—

"My happy soul was free."

Thus, you see, I had passed the first twenty years of my life in careless indifference and sinfulness, only limited by want of opportunity, or fear of being found out; the next period of twenty years was spent in vainly endeavouring to establish a righteousness of works, an acceptance of merit, vainly striving to earn God's favour by my own doing and working. Now I had at length seen that salvation is a free gift, to be taken, not earned—to be received, not bought.

For the last twelve years, I have found that the joy of the Lord is my strength, that Jesus is not only a Saviour from the penalty due to sin, but from the

power and dominion of sin; that while I was not saved by good works, I was saved unto good works; not by obedience, but unto obedience; that "Christ has once suffered for (on account of) sins, the just for (instead of) the unjust, that He might bring us to God." And ever since that "happy day when Jesus washed my sins away," I have enjoyed settled peace in my soul—that peace of God which passeth all understanding, and can bear witness to the "joy unspeakable and full of glory" of the Christian life.

And now, reader, if you have been interested thus far, bear with me for a moment longer, while I offer you something "warranted" and trustworthy, which I have tried and can testify of, which will stand you in good stead when sinking in the overwhelming waters. The life-belt proved a delusive sham to Jack in his hour of need; a deeper hour of need will yet overtake you, when death and judgment come. What provision have you made for it? What warranty have you? Christ Jesus is the only warranty. No one ever trusted Him and was deceived. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came down and took upon Him our nature. He took the sinner's place as to guilt, bore his punishment and died in his place. Having conquered death, He was raised again because of our justification. He has ascended in our nature to the right hand of God as the representative, advocate, and forerunner of every believer.

"There is no other name under heaven whereby we may be saved." He is the perfect life-buoy. Flee to Him. Cast yourself upon Him and His finished work. Trust simply in His atoning blood, believe on Him as your Substitute, bend your willing heart to His loving Spirit. Cleave to Him. Bring your emptiness to be filled with

His fulness, and all your sins shall be blotted out. He shall be your righteousness, the Holy Spirit shall dwell in you, and as you live by faith on the Son of God, you shall receive power over indwelling corruption, and when the waters of death overflow your soul, He will hold you up in His arms, and carry you triumphantly to a happy home in the eternal mansions of the blest.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Time is short; eternity has no end; yet our actions in time settle our destiny for eternity. Amid the ever-changing scenes of time, we are preparing for the endless, changeless destiny of eternity—changeless, only so far as change is involved in the developments of our progressive natures, advancing from joy to joy, or from woe to woe, as we shall find ourselves saved or lost, when we shall wake up in the spirit world. How near is every one of us to this eternity? how soon shall we enter upon its everlasting scenes? God only knows—we do not; yet we all know it will be soon. An hour, a day, a week, a year, a few years at most, will bear us on to eternity. Life's short year will be ended, all earthly associations will be dissolved, all worldly interests will have passed from our vision, the sleeping dead will have been raised, the secret of all hearts exposed at the judgment, sentence passed of life and death, time gone, and all will be eternity? What a solemn thought that we are so soon to be in eternity!

An atheist being asked by a Christian professor, "How can you quiet your conscience in so desperate a state?" answered, "Just as you do yours. Did I believe what you profess, I should think no diligence, no care, no zeal enough."

LIFE KNOWN AND ENJOYED.

It is a serious thing to make God a liar, but this is what a man does who believes not the witness that God gave of His Son. Instead, therefore, of spending time in weeping over his general badness, he ought to see the dreadful character of his particular sin of unbelief,—the sin of sins,—and immediately turn from it with hearty acceptance of God's testimony.

The sum and substance of that testimony, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation, is, that God hath given to us eternal life; not sold it, but given it, not exchanged it for something we had or did, but given it, and this life is in His Son. It is nowhere else, not in feeling, not in repentance, not in faith, not in culture, not in what the world calls an honourable career, not in doing the best we can, not in baptism, not in the Church, but in Christ. He that hath the Son by believing on Him, hath life. He is not trying to have it, nor hoping to have it when he comes to die, or to stand in the judgment, but he HATH it now. He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life, whatever he may have in the way of rank, power, influence, intellect, wealth, or religion.

Moreover, the believer may know that he has life, for "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." The very purpose of the writing was that we might know it, and we know it by what is written, or, in other words, by the testimony of God in the inspired Scriptures. Most of the knowledge we have is due to testimony, and yet it is properly called knowledge. Our knowledge of all the facts that have

occurred in the history of the race, except the few that have fallen within the limited ranges of our personal observation, we owe to testimony. Not a person now living ever saw Alexander the Great, or Julius Cæsar, or Luther, or Cromwell; yet no intelligent person would hesitate to say, I know that these men really existed.

If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater, for all human witnesses may be mistaken, or may testify falsely; but God knows of what He affirms, and tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, undimmed by the faintest shadow of ignorance, or error, or deception. But if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater, and this is the great truth to which God has witnessed in the Bible, that He hath given to us eternal life, that this life is in His Son, that whosoever has the Son, by faith, has life.

THE WORD OF LIFE.

"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." Such is the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is the testimony of One concerning whom it is declared, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."

It is the testimony of One to whom a distinguished Pharisee confessed, "We know that Thou art a teacher come from God."

It is the testimony of One who said to those Jews which believed on Him, "If ye continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall

know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

It is the testimony of One who exclaimed on the earth, and still exclaims from heaven, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Surely it is testimony worthy of the most careful and respectful attention!

WRITTEN THAT WE MAY KNOW.

FORTY-TWO times the Greek words translated *know* are found in the 1st Epistle of John, showing the earnest desire of the Holy Ghost to lead the believer out of the cold and dark region of doubt and dread into the liberty of the children of God. "Behold" (know or see) "what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

With such an assurance and such a hope, it is not strange that the words *joy* and *rejoice* shine like bright and beautiful stars in the four gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, in the various Epistles, and even in the Book of Revelation. He does not wish His children to be gloomy, but happy, happy as the day is long, happy in the night of affliction, hearing His word, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

It is obvious, then, that the chilling mist of uncertainty, which hangs about many professed Christians in these days, does not arise from the Word

of God. It comes rather from false teaching, that has accustomed them to look into their own hearts in a vain search for something that deserves heaven, instead of looking simply and singly to Christ as all our salvation and all our desire. They have been taught that it is presumption to believe they are saved without any righteousness of their own, and without any ecclesiastical ordinances; and consequently as they have no real joy in their thoughts of God and eternity, and the heart craves happiness, they answer the description given of religion at the close of the present dispensation, when men shall be "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

But, turning away from their formality and worldliness and discontent, let the intelligent believer catch the happy strain of true Christian experience, as found in 1 Peter, i. 8, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

IS YOUR SOUL INSURED?

"Pa," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee, and looked into his face as earnestly as if he understood the importance of the subject, "Pa, is your soul insured?"

"What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Why, pa, I heard uncle George say that you had your houses insured and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?"

The father leaned his head on his hand, and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered with insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child, in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his own soul.

"GO NEAR AND JOIN THYSELF."

"To this chariot," it was in this instance: it is sometimes to that stranger, to this fellow-traveller; to this neighbour, and to that friend. And following the guidance of the Spirit, and going to the eunuch, he found him an anxious inquirer, all ready to be led to Jesus. And this suggests a cheering lesson:—

When God's Spirit sends us to a man with a message, He, at the same time, prepares that man to receive the message. God does not make a half of a providence, any more than a mechanic makes a half of a pair of scissors. If He makes a preacher to proclaim the gospel, He makes a hearer to listen to the gospel, and these two are pivoted together in the Divine purposes. If He constitutes you a bearer of glad tidings, He prepares some one to be a receiver of glad tidings. A supply implies a want. Grace, as well as nature, abhors a vacuum. If you feel the wind blowing past in swift breezes, you know that it is because somewhere there is a place to be filled and cooled by its coming. So in the operations of the *Spirit*; it "bloweth where it listeth, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." But it goeth when it is wanted, and the sound thereof tells you when you are wanted.

When the Lord speaks to Cornelius, saying, "Send men to Joppa," he is, at the same time, preparing Peter to preach the Word of eternal life to this first Gentile hearer. Thus God's purposes all interlock and complement each other. For every heart burning with the love of Jesus, there is somewhere a heart empty and desolate, needing to be filled with consolation, which that Christ-filled heart can bring. The Spirit that touches the key-board of human souls touches many chords at once. Your joyful longing to speak a word for Christ is but the answer to another note in the lower octaves of penitence and contrition in some poor sinner's heart. The desire to tell a soul how freely Christ saves, is but the responsive answer of the spirit to some secret inquiry, "What must I do to be *saved*?"

THE PEACE OF GOD.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blessed
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

OUR fair morning is at hand;
The Day Star is near rising, and
we are not many miles from home. What matter, then, if ill entertainment in the smoky inns of this worthless world! We are not to stay here, and we shall be dearly welcome to Him to whom we are going.—*Rutherford*.

THE DEVIL'S LIES.

GOD says— <i>Gen.</i>	ii.	17.	Thou shalt surely die.
DEVIL,,			Ye shall not surely die.
GOD says— <i>John</i>	x.	27, 28.	I give unto them Eternal Life, and they shall never perish.
DEVIL,,			After being saved you may perish.
GOD says— <i>1 John</i>	v.	13.	Ye may know that ye have Eternal Life.
DEVIL,,			None can know they are saved until they die.
GOD says— <i>Titus</i>	iii.	5.	Not by works of righteousness which we have done.
DEVIL,,			Must do good works for salvation.
GOD says— <i>Titus</i>	iii.	8.	They which have believed, be careful to maintain good works.
DEVIL,,			If saved, live as we like (in sin).
GOD says— <i>Ps.</i>	ix.	17.	The wicked shall be turned into hell.
DEVIL,,			God is merciful (on sin).
GOD says— <i>Isa.</i>	lxiv.	6.	All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.
DEVIL,,			Must be religious.
GOD says—	2 Cor. vi.	17.	Come out from among them, and be ye separate.
	Rev. xviii.	4.	Come out of her, my people.
DEVIL,,			Must not be too exclusive.
			Must exclude yourselves (Monks and Nuns).
GOD says— <i>Mark</i>	viii. 36, 37.		What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?
DEVIL,,			Get rich, and get happy.
GOD says— <i>Matt.</i>	vi.	33.	Seek ye first the kingdom of God.
DEVIL,,			A man must provide for his family.
GOD says— <i>2 Cor.</i>	vi.	2.	Now is the day of salvation.
DEVIL,,			Heaven at last, but NOT NOW.
GOD says— <i>1 Peter</i>	v.	8.	The Devil walketh about.
DEVIL,,			No Devil.

WHOM DO YOU BELIEVE?

"Well done! well done! thou faithful servant of the Lamb." Nor is this all. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Come into the same place, yea, into the same joy. Come and dwell with Me, and have one felicity common to both.

WORLDLY MINDED AND HEAVENLY MINDED.

GEN. xiii. 10, and xix. 28.

Lot looked at Sodom and Gomorrah, and beholding its well-watered plains, saw that it was a place for *him* to get on well in. Self and not God was considered in the choice he made. And what was the end of his choice? All he took there and all he made there he lost. Besides, he had to leave his wife outside, gazing towards the guilty plains, a monument of the judgment of God upon a worldly heart; and sadder than all, he was the father of the two greatest enemies of God's people, and handed his name down to posterity with the brand of shame upon it. A solemn end to a foolish choice, and an equally solemn warning to a worldly heart. But how different with Abraham! At leisure from himself, he could intercede with the guilty cities of the plain; and if he looked at them at all, it was as a *judged* scene from which God *preserved* him, but from which He had to *deliver* Lot; and it was owing to Abraham's intercession and faithfulness that God delivered Lot. "And it came to pass, when God destroyed the cities of the plain, that *God remembered Abraham*, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when He overthrew the cities in which Lot dwelt" (Gen. xix. 29).

Which are we—Lots or Abrahams? Do we look at the world as a place in which to feather our nest and make our-

OUR FUTURE PROSPECT.

It cannot have escaped the notice of the most superficial readers of the New Testament, that the most frequent description of the heavenly bliss makes it to consist in *our being with Christ*. In His own sublime prayer He says, "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." In His previous address to His disciples, He had expressed the same fact, "In My Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you to Myself, that where I am ye may be also." The apostles take up the idea in their writings. Paul looked to this as *his* heaven when he said, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ." "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." So shall we "ever be with the Lord, wherefore comfort one

another with these words." John had the same view when he says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Nor ought I to omit the gracious sentence which Christ is represented as passing upon His people: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." O blissful sentence! Words of unutterable, inconceivable import! Language of condescending grace not now to be comprehended. To be acknowledged before the assembled universe, not only as His servants, but His *good* and *faithful* servants. To be told that we have served Him faithfully, and told it from the throne of His glory! To hear *Him* say, *Well done*, and have the plaudit reverberated in ten thousand times ten thousand echoes from the lips of admiring and adoring angels, till heaven rings with the sound.

selves comfortable? Or do we look at the world as under the judgment of God, and therefore not as a place in which to get on well; no place for us to settle in, but one to get through as quickly as possible to the place where our earth-rejected Lord is? The Lord in His grace give us to be unworldly and heavenly minded.

H. M. H.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

THE thoughts of a great man, how valued! With what feelings shall we ponder the thoughts of God?

We treasure the thoughts of the wise and good for their own sake, but how is their value enhanced when they are personal, and have a special reference to ourselves. "I know the thoughts that I think towards *you*," says God.

The Psalmist exclaims, "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto *me*, O God." The humblest and lowliest of God's children on earth can say, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord *thinketh* upon me." In one sense we are every where surrounded with God's thoughts.

Outer nature is a majestic volume of these. His sublime thoughts are the everlasting mountains; His lofty thoughts the distant stars; His terrible thoughts the lightning and tempest, the earthquake and volcano; His minute thoughts of discriminating care, the tiny moss and lichen, the tender grass, the lily of the field, and pearly dew-drop; His loving thoughts, the blue sky, the quiet lake, the sunny glade, the budding blossoms and beauteous flowers; His joyful thoughts, the singing streams and sparkling waves; His unchanging thoughts, the rock in mid-ocean, on which the waves are in vain spending their fury. But it is not in these mute symbols that sinners, redeemed

by the blood of Jesus, can discover the breathings and utterances of the very heart of a reconciled Father. "Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy Name." "God hath in these last days spoken unto us" (given expression and utterance to His thoughts) "by His Son." It is in Christ that each thought of God becomes precious. The Father is represented as "wakening Him morning by morning," "wakening His ear to hear as the learned;" confiding to Him one blessed thought after another, that He may speak them as "words in season to him that is weary." And how precious are these thoughts of God! Well may He say regarding them, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts"—infinite, immutable, everlasting—a glorious chime, carrying their echoes from eternity to eternity. We may try to form an estimate of them, but they far transcend our loftiest imaginings. "Now," says the Apostle, "unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or *think*." God loves and treasures even our poor thoughts of Him. "A book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord, and that *thought* upon His name." Oh, how should we cherish and garner His ineffable thoughts towards us! take them to solve our doubts, calm our fears, soothe our sorrows, hush our misgivings. This has been the experience of believers in every age. "In the multitude of *my* thoughts within me, Thy comforts" (Thy comforting thoughts) "delight my soul." "What is man," exclaims a saint of old, "that Thou shouldest magnify him? and that Thou shouldest set Thine heart upon him?" "Many, truly, O Lord my God," exclaims the Psalmist, "are Thy

wonderful works which Thou hast done, and Thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." Nothing surely can serve better to quicken faith and animate love, to mitigate grief and disarm temptation, to temper and moderate life's anxieties and engrossments, to sweeten our earthly joys, to hallow our earthly sorrows, to elevate and dignify our earthly pursuits, than to go forth to the world, climbing its mountains of toil, and descending its valleys of care, pre-occupied and solemnised with a thought of God. If we would let God's thoughts, as they are revealed in the Word, come in and fill the chambers of our minds, how different our views and feelings would be both regarding Him and ourselves.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!"

THE BETTER WILL.

To have each day the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'Tis hard to say without a sigh,
Lord, let Thy will be done;
'Tis hard to say, my will is Thine,
And Thine is mine alone.

Most truly, then, Thy will is done
When mine, O Lord, is crossed;
'Tis good to see my plans overthrown,
My ways in Thine all lost.

Whate'er Thy purpose be, O Lord,
In things or great or small,
Let each minutest part be done,
That Thou mayest still be all.

In all the little things of life,
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little and in great alike,
Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life,
To Thee, my God, be given;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heaven.

H. BENAH

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

LUKE x. 29-35.

In this parable we have delineated, in the simplest way and most exact manner, how Christ is a neighbour to a needy one on earth. There is nothing about heaven in it. There is the salvation which entitles me to heaven; but it is not *there* that we shall want a neighbour, but *here*, in this scene of distress. The question is put to the Lord, "Who is my neighbour?" and His answer implies that it is the one who needs Him; and He points out the condition of the one whom He helps, and the character of the help which He gives; not merely what the law requires, but according to the goodness and greatness of God. He unfolds the wondrous relief which He brings to the most needy one on earth, and shows that the very same power that will carry such an one to heaven is that which bears him along the road. He transfers him into a new condition, and places him *for ever* under His own care; that is, Christ's SALVATION.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." That is a picture of man's state. He may not be aware of it; so much the worse. This poor man was not dead: he had enough of life left to make him feel his sufferings and his powerlessness; and so powerless was he that he could not refuse the favour offered. The help comes to man, but he resists it. He is not so consciously powerless as to remain passive, because of weakness. Souls are not saved by Christ, because they are resisting Him in some way. Christ is a neighbour to the one who *wants* Him. Zaccheus wanted Him; he desired to see Him;

and he was met beyond his desire. "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them who believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." If you admit your helplessness;—make no secret of it, then comes the blessing. "I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgivest the iniquity of my sin" (Psalm xxxii. 5).

The Lord here represents Himself by a Samaritan—one on whom the Jews had no claim. We had no claim on Christ; but He has come, and takes the place of loving His neighbour as Himself. He does not confine Himself to the law, but He goes farther. He serves the needy one, not for the one or many occasions only, but ALWAYS—not merely according to the law, which was God's standard for man, but according to His own standard—"the will of God."

Here is a helpless one with nothing to commend him. He has no power even to resist. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." That is the manner of the Lord's love to the needy one. He saw what man was in himself, and it brought Him to the Cross, as we know. He came to minister life and comfort to the needy on earth, pouring oil and wine into our death wounds, recovering us from our lost estate. Restored life, or new life, is thus expressed by the figure "oil and wine." The needy one is cured where he suffered. We find our wounds are cured *here*, where we suffer from them.

Do you ever want a neighbour? Whom do you go to in

your trouble? If you believed that God's Son was in this world, would you ever turn to any but to Him? He came where the poor man was: the priest and the Levite passed by; but He sees and enters into the whole character of the evil on suffering man. He fulfilled all the counsel of God, and He alone was the one to remove the evil. He comes to meet you in your distress, not stretching out His hand and sending favours from a distance, but entering into all the circumstances, having intimate acquaintance with the necessity of the one who needs the help. Do you value a neighbour? Have you found one? He has come to help us, not after a human fashion only, but to manifest the love of God, which, once it has to do with us, will never leave us. We must always be the objects of it—"for ever." Will you pass on and say, I do not want to know Him?

Every one has a death-wound—a suffering of some kind—a sense of what a bitter world it is. All the neighbour was bound to do by the law was to help out of trouble. But this wonderful neighbour says, I bring you to my side and to my state, having *first* saved you from your own. "He set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." You first get His power and then His care. Of course this is all figurative; but it shows how the Lord cares for us in a world of difficulty and trial. No one doubts that Christ's power carries the believer to heaven, but do you expect Him to take you off your own feet, and transfer you to the power which is in Himself? He turns us from darkness to light, not when we get to heaven, but here on earth where a neighbour acts in the very place where we are. He does not put you on your own feet, as He did

when down here, as we read in the Gospels, with those who were lame and palsied. Now He transfers you to another condition. The same character of power that wrought in Christ is given the needy one. Scripture is definite as to this. (See Eph. i. 19, 20.) You are on new ground—*set on his own beast*. He gives us power to rise out of the condition in which He finds us. Whose power is it? It is not mine; the wounds are mine. Not only are the wounds healed—not merely is there a sense of relief from what would terrify and distress, but there is the consciousness of having His power—the mighty power that wrought in Christ and raised Him from the dead. Does it not attract and interest you to know that Christ came down to where you were,—that He is near to you, as your neighbour, to pour oil and wine into your death wounds, and to give you a power which you had not before—His own power—setting you on His “own beast”?

Christ magnified the law, did the will of God, and fulfilled His love. Now, He says, the power that wrought in myself is the very power I give you. “We are quickened together with Christ” (Eph. ii. 5). Is it meant that we should know nothing of it down here? No; “it worketh in us” (Eph. iii. 20). His power brings you to “the inn” (the place where He will take care of you), not to a home; heaven is our home. “And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.”

Now, I have His *care*. You find the nature and manner of that care all through His life on earth. “While I was with them in the world I kept them in

Thy name.” It was not riches He gave them. They were so poor they had to shell ears of corn in their hands for food; yet when He asked, “When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, lacked ye anything?” they said, “Nothing.”

An inn is for a stranger, a traveller. People do not like this; they like to have a home, a rest, in this world. All would like to have their wounds cured; but they do not care to be set on “His own beast,” to be on the new ground with Christ! It is there that He will take care of you, and that your soul will have the sense of what it is to be brought to a place where Christ is chargeable for you all the journey through. The charge is His, and He never relinquishes it. He would have us know that we are *always* in His charge—not dependent on any other person. Look at the state in which the needy one was found, and the state in which Christ sets him. Does it not draw the heart to Christ? He has come to open out to us the heart of God,—to be the exponent of it. Do not be afraid to trust Him in the path of trouble and distress. He will show you that it is not power only that He will exercise on your behalf—not only a strong hand stretched forth to save you, but the care of a loving heart, to nurture and to cherish you all the way. Is there a heart that knows anything of the sorrow of the world who will say, “I will not look to Him, I will resist Him,” or who does not long to say, “I am going through this world as an inn, only seeking a night’s lodging, finding I am still without a home, yet having the unspeakable solace of being cared for by Christ, my Saviour, while a stranger and a traveller in this weary world.” And be looking forward to meet with those who “confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”

NOURISHMENT FOR THE NEW LIFE.

It is well to begin every day with God and His word. It is a sure sign of spiritual life and health. Let your first conscious moments be spent in His holy presence, and your first desires be expressed to Him. Start on your daily course from the throne of grace; in the evening close it there; yet never leave *that* sanctuary all day long.

Child-like, attend what thou wilt say;
Go forth and do it while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my sweet retreat.

We are only safe when trusting in Him and walking in the light of His countenance. Seek by God’s grace to be kept in the place of simple dependence on Himself.

There is deep reality in communion with God, through the medium of His word, by the power of the Holy Spirit. “How sweet,” says the Psalmist, “are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!”

When our spiritual appetite is good we are sure to grow. We need spiritual as well as natural food every morning, but we are more in danger of forgetting the former than the latter. Hence the importance of the exhortation, “As new-born babes, desire the sincere (pure, unmixed) milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.” Show that you heartily desire it; that it is sweet and pleasant to your taste; that you are nourished by it; that you are satisfied with it; and that you return to it with increasing delight.

Oh! that ALL the babes in God’s family, and ALL the lambs in Christ’s flock, thus relished their divine food. Cleave to God’s word for everything past, present, and future. “Thy testimonies have I taken as my heritage for ever.”

THE GIFT OF PEACE.

"My peace I give unto you."

"PEACE I leave with you" is much; "My peace I give unto you" is more. The added word tells the fathomless marvel of the gift—"My peace." Not merely "peace with God." Christ has made that by the blood of His cross, and being justified by faith, we have it through Him. But after we are thus reconciled, the enmity and the separation being ended, Jesus has a gift for us from His own treasures, and this is its special and wonderful value, that it is *His very own*. How we value a gift which was the giver's own possession! What a special token of intimate friendship we feel it to be! To others we give what we have made or purchased; it is only to very near and dear ones that we give what has been our own personal enjoyment or use. And so Jesus gives us not only peace made and peace purchased, but a share in His very own peace,—divine, eternal, incomprehensible peace,—which dwells in His own heart as God, and which shone in splendour of calmness through His life as man. No wonder that it "passeth all understanding."

But how? Why does the sap flow from the vine to the branch? Simply because the branch is joined to the vine. Then the sap flows into it by the very law of its nature. So, being joined to our Lord Jesus by faith, that which is His becomes ours, and flows into us by the very law of our spiritual life. If there were no hindrance it would indeed flow as a river. Then how earnestly we should seek to have every barrier removed to the inflowing of such a gift! Let it be our prayer that He would clear the way for it, that He would take away all the unbelief, all the self, all the hidden cloggings of the channel.

Then He will give a sevenfold blessing: "My peace," "My joy," "My love," at once and always, now and for ever; "My grace" and "My strength" for all the needs of our pilgrimage; "My rest" and "My glory" for all the grand sweet home-life of eternity with Him.

ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.

"BLESSED are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John xx. 29). The exercise of faith without sight is beautifully illustrated by an anecdote from "Cecil's Remains." His little daughter was one day playing with some beads, which delighted her wonderfully. He told her to throw them into the fire. "The tears," said he, "started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. 'Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be good for you.' She looked at me a few moments longer, and then, summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire. 'Well,' said I, 'there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now.' Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home I opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears with ecstasy. 'Those, my child,' said I, 'are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads into the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what faith is.' I know of nothing that could more clearly illustrate my idea of faith than this beautiful inci-

dent. Had the father brought the larger toys first, and told the child to exchange the smaller ones for them, she might have been obedient and grateful; but she would have manifested no faith. It was when the spirit of filial love overcame every other impulse, and enabled her to act in view of things unseen, that her faith revealed itself. To act toward God, in any case, as she acted toward her father, is faith.

"THE LORD LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL."

A POOR man who had been a thief, and very violent and wicked, was brought to know Jesus as his Saviour; and on being asked one day the cause of the wonderful change, he said: "It was the crucifixion did it, ma'am. Punishment did me no good. It was it that made me so bad; but I was bad to begin with, and it could not change me. I was flogged and handcuffed, and had irons on my legs, was in the 'darks' and solitary for many a day: and everything done to me I kicked against, and those that did it. I cursed and swore at them; and when I was silent I did it more in my heart. Every stroke brought out a fresh sin. Nothing that I bore could pay my debt, for I broke the law again at every turn. It was all no use—no use to lay it on me. But oh, when I read of Jesus, how He was bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him, I saw that He could bear it. I was often dumb with my mouth like a man, and bit my lips till they bled, but He was dumb within like a sheep. When He was nailed He did not threaten. He submitted without a notion of rebelling, and this was the way He was able to pay up instead of us, for He was the Son of God, and

The SALVATION OF GOD is sent unto the Gentiles, and they will hear it.

Acts xxviii. 28.

He had no sin. I see it plainly and I believe it. '*The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all*;' we could not bear it without becoming worse. This is what changed me, and I am a changed man."

"HE SAID HE WOULD, AND HE WILL."

THIS was a child's definition of faith in Christ, and is it not both clear and correct? Christ said that He would save those who trust in Him, and He will. No doubt, no fear, no suspense. He says that He will "give grace and glory," and that no "good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." Yes, reader, He will do as He has promised. "He said He would, and He will."

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

In a miserable cottage at the bottom of a hill two children hovered over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without—a fearful tempest—against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I; I've hunted for a potato paring, and can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes, the old tree has blown down. I guess God took care that it didn't fall on the house. See, it would certainly have killed us."

"If He could do that, couldn't He send us bread?"

"I guess so; let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a human feeling stole into his heart; God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great many days, but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and then listened to the wild, eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" questioned the younger.

"Yes; I mean to love God for ever, for giving us bread because we asked Him."

"We'll ask Him every day, won't we? why, I never thought God was so good, did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never quite knew it before."

"Let's ask Him to give father work to do, all the time, so we need never be hungry again. He'll do it—I'm sure."

The storm passed—the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren.

In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the poor labouring man.

And the little children ever after felt a sweet and solemn emotion, when in their matinal devotions they came to those trustful words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

BROUGHT—WENT.

"JOSEPH was brought down to Egypt." "Abram went down into Egypt." A picture of two servants of the Lord filling the same place. One is "brought" into that position by God,—the Word of the Lord tried him,—but he is saved from sin through fierce temptation, and is made a blessing, for "the Lord was with him." The other "went" into it, of his own accord; therefore he falls into sin when tried, and has to be "sent away" by those who were "plagued for his sake" (Gen. xii. 39).

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

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APRIL 1881.

[No. 166.

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HELPFUL STUDY.

By DR. MACKAY.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

(Matt. vi. 28.)

IN that wonderful series of addresses which our Lord delivered, as recorded in the beginning of Matthew, among many other exhortations and encouragements He draws the eyes of His disciples to the birds overhead and to the wild flowers beneath their feet. Food and raiment are what nature craves for at the lowest level of human existence, but He argues that the machine which man possesses is of much more value than the fuel which keeps it running, or the building in which it is located. Far greater than food is that wonderful thing, "life," which God alone can give, and far more wonderful is that complex machine, "the body," than the clothes with which men find it necessary to cover it. "Be careful for nothing" is the exhortation to faith, "be careless in everything" is the application of unbelief. The carefulness for nothing, which uses prayer and

supplication with thanksgiving in making our requests known to God, is the normal attitude of a quiet, calmly, trusting child of God. Is the question one of raiment? a Father's love will see to it, for Solomon, with all the best fabrics that earth's looms could weave, was never

ing fact about the Flora in Palestine, that while its *cultivated* products are very different from what they were in the days of Christ, its wild flowers, and those of natural growth, have been but little disturbed.

And modern travellers tell us that the lily family is much more



dressed in such perfection as the lowliest flower that we think nothing of trampling beneath our foot.

It is difficult to say at this date what peculiar flower our Lord referred to under the name lily, and it is of very little consequence. Still it is a very interest-

numerous in Palestine than all other kinds of wild flowers, and more numerous than can be found in any other such tract of country in the globe. They are all spring flowers, coming with their beautiful, consoling, cheering colours and inimitable shapes, telling us of spring re-

surrection life after the bleak, cold death of winter.

In this family are found the ordinary lily, the crocus, the tulip, the hyacinth, the narcissus, star of Bethlehem, the scilla, the gladiola, and many others similar.

This plant was so common in Persia that it is supposed to have given its name to Susa, the capital (the Hebrew word for lily being "shushan"). The following description of the Huleh-lily by Dr. Thompson ("The Land and the Book"), were it more precise, would perhaps have enabled botanists to identify it:—

"This Huleh-lily is very large, and the three inner petals meet above and form a gorgeous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under, even in his utmost glory. . . . We call it Huleh-lily because it was here that it was first discovered. Its botanical name, if it have one, I am unacquainted with. . . . Our flower delights most in the valleys, but it is also found on the mountains. It grows among thorns, and I have sadly lacerated my hands in extricating it from them. Nothing can be in higher contrast than the luxuriant, velvety softness of this lily, and the crabbed, tangled hedge of thorns about it. Gazelles still delight to feed among them, and you can scarcely ride through the woods north of Tabor, where these lilies abound, without frightening them from their flowery pasture."

We have in the teaching of our Lord four things—1st, A fact; 2d, An inference; 3d, An exhortation; 4th, A lesson.

1st, A FACT.—There are lilies in God's creation as well as thorns. There are flowers to be studied as well as fruits to be eaten. Our lives here are not to be taken up entirely in mere money-making, or even getting our souls saved and sanctified,

but God has opened up to us His manifold paged book that men generally call nature. The stars of night shine to show us a palpable infinite, and to lead even the heathen searching for light to the idea of eternal power and Godhead. Astronomers have long asked "What are the stars?" and the greatest and best have still to sing their childhood's song—

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are"—

the only difference being that the wonder is deeper, and with the Christian it has got wedded to worship. But while the mystery of *what* they are remains still unsolved, the student of God rejoices in the fact "there are stars." But not alone among the inconceivable distances, magnitudes, velocities of the heavenly bodies, are the majestic steps of the great Uncreated to be seen. Contemplating such, and nothing but such, might lead the worm-man to suspect that he might be overlooked. But the microscope opens up a universe of littles, in many respects even more wonderful than the revelations of the telescope. A little sand from ocean's depths, dredged up and put under this exaggerated eye, discloses the fact that this great God has made possibly thousands of years ago, and until recently unseen by any eye but His own, some of the most exquisitely carved shells, none larger than a grain of sand, as the dwelling-place of the worms of the ocean.

But not only to the scholar are marvellous facts laid bare, the artisan and the beggar have innumerable facts spread out before them, the number and variety yielding such an embarrassment of riches that the great Master has to draw our attention to such near wonders.

2d, AN INFERENCE.—We have the faculty and power to consider

these facts. We are not down at the level of the beautiful gazelle, who can only eat the lily; but the lowliest and even the worst of men have been made in the image of God, and have a something, call it what you please, that leads them up to higher levels, that gives them faculties, differing not only in degree, but totally in kind, from the mere eat and drink animal nature. The smallest insect can far surpass man in muscular power or agility. The bird can soar much higher into the sky, the horse and hound can outstrip him much in speed, but he alone has the divine faculty which can bring him into sympathy with the mind of the all-creating God.

3d, AN EXHORTATION.—Does it not seem remarkable that we should have to be exhorted to consider such loveliness? God has given us something beside mere spiritual aspirations. He has given us a book of nature as well as a book of revelation, and each book is mutually helpful of the other; hence His exhortation, "Consider." He does not say merely trample on, look at, pluck, admire, but He says, consider; and as with the carpet of green beneath our feet, varied with its beautiful wild flowers, so with the canopy of blue over our heads, varied with its magnificent paintings of cloud. "Yet," as one has well said, "we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration."

NATURE'S EXHORTATION.

IF, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm.

Who among the whole crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen, or if the apathy be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary, and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail nor the drift of the whirlwind that the highest characters of the Sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice; they are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp - black and lightning. Every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days or thereabouts a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the

most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm and the perpetual, that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood, things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given." Look upward, look downward, look all around and worship in the great temple of a Father God, to which is added to us the extra charm that it has been all purchased by the blood of the Lamb. Consider the lilies.

4th. A LESSON.—The teaching that our Lord was giving His disciples at this time was not, as is sometimes thought, a lesson against man's pride, self-sufficiency, and self-conceit. He is not saying that we are not to dress ourselves well, as we have no chance to shine in the competition; but He is rather encouraging the faith of the poor and the weak and the lowly, who, in taking up their cross and following Him, had to leave lands and possessions, and home and friends, and actually might have before them the prospect of starvation and nakedness, and He thus in the most homely way proves to them the Almighty care of an all-mighty God whom He taught them to call "our Father."

THE LIFE-PRESERVER.

On the — day of June 18— might have been seen the noble ship "Red Rover," which had been lying for several weeks in Boston Harbour, but was now ready, with freight, passengers, and crew all on board, to put to

sea, and was only waiting for the coming of a new day, when they would weigh anchor and leave for distant lands. On the morning on which they were to start the sun rose in unclouded splendour. Just as the "god of day" rose above the horizon, the sails of the "Red Rover" were spread to the breeze, and now, as she gracefully floats over the dark blue sea, she does indeed seem like a thing of life.

Until within a few days of reaching their place of destination, their voyage had been one of unclouded prosperity. The captain had remarked on Monday evening of the third week, that he had never had so favourable a passage. "We know not what a day may bring forth." In a few hours all was changed. On that same night, a little after midnight, the sky was overcast, the wind howled, the lightnings flashed, the angry waves dashed and foamed, and as they struck against the ship it seemed as if destruction were inevitable. The scene was terrific. A storm at sea! who can do justice to a scene so sublime? Painters and poets have tried in vain. How impressively does the pen of inspiration picture its magnificence? "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are quiet. So He bringeth them to their desired haven."

The captain of the "Red Rover" was a sceptic, or *tried* to be. Unfortunately there was one passenger on board who was a declared infidel, and who when he found out that the captain's sentiments were similar to his own, took advantage of every opportunity to say something calculated to strengthen him in his infidel views. The captain's childhood had been passed with a *Christian mother*. On the evening on which the storm occurred, the captain and his infidel friend had been conversing later than usual. Mr. — had been bolder than ever in the expression of his infidel views. After he retired, the captain continued to pace the deck; but instead of dwelling on the subject on which they had been conversing, busy memory carried him back to the days of his childhood, where in an humble cottage, in his New England home, his eye rested upon a loved form bowed with the weight of sorrow more than of years; and as the breeze fanned his cheek, he seemed to hear in its whispering the voice of his mother, pleading as a mother only can plead for the blessing of God upon her wayward, wandering son. Long years had fled since then, and the mother had entered upon her rest. The Bible! his mother's parting gift, which he had received when first he left her to encounter the perils and trials of a sailor's life, had been suffered to remain for years in his chest unopened.

"Captain, are we in much danger?" inquired a lady passenger, as the captain came into the cabin to urge all to put on their life-preservers without delay.

"Yes," he answered hurriedly, "we are in imminent peril. Get your life-preserver." The captain had provided an abundance of them. Many on board were too much terrified to use them. The lady whom the captain ad-

dressed held out to him an open Bible, and said, "This, captain, is *my* life-preserver." The captain made no comment then; but it did not escape his memory, as in passing along he heard his infidel companion crying aloud in tones of anguish to that God whom but a few hours before he had denied. The captain was so indignant at what he considered his cowardly conduct, that he gave him a blow which made him reel, exclaiming as he did so, "You lying hypocrite! you told me you were not afraid to die. Your conduct proves you do not believe one word of what you uttered last night."

For many hours the ship and all on board were in imminent peril. All on board was consternation and alarm. Many who had never thought of praying before now called loudly on God to help them. It has been said that "those who would learn to pray should go to sea." Alas! many there are who call upon God in the hour of danger who forget Him when it is over. The lady who found the Bible her life-preserver was the only one who was perfectly calm. That Bible had directed her to Him whom the winds and the seas obey, and He was to her "a very present help in time of trouble." The contrast between this Christian lady and the infidel convinced the captain that there *was truth in religion*, and he determined, if God would spare his life, he would from this time forth, with divine assistance, live for God alone.

The storm lasted for some time, but the ship passed safely through it, and they had no more storms, but safely reached their haven. The captain then gave up his seafaring life, and from that time was a changed man. The Bible which had been so long neglected was now his constant companion. He called it his life-preserver, for

by it, with God's blessing, he had been led to behold "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." The captain became a minister of the Gospel, and he is now labouring in the far west to bring others to Jesus.

GRACE MULTIPLIED.

GRACE and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord. It is as we get acquainted with God and His dear Son, that our souls grow in peace and strength. The knowledge of ourselves is the knowledge of sin and misery. The knowledge of God is the knowledge of love, and strength, and joy. Seek to know Him more, to know Him in His Son, and by His word.

COME UNTO ME.

MATT. xi. 28.

"Come unto Me!" He bids me, it is true:

And what an easy thing it seems to do!

But where am I to find the Saviour now?

How can I "come" to Jesus? Tell me how!

He cannot surely mean to lay a snare For heavy-laden souls, by words so fair?

No! if He thus invites me, it is plain He is as near as if on earth again.

And if He were on earth again, I should—

And many other needy sinners would—

Look up with confidence at that kind face,

And tell Him everything about my case.

I take Thee at Thy word! I come to Thee!

For though I see Thee not, Thou seest me.

Weary and miserable on Thy breast I cast me down, and find the promised rest!

EVIL THOUGHTS.—We cannot keep the crows from flying over our heads, but we *can* keep them from building their nests in our hair.

THE INVISIBLE LINE.

THE restraint of the Gospel is the most perfect liberty. A Divine Hand holds us from evil that we may be free to do good.

When I was a child my nearest neighbour had occasion to repair some breaks in the roof of one of his barns. So he sent his "hired man" aloft to do the work. There was not a sign of any staging built, nor a ladder grappled to the ridge, nor so much as a cleat nailed on to steady himself by. But, catching a glimpse of the man from our place, I saw him walking up and down the steep old-fashioned roof as erect and as unconcerned as if he were only pacing a parlour floor. So I was naturally curious to learn how he did it. But coming a little nearer, I saw a long tough cord securely tied about his waist, and extending up over the ridge of the roof, while down in the rear of the barn stood the proprietor holding the cord very firmly with both hands. When the man wanted to walk down toward the eaves, he would sing out, "More rope, more rope!" Instantly the proprietor would hear him, though out of sight, and would begin cautiously paying out the cord, a few inches at a time. When the workman wished to return and ascend the steep roof, he again called out the proper signal: the rope would tighten, and he would walk as leisurely as he would have mounted a broad stairway.

Now this man was bound with the cord and firmly held by the power of another. But who can fail to see that this restraint was what really gave him liberty. The more carefully the cord was grasped and handled, the more complete the liberty of the workman—not to fall and to break his neck—but to go up and down and to do the

repairs in safety. The bond made him free.

So God gives men liberty through the restraints of the Gospel. He throws the cords of His protection around the believer, allowing him to go up and down at will, scaling heights, threading paths of danger, passing securely anywhere, in response to the call of duty. His bonds always draw upwards; never downwards; The freedom which sin gives, of which so many boast, the freedom to do as they please, and to go unrestrained wherever they will, is exactly the freedom which the breaking or the loosening of that cord would have given to the man upon the roof—perfect freedom to lose his footing and to plunge into remediless ruin. He who is willing to submit his erring nature to the Divine restraints of the Gospel will for ever "walk at liberty," unhampered by self, untouched by sin, and carry with him a witness of safety and of peace that armed guards and castle walls and munitions of rocks could not assure.

"I HAVE NOT A PARTICLE OF FEELING."

Thus spoke a young lady to whom I was presenting the claims of the gospel, and whom I was urging to an immediate acceptance of Christ. It would not have been strange to hear the words had they been accompanied with a stolid look, a careless manner, or an impatient temper; but, if you can imagine it, reader, the tears were seen coursing down her cheeks while she spoke, and there were suppressed sobs between her sentences, and now and then a deep-drawn sigh. Was she trying to deceive me by feigning indifference? I am sure this was not the case. But as we talked on, and I urged still more strongly an immediate decision of this

important matter, she said: "But I have no conviction of sin. How can I be a Christian unless I have first seen my sins, and truly repented of them?"

"Why, sir," she continued, "I rise in the morning determined to do right this day, and not to fall into any wrong ways, and before I know it, I forget myself; I lose my temper, or speak unkindly, or act meanly, and then I am completely discouraged, and think I won't try any more;" and with these words the tears once more ran down her cheeks. Was it not a singular exhibition? "No feeling!" and crying while she said it; and "*no conviction of sin*," and accusing herself bitterly all the while.

And yet it was a perfect illustration of the mistakes we make when we try to read our hearts. The eye was never made to look inward. It can see the outward world, but not the face in which it is set. The ear was never fashioned to catch the sounds that are within the body. The voices of the world, the winds and the waves, and the singing of the birds it hears at once; but the pulse-beats and the respirations it has no inner drum to resound. So of the mind;—we do declare that it is often the poorest judge of its own experiences and impressions. One can see sin in another more easily than in himself; he can discern the mote in a brother's eye more readily than he can see a beam in his own eye. And it is equally true that one can often see the evidence of penitence in another more easily than in himself. The sinner is not the best judge of his spiritual state; he needs the mirror of Scripture, or the mirror of some more enlightened mind than his own, wherein to discern his true condition of mind.

Hence the requirement of the gospel is, "*Look unto Me, and be ye saved.*" In Christ crucified is the place to see our sins; in

the mirror of revelation is the place to see our hearts; in the light of God's countenance is the place to discover our secret sins.

And so we took our troubled, self-deceived, and deeply dissatisfied inquirer, and led her at once to Christ. Instead of trying to deepen her conviction, or to persuade her that she really had penitence and feeling, we brought her to accept Christ just as she was. This she did, upon her knees, in that very hour. Did you ever see a flood of golden sunlight suddenly pouring into a room through an open shutter? How the motes become visible, dancing and floating and sparkling in the brightness. So sin, which the candle of conscience failed utterly to discover, or, discovering, failed to mark—so sin is seen in the light of God's face, the revelation of His Word, in the manifestation of Christ's cross. Therefore, do you want conviction? Come to Christ. Do you want pardon? Come to Christ. Do you want peace? Come to Christ. We shall be constantly deceived in looking at ourselves; we can never be deceived in "looking unto Jesus."

"HIS NAME, JESUS."

YES, Jesus only, none besides
Can do the sinner good.
Far off was I, but Jesus died,
And I have peace with God.
His name is dearer to me now
Than every name beside;
All glories beam around the brow
Of Jesus crucified.

The Holy One who knew no sin,
God made Him sin for me:
The Saviour died, my soul to win,
He lives, and I am free!
His precious blood alone availed
To wash my sins away;
Through weakness He o'er hell prevailed,
Through death He won the day.

His beauty shineth far above
A seraph's power of praise;
And I shall live and learn His love
Through everlasting days.

The knowing that He loveth me
Hath made my cup run o'er;
Yes, Jesus all my song shall be—
To-day and evermore!

THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA.

THE question, "What is necessary to our salvation?" is answered in Scripture by three assertions—

"Except ye repent ye shall perish."

"He that believeth on the Son of God shall be saved."

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

We must repent: we must believe; we must be born again. But these three are one. What comes first? It is difficult to see the sequence of spiritual or eternal things. The power of God comes first and radiates into these two elements, repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. With some faith preponderating, they rejoice at once in a crucified Christ. Repentance in which there is no faith is no true repentance; a faith in which there is no repentance is no true faith. If those who so quickly rejoice in Christ Jesus are not superficial, but truly believing, they will go into the school of repentance a little later; it is only changing the sequence of experience.

The Spirit gives to some to feel sin more prominently; He gives to another to feel more prominently the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ; but we must all go through the same teaching sooner or later. Those who rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have only a superficial view of sin, will at some subsequent period be led by the Spirit of God into a deeper knowledge of their heart. There will come a time in which sorrow and contrition preponderate over joy and thanksgiving. Yet there was

even at the beginning the element of repentance in their joy. The true test of repentance is: Do you rejoice in Christ Jesus? The true test of joy: Have you any confidence in the flesh?

The sinner beholds Jesus Christ as all his salvation, he therefore goes as he is to Jesus for pardon and renewal. Christ is our temple; Christ is our altar; Christ is our sacrifice; Christ is our High Priest, and none but sinners must come to Christ, and sinners must bring nothing to Christ, but simply cling to His cross and put their trust in the blood that was shed for the remission of sins. And as the Lord Jesus Christ is perfect, so there is nothing between us and Jesus Christ. Nothing to intercept His love and His power. When we behold Christ in the perfection of His holy walk on earth, we feel attracted by his grace and purity; but between Him and us there is a great distance, and a chasm, which no work of man can fill up; in the brightness of this mirror we only perceive the more clearly our unworthiness and guilt. But when we behold Him in the cross, we see the Holy One of Israel as our Redeemer.

He is now an open door: through the rent veil of His flesh we can enter into the Holy of Holies. And to this door we need no other portal: we stand immediately before it. Christ is the Way; He is the Door to the Way. When we survey the wondrous cross, we see that, as it reaches into the loftiest height—even the Heavenly Sanctuary itself—so it descended to the lowest depth—our guilt, condemnation, and death. Christ on the cross is Alpha. We begin with Him. Nothing can precede Him. Poor and lost sinners begin with Jesus as the Alpha, then shall you know and praise Him throughout eternity as the Omega!

A. SAPHIR.

WHAT THE LORD WOULD HAVE US LIKE

BY S. R. B.

1. Like a *Wise Man*. Matt. vii. 24 ; (Deut. xxxii. 29.)
PLANTED : in good soil— *in Christ*.
2. Like the *Palm Tree*. Ps. xcii. 12, 13.
GROW : Outward (*from within*) ; Upward—Fruitful—*Heavenly*.
3. Like the *Cedar Tree*. Ps. xcii. 12, 13.
GROW : for use— *Service*.
4. Like the *Green Olive Tree*. Ps. lli. 8.
GROW : in the Spirit— *Illuminate*.
5. Like a Tree *planted by the Water*. Ps. i. 3 ; Jer. xvii. 8.
GROW : cheerful— *Rejoice*.
6. Like the *Lily*. Hos. xiv. 5 ; Matt. vi. 27-29.
GROW : in purity— *Holiness*.
7. Like a *Watered Garden*. Is. lviii. 11.
GROW : beautiful—attractive— *Inviting*.
8. Like an *Unfailing Spring*. Isa. lviii. 11.
GROW : continuously— *"Occupy till I come."*
9. Like *Himself*. Rom. vi. 5 ; Phil. iii. 21 ; 1 John iii. 2.
GROW : *in Christ*— *for Glory*.
"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—Ps. xvii. 15.

THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY.

Henceforth LIVE—

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| Not as those dead in sin | Eph. ii. 1, 5. |
| Not as in times past | 1 Peter iv. 2, 3. |
| Not as those without God, without Christ, without hope | Eph. ii. 12. |
| Not unto ourselves | 2 Cor. v. 15. |
| But in newness of life | Rom. vi. 4. |
- Remembering—*
1. That Jesus came that we might have life John x. 10.
 2. That true life is only in Him 1 John v. 11.
 3. That believing in Him we may *know* we have life 1 John v. 13.
 4. That His life is to be manifested in us 2 Cor. iv. 11.
 5. And like Paul we may be able to say, "The life I *now* live I live by the faith of Jesus," &c. Gal. ii. 20.
- Shall we not ask ourselves this solemn question, "What is my life?" James iv. 14.
- And shall we not pray that we may be able to answer, "Christ is my life" ? Col. iii. 4.

Henceforth SERVE—

For there can be no true life without service—

1. *Not* sin Rom. vi. 6.
2. *Not* divers pleasures Titus iii. 3.
3. *Not* the two masters Matt. vi. 24.

But—

1. The Lord Josh. xxii. 24 ; Matt. iv. 10.
 2. This service is to be without fear Luke i. 74.
 3. Acceptable Heb. xii. 28 ; Rom. xii. 2.
 4. Spiritual Rom. i. 9.
 5. With a sincere heart 1 Chron. xxvii. 9.
 6. Will produce love to one another Gal. v. 13.
- The choice is to be made *now* Josh. xxiv. 15.
- This service will be rewarded Col. iii. 24.
- It will be continual Rev. vii. 15 ; xxii. 3.
- Yet there will be perfect rest Rev. xiv. 13.
- "Who then is willing to consecrate his service *this day* unto the Lord?" 1 Chron. xxix. 5.
- Can we say with Paul, "God, whom I serve" ? Acts xxvii. 23.

THE GREAT DELIVERER.

A HEARER'S NOTES OF AN ADDRESS

BY DR. MACKAY.

2 COR. I. 9, 10.

God's works may be near us, around us, but His person unknowable. At Sinai we hear a holy God speaking to His creatures, and there we find a God of inflexible justice. In this text we listen to God, not as a Mystery, nor a Destroyer, but a Deliverer. Here we find Him not as One whose work is to garnish the heavens or deck the earth, but a God who has come Himself to deliver us. Man has tried to conquer death, but he is as far from it as ever. Money may go far and do much, but death is the end of all. Your fame may extend far, but death is the limit of fame. But the Apostle speaks here of more than the mere separation of soul and body, when he says "so great a death," namely, that of the separation of man from God. God's way is not to shirk the question of death, but to interpose as a Deliverer from it.

When the Israelites were bitten by the fiery serpents God did not remove them, but He comes and says, Here is My way. The serpent of brass must be put on a pole, and *whosoever*, however severely bitten, looked on it was healed. Some might have tried their own ways of deliverance, by attempting to kill the serpents near to them, by endeavouring to staunch their bleeding wounds, by using remedies of their own devising. But God's way is above and beyond all man's plans, and when man takes God at His word then God is honoured. All the bitten Israelites had the sentence of death in themselves, but if any would look right away from self and take God's method, it mattered not how many nor how virulent his bites might be, he was healed.

When the question of man's deliverance from eternal death comes in, we want nothing between the sinner and the Saviour. Many want to come to God's ministers and get a certificate from them that they are saved; but the question is, Have you found yourself in God's Word? God's Word comes as to a rational being, and the question is, What does He say? A minister can only say to the anxious one, "There is the truth of God, that is what God says." He cannot interfere between God and the sinner; his work is done when he has brought the sinner face to face with what God says. The Apostle Paul took the sentence of death in himself, then he accepted God's way of deliverance. We find deliverance here in three aspects:

1. Delivered.
2. Doth deliver.
3. Will deliver.

Deliverance in the past, leading up to the present, and going on continuously into the future. We get deliverance in the past as justification, in the present as sanctification and cleansing. There is great misconception oftentimes concerning the cleansing blood. It is not only true that it *has cleansed*, but it *is cleansing*; once applied it is of continual efficacy. The holiest saint needs the blood continually, at every moment.

Take the life-boat as a picture of this deliverance, for it is not help that the shipwrecked mariner needs, but deliverance. Therefore the life-boat carries no luggage, no boards, or anything wherewith to patch up the wreck; but the shipwrecked ones must leave all and simply drop into the life-boat. Some try to save people by making them religious. This will never do. Self must be left. A man is willing it may be to leave his sins but not his good deeds, but all must be relinquished. In

the life-boat we are delivered from the great wreck, but not yet ashore. There is a present as well as a past deliverance needed, and the same who delivered us from so great a death, is delivering still between the wreck and the shore; and as we look at the lights in the harbour we say, "In whom we trust that He will yet deliver us."

The important point is the first step. Faith consists in letting go as well as laying hold. As the life-boat comes under the wreck, and the crew drop into it, so must we let go of all other hope and cling only to Christ. Let us not trust in our faith, nor repentance, nor conversion; the devil may argue us out of these as he argued Adam and Eve out of paradise. Put yourself into the middle of a text, as, "All we like sheep have gone astray. We have turned every one to his own way." Is that true of you? Well, then, having walked in at one end of it, walk out at the other: "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Resist the devil with a text. He can soon make out you are not a believer, but get in at the sinner door. He will never prove you are not a sinner, and "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Anchor to a text that is something worth gripping. Many look to their feelings, to something within, to see if they are saved. What would you think of a man who should drop the anchor into the hold of a ship and say, "We must keep it on board, we must not lose sight of it"? Let go; cast the anchor outside; then fixed on rock outside the anchor is fulfilling its function. Faith goes outward, not inward; Christward, not selfward; has to do with the Word of God, not feelings.

SATAN rules no man but with his own consent.

UNFATHOMED DEPTHS.

"NOTHING must take the place of the Book of God, or divert our attention from it. Our rule is, 'Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' There is this difference between the works of nature and those of art; the works of art strike us most with wonder at first sight, but the more we contemplate them the less wonderful they appear, as by degrees we begin to grasp the compass of wisdom which contrives them. Nature, at first sight, may not strike us so forcibly; but the more we contemplate her, the more wonder will be excited by fresh discoveries of the most perfect and varied wisdom. It is so in a similar degree in reading the Bible, and reading the most perfect of the compositions of man. With the most finished productions of the human intellect we grow tired, but with the Word of God, when read under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, it is far different—new beauty and glory are still unfolding."

Passages that we have read an hundred times, flash out with new and jewelled beauty as we gaze upon them. Words that have been studied and expounded for ages, have secrets yet unknown for those who patiently search for their deepest treasures; and we can only "comprehend with all saints" the fulness of that sacred truth which no one finite mind has yet been able to sound and grasp. Unfathomed and unfathomable, it is only "in the ages to come" that we shall clearly comprehend the "manifold wisdom of God," and the "exceeding riches of His grace," revealed to us in His abiding Word.

WHEN you give alms there are two that know all about it—the Master of the Treasury and the giver.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

(LUKE xiv.)

THE whole of this chapter is significant in no ordinary manner, I believe. The Lord visits man's world, and it does not suit Him—and then He shows that His world does not suit man.

The two feasts in this chapter are samples of the two worlds. That in the Pharisee's house is man's world. Guests are there after the fashion of the world, and the host is there after the same fashion. Pride marks the one, and selfishness the other—and such a world the Son of God can only rebuke. It does not suit Him. The feast in the parable, on the other hand, is Christ's world. It has been furnished entirely by Himself. It is just what *God* makes it. But this will not do for man—and all the guests that are seen at it are therefore *brought in* or *compelled*—otherwise the table would have been empty.

Thus, man's world does not suit the Lord, the Lord's world does not suit man. The pride and selfishness which are here will not do for Christ. And here let me say what a blessing it is, what eternal blessing is involved in it, that our world did not suit the Lord. What would have become of us sinners, had this been possible? Could pride suit Him who, though in the form of God, took on Him the form of a servant? Could selfishness suit Him who, when He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich? Our very salvation is involved in the fact, thus incidentally witnessed at the feast in the Pharisee's house, that man's world did not suit Jesus.

And, on the other hand, His kingdom is lightly esteemed by the heart of man—as this chapter goes on to show us.

The Lord, I believe, had the

heart of man in His thoughts, when He framed this parable. He meant to expose it, by showing that, but for sovereign grace, none would ever be in the kingdom. This "certain man" prepares his "supper"—and then, he sends out his "servant" to tell the "bidden" ones, that "all was ready."

This is the invitation to man, that he may come and enjoy a portion of God's providing in a coming scene of glory. But man has no heart for the invitation. He is occupied with other delights of his own providing, "the piece of ground," or "the yoke of oxen," or "the wife." These are more to man than all that God can give him.

The heart is thus *exposed*. But it is not *slandered*, if I may so speak; for the parable does not go beyond man's history of himself. Man has been exposing himself in the very way in which this parable exposes him, all through his history, from the beginning to the end of it. In earliest days, a mess of pottage was more to man than the birth-right—in latest days, at the very time, I may say, when the Lord was speaking this parable, a herd of swine was more to man than the healing virtue of the Son of God—and after that, thirty pieces of silver could purchase the heart of man from the company and the friendship of Jesus. And thus, the parable does not go beyond the history. Nay, rather, the parable gives but a chastened and delicate disclosure of that which had already exposed itself in grosser forms.

But, this being so, man having no desire for God's good things, for the promised provision of the coming kingdom, the Lord in power must provide guests, as in grace He has provided the feast. For He cannot sit at it alone. "Some *must* enter therein" (Heb. iv.). It would be no feast without guests—but divine grace will have it to be a feast.

Accordingly, the servant is sent forth again and again to "bring in" and to "compel." *Bidding* has been found ineffective. There must be *compelling*, or the house would be empty. And accordingly the compulsion is used, and then there are guests. But this is the surpassing grace of God. He has found the heart of man utterly indifferent to His goodness, preferring gratified lust to the glories and provisions of His coming kingdom; and yet He waits on it. He puts forth the power of His Spirit to *draw* man, as He has given His Christ to *save and to bless* him.

This is the exposure of man, and the revelation of God; and these things are the purpose and object of this parable of "the great supper."

No merely *bidden* one will ever be found at that table. All must be *compelled*, brought there and drawn there, or they never would be there.

But further, if chapter xiv. shows us the *need* of this compelling, of which I have spoken, chapter xv. shows us the *mode* of it. We see this in the case of the prodigal. We read in the Psalms, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." They are *made willing*. The hidden energy of the Spirit is used, but it acts in the way of making willing, not of *driving*. And this is illustrated in the prodigal.

The prodigal was "compelled to come in." But how? Against his will? No. It was in spite of himself, I know; but still, it was not against his will, but by making him willing.

"He came to himself." By the hidden power of the Spirit this was done. He saw his present misery in its just character; he saw it as the fruit and witness of his past ways. This was coming to himself. But this discovery is welcome to him. However humbling

such knowledge may be, he willingly yields to it, and is convicted. And then, he is made willing also to return, in thought and remembrance, to his father and his father's house. And he acts upon all this. He rises and goes to his father, convicted and confessing; but when his father lets him still further learn what a father he was, by falling on his neck and kissing him, he receives it all without an unbelieving word upon his lips. He sits at the table with the robe and the ring upon him, with the fatted calf before him, and the music and the merry-making of the house all around him, and in the spirit of faith he accepts it all—for as he had learnt himself for his humbling, he had learnt his father for his joy and blessing.

Thus is he made willing; thus is he "compelled" to come in. The energy of the Spirit thus "brings him in," as the parable in chapter xiv. speaks. The "great supper," the supper in the father's house, is spread, and spread for him, but he takes his place at it as a returned child, and a most welcome guest.

NOT WILLINGLY.

THERE is strong consolation in these words of the weeping prophet: "He doth not afflict willingly!"

The word translated "willingly" means "from His heart." "He doth not afflict from His heart," but only and always from His hand. When His hand is lifted up against us, His heart is yearning over us with unspeakable tenderness. When Joseph "made himself strange" unto his brethren, and "spake roughly" to them, his *heart* said, "O my brothers!" So when God makes Himself strange to us in the disguise of some dark Providence, when He speaks roughly to us, His heart is

overflowing with more than a mother's tenderness. When He says, "Hear ye the rod," His *heart* says, "How can I give thee up?"

And if we are His, can we not kiss the rod? When it falls upon us all we shall surely see our Father's hand at the other end of it. It is not then wielded by a tyrant, nor is it an iron rod: neither is it a dead bramble, but rather a living rose branch. Like Aaron's rod it buds and blossoms, and bears fruit—"the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Are we passing under the rod to-day? Behold how the smiting shakes off the precious fruits! And what a beautiful variety there is, and all from one branch! There is everlasting love, and sweet peace, and meek patience, and perfect submission, and holy joy, and abiding hope—but we forbear. Time would fail us to count up all the precious fruits of our Father's rod.

We are exhorted to "hear the rod," but we should use our eyes as well as our ears, and look when we hear, that we may see where the fruit falls, and may gather it up and eat it, that it may be unto us the joy and rejoicing of our hearts. Let us take all our trials as love-tokens, for surely in kindness only are they sent. God does not afflict willingly. He sees the "need be," though we may not. Let us then be patient and prayerful under the rod.

DEAD WHILE LIVING.

It is of a woman—it may be a refined, highly-cultivated and beautiful woman—it is written, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Or it may be translated, "She that giveth herself up to pleasure is dead while she liveth." If pleasure is the aim and end of her existence, as it is with thousands of fashionable young

ladies, although nothing can be said against her character by the admiring world, although she may be the brightest and the fairest of the social circle, the Holy Ghost declares she is carrying about a dead heart in a living bosom,—she is but a walking corpse.

Many a father, yea, many a Christian father, looking with unutterable pride and yearning upon the young girl who is the joy of his house, if he could see her in the light of God's Word, would exclaim in deep distress, "My daughter is even now dead."

O dead in sin!

Wilt thou still choose to die
The death of deaths eternally?
Dost thou not feel the gloom
Of the eternal tomb?

O dead to life!

Wilt thou the life from heaven
Reject, the life so freely given?
Wilt thou choose sin and tears
Through everlasting years?

O dead to Christ!

Wilt thou despise the love
Of Him who stooped from joy above,
To shame on earth, for thee,
That He might set thee free?

O dead to God!

Wilt thou not seek His face?
Wilt thou not turn and own the grace?
Wilt thou not take the heaven
So freely to thee given?

THINE.

"I am Thine."

THIS is a wonderful stone for the sling of faith. It will slay any Goliath of temptation, if we only sling it out boldly and determinately at him.

When self tempts us (and we know how often that is), let it be met with "not your own," and then look straight away to Jesus with "I am *Thine*."

If the world tries some lure, old or new, remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; . . . but I have chosen you out of the world;" and lest the world should claim us as "his own," look away to Jesus and say, "I am Thine."

ALL THINGS MADE FOR HIM.

IN all the realms of God's kingdom, from the lowest to the highest, we see symbols of Christ. In the lowest we have Christ represented by the *Stone*, the *Rock*, the emblem of strength, of firmness, of never-changing stability; the foundation which cannot be moved. But He is also like the plant. His is life, even as He gives life. He is therefore called the *Branch*, simply and most generally representing the idea of organic life. And this is its highest and noblest form, for He is the *Vine*; and in its loveliest and most beautiful manifestation, for He is the *Rose*.

But He is symbolized forth in a higher kingdom than that of plants. He is strong and royal as a lion; He is meek and gentle, attractive and patient, "made for suffering," like a lamb. But yet higher we rise, He is called "the Son of man;" for whatsoever is truly human (according to the idea of God), wisdom and love, strength of purpose and gentleness of submission, concentration in God and expansive benevolence to all work and energy and meditative rest, all that is truly man finds in Him its perfect exponent and fulfilment. Everywhere we see Jesus Christ prefigured; and not merely Jesus Christ, but also the mystery of suffering and of death, as the Lord Jesus teaches us from the corn of wheat. In creation, as it was in Christ, and for Christ, the Lamb of God was in the mind of the Father. Therefore, from the beginning the cross of the Lord Jesus was in the purpose of God.

God has many decrees; God has only one purpose; to manifest Himself, to show forth His glory, to reveal His perfections, and to show them forth in His only-begotten and well-beloved Son, and in Him as in Jesus

Christ crucified. The Lamb of God was slain, the Apostle Peter tells us, before the foundation of the world. Redemption is no after-thought in God; it is His first thought; and according to the Lamb that was slain, all things were made. He is the centre of creation; He is the centre of history or providence; He is the centre of redemption; He is the centre of glory.

THE PHYSICIAN'S DELAY.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was" (JOHN xi. 5, 6).

THERE is something very remarkable in that word "therefore." I feel sure that if you had given human reason the fifth verse, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," and asked for the legitimate inference, the sixth verse would have continued thus, "When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He hastened and went at once to Bethany." But as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts—and He "abode two days still in the same place where He was."

We can easily picture the intense anxiety of the sisters. Will our messenger reach the Lord in time? Will our urgent necessity appear? Will He come at once? And when sufficient time had elapsed for His arrival, what painful and fruitless conjectures as to His absence! Jesus was not unmindful of their deep distress. Witness the serenity with which, when His hour was come, He fearlessly returned to Judea, where "the Jews had sought to stone Him;" witness how, when He saw Mary weeping, and her friends weeping with her, He groaned in spirit, and was troubled; witness how He wept and groaned

again, though He knew that one brief hour would turn their mourning into joy; still, with the keenest appreciation of all they were going through, because He loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus, "He abode two days still in the same place where He was."

The reason is no mystery to us now, for we know the sequel. Through this delay His mightiest miracle was wrought. Suffering saint, you are passing through the furnace. You know not what your Lord is doing now; you see not the bright sequel. Take comfort from the family of Bethany. For you, too, eternal blessings are connected with protracted affliction.

THE LAST MOUTHFUL OF FOOD.

TIMES were very hard with us during the war. My husband had been long out of work, and one morning we ate the last mouthful of food I had in the house, and I knew not where to look for another meal for my four little children. The most trying moment of that sad day was when my youngest child, a golden-haired pet, only three years old, said: "Mamma, Ada is hungry," and I was obliged to answer, "Darling, mother has nothing to give you." She opened her eyes in grave astonishment, looked at me silently for a moment, and said slowly, "Ada is awful hungry." It seemed to me my heart would break. I felt I must do something; but what could I do? I had very little real faith in prayer, but I could think of no other resort, so I knelt down with my children and asked with tears for daily bread. I wept because my need was great, but I had little expectation of an answer. But Ada was not so unbelieving. I shall never forget the air of expectation with which she looked up into my face as we rose from our

BEHOLD YOUR KING. *Matthew's Gospel.*

BEHOLD MY SERVANT. *Mark's Gospel.*

BEHOLD THE MAN. *Luke's Gospel.*

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. *John's Gospel.*

knees and said, "Maybe God is cutting the bread now."

Meanwhile my husband had been going from place to place looking for work, but had not found any, and was coming home empty-handed and with an aching heart. Quite near the house he met our minister, and after learning that he had no work yet, the good man said, "You have been out of work for a long time now, and you have quite a family; I want you to tell me how you get along. Have you things that you need at home?" This was too much for my poor husband; he burst into tears, and confessed that we were without food or money. So it came about that in less than an hour after our prayer was offered he came in with a large basket well filled with comforts for us, and on top of all was a large loaf of bread. This was the first thing Ada saw when the cover was removed, and she exclaimed, "O mamma! God didn't cut the bread—He's sent us the whole loaf!"

FRET NOT.

ONE of Cromwell's friends was a fretting Christian, to whom everything went wrong and portended disaster. One day, when unusually fretful, his sensible servant said:

"Master, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Don't you think He will govern it very well when you are out of it?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Well, then, can't you trust Him to govern it for the little time you are in it?"

That shot killed his fretfulness.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. Wise men are always wiser for their errors. Fools and weak-minded people are wearisomely looking back on their errors. They bewail them. They return again and again to them only to afflict themselves. Their faces are set the wrong way. They are looking back at the irremediable past, whereas they should look forward. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power. See to that. "Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," is the Apostle's wisdom. Would it not be wise for all?

"But is it not hard to do it?" Everything is hard to those who make it hard, and everything easy to those who make it easy. The power of the spirit to throw off care and trouble is recognised by the Master when He forbids men to be anxious for to-morrow (and just as much for yesterday), saying, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

These counsels have reference, of course, to the common

frets and ailments of life. There are great griefs that can only be outgrown, not put away by volition. But great troubles are rare. Men lose a thousand-fold more happiness by worrying over needless cares and frets than by enduring great griefs. By great sorrows come great hearts. Great trials either destroy men or build them up. It is the crying for the small ones that occupies the time of most men, and takes out of their life gladness, cheerfulness, the patience of hope, and a good courage.

A GREAT REWARD.

God has written eternity into the heart of every human being. No child needs an exposition of the word "for ever." Nothing that is time-born will satisfy our souls. Our hearts are greater than that which is finite, and therefore the world is not able to satisfy them. "God is greater than our hearts," and therefore through all eternity we shall find in God our sure portion and our exceeding great reward.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

MAY 1881.

[No. 167.

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THE TREASURES OF THE SNOW.

By DR. MACKAY.

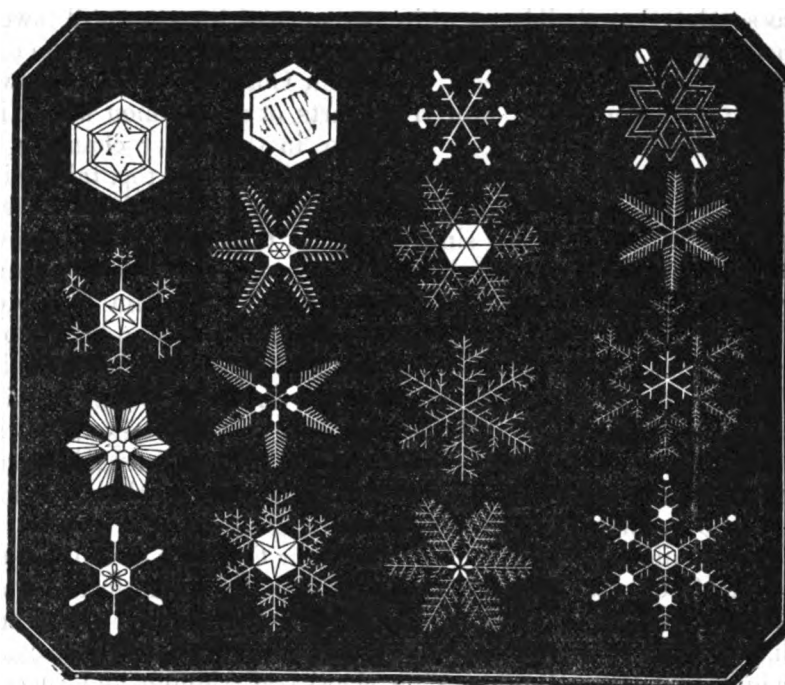
Now that "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, and that the flowers appear upon the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come," we can study the treasures of the snow without feeling its disadvantages. A flake of snow has almost no weight, and yet railway trains have been snowed up for weeks during the past winter, and tens of thousands of pounds have been required to keep lines clear and to meet other expenses connected with the accumulation of these tiny crystals. We heard from our friends in America that

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 5.

in the country around Chicago traces of the roads entirely disappeared. In the Chicago post-office over 200 tons of mail matter had accumulated to be sent out. A milk and egg famine was on the city, the entire supply from the north-west having been cut off. All pub-

the frost does all its work, it is unable to penetrate through this perfect envelope, and destroy the fruitfulness of the soil.

Frequent use is made of snow in Scripture. "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen



FLAKES OF SNOW—(as seen under the Microscope.)

lic schools were closed, and drifts in the street were up to the second story. But snow has its use as everything else in the great economy. It serves as a perfect blanket covering to the wearied earth, and while

the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and of war?" (Job xxxviii. 22), was the question which God put to His servant when He was drawing him to

consider His own greatness, majesty, and power. Man may boast of his steam-engine to-day, and his electric telegraph, but when God "giveth snow like wool" in its purity and softness, and "scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and continues these gifts through successive days and nights, till lines are blocked, and wires destroyed, and man and beast left in helplessness, we may see His power, and impotently ask, "Who can stand before His cold?"

But "snow" speaks also of grace; read Isa. i. 18. When Jehovah speaks to rebellious Judah, He will still speak as a gracious friend: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." His cleansing arises from undeserved grace. He has taken the work into His own hand.

And "snow" speaks of the sanctification of the saint as of the justification of the sinner, contrasted with all self-righting efforts. Job knew this latter. David and the Nazarites knew the former. Job (ix. 30) says, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make mine hands never so clean, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." While David, fleeing from self to God, makes the heartfelt prayer of the penitent saint (Ps. li. 7), "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;" and of Zion it is written (Lam. iv. 7), "Her Nazarites were purer than snow."

And, finally, "snow" reads a lesson to us of glory, as it illustrates the pathway of grace.

In the transfiguration specimen (Matt. xxviii. 3, and Mark ix. 3) we are told of Him who is all the glory of the future, that "His raiment was exceeding white as snow." And when John, in his Apocalyptic vision,

lifts up our eyes to the uncrowned King and the unmitred Priest, he directs us to the Judge of all the earth, whose "hairs were white like wool, as white as snow." Reader, "hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

RELIGIOUS MUCHNESS.

THERE are a large number of people whose idea of religion seems to be muchness. Success with them is only known when they are riding on the crest of the wave, and everything is at flood tide. Big meetings, big churches, big societies, big ministers, big sermons, big choirs, big organs, and big bells—all these are to their taste. But how little they know of the pure streams of life, the still, sweet waters that make glad the city of our God—of the joy of lowly hearts, of communion with Him who, in the upper chamber, or on the mountain top, talks with His disciples and unfolds to them things that the world knows nothing of. The multitudes may crowd around Him who dispenses the fishes and loaves, but it is granted to the dear disciples of the Lord to continue with Him in His tribulation, to witness His miracles and His agony, and to stand beneath the shadow of His cross. Let us be content to know Christ in His humility, in His poverty, and in His loneliness. Thus knowing Him and being known of Him, we shall share His triumph and success in the day when He shall come to claim His own.

NOTHING BUT CHRIST.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—HEB. xiii. 8.

NOTHING but Christ,
As on we tread,
The Gift unpriced—
God's living Bread;
With staff in hand
And feet well shod,
Nothing but Christ—
The Christ of God.

Everything loss
For Him below,
Taking the cross
Where'er we go;
Showing to all,
Where once He trod,
Nothing but Christ—
The Christ of God.

Nothing save Him,
In all our ways,
Giving the theme
For ceaseless praise;
Our whole resource
Along the road,
Nothing but Christ—
The Christ of God.

Nothing but Christ
For darkest hours;
In Him our trust
Mid Satan's powers;
Though tempests rage
And troubles flood,
Nothing but Christ—
The Christ of God.

Nothing but Christ
For brightest morn;
As, well sufficed
With Canaan's corn,
We then shall know
In His abode,
Nothing but Christ—
The Christ of God.
S. O'MC.

CLING THE CLOSER.

WE heard a comforting and delightful sermon recently from the text, "And a little child shall lead them." The minister used this illustration: We take our little child in our arms out of the bright gas-lighted parlour to carry it to bed. The hall is dark, and almost unconsciously the tiny arms tighten, the head nestles closer in its trust, because we have come away from the light. So God, for the sake of having us cling more closely, sometimes carries us in the dark. Perhaps it is a loss of property, or the coldness of those who have been valued friends. Perchance we have been misjudged, or harshly criticised or unappreciated. God is carrying us in the dark. Do we cling closer and trust more fully?

THE THREE MADEIRA GRAVES.

THERE are three graves in that graveyard which through all my coming life will be objects of deep and grateful interest to me. They lie together. Their inmates were connected with the congregation which it was my duty and my privilege to minister to. I shall never cease to bless God that I was permitted to witness the manifestations of His grace in these three souls.

The first was a member of the Irish Presbyterian Church—a man of a most kind and generous heart—beloved and trusted by all who knew him. Youthful, cheerful, and in earnest, he did the world's work well. But he did it to the glory of God. For his highest distinction was, that he was a Christian, and a Christian of no ordinary sort—not one who can hide his light under a bushel, nor one who can put his religion aside when it stands in the way of his advantage, but an honest, fearless assertor and doer of what was right. He was a painstaking labourer, too, in the vineyard of the Lord; and, after the example of his Lord, took special delight in encouraging the little children to come into the kingdom of Heaven. Such a man we would like to have kept for the world's sake; but God had better things in store for him. And I wish all timid and misgiving souls could have witnessed the peace that he enjoyed, and could have listened to his words of joyful trust and rest in God. "The ways of the Lord are right." "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "He that spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" "The will of God be done." These, and such like words of

God, rooted and wrought into his inmost thoughts, were the sources of his unmurmuring happy trust in God.

His peace flowed like a river,—not, however, because he had an impassive nature that could not feel, far less because he was patient with sin. I have seen him weep over sins that would scarcely have touched a less tender conscience. The elements of his peace were, on the one hand, an abiding consciousness of his own unworthiness, and, on the other, an entire and absolute reliance upon the atonement of Christ. He believed in real truth what many believed only in appearance. He believed in man's utter ruin and in God's perfect remedy—he believed in the disease, but he believed also in the cure; and it was this double but not doubtful faith, this belief that he was diseased, and this belief that he was cured, that made the last conflict easy, and left him death's victim apparently, but his conqueror in reality. "You are nearly home now," I said to him. "I am." "And are you afraid to die?" I shall never forget the bright look he cast on me, as he answered with all his strength, "*Not a bit.*" "But do you think that you deserve eternal life?" "Oh no, indeed! I am a worthless, wretched sinner; I trust to Christ, and to the merits of His death alone." He died at the age of thirty, leaving to his widow and child the memory of a most useful, happy, Christian life.

The second grave is tenanted by a gentle girl, one who was weaving a pleasant web of life in a happy home. She was a fair and lovely flower, and while she was yet standing at the very threshold of life, the happiness of her earthly lot seemed to be already secured. Oh! it was hard for such a one to sicken, and it was harder still to believe that that sickness would be unto

death. Fortunately for her, she had enjoyed Christian teaching in her early years, and seemed to have sought the Lord some time before. I daresay, however, that the attractions of the world, as they gathered and brightened round her, damped somewhat her first faith and love; and at first it seemed to me that the love of home was so fixed in her soul, and so nearly filled it, that Heaven and its interests were very much eclipsed. But this did not last, for when she was informed of her real state, and the impossibility of life being prolonged, although the discovery cost her many tears, it was a blessed one, for it turned her face upward. Her sickness was not now her sorrow, but her sinfulness; Christ and her need of Him were realised, Christ and His finished work were rested on, and gradually she began to unwind her affections from earthly things and to set them upon heavenly. I don't know how she ever entirely succeeded—few entirely succeed—but I felt greatly gladdened when she told me one day that, if it was the will of God, she could now leave all earthly friends and earthly hopes. Her last days were peaceful and hopeful. Her last words were expressions of undoubting trust in Christ. After a few hours' weary conflict she fell asleep in her mother and sister's arms, aged twenty-two.

The third grave covers the remains of one, the development of whose spiritual life was remarkable.

You have seen a tree sometimes that seemed to have little inward vigour, or which, at least, gave few indications outwardly that it could produce either flower or fruit; but, at last, the dark rough leaves have suddenly been loosened, and, bursting open, have discovered to you a rich and ripened crop of delicious fruit. Something like this

was this young man's spiritual history. The truth and the life were in him; he reasoned, reflected, believed, prayed, but for a good while there were but scanty indications given outwardly of what was going on within. But at last a brother's prayers were answered, the closed lips were opened, and then it was seen how effectually the Spirit of God had been working, producing in the dark, first the blade and the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. The following notes, kindly furnished by his brother, give a few samples of the things he used to think and used to say:—

"I have asked God to save me, and given myself into His care. I know He has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' And I have some hope He will save me. I don't think He will tell a lie."

That text became the great anchor and resting-place of his soul. This often happens with dying Christians. The Scriptures at large are not put aside, but some one outstanding text is seized upon and clung to, just as a drowning man would let go the dozen ropes and cling to one if he knew that it was secure.

"All other words seem to me now dry but the Bible. Whenever you read it there is always something so living like."

"It gave me a great deal of comfort when you said that it does not depend at all upon our feelings, but just on His word; that whatever we feel He will do what He says—He will in no wise cast out."

"I never understood those things before. I knew them—heard them as a song; but I never thought it was so simple. *I always thought there was some great work about the coming.*"

"It's a great thought that the Maker of the world came down to die for creatures He made, and they hating Him."

"Isometimes fear to get better, lest if I get well and go home I should lose these impressions. But what you said has helped me—that we are to trust Him for that too."

"'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' has been made plainer to me to-day than any day yet. It's His own word; He says it, and He will keep it. *I'll hang (with His help) to it to the last.*"

Another promise had been quoted to him—"Whosoever calleth upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved;" and the remark had been made that it was a great promise.

"Yes," he said; "it's free and full, and *it binds God down like.*"

"He is waiting to be gracious" was quoted. "Ay," he said; "He is holding on just to be asked."

He was resigned and contented with the will of God. "I don't want anything but what pleases Him. I want to be completely resigned, and with all sincerity to trust Jesus alone for everything."

And when some prospective alleviations of his pain were spoken of, he gently said, "*He'll provide as we go.*"

One thing, however, he was not contented with—his own cold heart.

"Oh, I wish He would strike me with deep love, by His great love. Oh, this cold, dead heart of mine! More love! *It's that I am always pining for.*"

When he was very near his end he had been reminded how all his doubts had been cleared away by his favourite text—"I will in no wise cast out." "If I could just mind that at the last," he said. "But what though you should not be able to mind anything at the last?" "If not, it's no matter—*He'll mind it for me.*"

He died resting on that text; and now he is realising it. He died at the age of twenty-three.

Reader! why do I relate these things to you? Because you, too, may die. Because all flesh is grass—everything fading like the flower. And is there anything that more exceedingly concerns you than that you should die rightly, in the faith of Christ, and in the hope of eternal life?

LITTLE THINGS.

SPRINGS are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.

"HE LEADETH ME."

ONWARD and upward still our way,
With the joy of progress from day to day;
Nearer and nearer every year
To the visions and hopes most true and dear;
Children still of a Father's love,
Children still of a home above.
Thus we look back
Without a sigh, o'er the lengthening track.
Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing dove,
Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,
The night is past. A clear calm sky above,
Firm rock beneath; a royal-scrolled tree,
And One thorn-diademed, the King of Love,
The Son of God, who gave Himself for me.

SAID Luther, "The greatest temptation the devil has for the Christian is comfort."

THE MARRIAGE RING.

ONE Lord's-day morning, as the collection which had been gathered was taken from the boxes, a gold ring was found among the coins and bank-notes. It was handed to the pastor, with the remark that it had probably been dropped by mistake, and would soon be called for. It was laid away and quite forgotten for several weeks, till its owner was discovered in the following manner :—

A young woman called one evening to relate the story of her conversion and to ask admission to the church. She had come into the congregation as a stranger, she said, deeply burdened with a sense of sin and utter condemnation under the law of God. She had led a strictly correct and moral life, indeed; but having been early taught the Scriptures, in her far-off Scotch home, she had learned what it is to be under condemnation, because of having rejected the Lord Jesus Christ. With a heavy weight of sin, she had gone from church to church, and from minister to minister, in an eager search after light and comfort. On one Lord's-day morning she had come into this congregation and listened eagerly for some word of help. As the preacher had strongly urged the unsaved to accept, at once, the Lord Jesus, she said the question came into her heart, "Is there anything that I would not give up, if I could only find peace with God?" It seemed as though I could surrender all; but was I sure? And just then my eye caught sight of the ring upon my finger given me by my dear mother in the far-off native land, and I said, "Yes, I will give up this, if necessary, though it is very precious to me;" and so I cast it into the box.

But, strangely enough, dear

reader, this great sacrifice did not bring her peace; though she knew it not, she was still under the law, and seeking to be justified by works.

And so, as she related, coming again the next week, she heard in the course of the Scripture exposition something like this: "Jesus Christ has borne our sins in His own body on the tree; if we believe this, and sincerely accept Him as our Saviour, the whole question about our sins is settled. It is not what we can do for Christ that will save us, but the acceptance of what He has done for us."

Now, the Gospel came in a new light to this burdened and heavy heart. She saw that she was to accept, not to give; to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and not to do something for the Lord Jesus Christ. And so, with a simple faith, she received the Saviour; and when she came to tell her story her whole soul was filled with peace and comfort and joy in the Holy Ghost.

It was a delightful incident, as may be imagined, breaking in as it did upon a monotony of a dreary season of spiritual coldness and indifference among the people. And so, on the following Lord's-day, the ring was held up before the congregation, and the story of its offering told. "She gave her ring to the Saviour," we said, "but now she has learned that God in Christ came out to meet her while she was yet a great way off, and that He brought forth the best robe to put it on her, and a ring on her finger."

Dear reader, have you learned this lesson so slow to be apprehended? Christ, through the Holy Ghost, is seeking a bride for Himself. Does the bride present the ring, or does she accept it? Does the bride urge the bridegroom to accept her, or does she listen to his offer

and accept him? These questions have only to be asked, and they are answered.

So Christ comes wooing the sinner and asking for his love. And the first, the immediate thing for the sinner to do is to accept Christ, not to give something to Christ.

Let this be deeply impressed on the mind—the inquirer's immediate duty is to *accept*, not to *give*. God is the giver, we are the receivers.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" (John iii. 16).
"The gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23).

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John i. 12).
"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

There is with many, even of intelligent Christians, a confounding of conversion and consecration.

In conversion, the believer receives God's great and infinite gift of life. That life becomes, henceforth, the source and spring of all his obedience and service.

Having been converted, "born again," "created in Christ Jesus unto good works," he is then required to give. He is commanded to present his body a living sacrifice unto God; he is to give his wealth, his time, his talent, his heart to the Lord, for His service and His glory. Of Christ it is written, "Who *gave Himself for us*, that He might redeem us from all iniquity."

If we humbly, penitently, sincerely receive Him as our Saviour, we are cleansed from all iniquity. *That is conversion*: "They first *gave themselves unto the Lord*, and unto us by the will of the Lord," writes Paul of the Macedonian Christians. If you have humbly, heartily, and obediently given yourself to the Lord, Christian, you are accepted of Him. *That is consecration*. There is nothing more solemnly binding on the Christian than that he should give himself wholly to the Lord Jesus. There is nothing more

binding on the sinner than that he should accept the Lord Jesus. Reader, have you been getting ready a ring for Christ—some offering of tears and sorrows and repenting that may gain His heart and win His love.

Accept, first, the ring of His covenant, by which He would bind you to Himself, saying: "I will betroth thee unto Me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord."

TUNING THE INSTRUMENT.

It seems to me the trials and the temptations of this life are all making us fit for the life to come—building up a character for eternity. You have been in a piano manufactory; did you ever go there for the sake of music? Go into the tuning room and you will say, "My dear sir, this is a dreadful place to be in; I cannot bear it; I thought you made music here." They say, "No; we do not produce music here; we make the instruments and tune them here, and in the process much discord is forthcoming." Such is the Church of God on earth. The Lord makes the instruments down here, and tunes them, and a great deal of discord is perceptible, but it is all necessary to prepare us for the everlasting harmonies up yonder.

"THERE WERE TWO."

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

These were the words I heard from some one preaching in the open air, as I passed on to the railway station at —, and my mind has again and again re-

called that solemn story of Luke xxiii. "*There were two.*" Yes, indeed. One went from the side of the Lord Jesus to the paradise of God, the other from His side to an everlasting hell. Man, in his enmity against God, preferred a murderer to His Son; asked life for the life-taker, but nailed the Life-giver to the cross.

Release unto us Barabbas; but away with Jesus, "crucify Him, crucify Him."

Two things met in that cruel cross—the enmity of man against God, and the love of God to man. The heart of man was there displayed in all its awful malignity and hatefulness to God, and there too the heart of God was manifested in His wondrous mercy to the guilty and the lost. Yes, reader, your heart, my heart, was there displayed; for "as face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man."

Listen: "*He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him: for He said, I am the Son of God.*"

"*He saved others, Himself He cannot save.*"

"*The thieves also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth. If thou be Christ, save Thyself and us.*"

But the other, answering, rebuked him, saying, "*Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? and we, indeed, justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this Man hath done nothing amiss.*"

And he said unto Jesus, "*Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.*"

What a translation! "Made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." Straight from the cross of ignominy and shame to the paradise of God. Hear his dying testimony to the spotless humanity of the blessed Lord:

"*This man hath done nothing amiss;*" and to the justness of his own sentence, "*we receive the due reward of our deeds.*" He owned the One by his side crucified in weakness as Lord and King, asking to be remembered in that kingdom whence all that is vile and unjust will be excluded; and what an answer he gets from the blessed Lord Jesus. Not only paradise, and that "*this day;*" but "*with me.*" Yes, this is the heaven of the believer in Jesus *with Him,* and "*like Him,*" and that "*for ever.*"

If a man was just in putting this poor malefactor out of this world, God was in justice, as well as in mercy, taking him home to His presence above, on the alone ground of the precious blood of the One hanging by his side. God could thus be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. And what of the other thief? He died impenitent, a rejecter of Christ, and therefore a rejecter of mercy; for while it is a blessed fact that God is rich in mercy, it is only in Christ, and through Him, that mercy can reach us. How could God accept one who despises His beloved Son?

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

"*Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.*"

W. R. H.

HAVING prayed against sin, be sure to watch against it.

FOUR ANCHORS.

"The day is Thine, the night also is Thine."—Psa. vii. 16.

"The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."—Psa. cxxxix. 12.

"They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day."—Acts xxvii. 29.

THE night is dark, but God, my God,
Is here, and in command;
And sure am I, when morning
breaks,

I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor PATIENCE out,
And wish—but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds
and waves

Within His hand are held,
And trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp,
I'll trust Him though He slay;
So letting go the anchor FAITH,
I'll wish—but wait for day.

Still seems the moments dreary,
long?

I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on His "eternal years"
And feast upon His Word;
His promises, so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor HOPE ahead,
And wish—but wait for day.

O Wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt,
In hands so dear as Thine?
I'll lean on Thee, my Best Beloved,
My heart on Thy heart lay;
And casting out the anchor LOVE,
I'll wish—but wait for day.

"HE THAT BELIEVETH HATH."

"*He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.*" It is a promise remarkable in this particular, viz., that it is its own fulfilment. That is to say, it is not a pledge that if you do a certain thing you will receive a certain thing; but that if you do a certain thing you have in the very act of doing it the greatest blessing that God can confer upon a soul. There is always just this difference between God's pledges and man's:

the one is promissory, merely, and the other self-fulfilling, or, rather, self-fulfilled. I hold in my hand a banknote, and I read upon it, "The Bank will pay the bearer" such a sum. I hold in my other hand a flower-seed, and I read in it one of God's own sweetest pledges, not that I shall have a flower, simply, but that I have it in germ, in embryo, already. The gold is not in that bank-bill. But the flower is in that seed, wrapped up in certain possibility, hidden from sight, but as certain to appear, if I plant it, as that the sun will rise to-morrow. "He that believeth on Me," says Jesus, "*hath everlasting life.*" Why? Because to believe is to have taken the seed of eternal life into the soul through faith,—that "incorruptible seed," as the Scripture calls it,—that seed that holds Heaven in embryo, that enwraps the possibilities of a glorious and glorified life in itself. Hence that wonderful present tense, "*Hath everlasting life.*" And the reason of this is as clear as day when we turn to the Scripture record. "And this is the record," says John, "that God *hath given* to us eternal life; and this life is in His Son." "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." Have you the Son, reader? You have if you have honestly and from the heart taken Him to be your All in all. And if you have Him, you have life. You may be as sure of that as though you saw it written in letters of light on the sky. If you honestly believe in Jesus Christ, and take Him as your Saviour, the seed of God is in you.

But if you say I cannot rest in Christ till I have the assurance in my own happy feelings that I am born of God, then, you see, you are not willing to trust Christ. He says, "Verily,

he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." And you say, "Yes, Lord; but only show me this everlasting life; let me read my title to it in a happy heart; let me have not only Thy promise to pay, but give me the gold in hand, so that I can see it and handle it, and then I will believe." A true faith will say rather, "I have my Lord's promise; it is enough. I will fling away my doubts, and though I cannot see a single step before me, I will go forward."

RIGHT VIEWS OF CHRIST.

SOME say they love Christ as an example. Quite right; you cannot have a better. But Jesus Christ will never be truly known and followed as an example—you will never be able to carry out the project—unless you first of all know Him as making atonement for sin. Men have looked on Christ from one point of view and another, and now there is no book more likely to sell than a "Life of Christ," although no life of Christ has been written yet. All the Lives of Christ that are written when put together are not enough to make one drop of soup, whereas the four evangelists are a whole bullock. They have not got any juice in the whole put together. The pen of inspiration has done what all the quills in the world will never be able to do again, and there is no need that they did. There must be in every true picture of Christ the colour of the red. He is never in our eyes so majestic and so surpassingly beautiful as when we see Him bearing "our sin in His own body on the tree," and putting away sin by making Himself a substitute in the place of His people. Now, let this be your idea of Christ then—that He has redeemed you. We must regard Christ's redemption as the basis of everything, we must stand on the work which He

has performed. Christ is a labyrinth without a thread; He is a day without a sun, until you know Him as a Redeemer. Atonement spells the word, but you have spilled the letters on the floor, and you cannot make out the character of Christ until you have learned the words, "Atonement by blood," "He hath redeemed us." That is the grandest song in Heaven. Christ is exceedingly precious to you when you once know Him as a Redeemer.—*Spurgeon.*

REMEMBRANCE.

BEFORE parting from His loved disciples what did our Saviour do? The task was this: He wished to institute something that would secure the believer's growth and well-being upon earth. Christ Himself must be remembered; peace of conscience must be maintained; the mystery of sanctification must be set forth; the doctrine of the Church and the unity of believers must be taught; the position of the believer in the world with regard to sin and everything that is around him must be pointed out, and the bright hope of the future—the return of Christ—must be set before the eye of the believer.

How is it possible to combine all doctrines into one single institution? What seems impossible to human ingenuity was accomplished by the infinite wisdom of the loving Saviour. "The same night in which He was betrayed, the Lord Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to His disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is My body; this do in remembrance of Me. Likewise, also, when He had supped, He took the cup and said, This cup is the new testament in My blood: drink ye all of it: For as often as ye eat this bread and drink

this cup ye do show the Lord's death till He come." Here is the whole doctrine of Christianity—the whole experience of the Christian; all that we need during our pilgrimage—"Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

For here is Christ for us: the bread is the broken body, and the wine the blood shed. Here is Christ in us: we eat the bread and drink the wine. Here is the doctrine of the Church: we are His body—He and the believers are one. Here is the union of the believers: we all eat of the same bread; "drink ye all of it."

Here you see the attitude of the believer with regard to the world: he is dead to the world—we show the death of the Lord. And here is the expectation and hope of the believer: he does this "until He comes." Jesus Christ crucified is thus all the believer's experience.

Jesus Christ for us. "My body broken, My blood shed, for the remission of sins." The history of the Jewish nation began with the passover. Without the passover there would be no Jewish nation. The Jewish year begins with this; and thus it is that Christian life begins with redemption. But the continuation of our life is only in constant beholding of Christ's atonement. Not merely to be saved from condemnation and death do we look at first, like the wounded Israelites, to the Son of man lifted up. In order to remain in the state of salvation, in the possession and enjoyment of life, we must continue to fix the eyes of our heart on Christ crucified. Faith knows no past tense. It is not an isolated act. "He that believeth"—not he who at some past time has believed, but "he that believeth in the Son of God," "unto whom coming"—always coming—as the foundation-stone which God has laid, we have life eternal.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.
Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering
feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna
sweet.
Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in
Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea;
Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost
impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a
heart.
Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing
power:
A word in season as from Thee
To weary ones in needful hour.
Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing
word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to
show.
Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and ~~when~~ and
~~where~~,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FAITH'S CLUE IN SIN'S CONFUSION.

INTO creation sin has brought confusion of every sort, confusion of thought, confusion of fact; but the Christian has a key of interpretation to it all. He has the secret with him, by which he interprets everything. He sees the confusion, he goes through it all, he feels it, but he cannot set things right. There are aching hearts he cannot touch; there are wrongs he cannot meddle with; yet, in the midst of all this labyrinth of evil, he knows the mind of God.

THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

"But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar (acquired) people, that ye should show forth the praises (virtues or excellences) of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light."—1 Pet. ii. 9.

WHAT is the use of a Christian, and how may he be of use? The above words contain the answer. Christians are to tell what God is *in being and doing* what their names mean. What God calls anything, that it is; what God names a man, sinner or saint, that he is, whether the man believes it or not. Each one of the forementioned names tells what a believer in Christ is, and each has a Godward and a manward side.

Let these names be owned and acted out by Christians, and each will reveal some new cause for praising God. As a "*chosen generation*," they are one stock in Christ, like Israel of old, and called into existence by the good pleasure of God, not to prove their merit, but to reveal His grace (Deut. vii. 6-8). This name keeps Christians humble and exalts God; it makes them thankful, and tells what God is in His inmost being.

As a "*royal priesthood*," they unite the two highest names of earth, king and priest, and declare what God is in dignity and in blessing. Through them God would bless others: "And ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests" (Exod. xix. 6). This name, felt in its deep significance, elevates and consecrates Christians, and reveals God in His wonderful condescension in bringing so near to Himself, in glory and honour, such "sinners of a mortal race." He Himself is thus revealed as enthroned in unapproachable light, "the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords," to whom

belong power, dominion, and glory, for ever.

As a "*holy nation*," Christians are beheld a separate people in the midst of an unholy world of nations, and as dedicated to the service of a holy God. "Hallowed be Thy Name," can properly come only from the lips of such as know their own name as "a holy nation," and "a holy priesthood," appointed "to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ."

And, as a "*peculiar people*"—a people acquired by purchase, they are the precious possession of God; His jewels (Mal. iii. 17, margin, "special treasure"); His "pearl of great price;" "Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me" (Exod. xix. 5; Deut. vii. 6, xiv. 2, xxv. 18; Ps. cxxxv. 4). This name suggests the greatness of cost and of pains, the uncountable ransom, and the endearing nearness of the Church to the heart of Christ. It just humbles one in the dust, and yet shows how one may honour God by taking the very place of love and endearment He gives us. False pride would keep us at a distance; loving humility draws near—yea! leans upon the very bosom of Divine love, while yet it must needs exclaim, "Behold, what manner of love!" How should this name keep the Church like a white diamond of many facets, unsullied and undimmed in this dark and impure world!

And all these, and every other name of Christians, taken together, belong to them to show forth what God is like, and that men, seeing such excellences, may praise and glorify God. As once God called forth a fair creation out of darkness into light, to manifest His eternal power and Godhead, as later He called forth from the darkness of Egypt into the light of the glory of His presence, Israel,

to be His holy people, in the midst of idolatrous nations; so, still later, He called forth the Church, the new creation and Israel of God, "out of darkness into His marvellous light," to show forth all His virtues, and the meaning of the all-crowning name Father, "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise" (Isa. xliii. 21); "To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6); "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

THE VAIL RENT, THE ROCKS RIVEN, THE GRAVES OPENED.

MATT. xxvii. 51, 52.

THESE verses relate what took place when Jesus yielded up the ghost. The blessed Lord died, surrendered the life which He had, and which none had title to take from Him. "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Such are His own blessed words. The moment that was done results broke forth which nothing else could accomplish, which all His own blessed and beautiful life, as God incarnate, could never have produced. But the giving up of His life, His surrendering Himself as a willing victim to death, as the just judgment of God due to sin, as well as yielded by the power of Satan, is followed by the vail of the Temple being rent in twain from the top to the bottom, by the earth quaking, the rocks rending, the graves opening, and many bodies of the saints which slept com-

ing forth out of the graves *after His resurrection*. Heaven, earth, and hell, felt a power they had never owned before.

"By weakness and defeat

He won the meed and crown ;
Trode all our foes beneath His feet
By being trodden down.
He hell in hell laid low,
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew ;
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,
And death, by dying, slew."

The "Holy of Holies" was separated from the rest of the temple by a vail, made of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen work ; it *signified* the distance of man as a sinner from God, and set forth the impossibility on the part of God to have any intercourse with man in his sins. The Epistle to the Hebrews tells us that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest—God could not come out, and man could not go in. But *now* all is reversed, the vail was rent ; that vail of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, typified the spotless humanity of the Lord Jesus. It must be rent before the full moral glory of God can come out, and before we can go in. The new and living way was consecrated for us "through the vail, that is to say, His flesh."

Once more, observe the *manner* in which it was rent, viz., "from the top to the bottom ;" thus declaring that no hand but God's could rend it. He declares that He does not wish the distance which, up to this moment, existed, any longer to continue. and not only so, but undertakes Himself to remove it, and in such a way as to display all the righteousness, holiness, truth, and love of His nature. The life of Jesus, beautiful and perfect and blessed as it was, His services to man, His obedience to God, could never have rent the vail or opened the graves. If there were no Saviour who

died, whose blessed body was broken, and whose blood was shed, God were still concealed behind that vail. Man, even at his best, was still at a distance ; had still unconquered, and he that held the power of death still unsubdued. But, blessed be God, it is not so, now that Christ has died. All of God has come out, sin in its root has been judged, the way into the holiest has now been made manifest. The Christ who died is risen and glorified, and in His face shines the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. •

ARE KEPT.

THE Bible tells of some professed Christians, of whom it is said, "It is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again ; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" (2 Pet. ii. 22). But you will observe that the dog was never anything but a dog, and the sow had never ceased to be a sow. You may wash a sow, but the washing does not any more impart a new nature, than baptism imparts a new nature to a sinner ; and if a sow is only washed, of course she will go back to her wallowing in the mire at the first opportunity. Nay, the temporary cleanness does not sit gracefully on her, and she is restive until she can return to her wallowing, because she loves the mire.

But if you could communicate a lamb nature just so long as the new nature is in the ascendancy, it is certain she will not return to her wallowing. A lamb may fall into the mire, but it will bleat piteously and struggle earnestly until it gets out, and move more cautiously lest it slip again into the place of its humiliation and suffering. It is nowhere asserted in the

Bible that the real children of God may or can finally fall away and be lost ; but they are faithfully warned against a careless and worldly walk, which will prove to them that they have never been made partakers of the Divine nature. Even the warnings are uniformly prefaced with an *if* ; but there are no *ifs* in the clear and explicit assurances of a present and a certain salvation to the sincere believer. Christians are described as those "who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." They do not keep themselves, they are kept, and kept by the power of God through faith. All the resources that are at God's command are pledged to their preservation, and "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." But they are kept by thinking of Him "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee ; because he trusteth in Thee."

HIS STRENGTH.

A LITTLE girl was once locked up in a room by an insane mother, and for three days of intensely hot weather did not taste a morsel of bread nor a drop of water. When she was found by a servant of the Lord, her first cry was for water ; and when it was brought to her she raised it to her lips with a very weak and trembling hand ; but it refreshed her as much as though she had grasped it with the hand of a giant.

It is not the strength of our faith, but the strength of Christ that saves. It is not the intelligence with which we believe, but the Person in whom we believe, the Holy Ghost sets before us in the Gospel.

I AM not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.

HOME WHERE FATHER IS.

ONE afternoon, when we were little children, a missionary came to talk to our father upon some business.

He had laboured many years in a far-off country, where his wife and child lay buried, until at last deadly sickness had driven him and his remaining little ones to come back to England. God had lately restored him, and the good man felt he must go, and preach salvation by Jesus to the poor heathen. In a few days he was going back again, perhaps to die in that distant land; and his dear little motherless children, all the more beloved for the trials that bound them to him—yes, he was leaving even them for his Saviour's sake.

One was with him that afternoon—his eldest boy—and the lad was set to stay with us while his father and ours were talking together in the study. The missionary apologised for bringing him by saying that the minutes they had together now were so few and so precious, that neither of them could bear to lose one. Besides being interested in the boy on his father's account, we were quickly drawn to him for his own sake. Such an open-hearted, engaging little fellow he seemed; he chattered to us about his school, and the games they had—the cricket, the foot-ball—and how his little brother was soon coming to school along with him, and then what fine times they would have together! He told us, too, how his grandmother, and aunts, and little sister were all coming to live in the town where his school was, so that he should be able to see them every day.

"Well, really, it won't be like school at all," one of us said; "it will be just as good as home to have all your friends round you like that!"

I shall never forget the change that passed over that beaming face; it was like a dark cloud suddenly spread over it; the boy's lips quivered, and tears stood in his bright eyes. We were startled, and for a moment could not tell the reason of his grief, till at last the little fellow said in a choking voice, "Not like home! oh, not like home! Where my father is, there's my home."

Our dear mother soothed and comforted him, and drew him on to talk of what we found was his one hope and aim;—"how he was going to get through with his lessons as soon as ever he could, to be able to go out to his father." How the boy's eyes glistened, as he spoke of "going to live with his father always!"

Many years have passed since then; if he is still living, that fair-haired boy must be a man now. We have never seen him since, but we have never forgotten his words. Again and again they have come back, and rung in our ears, with a deeper meaning than that with which the child spoke them; for are they not true of another Father and another home?

When all has been bright and glad around, and we have been tempted to rest too much in the present enjoyment of rich earthly blessings, little Willie's words have sounded in our hearts with warning and reproach.

How can we be fully happy away from our Father? Even though brightened with glimpses of His presence, this is not, ought not to be our home; our real, our only home is the one which is "preparing" for us, in the bright sunshine of His eternal presence above—yes, "where our Father is, there, there's our home!"

And then, when sorrow, and sickness, and trial, have weighed heavily on us; more than once little Willie's words have been

a star of hope amid the darkness, and have led us to turn for comfort to holier words than his. They have reminded us that after all we are only at school; and though our lessons may be hard and difficult, and the discipline very severe, yet it will soon be all over, and then our Father will send to fetch us home to be with Him! Ah! and "where our Father is, there, indeed, is our home."

But may not Willie's words speak also to those who are not children of God. If not children of the good and holy God, whose children are they? Jesus answers—"Children of the wicked one."

Ah, it is solemnly, awfully true of such, that "Where their Father is, there is their home."

Whose children, then, are we? Whom are we trying to please? To whom are we like? Who is our Father?

How much depends upon the answer! eternal, unspeakable happiness, or endless, unutterable misery; for "where our Father is, there will be our everlasting home."

It is true, sadly too true, that all are by nature children of the wicked one. To be a child of God, each one must be "born again," "born from above." Have you, my dear young readers, been born again by the power of the Holy Spirit? If you turn to God, if you love the Lord Jesus, if you love and read the Bible, if God's Holy Spirit dwells within you, then you are born again, you are children of our heavenly Father, and heaven will be your eternal home. May God enable you from the heart to use the words of that sweet hymn:—

"We are but strangers here,

Heaven is our home;

Earth is a desert drear,

Heaven is our home,

"Danger and sorrow stand,

Round us on every hand,

Heaven is our Father-land,

Heaven is our home."

Cursed be the man that trusteth in man,
and maketh flesh his arm.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord,
and whose hope the Lord is. JER. xvii. 5, 7.

"GOD MY SAVIOUR."

THREE words, short, simple, but full of matter for thought; words that teach us what God is, what we are, and what God would have us to be; words that humble man's pride, for they own that he cannot save himself; words that strengthen man's hope, for they speak of One able to save; words that reveal the faith of him who uttered them, and encourage us to believe and to rejoice in the Saviour in whom Mary rejoiced.

These words could not have been uttered by a proud Pharisee, for such a one knows not that he needs a Saviour; still less could they have been the words of a careless, faithless Sadducee, for to him there is no spiritual world to hope for or to fear. They are the words of a lowly heart, uttered in a lowly but a most blessed place, even at the footstool of mercy. There the sinner who feels his sin to be both a crime and a stain, cries, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" and at the same time looks to Jesus on the Cross, and cries, "My soul hath rejoiced in God my Saviour;" and the more the believing soul looks at that Saviour, the more does it rejoice.

When Mary uttered these words she rejoiced in a day which she saw by faith; He whom she looked for—the long-promised One—was now at hand. She had a special subject of joy, personal to herself; but if she

had not believed in the Saviour now to be revealed, she would not have so rejoiced. It was not only the honour to which she had been called, not only the thought that all generations should call her blessed that so filled and elevated her mind,—it was rather that thought in which the whole Church of Christ's redeemed ones may share with her, the wonderful thought, "God my Saviour."

God Himself, not man, performing the work: "My Saviour." Not others only, but me, even me, partaking in the benefits of that work. "Saviour!" This word means so much. It tells of such hopeless, helpless need, such utter depths of human misery, a whole world that cannot save itself. Saviour! this is the name by which Jesus speaks to the hearts that need Him. Saviour from sin and all its consequences, now and evermore. Saviour from sorrow, from ignorance, from darkness, from death everlasting.

"God my Saviour" reveals the mind of God in Christ towards man; the love of God, the plan and purpose of God, the glory of God.

Let us take the words so truly and deeply home to ourselves, that whatever be the sorrows of our life, the anxieties of our minds, or the difficulties of our position, we may find matter of holy rejoicing in Him who was born into the world to deliver us, and may with truth say for ourselves, "God my Saviour."

THE CONQUEROR'S SONG.

THERE is no condemnation,
From Satan I am free;
Triumphant exultation—
That Jesus died for ME.
In Him my life is hidden,
My joys do but increase;
He is my blessed portion—
My everlasting peace!

Though Lord of life and glory,
He laid His glory by;
And, rich in sov'reign mercy,
For SINNERS came to die,
Or I in outer darkness
Eternally had been;
But Jesus was my ransom,
His blood has washed me clean.

Oh! I will sing of Jesus
My pilgrim journey through;
And when with Him in glory
The song I'll still renew,
With heaven's fullest melody,
Which never can subside,
And this their glorious burden—
"Praise to the Lamb who died;

"Praise to the Lamb triumphant,
The chosen One of God,
Who pluck'd us from the burning,
And wash'd us in His blood."
In yonder glorious mansions
The ransom'd soon will throng,
And THE PRECIOUSNESS OF JESUS
Form the fulness of their song.

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EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

JUNE 1881.

[No. 168.

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OLD NEDDIE.

SOME twenty-five years ago, while travelling along the South Mountain, I stopped at a small cabin to inquire the way. Old Neddie, who lived there, came out and gave a very minute description of the road, after which he courteously asked for a little help, saying that he was in need. I said—

"Well, old man, how does it come that you are in want?"

"Why, sir," said he, "you see I was a slave. I had fourteen masters, and at their death I was sold, until I became old and helpless, then no one would have me. So you see this is the reason I am in want now. Some of these masters were good and some were hard to me. So you see, young man, I have suffered very much."

Being moved at the old man's
NEW SERIES, Vol. VII., No. 6.

sad account, as he stood with his whitened head, his form bent and face ploughed with furrows by time, who could withhold, that had aught to give?

"But," said I, "old man, you have suffered much in this world; now, what is your hope of the world to come?"

Here the old man faltered, and then as if his soul was full to overflowing, "Oh, bless de Lord, bless de Lord; twenty-five years ago I was converted. Oh, what a blessed Saviour I then found! How He blesses me from time to time! I am glad my days of trials and toils will soon be at an end, then I will reap an endless bliss."

Six months, and I passed the old cabin again; but how different things looked! There was snow on the ground, the winds howled through the mountains, and it was very cold, and no one was to be seen. But I wished to see if the old man was still there, so on entering, there sat the aged man mending an old garment. His house was cold and full of smoke, and contained only an old bed and a few old broken chairs. He lived alone. I said, "Your house is cold and smoky."

"Oh no, it is pleasant here," said he.

"Dear Lord," thought I, "how can this be pleasant!" The old man seemed to be in deep thought and would barely answer

my questions until I asked if he knew the Lord. This changed things. The old garment was thrown aside, the old man's face lit up; all was life.

"Yes," said he, "bless de Lord, I know Him; I know Him in the pardon of all my sins—He supplies all my wants—in Him I have all that I need—He gives me more than I deserve here."

I was filled with love and gratitude, to see this poor old saint so happy and contented under circumstances so trying. We knelt in prayer. While imploring God's aid for my old brother, He did not fail to answer in filling my soul unutterably full. The old cabin had become a palace. Tongue cannot describe the bliss I then felt. But I must leave. So taking my hat, the old man stepped to the door, exhorting me to be faithful with many encouraging words. As we were about to part, taking him by the hand and placing some money in it, he gave such a look of love—his very heart seemed to melt within him.

"Oh!" said he, "how far do you live from here?"

"Forty miles," said I.

"Oh! de Lord; oh! de Lord."

Tears now ran down his old furrowed cheeks. He tried again to speak, but he was too full. Then looking up to heaven, in a faltering tone he said: "De Lord, oh, de Lord, He alone knows that I had no bread.

Did He send a man forty miles from here to give me some money to buy a little bread! Oh! de Lord has not forgotten me."

I bade him, good-bye, and he said—

"Young man, I do not know you, but de Lord knows you; He will reward you and I will know you in the day of judgment. When you and I stand there to be judged, I will tell Him what you have done for me. Good-bye."

The following spring I passed the place again, but the old cabin was down, and old Neddie had gone. He will hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

TROUBLE IN PALACES, PEACE IN PRISONS.

God has so formed the human heart that it can rest on nought save Himself. Worldly pleasure, fame, or power cannot impart peace, while he who has centred his trust and hope in the changeless God of all grace, and in whose heart the Holy Spirit has found an abiding place, proves that the "peace of God which passeth all understanding" will tune the heart and mind to grateful song in the most uncomfortable circumstances. This is illustrated by the following letters.

The first was written by Madame de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV. of France, when she was apparently upon the summit of earthly glory, to her friend, Madame de Maisonford:

"Why can I not give you my experience? Why can I not make you sensible of that uneasiness that preys upon the great, and the difficulty they labour under to employ their time? Do you not see that I am dying of melancholy, in a height of fortune which once my imagination could scarce have conceived? I have been young and beautiful, have had a high relish of pleasure, and

have been the universal object of love. In a more advanced age I have spent years in intellectual pleasures; I have at last risen to favour; but I protest to you, my dear Madame, that every one of these conditions leaves in the mind a dismal vacuity."

The following was written by Madame Guyon, while a prisoner for her religious faith and zeal. Confined nearly ten years in various prisons, part of the time in solitary confinement, and sick; four years enclosed within the gloomy walls of the Bastille, nought could crush the joy and peace and love of God in her soul. In writing of her prison life she says:

"I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there, if it should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs. I, and my maid, La Gautiere, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to Thee, O our God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliances of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which Thou givest to them who love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses."

From that joyful heart came forth this little song:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing,
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee."

"Nought have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering
wing;
But still He bends to hear me sing."

"Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all."

"My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul."

"Oh! it is good to soar,
These belts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

FOR OUR GOOD.

A MAN walking on the railroad track when the train was approaching was unceremoniously pulled aside by a neighbour. At first the traveller was a little disturbed and disposed to criticise the unceremonious method of his friend, but when he came to realise the nature and imminence of his danger, his heart overflowed with gratitude for the benevolent deed. God often has to deal with us in a summary way. He sees our danger and loves us too well to allow us to travel on in our chosen path. In thwarting and disappointing our most cherished purposes, the goodness of our Heavenly Father is most conspicuous. He turns us away from a danger we did not see, and helps us to a good we had not come to appreciate.

COME AND SEE.

(JOHN i. 46.)

I COULD not do without Him;
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find Him precious,
And the more I find Him true,
The more I long for you to find
What He can be to you.

CHRIST's sheep have two marks—one on the ear, and one on the foot: "They hear My voice, and follow Me."

"YET SINNERS."

BY THE REV. ROBERT HOWIE, M.A.

"JOHN, John, rise and praise the Lord wi' me. Praise Him for takin' wee Geordie frae us; I may be saved after all. Hear what the Bible says: 'God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'" Such were the words used by one I know, as in an ecstasy of new-born joy, she roused her husband from his midnight slumbers, to tell him of the blessed discovery made to her while she sat by the fireside, on the evening after the mortal remains of her loved child had been consigned to their resting place in the grave.

Her heart had been ready to break with grief as she thought of her great loss, and especially as she looked back upon a life of sin and misery, and feared that she might again sink into the vortex of open wickedness from which she had been seeking for years to rescue herself. In her youth she had been left an orphan, and, notwithstanding an excellent education, she had gone sad lengths in the ways of sin, and had found, in her bitter experience, that "the way of transgressors is hard." At length, after her marriage, she was by a remarkable providence arrested, as she was on the way to self-destruction, and so filled with alarms of conscience, that she gave up to a large extent her life-sins, and appeared to all who knew her to be a changed woman. For years she waited regularly on the means of grace, and was most assiduous in attending to all religious duties. All the while, however, her heart was unrenewed; she knew not the gospel way of salvation; she was a stranger to the love of God as revealed in Jesus—she was a legalist working for life—going about to establish a righteousness of her own, while she had not accepted Christ as the

Lord her Righteousness. And, as might have been expected, she had no settled peace. She never *felt that she had done enough*, and she continued under the influence of the fear that hath torment. And now the loss of her child, who had been the idol of her heart, brought her misery to a climax. The remembrance of her sins, combined with her bereavement, crushed hope out of her heart. She saw herself to be so great a sinner, that she was ready to give up in despair her efforts to be saved. She seemed to herself to be getting worse instead of better, and supposed that at this rate she would never become sufficiently good to be loved by God. With such musings as these in her mind, she, on the evening to which I have referred, opened a Bible which lay on a table by her side, and the first words on which her eyes fell were those in the 5th chapter of Romans, ver. 8, "But God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." As she read them, the word "*yet*" arrested her attention. "*Yet sinners*," she said to herself, "*Yet sinners*." "So God does not merely love people after they are good, but when they are '*yet sinners*.' He loves them though still in their sins. He loves *me* though I am a sinner." The words she had so often read before now applied by the Holy Ghost, came like a new revelation to her soul. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, she gazed on the crucified Redeemer, and as she did so, her heavy burden of sin and sorrow rolled off, and under the impulse of her new-born love and joy, she, in the words already quoted, summoned her husband to join with her in praising the God of her salvation.

Reader, have you been taught the blessed truth that God loves you though "*yet*" a sinner, and

is commending His love to you, in order that you may know, and believe, and rejoice therein? How widely prevalent the idea that God loves *only good people*—*loves those who love Him, and because they love Him!* Parents tell their children that *if they be good God will love them*, and leave on their young minds the impression that God *does not love them when they are bad*, and so these children, because they know that they are bad, come to regard themselves as objects of God's hatred, and harden their hearts against Him. Now, all such teaching is essentially one-sided, and therefore mischievous. It is true that God does love those who love Him. He loves them with a love of complacency or delight. But while that is true, it is not *the whole truth* revealed in the Word respecting the love of God. The glory of the gospel of God's grace is this: that it assures us that while God hates our sins, and while He is angry with us, condemns us, and will certainly punish us, if we continue therein, He still loves us with a love of benevolence and good-will—for holy anger is the other side of love—loves us while we are yet sinners—loves us in spite of our sins; has so loved the world that He has given His only-begotten Son, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Do not then, reader, suppose that you need to be different from what you are now before you have a right to say "*God loves me*." At this moment, you may say, "He loves me—loves me though I hate Him—loves me though I am up in arms against Him—so loves me that He has set forth Jesus to be a 'propitiation for my sins through faith in His blood.'" Open your heart to receive His love—to receive Jesus the Unspeakable Gift of His love. Then, but not till then, will you be able to love

Him—to delight in Him—and, out of love to Him, to do the things that are pleasing in His sight. “We love Him because He first loved us.”

I MAKE NO PROFESSION.

One thing is needful. To be in Christ.

“There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus” (Rom. viii. 1, 2; see also 2 Cor. v. 17, 18).

Are you in Christ? It may be known for certain. (See 1 John ii. 5, 6.)

I can fancy I hear you say, “I am a steady, industrious man, a good husband and father, and do no harm that I know of to any one, and if I like a little change, a bit of pleasure now and then, I don’t see any fault to find with that.”

But this is no answer to the question, “Are you in Christ or not?”

“You don’t see what that means.” It sounds like nonsense to you. But it *matters* more than words can say. It *means* heaven or hell. If you are *not* in Him, you are “already condemned, and the wrath of God abideth on you” (John iii. 18, 36). It is your own fault that you don’t see the meaning. You have your Bible. God offers you His Holy Spirit to make it plain to you (Luke xi. 13). Do you study the Word of God? “Indeed you have other things to do, a hard-working man like you.” Well, I will not stop now to talk of that “work of God” (John vi. 29), which ought always to come first, according to Him. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things (food, clothing, &c.) shall be added unto you” (Matt. vi. 33). But you are not at work on Sundays. You think too much of being decent and respectable, to do week-day work on Sunday. You might read,

might attend a place of worship and a Bible class on Sunday, and thus learn what God says to you and the meaning of it. Do you do all these things? Do you do any of them?

“No; you are not one of those that make a profession. You are no hypocrite. You don’t profess one thing and act another. But perhaps you are a good deal better than some that do profess.” So much the worse for us professors, if true.

But you must not flatter yourself that your making no profession to obey God and serve Him, releases you from His claim upon you. He says, “All souls are Mine” (Ezek. xviii. 4). “You are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God’s” (1 Cor. vi. 20).

If an Englishman were arrested on a charge of treason, would he get off by pleading, “I am no thief, and besides, I never professed to care for the Queen, or abide by the laws.”

You can see that such an excuse would in fact be self-accusation. His trial would be a mere matter of form after that.

And so you, too, are convicted out of your own mouth. Others may have to take their trial at the bar of God’s Great Assize; *you* need none. By your own showing you are a rebel. Your sentence is pronounced (John iii. 18, 36; 2 Thess. i. 7-9). You *seem* to be free; but in reality, you are under sentence as truly as if you were locked and ironed in the condemned cell. Only we do not know the day fixed for execution.

And *meanwhile*?

To-day; Now; as you lay this paper down, take up your neglected Bible. Ask God in His mercy, for Jesus’ sake, to come into you by His Holy Spirit, and make what you read His own Word of Life to you.

“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 (judgment), but is passed from death unto life” (John v. 24).

THE UNKNOWN FUTURE.

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow’s cares were here,
Without its rest?
Rather would I unlock the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say,
“Thy will is best.”

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel His hand—I hear Him say,
“My help is sure.”

I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know;
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough, this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I sure shall be
For ever blest.

TO PLEASE GOD.

As we are never able to tell what circumstances will prove, or how persons may change toward us, it is well to trust in, and to be guided by neither the one nor the other. The safe path, under every condition, is to walk with a single eye so as to please God. Thus we shall find ourselves at peace and rest, though all circumstances around us have changed, and though our dearest friends may have become our bitterest enemies.

“THE world knoweth us not.” The world *does* know Christians far too well, because they resemble it so much in their plans, their pursuits, and speculations

THE LITTLE TRAMP GIRL.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE dark November morning, a good missionary, hearing that there were lodgers at the top of a miserable dwelling in Paradise Court, made his way up to that part of the house. In reply to his knock, the door was opened by a woman who was partly intoxicated, and whose appearance denoted that she sifted upon the dust-heaps. She refused a tract that was offered to her, saying it was no good to eat; but when told of the "True Bread," she opened the door wider, and looking towards a bundle of rags, said, "You can talk to my girl, who is very bad, as I am going out;" and then she staggered down stairs.

The visitor approached the rags, upon which lay a little girl of eleven years. She partly raised herself to look at the stranger, and then sank back, as if exhausted with the effort. The room was a wretched dwelling, filthy in the extreme, with scarcely a vestige of furniture, unless the two boxes that served for seats, and the planks placed across pieces of wood which served for a table, could be dignified by that name. In one corner was a pile of old kettles without spouts, and saucepans without handles or lids. In different parts of the room were little heaps of dirty rags, bottles, and grease pots. All this showed that the occupant was a travelling tinker, who had been stopped in his progress by the illness of the child, and that his wife had obtained work upon a dust-heap, from which she brought worn-out tinware for her husband to "doctor up" and sell again to the poor.

After giving the little sufferer time to recover from the excitement of his presence, the missionary, taking hold of her emaciated hand, said—

"I have come to talk to you about Jesus, and to pray with you," and after a little pause inquired how long she had lived there, and if she could say the Lord's Prayer. In reply, the child, panting at intervals for breath, in a low hollow tone, said—

"For four or five Sundays, sir, I was ill, and we had to sleep under a hedge, which made me worse, and then we tramped on here, and the doctor has been to see me, and says he cannot do much for me, as I am getting thin and can't eat;" and then, raising herself upon her arm, her eyes lighting up with a supernatural brightness, "I can't say all that prayer, but I can say the pretty hymn which is in the book under my head. I can't read, but I know it's there;" and then the peach colour of her cheek deepened as she opened the "Penny Hymn Book," and repeated the first two verses of the hymn—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;"

and then she threw herself back as though exhausted, but her face assumed an expression of intense happiness.

After a few minutes the question was asked, "And how did you learn that hymn?"

"A little girl at the tramps' lodging at Ipswich," she replied, "went to the Sunday School, and took me with her for three Sundays. The lady saw I was ill, and kissed me, and told me how to say that hymn, and it makes me so happy; and I am going to Him soon," she whispered, gazing up with evident delight.

"You must not talk any more, dear," said the visitor, "but I will now pray to Jesus, to whom the angels in heaven are singing, and ask Him to make you very good now, and then to take you to be with Him in glory."

"Ask Him," whispered the child, "to make father and mother good: they get drunk and frighten me so, and say such bad words!"

The request was complied with, and He who hath told His disciples to ask that they may receive, was petitioned in simple language, but in earnest prayer, to bless the child and save the parents.

A few necessities were that evening sent for the child; and two days after the missionary again ascended that dark staircase. He did so with pleasure, because he felt that in that dismal room there was a little one who loved the Saviour, and who would soon be called to His presence, and personally blessed by Him. The door was opened by the mother, who burst into tears, and turned away. Upon glancing towards the bed of rags, the visitor was startled at seeing a small elm coffin in place of the child, and inquired when she had died.

"Late in the night when you were here," the mother replied, sobbing, "she was in great pain, and sat up in the bed, and took out her little book and said the hymn she was so fond of—

'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;'

and then her cough came on, and she fell back in the bed, and died like a lamb."

While they were speaking, the father, a low-looking tramp, came in, and the missionary told them of the child's request, that he would pray for them that they might be made good. Both of them cried with intense feeling, and then they knelt beside the little coffin, while prayer, deep earnest prayer, was offered up for their salvation.

That evening, and for several months after, they attended the meeting held in a widow's room near them, and before they left the place for a settled life, not

as tramps, the man gave proofs of his reformation, and the woman, that she had believed to the saving of her soul.

In that day, when the Lord shall give to each of His servants according as their work shall be, the lady who taught that little tramp girl a hymn about His love and glory, and won her heart to Him with a kiss of Christian charity, "will in no wise lose her reward."

CHRIST OUR LIFE.

"I AM come that they might have *life*, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John x. 10).

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the *Life*" (John xiv. 6).

"I am the resurrection and the *life*: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John xi. 25).

"I give unto them eternal *life*: and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand" (John x. 28).

"Because I *live*, ye shall *live* also" (John xiv. 19).

"Ye are dead, and your *life* is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3).

"When Christ, who is our *life*, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory" (Col. iii. 4).

CONVERSION TO GOD.

WHAT a wonderful thing is conversion to God! and as blessed as wonderful. No marvel that the Spirit of God should call it an "*illumination*"—"After that ye were illuminated" (Heb. x. 32); or, as in 1 Peter ii. 9, "Out of darkness into His *marvellous light*."

How vastly different is true conversion from any mere reformation of ways. Conversion affects the springs of life, the affections, the conscience, and carries its

results to the utmost activities of conduct. It involves reformation, but it signifies a great deal more.

CONVERSION TO GOD IS A GLORIOUS REALITY.

"*I'm so sorry that I went to that meeting,*" said a young person on her way home one Wednesday night. "*This has been the happiest day I ever spent,*" said the same on the following Sunday evening, after she had attended a meeting exactly similar. In both of these meetings the truth of the Gospel was declared: Man ruined and hopeless; all, moral or immoral alike, unsparingly denounced as "condemned already," and deserving *their* part in the lake of fire, which is the second death.

But not that alone; Christ was preached as Saviour. Now the first part of the truth had reached this young soul in living power; and the Spirit of God had made the feeling of her lost condition utterly intolerable. Hence the regret expressed. And, may I ask, is it possible for a criminal to hear the sentence of death proclaimed and yet remain indifferent? He may. But not so when a sinner has been convicted of sin by the truth of an omniscient and sin-judging God.

This was her position. She was "*convinced of sin*." The knife had entered her conscience. *Self* had been laid low. Oh, the awfulness of that sight!

My reader, *have you ever seen yourself?* If not, let me urge on you, as part of your devotions, the prayer of the poor Highland kitchen-maid, "*LORD, SHOW ME MYSELF*." *Self* must be seen, known, felt, judged, condemned, and then apprehended as set aside at the cross in order to peace with God. Conversion is a tremendous thing indeed, although precious beyond conception.

Ere two days had gone, the

other side of the truth had been received. The anxious soul had seen the Good Shepherd giving His life for the sheep, and then giving these sheep eternal life, and then putting them in His almighty hand, and lastly, challenging any one to take them thence. What a Shepherd! What a life! What security!

Then came, of course, the "*illumination*," and the "*marvellous light*," and the easily-understood expression—"The *happiest day I ever spent*."

"What tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!"

"Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good." Such is the language of all who know Him. The heart is filled with light, and joy, and peace in believing. How different to the mere act of outward reformation!

J. W. S.

HEIGHTS OF REDEMPTION.

OH, who shall measure the heights of the Saviour's all-sufficiency? First tell how high is sin, and then remember that as Noah's flood prevailed over the top of the earth's mountains, so the flood of Christ's redemption prevails over the tops of the mountains of our sins. In heaven's courts there are to-day men that once were murderers, and thieves, and drunkards, and blasphemers, and persecutors; but they have been washed, they have been sanctified. Ask them whence the brightness of their robes hath come, and where their purity hath been achieved, and they, with united breath, will tell you that they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"I AM a sinner" is the saddest idea in the universe, but "Jesus died to save me"—that is the gladdest.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

I WANT to go home, for I'm weary here,
I've wrestled with sin for many a year;
And if I stay here, I must still wrestle on,
For the flesh will not rest till the spirit is gone.

I want to go home, for my Saviour's there,
His presence I love and have sought it in prayer;
I cannot be happy except when He's near,
And I see Him but dimly, but darkly here.

I want to go home, to know it all—
The Saviour's love for the sinner's soul,
The mercy of God, and the glory given
To saints when they're safely brought to heaven.

I want to go home, but I must wait
Till my Lord shall open the prison gate,
And I'll gladly and willingly serve Him here,
For a day, for a week, for a month, for a year.

KNOWLEDGE OF SALVATION.

How can I know God? Where can I find Him? Can science and philosophy tell me? Have they ever told any one? Have they ever guided any poor wanderer into this way of life and peace? No; never. "The world by wisdom knew not God." The conflicting schools of ancient philosophy could only plunge the human mind into profound darkness and hopeless bewilderment; and the conflicting schools of modern philosophy are not a whit better. They can give no certainty, no safe anchorage, no solid ground of confidence to the poor benighted soul. Barren speculation, torturing doubt, wild and baseless theory, is all that human philosophy, in any age or of any nation, has to offer to the earnest inquirer after truth.

How then are we to know

God? If such a stupendous result hangs on this knowledge; if to know God is life eternal—and Jesus says it is—then how is He to be known? "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him" (John i. 18).

Here we have an answer divinely simple, divinely sure. Jesus reveals God to the soul—reveals the Father to the heart. Precious fact! We are not sent to creation to learn who God is—though we see His power, wisdom, and goodness there. We are not sent to the law—though we see His justice there. We are not sent to providence—though we see the profound mysteries of His government there. No; if we want to know who and what God is, we are to look in the face of Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, who dwelt in His bosom before all worlds, who was His eternal delight, the object of His affections, the centre of His counsels.

He it is who reveals God to the soul. We cannot have the slightest idea of what God is apart from the Lord Jesus Christ. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."

Nothing can exceed the power and blessedness of all this. There is no darkness here; no uncertainty. "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." Yes; it shineth in the face of Jesus Christ. We can gaze by faith on that blessed One; we can trace His marvellous path on the earth; see Him going about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; mark His very looks, His words, His works, His ways; see Him healing the sick,

cleansing the leper, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, causing the lame to walk, the maimed to be whole, raising the dead, drying the widow's tears, feeding the hungry, binding up broken hearts, meeting every form of human need, soothing human sorrow, hushing human fears; and doing all these things in such a style, with such touching grace and sweetness, as to make each one feel in his very inmost soul, that it was the deep delight of that loving heart thus to minister to his need.

Now in all this He was revealing God to man; so that if we want to know what God is, we have simply to look at Jesus. When Philip said, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," the prompt reply was, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake."

Here is true rest for the heart. We know the true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent; and this is life eternal. We know Him as our own very God and Father, and Christ as our own personal loving Lord and Saviour; we can delight in Him, walk with Him, lean on Him, trust in Him, cling to Him, draw from Him, find all our living springs in Him; rejoice in Him all the day long; find our meat and our drink in doing His blessed will; furthering His cause, and promoting His glory.

Friend, do you know all this for yourself? Is it a living,

divinely real thing in your own soul this moment? This is true Christianity, and you should not be satisfied with anything less.

GOD COMMENDING HIS LOVE.

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

THE objection which a sinner, thinking of what he is and what he has done, will naturally, necessarily, and indeed very reasonably raise against any belief that God has love toward him, is, that he is a sinner. He will say,—and neither man nor angel can find out the least shadow of a reason why he should say otherwise,—“While I am a sinner, can God possibly have any love towards me? Were I no sinner, I could easily believe it. It were no wonder that He should love a creature that was dutiful and obedient to Him. This is consistent with the goodness of His nature; but to conceive that He should have any love towards sinners, nay that WHILE we are sinners, He should have love towards us, how can this be?” Thus reason speaks, concluding positively against any possibility that God should have love towards sinners.

But now, what saith the Scripture? Oh, how far are God's thoughts above our thoughts! “While we were yet sinners,” God loved us! It is not said, When we repented and turned from our sins, *then* He conceived love toward us; but when we were YET sinners; neither righteous nor good, but sinful and unprofitable, then He loved us! Here lies the peculiarity of God's love towards us:—He loves us being sinners; He does not love us BECAUSE we are sinners, but THOUGH we be so He loves us; when we could expect nothing but that He should hate

and abhor us, just at that very time He loved us. Our sins did not stop the course of His love towards us, but rather gave Him occasion of exerting it in the most glorious, and otherwise inconceivable, depths of it. God “*first* loved us,” saith St. John. When? Why, when we were sinners, and did not love but hate Him. Otherwise His love had not been first. But He first loved us, lying in our sins, and then we, knowing His love towards us in our vile and sinful condition, are wrought upon thereby to love Him again.

This is a point above all other things to be attended to; for comfort and holiness grow out of it. See to it, therefore. You are a sinner; you know yourself to be so; you are ashamed to think what a sinner you are. Well now, but do you believe that God hath love towards you while you are thus a sinner? Here lies the point. If you raise an argument from your sins against God's loving you, you destroy the peculiarity of His love, turn His truth into a lie, measure His thoughts by your own, and put an absolute stop to any possibility of your putting confidence in Him, returning to Him, or loving Him. But if sensible you are a sinner, and ashamed at the thoughts of yourself for being so, you do yet believe that He loves you, you will find this so astonishing a thing as shall utterly overcome you, and constrain you, in the most forcible, yet freest manner, to love and rejoice in Him. Here we must all come, as we mean to be Christians. We must not preposterously seek a reason for God's loving us in ourselves, which is indeed impossible, since we are sinners. We must see the whole cause of God's loving us IN GOD, and not suffer our sinfulness to lie as an objection to His love towards us, since here lies the very glory, eminence, and peculiarity

of God's love: and so doing, we shall find our souls filled with peace, love, and thankfulness. (1 John ii. 2, iii. 16, iv. 9, 10; 2 Cor. v. 18–21; Luke vii. 42; Rom. xv. 13.)

S. W.

THE LORD'S GUIDANCE.

WHEN the way looks dark and dreary,
When the storm-clouds hide the blue,
When the toilsome path grows weary,
Evening shadows dim the view;
When with fear my heart is beating
With a dread I scarce know why,—
Then I hear a Voice repeating
“I will guide thee with mine eye.”

When I think upon the morrow,
Wondering what its morn shall bring,
Fearing lest some hidden sorrow
May be lurking with its sting;
When unbidden tear-drops glisten,
When unwished for heaves the sigh,—
Then come accents, if I listen,—
“I will guide thee with mine eye.”

And when life's young joy is flowing
Fairy sunbeams on my way,
Sweetest roses round me blowing,
And my heart is fresh and gay;
Then, lest I should e'er be finding
Earthly joy could satisfy,—
Oft I hear the Voice reminding
“I will guide thee with mine eye.”

E. J. J.

It is said, “He answered him not a word;” but it is not said, “He *heard* not a word.” These two differ much. Christ often heareth, when He doth not answer. His *not answering* is *an answer*, and speaks thus: Pray on, go on, cry on, for the Lord holdeth His door fast bolted, not to keep you out, but that you may knock, and it shall be opened.

"YE MAY KNOW."

I WAS preaching some time since, in a watering-place in the West of England, from the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24), when I sought to impress upon my hearers that all who had really heard the life-giving words of the Son of God, and had believed God, who sent His Son to put away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself, were in the present possession of everlasting life; that it was not left to them or to me to say that they had it, for Christ Himself said that; but what they had to do was to believe that they had everlasting life, because Christ said so.

An earnest but questioning person, sitting at the extreme edge of the congregation, said, loud enough to be heard by those sitting alongside, "Yes, Christ did say 'hath everlasting life;' but He did not say that we were to know that we had it." I did not know what thoughts were passing through the minds, or what words were dropping from the lips of any in my audience, but at the moment the words that I have just given fell from the lips of the one who uttered them, I was led of the Holy Ghost, who was personally present in the meeting, and who knew all that was going on in it, to turn to 1 John v. 13, where the following strikingly blessed words occur: "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.*" And I was informed by the one who heard the words spoken that the questioner was confounded and silenced by the force and clearness of the word of God.

When I turn to the Scrip-

tures where the words "known," "knowest," "knoweth," "knowing," "knowledge," and "known," occur altogether above *one thousand times*, as any reader of the Holy Scriptures may see, for himself who will take the trouble to look them out as they are given in Cruden's *Concordance*, I am perfectly amazed at the daring boldness of the man who can write or say that it is impossible for any one to know that they have eternal life or the forgiveness of sins in this world.

What would be the state of society if God, who has instituted and given the relationships of husband and wife, parent and child, had at the same time prevented our knowledge and enjoyment of those relationships? Imagine wives not knowing their own husbands! husbands not knowing their own wives! parents not knowing their own children! and children not knowing their own parents! Could you conceive of anything more truly sad and sorrowful, and as far removed as possible from all intelligent enjoyment of the relationships of life, morally and socially? To say nothing of how unworthy such a state of society would be of Him who is the author of our natural relationships! And where would be the goodness and love of God in forgiving me, saving me, giving me eternal life, making me His child, putting His Holy Spirit in me, making me one with Christ, and fitting me for the glory, and then preventing my having, or not giving me, the knowledge and enjoyment of all these divine and eternal blessings? Such teaching is a slur upon a kind, good, and loving God, and is totally opposed to the word of God.

But I will turn to a few scriptures which are infinitely preferable to all our words and illustrations.

"And He said unto them, Unto you *it is given* to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables" (Mark iv. 11). Are you within the favoured circle of His own blood-bought and blood-washed ones to whom "it is given to know"? or are you "without," and therefore in darkness and uncertainty?

The blind man in John ix. 25, whose eyes Christ opened, said, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

If you heard any one saying that it was impossible to distinguish colours, you would be justified in immediately concluding that such a one was colour-blind. So when I hear persons saying that nobody can know they are forgiven and saved in this world, I cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that such are not forgiven or saved themselves. Some have the hardihood to say that Paul the Apostle did not know that he was saved. I find him speaking very differently himself in 2 Tim. i. 12, where he says, "*For I know whom I have believed*, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Again, in 2 Cor. v. 1, where he associates others with himself, he says, "For *WE KNOW* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And in 1 Cor. ii. 12 he traces this wonderful knowledge up to its source: "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; *that WE MIGHT KNOW the things that are freely given to us of God.*" There is no uncertainty in these Scriptures, where we have heard Paul saying by the Holy Ghost what was true of himself, and equally true of all saved persons.

And remember, the Scriptures cannot be broken and cannot contradict themselves.

If I turn to the Apostle Peter's writings, I find him speaking in the same strain. "Forasmuch as YE KNOW that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter i. 18, 19).

Now, let us listen to what the Apostle John has to say upon this subject of assurance. "But whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: *hereby* KNOW WE that we are in Him" (1 John ii. 5). And again, iii. 2: "Beloved, now *are we the sons of God*, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but WE KNOW that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." "And YE KNOW that He was manifested to take away our sins" (ver. 5). "WE KNOW that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. . . . (ver. 14). "Hereby KNOW WE that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit." "And *we have* KNOWN and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (iv. 13, 16). "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.*" "And WE KNOW that we are of God. . . . And WE KNOW that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that WE MAY KNOW Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life" (vers. 13, 19, 20).

What can we say, in the face of such an overwhelming and unanswerable body of Scripture

proof as to the doctrine of assurance, but what the blessed Lord Himself says in John vii. 17: "If *any* man will do His will HE SHALL KNOW of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself"?

And yet once again Christ says, speaking prophetically of the days in which we are living, "At that day" (the day of the Holy Ghost being given, which was ten days after Christ's ascension) "YE SHALL KNOW that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you" (John xiv. 20). I ask in all solemnity, Who am I to believe? Christ, who says that the characteristic of Christianity is that "*ye shall know*," or those who teach it is impossible to know, and presumption to say that we do know? What is the object of "the tender mercy of our God, whereby the Dayspring from on high hath visited us," if it be not "*to give KNOWLEDGE of salvation unto His people* by the remission of their sins"? (Luke i. 77, 78).

Poor, anxious, troubled soul, drop all your reasonings and questionings; flee from the dreary regions of frames, fears, feelings, and experiences, which you are now putting in the place of simple faith. Cease from those who teach you cannot know that you are saved, and take God at His word, for He says, "YE MAY KNOW."

H. M. H.

THE WORD THAT SAVES.

If you know upon the sure testimony of God's Word that you are saved, you will feel glad and grateful; but you are not saved on account of your feeling, nor by feeling, nor as the result of feeling. The word *feeling* occurs but twice in the entire Bible, and in neither place is it used in the sense in which it is now constantly employed. Once it is said of the Lord Jesus, "We

have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities" (Heb. iv. 15), and another passage in Eph. iv. 18, in which some are said to be "past feeling." Those who are troubled about feeling do not perceive that they have fallen into two very serious mistakes.

The first is, that they are unconsciously seeking to find a Saviour in their feelings, instead of finding Him in Christ; and the second is, that they are exactly reversing the process and order of salvation and feeling, as laid down in the Bible.

If you receive sorrowful tidings by letter, or by telegram, or by word of mouth, the first act of the mind is to believe the announcement, and the second act of the mind and the heart is grief. If you hear good news, you do not first feel joyful, or wait to scrutinise and analyse your emotions; you first believe, without thinking of your feeling. So when you hear the Gospel, do not think of feeling, think only of Christ, and if you accept as true the testimony that He has put away your sin by the sacrifice of Himself, the feeling of happiness must follow.

"THE Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). The lowest ebb of the Nile is just before the tide begins to rise and water the thirsty fields. The blackest hour of night is just before the morning star begins to glisten in the sky. Thank God if you feel that you are utterly lost; it is the sign of coming day in your soul. When God, the great Photographer, throws the black veil over the camera, it is only that the veil may be lifted, and the picture of Jesus reflected on your hearts; for "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save THAT WHICH WAS LOST."

A CHAPTER OF NAMES.

THE children had come to read their morning chapter with their mamma. Philip, as usual, came last. Not that Philip did not love to read his Bible; he liked to get his mother all by himself, and read over the chapter about Naaman the Syrian, or talk about Joseph's history; but the regular morning chapter always seemed to interrupt some plan of Philip's. He would just have his dog (who was being "broken" to drive) harnessed, or he would be making a boat, when his sister would call, "Phil! mamma's waiting to read."

On this morning I want to tell you of, Philip felt quite put out at being called, and every time his turn came to read he had to be told the verse.

"Philip," said his mother when the reading was over, "wait a moment; I want to speak to you. My boy, you did not pay any attention."

"Well, mother, what's the use? The chapter [Rom. xvi.] was full of nothing but hard names. I don't see the use of reading 'Salute Rufus,' and a lot of other fellows with such dreadful names."

"Dear, even if you don't 'see the use,' you ought to read the chapter carefully and reverently, because it is God's Word. But that chapter has taught me a lesson this morning, so you see it is of use."

"Tell me, mother: I always like a chapter you've talked about."

"As you each read over those names of different men and women, I thought how a true Christian ought to try and remember his friends—remember them by name; send kind messages to them. Paul, who had the care of all the churches, did not forget Rufus and his mother, Philologus and Julia. As you read 'Greet Mary, who hath bestowed

much labour on us,' I felt ashamed to think I had sent no message to poor sick Mary Reilly, who was such a faithful servant to me years ago. Just a few kindly words of love, in a letter; the mere mention of one's own name gives great pleasure sometimes, and we are all too apt to forget these little things. Don't you know, Philip, how you always want to know whether Uncle George says anything about you in his letters?"

"I declare, mother, I never thought of it! I suppose, then, we ought to try to remember folks' names?"

"Yes, my son. I am quite sure that a Christian who remembers names well will find it a great source of good. I know a boy whose whole life was changed because a kind Christian gentleman remembered his name. The boy was called 'Dirty Jack' by the other boys in the village. Poor fellow! he could hardly help being dirty, for his father drank, and his mother was a very shiftless, careless woman, that had never taught Jack to be neat and clean."

"Well, one Sunday somebody coaxed Jack into the Sunday school, and after the school was opened the superintendent came to the seat where Jack was and asked his name. The boy was shy and did not answer, and another boy said, 'Oh, he's Dirty Jack.'"

"Jack was very angry, but the gentleman said kindly, 'I am going to give this boy his real name. I shall call him John—it's a splendid name, for it was the name of the one whom Jesus loved best when He was on earth.'"

"Jack didn't come to school the next Sunday—his father in a drunken fit had given him a black eye; but two weeks after the same gentleman was walking near Jack's house, and saw him playing with some boys."

He walked up to them, and shaking hands, said—

"'Why, John, my boy, how d'ye do? I wish you'd walk a little way with me.'"

"Now, that boy was so pleased to be remembered, and to be called by a decent name, that it made him wish he was more worthy of such a kind friend. He began to try and keep his face and hands clean, and then had to comb his hair to match; and then his clothes looked so bad, compared with his clean hands, that he never rested till he had earned money enough to get some decent ones. And now that Jack is grown up, he says that he might still be Dirty Jack if it hadn't been for that kind gentleman remembering his name."

"Well, mother, I won't think the name chapters of no use after this. I'll 'salute' you, mother, and run off."

Phil ran out to his play, but his mother often noticed after that he was careful to send his love to Uncle George, or a kind message to an absent schoolmate, and she knew the lesson had not been lost.

ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

"THE wise are ashamed of it, because it calls upon men to believe, and not to argue; the great are ashamed of it, because it brings all into one body; the rich are ashamed of it, because it is to be had without money and without price; the gay are ashamed of it, because they fear it will destroy all their mirth. And so the good news of the glorious Son of God having come into the world to save lost sinners is despised, uncared for; men are 'ashamed' of it."

"Who are *not* ashamed of it? A little company whose hearts the Spirit of God hath touched. They were like all the world and

He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied
with silver. ECCLES. v. 10.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose
mind is stayed on Thee. ISA. xxvi. 3.

of it; but He awakened them to see their sin and misery, and that Christ alone was a refuge. And now they cry, 'None but Christ!' 'None but Christ!' 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ.' He is precious to their hearts; He lives there; He is often in their lips; He is praised in their family. They would fain proclaim Him to all the world. They have felt in their own experience that the Gospel is 'the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.'

"Is this your experience? Have you received the Gospel, not in word only, but in power? Has the power of God been put forth upon your soul along with the Word? Then, if so, you can say, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'"

THE SUBMISSIVE SERVANT.

"EVEN so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight" (Matt. xi. 26). Is there not something truly precious in these words of the submissive Servant?

Let us remember that they occur at the close of a chapter that speaks of our Lord's forerunner having doubted Him, of His people refusing to dance to His piping strain of grace, and of the cities in which His mightiest works were performed remaining unmoved in their pride, instead of repent-

ing in dust and ashes. What a precious Master have we in the meek and lowly One, the despised Nazarene, the "carpenter's Son!"

BEYOND MENDING.

"EXCEPT a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). A poor woman recovering in an infirmary, was in a very depressed state, and had tried to commit suicide. The chaplain talked to her, and gave her tracts, but her answer always was, "*My heart is so bad!*" At last he adopted a different plan, and said to her, "*You do not know how bad you are; in fact, you are so bad that God cannot mend you.*" Then he left her to think over what he said. She thought, "Then I am very bad, worse than all others; I must be an awful sinner if God cannot mend me." The next day, referring to the previous conversation, she asked, "what do you mean by saying that God cannot mend me?" "I meant that you were so very bad—and we are all alike—but God never tries to mend us; He saves us and re-creates us over again in Christ Jesus." She saw the truth, and peace came into her soul.

ENDURING.

How often God allots to us the task of enduring: this, this only. On the last time that we heard

the late Dr. Fuller preach, he read the passage in Isaiah, "They shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint;" and then he added, "He puts walking last because it is hardest." It is really much easier to run in the Lord's work than to walk. It is easier to be on the high horse, attending meetings every evening, and speaking at each, inspired all the time by crowds and by sympathy, than it is to discharge patiently, without excitement, the prosaic, every-day duties of religion.

MAKE a little fence of trust around to-day,
Fill the space with loving work, and therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bar upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

MEN crucified Christ, because so they would. God had determined it from all eternity. Here are necessity and liberty in the central fact of the world's history.

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JULY 1881.

[No. 169.

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THE COACHMAN.

A pious man, who filled the office of coachman in a noble family in Silesia, went one morning as usual into the stable to feed his horses. He was surprised to miss the neighing with which the animals usually welcomed the arrival of their food. All was silent—the stalls were empty—the horses generally occupying them had been stolen. How frightened was the poor coachman! In his alarm and distress he turned for help to that dear Saviour whom he had so long known and loved. A happy certainty seemed to come into his mind, after he had uttered this prayer, that the horses, so valuable to his master, would in some way or other be restored. But if we expect our prayers to be answered, we must on our own part use the means. The

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 7.

coachman immediately saddled a riding-horse, informed his master of what had happened, and of what he intended doing, and set out. But what direction should he take?

After some deliberation it occurred to him that the best plan would be to wend his way toward Breslau, the capital of Silesia—but though he rode on and on to a distance of nearly twenty miles from his master's house, he still came upon no traces of his horses. As he travelled on alone through the still country roads, all he could do was to exclaim, "Dearest Saviour, if it be Thy will, give me success in this business. Thou knowest that I have always wished to be true and faithful in all my dealings with my master, as Thy Word commands. Thou seest what anxiety I am in. If it be Thy will, save me from the distress and shame the loss of these horses would bring upon me." But as all his search and inquiry continued fruitless, he began to think that his errand was hopeless, and that there was nothing left for him to do but to turn back. He arrived at this conclusion with a heavy heart—he did not know what he could possibly do more in the matter, but his grief and distress reached their climax. All of a sudden he saw two horsemen riding across a field. He rode towards them as fast as he could, and found that they were, as he had imme-

diately suspected they might be, mounted on his lost horses. But how could he possibly persuade them to dismount and restore the stolen animals? He was only one, and they were two—and far as he looked he could see no one who could come to his aid if they chose to attack him. All he could do was to utter one more hearty cry for help to the Saviour, and he *was* helped.

Finding out that the horsemen were on their way to Schmeidnitz, he determined to ride in that direction himself, keeping as close behind them as he could without too much exciting their attention. Suddenly the horse on which he was riding began to neigh. He had discovered the proximity of his two accustomed stable-companions, and testified his pleasure at seeing them again by uttering this loud sound, to which they in their turn replied with similar cries of joy. The thieves heard this, and guessed rightly that the solitary rider's horse must have come from the same stable as the two which they had stolen. Alarmed for their own safety, all their concern now was to escape unpunished and if possible undiscovered. Alighting from their horses they tied them to a tree, and ran away as quickly as their feet could carry them. While the coachman, calling out after the thieves, "Those horses are

mine," released the two animals, and rode home, followed by them; most thankful for his own escape from the robbers, and for the recovery of his master's property. He used often afterwards to say that this circumstance had tended greatly to strengthen his faith in the help of God in all the events and accidents of life, and had made him able to feel how true are these words spoken by Asaph, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

MISSED AT LAST.

A PHYSICIAN called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside examining his patient, and then 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 the young man repeated.

The doctor, not in the least comprehending what the poor man meant, said—"My dear young man, will you be so good as to tell me what you—?"

He instantly interrupted, saying, "O doctor! it is a sad story—a sad story that I have to tell. But *I have missed it.*"

"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 Spirit—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 salvation then. Something seemed to say to me—*Don't put 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, insulted, and grieved away the *Holy Spirit.* I never thought it would come to this. I meant to *make my salvation sure.* And now, *I have missed it—at last.*"

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

"My eleventh hour was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost."

"Not lost—you may yet be saved."

"No—not saved—never. He tells me I may go my way now. I know it—I feel it—feel it here," laying his hand upon his heart. Then he burst out in despairing agony, "*Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone for ever!*"

This was said with such unutterable, indescribable despondency that no words were said in reply.

After lying a few moments, he raised his head, and looked 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 sorrow, "*Oh, I have lost 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 awfully earnest it says to you, "Now is the accepted time—*now* is the day of salvation."

"Again, he limiteth a certain day, saying in David, To-day, after so long a time: as it is said, To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iv. 7).

A PORTION WORTH HAVING.

How wealthy is he who believes and knows that God is his! I do not know anything grander than that which Isaiah said, "*O Lord, thou art my God!*" The richest man is only a life tenant; he has no right to say of his houses and lands, "*They are mine!*" If you cannot say that the eternal God is yours, you are poor, though you may be a millionaire. You are on the way to bankruptcy, though you may be on the high road to commercial success.

OWNERSHIP.

"If thou be righteous what dost thou give Him?"—Job xxxv. 7.

"Ye are bought with a price."—I Cor. vii. 23.

LORD, I can give Thee nothing. Thou hast bought

My spirit, soul, and body with Thy blood.

I can but yield me to my Lord and God, To let myself be fed, and clothed, and taught The happy secrets of Thy perfect love.

And yet, though not my own, Thy tenderness Doth "fill my hand" that I may daily prove My life the echo of Thy faithfulness.

I cannot give Thee even love and thanks Till Thy own love, self sown within my soul, Pierces the barren soil with blossomed

ranks

Of fragrance, for Thy gathering. Thine alone

Myself, and all I have. Lord, take Thine own

And use it as Thou wilt, blest in Thy full control. E. S. W.

• (Ex. xxviii. 41. Margin.)

THE DECISION.

MARY and Emma B—— were children of wealth and luxury. A father's and a mother's love had, so far as earthly power can, guarded them from sorrow and pain. Want they had never known; adversity had never darkened their pathway, not even had a cherished friend been taken from them; and now their school-day trials over, with wealth, rank, beauty, and accomplishments, they were entering the fashionable world. The future, as to the young and trusting it ever does, seemed strewn with flowers and sparkling with gems; they had but to stretch forth their hands to grasp the prize, and happiness would be theirs. For years they had been looking forward to this hour, anticipating its joys, feasting on its fancied delights. Alas! they knew not, thought not, how true an emblem of life is the far-famed fruit, which, fair and beautiful without, is but rottenness and hollowness within.

A month rolled away, during which Mary and Emma had been courted, flattered, and admired, till the world's votaries might think their cup of joy was running over. It was a little season, too brief for pleasure to have become wearisome, and yet they had tasted of almost every earthly joy. Were they satisfied? Had their bright anticipations been realised? Let us listen. One beautiful evening, as the departing rays of the setting sun were tinging with gold the waters of a quiet lake, which lay spread out before them, the sisters walked forth alone. "Silence reigned," but it was a silence which said unutterable things; which unconsciously led the heart "through nature up to nature's God." The day had been one of weariness and lassitude, the reaction of a previous one of excitement and so-called pleasure. "How calm

and lovely is this scene!" exclaimed Emma. "Look, Mary, how beautiful the lake is, tinged with the setting sun. What a contrast is this to the revelry and excitement of last evening!"

"Beautiful, indeed!" said her sister: "but we do not want to admire this always, it would not atone for company, and parties, and the pleasures of life. I am so vexed, however; I thought last night, or rather this morning, as I laid my aching head on my pillow, I never would go to another party, and I never will at Mrs D——'s. How provoking everything was."

"I am weary," said Emma,—"weary of parties, almost of our so much dreamed-of pleasures. Let us sit down on this green mound, and talk of something else."

"Mary," added Emma, looking up sorrowfully, "I am sad, and I cannot tell why. Everything about me is bright and happy, my desires are gratified, pleasure is always before me—what can be the cause of my sadness?"

"I cannot say," replied her sister; "I am not sad that I know of, but angry, which is worse."

"But," asked Emma, "does not this peaceful scene, so unlike the commotion of angry feelings, produce such a discord in your heart, as to make it heavy?"

Mary gazed around, an expression of sadness came over her countenance, and she was compelled to own that with no sympathy of feeling, the scene was robbed of its brightest attractions. The sisters conversed till the gathering shades of night admonished them that it was time to retire; but not discovering the cause of their sadness, resolved to continue their round of pleasure without allowing themselves to be annoyed by the little vexations

incident to life; and again they pictured the future bright and happy.

The mother of these sisters was a Christian, but perhaps a little blinded by the whirl of pomp and fashion amid which she dwelt, and with a husband not a help-meet in the way of life, she found it difficult to stem the tide which was rapidly carrying her daughters into a vortex of dissipation, and leading them to forget God and eternity altogether. The hour of retirement, however, came, and with it calmness and reflection, and earnestly then she prayed for grace and wisdom from above, to guide her children aright; nor were her prayers unanswered.

Another, and another month fled away, and Mary and Emma were still basking in the sunshine of worldly prosperity, but all would not do. Though the excitement of the moment banished care, and led them to imagine themselves happy, they only felt the more exhausted, sad, and disappointed when the giddy scene was over. Happiness was always flitting just before them, but though in a thousand ways they sought to attain it, it ever eluded their eager grasp. A young friend, who had mingled with them in their pursuits of pleasure, was now suddenly summoned to her last account. Death had not come very near, and yet it was nearer than he had ever approached before, and his summons reminding them, votaries of pleasure as they were, that their hour of doom must also come, caused their hearts to quail.

"Mary," said Emma, the evening after they had seen the earthly remains of their young friend consigned to the narrow house, "our mother told us to-day that the soul cannot be satisfied with attending to the things of earth merely. I think

I realise the truth of that remark, for I sometimes feel such an aching void within me, my mind seems struggling to soar beyond the perishing things around me to higher and holier scenes. Do you never feel this?"

"Oh yes," was the reply; "I sometimes feel sad, and an indefinable longing after something, I know not what, at 'twilight's witching hour,' or when I am alone; but it vanishes with company, and other means of enjoyment in our possession."

"That may be," said Emma, "but then the void, the sadness, return with redoubled force after the excitement has again passed by. No, it is not solitude which is the cause of all this, but the confining of the mind to sensual objects, which is contrary to its nature. When I pass an hour in useful conversation, or in relieving suffering, the recollection, though something still seems wanting, gives me pleasure. I have been thinking, dear sister, of a future world; and how unfitted are we for its solemn realities! I fear that we are quite forgetting that our summons must soon come."

"Dear Emma," exclaimed Mary, "do not be so solemn, I cannot think of that."

"But what propriety," asked Emma, "is there in banishing such thoughts? These pleasures which so engross our attention, even now leave a sting behind, and they will soon pass away. Life is so uncertain. How has our dear mother, in these last sad days, sought to impress this truth upon us. Our young friend, only a week ago with us, with health and the most brilliant prospects before her, now lies mouldering in the dust. How little did she think, as joyfully she arrayed herself for her last splendid *fete*, that the next great assembly she should meet

would be at the bar of God. Oh! I wish I could think of the grave with calmness; but to give up life, to leave its pleasures, friends, everything we love, to moulder away in the cold earth, food for worms, is too much; and the soul! what will become of that?"

Mary was deeply affected. She threw herself into her sister's arms, and wept. Thoughts of her friend, of the grave, and that she, too, must soon lie there, distressed, but did not lead her to seek for consolation where alone it can be found. The sisters found no consolation in these sad but profitable reflections, and they soon turned from them; and on the morrow, when they awoke from their troubled slumbers, they thought not from whom came all their mercies, felt no emotions of gratitude toward Him who is alike the dispenser of life and death. But they had learned that mere sensual enjoyments do not constitute happiness, and this conviction, together with the tears and prayers of a pious mother, had at length induced them sometimes to think of higher objects than the perishing things of earth. Glowingly did she picture before them the goodness of God, who had strewn their path of life with blessings; the love and mercy of a Saviour, who had suffered and died that such as they might live, and the return they had made for all this; and earnestly did she entreat them to seek His forgiveness and favour. They listened and wept, but not with a sincere sorrow for sin, but from a dread of its fatal consequences. Time passed on, in a struggle between the desire to enjoy the pleasures of sin and the hopes of the gospel. Again they listened to the oft-told tale of a Saviour's love, of His agony for their sakes, His power and willingness to save to the uttermost all who will come to Him, of the sin and wretched-

ness in which they were involved, and of the glorious hopes of Christianity, and their hearts were moved; *almost* they were persuaded to be Christians. On the eve of that day their mother approached them.

"My dear children," she said, will you, *can* you, any longer reject the gracious offers of which you have to-day again heard, thus crucifying the Saviour afresh, and bringing upon yourselves swift destruction? or will you *now* resolve to renounce the world, to take your hearts from its fleeting, deceitful pleasures, and dedicate your future lives to His service, whose mercies have been new every morning, and fresh every moment of your lives?"

A solemn pause ensued. At length Mary sobbed—

"The pleasures of life are just opening before us—oh! we cannot be Christians."

The mother fell on her knees, and with all the earnestness of a warm and agonised heart besought her Heavenly Father to look upon and bless her dear children, to give them repentance for sin, to make them sensible of their own vileness, and their inability to do anything to save themselves from the ruin in which they were involved, to wash them in that blood which alone can cleanse the soul, and to enable them *now*, come life or death, to resolve that they would serve Him. They arose from their knees; the mother turned an anxious eye upon her children—Emma threw herself into her arms.

"My dear, dear mother," she murmured, "the struggle is past. I do give up all, and resolve to live only to serve the blessed Jesus."

Tears of joy and gratitude filled that mother's eyes as she pressed her now repenting daughter to her heart.

THE DECISION.

(Continued.)

"And Mary, my child," she exclaimed, "have you, too, resolved to seek for forgiveness and happiness at the feet of this Saviour?"

Mary spoke not; she thought of her gay young friends, of the golden pleasures of rank and wealth, and her heart was hard. In vain her mother and sister entreated her, prayed for her;—she took the fearful responsibility of preferring time to eternity.

Reader, would you know the consequences resulting from that solemn hour? Eternity alone can reveal them to their full extent. Emma remained firm in her resolutions, and was soon rejoicing in that brightest, most hallowed of all emotions, the sense of sins forgiven. Mary—but the heart sickens to follow further—from that hour lost all care for her future destiny. Prayers and tears were alike ineffectual to arouse her. Alas! she had resisted the Spirit of God, and He had departed from her; she had rejected the offers of mercy, and they were no more hers.

Youthful reader, you who are saying to the gracious offers of mercy, again and again presented to you, "Go thy way for this time;" who are weighing the deceitful, perishing pleasures of time against the commands of God, the happiness of eternity, pause and ponder your ways, ere, like Mary B——, you shall be given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind.

CERTAINTY OF SALVATION.

THERE are many persons who look into the dim future with anxiety, and inquire whether they shall be saved at last—whether they shall be ready to meet their Lord in peace in the great judgment-day.

This is an important question; but there is another question far more important, and that is, *Are we saved now?* Salvation is a thing of the present, as well as the future; it pertains to time, as well as to eternity. And the future salvation only follows the present, so that all our anxieties as to that may well be concentrated in a more urgent question as to our present state. We may be saved to-day—saved with a great salvation, so that we can say, He "hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling." The word of salvation "is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that is the word of faith which we preach."

"THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE :
HE DIED FOR ME."

THERE he lay, stretched on a bed of pain, which might have been the bed of death but for God's mercy. Had it been so he must have been damned; for God says, "He that believeth not SHALL be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).

A friend had informed me of his state by letter, and that he was very anxious about his soul. What was my delight on visiting him to find that anxiety was passed, and he was simply resting on Christ, full of joy and gratitude.

The following is the substance of the account he gave me of his conversion, tears of joy filling his eyes, while every now and then he was stopped by his emotion.

"I have been a very wicked man. My parents were Christian people, and brought me up in a pious way, and for years I kept up a show of religion, went to chapel regularly, and liked to hear a good sermon. Many a time I have repeated after the minister, 'I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned

against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.' But I never arose and went. At last I got so fond of company, and they got so fond of me—for I was the life of any party I was in—that I became much less regular in my attendance at chapel, and cared less for good things.

"Although sixty years of age, I was as nimble and active on my legs as most young men of twenty, and took great pride in it. But as I was hurrying through the shop one day I ran a long needle into my ankle. I didn't take much notice of it at first, being very hardy, and never having had a day's illness since I can remember. But I was soon compelled to lay up, and erysipelas setting in, abscesses broke out, and my leg has been one mass of abscesses from the ankle almost to the thigh joint. I was brought very nearly to the point of death, and I felt myself to be *as near to HELL as I was to death.*"

He was too weak to go on talking; so after assuring myself that he was resting on the finished work of Christ, I turned to his wife, who gave me the following particulars of his conversion:—

"He was terribly ill, and in deep anxiety of soul, but quite unable to realise his own personal interest in the work of Christ. I bethought me of a little book that your friend had left with us, but I had given it to a woman twelve months before, who was anxious about her soul, and the first story was used to her finding peace. It was called, 'Move your finger,' and told of a woman who was directed to put her finger on those words in Luke vii., 'Her sins, which are many,' and she felt that was only too true. She was then directed to move her finger to 'ARE forgiven.' She did so, and through faith was enabled to believe it. I wrote

to your friend, and asked him if he could send me another of those little books. I could not remember the name, but told him that story was in the beginning of it, and another at the end, something about a man in the middle. He wrote me back that he had not got the book, but sent me these lines (showing me the letter)—

'Three in One,
And One in Three,
And the Man in the middle, He died
for me,
And the Man in the middle is the Man
for me.'

I repeated them to my husband. That line, '*The Man in the middle, He died for me,*' seemed to lay hold of him, and gave him to see immediately his own personal interest in the death of Christ. And day and night, sleeping and waking, I've heard him repeating those words, and in between the dozes, '*The Man in the middle, He died for me; yes, He did die FOR ME.*' Oh, sir, I'm so happy! For five and twenty years I've prayed for that man. I always knew my prayers would be answered, but about two years ago I began to pray afresh; I felt I hadn't half believed as I ought that God would answer me."

My first visit terminated here. On going again I found the patient even happier and more grateful than before. His wife told me he had not been going on so well, as he had been trying to do too much, but that he was now better. I took occasion to turn what she said to account by remarking that now he had found out he had no goodness of his own, he would have to learn that he had no strength either.

"It will take you a long time," I said; "it took you a long while to find out that you had no goodness of your own" (thinking of his sixty years of sin).

"No," he replied, with great eagerness; "no; I saw it in a

moment. It flashed upon me like a flash of forked lightning," he exclaimed, stretching out his hand and imitating its rapid course. "I saw in a moment what a guilty, hell-deserving sinner I was. Had I been left in my agony a few hours longer I must have died and perished; for I could not have stood that agony of mind in the weak state I was then in. I cried out for mercy; but I feel I've been such a coward. When God gave me health and strength I didn't trouble to turn to Him; but when He laid me low, I bellowed out for mercy then." And he fairly cried at his ingratitude.

"Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living." But don't you put it off till then, my reader. Instead of being brought back from the brink of hell, as this dear man so mercifully was, you may "come to yourself" when it is too late, and not cry out for mercy till you're in hell, like the rich man in Luke xvi. But *where* you are, *as* you are, and *just now*, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—the Man in the middle who died for me"—and *thou shalt be saved.*"

W. G. B.

WHICH WAY DOES YOUR EXAMPLE POINT?

A LITTLE boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor and the little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fish bone from his throat. At the funeral, the minister said that "the boy was killed by a lie, which another boy told with his finger." I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way.

He only wanted to have a little fun, but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and, if he ever heard of the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing.

Christian, which way does your example point? You may not *say* anything contrary, to Christ, or His Gospel; you may speak no word contrary to His teachings, but be sure that your silent example does not point men into the wrong road.

"WAS LOST BUT IS FOUND."

GENTLE Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus kind,
Round me are Thy loving arms
Close entwined.
Safe from every foe I rest,
And in Thy protecting breast
Shelter find.

Once upon the barren rocks,
Bleak and cold,
Like a sheep I went astray
From the fold.
Full of danger was the way,
And the thunder day by day
Round me rolled.

Never did my foolish heart
Pause and think,
Though my feet were on the chasm's
Awful brink!
Nor did cruel hungry eyes,
Watchful, waiting for their prize,
Make me shrink.

Often did I hear a voice
Calling me;
Bidding me, in warning tones,
Turn and flee.
But I mocked at Him who spake,
Nor would I the counsel take
As for me.

Yet He patiently did call
Day by day,
Followed me with loving heart
All the way;
Till at last He overtook,
And compelled me with a look
To obey.

Gentle Shepherd of the sheep,
Christ adored!
How could I so long despise
Thee, my Lord?
Let me no more give Thee pain;
Let me never turn again
From Thy word.

R. W. B.

NATURE AND GOD.

THERE are infidels who do not believe in a God who judges, and punishes, and afflicts. They believe in *Nature*, and in *Nature's laws*.

But what do they gain by the change? Are not "the laws of *Nature*," as they term them, as immutable as those inscribed on tables of stone? Do not fires burn, floods overwhelm, waters drown, earthquakes swallow up, lightnings blast, tornadoes desolate, tempests destroy, sunbeams scorch, frosts congeal, diseases waste, pains rack, sorrows pierce, and calamities afflict mankind? Are not toil, and labour, and hunger, and famine, and pestilence, and all the nameless agonies of dying men, in accordance with "the laws of *Nature*"? Does not "the God of *Nature*" do all this? Pray, then, what do men gain by throwing away their Bibles, which they will not believe, when they must find the same facts, and worse ones, in the Book of *Nature*, where they can neither doubt them nor deny them? The facts will stand. Sceptics may deny man's fall, but they cannot escape its consequences. They cannot argue pain out of their bones, misery out of their hearts, nor death out of their families. They may deny that God has cursed the ground, but they cannot rid themselves of thorns and thistles, with all their arguing and with all their unbelief. And sorrow, and guilt, and condemnation, will follow them, in spite of all their doubts and sceptical objections. What then do they gain by their efforts to get rid of God?

They gain just this: they put away the chastisement of a Father, and fling themselves amid the revolving gearings of an Almighty Machine that crushes them in the dust, and then grinds them to powder.

They have the same *facts* they had before, with no possible relief from them. They retain every trouble, and reject every consolation. They have the same realities of sin, and sorrow, and penalty; they have only blotted out mercy, made penitence vain, and forgiveness and peace impossible. They have kept the disease, and flung away the remedy.

Let, then, the infidel glory in the fact that he has *preserved his death-warrant*, and *burned up his pardon* that might have cancelled it; that he has kept every sorrow of earth, and rejected every joy of Heaven;—but let the Christian rather rejoice that he possesses every real blessing of which the ungodly man can boast, and, added to them all, he has the presence of a Divine Father, and the sympathy of an Almighty Friend, who, while He reproves in righteousness and punishes in justice, yet pardons with such infinite and compassionate love, that the heart of the penitent turns with tears to Him as the only Saviour, saying, "THERE IS FORGIVENESS WITH THEE, THAT THOU MAYEST BE FEARED."

GOD BECAME MAN.

THE great difference between Israel and the Church, on the one hand, and the Gentiles, who are without the knowledge of God, on the other, is chiefly this, that idolatry substitutes ideas and things for the Divine Person. The world speaks of the true, the good, the beautiful (neuter gender); an element, an abstraction.

This is not Jewish, not Scriptural, not the language of revelation.

The Pagans ask: *What?* The God-taught say: *Who?* "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my

soul after *God*; my soul thirsteth for God, the living God."

In Judah God is known; infinite and incomprehensible, and yet a person, whose name is I AM, whose name is manifold, revealing His justice and truth. His goodness and mercy, His faithfulness and tenderness to usward. High above us, yet near; greatly to be feared, yet full of pity and condescension; to whom we can speak freely, and pour out all our heart. Israel knew God, the Living One, and said: "Oh, that Thou wouldst come down!" Ideas, however sublime, laws, however pure, cannot bring peace to the heart and life to the soul.

Salvation can only come through a Saviour; life can only be given from the source of life, the living God. And this is the great mystery of godliness, that God Himself has come down to earth; that God Himself has visited His people; that the Son of God became man. Great is the mystery of godliness, and without controversy. This is the greatest as well as the brightest and surest fact of our history. Marvellous as is this new foundation, there can be no doubt that the omnipotent love of God has laid it. "God manifest in the flesh."

Higher than this we cannot rise. Greater gift than this God could not bestow upon us. The Eternal has allied Himself with our finite existence; the Son of God has taken upon Him the seed of Abraham; the Lord of glory was born of the Virgin Mary. See here the depth of the Fall in the grandeur of the remedy. Nothing could rescue man from destruction; nothing could elevate him out of his misery but a new creation, a new gift from God. There was nothing within man by which he could be raised or purified; there was no inherent power by which he could be lifted out of the depth of guilt

and death into which he had sunk. But while we behold in the marvellous redemption the depth of our fall, we behold also the height to which the infinite love of God raises man. The purpose of the Incarnation is not merely to redeem us from evil, but to bring the dust of earth into the Holy of Holies to raise us with Christ, that we may be seated with Him in the heavenlies. For this end the Son of God became man, that, through union with Him, ransomed and forgiven sinners should be brought above all angels and principalities, nearest and closest unto the throne of God.

UNWORTHINESS.

MAN neither knows himself nor his place. He is not to be trusted to estimate his character, his condition, his conduct, or his deserts. He is too blind to see, too ignorant to understand, and too prejudiced to decide upon the questions that most deeply affect him. His proper attitude is that of a learner. Every high thought must be brought in subjection to Christ, the great and spotless Teacher,—to God, the Holy and Supreme.

Man does not know the greatness of his ruin, nor the glory of God's redemption. He stumbles here perpetually. He denies that he is lost, and he doubts when he is saved. He cannot measure the depths of his debasement, nor comprehend the heights of the heavenly places where he is invited to come and dwell. He must learn in all this to submit not only his will but also his judgment to the Lord; and to accept His testimony in everything.

To own ourselves lost covers us with shame; to know ourselves saved glorifies our Lord and God. But we doubt His love, His grace, His power, and

His truth, and fear to believe He has done as He has promised, or that He means all that He has said. And we call this humility, when it is pride. We call it "a sense of our unworthiness," when it is often a conceit of an unsubdued heart which sets its own judgment above the mind of the Spirit and the Word of God.

God pardons royally, His gifts are not according to our deservings, but according to His abundant goodness, according to the exceeding riches of His grace,—according to the greatness of His power, and above all that we can ask or think. Shall we measure the depths of His ocean by the size of our tiny pitchers? Shall we estimate the heights of His heavens by the stretch of our little kite-strings? Must we be eternally counting up our merits and our demerits, and telling the Lord what we deserve and do not deserve, and what we think He can afford to do for us, all things considered?

THE HOPE OF SALVATION.

"LET us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet *the hope of salvation*" (1 Thess. v. 8). This is explained and enforced by what follows: "Because God did not appoint us to wrath, but to *the obtaining of salvation* through our Lord Jesus Christ." Salvation is looked at in Holy Scripture—

1. As a past thing, "Who *hath saved us*."—2 Tim. i. 9; Tit. iii. 5.

2. As a present and progressive thing.—Eph. ii. 8; Phil. ii. 12; Heb. vii. 25.

3. As a future thing, "We *are saved by hope*."—Rom. viii. 24, 25; Phil. iii. 20, 21.

The helmet we are enjoined to put on is "*the hope of salvation*" (1 Thess. v. 8). It is quite Scriptural to say we are saved

(Eph. ii. 8), we are being saved (Phil. ii. 12), and we (who are saved and are being saved) hope to be saved (Heb. ix. 28). These statements are not contradictory but supplementary. An illustration will make this matter very plain. A man's affairs go hopelessly wrong, and in desperation he throws himself into the river, but he is seen, dragged ashore, and *saved*. But he still requires more saving—namely, as to deliverance from his present difficulties; and even though he may be delivered for the *present* he has bills that will become due three months hence, and consequently he will require a *future* salvation. The salvation of "Romans" is the salvation of a *sinner*, the deliverance of the drowning man; the salvation of "Hebrews" is the man in difficulties on the bank, the salvation of a *saint*; "Romans" sees him out of the water, "Hebrews" out of the wilderness. This goes on as long as we need it "to the uttermost." The God of *hope* (Rom. xv. 13) is *therefore* one of the most inspiring titles of the God of our salvation.

ABIDE IN HIM.

CLING to the Crucified!
His death is life to thee,
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal,
His stripes thy bruises heal,
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee,
It purges thee from sin,
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean.

Cling to the Crucified!

Cling to the Crucified!
His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee.
His countenance is light
Even in the darkest night.
That love shall never change,
That light shall ne'er grow dim.
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.

Cling to the Crucified!

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

As the loyalty of Jesus was perfect, enduring to the end, so the measure of His obedience and work was without limit. Jesus never asked, "How *often* must I forgive, heal, bless?" He went about doing good. Only some of His marvellous works are recorded in the Gospels. They give us the impression of incessant toil and labour, of constant and overflowing beneficence, of continued and abundant activity.

In the Gospel of Mark especially this aspect of Christ's life is brought before us. The words "straightway," "immediately," occur very frequently. Here is presented to us the picture of a rapid and constant succession of labours. The works of Christ, as recorded in the Gospel narratives, are great in number and variety. But they are only samples, selected by Divine wisdom as representative works in which His character, office, and salvation-power are manifested. The evangelist John tells us, "There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

In what light are we to view these innumerable works of which no record remains? Why did Jesus perform them? Simply because He was the Light of the world, and could not but shine forth with healing and peace; simply because He was love, because the Father dwelt in Him, because He said, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me. As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the World." In this also we are called to follow Jesus. He is Lord, and we are His servants; He is infinitely great, and we are but little. But to the least of us the exhortation is addressed,

"Be thou faithful unto death." "Occupy till I come." "Work while—as long as—it is day." And to each one of us some peculiar talent is entrusted. We can be, we can do, we can suffer something, and in some way, in which no other person can take our place.

As Jesus was the Light of the world, so are we in our measure and in our sphere. And in this mission or task there is no pause; as long as we are in the world it remains. There is no measure that we can say, "It is enough." The only measure is the daily opportunity appealing to the heart, out of which are the issues of life. Only let our heart be loving, and it will be like the measure Jesus describes, "Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR ONE IN TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Read Job iii., Jeremiah xx. 14-18, Matthew xi. 25-30, in connection.

THE Spirit of God, in the above scriptures, has furnished us with a very striking and edifying contrast.

"Job opened his mouth and cursed his day." He sighed for rest, but sought it amid the shades of death, and in the darkness of the tomb. Dismal rest!

In the prophet Jeremiah we see the same thing. Both these beloved and honoured saints of God, when overwhelmed by outward pressure, lost, for a moment, that well-balanced condition of soul which genuine faith ever imparts.

Now, the blessed Master stands before us, in Matthew xi. in glorious contrast. That chapter records a number of circumstances which seemed entirely against Him. Herod's prison would seem to have shaken the Baptist's confidence.

The men of that generation had refused the double testimony of righteousness and grace, in the ministry of John and of Christ Himself. Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum had remained impenitent in view of His "mighty works." What, then? Did the Master take up the language of His servants Job and Jeremiah? By no means. His perfect will was perfectly blended with that of His Father; and hence, "At that time (when all seemed against Him) Jesus answered and said, I thank Thee, O Father . . . for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Here it was that Jesus found His rest. And here it is that He invites "all who labour and are heavy laden" to "find rest." He does not point us to the grave as our resting-place; but He graciously stoops down and invites us to share His yoke with Him—to drink into His "meek and lowly" spirit—to bear about a mortified will—to meet the darkest dispensations and the most trying circumstances with a "thank God!" and an "even so." This is divine "rest." It is rest in life, and not in death—rest in Christ, and not in the grave.

Reader, do you ever find yourself disposed to wish for the grave as a relief from pressure? If so, look at the above scriptures. Think of them, pray over them; and seek to find your rest where Jesus found His, in having no will of your own.

We often think that a change of circumstances would make us happy. We imagine if this trial were removed, and that deficiency made up, we should be all right. Let us remember, when tempted to think thus, that what we want is not a change of circumstances, but *victory over self*. May the good Lord ever give us this victory, and then we shall enjoy peace.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

LET us suppose a vessel foundering at sea. We know the vessel to be exceedingly rotten, and so leaky that it is filling fast—that it must shortly go down. On shore the utmost effort is made. The life-boat, with capacity to hold every person on the sinking ship, is launched. The mariners pull alongside the rotten, sinking vessel. The captain of the life-boat begs every person on board immediately to leave the old rotten ship and trust himself in his hands in the life-boat, with the certainty of being brought safe to shore. The people on board resolutely refuse the invitation. The vessel fills and sinks. And now tell me, if every foolhardy despiser on board goes down, *who is to blame?* Plainly themselves. *The life-boat was sent to them, and they refused.*

Man is that rotten ship—fallen, ruined by sin, filling fuller and fuller of sins, until he sinks into perdition. Christ Jesus is the life-boat. God so loved this poor, ruined, sinking world, that He sent the life-boat, “that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.” Did the world believe God? Oh no, they rejected even such love, so great salvation. They murdered the Son of God. The death of Jesus was the offering of Himself, the atoning sacrifice for sin; God raised Him from the dead; and the RISEN CHRIST becomes the *life-boat* of every soul that trusts in Him.

But, my reader, may I ask you a home question. Where are you—in the life-boat or not? Are you in Christ or trusting to the self-righteousness of old human nature? *Are you one of the redeemed?* Can you say that you “have redemption through His blood,

even the forgiveness of sins?” (Col. i. 14.) Or are you still in and of that world which is guilty of rejecting and murdering the Son of God?

Perhaps you do not care for these things. Are you filling up the measure of your iniquity? You know when the old ship gets full it sinks, and when your last sin on earth shall be filled up and you sink into endless perdition, you will remember *who is to blame*.

But are you trusting to outward forms and ceremonies of religion? Now what good will this outside paint do? The ship is sinking, and if you stay on it you will go down with the very paint-brush in your hand. Oh, my friend! all the ordinances that men can perform will never keep one ruined sinner from sinking into hell! Woe be to your poor soul if you trust in them.

Do you say there are so many opinions—how am I to tell who is right? Whoever points you to Christ, the life-boat, is right; and whoever keeps you in the old ship is wrong. Do you not see that?

Are you trying—no matter how—to *mend the old ship*; that is, your fallen human nature, called in Scripture “the flesh”? Then you may be quite certain, sooner or later, if you continue in that condition, *you will*, as the old ship, *go down*. Think where! Oh, the bottomless pit—and *who is to blame?*

Oh give up the vain attempt to mend the old ship. Own yourself a lost, undone, ruined sinner—believe the grace of God in sending you Christ the life-boat—trust Him with all your heart—confess Him with your lips and life. You cannot be in both. If you are in the old ship, no matter how self-righteous, you are sinking fast: there is not a moment to be lost. It is indeed great presumption for any one in the

old ship to say, he knows he is safe. But if you are in Christ, the life-boat, you cannot be too sure. He never did, and never will, lose one.

“LONELY?” NO; NOT LONELY.

“LONELY?” No; not lonely
While Jesus standeth by;
His Presence fills my chamber,
I feel that He is nigh.

“Friendless?” No; not friendless,
For Jesus is my Friend;
I change, but He remaineth
True, loving, to the end.

“Tired?” No; not tired
While leaning on His breast;
My soul hath sweet possession
Of His eternal rest.

“Saddened?” Ah! yes, saddened
By earth’s deep sin and woe;
How can I count as nothing
What grieved my Saviour so?

“Helpless?” Yes, so helpless;
But I am leaning hard
On the mighty arm of Jesus,
And He is keeping guard.

“Waiting?” Oh yes! waiting,
He bade me watch and wait;
I only wonder often
What makes my Lord so late.

“Happy?” Yes; so happy,
With joy too deep for words;
A precious, sure possession,
A joy that is my Lord’s.

OH! to have taken one’s place at the well of water, and to have left the water-pot! To have left the well *and all that belongs to it*, for the sake of Jesus, and then to seek the good of others! To know now for *one’s self* the truth of His own words, “Who-soever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall *never* thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life” (John iv. 13, 14).

STEALING THE PROMISES.

THIS is a kind of theft which is very common. It does not affect the credit of those who are guilty of it. It is practised by all unsaved persons, more or less. Indeed, this is one of the principal means by which Satan keeps Christless persons at their ease. It is most common amongst those of the unsaved who are respectable, moral, and, after their own fashion, religious people. Satan teaches them to live by theft. He gets them to appropriate to themselves promises and hopes which do not belong to them: and by means of this stolen property, he succeeds in keeping them at their ease until he has ruined them for ever.

Those who have accepted Jesus, the Mediator and Surety of the New Covenant, as a Surety and Mediator for themselves, have a right to all the blessings of the Covenant, and to the fulfilment to themselves of all its precious promises. But no other person has. Jesus is Himself the Covenant. "I will give THEE for a Covenant of the people" (Isa. xlix. 8). God is well pleased that Jesus be a Covenant of reconciliation between Himself and guilty rebels. He is well pleased to pardon the vilest sinner through and for the sake of that unmerited death which Jesus died. He is well pleased to welcome into His family the most guilty of men, who consents to take Jesus as a Covenant of peace between himself and God. Jesus, accepted, washes the sinner who receives Him, "whiter than the snow" in His precious blood. Jesus, accepted, clothes the sinner who receives Him in the spotless robe of His own perfect obedience to God's holy law. He rendered that obedience not at all for Himself, but solely for the use of those who consent to take Him to be their Saviour.

Jesus, accepted, renews the whole nature of the person that receives Him. He creates in him a clean heart—a heart that hates sin, and loves and delights in holiness and in God. Jesus, accepted, gives the person who has received Him a right to the fulfilment of all the "exceeding great and precious promises" which God has made in His Word. For "ALL the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him, Amen" (2 Cor. i. 20). That is, they are ALL made sure to those who are "in Him." But those who have not yet accepted Jesus can claim no interest in any one of them (St. John i. 12, iii. 36, vi. 29).

God has made no promises to those who are refusing to accept Jesus, and be reconciled to God through Him. He has put Himself under no obligation to such persons. He has not promised to keep any one of them for another hour from dropping into hell. The wife has a joint-interest with her husband in all that he has, and in all that has been promised to him. But if any one pays no attention to the person who is offering to be a husband to her, and yet makes free with his property, she makes herself a thief, and will be treated accordingly. And is not this what thousands are doing to the Lord Jesus? They have never accepted Him. They have never yielded themselves to be wholly and for ever His. Yet they comfort themselves with the hopes which Jesus alone can give. They do but steal the comfort which this brings them. They take it without any warrant. They take what they have no right to. When in danger or trial, they cry to the Lord for help. And they comfort themselves with the thought that he has promised to hear and help them. These covet the *inheritance*, but care not for Ruth. But they have no right to do so, so long as they

refuse to accept Jesus, and be reconciled to God.

Reader, look well to the foundation of your hopes. An ill-grounded hope ruins for ever as certainly as a life of open sin does. God is giving Jesus "for a covenant of the people." Accept Him. Build all your hopes on Him. "The hope of the hypocrite shall perish." But "He that believeth on him shall not be confounded."

THE BLISS OF GIVING.

WHAT a grand truth is this, that in blessing others we are blessed ourselves—doubly blessed. Some years ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, I came across an old Baron's nephew, who related to me this fact: His uncle was a wealthy Baron of Scotland, formerly living in England. He was unhappy in spite of his wealth; banks were breaking—robbers were stealing—he could not secure his rents. He said, "What a wretched world! I am sick of life. I will take myself out of it. To-morrow morning I will plunge into the river." At five o'clock next morning he stood by the stream. It looked cold, but he said, "I will plunge in." Just then he felt something plucking at his cloak. Looking round he saw a little girl, who said, "Pardon me, sir, but my mother is sick, and my father is dead, and we are starving. Only one penny, sir; one penny!" "Where do you live?" asked he. "Over the hill." He took her by the hand and went home with her. He found a low hovel, and the mother, almost gone with consumption, lying on a pile of rags, half naked, and starving for food. Involuntarily he said, "There is my purse." The mother gasped, "Come this way." Taking his hand, she said, "I thank you, sir. You have saved my darling child, I must soon go, but I will carry

It pleased the Lord to bruise Him.

He shall see of the travail of His soul,
and shall be satisfied.

ISA. liii. 10, 11.

this blessing to the heavens above." But he tore himself away, and on his way to the stream he said: "O foolish man! to think of taking my life when there is so much real joy to be found on earth. In opening this fountain of joy to this family I have learned a new secret, that in giving to others I am made rich myself."

THE LOVING CALL.

THERE are many voices which say, "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" and there are many who are ready to direct our steps hither or thither; but there are few who stand ready to give us the invitation—"Come!" Philosophers and sages can give counsel, but they cannot give help; they can send men hither and thither, but they cannot satisfy the hungry, refresh the thirsty, or give the weary rest. Not one of them ever dared to invite the troubled and distressed to come to *him* and find the help they needed. But Jesus says, "Come!"

It is not easy to tell a man where to go, but the word "Come" carries its direction with it. A fisherman was out upon the waters, and fog and storm settled down upon him. The darkness gathered, and neither moon nor stars appeared, and he knew not how to find the shore. It was vain to talk to him of north or south, of here, or there, or yonder, for he

knew nothing of the points of the compass, or the direction in which he was drifting. His little boy knew this, and he also knew the dangers that beset his father; and standing on the shore he shouted out above the tossing, seething waters, "*Steer straight to me, father! steer straight to me!*" And as the darkness thickened and the fog shut down, that boy's shrill voice rang through the gloom and sounded over the waves, "*Steer straight to me, father! steer straight to me!*" There was no mistaking that direction, and when once the father caught the sound of that familiar voice he had only to follow it to find safety.

It is thus that our Lord cries out amid the darkness that enshrouds benighted souls; and His is no voice saying, "Go here," or "Go there;" He gives us no directions about going to the north or to the south, or following this one or that one; His call is, "*Steer straight to Me!*" "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

We have not to chase a phantom, or to follow a wandering light through pathless wastes of mire and darkness. Before us

there burns the steady lamp, the light of life, the light of ages, "the light of the world;" and there sounds forth perpetually the gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "*Steer straight to Me!*" Oh, that the weary, the heavy laden, the hungry, the ruined, the desolate and the sad, might hear the Saviour's gracious call, and coming unto Him, find rest, and peace, and joy, and everlasting life.

HE LED THEM BY THE RIGHT WAY.

God led the Israelites to and fro, backwards and forwards, as in a maze or labyrinth, and yet all the while under the direction of the pillar of the cloud. He led them about, and yet He led them by a right way. His way in bringing His people home is always the best, though it may not be the nearest.

To have only this world for our portion is to be eternally bankrupt.

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EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

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AUGUST 1881.

[No. 170.]

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"HEAVEN'S CURE FOR EARTH'S CARE."

PHIL. iv. 6, 7.

MANY a burden, many a labour,
Many a fretting care,
Busy footsteps, coming, going,
Little time for prayer;—

Duties waiting on my threshold,
Will not be denied;
Others coming round the corner,
Crowding to their side;—

How shall I their number master?
How shall I get through?
How keep calm amid the tumult?
Lord, what shall I do?

Give Thy strength to meet my weak-
ness,
Give a heart at rest,
Give a childlike, trustful spirit,
Leaning on Thy breast.

Thou canst still the wildest conflict,
Bid the billows cease;
Thou canst fill earth's busiest mo-
ment
With Thy perfect peace.
NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 8.

THE LADY'S GIFT.

A FEW years ago a lady was walking along a solitary road when two men of very disreputable appearance approached her. As they drew near she anxiously looked around for help. No human creature was in sight; the dreary moor spread out on all sides, without one habitation upon it—escape was impossible. Her heart died within her, and she bitterly reproached herself for having walked in that direction alone.

At that moment, when fear was at its height, a bird suddenly arose from the ground close beside her; she looked down, and the bright blue blossoms of the "forget-me-not," which clustered along the edge of the burn at her feet, met her gaze, and recalled her thoughts to Him to whom the beauties of the wilderness belong. The flower brought a message of peace to her heart, and she walked forward with calmness.

The men soon came up, and, as she expected, asked for charity. "I have no money with me," she replied.

"But we must have something," they said, their eyes fixed upon her gold watch.

The lady at once took out her pocket Bible and handed it to them. They looked surprised, glanced at each other, and with a polite bow returned the book, and were going away, when the

lady, in her turn, became the beggar. "Nay, my friends," she said, "I must entreat you to take this, it is of more value than silver or gold; for 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'" She put it into their hands and hastened away.

Time passed on, and the circumstance had nearly faded from the lady's remembrance, when a fearful accident happened at a neighbouring quarry. A large block of stone fell; one man was killed on the spot, and several others very much hurt. As the "quarry village" was at some distance from her residence, the lady did not go to see the sufferers, until a woman of not very respectable character one day called upon her and asked her to go and see her husband, who, she said, was very ill, and the doctor did not think he was "long for this world."

She accordingly went, and with some disgust entered the filthy hovel pointed out to her. The loud angry voices and the strong smell of whisky which assailed her, before her eyes could recover from the blinding effects of the smoke that escaped through the door alone, almost induced her to turn. She, however, stood still for a few moments, and soon discovered a few tattered rags in the corner, on which the poor man was extended. He raised himself on

his elbow as she approached, and holding out her old pocket Bible, said,—“Lady, do you remember that? It has indeed been more precious to me than silver or gold; it has told me of Christ and hope.”

The lady gazed at his death-like features; she could not be mistaken, she remembered the man who in his days of strength had forgotten God, and who now, in the midst of ungodly acquaintances, seemed to be confessing Him. She was much overcome, but seeing his time on earth was drawing very near its close, she said, “Thank God, my friend, if this book has told you of Christ; but what has it told you of yourself?”

“It has told me I am a vile sinner.”

“And do you feel yourself a sinner?” she asked.

“Feel myself a sinner!” he replied. “Oh, was there ever such a one out of hell—*such a drunkard*, such a swearer, and such a Sabbath-breaker! Oh, I am indeed the chief of sinners!”

“And in what, then, is your hope?” inquired the lady.

“My hope is in Christ,” replied the dying man. “My sure stay is in Him; He has shown me my sins, but He has also shown me His own righteousness—in Him is my hope, and in Him is my salvation.”

This was enough; the lady no longer doubted, but rejoiced over her brother who had been lost, but was found again. After some further conversation, she inquired after his companion who had been with him when she gave them her Bible.

“Ah, that is the sad thing, my lady, his is the sad story, poor man.”

“Was it he that was killed when the stone fell?” exclaimed the lady.

“Oh no, far worse than that. May God help him!”

He seemed unwilling to speak,

but when the room was somewhat cleared of its many inmates, he said,—“You see, my lady, the thing is this. We took little thought of your blessed book for a while after you gave it, and we kept on in our wicked courses, till John, poor lad, took ill, and then he began to read, and to talk a deal of what I did not understand, and I thought his brain was turned, but I took the book myself, and soon I saw it was his heart was turned—not his head. Oh, blessed be the God and Saviour of us both!”

“Well,” said the lady, “that is indeed a matter of thankfulness. I do not understand what distresses you about John.”

“Ah, John, poor lad, you see, after we both began to read, the girls (meaning John’s and his own wife) and the lads began to talk, and his riverence got hold of it, and just then the stone fell at the quarry, and Tim O’Neal was killed, and many more was not much better, myself one of them, and after that his riverence came up, and said it was a judgment on us for reading the book without his leave. He left the house saying that he would bring us to justice, and would tell the laird that we were poachers; and so, my lady, we were, before the Lord in His love taught us better; and, to be sure, they have taken away poor John. They could not take me, for I was badly hurt; and when they ask him about it, he will have to say it is all true, for you know he cannot now say one word that God may not hear.”

The lady felt deeply for this trial of poor John’s principles, but comforted his friend by saying that if he was indeed a child of God, all things must work together for his good, and that she would pray for him.

“Ah, prayer is the thing, my lady,” said the man; “prayer is the thing for dying sinners. Oh, pray for me, too, that the

Lord may be with me to the end!”

The lady paid several subsequent visits to her dying friend, and on each occasion found him more and more confirmed in the faith. He lived to see “poor John” delivered from prison, and commence a quiet, sober, and industrious life. He left his precious Bible to John, and with his last breath desired him to love that book above silver or gold. “For mind,” said he, “mind—What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE JUDGMENT.

REV. XX. 11-15.

“AND I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell (hades) delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell (hades) were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.”

Reader, will you be there? if so, how awful thy doom! But Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. The judgment of the great white throne is past and gone for all believing on Jesus (John v. 24). Dost thou believe?

"ALL THIS, AND CHRIST TOO!"

"It is years past, but I can never forget the time, my mother was the instrument of my conversion, not through what she said, but by what *she was!* Her whole life was a testimony to the power of the unseen Christ dwelling in her heart. I did not understand it then, and often wondered how she could bear without a murmur the heavy privations of her lot; poor, and a widow, a sufferer through feeble health and frequent sickness, she yet had to labour, for she did all the home work, and washed and mended for us, and kept the little cottage neat and clean, though her frail, failing body seemed scarcely equal to the task. A life of loneliness was hers, tried by unruly children, ever toiling, yet always patient, her pale face wore a happy look of quiet thankfulness, which, as I have said, I could not understand. I knew she was much grieved by my conduct. I was a wild girl then, and in my wilfulness had broken from her rule to follow my own way, and to mislead by my evil example my sisters, who were younger than myself.

"We were employed in the mines; the work was hard, but of a nature which allowed free scope and opportunity for our indulging with our companions in the frolic and merriment which belongs to a life of liberty. After giving a portion of our earnings to mother, we had money enough left wherewith to gratify our love of dress, and I was proud of being called the best clothed and prettiest girl in the place! Vanity and selfishness made me cold and indifferent to my only parent and nearest friend. I shunned her company, fearing to hear the censure I knew I deserved; but reproaches never fell from her lips. Sometimes

I thought I would rather she should scold me, it would have been a relief; there was a rebuke in that sad silence more difficult to bear!

"One morning, in a sullen mood of peevish temper, we turned from our morning meal, and I said angrily, 'Mother! is this *all* you have to give us?' She looked inexpressibly grieved; tears filled her eyes; she raised them to Heaven as if in mute apologetic appeal for us, and answered, 'All! my children! What! *all this, and Christ too!*' For many long years she had borne without a murmur our ingratitude to her, but this unthankfulness to God for His mercies gave her sorrow she could not suppress; I saw it, and left the cottage with an uneasy heart.

"The words haunted me through my work—'*What! all this, and Christ too!*' The crust was sweet to her, for was it not His gift, the gift of One who loved her, and had given Himself for her? I saw it now, and wondered no longer. She was happy in her lot, because He had assigned it to her; and she 'considered Him' who had borne poverty and sickness for her sake. She could endure meekly, yea joyfully, because of His words, 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten;' and through tribulations within and without, was able, in the assurance of God's love, to look up and say thankfully, '*Yes, all this, but Christ too!*'

"Now I knew the secret of her calm endurance, and I learnt how inexpressibly precious Christ was to her soul! She, with 'all this' life of loneliness, weariness, toil, and grief, could bless Him and be at peace; and I was without this peace—I who had pitied her for having outlived the gifts in which I gloried. I who had youth with its buoyant spirits, and health with a strength of

body which made me independent, was, with '*all this,*' still thankless and unhappy! A haunting need of a *something* never yet attained to, kept me restless and dissatisfied: often I thought that in the fulfilment of some particular wish I should be happy, but the gratification of my desires always ended in disappointment.

"The words still followed me, 'and Christ too.' Amongst all the blessings of this life which I had acknowledged as having been bestowed by God, I had never reckoned as His gift above all, 'Christ too!' Strange questionings stirred my now troubled mind. Had this unacknowledged gift been ever accepted by me? ever sought for? ever appreciated? No wonder it was unvalued, if unknown! Was I then without peace and abiding joy, because *without Christ?* Was He the *one thing lacking to me?* My mind seemed unable to answer these questions, *for a sorrow quite new to me had awakened in my heart.*

"Christ was now before me as a *reality*—a *living person*; the mists which had shrouded Him and made Him but a shadow to my mind had passed away—I saw *Him*, the Lord, yet mother's Friend. Conscience whispered, What does He think of me? Before me came remembrances not only of acts of sin, but of words and deeds of which I had been guilty towards her, put aside, indeed, and forgotten, but never repented of by me. Memory seemed to scourge me, but in truth it was God's Holy Spirit telling me 'all that ever I did.' I could not escape from, or silence the accusing voice! Oh, that time of misery! Days passed, and still my trouble grew; I cannot describe it to you, but I shudder to recal the soul-sadness in which I was bound. I thought I had thrown away for ever my

only chance of happiness by neglecting Christ; my unthankful, rebellious spirit had treated disdainfully the benefits the 'All this, and Christ too!' which God had offered me.

"Pride kept me silent. How could I let my sisters know of the grief which consumed me? They could not understand my feelings, and would but laugh at them. And why grieve my mother with the recital? she would pity, but could not help me. Was it not her Friend, her Beloved, I had dishonoured? Was He not just in condemning me? and yet the language of my heart was ever—'Oh, that I knew where I could find him! Oh, that He would turn again and bless me!' And, though hopeless of obtaining it, my prayers for pardon were earnest and incessant.

"One autumn evening, after we had all returned from our work, my mother, throwing her cloak around her, said she would go to an adjoining wood to gather a few sticks for a fire, for the night was chill and stormy. I was glad to save her this trouble, and went forth on the errand alone. It was dark; for though the moon had risen, it was obscured by heavy clouds, which were driven in dark masses over the sky. The wind moaned frightfully like a tortured spirit in the darkness; its tones seemed to express my own regrets and longings. I groaned aloud, even in words, 'Oh! who will deliver me?' At that moment the moon, emerging from a cloud, shed the full splendour of its clear light upon the scene, which at once stood out in tranquil beauty before me: it was like an answer to my anguished cry—an answer I could not understand. In a tumult of strange feeling, I threw down my burden, and, rushing home, flew to my little chamber, and falling on my knees there burst into tears.

My mother came to me with anxious words of loving inquiry—Was I ill? 'Oh no; I could not say what it was, I was unhappy! And then in my misery the moon had shone upon me so serenely and peacefully, it had seemed like God's eye looking love into my soul.' My words were incoherent, but mother said quietly: 'Child, I perceive Jesus has been with you; He has looked upon you: you have not known Him, but He is speaking peace to your soul.' 'O mother! you do not know how I have slighted and scorned Him! I have been so sorry, and oh! so sorry, too, to have been such a wicked child to you!' It all came out then, the pent-up confession mingled with tears.

"The cloud had burst, the gracious drops fell fast; and indeed it was God's own light which was now shining into my soul, to give me the knowledge of Himself and His own wondrous love in the face of Jesus Christ. He did reveal His Son to me, and then I knew as *my Saviour*, and as *my Friend*, Him who had loved me and had given Himself for me. Oh! I bless Him that He met with me in my wild thoughtlessness and reproved me by His Spirit, and set before me the things I had done! He did it, not to upbraid, but to convince me of sin; that, falling under a burden I could not rid myself of, He might lift me up, and show me that He had put it away for ever by the sacrifice of Himself, that I might love Him as a real Saviour—*my Saviour*, and be able to 'thank God for His unspeakable gift.'

It was thus I came to know Him. Oh, blessed knowledge! without Him I was miserable, without hope and without life; but now 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

WHAT GRACE BRINGS.

GRACE upon the ground of righteousness, brings in for the offspring of Adam, sinful and subject to death, new life, eternal life. Grace reigns upon the principle of righteousness, through what God has done by the cross and resurrection of His Son. Righteousness has throned grace and given it its sceptre and sway. The very being of God is now glorified by the satisfaction made by Christ for sin, and consequently without in any degree setting aside the eternal claims of His throne of justice, God's heart of love can go out in grace to the vilest of sinners and the most resolute of His foes.

Whenever we speak of the grace of God to ruined man, we must bring in the blood, the death, the empty grave of Jesus in other words, the righteousness, and whenever we bring in the righteousness, there we have grace reigning unto eternal life.

Eternal life is God's answer to the death which surrounds us. Adam, the disobedient man, brought death into the world; Christ, the obedient Man, brought in eternal life. Through Him and from Him we obtain it, and in Him we have it. And this life is of such perfection that none who have it sigh for the innocence and the life before the fall which Adam lost. It is greater than that which is lost, as the Son of God, in His adorable Person, is above and beyond comparison with the head of our fallen race.

I expect to pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there can be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

WHEN king Agrippa had listened to the Apostle Paul, as he gave an account of his early life and miraculous conversion, touched and convicted by the truth, he cried out, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

Mighty indeed must have been the Spirit's working to bring such words from the lips of a proud and haughty king. He was *almost* persuaded, yet have we no record that Agrippa ever became a child of God.

There are many persons who, from time to time, have been brought under the melting influence of God's Holy Spirit; who have been convicted of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; have felt their lost and helpless condition; have been "almost persuaded;" and yet have obstinately and repeatedly refused to yield to the claims of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Our High Priest is long-suffering and of tender mercy, not willing that any should perish, and He knocks again and again at the hearts of the children of men, beseeching them to be reconciled to God. But His Spirit will not always strive, and though the proud and the haughty, the lovers of pleasure rather than God, may turn away, and drown for a time all thoughts of the seriousness of death and the certainty of judgment, in scenes of revelry and mirth; woe to those who shall have silenced for the last time the still small voice, and shut out for ever from their hearts the Holy Spirit of God. Sin's joys are fleeting; and when the buoyancy and frivolities of youth give place to the calm and sober reflections of maturer years, there will be nothing left but sad regrets, and hopeless remorse, for a life bartered for the deceitful and short-lived "pleasures of sin."

An old man, trembling with

years, and fettered by habits which in early youth had become fastened upon him, on being asked why he felt no interest in the subject of religion, replied, sadly—

"There is no hope for me. I used to be interested, and have more than once been under powerful conviction and just on the point of making a start; but I was a fast young man, and very proud, and I could not give up my old companions, nor the cup, the dance, and the game-table, and I tried to persuade myself there was time enough yet, and I would not be in a hurry to seek the Lord, but I was so burdened at heart that it seemed to me everybody knew just how I felt, and I was so afraid the boys would be remarking that I was 'getting serious,' that I cursed and swore worse than ever, till all those feelings left me. But again and again they returned, and I was *almost* determined to yield, but I wouldn't give up—and I have never been troubled any more with convictions; I couldn't be a Christian now if I would." And he added, "If I had let rum and tobacco alone, and lived as I should, I might have been a comparatively young man now."

The pleasures wherein he once delighted are past; he is left to reap the bitter fruits of his own chosen way. Oh, that his wasted life might prove a timely warning to many who have already entered upon the same paths—who, while they are *almost persuaded*, put off the day of repentance until a more convenient season, and are pressing onward in the downward road.

Reader, is this your case? Make no delay, but hasten to find mercy in Christ, and take your stand on the Lord's side. Make no compromise with sin, but gird on the whole armour of God, and fight valiantly the good

fight of faith, and at the last you shall receive a crown of life, and enter into the mansions prepared of God for them that love Him.

ALL, ALL IS WELL.

THRO' the love of God our Saviour,

All will be well;

Free and changeless is His favour,—

All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that healed us,

Perfect is the grace that sealed us,

Strong the hand stretched out to shield us,—

All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,

All will be well;

Ours is such a FULL salvation,—

All, all is well.

Happy, while in God confiding,

Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,

Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,—

All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow,

All will be well;

Faith can sing through days of sorrow,—

All, all is well!

On our Father's love relying,

Jesus every need supplying,

Or in living—or in dying—

All MUST be well.

INVISIBLE CHRISTIANITY.

INVISIBLE Christianity seems to be a favourite doctrine with many people. The doctrine, it would appear, is this: that you may be saved and nobody know of it. You may get to heaven nicely without any "ado"—so quietly, in short, that nobody will suspect where you are going. Such is a fair statement of the doctrine so many people like. By all means get to heaven, they say, but don't alarm anybody about it. Keep it all to yourself, the quieter you go to heaven the better. This is the doctrine of invisible Christianity.

I wonder what the world would think if some man told them he had invented invisible gas? Why, they would say the man's mad—the very thing gas

is for is to give light ; it *must* be visible. And strange to tell, this is just what God says of the Christian, that is, of the soul that is saved. "*Ye are the light of the world,*" He says. What could be plainer? But is the light to be seen? Hear what God says: "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. . . Let your light so shine before men" (Matt. v. 14, 16). Invisible Christianity is not in the Bible. Quite the opposite. If you are saved, your light should be as easily seen by the world as a city built on a hill.

"THE TAKE GOSPEL."

By DR. GORDON.

"I CANNOT assent altogether to your 'take gospel,'" said an objector, not long since. "I believe that a sinner has a good deal of giving, and giving-up, to do before he is ready to take. If one's hands are full of this world, so loaded with the pleasures and schemes and ambitions of this earthly life that they cannot hold any more, how, pray, is he going to take Christ? He cannot hold both the world and the Lord. He cannot serve God and mammon."

The objection seems, certainly, well taken. And it is unquestionably true that one must let go of the world in order to receive the Lord Jesus. And yet we believe that the Bible teaches, beyond all question, the "take gospel," and not the give gospel.

Search through the New Testament, and note how constant and how consistent the Word of the Lord is in its declarations upon this point. We find, everywhere, God the giver and man the receiver. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and God retains the higher blessedness for Himself. Indeed, He is the only party that has anything to give ; and to require or expect a sinner to give something

to the Lord, were like asking a pauper for his bank-cheque while knowing perfectly well that he has no funds on deposit. Hence, we find everywhere in Scripture that it is God that gives, and that, consequently, the great requirement of the sinner is to receive. Recal a few passages.

"For God so loved the world, that *He gave* His only-begotten Son" (John iii. 16).

"*The gift* of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23).

"Christ also loved the Church, and *gave Himself* for it" (Eph. v. 25).

"*As many as received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John i. 12).

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

"*As ye have therefore received the Lord Jesus*, so walk ye in Him" (Col. ii. 6).

And when we add to these passages the numberless requirements of faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, and remember that faith is defined in John i. 12 as the same as receiving Christ, it must be apparent that the great and first demand of the sinner, according to the gospel, is that he take the Lord Jesus Christ for his Saviour.

But to return to the objection, "How can one take unless he first gives up?" How can one receive Christ when he has so much in hand that needs to be cast out before he can really possess the Lord Jesus? Well we remember that our little child got possession of a pair of sharp scissors, which she refused to give up. It was dangerous to attempt to force them from her, lest she might be cut or injured in the struggle. Instantly we thought to bring a large and tempting orange, which we held out to her. At once she reached out to take the orange, and in so doing dropped the scissors. It was exactly, though in miniature form, what Dr. Chalmers

calls "*the expulsive power of a new affection.*" We believe profoundly that such is the way to deal with sinners. We may cry "Give," "Give up," when they have nothing to give and no power to give up. But if we hold up Christ, and entreat them to accept Him as God's free gift, they will be enabled to give up in the act of taking Him. In other words, faith is the first duty to be urged upon the sinner, and faith is the sincere, humble, hearty acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord. Having received Him, we shall be able to put away the things which are contrary to Him. Christ in us will put the world out from us. Filling the hands with Jesus will empty them of idols.

THE MEETING POINT.

THERE is a point where God and man must meet, whether in grace or judgment, and that point is where both are revealed as *they are*. Happy are they who reach that point in grace. Woe be to them who will have to reach it in judgment! It is with what we are that God deals, and it is as He is that He deals with us. In the cross I see God descending in grace to the lowest depths, not merely of my negative but my positive condition as a sinner. This gives perfect peace. If God has met me in my actual condition, and himself provided an adequate remedy, all is eternally settled. But all who do not thus by faith see God in the cross will have to meet Him by and by in judgment, when He will have to deal according to what He is with what they are. Hast thou met, canst thou meet thy God?

THE glory of God must be a silver thread, to run through all our actions

THE KEY TO HAPPINESS.

Love makes drudgery delightful. It forgets self and lives for others. Love outruns law, and leaves it far behind. Not to be able and permitted to serve is a penalty. The question is not, What must I do? but What may I do? To give pleasure is its joy; to grieve its object is to grieve itself. Love is the secret spring of the believer's life, and this makes him often pass in the world for an enthusiast. It stops at nothing; mountains are no more to it than plains. Love has a joy of its own which a stranger cannot understand. Ours should be the spirit of martyrdom delighting in loving self-denying service. "Love seeketh not her own."

KEEP THE BLIND UP.

The stone over which so many stumble is their feelings. But our experiences do not affect God's fact. Whether the believer is in a peaceful state of soul, or harassed and disturbed, the fact that peace is made remains unchanged. The sun has risen, and though clouds blot out his beams from sight, and a chilly atmosphere takes the place of his genial glow, yet the fact that the sun shines remains unchanged. What the believer has to do is, by faith, to forsake the valley of distrust over which the clouds hang, and to climb the mountains above the clouds. Some little time ago a friend of ours, when speaking to a Christian, asked her if she knew the blessing of having settled peace with God? She replied, "He sometimes hides His face from me."

"Why does He do so?" our friend inquired.

"Because of my sinfulness," answered the doubting believer, adding, "Oh! sir, my heart is such a wicked one, and I often have sinful thoughts and feel-

ings, which make Him hide His face from me."

"But," asked our friend, "is God not satisfied with what Jesus was and is for you? Can He then hide His face from you? No; it is you, who, by looking within yourself, and pulling the blind down, shut Him out. You must keep the blind up. If the sun is pouring forth all its golden beauty, and you are keeping the blind up, it will show forth all its power to you; but if you draw the blind down you hinder its rays from entering your room. And if you become occupied with self, and are taken up with your own feelings and thoughts instead of with Christ, you are in darkness, for you thereby shut out the light of His presence.

The thought of "keeping the blind up" helped the poor doubter much, and she received the truth of the perfect satisfaction which God has in Christ, and peace coming to us through Christ in glory. "Keep the blind up," reader; look not within the dark chamber of your heart, but outside of yourself to Christ.

THE RECORD OF GOD.

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. 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. 10-12.

How much is said in these inspired words, and how few believe them! Let us examine them, and ask, Do we believe them? For it is also written, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son" (1 John v. 13).

It is said in another place, "The gift of God is eternal life." This power has the Father given to the Son, "that

He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him" (John xvii. 2). It is important to consider this gift of God. Now, if a man makes a gift, he does not think of taking it back. How much rather then the gift of Him who saith, "Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Is it not a mistake to suppose that you have something to do to earn eternal life? How could it then be a gift? On what ground could you suppose that God would take from you this stupendous gift when once possessed? Do you say, If we should prove unworthy of it, will He not then take it away? Then it would not be eternal life, but temporal. But did not God give His Son, and in Him eternal life, for the most unworthy,—for us, while we were yet sinners? When the Word of God was first preached, we do read of those who rejected it, and judged themselves unworthy of eternal life (Acts xiii. 46).

How did these Jews prove themselves unworthy of eternal life? Was it not by rejecting it as a gift, and seeking to work out a righteousness of their own by which they might obtain life? Is not that exactly what you have been doing? Have you not been trying, or hoping to try, to keep the law, and so work out a righteousness of your own, so that at last you might obtain eternal life? Now what is this but refusing eternal life as the gift of God: yea, seeking to make Him a liar? Is not this terrible, but true? It may be you have not been even trying to do this by keeping the law of Moses, but by trying to keep the laws and ritualism of men. Are you trying by sacraments, and fastings, and penance, and prayers, and intercessions of saints, &c., at last to obtain eternal life? All this is plainly rejecting the record of God:

and "he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar." Most assuredly, if eternal life is obtained by these things, then it is not *the gift* of God. "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." You may never have seen the meaning of these two words "hath given."

But there is another thing even in these two words, it is the *present possession* of eternal life. One thing must follow the other. If eternal life was given to us, we must *have* it, for it is the gift of God. Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life." And God says to us by the Spirit, "He that hath the Son *hath* life." Observe the record of God is the very opposite of the thoughts of men; it is not, he that believeth may perhaps obtain eternal life at last, but *hath* it. The Lord Jesus presses the present possession of everlasting life repeatedly with a verily, verily; He says again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath everlasting life*, and shall not come into condemnation; but *is passed* from death unto life." Oh what joy it gives to believe Jesus; to believe the record of God—the record that He hath given of His Son.

Often do we hear the exclamation, "I never saw that before, and never could be sure how I should get eternal life. I thought I had to keep the law to get it, or some way to lead a holy life to get it. I never saw it was a free gift, and now believing God, I have it—I have eternal life!" Oh, how blessed! Is this your joy? Have you eternal life? Do you believe the words of Jesus?

"Stay," says some one assuming authority, "you can never know in this world before you

die that you have eternal life. It is most dangerous doctrine." What, my friend, dangerous to believe Jesus, who says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life"? Is it dangerous to believe "the record that God gave of His Son? And this is the record, that God *hath given* to us eternal life." Is it dangerous to believe the inspired words of the Holy Ghost? "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). Which is the most dangerous, to believe God; and thus know that we have eternal life, or believe that human teaching which makes God a liar?

Thus we have in these verses the three blessed facts. First, eternal life is the *gift* of God; secondly, that he that believeth God *hath* eternal life; and thirdly, that it is the will of God that we should *know* it. This is the truth and record of God. The false teaching of men is the opposite of each of these blessed facts: that eternal life is not a gift, but has to be earned by a religious life; that we have not got eternal life but may humbly hope to obtain it at last; that we are not to know by the Word of God that we have eternal life, but must wait until the judgment day before we can know. This is the teaching which believeth not the record of God.

THE BOUNDS OF INFIDELITY.

INFIDELITY,—the popular Christianised infidelity of our day, that boasts of humanity, and denies the Fall—shrinks into a contemptible nothingness before the greatness of the fact of a risen Man. The restless sea of human speculation storms on still, but, as in previous centuries, so now, to be baffled and broken against that im-

passable barrier, death. Thus far, Oh wisdom of Man! shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed! The weakness of God is stronger than man.

The good news of a crucified One risen from the dead is the power of God unto salvation. The foolishness of the preaching of the crucified Man is God's way of saving them who believe. Out of His death has arisen our life, in the power of His resurrection we live. The Christian's life is in Christ, who is risen from among the dead, and the Christian knows, by the energy of the Spirit of God within Him, the things pertaining to life and incorruptibility which are brought to light through the Gospel.

God's good news to us brings new life, everlasting life by means of the death of His Son, and incorruptibility, a new creation, in the power of the resurrection of His Son. Thus, though the career of human greatness ends with the touch of death's finger, and though death bounds human knowledge, it is not death to the believer, but "to depart and to be with Christ." We know that our inheritance is with the risen Christ, and that, should we die, it is only to wait with Him awhile until the resurrection morning breaks and the bodies of all who believe awake for glory. Life in a risen Christ is our present portion; incorruptibility and likeness to Him risen, our future portion. In Christ, the First-born from among the dead, we possess the new life, and wait for the full glory of the new creation.

LORD BYRON writes: "I date my first impressions against religion from having witnessed how little its votaries were actuated by true Christian charity."

WHAT TO PREACH.

MANY seem to think that the full Gospel can't be preached to a sinner without going through a whole system of theology. They seem to think that the unsaved have to be told all about God's electing love, man's inability to believe, the necessity of the working of God's Spirit, and many other things; and often in the surroundings of the Gospel they forget the Gospel altogether. This tends lamentably to throw souls back to the processes going on within, instead of out to the glorious work done on Calvary. We believe as strongly as any, and perhaps more strongly than most, in God's electing, absolute love, in man's total depravity and inability, and in the necessity of God's Spirit for every spiritual movement. But, just because we so strongly believe those doctrines, do we insist on using God's ordained means, and *only* God's means, for saving lost men. And what is that? Read Rom. i. 16: "The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." We have heard sermons preached, and the only prayer we could present to God in order that He might bless them was, "Lord, make the people forget all they have heard, and point them to Jesus." When men, instead of *trusting* that God's Spirit will send home the message, and using the *message* that He can send home, begin to preach to the unsaved about the necessity of His influence, and their *own* inability, this only shows that they have confidence neither in the gospel nor in the Spirit who carries home the Gospel. It seems like this: we all know that the mere taking of food will never feed a man; it must be assimilated by the action and juices of the stomach, &c. Suppose I begin to a working man, and tell him

all this, and won't give him his dinner until he understands it all, would it not be like trying to make sinners understand all about the Spirit's work, and keeping back Christ from them?—it may be until they die and are damned.

The most Spirit-honouring preaching is that which is most like what the Holy Ghost would preach if He Himself were preaching in bodily form. What would He preach about to the dead sinner? About his own blessed function in giving life? Nay. Listen to God's words in John xvi. 13: "He shall not speak of Himself." John xv. 26: "The Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of *Me*." John xvi. 14: "He shall glorify *Me*; for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you." Many suppose that they do not honour the Spirit's work unless they speak about it in preaching to a lost sinner. From these and other such scriptures the opposite is the truth. We begin to dishonour the Spirit when we get away from preaching Christ. Our faith in His operations begins to get low just as we speak of Him.

It is much easier to speak of the Spirit than to trust Him. We are not saved *on account* of the Spirit's work in us, but *by means* of it. That work is to lead us away from what is going on within to what was done on Calvary for us. The more the Spirit is working in us, the more will we be dissatisfied with the work within us, and the more will our satisfaction rest entirely on Christ and His work for us. We shall see none but "Jesus only." The blessed Spirit's whole work is to point us to Jesus. Though the man of the greatest eloquence should preach for ever upon the Spirit's work in us, he would be grieving the blessed Spirit; for He loves to testify of Jesus, to glorify

Jesus, to take of the things of Christ, and show them to us, and not to speak of Himself. Look at all the Pentecostal and apostolic sermons. They were full of Christ.

There are always some around the preaching of Christ who snarl at the fulness and freeness of His Gospel—neither going into heaven, nor letting others. They carp about doctrines and theology—speak about the theory of eating, and won't give the hungry man food. They pretend to be very orthodox, and talk of man's inability and the Spirit's work; and at bottom they doubt both: for they think, though the man's inability is great, he can still cry to God; and though the Spirit says He points to Christ, they make out He points to His own work. Let us preach Christ—a full Christ—a living Christ—"Jesus only"—to every sinner, in the teeth of devils, of unsaved sinners, of half-hearted professors, who don't like so much mention of that blessed name.

This was Philip's theme. His text was one word to the eunuch: "He preached unto him *Jesus*" (Acts viii. 35). His discourse in Samaria was similar (Acts viii. 5): "Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached *Christ* unto them." When Paul was converted (Acts x. 20), "straightway he preached *Christ* in the synagogues." And so in Acts xvii. 3: "This *Jesus* whom I preach unto you." Let us follow in their steps in the face of all opposition. Let our constant theme be that glorious One whom the three saw on the transfiguration mount—"Jesus only"—Him into whose hands the Father has given all power, authority, and judgment—Him to whom the Spirit delights to point men's eyes, to testify of; and to glorify—Him who was the only subject of Pentecostal preaching; the theme of Peter, Philip, and Paul—Him who will

be the centre of our Spirit-breathed worship through an endless eternity, and at whose feet shall be cast every crown. This alone keeps the purpose of the Trinity. Thus the Father is most pleased; for when He preached in Eden He spoke of the seed of the woman; when He preached in the Gospels from an opened heaven, He pointed every hearer to His "beloved Son." "Every man therefore that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto Me" (John vi. 45), and thus the Spirit is most pleased; for His whole work is to exalt Jesus. May we be in harmony with Father, Son, and Spirit in exalting Jesus!

THE LADDER ON THE CLIFF.

We can never be placed in such straits or difficulties that the Lord cannot help us. Years before the emergency happens, He may have set on foot a train of circumstances that will lead to our relief at just the moment we need it. We should learn to acknowledge thankfully the source from whence the blessing comes, just as we would if He had sent an angel down from heaven to give us help.

One dark and stormy night a vessel was wrecked on a rocky island off the coast of Scotland. The crew had watched with terror the white waves as they dashed on the stately cliffs, and felt that to be driven on these rocks was to seal their doom. The cabin was filled with water, and the captain's wife was drowned. The sailors climbed into the rigging, and prayed as they never had before that God would have compassion upon them. That He would save them from temporal death seemed almost incredible. But the cruel waves drove the vessel on and on, till the very foot of the awful cliff was reached. Oh! if they could only reach its top, there would be safety,

and, no doubt, friendly hands to help them. Just as they struck the rock, they espied on the face of the cliff a ladder. Here was their despair changed to joy. They sprang from the rigging, and climbed the ropes as rapidly as their benumbed fingers would permit; but they were all rescued, and in a few moments more the vessel went to pieces.

That ladder seemed to them almost a miracle. Yet its presence there was easily explained. It was used by the quarrymen as they climbed up and down to their work every day. Though usually drawn up when they left, the suddenness of the storm that night had caused the workmen to hurry to the shelter of their humble homes without taking time to remove the ladder. It was God who had ordered this seemingly trifling matter for the preservation of all their lives.

Some writer has well said, "However long the chain of second causes may be, the first link is always in God's hand."

Learn to observe this loving Father's hand in all the events of your life, and it will save you from many dark hours.

LIVING TO PURPOSE.

LIVE for some purpose in the world. Act your part well. Fill up the measure of your duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner, that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any trace of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like one pebble lying unobserved amongst a million on the shore; and when they die, they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea,

which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better for their life? Who has been the worse for their death? Whose tears have they dried up? Whose wants supplied? Whose miseries have they healed? Who would unbar the gates of life, to re-admit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit, nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.—*J. A. James.*

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"He doth send out His voice, and that a mighty voice."—Ps. lxxviii. 33.

God spoke in *power*—"Let there be light!"

And light directly shone;
The voice of God resistless is,
He speaks, and it is done.

God spoke in *judgment*—"Thou shalt die!"

Man sinned, and death came in;
A blighted world attests the fact
Of human guilt and sin.

God spoke in *mercy*—"Look to Christ,

Believe in Him, and live,"
Thousands receive the precious word,—

'Tis God's delight to give.

And still in perfect *love* He speaks,
His accents all divine;
O wandering one, the call obey,
And glory shall be thine.

A. M.

It is no virtue to be always doubting: the Word of God bids us believe.

THE BORROWED BABY.

"PLEASE, ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby!"

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl, who lived with the family across the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us at all any more. I suppose we were all a little jealous, because she really did love these new people so much, and they took so much pains with her, teaching her little cunning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say they were most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick, or letting her take cold.

So, for the hundredth time, I rolled little Dudu up, and kissing her good-bye, sent her off to act her part as a borrowed baby.

When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone again, he was just as angry as he could be.

"Why can't they get a baby of their own, and not always be borrowing ours?" he said crossly. "They could go over to the asylum and take their pick of babies."

"But not like ours, John," I said quickly.

"Well, no, of course not; but I don't propose to have strangers going halves with our baby. Besides, I won't have them teaching that child any more nonsense of the religious sort, and they may as well know it when they bring her back this time; you may as well settle it up once for all."

I forgot to say that John and I were both freethinkers, and did not go to church or subscribe to any of the religious beliefs to which we had been educated. We had both graduated in a brilliant intellectual school, utterly devoid of the foolish superstitions of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not once occur

to us that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that we were sufficient to ourselves and our child.

The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but, after all, only a baby, and as I took her from the girl I said—

"We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her; the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so, with my compliments."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the girl, "because we all love little Dudu so much; and she's real sweet. She can sing 'Jesus loves me' all through, and not miss a word."

"Superstition!" I exclaimed angrily. "Tell your mistress from me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them, nor do I intend that she shall."

"N-o-t 'l-i-e-ve them!" gasped the girl. "Why, you ain't a heathen, be you?"

I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent.

"That is right, little woman! I guess we know enough to take care of this little blossom, hey, Willie Winkle, don't we!"

Somehow just then an old, forgotten text flashed into my mind, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and it ran up and down the garret of my thoughts all the evening.

When I put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of diphtheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbours who borrowed the baby being as afraid of it as we were, for that was why no baby was in their home.

Oh, that dreadful time! I cannot recal it now—the days—hardly more than a day—of anguish, the awful suffering and the end—the parched lips and the fever-bright eyes—the realism of death, and not one hope, one word of comfort; only the cruel, dreary, unlighted grave that yawned for our darling!

Just at the last there was a moment's peace. It was not on us that her last look fell. We turned to see who or what she saw, and there stood our neighbour over the way, whom she, at least, sweet darling, had loved as herself; and then she lifted the weary little hands, and a glad look of recognition was in the wan face, and we all heard the last broken words as they fell in awful distinctness from the baby lips, "Desus loves me, dis I know."

Yes, they sung it at her funeral—for we buried her with no heathen rites—and some good man prefaced a few consoling words with the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" but oh, the tender melody of the child-voices that sung above her!

And when it was all over, and only the memory remained of so much beauty and sweetness, and our hearts were going back to the dust and ashes of unbelief, our good neighbour came, like an evangelist, and giving us of her own brave Christian strength gained at the foot of the cross, said wisely, "Be content; God has only borrowed the baby!"

MISSED OPPORTUNITIES.

A good many people spend all their life hunting for the place in this world which they were intended to fill. They never settle down to anything with any sort of restful or contented feeling. What they are doing now is not by any means the work that is suited to their abilities. They have a sunny

WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME ? IT IS FINISHED ! PEACE BE UNTO YOU.

MATT. xxvii. 46; JOHN xix. 30, xx. 21.

ideal of a very noble life which they would like to reach, in which their powers would find free scope, and where they could make a very bright record. But in their present position they cannot do much of anything, and there is little use to try. Their life is a humdrum and prosy routine, and they can accomplish nothing really worthy and beautiful. So they go on discontented with their own lot and sighing for another; and while they sigh the years glide away, and soon they will come to the end, to find that they have missed every opportunity of doing anything worthy of a being in the passage to eternity. The truth is, one's vocation is never some far-off possibility. It is always the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings. No day is commonplace if we only had eyes to see its splendour. There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings to us the possibility of kingly service.

THE FIRST GIVER.

MAN would fain make God a receiver instead of a giver, but this cannot be, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and assuredly God must have the more blessed place. "Without contradiction, the less is blessed of the better," "who hath *first* given to him." God can accept the smallest gift from a heart which has learned

the deep truth contained in those words, "Of Thine own have we given Thee;" but the moment a man presumes to take the place of the "*first*" giver, God's reply is, "If I were hungry I would not tell thee;" for "He is not worshipped with men's hands as though he *needed anything*, seeing He *giveth to all* life, and breath, and *all things*." The great Giver of "*all things*" cannot possibly "*need anything*." Praise is all that we can offer to God, but this can only be offered in the full and clear intelligence that our sins are all put away, and this again can only be known by faith in the virtue of an accomplished atonement.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

I ONCE saw a lad on the roof of a very high building, where several men were at work. He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid-air, where he could get neither up nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself but a short time. He knew perfectly his situation, and expected that in a few moments he must drop upon the rocks below and be dashed to pieces.

At this fearful moment a kind and powerful man rushed out of the house, and standing beneath him with extended arms, called

out, "Let go the rope and I will receive you. I can do it. Let go the rope, and I promise you shall escape unharmed."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then quitted his hold, and dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer.

Here, thought I, is an illustration of faith. Here is a simple ACT OF FAITH. The boy was sensible of his danger. He saw his deliverer, and heard his voice. He believed in him, trusted in him, and letting go every other dependence and hope, dropped into his arms. Sinner, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

OUR SECURITY.

I HAVE a pledge from Christ, have His note of hand, which is my support, my refuge and haven; and though the world should rage, to this security I cling. How reads it? "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." If Christ be with me what shall I fear? If He is mine, all the powers of earth are nothing more than the spider's web.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

SEPTEMBER 1881.

[No. 171.

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WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

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

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

They were walking in the garden when the Jewish nobleman said, "I wish you had not turned

a Christian; you are too good a fellow to be one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The next night, when all his household were in bed, he again went into his library and opened the book, and this time being very interested in it, he forgot the time, and was startled to

see the morning dawn ere he retired to rest; but he cared not for sleep, for the weightier matters of God's truth filled his mind and occupied his thoughts.

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

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

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

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

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

Think of Him for a moment as the Son of God, the co-equal with the Father, sharing His glory, and having at His command myriads of angels, and reigning over principalities and

powers, yet He deigns to make His delights to be with the sons of men. His heart was set upon a few poor sinners, who were His very enemies, and yet His love devised a way of bringing them to Himself. Can you understand the reason why He shewed such love, and centred it in a sin-blighted world?

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

THE SUFFERING ONE.

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

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!

Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
Bearest all ill for me;
A victim led, Thy blood was shed,
Now there's no load for me."

Dear friend, I deserved that death; you and I earned it by sin. Sin is a tyrant master, and gives the wages of death to its servants. God has declared ALL under sin, therefore death passed upon all men; but now the sacri-

fice of a spotless victim has been made, the blood has been shed, atonement has been made, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. (1 John i. 7.)

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

What do you think of Him as

THE COMING ONE?

He will take those who have known Him as the suffering One, and trusted in His work, to be with Himself for ever, and will afterwards appear in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and on them that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Where will you be then? Who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?

"Behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him" (Rev. i. 7).

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

God's wondrous love rejected and despised.

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

F. H. D.

THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED.

SINKS the swift sun, yet sinks but to arise

In other regions far beyond our sight:

We follow him with dim and dazzled eyes,

Till every ray is quenched in silent night.

We miss him, but he comes not; he has gone

To show his glory in more cloudless air:

Nothing is lost to him, for in that zone

He puts on raiment more serenely fair.

So sinks the child of heaven, when to our eye

He disappears: he does not die, but live;

He has passed out beyond this narrower sky,

Diviner splendour to receive and give.

He sinks to rise; he sets to shine again

In fairer heavens, and with diviner light;

No more to set, or take on cloudy stain,

Or leave behind another world of night.

O cloudless heaven, in which we hope to shine,

When we shall leave behind us this dim sphere!

O glorious world, all holy and divine,

Where we shall sparkle through the eternal year

H. BONAR.

NONE are so blind as those who will not see.

THE VOICE AND THE ECHO.

"ALL flesh is grass!" was the echo of the voice of truth twenty-six centuries ago. And "All flesh is grass!" was the response of Peter, reminding man that what *is shapen in iniquity*, and "born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble: he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down!" (Isa. xl. 6; 1 Pet. i. 24).

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher: all is vanity!" And this Preacher was king over Israel, and his experience of wisdom was, that it was *vexation of spirit*; of power, that it was vanity; of glory, that it passed away; of mirth and pleasure, gold and silver, palaces and gardens, servants and possessions, luxury and grandeur, *above all that were in Jerusalem before him*, that it was "vanity and vexation of spirit." Saul of Tarsus, who strove in vain "to kick against the pricks," also echoed the same truth, and said, "The fashion of this world passeth away! I count all things but loss . . . yea, and do count them but dross."

Such is the voice of truth echoing from age to age. A painful sound to man's ears—one which breaks in upon his mirth, spoils his pleasure, embitters his cup of joy, disturbs his peace, searches his conscience, grieves his spirit, hurts his pride, and makes him suffer the pangs of death before life is spent! But the same voice that echoes forth the vanity of all things proclaims also divine realities, and life eternal for the children of men. And if, from century to century, divine justice has echoed the awful verdict pronounced against fallen man, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" yet the echo of divine grace invites poor suffering, wretched, mortal sinners to the source of calm repose, of pure joy, of real glory,

of true wisdom, of eternal life, of everlasting happiness. From the law to the Psalms and the prophets, grace has been pointing to Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God, who is "the way, the truth, and the life," and who alone can introduce us to God His Father, in whose "presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Dear reader, are you turning a deaf ear to those echoes of grace which repeat the loving invitation of the voice of the Saviour, who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" Will you lose life and immortality by rejecting the gospel, that *good news* which tells of such eternal benefits through the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ? It is the echo of truth and grace that proclaims "the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." It is the echo of Esaias' report through Paul, "the chief of sinners," who says unto you, "That 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*; for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation; for the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed (Rom. x.; Isa. liii.) It is the adoring echo of the dying thief, of the pardoned adulteress, of that woman in the city which was a sinner, of millions and millions of sinners washed in the blood of Jesus Christ His Son (God's Son), who have been delivered from the wrath to come, "found redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace," and are now with Jesus, or are "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of

the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus ii. 13).

How bright the future to the believer who trusts the word of the Lord which endureth for ever, and who, by faith, rejoices in the hope of glory—a hope as sure and certain as that God is truth and love. But what a contrast between this *certainly of eternal life* and the dark speculation of the sceptic and infidel—between Paul and Hume, for instance. The following account was published at Edinburgh, where Hume died, in the *Christian Observer* (vol. xxxi. p. 665):

"About the end of 1776, a few months after the historian's death, a respectable-looking woman, dressed in black, came into the Haddington stage-coach while passing through Edinburgh. The conversation among the passengers, which had been interrupted for a few minutes, was speedily resumed, which the lady soon found to be regarding the state of mind persons were in at the prospect of death. An appeal was made, in defence of infidelity, to the death of Hume, as not only happy and tranquil, but mingled even with gaiety and humour. To this the lady said, 'Sir, this is all you know about it: I could tell you another tale.' 'Madam,' replied the gentleman, 'I presume I have as good information as you can have on this subject; and I believe that what I have asserted of Mr. Hume has never been called in question.' The lady continued: 'I was Mr. Hume's housekeeper for many years, and was with him in his last moments, and the mourning I now wear was a present from his relatives for my attention to him on his deathbed; and happy would I have been if I could have borne my testimony to the mistaken opinion that has gone abroad of his peaceful and composed end. I have, sir, never, till this hour, opened my mouth on this subject; but I think it a

pity the world should be kept in the dark on so interesting a topic. It is true, sir, that when Mr. Hume's friends were with him he was cheerful, and seemed quite unconcerned about his approaching fate, nay, frequently spoke of it to them in a jocular and playful way; but when he was alone, the scene was very different; he was anything but composed, his mental agitation was so great at times, as to occasion his whole bed to shake. He would not allow the candle to be put out during the night, nor would he be left alone for a minute. I had always to ring the bell for one of the servants to be in the room, before he would allow me to leave it. He struggled hard to appear composed, even before me. But to one who attended his bedside for so many days and nights, and witnessed his disturbed sleeps, and still more disturbed wakings, who frequently heard his involuntary breathings of remorse, and frightful startings, it was no difficult matter to determine that *all was not right within*. This continued and increased until he became insensible. I hope in God I shall never witness a similar scene!" Scripture asks, "How dieth the wise man?" Scripture answers, "As the fool" (Eccl. ii. 16).

But the man who seeks worldly glory, how dieth he? Listen to a striking instance of an illustrious youth, who was suddenly seized by the cold grasp of death, and made captive by the king of terrors.

History has almost forgotten to chronicle the sudden death of Napoleon II., who, at his very birth, was proclaimed by his father king of Rome. The illustrious youth never attained to the kingdom, but at the fall of his father he was separated from his mother, Maria-Louisa, and under the protection of Austria, he was kept in a castle, and honoured with the title of Duke of

Reichstad. It is reported that he had the genius of his race, and he waited only the opportunity to show forth the wisdom of his generation. One morning a violent pull of the bell called his attendants to his drawing-room. Napoleon II. was sitting on an easy chair, pale with the pangs of death; and, with accents of a desperate disappointment, expired with these words on his dying lips, "Mon Dieu! Le fils d'un homme qui a fait trembler le monde, avoir à mourir sans honneur et sans gloire!" (My God! The son of that man who made the world tremble, must die without honour and glory!) He was twenty years old. Had the princely youth had "Christ in him the hope of glory," how happy would he have been to have lost all title to human glory, in the prospect of being for ever a king and a priest in the heavenly kingdom!

But let us now turn from scepticism and despair to faith and hope. The change is like being translated from the coldness, barrenness, and gloominess of winter, into the beauty, fragrance, and joyful promise of spring. What was the language of Paul when he foreknew that his departure was at hand? "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing" (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8).

George Herbert, the day before his death, suddenly rose from his couch, called for one of his instruments, and having tuned it, he played and sang,

"My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have its attribute to sing."

John Janeway on his death-bed exclaimed, "More praise

still! Oh help me to praise Him! I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances. I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ Himself that loved me, and died for me, and washed me in His blood."

One more beautiful exhibition of the Christian hope is found in the narrative of *The Loss of the "Kent."* "One young gentleman," writes Major McGregor, "having calmly asked my opinion of the state of the ship, I told him that I thought we should be prepared to sleep that night in eternity; and I shall never forget the peculiar fervour with which he replied, as he pressed my hand in his, 'My heart is filled with the peace of God.' Comment would only mar such beautiful testimony to the blessedness of believing in Jesus. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee' (Isa. xxiv. 3).

But among all that ever named the name of Jesus with adoring gratitude, from the martyr Stephen to the present hour—among the millions of Christians who have died under all manner of torture, and in every variety of circumstance calculated to try their faith—not a philosopher, nor a peasant, nor a nobleman, nor a beggar, nor a man, woman, nor child was ever known to repent that his faith in Christ had disappointed his hope (Heb. xi. 33-40). All dying believers are faithful echoes of the experience of the chief of sinners, "I know whom I have believed."

May those words, dear reader, resound in your heart, as echoes of the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ, that you may find rest to your soul.

Trust as if everything depended on God: try as if everything depended on you.

FALSE FOUNDATIONS.

MEETING one day, while visiting, with an old woman, who had reached the advanced age of ninety-seven years, I asked her kindly on what she was resting her hopes for eternity, seeing that, in the nature of things, she could not live much longer on the earth? Her reply was a very startling one. "I say my prayers every night, and am thankful for every bite of meat I take." "Is that all?" I asked. She looked puzzled, and then added, "I was well brought up, and my mother taught me never to tell lies." "Is that all?" I again asked. She thought for a moment, and then said, "I was a servant in one place in Edinburgh for seven years, where they had worship every Sabbath night." She uttered these words with the air of one who felt that she had a very good foundation on which to rest her hopes for eternity. "And do you really think that because of these things you will get to heaven when you die?" "Yes, I do," was her reply. "Well, my friend, you shall never see heaven, far less enter into it, for Jesus has said, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God' (John iii. 3), and if you die as you are, you shall perish eternally. Do you think that you are a sinner?" "No." "Have you never sinned?" "No, that I ken o'." Taking her hand in mine, I said, "God thinks very differently. He says that *all* have sinned, and you are one of the *all*, and he says, further, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Sin must be punished, and unless your sins are purged away by the blood of Jesus Christ, you must perish." Such were some of the false foundations on which this aged sinner was resting her hopes for eternity, and she is but a type of a very large class whose hopes are as

false as hers. God has told us in His Word that there is only one Foundation, and that is Christ. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. iii. 11). But people won't believe what God says, and they try to lay foundations for themselves, on which to build for eternity, but they shall find, it may be when too late, that they have been building on foundations that will not stand the test, and are, therefore, no foundations at all. Reader, on what foundation are you building your hopes for eternity? Is it on the sure and tried foundation, Jesus? Then, like an aged saint, you will be able to say, when earth and earthly things begin to pass away, and eternity begins to dawn,—

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Or, are you like so many others, making your church-going, or your decent life, or doing the best you can, the foundation on which you are building for eternity? Ah, these are all like spiders' webs, no foundations at all. You may lean upon them, but they shall not stand; you may hold them fast, but they will not endure. False foundations may satisfy or soothe the conscience when death and eternity seem far off in the distance, but when the soul is brought face to face with these, what seemed so secure will yield, and the false peace will give place to great fear. One, whom I knew, who had been a church-goer and a church member for many years, when told that she would not get better, exclaimed, with a look of agony, "I'm no prepared to die, and what will I do?" She had been building on a false foundation, and it failed her in her time of need. Oh, make sure of building on the *only* foundation that will not fail you—Christ.

"Behold I lay in Zion, for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste." (Isa. xxviii. 16).

He is, indeed, a sure foundation on which you may safely rest your hopes for eternity. He will neither fail you nor deceive you. You may move on the Foundation, but the Foundation will never move under you. Reader, try Him by trusting in Him *now*, so that at last you may not be like that aged one already referred to, who, when nearing the eternal world, grasped my hand with a grip of despair, crying, "Don't leave me! Oh don't leave me!"

H. G.

WHICH IS IT, THIS WORLD OR THE NEXT?

WILL my dear reader ask himself or herself if the above important question is yet settled between the soul and God? It is well to look at, and weigh with due care, everything of importance.

But what of a question the most of all important, the question that takes in the thought of eternity. I may say, the question of all questions. I would indeed wish to press home to your immortal soul the question at the beginning of these lines, and ask you in the presence of God, "Which is it, this world or the next," that is your delight? Which is it that your soul loves—thinks upon—follows?

It may be that you have not yet brought things to such a point as this—that you have thought upon it in this light. Many, many dear souls around us are pursuing the ways of the world—the pleasures, so called, of the world—and perhaps promising themselves and their parents, or their wives or husbands, that they will, in a

short time stop short in their evil course and cry for mercy. We know many of this kind. Perhaps your brother, my dear reader, is one of these promisers, or it may be your dear sister, I know not which. Ah! dear soul, think for a moment. You may not have a brother or a sister, therefore it cannot be for them that you read these lines and have this thought. Think, think for a moment. Perhaps it is yourself—yes, you, young man, in an ill state of health not expecting to live long; or it may be you, young woman, whom medical men have given up, and your soul not saved!

Is it thus with you, my friend? Are you still clinging to this poor, poor world—still holding on to a world that is under judgment—still refusing the offer of salvation through the Cross of Christ—turning away from the only Saviour that ever was or ever will be? Is it, my dear friend, true that this case is yours?

My question is this, "Which is it, this world or the next?" Many a young man lives as though he were quite satisfied with both worlds—getting as much of this as he can, and not *thinking* about the next. And this is what Satan is busy doing: he seeks to occupy the whole heart and affections with this world, so that the poor soul has no *thinking time* about eternity. By and by the soul becomes roused by sickness, or by the death of a friend—perhaps an aged and dear mother—and for a short space eternity looks you in the face and you become uneasy. You think of death—you dream, it may be, of the place of the lost, and for a time there is a hope of you. But the tempter steps in, companions call you away, conviction is drowned, your fears all gone, or put aside for a time, and in you plunge to the stream

of the world, but this time you go farther from the shore and landing-place than before. Stop, stop at once! Answer before God these questions:—"Where, where, where are you going?" "What, what, what are your purposes?" Will you give the proper answer before God?

Again I ask, "Which is it, this world or the next?" It is not in my power to answer for you, as I do not know you, but God does. His eye follows you, His love is offered to you, His Son died for you, His mercy awaits you, and He will not, if you go to Him, send you away unsaved.

Perhaps you will say, "I should like to be saved, but not now." Should it be so? Let me ask you—Why not now? Will there ever be a better time for salvation than at this moment? I think not; and further than this, I question whether you can name a better or more suitable time than the present.* If this *be so*, then you are making a great and, it may be, a fatal mistake.

Once more I must press the question, "Which is it, this world or the next," that has your soul and affections in its power? J. T.

SENT.

THERE is no more solemn and comprehensive view of the Christian's life than that it is a mission. Christ sends us into the world as the Father sent Him. Christ, to fulfil the Father's mission, had to descend to the lowest depth of our misery. We, to fulfil Christ's mission, must by His very self-sacrifice be elevated to the height of union and communion with the risen Lord at the right hand of God. What unspeakable dignity is given to us, to be Christ's messengers, representatives, servants; to be the channels of His light, love, and

power! And if in this mission, raised to Christ in the heavenly places, we have also to learn the fellowship of His sufferings, and to endure reproach for His name's sake, let us rejoice and give thanks that it is *given* to us on the behalf of Christ to suffer for His sake.

KNOWING HIS LOVE.

IF there be not complete rest in God, there is something lacking in our hearts. If we cannot lay hold of "Holy and without blame before Him," the weakness arises from lack of the sense of sin within our breasts. A deep sense, a thorough sense, of what sin is will be the best practical interpreter of our being blameless before God. If we have indeed learned what sin is at the cross, we shall not dread God's holiness, for we shall then be shut up to the love which gave His Son to be made sin for us and to suffer in our stead, and that perfect love casts out fear from its presence. Our sinful nature has been condemned; what is there left to us? The nature of God Himself—Light and Love! Our sins are pardoned; what then is left to us? The holy liberty of children in the presence of Him who gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. God is the source of all our blessing; He is the Author of His Gospel, and it is in the confidence of what God is, according to the revelation He has given of Himself, that our souls find rest. Well may we say "What hath God wrought?"

LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yes! the light of this great world
dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yes! the light of a whole world dies
When love is done.

THE MAN IN THE GLORY.

"And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh; justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, *received up into glory*."—1 TIM. iii. 16.

THERE'S a Man in the glory above,—

A Victor o'er death and the grave,
For sinners He poured out His blood,
That He might eternally save;

In the glory—in the glory—
In the glory He liveth to save.

That Man saw us victims to woe,
Bowed close by the fetters of sin;
He hasted His pity to show—

To draw out our souls unto Him.
In the glory—in the glory—
In the glory He liveth to win.

That Man, once in weakness and fears,
Felt all that our hearts ever prove
Of sufferings, "strong cryings," and
tears,

When fiery temptations us move:
In the glory—in the glory—
In the glory He liveth to
soothe.

We look for that day to appear
When "the Man in the glory"
shall come,

To take up His saints without fear,
And place them with Him on His
throne:

In the glory—in the glory—
In the glory His saints share
His throne.

A CONTRAST, AN ENCOURAGEMENT, AND A WARNING.

EXODUS xxxiv. 29; JUDGES xvi. 20.

"THE two tables of testimony" were engraved by the finger of God *in glory*. Moses was called up from the camp *into the glory* whilst it was being done; when he came down he had the *fashion of the glory* in his face; but "*Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone*."

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the *glory* of the Lord, *are changed* into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 18).

What a very solemn contrast between the position of Moses and that of Samson! The former in glory, the latter asleep upon a Philistine's knees! What

blessed heights of communion the first is seen in; in what dreadful depths of worldliness the last!

It is impossible to live in spirit *in glory* and not to reflect it in our ways, and it is equally impossible to lie in the lap of the "Delilah" world, and not to show it in our words, ways, and walk.

We become *unconsciously* like those we are with, like that which occupies us most. So of Moses, it says, he "*wist not* that the skin of his face shone while He talked with him," and of Samson also, "*he wist not* the Lord was departed from him."

If we are *occupied* with the world, we become worldly; if with ourselves, selfish; if with Christ, Christlike; and if with the glory, it will make our faces shine, and give a very distinct colour to our life and service. "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame" (1 Cor. xv. 33, 34).

The Lord in His mercy give us to see the contrast, accept the encouragement, and heed the warning.
H. M. H.

"SHOW ME THY WAYS."

Most people have ways of their own, and whenever they employ persons to assist them in their work they are particular to have it done in their way. It may not be the only way, it may not be the easiest way, it may not even be the best way; but it is their way, and those who do their work must do it in their way, or fail to satisfy their employers.

God has a way in which He desires things to be done, and His way we may know is the right way, the safe way, the sure way, the best way that can possibly be conceived; hence,

those who come to this service untutored and untrained, need at the very outset to pray, "Teach me Thy ways!"—for unless they learn the ways of God and conform themselves to His wishes, their service will be in vain and will have no reward.

God has many methods of showing us His ways. He teaches by His Word, which is as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path; and by which the man of God may be so taught as to be "perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." In that Word we find the fullest and most careful instruction. It meets us at every point in our existence, and by general and comprehensive direction shows us the way in which we should go. He shows also by His Holy Spirit, which guides us into all truth, which shows us things to come, which instructs us in the very wisdom of the Lord, which takes the things of God and shows them to us.

He shows us by His providence, hedging the wrong path, opening the right way before us, warning us off from dangerous places, and opening before us ways that are pleasantness, and paths that are peace. He shows us sometimes by affliction. If we refuse to hear instruction He makes us "bear the rod," to know what He would have us to do, and do it from the heart.

Let us, beset as we are with snares and dangers, and liable to go astray like lost sheep—continually realise our dependence upon the Lord, and cry to Him, "Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths."

THOU hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.
O Master, gracious Master,
What will Thy presence be,
If such a thrill of joy can crown
One upward look to Thee?

THE SINNER'S ELECTION.

I am not come to CALL the righteous, but SINNERS to
REPENTANCE (Matt. ix. 13).

The CALLED of JESUS CHRIST (Rom. i. 6).

ELECT

according to the foreknowledge of God the Father (1 Pet. i. 2).

For whom He did FOREKNOW, He also did PREDESTINATE (to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born among many brethren). MOREOVER, whom He did predestinate,

them He also CALLED : and whom He called,

them He also JUSTIFIED : and whom He justified,

them He also GLORIFIED (Rom. viii. 29, 30).

Two men went up into the Temple to pray ; the one

A PHARISEE,

THE OTHER

A PUBLICAN.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself : God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican, I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

SINNER.

I tell you, THIS MAN went down to his house JUSTIFIED rather than

the other : for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased ;

EXALTED (Luke xviii. 10-14).

God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were DEAD IN SINS, hath

QUICKENED US TOGETHER WITH CHRIST (Eph. ii. 4, 5).

Having PREDESTINATED us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself,

according to the GOOD PLEASURE of His will (Eph. i. 5).

By the which WILL we are SANCTIFIED, through the offering of the BODY OF JESUS CHRIST (Heb. x. 10).

He that is of God heareth God's words (John viii. 47).

A. S. W.

WALKING AND LEANING.

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her Beloved?"
—Cant. viii. 5.

"THEY shall walk and not faint."

Cheer up, you have got a long journey before you ; it is a journey that begins on earth, but ends in glory ; it is a journey that begins with forgiveness of sins and ends with complete sanctification—the presentation of the Christian perfect and unblameable in the presence of his God.

But, although it is a long journey, you need not be dis-

couraged. Do not be downhearted, for throughout the whole length of the way you have got One who has promised to be your Companion in travel ; and in every hour of difficulty lean upon the arm of your Beloved, and you will find that to be the real secret of walking.

A dear old Christian once said to me "I want you to notice that word *leaning* on the arm of the Beloved. You give up your arm to a lady to take her into the drawing-room, and she just touches your arm. But you go a long walk into the country with your wife ; she is

weary, and you offer her your arm, and she puts in her hand and presses on you with all her weight. Now, sir," he said, "that seems to me just the difference between the formalist and the real Christian." The formalist *touches* the arm of Jesus, he does not lean with all his weight ; but the real Christian feels his own weakness and his own weariness, and so as he goes through the wilderness he leans on the arm of his Beloved, bearing all his weight upon that beloved arm, and finding power and strength ; and the more he leans, the more he feels his own weakness, and at the same time the more he feels his strength in Him."

WORKING FOR US.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."
—2 Cor. iv. 17.

In the Tower of London the swords and guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion-flowers, sun-flowers, and bridal-cakes, and you wonder how anything that has caused so much sorrow on battle-fields and in quiet homes can be put into such shapes of artistic beauty. May not the hardest, sharpest, and most piercing sorrows of this life be made truly to bloom in bridal festivity at last?

I know the Hand that is guiding me, through the shadow to the light ;
And I know that all betiding me is meted out aright ;
I know that the thorny path I tread is ruled by a golden line,
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread, the richer the deep design.

NOT HEARERS ONLY.

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only." There are some people who are always to be seen when there is anything to be heard ; never when there is anything to be done. They are all head, and no hands.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

Nothing so helps the Christian to endure the trials of his path, as the habit of seeing *God in everything*. There is no circumstance, be it ever so trivial, or ever so commonplace, which may not be regarded as a messenger from God; if only the ear be circumsised to hear, and the mind spiritual, to understand the message. If we lose sight of this valuable truth, life, in many instances at least, will be but a dull monotony, presenting nothing beyond the most ordinary circumstances. On the other hand, if we could but remember, as we start each day on our course, that the hand of our Father can be traced in every scene—if we could see in the smallest, as well as in the most weighty circumstances, traces of the Divine presence, how full of deep interest would each day's history be found!

The book of Jonah illustrates this truth in a very marked way. There we learn, what we need so much to remember, that *there is nothing ordinary to the Christian; everything is extraordinary*. The most commonplace things, the simplest circumstances, exhibit, in the history of Jonah, the evidences of special interference. To see this instructive feature, it is not needful to enter upon the detailed exposition of the book of Jonah, we only require to notice one expression, which occurs in it again and again, viz., "THE LORD PREPARED."

In chapter i. the Lord sends out a great wind into the sea, and this wind had in it a solemn voice for the prophet's ear, had he been wakeful to hear it. Jonah was the one who needed to be taught; for him the messenger was sent forth. The poor pagan mariners, no doubt, had often encountered a storm; to them it was nothing new, nothing special, nothing but what

fell to the common lot of seamen; yet, it was special and extraordinary for one individual on board, though that one was asleep in the sides of the ship. In vain did the sailors seek to counteract the storm; nothing would avail until the Lord's message had reached the ears of him to whom it was sent.

Following Jonah a little further, we perceive another instance of what we may term, GOD IN EVERYTHING. He is brought into new circumstances, yet he is not beyond the reach of the messengers of God. The Christian can never find himself in a position in which his Father's voice cannot reach his ear, or his Father's hand meet his view; for His voice can be heard, His hand seen, in everything. Thus, when Jonah had been cast forth into the sea, "*the Lord prepared a great fish*." Here, too, we see that there is nothing ordinary to the child of God. A great fish was nothing uncommon; there are many such in the sea; yet did the Lord prepare one for Jonah, in order that it might be the messenger of God to his soul.

Again, in chapter iv. we find the prophet sitting on the east side of the city of Nineveh, in sullenness and impatience, grieved because the city had not been overthrown, and entreating the Lord to take away his life. He would seem to have forgotten the lesson learnt during his three days' sojourn in the deep, and he therefore needed a fresh message from God: "And *the Lord prepared a gourd*." This is very instructive. There was surely nothing uncommon in the mere circumstance of a gourd; other men might see a thousand gourds, and moreover, might sit beneath their shade, and yet see nothing extraordinary in them. But Jonah's gourd exhibited traces of the hand of God, and forms

a link, an important link, in the chain of circumstances through which, according to the design of God, the prophet was passing. The gourd now, like the great fish before, though very different in its kind, was the messenger of God to his soul. "So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd." He had before longed to depart, but his longing was more the result of impatience and chagrin, than of holy desire to depart and be at rest for ever. It was the painfulness of the present, rather than the happiness of the future, that made him wish to be gone. This is often the case. We are frequently anxious to get away from present pressure; but if the pressure were removed, the longing would cease. If we longed for the coming of Jesus, and the glory of His blessed presence, circumstances would make no difference; we should then long as ardently to get away from circumstances of ease and sunshine, as from those of pressure and sorrow. Jonah, while he sat beneath the shadow of the gourd, thought not of departing, and the very fact of his being "exceeding glad of the gourd," proved how much he needed that special messenger from the Lord; it served to make manifest the true condition of his soul, when he uttered the words, "Take, I beseech Thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live." The Lord can make even a gourd the instrument for developing the secrets of the human heart. Truly the Christian can say, *God is in everything*. The tempest roars, and the voice of God is heard; a gourd springs up in silence, and the hand of God is seen.

Yet the gourd was but a link in the chain; for "*the Lord prepared a worm*," and this worm, trifling as it was when viewed in the light of an instrument, was, nevertheless, as much the

divine agent as was the "great wind," or the "great fish." A worm, when used by God, can do wonders; it withered Jonah's gourd, and taught him, as it teaches us, a solemn lesson. True, it was only an insignificant agent, the efficacy of which depended upon its conjunction with others; but this only illustrates the more strikingly the greatness of our Father's mind. He can prepare a worm, and He can prepare a vehement east wind, and make them both, though so unlike, conducive to His great designs. In a word, the spiritual mind sees *God in everything*. The worm, the whale, and the tempest, all are instruments in His hand. The most insignificant, as well as the most splendid agents, further His ends. The east wind would not have proved effectual, though it had been ever so vehement, had not the worm first done its appointed work. How striking is all this! Who would have thought that a worm and an east wind could be joint agents in doing a work of God? Yet so it was. Great and small are only terms in use amongst men, and cannot apply to Him "who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven," as well as "the things that are on earth." They are all alike to Him "who sitteth on the circle of the earth." Jehovah can tell the number of the stars, and, while He does so, He can take knowledge of a falling sparrow—He can make the whirlwind His chariot, and a broken heart His dwelling-place. Nothing is great or small with God.

The believer, therefore, must not look upon anything as ordinary, for God is in everything. True, he may have to pass through the same circumstances—to meet the same trials—to encounter the same reverses as other men; but he must not meet them in the same way, nor in-

terpret them on the same principle; nor do they convey the same report to his ear. He should hear the voice of God, and heed His message in the most trifling, as well as in the most momentous occurrence of the day. The disobedience of a child, or the loss of an estate, the obliquity of a servant, or the death of a friend, should all be regarded as divine messengers to his soul.

So also, when we look around us in the world, God is in everything. The overturning of thrones, the crashing of empires, the famine, the pestilence, and every event that occurs amongst the nations, exhibits traces of the hand of God, and utters a voice for the ear of man. The devil will seek to rob the Christian of the real sweetness of this thought; he will tempt him to think that, at least, the commonplace circumstances of every-day life exhibit nothing extraordinary, but only such as happen to other men. But we must not yield to him in this. We must start on our course, every morning, with this truth vividly impressed on our mind, *God is in everything*. The sun that rolls along the heavens in splendid brilliancy, and the worm that crawls along the path, have both alike been prepared of God, and, moreover, could both alike co-operate in the development of His unsearchable designs.

I would observe, in conclusion, that the only one who walked in the abiding remembrance of the above precious and important truth was our blessed Master. He saw the Father's hand, and heard the Father's voice, in everything. This appears pre-eminently in the season of the deepest sorrow. He came forth from the garden of Gethsemane with those memorable words, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" thus recognising,

in the fullest manner, that God IS IN EVERYTHING.

C. H. M.

ALL IN HIM.

OUR times are in Thy hand,
Father, we wish them there;
Our life, our soul, our all we leave
Entirely to Thy care.

Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear!
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified!
The hand our many sins had pierced
Is now our Guard and Guide.

Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the Advocate!
Nor can that hand be stretched in vain
For us to supplicate.

Our times are in Thy hand,
We'd always trust in Thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.

THE GOD OF CONSOLATION.

THE First Epistle to the Corinthians begins with the Church of God, endowed and enriched with all blessings in Jesus Christ; the Second, with God as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation, conducting through sorrow, trial, and trouble, hearts that are close to Himself, knowing Him as the God of the wilderness; they can have one ceaseless flow of comfort and consolation all through their course. God saying to them, "My bosom is the fountain teeming with mercies; I want My people to hear My voice ever speaking to them, and their hearts to hang on Me throughout all their course."

It is better to die in seeking to serve God than to live without doing so.

THE TEACHER AND TENT-MAKER.

FROM the priestly tendency to hold at arm's length as half-profane ninety-nine-hundredths of human labour, one turns with relief to the wholesomer example of St. Paul. Any one who tracked that indefatigable missionary over Asia Minor and Greece; heard his daily eloquence in synagogue or agora, or rhetorician's class-room; overheard him in his cell praying on his knees, with tears, for some lapsed or endangered congregation; or read, fresh from his pen, burning letters of pathos and rebuke; might well have felt that, in laying so broad and deep over the cultured world the foundations of Christ's Church, this man was doing with travail of soul the noblest, holiest work ever entrusted to merely human hands, work only to be done through faith in His invincible co-operation, who had said to him on the Damascus road, "I send thee to the Gentiles to open their eyes."

But had one followed the restless apostle from the streets of Corinth into Justus' house, and found him sit down with his friend Aquila to the handicraft he was bred to, bending his back and roughening his hands at the manufacture of goat's hair tents, one might have been a little shocked (supposing one's mind to be full of modern ideas on the clerical profession) at the sudden transition. Not so Paul. No man should "stop him of this boasting in the regions of Achaia." He followed a nobler example still. The Divine Carpenter who bade him preach salvation to the Greeks, bade him also make tents; and the same God, who in every place turned pleasure-loving and licentious heathens by thousands into pure-minded Christians, was He who alone gives increase to the

hammering and forging of the artizan, the weaving and sewing of the tent-maker, or the planting and watering of the husbandman. The Life which hallowed all life has hallowed manual toil, and taught us in everything to serve God, and to trust in everything the God we serve.

COUNT YOURSELVES DEAD.

THE Christian has two natures: his own fallen one, and the new life in Christ. He is like those creatures whose early existence is beneath the water in the mud of a river, which, after a while, receive a new force that draws them up to the surface of the stream. This enables them to shake off their old coil and rise into the air beautiful and bright-winged, to delight in the sunshine and atmosphere above the water. Henceforth the air is their home, and the former element would now be to them destruction.

But with the Christian, alas, there is always the tendency to return to the mud of the stream. It is only as we bear in our minds Christ's death—His going down beneath the deep waters of judgment in order to bring us up into resurrection-life and blessing, that we have the practical enjoyment of the place which is ours in Christ. Christ having passed through judgment and beyond death, and being our life, we are not only told to believe these truths, but to count the facts of His death and of His resurrection as realities in our own daily lives: "*Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord*" (Rom. vi. 11).

Faith counts things that are not as though they were. If our "old man," our fallen nature, were actually gone, we should not have to reckon ourselves to

be dead; for the old nature would not exist; but because Christ died unto sin once, and liveth unto God for ever, we are to count ourselves to be what Christ was and is for us. We are not told that there is no life in us, nor that the flesh is not in us, nor that "our old man" is taken out of us; but we are told that we are in Christ, and are bidden live in the practice of daily life by faith.

THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.

STRONG in the strength which He giveth,

Strong in the power of His love,
As my eye is ever kept gazing—
Steadfastly gazing above.

But how can I ever go forward?

Sometimes I am tempted to ask,
With trembling, and fainting, and failing,

How can I accomplish my task?

"My task!" do I say? 'Tis no burden.

When Himself is guiding my hand!

Oh! surely I safely can trust Him,
When He has so skilfully planned.

For faith is no faith, if my vision
Must always exactly see why;
Our sight is so dim and expectant,
So slow on His Word to rely.

Because, if things seem to go backward,

Oh! then, of course, nothing is right—

Faith finds a rest and a pillow
In darkness as well as in light.

With faith there is no room for doubting,

Faith clings when it never can see;
And faith is the offspring of hearing
The sweet, simple, "Look unto Me."

Henceforth, in the strength which He giveth,

Let me go, not doubting His Word,

Remembering the bright, cheering,
"Fear not,"

I, listening, so often have heard.

Remembering the wilderness promise,

Himself, and His staff, and His rod,

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH."

(Heb. xi. 13.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S EPITAPH.

"OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY."

(Heb. xi. 38.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S RESURRECTION.

"THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE FIRST."

(1 Thess. iv. 16.)

And hearing His Word, "Be believing."

I answer, "My Lord, and my God!"

Thus, trusting, I ever shall conquer,
For trust is not natural nerve,
That whether in rest or in action,
I learn that I equally serve.

E. N. C.

THE LATE WILLIAM REID, M.A.

It was our melancholy privilege to be present at the funeral of our beloved, departed brother and fellow-labourer on the 11th of August. Many of our readers are well aware that he was the founder of this paper, to the editing of which we succeeded when he devoted his time to editing *The British Herald*. Associated with him more or less for the last twenty years in active evangelistic work for the Lord, and for a considerable part of that time with another departed beloved one, Duncan Mathieson, we felt peculiarly lonely leaving that open grave, but got much divine joy to think that he was now at rest for ever on "the blood of Jesus," which he so exalted, that his fight was fought, and he was graciously taken away from the evil to come; and thus we could sing—

"There is rest for the weary,"
as we wait to meet him

"Mid the splendours of the glory."

Many men talk of living by faith—William Reid did it, and never talked of it, and truly his

epitaph might be, "Of whom the world was not worthy."

His most widely known literary work was the book entitled, "The Blood of Jesus." This, his first great production, was of the same class as Angel James's "Anxious Inquirer," Dr. Bonar's "God's Way of Peace," and others. It is known all over the world, has been circulated by millions, and in various languages. Trained for the ministry, and being a very acceptable preacher, he was at home, and had his special force, when the pen was in his hand, and he is thus most widely known in connection with his writings.

Along with the late Mr. P. Drummond he originated *The British Messenger*, which was the first periodical of its kind that appeared in any land, and under his editorship reached an immense circulation, and exists to this day under able editing. He was also superintendent for some time of the Stirling Tract enterprise. From Stirling he came to Edinburgh, where he originated *The British Herald*, now known as *The Bible Herald*. He also made a valuable selection of hymns called "The Praise Book," and a splendid volume of much literary value, "The Praise Book, with Music." For some time he undertook pastoral work at Carlisle, and there originated *The British Evangelist*, which still exists. Returning to Edinburgh, he was chiefly occupied in literary work, having

written "*Pentecostal Times*," "*Song of Songs*," &c., and edited "*The Bible Witness and Review*," in three volumes, with many other writings. Never robust in health, and being kept fit for his so varied works only by much care, he gradually sank, and expired on the 8th ult., aged fifty-nine. He was buried in Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, on the 11th.

We would request the earnest prayers of our readers for the bereaved widow and the two fatherless daughters, and feel confident that they will be remembered at the throne of grace by many thousands.

WORRY NOT AT THE CLOUD.

As the storm departs, upon its back will hang the bow of promise. As bursts the sunshine through the gloom, so may fall the light of a merciful heaven upon your pathway. As sings the robin at the glint of dawn, after a long and stormy night, so will sing thy heart after the darkness is past for ever.

BACK NOS. AND VOLUMES.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

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OCTOBER 1881.

[No. 172.]

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RETURN UNTO THY REST.

AMONG the many I am lost and weary;
They do not take from me the deep unrest:
They make me but more lonely and more dreary;
They promise fair, but cannot make me blest.
This heart, thus trying in a thousand centres
To find an orbit round which it may roll,
Comes back depressed, taught by these vain adventures—
One centre only stays the restless soul.
Only in One is rest for us; true quiet
For the vexed human heart is from above:
Though far removed from toil, and brawl, and riot,
It cannot rest itself in creature-love.
Earth is all motion and disquiet; only
In One above, who changes not nor moves,
NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 10.

We find repose: there, tranquil but not lonely,
We rest in One who ever, ever loves.

Life is all tempest, o'er time's ocean ranging;

A troubled morning and an angry even:

Only in One is anchorage unchanging,

Only in One is the eternal haven.

Creation rocks; all that is made is moving,—

The strongest, brightest, goodliest, and best:

In One, the ever-fixed and ever-loving—

In One I anchor, and in One I rest!
H. BONAR.

WANT! WHAT IS IT?

WHAT do you want? I am sure you want something, whoever you are. It is man's nature to want. He is a never satisfied, ever wanting being. As soon as he is born he begins to want, and as soon as he gets what he wants, he wants something else. From his cradle to his grave his life is one continued longing, and his distinguishing mark is—want, want, want.

Even the Christian is in want. There is in him, as in others, a constant craving; and though his is a blessed hungering—a hungering and thirsting after righteousness—yet let his gifts and graces be what they may, in this world he is unsatisfied, and will be until he wakes up after God's likeness (Ps. xvii. 15). But it is not the wants of

Christians that I now propose to speak about, but the wants of the men of this world. If you are one of these, I have no need to tell you, for you know it well, that though you may have gained, and gained, and gained, and have arrived at a position which you once thought would far more than satisfy your every longing, you still want something. And so it would be if you wrote down all the desires of your heart, and had them gratified at this minute; you would not long be satisfied, you would soon want something more. There is no greater proof of the fall, than that man seeks his happiness in the things of this world; there is no greater proof of the original nobleness of his nature, than that the things of this world never satisfy him.

Now why is all this? It is because men do not know what is their one great want. With one great want every man is born. He often thinks little about it, perhaps lives and dies without discovering it; yet it is *this want* that is the cause of all his dissatisfaction; and until it is supplied, he never will be satisfied, though he gains the whole world. This want is the want of God. Man is born into the world without God. God left Adam when he sinned, and ever since, in this one thing, every child of Adam is alike; he is by nature without God.

Nothing but God can satisfy the cravings of man's nature, yet unless a man is born of the Spirit, he must live, and die, and spend eternity without God.

**"AS HAVING NOTHING,
AND YET
POSSESSING ALL THINGS."**

2 COR. vi. 10.

God does not give a reserve stock of grace which you can look at and say, "That is mine." He just gives you minute by minute, and moment by moment, what is needed. It is like this: Suppose a man says to his friend, "I will give you an empty purse, and in it you shall find any money you want the very minute you want it. I shall never give you any to keep in your pocket, but you may go to your purse for *anything*." Would that man be a very rich man, or a poor man? I think he would be both. If he wanted a penny to buy a newspaper, he must call on his friend, or go to his purse for it; if he wanted a hundred pounds, he could go for that; he could get anything he wanted. But there would be something he could not do—he could not put money on the table, and look at it and say, "What a rich man I am!" He would get up with an empty purse, and go to bed with an empty purse, and yet he would have all he needed. This is the way God gives us His grace—never more than we need for the very minute—always quite enough.

**OH! TELL THEM ABOUT
IT AGAIN!**

A poor aged woman in the north of Ireland lay dying, when a young man came in to see her. He talked to her of her state by nature, as a guilty sinner, soon to meet God in judgment. He

then told her of *the power of Jesus' blood to save* the vilest sinner who believed. The poor woman at first listened with astonishment, but after some time, light began to dawn upon her mind. She saw her perishing condition and trembled. In an agony of soul she cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" Again she was directed to "the precious blood of Christ," and urged to look out of self, off self, and right away from self, to Jesus only. By grace she was enabled to receive the message of pardon, and to realise the willingness and power of Christ Jesus to save all who come unto Him by faith, be their sins never so great, their iniquities never so many, their transgressions never so black. She heard, she understood, she believed, she was saved. Shortly afterwards some of her relatives came into the room, when, turning to the friend who had been instrumental in leading her to Christ, she said, "OH, TELL THEM ABOUT IT AGAIN, John! tell them about the power of Jesus' blood to save!"

Dear reader, you may have often been told of the way of salvation, and now we desire to tell you "about it again," that you may be persuaded to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood alone has power to cleanse from all sin. It is written in the Scripture, that "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. liii. 6). Yes, precious truth, we have sinned, but Jesus has died for sinners, that we might receive the forgiveness of sins through His blood. Let me now narrate an incident that occurred lately, illustrating this all-important truth.

One evening, after I had been preaching, a young woman was brought into the vestry in deep anguish of mind on account of

her sins. Her countenance was expressive of the most abject despair. She groaned, cried, and shrieked, as though suffering intense agony. I tried to direct her mind to the gracious promises of the Gospel, and to point her to the finished work of Jesus on the cross of Calvary, as the hope of the guilty sinner. All my efforts appeared to be in vain. In the charge of friends I left her in the vestry, from which she was unable to be removed until five o'clock the next morning. The next day I saw and conversed with her again. I read several portions of God's Word, and prayed with her, yet all seemed to be fruitless. Two days afterward a young woman came to me after I had been preaching, and, grasping my hand, said, "I am that person who was so distressed the other night. I am happy now—Christ is mine—Christ is mine—He has saved me—His blood has cleansed me from all sin." I could hardly believe this was the same person. When first I saw her, she looked as though hope had for ever fled; but *now* her countenance had brilliantly lighted with a heavenly glow. Her face shone radiant with celestial joy. I thought, what a change is wrought here by sovereign grace! Here is another soul plucked as a brand from the everlasting burning—here is another evidence that Jesus is both *able* and *willing* to save unto the uttermost all who trust in Him!

Art thou, my reader, a sinner? Dost thou desire Jesus to be thy Saviour? Then come to Jesus, and He will not cast thee out. Come to Jesus, that is, as a sinner; put all thy sins on Jesus, and *trust* in Him *alone*, and thou shalt be saved. "But," thou sayest, "*I am a great sinner*." True; but Jesus Christ is a great Saviour, an almighty Saviour.

“SAVED FOR NOTHING.”

I CAN imagine the reader taking up this paper and exclaiming, “Oh that I knew how I could be saved for nothing!” or, “That I could believe that any were ever saved for nothing.” But, reader, if you follow me in this narrative, I will show you one “saved for nothing,” and how you also can be “saved for nothing.”

It was on the evening of the thirtieth of July 1858, near the town Manayunk, Pennsylvania, when the writer called the second time to see Mrs. A——, a very intelligent lady from New England, who had seen many of the “ups and downs” of this uncertain world, and experienced not a few of the “ills which flesh is heir to,” but who, in a mysterious and wonderful Providence, had been brought to this place and laid on a bed of affliction, where she seemed to labour under harassing anxiety and great depression of mind, while at the same time, as she said, using every effort to repent, pray for pardon, and prepare to meet her God. From what I had said to this lady during my first interview, and from what she still stated of her hopes, her fears, and her feelings, I perceived that her case was difficult, and that none but ONE could remove her doubts and dangers and put her in her “right mind.” So I again “preached unto” her “Jesus.” And soon the substance of our conversation was as follows:—

Minister. You say, Mrs. A——, that you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mrs. A——. Yes, sir; I believe every word that is said about Him in the Old and New Testaments.

Min. But I rather think you do not believe all that is there said about Christ.

Mrs. A. And why do you

think so, sir? Why have you such a suspicion?

Min. Because, if you truly believe in Jesus Christ and in “every word that is said about Him in the Scriptures,” the result would be salvation, pardon, and “peace with God;” but it is quite the contrary of this with you. You are awfully afraid of God! an evidence that you are not looking at “God in the face of Jesus Christ.” You are mourning, repenting, and bitterly lamenting sin, and earnestly crying for mercy; and yet you say you “have no evidence of being heard,—that your prayers, like stones thrown into the air, only fall back upon you with terror.” Are you not trying to make yourself good, and fit to meet God by your own repentance instead of *throwing yourself, just as you are, upon Christ?* And this is the reason why conscience upbraids you; for, indeed, you are only increasing your guilt instead of taking it away. You are not truly believing and trusting in Jesus.

Mrs. A. Oh, sir, I tell you again, that I firmly believe in Christ, the Son of God, and that no poor sinner can be saved without Him, and I am striving and praying daily and hourly that He may save me.

Min. Well, Mrs. A——, you are praying and striving daily and hourly that He may save you; but are you willing to be saved without your praying and striving? Are you willing to be saved on His own terms, simply by faith in His [atoning] blood? You must know that it is “by grace through faith you are saved.” You must “BELIEVE AND BE SAVED,” and THEN pray and strive because you *are* saved.

Mrs. A. But oh, how can such a wicked wretch as I am be saved without fervent prayer and striving to repent before God?

Min. Your fervent prayers and repentance will never be accepted *until you first accept Christ*, as He is freely offered to you, *as an all-sufficient Saviour.* Now, Mrs. A——, I want you to think most seriously on what you have just said. You said you believed truly in Jesus Christ, and in every word that is said about Him in the Old and New Testaments. Then you must believe that Christ “*can save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him,*” even “*the chief of sinners,*” and that “*faith in His blood*” saves the soul.

Mrs. A. Yes, I do.

Min. And you believe in [the value and efficacy of] this Saviour’s blood [in putting away sin]?

Mrs. A. Certainly, I do.

Min. Then you believe it can save you?

Here was a pause; at last the answer came slowly.

Mrs. A. Yes, I do.

Min. Then your faith *has saved* you; has it not?

Another long pause. Finally she put the inquiry:

Mrs. A. And is that salvation in a Saviour’s blood?

Min. Certainly it is, if *you truly believe*, as you say.

And here came another most solemn pause. At last, lifting her eyes and hands towards heaven, her bosom heaving with deep emotion, and her eyes filled with tears, she exclaimed—

Mrs. A. Oh! now I see it! Now I see it! Blessed be God, now I see that I can be SAVED FOR NOTHING! I believed, but never before did I so see, the completeness of that satisfaction which Christ has made for my sin; that I have nothing to do for my salvation but to believe! Oh! sir, let me say to you, that this moment a burden has rolled from my soul. Blessed Jesus! and is this salvation in Thy blood? How blind I have been

these many years, to imagine that, in order to be saved, I should have to pray so fervently, repent so bitterly, and keep myself so pure from sin. Now I see that simple faith in that atoning blood can save any sinner, and save fully and freely; that it can save me! Oh! that I am saved—**SAVED FOR NOTHING!** Glory! glory to God for this!

Here there was such a glorious scene as all but overwhelmed me, as I had never before witnessed such a sudden application of the truth, and the powerful operation of the Spirit of God. So I immediately knelt by her side, and joined with her in praising God; and then left her alone to adore Him for the gift of Jesus, and to enjoy that "salvation" which she had received "*for nothing*." But although this lady's iniquities were taken away, her [bodily] infirmities prevailed against her; but beneath them all she was wonderfully sustained by faith in "her blessed Jesus." And although she was, comparatively, a stranger in the place, the Lord raised her up friends, especially in the person of Mr. M——, a good man in the neighbourhood, who was as willing as he was able to administer to all her earthly necessities. But her disease increased, and finally, on the evening of the 5th of September, she closed her eyes upon this world, and entered into her rest, having said to her husband a little before, "I have found *my Saviour*, and I am now going home to heaven—**SAVED FOR NOTHING!**"

Now, dear reader, I have shown you one "*saved for nothing*;" and may you not see, from what I have here honestly stated, how you also can be saved for nothing? Only "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" And *being justified by faith, you will have peace with God, through "your"*

Lord Jesus Christ; and holiness, and happiness, and heaven will be the blessed results. No prayer or act of repentance will ever be heard or accepted, unless you accept Christ by faith. Faith must bring salvation into the soul; and prayer, repentance, and a holy life must *make that salvation [manifest]*.

Reader, can you say from your heart that you believe in Jesus, and in all that is said about Him in God's Word? And do you believe in your heart that He can save you? Then, surely, you are a happy reader. But, oh! if this is not your faith, you are yet in your blindness, and in your sins; and if you perish in these, the more dreadful will be your doom, when you could have been, but would not be, "**SAVED FOR NOTHING.**"

THE PORTRAIT.

EVERY one may be regarded as if set to draw an exact portrait of himself, not to be finished until the day of his death, and then to be left in the possession of his friends. There is not an hour of conscious thought, one movement of the affections, one sally of passion, one act of sin or of folly, which does not leave its indelible trace on this portrait. The picture is finishing day by day; many a rough stroke which we never meant to stain the canvas will yet be found there; masses of shade which we had laboured to glaze with softer colours—will yet be found, in spite of all our efforts to conceal them. The portrait we leave will be stroke for stroke our own drawing, no mortal besides ourselves can keep possession of the pencil; there is a Fiend beside us to dip it in gall, and there is a Master Workman who offers to beautify and adorn it; *but still the pencil is in our own fingers.* Oh, think of the "Portrait" in the

hour of levity!—think of the "Portrait" in the moment of sin and of folly!—think of the "Portrait!" But whether you think of it or not, it will meet you in full colours and in broad daylight at the bar of God:—Put no touch *now* that you would not see *then*.

LOST—FOUND.

READER, there are only *two* classes on the earth, the *lost* and the *found*; the lost are straying on the broad road, the found are walking in the narrow way. On which road are *you* at this moment? Are you "returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of your soul"? (1 Peter ii. 25.) If so, you should know it, for He says, "My sheep *hear* My voice, and I know them, and they *follow* Me" (John. x. 27.) Have *you* heard his voice, and are you *following* Him? If not, you are still following the devil on the broad road, and unless you *turn* and come to Jesus, you must spend an everlasting eternity away from God. "Turn ye! turn ye! why will ye die?" is God's word to *you*.

If you do not obey God's word and turn, your sentence will be, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv. 41). "Because I called (come), and ye refused, I stretched out My hand, and ye regarded Me not. I will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. i. 24).

Sinner, come *now*. The door is still open. Jesus is waiting to wash you, and make you clean; you cannot get into heaven until you are washed from all your sin; and it is the blood of Jesus Christ alone that can do this for you. (1 John i. 7.)

Come, then, come *now*: and "*him that cometh He will in no wise cast out*" (John vi. 37).

THE FOOLISH FARMER.

WE read in one of the Saviour's parables of a certain farmer, whose crops were so abundant, and his wealth so great, that he thought within himself, saying, "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods" (Luke xii. 17, 18). But while he was congratulating himself on his success, the only wise God pronounced upon him a most solemn condemnation. Contrary to his own opinion of himself, and to what would be the world's opinion of him, "God said unto him, Thou fool!"

Why was this? Was his occupation unlawful? No. Complaint might be made of many callings which would not apply to his. Was his success wrongfully obtained? No: "the ground brought forth plentifully," and he only gathered the produce into his granaries. Was it because he resolved to end a life, perhaps of labour, with years of rest? We do not think so. Was he profane, or vicious? a bad father, son, or citizen? It is not so stated. And yet he was declared by the holy God to be a fool. We must therefore search somewhat further for the reason.

A parable is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning; and our Lord has here described the character of one who was a successful man of the world, and nothing more. He might be amiable in disposition, affectionate in his family, upright in his business, and loyal as a citizen; but his sin and his shame was, that, with a soul within him and an eternity before him, he was nothing more. Therefore "God said unto him, Thou fool;" and it is added, "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

He was a fool because all his thoughts and affections were given to this world. There is no necessary opposition between religion and business; between the things of this life and of that which is to come. The pious man may honour God in the humblest calling. The ploughman in the field, the artisan in the workshop, the seaman at the helm, may "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." It has been truly said, that "there is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance in it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands." The Christian may give too much regard to the things which are temporal, and thus become worldly-minded; but the man who sets his supreme affection on them is a worldling. He worships and serves the creature more than the Creator.

It was thus with the farmer described in the parable. His heart was fixed on his wealth. He addressed his soul, it is true, but only about his bodily and worldly comfort: "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry:" not a syllable about his spiritual wants and destiny. But to prove that he who gave these blessings could withdraw them, and how frail is the thread by which we hold all earthly good, "God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

Is not every worldling exposed to the same Divine condemnation? He is anxious about his bodily health and his worldly prosperity, but is indifferent to the wants and the perils of his undying soul. He leaves it all unsettled, whether he may not, when it is too late, wake up and find that his life has been an awful mistake, that his spiritual interests have been neglected,

that the law of God has been insulted, the mercy of Christ despised, and his own soul lost for ever.

Nor must it be forgotten, that man has duties to discharge, not only to himself and to his fellow-creatures, but to God. These the worldling overlooks. Many, if they were asked why they neglected the claims of the gospel, would defend themselves by replying, that they were affectionate parents, upright men of business, and charitable neighbours. We will not stay to inquire whether he can be a good parent or friend, who leaves the eternal interests of others to the same chances on which he risks his own; but even if he fully obeyed the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is there not also another, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind"? Does that mean nothing? or is obedience to half the law of God a reason for breaking the other half? Can amiability in our family be an excuse for impiety towards God? Does ingratitude cease to be shameful when committed against Christ? Is fraud towards a fellow man a crime, and yet may a man rob God without guilt? Is obedience to the laws of our country to be pleaded in defence of treason against the King of kings? Is not the man who cheats himself with such sophistry as this justly called a fool?

Consider, reader, what is your life? What is its spirit, its object, its end? Are you anxious only about the things of this world? Look solemnly at your true condition. To have a soul within you capable of communion with God himself, but which is now diseased, and loathsome with sin; to have an eternity before you of joy or woe; and yet, by neglect or rejection of the means of salva-

tion, to be sinking down to "the blackness of darkness for ever"—is not this folly amazing and unutterable?

If you are a worldling, we remind you of God's own estimate of you. Your own conscience will confirm this. You may be a successful man of the world; but your life is one of folly. When you are ready to pride yourself on your wisdom or your wealth, when men are offering you their congratulations on your success, remember the decision of conscience and of Christ. Above all, look forward to that day when you must render account for the things done in the body, and when the worldling—though he may have been an affectionate parent, an honest tradesman, and a loyal citizen—will stand without a single plea before the bar of the Judge of all the earth, to receive the righteous doom: "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."

Reader, are you convinced? And do you ask, "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" The Scriptures supply the answer, and say that you may be made "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." They tell you that a means of redemption has been provided; that "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us;" and that, because of that death of atonement, God will bestow upon those who seek it pardon and peace, and will give His Holy Spirit to sanctify their heart. Go to Him in penitence and faith. Abandon all excuse for your folly and sin. Confess that your only hope of salvation is to be found in the perfect sacrifice of "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Believe in Christ, and you will find Him made unto you "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

A STUMBLING-BLOCK.

"I FEAR I have not come in the right way," is a very common stumbling-block with many who are anxious to be saved. But I would ask, where do you find a word in the four Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, or in the Epistles about coming in the right way? Do you not see that you are suffering your attention to be diverted from the source of eternal life to the stream—from the cause to the consequences. You are looking away from Christ to self. If this were not so, surely you would not be anxious about the way of your coming; but you would be quite content to come to believe—to trust in any way.

The blind beggar did not come in a very graceful and dignified way, when, in answer to the call of Christ, "he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus." He looked odd enough without his outer robe, and he may have stumbled and fallen as he hurried forward in the blackness of a night that had no star. But Jesus said unto him, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." Zacchæus, the chief of publicans, and therefore the chief of sinners in popular estimation, did not come in a very graceful and dignified way, when he clambered down the sycamore tree, in obedience to the summons of Christ; but he was straightway saved, for the Lord of life and of glory said to him, "This day is salvation come to this house." The question is not about the manner but the fact of your coming; and One who is both able and willing to make good every promise of His word is still saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The word translated *come*, in this sweet invitation, really means *Hither!* Here! This way! as if our Lord anticipated the difficulty of so

many about the manner of coming, and would say, you do not need to come at all; only look and live, only believe and be saved. Turn your thoughts to Christ, not to your coming, for it is not the latter, no matter how you come, that saves you, but Christ. If you can't come, look; if you can't look, believe; if you can't believe, trust; if you can't trust, quit thinking about yourself, and let your mind be occupied with the death and resurrection, the invitations and promises of the Son of God, until the knowledge of His love steals into your heart.

SALVATION FOR SINNERS.

In his latter days, Dr. Bayne was in the habit of speaking his thoughts, so that one who was unawares beside him, heard what was intended for no ears but his own. Standing at the window of his room one day, and thinking he was quite alone, one who happened to be present heard him repeating the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

After a pause he said, "Paul, what do you mean by saying that you are chief of sinners? Do you mean that you are of all sinners, in all ages, chief? If so, I cannot agree with you, for Ronald Bayne is a greater sinner than you were. But, do you mean that you are chief of all the sinners who shall be saved? If so, then there is no hope for Ronald Bayne, for he is a greater sinner still. But if you mean, as I think you do, that each saved sinner regards himself as chief, then there is hope for Ronald Bayne, and you and he can both agree."

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

"Nevertheless, afterward."—Heb. xii. 11.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint gropings in the sea;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and
bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the Victor's Crown of Life.

Now, the training, strange and
lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

THE FLOWER PLUCKED; OR,
LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

THE head-gardener of a nobleman had spent much time and labour in training a particular flower, a well-known favourite of his master. It had been his constant pleasure to watch it himself from a seedling, and daily to water it with his own hand. Under this fostering care he had at length the satisfaction of seeing the flower upon the stalk, and of observing in it a rare degree of beauty and perfection.

Judge then of his surprise and indignation when, one morning, on entering the garden, he discovered that the object of all this attention and solicitude had been rudely broken off at the

stem. It seemed such an act of wanton mischief that, for the moment, he could think of nothing else but the malice of the individual who had so cruelly injured him. "What foul wrong," he thought, "what cruel spite have been shown! Can I help being angry?"

His anger, however, was speedily softened down, and even gave way to pleasing gratification, when he saw the nobleman himself approaching, wearing the little flower in his breast! This at once put the matter in an entirely new light to him. It was exactly what he wanted; the very object he had in view in cultivating it; nor was he insensible to the silent compliment that he had succeeded so well.

What a happiness, my readers, it often is to be able to look at things from the right point of view. Full half of the misery and sorrow which we endure arises from our inability or reluctance to see our affairs from any standpoint but our own. How different everything appears when seen, not in man's, but in God's light! Gaze only at the rod, at the trial, and the seeming mischief done—and the loss seems irreparable, so that we refuse to be comforted. But glance upwards, for a moment, to the Father's hand that appoints it, to the loving eye that discerns its necessity, and, above all, to the end in view in sending the affliction, and instantly the shadow of death is changed into morning, and we are compelled in our gratitude to acknowledge, "He hath done all things well."

If parents, who have children to train for Christ, would only remember for whose bosom the little flowers are cultivated, and who will come to gather them when they are ready for His presence, their natural grief at separation might not be less sincere, but it would be, at least,

sorrow after a godly sort, and not to be repented of.

"For why should our tears run down,
And our hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's
crown,
And another soul in heaven?"

It was the bitter complaint of an aged patriarch in a season of deep affliction, "All these things are against me." His family had been dishonoured, his favourite child had been lost, a famine of unusual severity was wasting his substance, and he was threatened with the loss of his youngest son, Benjamin. "All these things," he said, "are against me."

Poor Jacob was at this time in the valley of humiliation; besides which, the range of his human vision was too limited to take in the length and breadth and fulness of the unsearchable doings of God. He was where the mist upon the water shuts out the sunshine on the mountain-tops beyond, and where we often accept as harbingers of evil what are merely the shadows of good things to come. "All things" at that moment were "working" for Jacob's good; but the very multiplicity and magnitude of the means employed baffled his comprehension of their object. Ah! it required a far higher standpoint than Jacob then occupied to see the end of these afflictions. It required one to be up at the source and fountain of all love to see good brought out of evil: to see light in God's light.

But there was a time when Jacob came to see "all these things" in their true light. He lay on his death-bed in his son's tent in Goshen. Looking forward to the future with prophetic glance, he saw a Star rising in the East, the earnest of a better day. Judah's greatness had fallen; but upon the ruins of the earthly kingdom a spiritual nation was rising, a "people all righteous," the true Israel of God. Canaan was lost,

but the "better country" was found. While in the dim distance he beheld, by faith, the Shiloh of his fathers, the God of his covenant, Jehovah-Jesus appearing for man's deliverance, atoning by His death for human guilt, accomplishing the redemption of His chosen seed, collecting the outcasts of Israel, and gathering them into one. Then the scales fell from the eyes of the patriarch, and the afflictions of the past were sanctified. They had brought him from the earthly to the heavenly, from things seen and temporal to those that were unseen and eternal. They had brought him and his family to the "fountain of life, and in God's light they saw light clearly."

And are we not all tempted, like Jacob, to look upon the afflictions and losses that befall us from our own selfish standpoint? to see things in our own light? Our present peace, our personal comfort, our domestic happiness, these are often "all in all" to us. But God would have us look beyond the present and the fading to the future and the eternal; and the Holy Spirit often leads, by the afflictive dispensations of providence, to the cross of Christ, where the guiltiest will find pardon, and the most selfish may be changed; and from the cross we are led to a state where those trials will be unnecessary, and where partings are unknown. Happy the heart that has been thus led, even though by sorrow and trouble, to make an entire sacrifice of itself at that Cross to "Him who loved us and gave Himself for us!" And happy the pilgrim who, like Jacob at the brook, has had his treasures and his children *sent on before*, so that he needs must follow. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." How many entire family circles have been formed anew in the head-

less land through the first that "went before!" How many parental hearts have been won to the Redeemer by the thought that He loved the darling they had lost!

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

"HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS."

In the diary of Joseph Williams of Kidderminster, it is told that one day an old man was giving a young lad some friendly counsel. He was warning him not to follow his own example. He said that "he could remember well about his own youthful days. His heart was then soft and tender. Many a time he was almost persuaded to be Christian. But he grieved the Spirit. He stifled the still, small voice of conscience. He refused to give up his sins." What was the result? It was a very terrible one. "Now," said the old man, laying great stress on the words, "*my heart is hard and brawny*." Sin had hardened his heart. It had become like the nether millstone.

Dear young friends, your hearts may be soft and impressive now, like the newly-fallen snow. But very soon, unless you yield them up to Jesus, they will become "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin" (Heb. iii. 13). Every time you grieve the Spirit, every time you refuse Christ's loving invitations, your hearts are getting harder and harder.

Be warned in time. Choose Christ *now*, lest at the last you have to say, like the aged rejector of Christ, "*My heart is hard and brawny*."

It is melancholy when men can only find out God *by His judgments*.

"THE LORD SITTETH UPON THE FLOOD."

ALL the changes of human life fail to disturb Jehovah. None of them, not the most violent, can shake the serenity of His deep repose. Here on earth deep may call unto deep, and lift its hands on high; and man, poor petty man, cast into the channels of the waters, may look up with fear and quaking; but God looks down with calmness and composure. He sits upon the flood—majestic Being! All the convulsions of the world are passing beneath His throne, but do not shake a jot or tittle of His plans or purposes. As certainly shall His will be done amidst the storms of earth as amidst the peace of heaven.

GOOD COMPANY.

ONE evening, a lady of New York, while on her way home at a late hour, without an escort, was approached by a lewd fellow, as the boat on which they rowed neared its landing, who asked:

"Are you alone?"

"No, sir," was the reply, and without further interruption, when the boat touched, she jumped off.

"I thought you were alone," said the fellow stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?"

"God Almighty and the angels, sir; I am never alone!"

This arrow pierced the villain's heart, and with these parting words, "You keep too good company for me, madam," he got out of sight, leaving the heroic lady to enjoy her good company.

"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt."—*Measure for Measure*.

SHOW ME.

FAITH is evidently a principle hidden in the heart. It cannot be seen, as the root cannot be seen from which the plants grow and produce fruit, drawing nourishment from the soil as faith does from Christ. But, as without the root the plant cannot bring forth fruit, so without faith good works cannot be produced. Some works may be shown outwardly, however, which have no real value. Much may be given, and many may labour without true love, without faith, but a life of love that follows Christ and does His will, that will being yet its own, cannot exist without faith. Now, he who glories in faith owns that it alone is good, and produces what is good.

In his Epistle James says, "Show me thy faith without thy works." But that is impossible. It is evident that it is a principle hidden in the heart, a simple profession without any reality. Sometimes we add hypocrisy, because education and the evidence of what surrounds us, as well as external proofs, may produce the mental habit of believing in Christianity and in its fundamental doctrines. But in such faith, there is no bond with Christ,—no spring of life eternal; though a man may not be openly an unbeliever, and may respect the name of Christ, yet this faith does not produce anything in the heart.

As soon as true faith—that which is produced in the heart by grace through the action of the Holy Ghost—is known, a personal need of Christ, of possessing Him for one's self, of hearing His voice, is experienced. This was what happened to Nicodemus and led him to go in search of Christ; and observe that he felt that the world was against him, because we read that he went by

night. Now, as faith cannot itself be seen, he who boasts of it can reply nothing to him who says, "Show me thy faith." But he who has true works of love cannot have them without faith, which is the divine instrument of Christian life in the heart, and is displayed in deeds of patience, purity, charity, and in separation from the world, although he is in it. He cannot move without the spring. Faith that looks only to Christ and finds all in Him, manifests itself in this life,—the life of faith.

It is necessary to show our faith. To whom? To God? Certainly not. "Show *me*." It is to man, who cannot look into the heart as God can. All the reasoning of James, — all his power, — all his meaning are centred in these two words, "Show *me*." He does not tell us of peace of conscience when justified by faith, since the Lord, the precious and beloved Saviour, has borne all our sins, and was delivered for our offences. Faith trusts to the efficacy of the work of Christ, and believes that God has received and accepted it as perfect satisfaction for the sins of believers,—that it is a work which will never lose its value in His eyes, into whose presence Christ has entered, not without blood, that is His own, there to appear for us continually, being set down at the right hand of God, since all has been accomplished according to His glory, with regard to our sins on the cross.

If we examine closely the examples given in the second chapter of James, we shall find it is not so much a question of good works in the ordinary sense, as of the trial of faith. The works here referred to as demonstrating faith are those of the same person whom Paul cites, namely, Abraham, who was ready to offer up his only son when God required him to do

so; and Rahab who hid the spies and sent them away in peace.

Nothing could be stronger. Not only was Isaac an only son, but all the promises of God were centred in him; so that there must have been absolute confidence in God (see Heb. xi. 17-19). As a work of man, there was nothing good in slaying his son. If we consider Rahab's act from a human point of view, she was faithless to her country,—a traitress; but she joined the people of God when His enemies were yet in the fulness of their power, before the chosen race had gained a single victory, and when they had not even crossed the Jordan.

Such was the faith that could count on God at whatever cost, and unite with His people when everything was against them. The faith of Abraham was simply faith in God,—in His word; but it was shown to be absolute and without hesitation, when he offered up his beloved son, the subject of all the promises of God. The faith of Rahab was also a simple faith in God, but was displayed in identifying itself with the cause of God when all the power was apparently on the other side, since God was not seen.

In fact, to call one's self a believer, and yet produce nothing, is not really faith. Faith realises its object, and this object produces its effect in becoming the motive of the heart.

LITTLE TRIALS.

"Casting all your care upon Him."

How these little worries vex me!

Little troubles light as air,
Cares that have the knack of coming
Just when everything seems fair.

Oh, how often have I started
With the sky all smiling blue,
When some sudden shower has
caught me,
And has wet me through and
through.

How these little things annoy me !
 Something's gone a little wrong !
 Something doesn't suit exactly !
 Something's short that should be
 long !

Had the trouble been a great one,
 One I felt I could not bear,
 Then I should have gone to Jesus,
 Casting off my burden there.

But it was so small a matter.
 That I never thought of Him ;
 So I tripped, and lost my balance,
 Falling quickly into sin.

Oh, how oft some little arrow
 Comes and finds me unprepared ;
 Sitting with my armour lying
 Useless, and my bosom bared !

Sitting careless and unthinking,
 Till some foolish, galling word
 Findeth out my nature's weakness,
 Piercing like a tiny sword !

Had it been a mighty insult,
 Then I should have fled to Him
 Who endured the scorn of sinners,
 Striving 'gainst the power of sin.

But it was so vain and idle,
 I might well have passed it by ;
 Why did my impatient spirit
 Echo back a sharp reply ?

Oh, be watchful, ever watchful,
 Never lay your armour by ;
 Trial loses half its peril
 When 'tis met with watchful eye.

All is safe when Jesus ever
 Guards the entrance to thy heart ;
 He will keep its peace unbroken,
 Turn aside each poisoned dart.

Be the trouble great or little,
 Not a breath shall enter there ;
 But its calm, unruffled waters
 Shall reflect His image fair.

R. W. B.

NAMES OF THE EARLY FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST AS RECORDED IN ACTS.*

1. IN ACTS xi. 26 we have the title CHRISTIANS, also Acts xxvi. 28, also used 1 Pet. iv. 16.

But besides this "Name" we have others, each one indicating some special quality in those

* This Article is taken from "Notes for Bible Study," published by S. R. Briggs Willard, Tract and Bible Depot, Toronto, Canada, from which we have taken several articles lately, and which we thus commend to our readers in the most practical way.

designated and therefore included in the larger term Christian.

2. We have DISCIPLES, Acts ix. 1, "Disciples of the Lord," followers, learners. This is the name used in the gospels ; it implies a willingness to be taught humility. "Learn of Me" is our Lord's own command ; "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the poor in spirit," is His testimony (Matt. v. 3).

3. We find also the name *Believers* (Acts v. 14). All men have not faith, but we have known and believed the love that God hath to us, believing we have life (John xx. 31) ; believing, we overcome the world (1 John v. 5).

4. In Acts ix. we have a new name used three times in this chapter—Saints (vers. 13, 32, 41). The word only occurs once in the Gospels. "Many bodies of the saints that slept arose" (Matt. xxvii. 52). Saints must imply holy, or separated ones (John xvii. 16, 17 ; Matt. v. 8).

5. In Acts ix. 14 occurs another epithet by which the followers of the Lord were known, "*All that call on His Name*." Needy ones, conscious of need, confident of supply, and therefore daily asking for it ; sure of deliverance (Acts ii. 21 ; Matt. v. 6).

6. In Acts xx. 28, we have, in Paul's parting address to the Ephesian elders, another name, *The Flock*, reminding us of John x. and 1 Peter v., where we have the same word used ; telling us of our weakness and need of protection. "I send you forth as sheep among wolves." As our Shepherd was holy and harmless, unresisting, patient, meek, so are His followers to be. "Blessed are the meek" (Matt. v. 5).

7. Another name frequently used is "*the Brethren*," telling of the love that existed among the

early believers. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Church implies something more than love ; unity, oneness of purpose, mutual submission, union *with* Christ, and through Him with one another—one body, one head, one spirit, one life.

Therefore, if we are Christians, we must be possessed of humility, faith, holiness, prayerfulness, meekness, love, unity, seeking peace, and shunning divisions. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

IT IS WRITTEN.

How does the believer know he has life ? The answer is, by what is written, which is just the same as if God spoke to him with His own voice, and in audible tones. When Jesus said to the disciples, "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." Now, did they know their names were written there ? They did not see nor feel that they were, but they knew it in a surer and better way—by the testimony of the Son of God. When the inspired Apostle wrote, "Help those women which laboured with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with others, my fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life." Now, did these persons know that their names were in the book of life ? Only in one way, by the testimony of the Holy Ghost. When he wrote again, "Ye are all the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus," could they doubt that they were, indeed, the children of God ? Surely not. But how did they know it ? Not by looking within, but by looking without ; accepting as true the written testimony.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A CHRISTIAN ?

ARE you a Christian ? I do not mean, Have you been baptized, or do you attend regularly at church and at the table of the Lord on communion days ? But I mean, Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and prove to yourself and others that you do, by striving to follow His counsels and obey His commandments ? If so, to God be all the glory, for it is He alone that has made you to differ, and He expects you to do all you can to make other people like yourself ; if not, I will ask you another question, Would you not like to be a Christian ?

I am quite sure you would. I do not believe there is a man on earth who knows God's plan of salvation but believes in his heart, let his conduct be what it may, that the true Christian is the happiest man in the world. I am quite sure that every man would like to be a Christian, and I am quite sure that every man would be a Christian if it were not for one thing. He knows that if he becomes a Christian *he must give up sin*. He knows that sin and Christianity cannot go together, and if he takes the one he must give up the other.

Reader, is this the case with you ? Is it the thought of what you must part with for Christ that is keeping you from Him ? If so, I beseech you pause and think seriously, if it is but for a moment. I do not tell you there is no pleasure in the things for which you are selling your soul ; but I tell you, first of all, that there is a great deal more pleasure in giving them up for Christ ; and then I ask you—what will these things which you will not now part with for Christ, look like to you when you come to die, or have been five minutes in hell ? In your

estimation sin and its pleasures are very precious now ; but what will you think of them when, like the rich man in the parable, you cry for a drop of water, and are told in answer that "*thou in thy life time hadst thy good things.*" Oh ! for your poor soul and body's sake, which have to live together for ever in heaven or in hell, be wise in time ; and though to be a Christian costs you what is dearer than life itself, listen to the counsel of Him who says, "Cut it off, and cast it from thee" (Matt. v. 30). Is it not better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than having two hands or two eyes, to be cast into hell fire ?

God grant that you may choose the better part.

OUR HOPE.

WHEN the Lord came to the earth it was to take up and settle, once for all, the awful question of sin. He is coming a second time. "As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment ; so Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many ; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. ix. 27, 28). He is coming again, but not to suffer a second time ; not to go into the question of sin a second time, but "without sin—apart from sin—unto salvation." He is coming to bring His own into the fulness of salvation, to save them from the circumstances, the sorrow, the death of this scene, even as He has already saved them from judgment.

The high priest of Israel entered within the veil on the great day of atonement, and the anxious gaze of the people fixed itself upon the door of the tabernacle. If he came not out, if he died in the presence of God, their hopes were utterly blasted ;

the blood was not accepted ; their sins remained upon them. But the folds of the drapery of the tabernacle doors move ; the eyes of ten thousands gladden ; the anxious hour of suspense is over. Their high priest appears ; Jehovah has accepted the blood. Because He lives they live also.

No anxious expectation "Is He accepted" fills our hearts. Our expectations are bound up in this great word, Salvation. We look for Him to come again, not as high priests of old came out from the holiest, to take blood again into God's presence, but to take us ourselves into the Father's house in the fulness of resurrection and joy ; for unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin (*i. e.*, apart from the settled question of sin) unto salvation.

WILL IT BRING IN ANYTHING ?

THIS is the question of the day—the standard by which everything is judged. Is there any profit in it ? If not, then we had best let it alone. We have no time, in this whirling age, to fritter away on *unprofitable* things.

Let us bring that great truth of—the second coming of our blessed Lord—to this same test: Is it good for anything ?

We answer—Christianity involves faith, love, hope ; these three. Of these, faith brings in REST and PEACE. When we have learned to trust *fully*, then our cares and anxieties are dispelled ; and it brings POWER, for then, our own wills not circumventing, God works in us, and through us, more freely and more effectively.

Love, again, brings exercise and experience in heavenly grace, that we may grow therein and thereby.

And now what profit is there in hope ? Something which, while the other two may abet

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME.

(EX. xxxii. 26; MATT. xii. 30.)

and engender, is not their peculiar and distinctive fruit. Hope brings JOY and GLADNESS, and so *a more interested and acceptable service*. Hope transforms service from a bald duty or a drudgery into a delightful oblation.

And now our application! The Scripture sets forth the imminent return of our blessed Lord as the HOPE of the Christian. "Therefore, being justified by *faith*, we have *peace* with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this *grace* (*charity*), wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 1, 2).

PATIENCE OF CHRIST.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."—Ps. lvi. 3.

JACOB's head lay on a stone pillow while he was enjoying the heavenly vision. The deep sands and sharp stones may make the road uncomfortable, but God uses them for the breaking away of all that which will not be for His glory, and by it is teaching us the "patience of Christ."

THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

THERE are whips and toys and pieces of string,
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away,
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys, and models of ships;
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger-tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strove to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night
For the slow return of the faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood?
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindled the wrath of God:
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest;
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me,
In the city with streets of gold:

Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow, and sin, and woe;
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

THE TRUE TEST.

It is not "what think ye of Christians?" but "*what think ye of Christ?*" that puts men to the test. Scattered through our towns and cities are many persons who have a personal grudge against some professing Christian, which they make as an excuse for keeping aloof from religion. Some of these very persons once professed religion, but a business difficulty or a dispute of some kind with a Christian neighbour has led them to make shipwreck concerning the faith. They look to Christians, not to Christ, and hence their failure. They make what some man did to them of more importance than what Christ has done. It is evident that Christ is not their Lord and Master.

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THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

NOVEMBER 1881.

[No. 173.

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SITTING DOWN AT THE TABLE.

As I was going out of Limerick one night by the mail train, the guard came to me and said, "Sir, may I shake hands with you?" I said, "Who are you?"—"I am the guard of the train." It was in '69, and I had been having some blessed meetings in Limerick, at which God had been saving many souls. The guard had been at one of the meetings down to a late hour that night, and I said, "What do you know of me?"—"I now know where I am," he replied. "Where are you, guard?"—"I am sitting down at the table of which you told us to-night, spread by the Father for His prodigal." Then you are not outside, longing, craving to come in?"—"Oh no, sir!" "What

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 11.

are you doing?"—"I am listening to the music and dancing." "Then you are happy?"—"Yes." "And saved?"—"Yes."

I am reminded of a conversation I had with a German Count when I was abroad in Italy. He had been most kind in directing me as to my journey. Knowing he was about to leave, I said I had come to thank him, and to express the hope that some day we should meet again. "Not likely," he replied, "at my time of life."—"Yet still," I added, "I hope that some day we shall meet again." Looking thoughtfully, he asked, "Do you mean in heaven?"—"Yes," I said. "Oh, then!" rejoined he, with a sigh, "I shall never be in heaven. I am too great and too old a sinner" (or words to that effect) "ever to be in heaven." Turning to the Countess, who was near, I said, "Madame, do you believe what your husband is saying?" Bursting into tears, she responded, "I was brought up in England,—in the English Church,—but have lived in every folly. We are both great sinners; and I am like one without a home, with no Father. What would you do with a child who had left her father's house?"—"I would read to her the fifteenth of Luke." "What is that?" she asked; and, taking out my Bible, I read. When I came to

the part where the prodigal began to *be in want*, the Count stopped me, saying, "Is that *me?*"—"Yes; and *me!*" He wept as I explained how a sinner separated from God must come to be in want—be in dire necessity. He may seem to be rich, and have need of nothing; but, not having Christ, he is wretched and miserable (as to eternal things), and *poor*, and *blind*, and *naked*.

Reading on, I came to the passage where the Father is represented as running to meet his son, embracing him, saying, "This *my son*." "Sir," interrupted the Count, "is that God?"—"Yes," I said; "that is God, and God is love." I described to him how it was that God had never lost sight of man, though man had gone from God; how, though man had changed, God had never changed; how He, in love to us, had given His Son to die for us; and how the death of Christ enables God righteously, as well as in love, to receive and embrace the oldest and vilest of sinners. They both wept. Said the Count, "Let me record this chapter and those verses in my pocket-book, saying, as it were, 'That prodigal is *myself*; that Father is God.'" With more such words, he took me by the hand, saying, "Thank you, thank you very much; yes, thank you. We shall meet again."

TO THE PIT.

It is remarkable that all the conversions in Scripture are described as *immediate* in their occurrence. I had in my congregation at Kingstown a lady who was converted in this way—suddenly. She was walking one evening to her seat in the theatre, when she saw in letters of fire (gas being used), above the doors of the theatre, these words, "*To the Pit.*" The thought struck her—"Ah! there is, indeed, a *pit*! There is, indeed, a hell, to which I am hastening!" God deepened that conviction. The arrow rankled in her soul, and she is now a loving disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Nor is this a solitary case. I have seen marvellous revulsions in a moment of time. I know an instance of a lady who was riding over the fields in summer with her husband, and as her horse leapt a hedge she was nearly thrown. It was a dangerous spot, and the thought in a moment struck her, "What if I had been thrown, and had been killed? How dreadful! for, alas! I am not saved." The thought pierced like an arrow her very soul. You may smile when I tell it, but it is nevertheless true, that before her horse had gone out of that field, before it crossed another fence—the boundary that separated that field from the next—she had received the salvation of God, had fled for refuge to Him that died; and her mind was at rest and peace in Him.

I have often spoken of the conversion of the thief on the cross, as if, as to its suddenness, it were exceptional. But no. When a poor sinner finds out that salvation is not of *his* doing, but that all has been done for him, his salvation must be immediate. There is no other way for any to be saved. Thus the jailer at Philippi was awa-

kened—convicted—hears of Jesus—believes—is saved. Same also with the eunuch: he reads in the Prophet; he is told of Messiah—Jesus; he believes and is baptized. The three thousand at Pentecost—the same. They, too, heard—were pricked to the heart—believed—and were saved. The very day of their conversion they were told how "they had slain that just One." How could *they* get to heaven, whither He had gone, on the ground of any conduct of theirs? But, knowing *Him* as having done all for them in dying, they repented, had a new mind, believed, and that same day, though guilty in themselves, they knew their guilt had been taken by the CRUCIFIED ONE; and that on seeing it they were saved. There was not only a great work wrought for them, but they owed to a blessed work done in them—their consciences having been purged, and their affections having been awakened, by the knowledge of the precious blood which had been shed on the cross for them.

Reader, your response to the truth of Christ having died for you may be *now*, whilst you read this; for now is the accepted time, even *now* is the day of salvation.

YOU HAVE SINNED.

You have sinned. I do not say you have been notoriously profligate, or even secretly vicious and immoral. You may have been true and just in all your dealings—a good husband or son, wife or daughter; you may have been what the world calls honest and upright—even a steady attendant at church or chapel, and regular partaker of all the ordinances of religion; still you have sinned: you have done what you ought not to have done, and you have left undone what you should have done; and as God has declared in His Word—"The soul that

sinneth it shall die," what is to become of you?

Remember, it is not necessary to commit a great many sins to bring on your soul the sentence of this death. Adam did not commit a great many sins, but only one in Paradise, and for that one sin he died. The devil would persuade men that if they can only say they are not so bad as others, God will pass over a few sins, and not bring them into judgment; but this is the teaching of the devil, and not of God. God teaches that the wages of sin—of all sin—is death; and that death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned (Rom. v. 12). You have sinned, and earned the wages of sin, which is death—death, not temporal merely, but death eternal; and if at this minute God sees on you *sin*—any sin, even the smallest—this sentence of death abideth on you at this minute.

Think of this. The sentence of death, eternal death, abideth on you. It is very awful. Oh! what will you do if it is once executed? It has been executed on multitudes who, in their day of peace, thought as little about it as you perhaps do now; and it may be executed on you at any moment. It is only by God's mercy that you are not consumed; but you are not, and you have yet opportunity to take advantage of His mercy. It is true that you have earned the wages of sin, but Jesus Christ has borne what your sins deserved; He has died for sinners, even the chief; and be your sins little or great, it matters not, for the same word that tells us—"The soul that sinneth it shall die," tells us also,—"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

But remember also that the same word says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

THE WHOLESALE SIN-DEALER.

OLD JERRY was a sailor, and during his seafaring life he had many narrow escapes of drowning. He always thought it was his "good luck" that preserved him from a watery grave, so that each time he was thus delivered, on reaching shore he would go with his companions to the nearest pot-house where they would "drink his health" at *his expense*, and wish him the same good luck when he next got into danger of a similar kind. But it was a Divine hand that overruled, and a pitiful eye that looked down upon the poor wanderer as he trod the paths of sin and wickedness. It was the same One that looked down upon the blood-stained Saul of Tarsus, and whose tears flowed over a city as it rejected its best Friend, that saw the prodigal sailor vainly enjoying the pleasures of sin which last only for a season, and He magnified His grace in preserving the life of the sin-blighted blasphemer.

He called him by His still small voice, but he heeded not. He spoke as with a voice of thunder, but Jerry hardened his heart and stopped his ears and followed on in his own inclinations.

One day, after he had been drinking very freely, he entered the shop of a Christian tradesman in the east of London, and close to the London Docks, and while making a few little purchases, he poured out some of the most fearful blasphemy that could possibly be uttered, and continually taking God's name in vain. The tradesman felt pained to see a man so under the power of the devil, and shuddered at the awful things that he heard from the drunkard's lips, so folding up a tract he slipped it into his tunic, saying: "My friend, you seem to

me to be a wholesale dealer in sin."

The next day Jerry was sober; he was obliged to be, for he had spent all his money, and he could not get "trust" any more, and as he had no work to do that day he sat down to think. The words of the shopkeeper came to his mind, and he was puzzled to find out the meaning of "*wholesale*." "Let me see," he said, "wholesale refers to a bulk and retail to a small quantity. Wholesale sin-dealer! I never heard of such a thing, and he said I was one. It was very hard to say that, I am not so bad as all that, I know; he must be a nasty fellow to say such a thing of me; but yet he said 'my friend,' and spoke kindly; I wonder if he meant it."

While this was passing through his mind, the tract was remembered, and he found it and sat down to read. It was a little paper showing what man was by nature—a sinner, and it also spoke of the terrible consequences of living without God and dying without hope.

As he read of the wages of sin and the awful eternity that awaits the sinner, the giant in sin trembled; he saw himself a sinner, only fit for the flames of hell, too vile to associate with even the respectable of the earth, and the thought of having to meet God in all his sin and iniquity terrified him, and in an agony of despair he cried, "Lord, save me, a poor guilty sinner."

That cry penetrated heaven, and Satan with his host could not hinder it reaching the ear of the gracious Saviour, who has promised to receive those who come to Him; and immediately He whispered words of comfort and consolation to the troubled one, binding up the broken heart and filling the soul with joy and peace. A voice seemed to say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace;"

and as he heard those words a ray of heavenly joy lit up his soul, and the terrible burden of guilt that weighed so heavily upon his conscience a few minutes before was now gone, and he could sing from his heart—

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

There are two things that this poor sailor did that I would have every reader of this paper do. First, he looked *at* himself, then he looked *from* himself. As he looked *at* himself, he saw what a sinner he was; and then as he looked *from* himself, he saw what a *great* Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ was.

Reader, let us look at ourselves for a moment as God sees us. God has declared that "all have sinned, and come short of His glory; there are no exceptions, there is no difference; it is not a question as to the number of sins; it is sufficient to know, that in breaking one point of God's law I am counted guilty of all. Perhaps you say that you are no worse than others; you *may* speak the truth in making that assertion, but I always find that when speaking to individuals, they always compare themselves with somebody *worse*, and never with anybody *better* than themselves. But let us compare ourselves with what we ought to be, and by the light of God's Word we shall see what we are. Unless we are *saved* we are still *in* our sins, and those sins separate us from God, and make Him to hide His face from us, for His eyes are too pure to behold iniquity, and He cannot look upon sin. Our hearts may deceive us, for they are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; but do not believe your heart, but rather give credence to God's Word, which tells us

we are enemies to God in our mind by wicked works, and from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness.

How many there are whom the god of this world is deluding by telling that they are not sinners. Do not listen to him who was a liar from the beginning, but ask yourself if a foolish thought has ever crossed your mind, you would be bound to confess that you continually think foolish things, if so, God says, "The thought of foolishness is *sin*." But surely your words and actions, as well as your thoughts, go to prove you are a *sinner*. Look at yourself and you will be bound to acknowledge it.

A leper came to the Lord Jesus in the days of His flesh, saying, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." He acknowledged that he was unclean, and with covered lip he had to abide outside the city gate. If any one had said to him, "Man, you are not a leper; don't call yourself unclean," I fancy he would have thought that man a lunatic, as he would say, "Not a leper! why, I have only to *look at myself*, and I can see I am a leper; you cannot deceive me like that."

Yet there are many who are deceived when told that they are not sinners. "You are so charitable," or "You are so religious," or "have such an amiable temper," are words that are rung into a person's ears, and Satan blinds their eyes so that they shall not look at themselves in the light of God's truth.

Think of Saul of Tarsus, a strictly religious Pharisee; yet when he saw himself as God saw him, he said, "I am the chief of sinners, but I *obtained* mercy." He did not say he merited it; nay, he obtained it on the ground of free and sovereign grace.

But looking at yourself will not give you joy and comfort, but rather make you miserable and wretched. A light-hearted girl once promised a gentleman to say a short prayer night and morning, "Lord, show me myself;" and God answered that prayer, and opened her eyes to see what a sinner she was, and it made her so wretched and miserable that she sought the gentleman to know what she should do. "Well," he replied, "now pray, 'Lord, show me Thyself.'" She did, and really cried from her heart, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and saved her by His grace.

Dear reader, if you have really looked at yourself, you will see how incapable you are to do anything to save yourself; and if you know your inability to help yourself, I would now say to you—

LOOK AWAY FROM YOURSELF.

But who to? That is a most important question. Certainly you must not look to any other man; for if a man cannot save himself, he surely cannot save his fellow-sinner. Many make a mistake in going to another man, instead of going straight to the Lord Jesus. A man once had a son possessed with a dumb spirit; and he took him to the Lord's disciples, but they could not cast it out, and so he went straight to the Master Himself (Mark ix.). Dear friend, follow that man's example in going straight to the Lord Jesus. He is a *great* Saviour; and for great sinners a great Saviour is needed. He will be all that you need, for He alone has the *ability* and the *will* to help such hell-deserving sinners as we are. He has the ability; that power belongs to Him alone; and in order to be able to meet the case of such sinners he had to take upon Him the form of a servant, and become obedient unto

death, *even* the death of the cross. Our sins deserved death, but He died for our sins; He has suffered in our stead. God has accepted my Substitute; His justice has been satisfied, and I fear not the consequences of my sin.

"For God the Just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me."

Now He is able to save to the uttermost, it is of no consequence whether you are rich or poor, young or old, the invitation is to "WHOSOEVER;" you are included, come then without any delay. "But," said some one to me the other day, "I do not know whether He is *willing* to save such as me." WILLING! I should think He was, and the best way to find that out is to come and see. "The leper believed in the *ABILITY* of the Lord to cure him, but he was not so sure about His *WILLINGNESS*, so he thought he would just test that; and if you have a doubt about the willingness of the Lord, the very best thing is to just put His promises to test. He has said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

It is very important that you should come NOW. You have no promise for to-morrow; it may be that to-morrow you will have crossed the threshold of eternity, therefore be warned in time, give heed to God's voice while the day of grace is, for soon it may close and seal thy doom; then it will be too late, and you will have to abide the terrible consequences of a life without God and a death without hope. Let not this be your portion, for it need not be; it rests with yourself to choose between life and death, heaven and hell, joy eternally or never-ending misery. Be wise in choosing, delay not in your decision.

THE TELESCOPE :

OR, HOW MAY I KNOW THAT I HAVE THE RIGHT FAITH ?

I RECEIVED the other day a package of samples of telescopes and other glasses. Of course I examined them, to see if they were the right things or articles. When it began to be dark, I unwrapped one of the telescopes to try it. After arranging the slides I placed it to my eye, when to my astonishment a star was quite visible. I took away the glass again, and I found there was no star to be seen with the natural eye ; but through the glass it was seen plainly, and seemed to be near. Well, thought I, the telescope that gives such a sight of a star where to the natural eye there is not one, must be the right sort of glass.

True faith is exactly like this telescope. The mind of fallen man is in darkness as to the things of God ; and without faith man gropes in darkness, and knows not whither he goeth. Now, the moment the Holy Ghost imparteth faith to the soul, Christ is seen, as the star was seen in the sky. And oh, what a sight, when Christ is seen by faith ! If that is the right glass which reveals the unseen star, that only is true faith, which reveals the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." The natural eye, without the glass, could not see the star. Man without faith cannot understand why the glory of God shines in the face of a risen man in heaven, the Lord Jesus Christ ; without faith he cannot see this glorious Christ. "What is faith ?" said a doctor to his patient, who was an evangelist. "Well, doctor," said he, "when I came to you I put myself entirely in your hands ; that is faith. When a

lost sinner trusts himself entirely in the hands of Christ, that is faith."

Have you, my reader, seen Christ to be your Saviour, crucified for your sins, raised from the dead for your justification ? Do you see Him to be all that you need, without a single makeweight ? Oh, the wickedness of thinking of adding anything of our own, such vile worms, as a makeweight to the worth of Christ ? God sees the sacrifice of Christ, the shedding of His blood, *that* which puts sin and sins away for ever. Are you in this light of God ? And can you say, The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth me from all sin ? Then most assuredly you have true faith ; for the natural man, without the faith of Christ, will never believe this.

Another thing as to the telescope: it did not make the star; it had nothing to do, surely, at all in producing the star ; it only enabled *me* to see the star, and *know* that it was there. This illustrates a most important fact as to salvation. Many, when seeking salvation, though they know it cannot be had by works, yet suppose that salvation is in some way suspended, or incomplete in itself, until they have believed rightly. And thus they make faith to have something to do with producing salvation ; and thus they are led to look at faith, instead of the finished work of Christ. They say, "Oh that I was sure I had the right faith, or believed enough, then I should be saved !" This is making faith a Saviour. Faith has no more to do with producing salvation than my glass had to do with producing the star. That star was created and shone in the heavens ages before I was born. I speak now of those who through grace shall be saved. These were all certainly foreknown of God in eternity, before ever light twinkled

from that distant star. "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began, but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ." Surely it is plain that our faith had nothing to do with producing the grace that was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. And when Jesus was manifested, it was not our faith that induced Him to become the substitute and surety of all who should through grace be saved.

No, not our faith ; it was His love. It was God who laid on Him the iniquity of us all ; and it was God who justified Him from the iniquity of us all, when He raised Him up from the dead. He sat down, having purged our sins from the sight of God, long, long before we were born. Our faith had nothing to do with Christ's thus purging our sins, or with God's justifying us *in Christ*. This was absolutely finished long before we had actual existence. God saw in the blood of Christ the perfect and eternal satisfaction for all our sins, and this one sacrifice put away all our sins from the sight of God.

You will say, then, "If Christ thus finished the work of salvation for all who through grace shall believe, what does take place when the sinner believes ? Just what took place when I looked through my glass ; I saw the star I had never seen before, and I knew it to be there. Just so when the Holy Ghost reveals the salvation already finished by Christ. I know now salvation ; my salvation is there, though I never knew it before. Sin was purged from, before God when Christ died and arose from the dead. This saved me ; it is now purged from my conscience by faith in that blood,

when God calls me. God, who justified me then in my representative, Christ, now gives me, by faith, the blessed knowledge of justification in my own soul. Faith does not produce this complete salvation, but sees it to be in Christ, and *knows* it is mine on the testimony of God. "Be it known unto you, that through this man (Christ crucified and risen) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him, ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38). Do you believe what the Word of God says here? I do not ask what sort of faith you have (there is only one true faith—all else is unbelief); but I ask, Do *you* know in power this forgiveness of sins through Christ Jesus? Do you thus *see Jesus*? If you do, you have true faith as certainly as I had a good glass when I saw the star. Oh! look nowhere but to Jesus. Is He seen? Do you believe the forgiveness through Him—not through the merit of your faith, but through Jesus? If you thus see Him, thus believe in Him, then you *are* justified. You say from your heart you believe in Jesus; then God says *you are justified*. What do you make of that? Will not that give you peace? Cannot you now say, looking steadily through the glass of faith *at Jesus*, "Who was delivered for our offences; (hold steady, and look at the Cross), and was raised again FOR OUR JUSTIFICATION."

Stretch out your slides, and gaze at His glory. Oh! let faith take its utmost survey of the glory of the Risen Man; and as you look at Him, remember all you see is yours, as certainly as you see Him by faith—all, all is yours. The peace of Jesus is yours—yours for ever. Can there be condemnation laid on Him now? Never. And you are justified with Him—

sanctified with Him; what shall I say? forever blessed with Him! Now do not let the glass shake with doubts and fears. Look again on His cross and resurrection. Cannot you now say, with holy confidence, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST"? If you do not thus see Jesus, and know that *you are justified*, and *have peace* with God, then, I beg, do not pretend to have the true faith. There are many in this day who do not know Jesus at all; who do not know that they are justified; who do not know anything in fact,—and yet say they have the only true faith.

If my reader is one of these, wilt thou tell me how it is that all who did believe in the days of the Apostles knew they were justified, and had peace with God, whilst thou sayest that thou art a believer, and yet thou neither knowest that thou art justified, nor that thou hast peace with God? May God reveal His Son to thee, so that *being* justified, and having peace with God, thy whole being, body, soul, and spirit, may be cheerfully devoted to His service of love.

C. S.

LITTLE THINGS.

MORE depends on little things than we think. It is said that Voltaire when five years old learned an infidel poem, and he was never able to free himself from its effects. Scott, the commentator, when despairing, read a hymn of Dr. Watts', and was turned from a life of idleness and sin to one of usefulness. Cowper, about to drown himself, was carried the wrong way by his driver, and went home to write, "God moves in a mysterious way." The rebuke of a teacher aroused Dr. Clarke to great action, who had up to that time been slow in acquiring

knowledge. Ole Bull, the great violinist, rescued from suicide by drowning and taken to the near residence of a wealthy lady, became her *protégé* and soon acquired fame. Robert Moffat, the distinguished missionary, reading a placard announcing a missionary meeting, was led to devote himself to work for the heathen. One step downward often leads men into the greatest guilt. It is the little words and actions that make or mar our lives.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

ONLY to-day! dark looms the coming morrow;
Behind, sad yesterdays are lying dead;
Each moment keeps slow step with care and sorrow;
Give us, we ask, to-day, our daily bread—
Only to-day!

We have no strength to walk unless
Thou lead us;
Sin hides each side the strait and narrow way;
Our hungry souls must faint unless
Thou feed us—
Help us, we plead, to live aright to-day—
Only to-day!

We would not pierce the misty clouds around us,
Nor fathom what the future has in store;
But day by day Thy loving care hath found us;
Lead us to-day, O Lord, we ask no more—
Only to-day!

We could not bear the weight a lifetime carries;
Our strength grows weakness if we do but try;
To-morrow comes with face that never tarries;
Help us to-day, O Lord, is all our cry—
Only to-day!

It is no virtue to be always doubting: the Word of God bids us believe.

THE CHAMELEON GUINEA.

MANY of us will remember how, in the days of boyhood, we were interested in the story of the alchemist, who spent his life and fortune in trying to discover the philosopher's stone—that by which he might have the power of the fabled Midas, that whatever he touched might turn to gold. What he sought we have found. We have it in the smile of the Lord of the treasury, as, sitting over against it, the two mites of the widow are transmuted into purest gold, and growing weightier and weightier outweigh the shekels and talents of the rich, until you hear the pronouncement, as the scales go down, "More than they all."

Such is the contribution of the young man who just feels the weight and care of the business of life, and who honours the Lord with his substance and with the first-fruits of his increase, bringing his first guinea to the Lord's treasury. He may hear the approving words of the Master,

"More than they all."

Now, just let us follow that young man. Years roll round and bring to him nothing but added bounty; and now he comes again with his offering. Surely it will be increased?

Nay, it is but a guinea.

And now, as you look on it, "the fine gold has become dim." Years roll on, and still there is the added Providential bounty; his barns are filled, and his presses burst out with new wine. Surely his contribution is now increased?

Look at it; it is but a guinea.

And as you look at it you see, under the smile of the Lord of the treasury, which not only transmutes the base into gold, but the gold into what is base, that it has lost all image and superscription of genuine minting.

And so years roll on, and still he is blessed, for our Heavenly Father "causes his sun to shine upon the evil and the good," and "sends His rain upon the just and upon the unjust." Yes, he has now left his business residence for the country villa, and there is added the costly furniture, and it may be the gems for personal adornment, and the well-horsed equipage. Surely now his gift will be increased?

It is but a guinea.

And now he does not bring it as aforetime he did; *it must be called for*—and it may be that the wearied and tired collector has to call again, and yet again; for, why should a man with large business engagements be interrupted in his commercial pursuits by the claims of the Missionary Society? No, he does not bring it; if he did he would see the gathered frown, and he would hear the rebuke and condemnation—

"Bring no more vain oblations; such incense is abomination unto Me."

THE CENTRAL CROSS.

IN the place of Justice at Rome, they take you sometimes to a chamber with strangely-painted frescoes on the ceiling, around the walls and upon the floor, in all kinds of grotesque forms. You cannot reduce them to harmony, you cannot make out the perspective; it is all a bewildering maze of confusion. But there is one spot on the floor of that room, and one only, standing upon which, every line falling into harmony, the perspective is perfect, the picture flashes out upon you, instinct with meaning in every line and panel. You can see at that point, and that only, the design of the artist that painted it.

I believe that this world is just as bewildering a maze looked at from every point

except one. I look back upon the records of history; I look upon the speculations of science; I endeavour to gaze into the future of this world's career; wherever I turn I am opposed by the mysteries that hem me in and crush me down, until I take my stand at the foot of the Cross. Then darkness and discord become light and harmony; the mystery is solved, the night that shuts me in becomes radiant with the Divine light and glory. At the foot of the Cross, art, science, literature, history, becomes at once to me a divine, a glorious, and a blessed thing. And so I claim for my Lord His rightful dominion over all the works of His hands. We will gather all the beauties of art, all the treasures of music, all that is brightest and best in this world, and we will lay them down at His feet; for, "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive might and majesty, and riches, and power, and honour, and glory." His is the sceptre, His is the right. His this universal world.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

GOD deals with us singly, and we must deal with God singly. We have little concern with what others do, but everything with what we do ourselves. Let us strive so to live, and think, and speak, and act, as if we and God were alone, and as if the whole weight and responsibility of His work upon earth lay upon us, as it does to the full extent of our power to bear it. We are not only responsible for our own souls, but for the souls of others. How different a state the world would be in, if every one had his heart on fire with divine love, and, like the Christians of apostolic days, told the old, old story continually. Not only in public to many, but one by one, in the frank, candid, spontaneous, unaffected speech, with which one who loves Christ

may tell another of the beauty of his Master. If each were so to act, what an enormous power would be set to work! What a blessing might be expected from above, if every man did what he might do for Christ! God puts it in our power to do all that He means us to do. He has not given us time, talent, money, position, influence, to be thrown away. We only need the zeal, the heaven-given fire of the Spirit; the all-constraining, all-subduing love of Christ.

KNOWLEDGE OF SALVATION.

THERE are persons who have a great desire to *know* that they are saved. If they could only have the *assurance* that others do of their personal salvation, it would be a source of great comfort.

If a man would know that he is saved, the first thing necessary is for him to *be* saved. It is entirely useless for a man to undertake to *know* anything which is *not so*. Suppose a sick man should say, "I wish that I *knew* that I was well;" or suppose a blind man should say, "I wish I knew that I could see;" of what use would such knowledge be? If a man *could* see, he *would* know it; and if he can not, of what use is it for him to try to *know* that he *can* see, when every one else knows that he can not?

Suppose a man is in doubt concerning his title to his farm: how can he know whether he has a farm or not? Suppose he says, "'Tis a point I long to know; I am really anxious about it; I really desire to *know* whether I own this farm." Well, the first question would be, "Have you bought the farm? have you paid the price for it? have you got a deed, and is it recorded?" Suppose the man should say—

"No, I have not bought the farm; it was offered to me for

£1000, but I did not decide to take it. I have taken no deed of the property and paid no money. I wish I *knew* that that farm was *mine*."

The first thing for that man to do would be to pay his money and take the deed, put it on record, and then the farm would be his.

Supposing a farm was offered to a man as a gift, and he should say, "I wish I *knew* that that farm was mine; it was offered to me, but I do not certainly know whether it is mine or not."

We should then ask, "Did you accept the offer? and if he should say—

"No, I did not accept it; but oh, how I wish I *knew* that that farm was *mine*!" we should say—

"In order to *know* that the farm is yours you must accept it and take the title; and then, when you have taken the title, live on it and cultivate it; and if the farm has been sold or given to you, and you have taken the title to it and go and work and live on it, you will be very little troubled to know whether the farm is yours or not."

So in the matter of personal salvation, there are persons to whom salvation has been offered, but they have never accepted it. There are persons to whom Christ has offered eternal life, but they have never laid hold of it. There are those for whom pardon has been purchased, and to whom it has been proffered, but still they are unsaved; they cleave to the world; they cling to sin and folly; and they are uncertain and unsettled as to their personal salvation.

The man who wishes to know that a farm is his, should buy it and pay for it; and when he has done this and put his title on record, if he gives no mortgages, and there are no

judgments or claims standing against him, he *knows* perfectly well to whom that farm belongs. Just so you may know yourself to be a child of God. Accept what God has offered; forsake what God has forbidden; follow where the Saviour leads you; fulfil the will of God with steady, constant, and ceaseless devotion, and you will *know* whether you are saved; and your family will know it, your neighbours will know it, "and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus."

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

"I HAVE been a member of the Church for thirty years," said an elderly Christian to his pastor, "and when I was laid aside with sickness only one or two came to see me. I was shamefully neglected."

"My friend," said the pastor, "in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?"

"Oh," he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them."

Common enough is this sort of one-sided religion. Quarrelsome people complain that there is no love in the world now, and unsociable folks murmur that everybody is so backward to speak upon divine things. Many have a very wide eye towards the graces which they receive, but they are nearly blind when it comes to giving out, they do not see it. "It is hard to part," they say, and so they and their gold abide together.

WHERE WAS YOUR HEART?

THE question will not be, How much have you known or talked?—but, How much have you loved? and, Where was your heart?

UNBELIEF AND THE SINNER.

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

SINNER.

The Saviour calls; and can it be,
That in His love He calleth *me*?
Can I, so full of sin and shame,
His blessed invitation claim?
"Whoever will"—Then I am sure,
Whoever, means both rich and poor;
Both high and low, it shuts out none:
"Whoever"—it is every one.
"Whoever will"—I will, He knows;
And surely this His mercy shows:
He gives that will; and can I think,
When thirsty, He'll refuse me drink?
Can guilty souls more willing prove,
Than He, the God of grace and love?
No, where there is the *will*, it seems
The first grey dawn of brighter beams.
I will, O Lord! I gladly come,
To find in Thee my rest, my home:
I come—but Unbelief appears,
To whisper doubts, suspicions, fears.

UNBELIEF.

Thou art but as a speck in space,
How canst thou dare to seek His face?
To hope thou shalt prevail with Him
Before whose eye the sun is dim.

SINNER.

Yes, at His feet the seraphs fall:
I am as nothing; He is all.
Yet have I heard His servants tell,
With lowly hearts He comes to dwell.
I know He wings the angels' flight;
Counts up the shining stars of night:
Yet tells the hairs upon our head,
And gives the chirping sparrows bread.

UNBELIEF.

But thou art *lost*.

SINNER.

'Tis even so;
Yet whither should a lost one go,
But to the seeking Saviour's side,
Whose arm can guard, whose hand can
guide?

UNBELIEF.

But thou art *vile*.

SINNER.

Most *vile* indeed:
Yet, the more vileness the more need.
Why should a filthy soul forego
To haste where cleansing waters flow?

UNBELIEF.

But thou art *guilty*.

SINNER.

Yes, I am;
But is not He the bleeding Lamb?
And has not Scripture's voice declared,
Through Him, the guilty shall be
spared?

UNBELIEF.

But thou hast *sinned* ten thousand
times:

And thine are such outrageous crimes.
How canst thou hope He will forgive,
Accept thy prayer, and let thee live?

SINNER.

His promise is my only plea:
"Whoever will may come to Me;
All sin, and blasphemy as well,
Shall be forgiven, though black as hell."

UNBELIEF.

But hast thou quite forgotten, man,
That sin of sins? God never can:
He knows the spot, the hour, the
night,—
'Tis always present in His sight.

SINNER.

'Tis true, alas! too true; and yet,
That crowning sin He will forget:
Will blot out ev'n the darkest stain,
Remembering it no more again.

UNBELIEF.

But thou art evil through and through.
Thy heart is base.

SINNER.

He'll make it new:
Will change my temper, purge my mind,
Till pure as silver thrice refined.

UNBELIEF.

But to His call thou oft hast turned
An idle ear, His mercy spurned,
Refused His offer; what if He,
As thou hast treated Him, treat thee?

SINNER.

Deserved! ah! well deserved, indeed;
But, since He deigns to bid me plead,
And promises I shall be heard,
I know He will fulfil His word.

UNBELIEF.

But—

SINNER.

Nay, oh, Unbelief, away;
I will not hear what thou wouldst say.
Begone! my Saviour's voice prevails:
Thy words are false: He *never* fails.

Thou callest, Lord! I come to Thee;
My worthlessness, my only plea:
A guilty soul, I seek Thy side;
I am undone, but Thou hast died.

Just as I am, I dare not wait,
To alter or improve my state;
But now, this moment, seek Thy face,
Fit object for Thy sovereign grace.

I come—but nought have I to bring;
I am bereft of everything:
No prayers, no penances, no tears;
I nothing have but sins and fears.

My wealth—I count it all but loss;
My works—but worthless dung and
dross:

My righteousness, and merit too,
But filthy rags too vile to show.

I come at Thy Divine command,
With sinful heart and empty hand:
Polluted, loathsome, leprous, foul,
Oh make a sin-sick sinner whole!

I urge no claims: Thou know'st full
well
My claims would earn me nought but
hell.

Before Thy footstool, gracious Lord,
I sue for *mercy*, not *reward*.

Nor can I promise Thee I will
In future all Thy law fulfil:
My heart is fickle; sin is strong;
Unguarded, I might fall ere long.

'Tis mercy, Lord, from first to last;
On mercy's arms my soul I cast:
Mercy, that through thy precious blood,
Removes the ill and grants the good.

And dost Thou smile! The light of
grace
Shines sweetly forth from Thy dear face:
I hear Thee speak—"I will. Be clean:
Thou art absolved from every sin."

Oh tender, precious words! I'm free,
Yet bound with triple cords to Thee;
Released from guilt, Thy yoke I take,
To live and work for Thy dear sake.

I'm saved! the angels hear the song,
And round Thy throne the strain pro-
long—
"Another soul to Jesus given,
Another spirit born for heaven."

And there, among their ranks, ere long,
I too shall add my humble song;
A sinner saved, before His face,
To sing the triumphs of His grace.

W. L.

DON'T TRY ANY MORE.

A MINISTER of Jesus Christ was asked to attend the funeral of a babe, whose mother was not saved. She sat by the little coffin with such a sad, weary, and despairing look on her face, he longed to say something to comfort her troubled heart; but his words seemed to her a hollow mockery of her bitter grief. Immediately after the burial of her child, she left the city in which she resided, and did not return for several months.

When he learned that she was at home again, he called to see her, with the hope of still being able to speak a word that might

lead her to the Saviour. Greatly to his joy he found that she was not only willing but eager to converse about her soul's eternal interests, and that she had become intensely concerned to be saved. "But," she exclaimed at length with deep feeling, "all of my efforts to become a Christian are unavailing."

"Perhaps," said the minister, "your efforts have not been sincere, or they may not have been in the right direction; permit me to ask what you have been doing in order to become a Christian?"

"I have been praying and reading the Bible, and I have attended church regularly during my absence, and I have been very watchful over my thoughts and words to keep, if possible, from sinning, and I can truly say I have tried my best."

"And you have not succeeded?"

"No, no," she sorrowfully answered, "I have not."

"Don't try any more," he quietly said.

She opened her eyes wide in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Don't try any more? Surely you can't mean that. You certainly do not tell me to give over my efforts, when my very salvation depends upon my success!"

"Certainly no good can come out of further efforts if, as you say, you have been honest and earnest in trying to be a Christian, ever since your baby went away to be with the Lord. How long do you expect to try before you have the promise of forgiveness and eternal life?"

The old look of sorrow and despair came into her face, as she replied, "I don't know."

"Then let me say again, Don't try any more. Give over trying, and trust in One who is willing and able to save you just now, without any goodness of your own, without any effort on your part, without moving from your chair. You have tried, and

tried, until wearied out; and yet all of your efforts have been unavailing. This is because you are on wrong ground. It is not by doing but by believing we are saved, as the Bible everywhere declares in the plainest language; and surely you must see that if you could be saved by trying, Christ died in vain; 'For if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law.' All the doing was done more than eighteen hundred years ago, when Jesus cried on the cross, 'It is finished.' All of your doing and trying can not help you, but are really in your way. If you ask what you must do, let me answer in the lines of a familiar hymn—

'Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' cross you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet,
Trust in Him, in Him alone;
Stand glorious and complete."

Then opening his Bible he showed her that she was "condemned already" (John iii. 18); that she was "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1); that she had a nature which "is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. viii. 7); that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii. 20); that "we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

He also showed her from the word that "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8); that "the blood of Jesus

Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7); "that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3); "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24); and hence "by Him, all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39); and "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

He further pointed out to her that when the Lord was down here on the earth, He never turned away from the meanest sinner who trusted in Him to heal, to help, or to save; and that all she had to do, without the delay of a moment, was to trust in the blessed One, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). If she opened her eyes wide in astonishment before, they were now filled with tears of gratitude and joy at the unfolding of the truth, that, after all her useless trying, she could have pardon and peace without trying, and for nothing. As the servant of Christ took his departure he said, "Don't try any more to be saved, but try with all your might to serve and to please Him, who has already saved you by His grace."

Past.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. vii. 12.

Thou hast lacked nothing.—Deut. ii. 7.

Present.

The Lord is my shepherd.—Ps. xxiii. 1.

I have all and abound.—Phil. iv. 18.

Future.

Thou shalt not lack anything.—Deut. viii. 9.

My God shall supply all.—Phil. iv. 19.

No good thing will He withhold.—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

MY SCHOOL.

"I am the Lord thy God, which *teacheth thee to profit*" (Isa. xlviii. 17).

ONE evening, while lying on a couch of weakness, my attention was drawn to this sweet portion of God's Word, and I think my thoughts dwelling upon it must have given my dreams that night the turn they took; for I dreamed that I was at school again, busy with examinations. On awaking, I thought, "Well, I *am* at school, only in a higher one than formerly. I *am* preparing for an examination, but it will be perhaps my '*final*' (2 Cor. v. 10, and Rev. xxii. 12), and, instead of an earthly, I have for my Teacher a heavenly (Isa. xlviii. 17). One who makes *no* mistakes, who knows my capabilities, who never gives lessons that are too difficult for me to learn, but teaches so sweetly and patiently as I am '*able to bear*.'"

I have often heard elderly people express the wish that they might be children at school again, and it is more especially for them that this is written; for does not the text which heads this paper, show that their wish may be gratified, and that in a measure far beyond what they ever thought? If such will only once come to this school, they will never wish to return to their former school-days again; for *who* ever wished themselves, when placed in the *first* class, back into the infants' class again?

Dear as I loved my former school, I would not go back for one moment, although *those* were days of comparative health and strength, while in this are spent days and years of weakness.

Perhaps some who read this may hesitate and say, "How do I know that the Lord will receive *me* as a pupil? for in some schools only those who occupy a certain position in life are received as pupils."

Dear, hesitating souls, it is *you* that He wants, and, if you turn to Psalm xxv. 8, you will see there need be no doubt as to whether He will receive you. He Himself is "good and upright;" therefore will He teach only those who are "good and upright" too? Oh, no! but just because He is "good and upright" He will teach.

Psalm xxv. 8. 1st, "*Sinners*." Are *you* a sinner? Then He will teach you "*the way*" (John xiv. 6).

Psalm xxv. 9. 2nd, "*The meek* will He teach *His way*." Are *you* willing to be taught in *His way*? Willing to learn the lessons *He* gives?

Psalm xxv. 12. 3rd, "*He that feareth the Lord* will He teach in the way *that He shall choose*." Do not be afraid to let Him choose the way, for He will go before (John x. 3, 4), and choose the very *best* way for you.

Psalm li. 13. "*Transgressors*." Those who have broken His commands He will teach to keep them.

Perhaps some who read this may say, "I know I am a *sinner*; but I am anything but meek, and I am very high-spirited, and I do not know whether I am among those that '*fear the Lord*.'" *Come as a sinner* and learn of Him who is meek and lowly in heart. He will fill your heart with love to Him, and then you will "*fear Him*"—not with the fear of a slave towards a cruel master, but because of your *love* to Him you will fear to grieve Him, as a little loving child fears to grieve a dear father.

Before closing this paper, I want to impress upon you the importance of learning just the lessons He gives. Be content to begin at the beginning, although the lessons of those more advanced may seem more interesting. If you try to learn theirs before learning your own, it will be labour in vain, and there will be no reward for such. The

first lesson He sets us to learn is a knowledge of *ourselves* (Isa. liii. 6, first clause); *then*, when we have learned that, we can go on to the last clause of the verse which teaches *Christ*. After we have received Him we can go on still further, and learn to work and suffer for Him. If you would like to know something of those who have learned in this higher school, you will find a long list of their names in Hebrews xi. What grand characters they were!

May all who read this be induced to "come and learn of Him," and may those who, like the writer, are being taught through weakness and suffering be comforted with the thought of their school and Teacher. The thought brought such happiness to me, such a thrill of satisfaction in the wisdom and tenderness of my Teacher, that I seemed "to go in the strength of it the whole day"—yes, and many days—and I should like others to be sharers with me.

"*Blessed* is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and *teachest* him out of Thy law" (Ps. xciv. 12). E. S.

COMMITTED TO GOD.

My faith lays hold of a *present God*. Last night as I stretched myself out in my sleeping berth, and committed myself to the care of the engineer and conductor, I thought, "Yes, just so do I lay myself down on God and commit myself to His care." And just as I do not need nor care to understand the thousand details of the journey, but can leave them all to the management of the railway employees whose business it is, neither do I need to understand all the details of my spiritual journey, but can leave them all to the God who has Himself declared that it is His business to manage them. All I have to do is to see to it that He is my Con-

THE LORD GOD IS A SUN AND SHIELD.

(PSALM lxxxiv. 11.)

YE SHINE AS LIGHTS IN THE WORLD.

(PHIL. ii. 15.)

ABOVE ALL, TAKING THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

(EPH. vi. 16.)

ductor and Engineer, and that I yield up the guidance and control absolutely to Him, and all else is right. I can imagine a foolish baby being frightened in the cars because she could not see the conductor or the engineer; but I must by faith behold Him who is invisible, and must rest utterly in His care. And I do; and am willing to be taken through dark or light, over deserts or smiling plains, through mountain passes or in green valleys, wherever the path He has marked out may lie. I foresee much to discourage me, but I dare not doubt the Lord's keeping power. To doubt would be certain failure. He is my Keeper.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils his neighbour's fame;
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame!

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray!

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "If we could;"
But a God who judges all things
Knows the truth is, "If we would."

To be only almost saved is to be altogether lost.

REVIEWS.

ANN WHITTET, a most devoted labourer with whom we had fellowship in the Master's work at Hillhead, Newport, and Bonskeid (Scotland), has passed away to her rest and reward. Mrs. Margaret Stewart Simpson, Edinburgh, has given us a very interesting and concise account of her work, principally at Bonskeid, in the little book "THE PITCHER Broken at the Well" (Nisbet & Co., price 3d.), which we very cordially recommend.

"GRACE AND TRUTH."

BY THE
EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH EVANGELIST."

WE were cheered this morning by receiving by post "Graça e Verdade" from Lisbon, which is the above book translated into Portuguese. As frequent inquiries are made concerning the translations of "Grace and Truth," we give the subjoined list of those translations which we possess, with the names of the publishers, so that friends can write direct to them:—

ENGLISH EDITIONS.—Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.; gilt, 3s.; very large type (specially printed for the aged and those having weak sight), 3s. 6d. Published by JAMES TAYLOR, 31 Castle Street, Edinburgh. HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., London.

EDITION FOR THE BLIND.—In embossed type, five volumes, 3s. 8d. per volume. Dr. MOON, 104 Queen's Road, Brighton. GAELIC.—"Creideamh agus faireachadh" (4th chapter). Messrs. GEORGE TURNER & Co., 40 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

WELSH.—"Gras a gwirionedd." THOMAS GEE, Denbigh.

GERMAN.—"Guade und Wahrheit."—C. F. SPITTLER, Basel.

SPANISH.—"Gracia y Verdad." JAMES PASCOE, Toluco.

PORTUGUESE.—"Graça e Verdade." 7 Typ. Dos MARIANOS, 32 Rue direita das Janellas Verdes, Lisbon.

DUTCH.—"Genade en Waarheid." M. S. BROMLET, Amsterdam.

SWEDISH.—"Nad och Sanning." C. LUNDHOLMS, Stockholm.

ITALIAN.—"Grazia e Verita." 60 Via Della Scrofa, Rome.

ARABIC.—"El Naamut u el Hak." Beyrout.

ENTHUSIASM!

SOME people are afraid of anything like joy in religion. They have none themselves, and they do not love to see it in others. When they see tears of anxiety or tears of joy, they cry out, "Enthusiasm, enthusiasm!" Well, then, to the law and to the testimony: "I sat down under His shadow *with great delight*." Is this enthusiasm? O Lord! evermore give us this enthusiasm.—*Robert M'Cheyne.*

"MY NAME IS IN IT."

A DUTCH farmer at the Cape, seeing a poor Hottentot reading the Bible, scornfully remarked, "That book is not for such as you." "Indeed, but it is," was the reply. "How do you know that?" "Why, my name is in it," said the Hottentot. "Your name! where?" "Here," said the man, reading,—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;—sinners—that's my name, and the book is for me."

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DECEMBER 1881.

[No. 174.

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THE LIVING WATER.

I SHALL never forget the Christmas I spent at B—. The weather was cold, and a sharp frost during the night had entirely cut off the supply of water, and as I went out in the morning I found we were not the only ones inconvenienced; for most, if not all, in the neighbourhood were in similar circumstances. We had not been waiting long before a man came and opened the plug in the road, and after fixing a standpipe cried, "WATER, water!" Very soon a number of people were gathered round, several making haste for fear they should be too late.

"How long do you stop?" I asked of the man who had turned on the water.

"Half an hour, sir," he replied; "but I shall stop about five minutes over the time."

"But suppose after you are gone more want water, what must they do?" I asked.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 12.

"They will have to *want*," he replied; "if they do not come in time they must go without."

The time expired, and he turned off the supply and prepared to go, and, as I expected, almost before he was out of sight several came for water. "Stop!" they cried; but he went on his way, unheeding their cries.

The above little incident seems to illustrate the Gospel in several ways. We found that water was *indispensable*, and however much we might have thought it an unnecessary article, we had to come to the conclusion that we could not do without it. We find it a necessity of *every* individual, whatever their position, whether they occupy a throne or are condemned to live in a dungeon, *all* NEED water or they must die, there is no alternative. Hagar knew that, as she laid her son down under a bush to die, for all the water that Abram had provided her with was spent; but God heard the lad's cry for water, and the mother's eyes were opened, and she saw a well and gave him to drink, and he lived (Gen xxi.).

The children of Israel could not get on in their wilderness journey without water, and as soon as they were thirsty they murmured against Moses; when it was the LORD who had brought them out of Egypt, and He was able to supply their need, so He brought forth water out of a dry

rock that their needs might be satisfied. He supplied them with water on the ground of grace alone; their murmurings proved they did not deserve it. Men must die without water, and as surely as it is required to sustain natural life, so surely is the "living water" needed to give spiritual and eternal life to poor lost sinners.

You may, dear reader, think that it is not *so* important; but be sure of this, that you can only *live* by taking a life-giving draught from the fountain of the water of life.

Those who pass by the "wells of salvation" without stopping to drink, will find out to their sorrow that they have gone on to the land of drought, where the water of life would be invaluable, but where it is not to be found. Find out your need, and you will then see that there is an *infinite* resource in the Lord Jesus. There is *enough* for all.

"Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied;
Come to that crystal tide,
Come, sinner, come."

It flows down to your need, and its course cannot be stopped. Many years ago the devil would have stopped it if he could; but it would be far more easy for a man to stop the Thames from flowing than for any one to try to stop the *river* of life.

Another thing I noticed was that there was nothing to pay,

no charge was made, it was *free*; so it is with the water of life. The Lord Jesus said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vii. 37). No mention of payment, for "whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*" (Rev. xxii. 17).

"The water of life is flowing,
FREELY, freely, *freely*."

But you may ask, "How can I get it?" Go straight to Him in whom all fulness dwells.

I noticed that *all* who went for water took *empty* vessels; some brought jugs and others cans, but *all* were empty. They did not fill them with rubbish and then take them to have the water put over, that would seem ridiculous; and yet there are some who would go to the fountain of living waters filled with their own righteousness, and good works of their own devising. Such rubbish is no good, and only hinders being filled with the "water of life."

"I am an empty vessel—not one thought
Or look of love I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee
With this, the *empty* sinner's only plea—
THOU LOVEST ME."

There was not one returned without their vessel being filled, except those who came too late, and there has never been a sinner who has come as poor and needy to the Lord Jesus, who has been turned away from Him. But the time will come when it will be too late; wherefore remember that *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

We find it is offered to

"WHOSOEVER."

I love that word because I know it means *me*; and God reminds us, just before He closes His book, that "*whosoever* will, may take of the water of life

freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). "Ho, *every one* that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isa. lv. 1). What an invitation! It does not matter what your condition is, you have but to "*come*."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and DRINK, and live!"

You must *stoop*. The Israelites saw the water running at their feet, and they had to *stoop* to get it, and then they had to *drink* in order to quench their thirst.

Dear friend, just bend to the will of God, lay aside that which keeps you from taking your right position, and when you stoop to the feet of Jesus, and bow before Him as a *sinner*, then you will be able to receive from His hands the pardon you need.

But not only must you stoop, you must drink for yourself. A cure wrought on a friend would not benefit you if you were suffering from the same disease, nor will the fact of your friends being saved benefit you; there must be a *personal* acquaintance with Christ as the Life-giver, or you will be lost.

It is only the "living water" that can satisfy the soul, nothing else can; you may try the world, but it will only end in disappointment. Was the rich fool satisfied? No; for the Scripture tells us that he intended pulling down his barns and building greater (Luke xii. 16). There is nothing in the world that can satisfy the soul; and Jesus said to a poor woman who *daily* came out of the city for water, "Whosoever drinketh of this water *shall thirst again*; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him *shall never thirst*; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of

water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 13, 14). She knew that she needed to be continually coming; her supply of yesterday was gone, and she wanted some more, and here was One ready to give her "water" that could effectually satisfy her.

Reader, beware that you forsake not the fountain of living waters, and hew out for yourself a cistern that can hold no water (Jer. ii. 13). God invites you to drink of that living water which flowed from the cleft Rock of Ages; then you will be able to say—

"I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

If you reject such love and mercy, remember that such an offer will not hold out for ever; and as it was with the rich man (Luke xvi. 19-31), so must it be with thee. How solemn. In hell he lifted up his eyes, and desired a single *drop* of water to cool his tongue; and that simple request had to be refused on account of his despising the *living* water in his lifetime.

Let not this be your experience; but now, just as you are, come and prove that the water of life can satisfy the thirsty soul. F. H. D.

HIMSELF hath done it—He who
searched me through,
Sees how I cling to earth's ensnaring
ties,
And so He breaks each reed, on
which my soul
Too much for peace and happiness
relies.
Himself hath done it—He would
have me see
What broken cisterns human friends
must prove;
That I may turn and quench my
burning thirst
At His own fount of ever-living
love.

"IS THAT ALL?"

HAVING accepted an invitation to preach in the east of London, the first thing was to find the mission hall. Up one street, down another, until I was bewildered in a labyrinth of streets, evidently tenanted by those who had nothing to lose. I therefore stepped into a general shop to seek direction.

"You wish to go into that street?" asked the shopman.

"I am going to preach there."

"Have you your watch and money with you?"

"Certainly!"

"Then you had better leave them with me. It will be easy for you to take them in; but very hard to get them out again, especially if some of the tenants there see a man decently dressed, alone, and not knowing his way."

"Is that the kind of place I am trying to find?"

"It is, and you had really better be guided by me."

Now, it has been my hobby to seek out the very worst parts of nearly all the cities in England, and some in Scotland and Ireland, in order to see what the denizens were like. Moreover, I was anything but a stranger to London slums and other localities. I therefore coolly declined the offer to part with my worldly goods.

"Very well," said the civil shopman; "if you lose them, don't blame me; and take one piece of advice—keep in the middle of the street as you go."

I thanked him, and went upon my way, following his advice to keep in the middle of the street, well knowing that in so doing I was preventing any human beast of prey from springing upon me, and taking me unawares. The caution was needed. Here and there a fur-capped ruffian showed himself, causing me to slacken my pace to prove I

was not afraid of him; here and there something that should have been a woman hurriedly crossed my path. Very rarely the measured tread of a policeman sounded on the hollow pavement, giving a relieving sense of security until the sound died away; until at length I reached the mission hall of which I was in search. On entering I saw that the hall was filthy with the grime of London low-life neighbourhood; the seats, attached to desks, had apparently never been washed since they were made; the floor in the same condition. The walls had dirty remains of pictures on them, and a few women and children were gathered to listen to my address, under the care of a very dispirited attendant at the hall, who was drawing a baize curtain across the hall to shut off about two-thirds of it from view. I felt aggrieved at the prospect, and much inclined to grumble that I had been brought half a dozen miles from home, on a wild, gusty night, into such a neighbourhood, to talk to such an audience. But having found my way, and engaged to speak, I at once commenced the service. I suppose there were the usual singing, reading, prayer, and address, but have entirely forgotten. When the service was ended, the grumbling fit returned, as I prepared to retrace my dangerous way towards home.

I had descended the two steps from the platform, and was passing on, when a shaky voice said, "I want to speak to you."

Turning at the request, I saw a very old woman, with an exceedingly dirty face, and hands still more filthy, holding on to the rail in front of her seat, and trembling with excitement or nervousness—perhaps both.

I was wearied, dispirited, hopeless of having done any good, and wishing myself at home. I therefore asked, curtly, "Well, what is it?"

"I am seventy-three years old," she said.

"Well! what is that to me?" I thought; but said nothing.

"And I can see to work as well as ever I could."

"Don't see what I have to do with that," was my silent comment.

"And I can earn my living by needlework."

"Why do you tell me this?" I inquired.

"Because I want you to know that I don't come here to beg," she said. "I know well enough there's a lot of lazy wagabones as comes for nothin' else; but I'm none o' that sort; I earns my living by my eyes and fingers, and begs nothing o' nobody."

"But what do you want from me?" I coldly inquired.

"I'm seventy-three years old," she repeated, "and I can't expect to live very much longer. I have been listening to you talking about the gift of God; I knew I had not got it; and I made bold to ask you to tell me more about it. Remember I'm a poor old woman of seventy-three, and make it as plain as ever you can."

If a blaze of light had flashed into the dirty hall, I could not have felt more astonished than I did at the old woman's request. I had not expected—scarcely desired—any results from my address; and yet here was an anxious inquirer. Not a common occurrence: when we do not expect or desire results, they scarcely ever appear. It became interesting; but I remembered the six miles to go, the dangerous way, the late hour, and the expectants at home; and how to reconcile these discordant things was the problem—how to lead an

anxious soul, that had been seventy-three years in utter darkness, most speedily and safely into the light. I lifted up my heart to the Lord; and a thought came, that I at once put into action. I put my hand into my pocket, produced a sixpence, and commenced conversation.

"Mother, have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she replied.

"Have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg."

"No one said you did; but that doesn't answer my question, which I intend to repeat until you reply plainly: have you had any tea?"

"I tell you," she gruffly rejoined, "I'm not one of your beggars; I can earn my own living, and didn't come here to beg."

"That doesn't answer me," I continued: "and I intend to get an answer before I say any more—have you had any tea?"

"No, I ain't," she shortly rejoined, hoping to get rid of the subject.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she again repeated,

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"No, I ain't," she repeated, more angrily than before.

"I thought not," I continued.

"Now, see, here is sixpence, just the thing you want. It will buy you bread, butter, tea, sugar, a bundle of wood, a candle, seven pounds of coal, and a ha'p'orth of milk; and so give you food, light, and warmth."

If any one who reads this begins sceptically to inquire concerning this method of expending sixpence, the old woman did not; *she knew* by many years' experience the statement was correct in her locality.

But she only repeated, "I didn't come here to beg."

"You have not been accused of begging, or anything else," I continued; "but I want to make it clear to you. This sixpence is mine, given in charge to me to give freely to any one that needs it. Your need of it is very sore; you are trembling with hunger and cold, as you stand there. In your poor garret it is dark, hunger-bitten, cold—no light, no fire, no food; the money I offer will produce all these things which you require so much. Take the money; it is mine to give, and you want it."

Still she said, "I didn't come here to beg. I only wanted you tell me how to get safely to Heaven."

"That shall surely come after: but I want to settle this first—or, perhaps, they will come together. Now, be advised; take the money."

"I cannot," she said; "I have never taken charity; I didn't come to beg."

"Well, think once more before I go. Your room is dark and cold, you have great need. I offer you a free gift, just what you want; if you won't have it, and lie tossing at night with cold and hunger, you can't blame any one but yourself."

The picture of the hungry night was no new thing to her, and signs of relenting appeared in her face. Almost unconsciously she stretched out fingers drawn like bird's claws with age and labour; but she did not take the money readily: little by little she came nearer and nearer, until at length her fingers closed upon the coin. She raised it from where it lay in the palm of my hand, and held it in her trembling fingers.

"Well, have you got it at last?"

"Yes, but not willingly," she said.

"How did you get it?" I asked.

"You gave it me," she replied.

"Did I give it, or did you take it?"

"I took it," she said: "but surely it is all the same."

"Not quite, for what I want to teach you," said I. "For you want the gift of God, which is eternal life; you want pardon for all your sins; you want peace with God; you want His Holy Spirit to teach you the way to Heaven, and to make you fit to be there. Now, just as your wants for the body were met in the gift of the sixpence, so God has met all your wants for the soul in the gift of Jesus Christ, His Son. In Him God has provided all that we need, for time and eternity. But we must take Him as God's free, undeserved gift; and this is just what we are so unwilling to do. We want to earn Him; we want to deserve Jesus and Heaven. But we never can. We do not like to take Him as a gift. Just as you were so unwilling to accept the money, so thousands are unwilling to accept Jesus on *the only terms* they can receive Him."

"I never saw it so," she said; "I thought I had to earn Heaven."

"There are untold thousands like you," I answered, "who turn away despising and rejecting the *gift* of God. But I hope you will be wiser; and, just as you have freely taken the gift of the money, now, just as freely, take the infinitely greater gift of Jesus Christ. You have only to take what is ready and offered."

"But must I not repent and believe?" she inquired.

"These *gifts* are included in the gift of Jesus, just as food and light and warmth were all in the sixpence: you have only to accept humbly God's free gift of Jesus Christ."

"Is that all?" she asked, in astonishment.

"That is all," I replied; 'repentance, faith, teaching, Heaven, are all in Jesus Christ.'

"Then I am a saved old woman," she loudly cried, clasping her drawn, withered hands together with the sixpence between them; "for I will take the gift of God, and take it *now*!"

"Thank God!" I most rejoicingly exclaimed; "truly I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing and in vain."

A little more counsel, a few words of earnest prayer, and then I looked for the last time into the aged face. Hope, forgiveness, peace, were there; and as I turned into the dark, dangerous way, it seemed bright with a light that was not of earth; a light in my own spirit, lighted there by the blessing of the Lord of the harvest upon the labours of an unbelieving servant in the great harvest-field.

But not unbelieving as I went on my way home, with eyes brimming with loving tears of gratitude, hands clasped in earnest acknowledgment, and my heart trilling a pæan of thanksgiving for the Lord's loving-kindness, in making the darkness light, and the rough places plain, to that poor woman "seventy-three years old."

"Is that all?" "That is all!" "It all lies in believing!" For a man must believe he is a sinner before he can repent. He must believe Jesus is the Son of God before he can trust Him with his body, soul, and spirit. He must believe on the Comforter before he can receive the only teaching that will fit him for the inheritance of the saints in light. He must believe that God will help him to work, and reward him for working for Him, before he can work.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Is that all?"
"That is all!"

A CONVERSATION WITH AN INFIDEL.

I WAS on my way by stage-coach to Cambridge as an undergraduate, before railways were known, and divided the journey at an hotel at one of our principal towns. There was only one gentleman and myself in the coffee-room, and we soon entered into conversation. I had given up a lucrative profession, and in simple-hearted piety had devoted myself to the ministry. My companion, a gentlemanly and very scholarly person, learning this from me, I presume, and instigated, no doubt, by his master the devil, soon began to broach his infidel views and endeavour to undermine my faith in Christ. I argued with him till after midnight, supported more by simple, earnest faith and common sense than by any learned reasonings, with which I then had little acquaintance. I then rose to retire for the night, having to start by coach early in the morning, and, on bidding good night, I said to my companion in great simplicity and in words such as these, "Well, my friend, I retire to rest, thank God, a firm believer in Jesus, who died for my sins and rose again for my justification, and resting on His bosom *I have perfect peace*." My companion, struck, and apparently startled with the expression "perfect peace," the language of my heart, to which he was an utter stranger, burst into tears and begged me to remain a little longer with him. "Ah," said he, "that happy expression which your faith in Christ yields you has far more weight with me than all the arguments you have used or could ever use. I confess I know nothing of that peace of mind. I am unhappy in my inmost

soul, and feel miserable." After a while I left him, and, opening my Bible on my knees, as was my practice, my eyes were at once directed to that striking passage which reveals the true secret of infidelity, "The fool hath said in his *heart*, There is no God." It is the heart which leads the head astray into unbelief or assumed unbelief.

Several years afterwards I was at the same hotel, when the old waiter accosted me on entering the same room, "Ah, sir, I remember you very well. You did not know it, but while you were arguing with that gentleman, a noted infidel in our town, I was behind the screen there all the time, and shall never forget what passed between you, and the closing scene."

"GOD GAVE."

THE finest truth of the gospel, and that which lies at its foundation, is the fact that *God gave*. It is not that I ought to give. The giving is on God's side. To lay hold of this in power is to know Him.

Naturally, the heart deems Him "austere," "reaping where He has not sown, and gathering where He has not strawed." It cherishes thoughts of God that are wholly false. The truth is that, instead of making demands upon the sinner, the gospel brings richest blessing to him. "The grace of God brings salvation." To import the idea of *requirement* into the gospel would only be to falsify its character. How can "good news" be at the same time "bad news"? And whatever claims from me that which I cannot render is anything but "good." The gospel is, strictly speaking, only good news. Under the law the sinner was bound to give. His blessing depended upon

his obedience: "This *do*, and thou shalt live," was its terms: but then the law and the gospel stand in direct contrast the one with the other.

The law was introduced in order to expose guilt, "that the offence might abound." The gospel, on the other hand, tells how sins are put away, and how the sinner is saved. How different! Under the law God made demands, in the gospel He gives. And hence the Lord Jesus announced in John iii., what had never before been declared, that "God so loved the world, that He *gave* His only begotten Son;" and again, in the following chapter, when addressing the poor Samaritan woman, "If thou knewest the gift of God." Now this tells out the heart of God. And how blessed to know that heart! How far beyond all utterance is the joy of knowing God as the giver of His Son—as the Saviour-God!

Yes; we boast a *giving God*. One whose Word says that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and One who has ever acted on this principle.

Let us see then how this can be applied. Here, for instance, is a soul who has learned his state as a sinner, and that he cannot yield that which law demands; in a word, that he is "*an enemy*," and that he has "*no strength*." What is to be done? Let the gospel speak. "A certain creditor had two debtors: the one owed him five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had *nothing to pay*, he frankly forgave them both." Notice, each is a debtor; and further, each is penniless. Their only prospect, according to law, is imprisonment; yet, strange to say, they are both frankly forgiven. What a creditor!

Now see how this fits into the case in point. A sinner is a

debtor, and he who has "*no strength*" is like a man who has *nothing to pay*. Well, just as the creditor forgave the debtor at the moment when he had nothing to pay, so when the soul owns its guilt and spiritual weakness it is then that God forgives, justifies, and sheds His love abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. That is the moment He selects. Man's deepest extremity is God's choice opportunity. Grace meets the soul that is truly and thoroughly *down*. See the prodigal of Luke xv.; "*as soon as*," said his self-righteous brother, "this thy son is come . . . thou hast killed for him the fatted calf." Such instant grace was incomprehensible; yet how fitting! how appropriate! Ah, grace is always speedy! It "*flew*" with a live coal from the altar to the penitent lips of the prophet. It "*ran*" to meet the prodigal; and, believe me, dear reader, it will hasten on the wings of the wind to your troubled heart, if there only be the true confession of your sins.

There need be no delay. "*To-day*," said the Lord to the contrite malefactor, "shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." How sudden! A criminal expiating his crimes at one moment, and the next in spirit in the paradise of God!

Love is always expeditious. God can save the greatest sinner in a moment of time. In fact, God's salvation is always instantaneous, although the apprehension of it may be delayed. When His gift is accepted, then eternal life is possessed; for "the gift of God is eternal life."

J. W. S.

ENERGY GIVEN.

ACQUAINTANCE with Christ in the glory is the great energising principle of the Christian faith. Christ in glory beamed like the light of a beacon before His

servant Paul. It guided and drew him on in his troublous course on earth. It led him with unwearied force to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 14).

He saw before him the brightness of a glorified Jesus, and he longed to be like Him on high. The prize of resurrection blessings glistened before his soul; he panted for the day when he should be exactly like Christ, and in the power of that prospect he counted what he once so dearly prized as dung, and was ready, even should it be by the means of martyrdom, to be with Christ, whose image he would shortly bear.

Reader! the force of his example appeals to us, while his tears, as he tells of those "who mind earthly things," warn us; for we are either running in the race, as was Paul, or we are turning to the world—there is no neutral ground.

JOY COMES AFTER SORROW

ALL my life I still have found,
I will forget it never,
Every sorrow hath its bound,
And no cross endures for ever.
After all the winter's snows
Comes sweet summer back again;
Patient souls ne'er wait in vain,
Joy is given for all their woes.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

THERE is dew in one flower
and not in another, because one
opens its cup and takes it in,
while the other closes itself and
the drop runs off. So God rains
goodness and mercy as wide as
the dew; and if we lack them,
it is because we will not open
our hearts to receive them.

To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "When?" or
"How?"
Only bow.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

THERE is no veil before the face of the ascended Jesus ; it is all love, grace, glory, not a cloud upon His face. Not a shadow of doubt should remain in the hearts of His own. We know that He would not be the glorified man on high had He not been the crucified man below.

We see Him, but not holding the tables of the law in His hands and bidding us "do this and live;" we see Him with hands once pierced for our sins, and the glory of God shining from His face, telling us that all is done, that our sins are gone, and that God is magnified. We know that He who was forsaken for us is the very measure of our acceptance—"we are accepted in the Beloved." Thus is the glory of Christ good news to His people.

THE YEAR'S LAST MOMENT.

THE crowd sweeps onward still,
And we with it move on,
Part of the ever-rushing multitude,
Till the great goal be won,
And for the last time sinks the
ever-setting sun.

ANOTHER hour has struck
With solemn note and slow ;
ANOTHER fragment of time's cliff has
rushed
Into the vale below ;
ANOTHER of earth's streams this
moment ceased to flow.

ANOTHER lamp of time
Has flickered into gloom,
And left us lonelier in our lonely
watch,
Waiting the light to come ;
Not *into*, but beyond the life-
devouring tomb.

ANOTHER of time's stars
Has vanished from the eye.
AH! now the light of the immortal
dawn
Is coming up the sky,
And quenching one by one those
midnight gems on high.

ANOTHER headland turned,
While bends the quivering mast,
ANOTHER beacon of the lone, lone sea
Our vessel has shot past ;
The shore, the shore is near. Is
that the haven at last ?

ANOTHER bridge of life
Has now been crossed ; few more
Remain for us ; another ridge of
time
We've reached, from it t'explore
The far outspreading green of the
not distant shore.

ANOTHER pillar fallen
In Time's old temple. See
How fragment upon fragment darkly
lies,
And hear how heavily
The echoes wind along by the
slow-swelling sea.

ANOTHER song has closed,
A true but varied strain,
And the deep turret chime I hear
afar
Has echoed out, Amen,
Swelling the long-drawn fall of
the well-known refrain.

Oh, well for us to watch !
Our night will soon be o'er ;
The day of mortal doom approaches
fast,
The Judge is at the door.
Awake, arise, my soul, and sleep
thy sleep no more !
H. BONAR.

FORGIVENESS IN THE LIGHT.

FORGIVENESS of sin, through
faith in Christ, requires to be
continually brought before us.
"If we walk in the light, we
have fellowship one with an-
other, and the blood of Jesus
Christ cleanseth us from all
sin." Why this "and"? The
force of the conjunction is sig-
nificant. If you "walk in the
light," you will see the innu-
merable spots, sins, and ini-
quities that are upon you. The
more we walk in the light, the
more is it necessary that there
should be repeated to us that
blessed assurance : "*and* the
blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,
cleanseth us from all sin." Our
consciousness of sin increases
in proportion as our communion

is with the Father, and with
His Son, Jesus Christ.

But not for a single moment
ought the believer to allow his
sin to keep him from God and
from Jesus Christ. Our very
sins drive us to the Father,
who delights in mercy, and to
Jesus Christ, who now liveth
as our High Priest and In-
tercessor. "This is My body
which is broken for you, This
do in remembrance of Me." How
difficult it is sometimes
to believe the forgiveness of
sin! It may be very easy when
the conscience is dormant, and
when love is languid ; but when
sin is felt as exceeding sinful,
and all your past transgressions
rise up against you—then to
say, "His body was broken for
me," is not within human
power ; it is the gift of the
Holy Ghost ; it is God Him-
self who enables us to "lay
our sins on Jesus, the spotless
Lamb of God."

Christ for us ; then are not
merely our sins forgiven, but
we are beloved of the Father.
Oh, what a transfer took place
on the cross ! When Christ
was on the cross, we were on
the cross with Him, so dark,
so sinful, so polluted, so defiled,
that God could not look on
Christ, because He had laid
on Him the iniquities of us
all ! We have remained there ;
we have never been separated
from Christ crucified ; the sheep
which He found and saved lies
still on His shoulders ; there
we are still. But how are we
there now ? As the high priest
in Israel bore the twelve tribes
on his breastplate—jewels full
of light, beauty, and variety—
even thus are the dark and sin-
polluted sinners now changed
into gems, jewels upon the
breastplate of Jesus Christ.
Nothing but love surrounds us
now. Beneath us love rescued
us from destruction, by tasting
death and enduring the cross
for us. Above us the Father's

love, as it sent Christ to die, receives us, and bestows on us the love with which He loved His Son. Around us are the arms of Jesus; once nailed to the cross, now full of tenderness and power, one with the arms of the Father, who receives us graciously. God was in Christ crucified, reconciling us to Himself. And sin has become the occasion of the brightest revelation of God; God is love!

RESURRECTION.

THE power of practical Christianity lies in what we have. The religious man without Christ is constantly trying to obtain something out of Himself to give to God; the sceptic is ever telling us that he has done with religion; but the Christian lives in the enjoyment of the blessings where-with he is blessed—he possesses. The gospel comes to the weary and needy heart with positive good. It brings blessings to man, it fills the soul with satisfaction, it removes want by pouring in exceeding riches. The satisfied sheep lies down when she wants nothing more. The abundance which is ours occasions our rest. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

The gospel of our salvation first answers every need which the Spirit of God, by showing us our real condition, awakens within us; next, it satisfies all the longings which God Himself by His Spirit creates in our souls. Brought as we are into a new relationship with our God, we know Him in a new way; we know Christ in a new way; all things are become new to us, and we are made new to enjoy the new things.

Of our blessings, resurrection is the foundation. Resurrection, which each seed sown in the earth and rising up in new life, and which each waking spring

teaches, is the very essence of the gospel of God. Our dull hearts too often travel no further than the benefits of Christ's death; we reach the cross, and there sit down. Sometimes the sluggish spirit, having found forgiveness by the blood of Jesus, returns to earthly things, resting in forgiveness, not rising above the circumstances around us in the vigour of resurrection life. The believer is, indeed, a forgiven man, but he is also delivered from the power of Satan, and the world, and death, and himself, by the resurrection of Christ. The blood of the sacrifice has cleansed away his guilt, but he is not only cleansed, he is risen with Christ. He lives already in the life of the eternal spring.

Resurrection is the guarantee of our blessings; for "if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. xv. 17).

If Christ be not raised, the Christian's hope in God is utterly vain. But by Christ's resurrection we are established in a standing of absolute liberty before God—a standing upon the other side of death, the bright side, where Christ is. He is the "Resurrection and the life;" first the resurrection, then the life. He first overcomes death, and then gives life to them for whom He died. After having borne the judgment and death due to their sins, He imparts to man dead in sins eternal life in the power of His resurrection.

Death precedes judgment. "After death the judgment," and from death the sinner cannot escape.

The Lord has destroyed the power of death, and has taken us out of our state of death in trespasses and sins, and has given us a life which is beyond death, and free from judgment.

We are, alas, so occupied with this world and its vanity, that

we are dull to discover and slow to receive the fulness of our resurrection blessings. Besides which, many of God's people are in spirit trembling upon the Egyptian side of the Red Sea; they are not, in faith, upon resurrection ground. Israel was safe in Egypt when under the shelter of the blood of the slain lamb, but Israel, though equally safe, was in despair when hedged up between the pursuing enemy and the Red Sea. Then came the third day—the day typical of resurrection—and Israel proved God's power in opening a way for them through the waters. When standing upon the opposite side of the Red Sea, they knew God's salvation. And though we are safe the moment we trust Him who shed His blood for us, yet we know not God's salvation until we lay hold by faith of God's power in raising Him from the dead, and in bringing us through His death and by His resurrection into perfect deliverance.

Should there be one reader of this page still wanting the full assurance of the knowledge of his acceptance before God, let him turn his eye of faith to Christ in the glory of God. The sin-bearer upon the cross is the crown-wearer upon the throne; forsaken of God upon Calvary, is the fulness of God in heaven. Our sins, which nailed Him to the tree, our judgment which brought Him to death, are gone in His sufferings. Our very selves, like fruitless trees, are cut down and hidden in His grave. His cross and His crown are linked together. There is no separation between having been crucified with Christ and being glorified with Christ. Our resurrection life in our risen Jesus should assert itself in our daily walk and ways; it should, like the freshness of spring, hide the death and efface the very memory of the winter of our unconverted days.

SYMPATHY AND SUCCOUR.

A SINCERE pleasure in the welfare of others proves not merely the strength of our Christian charity, but our freedom from envy. And sympathy with the afflicted does much to lessen their sorrow and alleviate their grief. In the early days of Christianity this blessed grace of sympathy operated with all the force and speed of an electric shock through the widely extended community of the Church. Whether one member suffered, all the members suffered with it; or one member was honoured, all the members rejoiced with it. There is a great charm in sympathy, a happiness of the highest order in the mere exercise towards others of kind and brotherly affection, and in being the object of such affection ourselves; whether it be that of the sympathy of joy when we are prosperous, or of the sympathy of compassion when we are afflicted. This royal law of love,—for what is sympathy but love in expression and in action?—is often pressed upon us in Scripture, and nowhere more beautifully than by our Lord in the parable of the Good Samaritan, or more forcibly than by St. Paul in the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Of course, there is a sense in which we cannot bear the burdens of others; a sense in which it holds true, "Every man shall bear his own burden." We cannot bear the burden of a man's responsibility; that can only be borne by the man himself. "Every one of us must give account of *himself* to God." We cannot bear the burden of another man's sin: no priest, or pope, or prelate can do this. We cannot bear the burden of another's individuality. The man must be himself for ever-

more. He must live, and live on, and carry with him his conscience, his feelings, all the things that make up his life, into a state of enduring happiness or everlasting woe. Solemn, yea, awful thought! "Every man shall bear his own burden."

But if there are burdens which cannot be shared, there are some which we can bear for others, taking something of the weight upon ourselves. There are "the weary and heavy laden" in all classes and ranks and grades of society, from the king in his palace to the beggar in his hut. The greatest, perhaps, have the most burdens. And some there are whose share in the burden of life is very great.

Here is one who is suffering in body from weakness, or infirmity, or sharp pain; he has his "thorn in the flesh," nor will he be free from the anguish until the suffering deepens into death, and he is given a merciful release. Here is a man bearing the burden of poverty; his whole life a struggle, a hard fight against want; his body worn with toil, and all the nobler strivings of his soul crushed and killed because he is daily engaged in the endeavour to drive off hunger from his door. Yonder is a widow in her weeds of woe, with a heart buried in her husband's grave, where the iron entered into her soul, and for whom a light has passed from the world for ever. Here is a wife worse than widowed, for he who swore to love her proved unfaithful, and is false to his marriage vows. Or shall I speak of a child bereft of a parent's care, and left alone to buffet, as he best may, the waves of this troublesome world: to reach the shore, if strength and nerve hold out, or to sink in the stormy waters, if purpose and courage fail? Or shall I allude to the man whose "riches have made to themselves wings, and flown away," carrying with them

many whom he imagined his friends? For though his honour is unstained, yet he finds that the so-called friends of his prosperous days, the summer flies who buzzed so long as the sun shone, have forsaken him in his hour of need, have gone now that the chilling blasts of adversity have blown rudely round his head.

But how are we to bear one another's burdens? Very readily I answer. By *sympathy*. You can fill your heart with another's joy or another's sorrow, and be, as it were, a second self to your friend. Is it possible by sympathy to divide another's trouble, and double another's gladness. And very beautiful are the words and deeds of sympathy, and they leave a blessing behind.

But not by sympathy alone, but by active deeds, are we to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." The mere passive feeling of compassion is of no more worth than the fair blossom on a tree, which disappoints expectation and never turns to fruit. Give us no such tears as fall upon the pages of a novel, or are shed over some romantic drama in the playhouse. Let sympathy and action go hand in hand.

Bear the burden of another's poverty by relieving it. Bear the burden of the erring by "restoring such an one in the spirit of meekness." Take the penitent by the hand, and bid him rise, and say, "Up, brother, try again." Restore the fallen by words of forgiveness and hope, and send them on their way rejoicing. This, indeed, is Christ-like work, for *He* came to "seek and to save that which was lost." We can all bear burdens. We can bear the infirmities of the weak, and forbear them in love. We can suffer the hasty word to pass in silence, without answering

again. Or we can meet it by "the soft answer which turneth away wrath." We can soothe the irritable temper. We can smooth the pillow of sickness, and sit beside a brother or sister suffering. We can lighten the chamber of death by words of hope and heaven, and comfort the soul as it goes out into the dark valley. Let the weakest, let the humblest Christian remember that he can take the edge from the sharpness of many a sorrow, and make the heart of every mourner glad by his presence, kindly words, sympathising attentions, sunny smiles, seasonable silence: watchfulness against wounding another's sensitiveness; a check placed on the ungenerous judgment in your heart, a restraint put on the unkind word on your tongue,—by these simple manifestations of the law of love you may carry out the exhortation of the Apostle.

So doing, the beautiful language of Job would be applicable to us, and these words might stand for our portrait—one of the most beautiful ever painted of man: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out." Happy would it be for ourselves and for others, were we to live under the influence of this precept, which breathes the very spirit of heaven: "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another,

and forgiving one another: if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." I ask if it would not be well for ourselves, and for all around us, if our homes would not be the happier, and our daily life brighter, if we always strove to act in the spirit of the words, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep"?

When St. Paul exhorts us to "bear one another's burdens," he adds, "and so fulfil the law of Christ." Here is a motive, the divinest, the grandest, as well as the most tender of all. "The law of Christ!" What was that? The law of love and sympathy. This was the law of His incarnation, the law of His life, the law of His intercourse with men, the law that attracted sinners to His feet, to wash them with their tears, and which drew the weary and heavy-laden to His arms, to be folded in the embrace of His love. This was the law to which He gave a living illustration in His obedience unto death. A Burden-bearer was the Lord Jesus Christ.

In your daily life, look around you, and see what burdens you can bear, what pillows you can smooth, what tears you can wipe away, what weak hearts you can sustain, what broken ones you can bind up, into what wounds you can pour the oil and wine of blessed consolation. Launch boldly into the ocean of love. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU.

THERE is only one who can say this. Every human tie is likely to be severed, nor can we assure ourselves of the permanence of any earthly friendship. Those nearest and dearest to us may turn to be our bitterest foes;

and those whose friendship remains unbroken may yet be swept away from our presence and fellowship, and leave us desolate and alone. But "He hath said, I will never leave you nor forsake you." The seal of truth is upon the covenant which He hath made with us. Long as His grace abides, long as His mercy endures; long as His omnipotence rules and omniscience discerns; long as creation is subject to its Maker's sway; long as the stormy wind fulfils His word; long as the thunderbolts sleep within His hand; long as the angels wait to do His will, hearkening to the voice of His command: so long we need not fear; so long we shall not be abandoned, for He hath said, "*I will never leave you nor forsake you.*"

SATISFIED.

I SHALL be satisfied—but, oh, not here,
Within my silent dwelling, where I see
The vacant chairs, where loved ones used to sit
And hold sweet converse, day by day, with me.

I know that they are resting with the Lord,
And He to them a new sweet name has given,
Which I shall know not till that blessed day
When I, too, walk the golden streets of heaven.

I shall be satisfied—but, oh! not here,
Where nought is perfect that I think or do,
And, at the close of day, the retrospect
Brings so much sin before my saddened view.

I shall be satisfied, but only when
I see my Lord, and know as I am known,
When, with those dear ones who have gone before,
I stand redeemed before His glorious throne.

S. T. W.

THE BRITISH EVANGELIST

EDITED BY DR W. P. MACKAY.

Price One Penny.]

DECEMBER 1881.

[No. 174.]

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THE LIVING WATER.

I SHALL never forget the Christmas I spent at B—. The weather was cold, and a sharp frost during the night had entirely cut off the supply of water, and as I went out in the morning I found we were not the only ones inconvenienced; for most, if not all, in the neighbourhood were in similar circumstances. We had not been waiting long before a man came and opened the plug in the road, and after fixing a standpipe cried, "WATER, water!" Very soon a number of people were gathered round, several making haste for fear they should be too late.

"How long do you stop?" I asked of the man who had turned on the water.

"Half an hour, sir," he replied; "but I shall stop about five minutes over the time."

"But suppose after you are gone more want water, what must they do?" I asked.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 12.

"They will have to *want*," he replied; "if they do not come in time they must go without."

The time expired, and he turned off the supply and prepared to go, and, as I expected, almost before he was out of sight several came for water. "Stop!" they cried; but he went on his way, unheeding their cries.

The above little incident seems to illustrate the Gospel in several ways. We found that water was *indispensable*, and however much we might have thought it an unnecessary article, we had to come to the conclusion that we could not do without it. We find it a necessity of *every* individual, whatever their position, whether they occupy a throne or are condemned to live in a dungeon, *all* NEED water or they must die, there is no alternative. Hagar knew that, as she laid her son down under a bush to die, for all the water that Abram had provided her with was spent; but God heard the lad's cry for water, and the mother's eyes were opened, and she saw a well and gave him to drink, and he lived (Gen xxi.).

The children of Israel could not get on in their wilderness journey without water, and as soon as they were thirsty they murmured against Moses; when it was the LORD who had brought them out of Egypt, and He was able to supply their need, so He brought forth water out of a dry

rock that their needs might be satisfied. He supplied them with water on the ground of grace alone; their murmurings proved they did not deserve it. Men must die without water, and as surely as it is required to sustain natural life, so surely is the "living water" needed to give spiritual and eternal life to poor lost sinners.

You may, dear reader, think that it is not so important; but be sure of this, that you can only *live* by taking a life-giving draught from the fountain of the water of life.

Those who pass by the "wells of salvation" without stopping to drink, will find out to their sorrow that they have gone on to the land of drought, where the water of life would be invaluable, but where it is not to be found. Find out your need, and you will then see that there is an *infinite* resource in the Lord Jesus. There is *enough* for all.

"Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied;
Come to that crystal tide,
Come, sinner, *come*."

It flows down to your need, and its course cannot be stopped. Many years ago the devil would have stopped it if he could; but it would be far more easy for a man to stop the Thames from flowing than for any one to try to stop the *river* of life.

Another thing I noticed was that there was nothing to pay,

no charge was made, it was *free*; so it is with the water of life. The Lord Jesus said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vii. 37). No mention of payment, for "whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*" (Rev. xxii. 17).

"The water of life is flowing.
FREELY, freely, *freely*."

But you may ask, "How can I get it?" Go straight to Him in whom all fulness dwells.

I noticed that *all* who went for water took *empty* vessels; some brought jugs and others cans, but *all* were empty. They did not fill them with rubbish and then take them to have the water put over, that would seem ridiculous; and yet there are some who would go to the fountain of living waters filled with their own righteousness, and good works of their own devising. Such rubbish is no good, and only hinders being filled with the "water of life."

"I am an empty vessel—not one thought
Or look of love I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee
With this, the *empty* sinner's only plea—
THOU LOVEST ME."

There was not one returned without their vessel being filled, except those who came too late, and there has never been a sinner who has come as poor and needy to the Lord Jesus, who has been turned away from Him. But the time will come when it will be too late; wherefore remember that *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

We find it is offered to

"WHOSOEVER."

I love that word because I know it means *me*; and God reminds us, just before He closes His book, that "*whosoever* will, may take of the water of life

freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). "Ho, *every one that thirsteth*, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isa. lv. 1). What an invitation! It does not matter what your condition is, you have but to "*come*."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and DRINK, and live!"

You must *stoop*. The Israelites saw the water running at their feet, and they had to *stoop* to get it, and then they had to *drink* in order to quench their thirst.

Dear friend, just bend to the will of God, lay aside that which keeps you from taking your right position, and when you stoop to the feet of Jesus, and bow before Him as a *sinner*, then you will be able to receive from His hands the pardon you need.

But not only must you stoop, you must drink for yourself. A cure wrought on a friend would not benefit you if you were suffering from the same disease, nor will the fact of your friends being saved benefit you; there must be a *personal* acquaintance with Christ as the Life-giver, or you will be lost.

It is only the "living water" that can satisfy the soul, nothing else can; you may try the world, but it will only end in disappointment. Was the rich fool satisfied? No; for the Scripture tells us that he intended pulling down his barns and building greater (Luke xii. 16). There is nothing in the world that can satisfy the soul; and Jesus said to a poor woman who *daily* came out of the city for water, "Whosoever drinketh of this water *shall thirst again*; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him *shall never thirst*; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of

water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 13, 14). She knew that she needed to be continually coming; her supply of yesterday was gone, and she wanted some more, and here was One ready to give her "water" that could effectually satisfy her.

Reader, beware that you forsake not the fountain of living waters, and hew out for yourself a cistern that can hold no water (Jer. ii. 13). God invites you to drink of that living water which flowed from the cleft Rock of Ages; then you will be able to say—

"I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him."

If you reject such love and mercy, remember that such an offer will not hold out for ever; and as it was with the rich man (Luke xvi. 19-31), so must it be with thee. How solemn. In hell he lifted up his eyes, and desired a single *drop* of water to cool his tongue; and that simple request had to be refused on account of his despising the *living* water in his lifetime.

Let not this be your experience; but now, just as you are, come and prove that the water of life can satisfy the thirsty soul. F. H. D.

HIMSELF hath done it—He who
searched me through,
Sees how I cling to earth's ensnaring
ties,
And so He breaks each reed, on
which my soul
Too much for peace and happiness
relies.
Himself hath done it—He would
have me see
What broken cisterns human friends
must prove;
That I may turn and quench my
burning thirst
At His own fount of ever-living
love.

"IS THAT ALL?"

HAVING accepted an invitation to preach in the east of London, the first thing was to find the mission hall. Up one street, down another, until I was bewildered in a labyrinth of streets, evidently tenanted by those who had nothing to lose. I therefore stepped into a general shop to seek direction.

"You wish to go into that street?" asked the shopman.

"I am going to preach there."

"Have you your watch and money with you?"

"Certainly!"

"Then you had better leave them with me. It will be easy for you to take them in; but very hard to get them out again, especially if some of the tenants there see a man decently dressed, alone, and not knowing his way."

"Is that the kind of place I am trying to find?"

"It is, and you had really better be guided by me."

Now, it has been my hobby to seek out the very worst parts of nearly all the cities in England, and some in Scotland and Ireland, in order to see what the denizens were like. Moreover, I was anything but a stranger to London slums and other localities. I therefore coolly declined the offer to part with my worldly goods.

"Very well," said the civil shopman; "if you lose them, don't blame me; and take one piece of advice—keep in the middle of the street as you go."

I thanked him, and went upon my way, following his advice to keep in the middle of the street, well knowing that in so doing I was preventing any human beast of prey from springing upon me, and taking me unawares. The caution was needed. Here and there a fur-capped ruffian showed himself, causing me to slacken my pace to prove I

was not afraid of him; here and there something that should have been a woman hurriedly crossed my path. Very rarely the measured tread of a policeman sounded on the hollow pavement, giving a relieving sense of security until the sound died away; until at length I reached the mission hall of which I was in search. On entering I saw that the hall was filthy with the grime of London low-life neighbourhood; the seats, attached to desks, had apparently never been washed since they were made; the floor in the same condition. The walls had dirty remains of pictures on them, and a few women and children were gathered to listen to my address, under the care of a very dispirited attendant at the hall, who was drawing a baize curtain across the hall to shut off about two-thirds of it from view. I felt aggrieved at the prospect, and much inclined to grumble that I had been brought half a dozen miles from home, on a wild, gusty night, into such a neighbourhood, to talk to such an audience. But having found my way, and engaged to speak, I at once commenced the service. I suppose there were the usual singing, reading, prayer, and address, but have entirely forgotten. When the service was ended, the grumbling fit returned, as I prepared to retrace my dangerous way towards home.

I had descended the two steps from the platform, and was passing on, when a shaky voice said, "I want to speak to you."

Turning at the request, I saw a very old woman, with an exceedingly dirty face, and hands still more filthy, holding on to the rail in front of her seat, and trembling with excitement or nervousness—perhaps both.

I was wearied, dispirited, hopeless of having done any good, and wishing myself at home. I therefore asked, curtly, "Well, what is it?"

"I am seventy-three years old," she said.

"Well! what is that to me?" I thought; but said nothing.

"And I can see to work as well as ever I could."

"Don't see what I have to do with that," was my silent comment.

"And I can earn my living by needlework."

"Why do you tell me this?" I inquired.

"Because I want you to know that I don't come here to beg," she said. "I know well enough there's a lot of lazy wagabones as comes for nothin' else; but I'm none o' that sort; I earns my living by my eyes and fingers, and begs nothing o' nobody."

"But what do you want from me?" I coldly inquired.

"I'm seventy-three years old," she repeated, "and I can't expect to live very much longer. I have been listening to you talking about the gift of God; I knew I had not got it; and I made bold to ask you to tell me more about it. Remember I'm a poor old woman of seventy-three, and make it as plain as ever you can."

If a blaze of light had flashed into the dirty hall, I could not have felt more astonished than I did at the old woman's request. I had not expected—scarcely desired—any results from my address; and yet here was an anxious inquirer. Not a common occurrence: when we do not expect or desire results, they scarcely ever appear. It became interesting; but I remembered the six miles to go, the dangerous way, the late hour, and the expectants at home; and how to reconcile these discordant things was the problem—how to lead an

anxious soul, that had been seventy-three years in utter darkness, most speedily and safely into the light. I lifted up my heart to the Lord; and a thought came, that I at once put into action. I put my hand into my pocket, produced a sixpence, and commenced conversation.

"Mother, have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she replied.

"Have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg."

"No one said you did; but that doesn't answer my question, which I intend to repeat until you reply plainly: have you had any tea?"

"I tell you," she gruffly rejoined, "I'm not one of your beggars; I can earn my own living, and didn't come here to beg."

"That doesn't answer me," I continued: "and I intend to get an answer before I say any more—have you had any tea?"

"No, I ain't," she shortly rejoined, hoping to get rid of the subject.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she again repeated.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"No, I ain't," she repeated, more angrily than before.

"I thought not," I continued.

"Now, see, here is sixpence, just the thing you want. It will buy you bread, butter, tea, sugar, a bundle of wood, a candle, seven pounds of coal, and a ha'p'orth of milk; and so give you food, light, and warmth."

If any one who reads this begins sceptically to inquire concerning this method of expending sixpence, the old woman did not; *she knew* by many years' experience the statement was correct in her locality.

But she only repeated, "I didn't come here to beg."

"You have not been accused of begging, or anything else," I continued; "but I want to make it clear to you. This sixpence is mine, given in charge to me to give freely to any one that needs it. Your need of it is very sore; you are trembling with hunger and cold, as you stand there. In your poor garret it is dark, hunger-bitten, cold—no light, no fire, no food; the money I offer will produce all these things which you require so much. Take the money; it is mine to give, and you want it."

Still she said, "I didn't come here to beg. I only wanted you tell me how to get safely to Heaven."

"That shall surely come after: but I want to settle this first—or, perhaps, they will come together. Now, be advised; take the money."

"I cannot," she said; "I have never taken charity; I didn't come to beg."

"Well, think once more before I go. Your room is dark and cold, you have great need. I offer you a free gift, just what you want; if you won't have it, and lie tossing at night with cold and hunger, you can't blame any one but yourself."

The picture of the hungry night was no new thing to her, and signs of relenting appeared in her face. Almost unconsciously she stretched out fingers drawn like bird's claws with age and labour; but she did not take the money readily: little by little she came nearer and nearer, until at length her fingers closed upon the coin. She raised it from where it lay in the palm of my hand, and held it in her trembling fingers.

"Well, have you got it at last?"

"Yes, but not willingly," she said.

"How did you get it?" I asked.

"You gave it me," she replied.

"Did I give it, or did you take it?"

"I took it," she said: "but surely it is all the same."

"Not quite, for what I want to teach you," said I. "For you want the gift of God, which is eternal life; you want pardon for all your sins; you want peace with God; you want His Holy Spirit to teach you the way to Heaven, and to make you fit to be there. Now, just as your wants for the body were met in the gift of the sixpence, so God has met all your wants for the soul in the gift of Jesus Christ, His Son. In Him God has provided all that we need, for time and eternity. But we must take Him as God's free, undeserved gift; and this is just what we are so unwilling to do. We want to earn Him; we want to deserve Jesus and Heaven. But we never can. We do not like to take Him as a gift. Just as you were so unwilling to accept the money, so thousands are unwilling to accept Jesus on *the only terms* they can receive Him."

"I never saw it so," she said; "I thought I had to earn Heaven."

"There are untold thousands like you," I answered, "who turn away despising and rejecting the *gift* of God. But I hope you will be wiser; and, just as you have freely taken the gift of the money, now, just as freely, take the infinitely greater gift of Jesus Christ. You have only to take what is ready and offered."

"But must I not repent and believe?" she inquired.

"These *gifts* are included in the gift of Jesus, just as food and light and warmth were all in the sixpence: you have only to accept humbly God's free gift of Jesus Christ."

"Is that all?" she asked, in astonishment.

"That is all," I replied; "repentance, faith, teaching, Heaven, are all in Jesus Christ."

"Then I am a saved old woman," she loudly cried, clasp- ing her drawn, withered hands together with the sixpence be- tween them; "for I will take the gift of God, and take it *now!*"

"Thank God!" I most re- joicingly exclaimed; "truly I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing and in vain."

A little more counsel, a few words of earnest prayer, and then I looked for the last time into the aged face. Hope, for- giveness, peace, were there; and as I turned into the dark, dangerous way, it seemed bright with a light that was not of earth; a light in my own spirit, lighted there by the blessing of the Lord of the harvest upon the labours of an unbelieving servant in the great harvest- field.

But not unbelieving as I went on my way home, with eyes brimming with loving tears of gratitude, hands clasped in earnest acknowledgment, and my heart trilling a pæan of thanksgiving for the Lord's loving-kindness, in making the darkness light, and the rough places plain, to that poor woman "seventy-three years old."

"Is that all?" "That is all!" "It all lies in believing!" For a man must believe he is a sinner before he can repent. He must believe Jesus is the Son of God before he can trust Him with his body, soul, and spirit. He must believe on the Comforter before he can receive the only teaching that will fit him for the inheritance of the saints in light. He must believe that God will help him to work, and reward him for working for Him, before he can work.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Is that all?"

"That is all!"

A CONVERSATION WITH AN INFIDEL.

I WAS on my way by stage-coach to Cambridge as an under-graduate, before railways were known, and divided the journey at an hotel at one of our principal towns. There was only one gentleman and myself in the coffee-room, and we soon entered into conversation. I had given up a lucrative pro- fession, and in simple-hearted piety had devoted myself to the ministry. My companion, a gentlemanly and very scholarly person, learning this from me, I presume, and instigated, no doubt, by his master the devil, soon began to broach his infidel views and endeavour to under- mine my faith in Christ. I argued with him till after mid- night, supported more by simple, earnest faith and common sense than by any learned reasonings, with which I then had little acquaintance. I then rose to retire for the night, having to start by coach early in the morn- ing, and, on bidding good night, I said to my companion in great simplicity and in words such as these, "Well, my friend, I retire to rest, thank God, a firm be- liever in Jesus, who died for my sins and rose again for my jus- tification, and resting on His bosom *I have perfect peace.*" My companion, struck, and ap- parently startled with the ex- pression "perfect peace," the language of my heart, to which he was an utter stranger, burst into tears and begged me to remain a little longer with him. "Ah," said he, "that happy expression which your faith in Christ yields you has far more weight with me than all the arguments you have used or could ever use. I confess I know nothing of that peace of mind. I am unhappy in my inmost

soul, and feel miserable." After a while I left him, and, opening my Bible on my knees, as was my practice, my eyes were at once directed to that striking passage which reveals the true secret of infidelity, "The fool hath said in his *heart*, There is no God." It is the heart which leads the head astray into un- belief or assumed unbelief.

Several years afterwards I was at the same hotel, when the old waiter accosted me on entering the same room, "Ah, sir, I remember you very well. You did not know it, but while you were arguing with that gen- tleman, a noted infidel in our town, I was behind the screen there all the time, and shall never forget what passed be- tween you, and the closing scene."

"GOD GAVE."

THE finest truth of the gospel, and that which lies at its foundation, is the fact that *God gave*. It is not that I ought to give. The giving is on God's side. To lay hold of this in power is to know Him.

Naturally, the heart deems Him "austere," "reaping where He has not sown, and gathering where He has not strawed." It cherishes thoughts of God that are wholly false. The truth is that, instead of making demands upon the sinner, the gospel brings richest blessing to him. "The grace of God brings salvation." To import the idea of *requirement* into the gospel would only be to falsify its character. How can "good news" be at the same time "bad news"? And what- ever claims from me that which I cannot render is any- thing but "good." The gospel is, strictly speaking, only good news. Under the law the sinner was bound to give His blessing depended upon

his obedience: "This *do*, and thou shalt live," was its terms: but then the law and the gospel stand in direct contrast the one with the other.

The law was introduced in order to expose guilt, "that the offence might abound." The gospel, on the other hand, tells how sins are put away, and how the sinner is saved. How different! Under the law God made demands, in the gospel He gives. And hence the Lord Jesus announced in John iii., what had never before been declared, that "God so loved the world, that He *gave* His only begotten Son;" and again, in the following chapter, when addressing the poor Samaritan woman, "If thou knewest the gift of God." Now this tells out the heart of God. And how blessed to know that heart! How far beyond all utterance is the joy of knowing God as the giver of His Son—as the Saviour-God!

Yes; we boast a *giving God*, One whose Word says that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and One who has ever acted on this principle.

Let us see then how this can be applied. Here, for instance, is a soul who has learned his state as a sinner, and that he cannot yield that which law demands; in a word, that he is "*an enemy*," and that he has "*no strength*." What is to be done? Let the gospel speak. "A certain creditor had two debtors: the one owed him five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had *nothing to pay*, he frankly forgave them both." Notice, each is a debtor; and further, each is penniless. Their only prospect, according to law, is imprisonment; yet, strange to say, they are both frankly forgiven. What a creditor!

Now see how this fits into the case in point. A sinner is a

debtor, and he who has "*no strength*" is like a man who has *nothing to pay*. Well, just as the creditor forgave the debtor at the moment when he had nothing to pay, so when the soul owns its guilt and spiritual weakness it is then that God forgives, justifies, and sheds His love abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. That is the moment He selects. Man's deepest extremity is God's choice opportunity. Grace meets the soul that is truly and thoroughly *down*. See the prodigal of Luke xv.; "*as soon as*," said his self-righteous brother, "this thy son is come . . . thou hast killed for him the fatted calf." Such instant grace was incomprehensible; yet how fitting! how appropriate! Ah, grace is always speedy! It "*flew*" with a live coal from the altar to the penitent lips of the prophet. It "*ran*" to meet the prodigal; and, believe me, dear reader, it will hasten on the wings of the wind to your troubled heart, if there only be the true confession of your sins.

There need be no delay. "*To-day*," said the Lord to the contrite malefactor, "shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." How sudden! A criminal expiating his crimes at one moment, and the next in spirit in the paradise of God!

Love is always expeditious. God can save the greatest sinner in a moment of time. In fact, God's salvation is always instantaneous, although the apprehension of it may be delayed. When His gift is accepted, then eternal life is possessed; for "the gift of God is eternal life."

J. W. S.

ENERGY GIVEN.

ACQUAINTANCE with Christ in the glory is the great energising principle of the Christian faith. Christ in glory beamed like the light of a beacon before His

servant Paul. It guided and drew him on in his troublous course on earth. It led him with unwearied force to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 14).

He saw before him the brightness of a glorified Jesus, and he longed to be like Him on high. The prize of resurrection blessings glistened before his soul; he panted for the day when he should be exactly like Christ, and in the power of that prospect he counted what he once so dearly prized as dung, and was ready, even should it be by the means of martyrdom, to be with Christ, whose image he would shortly bear.

Reader! the force of his example appeals to us, while his tears, as he tells of those "who mind earthly things," warn us; for we are either running in the race, as was Paul, or we are turning to the world—there is no neutral ground.

JOY COMES AFTER SORROW

ALL my life I still have found,
I will forget it never,
Every sorrow hath its bound,
And no cross endures for ever.
After all the winter's snows
Comes sweet summer back again;
Patient souls ne'er wait in vain,
Joy is given for all their woes.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

THERE is dew in one flower
and not in another, because one
opens its cup and takes it in,
while the other closes itself and
the drop runs off. So God rains
goodness and mercy as wide as
the dew; and if we lack them,
it is because we will not open
our hearts to receive them.

To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "When?" or
"How?"
Only bow.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

THERE is no veil before the face of the ascended Jesus ; it is all love, grace, glory, not a cloud upon His face. Not a shadow of doubt should remain in the hearts of His own. We know that He would not be the glorified man on high had He not been the crucified man below.

We see Him, but not holding the tables of the law in His hands and bidding us "do this and live;" we see Him with hands once pierced for our sins, and the glory of God shining from His face, telling us that all is done, that our sins are gone, and that God is magnified. We know that He who was forsaken for us is the very measure of our acceptance—"we are accepted in the Beloved." Thus is the glory of Christ good news to His people.

THE YEAR'S LAST MOMENT.

THE crowd sweeps onward still,
And we with it move on,
Part of the ever-rushing multitude,
Till the great goal be won,
And for the last time sinks the
ever-setting sun.

Another hour has struck
With solemn note and slow ;
Another fragment of time's cliff has
rushed
Into the vale below ;
Another of earth's streams this
moment ceased to flow.

Another lamp of time
Has flickered into gloom,
And left us lonelier in our lonely
watch,
Waiting the light to come ;
Not *into*, but beyond the life-
devouring tomb.

Another of time's stars
Has vanished from the eye.
Ah ! now the light of the immortal
dawn
Is coming up the sky,
And quenching one by one those
midnight gems on high.

Another headland turned,
While bends the quivering mast,
Another beacon of the lone, lone sea
Our vessel has shot past ;
The shore, the shore is near. Is
that the haven at last ?

Another bridge of life
Has now been crossed ; few more
Remain for us ; another ridge of
time
We've reached, from it t'explore
The far outspreading green of the
not distant shore.

Another pillar fallen
In Time's old temple. See
How fragment upon fragment darkly
lies,
And hear how heavily
The echoes wind along by the
slow-swelling sea.

Another song has closed,
A true but varied strain,
And the deep turret chime I hear
afar
Has echoed out, Amen,
Swelling the long-drawn fall of
the well-known refrain.

Oh, well for us to watch !
Our night will soon be o'er ;
The day of mortal doom approaches
fast,
The Judge is at the door.
Awake, arise, my soul, and sleep
thy sleep no more !
H. BONAR.

FORGIVENESS IN THE LIGHT.

FORGIVENESS of sin, through faith in Christ, requires to be continually brought before us. "If we walk in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Why this "and"? The force of the conjunction is significant. If you "walk in the light," you will see the innumerable spots, sins, and iniquities that are upon you. The more we walk in the light, the more is it necessary that there should be repeated to us that blessed assurance : "*and* the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Our consciousness of sin increases in proportion as our communion

is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ.

But not for a single moment ought the believer to allow his sin to keep him from God and from Jesus Christ. Our very sins drive us to the Father, who delights in mercy, and to Jesus Christ, who now liveth as our High Priest and Intercessor. "This is My body which is broken for you, This do in remembrance of Me." How difficult it is sometimes to believe the forgiveness of sin ! It may be very easy when the conscience is dormant, and when love is languid ; but when sin is felt as exceeding sinful, and all your past transgressions rise up against you—then to say, "His body was broken for me," is not within human power ; it is the gift of the Holy Ghost ; it is God Himself who enables us to "lay our sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God."

Christ for us ; then are not merely our sins forgiven, but we are beloved of the Father. Oh, what a transfer took place on the cross ! When Christ was on the cross, we were on the cross with Him, so dark, so sinful, so polluted, so defiled, that God could not look on Christ, because He had laid on Him the iniquities of us all ! We have remained there ; we have never been separated from Christ crucified ; the sheep which He found and saved lies still on His shoulders ; there we are still. But how are we there now ? As the high priest in Israel bore the twelve tribes on his breastplate—jewels full of light, beauty, and variety—even thus are the dark and sin-polluted sinners now changed into gems, jewels upon the breastplate of Jesus Christ. Nothing but love surrounds us now. Beneath us love rescued us from destruction, by tasting death and enduring the cross for us. Above us the Father's

love, as it sent Christ to die, receives us, and bestows on us the love with which He loved His Son. Around us are the arms of Jesus; once nailed to the cross, now full of tenderness and power, one with the arms of the Father, who receives us graciously. God was in Christ crucified, reconciling us to Himself. And sin has become the occasion of the brightest revelation of God; God is love!

RESURRECTION.

THE power of practical Christianity lies in what we have. The religious man without Christ is constantly trying to obtain something out of Himself to give to God; the sceptic is ever telling us that he has done with religion; but the Christian lives in the enjoyment of the blessings where-with he is blessed—he possesses. The gospel comes to the weary and needy heart with positive good. It brings blessings to man, it fills the soul with satisfaction, it removes want by pouring in exceeding riches. The satisfied sheep lies down when she wants nothing more. The abundance which is ours occasions our rest. “He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.”

The gospel of our salvation first answers every need which the Spirit of God, by showing us our real condition, awakens within us; next, it satisfies all the longings which God Himself by His Spirit creates in our souls. Brought as we are into a new relationship with our God, we know Him in a new way; we know Christ in a new way; all things are become new to us, and we are made new to enjoy the new things.

Of our blessings, resurrection is the foundation. Resurrection, which each seed sown in the earth and rising up in new life, and which each waking spring

teaches, is the very essence of the gospel of God. Our dull hearts too often travel no further than the benefits of Christ's death; we reach the cross, and there sit down. Sometimes the sluggish spirit, having found forgiveness by the blood of Jesus, returns to earthly things, resting in forgiveness, not rising above the circumstances around us in the vigour of resurrection life. The believer is, indeed, a forgiven man, but he is also delivered from the power of Satan, and the world, and death, and himself, by the resurrection of Christ. The blood of the sacrifice has cleansed away his guilt, but he is not only cleansed, he is risen with Christ. He lives already in the life of the eternal spring.

Resurrection is the guarantee of our blessings; for “if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins” (1 Cor. xv. 17).

If Christ be not raised, the Christian's hope in God is utterly vain. But by Christ's resurrection we are established in a standing of absolute liberty before God—a standing upon the other side of death, the bright side, where Christ is. He is the “Resurrection and the life;” first the resurrection, then the life. He first overcomes death, and then gives life to them for whom He died. After having borne the judgment and death due to their sins, He imparts to man dead in sins eternal life in the power of His resurrection.

Death precedes judgment. “After death the judgment,” and from death the sinner cannot escape.

The Lord has destroyed the power of death, and has taken us out of our state of death in trespasses and sins, and has given us a life which is beyond death, and free from judgment.

We are, alas, so occupied with this world and its vanity, that

we are dull to discover and slow to receive the fulness of our resurrection blessings. Besides which, many of God's people are in spirit trembling upon the Egyptian side of the Red Sea; they are not, in faith, upon resurrection ground. Israel was safe in Egypt when under the shelter of the blood of the slain lamb, but Israel, though equally safe, was in despair when hedged up between the pursuing enemy and the Red Sea. Then came the third day—the day typical of resurrection—and Israel proved God's power in opening a way for them through the waters. When standing upon the opposite side of the Red Sea, they knew God's salvation. And though we are safe the moment we trust Him who shed His blood for us, yet we know not God's salvation until we lay hold by faith of God's power in raising Him from the dead, and in bringing us through His death and by His resurrection into perfect deliverance.

Should there be one reader of this page still wanting the full assurance of the knowledge of his acceptance before God, let him turn his eye of faith to Christ in the glory of God. The sin-bearer upon the cross is the crown-wearer upon the throne; forsaken of God upon Calvary, is the fulness of God in heaven. Our sins, which nailed Him to the tree, our judgment which brought Him to death, are gone in His sufferings. Our very selves, like fruitless trees, are cut down and hidden in His grave. His cross and His crown are linked together. There is no separation between having been crucified with Christ and being glorified with Christ. Our resurrection life in our risen Jesus should assert itself in our daily walk and ways; it should, like the freshness of spring, hide the death and efface the very memory of the winter of our unconverted days.

SYMPATHY AND SUCCOUR.

A SINCERE pleasure in the welfare of others proves not merely the strength of our Christian charity, but our freedom from envy. And sympathy with the afflicted does much to lessen their sorrow and alleviate their grief. In the early days of Christianity this blessed grace of sympathy operated with all the force and speed of an electric shock through the widely extended community of the Church. Whether one member suffered, all the members suffered with it; or one member was honoured, all the members rejoiced with it. There is a great charm in sympathy, a happiness of the highest order in the mere exercise towards others of kind and brotherly affection, and in being the object of such affection ourselves; whether it be that of the sympathy of joy when we are prosperous, or of the sympathy of compassion when we are afflicted. This royal law of love,—for what is sympathy but love in expression and in action?—is often pressed upon us in Scripture, and nowhere more beautifully than by our Lord in the parable of the Good Samaritan, or more forcibly than by St. Paul in the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Of course, there is a sense in which we cannot bear the burdens of others; a sense in which it holds true, "Every man shall bear his own burden." We cannot bear the burden of a man's responsibility; that can only be borne by the man himself. "Every one of us must give account of *himself* to God." We cannot bear the burden of another man's sin: no priest, or pope, or prelate can do this. We cannot bear the burden of another's individuality. The man must be himself for ever-

more. He must live, and live on, and carry with him his conscience, his feelings, all the things that make up his life, into a state of enduring happiness or everlasting woe. Solemn, yea, awful thought! "Every man shall bear his own burden."

But if there are burdens which cannot be shared, there are some which we can bear for others, taking something of the weight upon ourselves. There are "the weary and heavy laden" in all classes and ranks and grades of society, from the king in his palace to the beggar in his hut. The greatest, perhaps, have the most burdens. And some there are whose share in the burden of life is very great.

Here is one who is suffering in body from weakness, or infirmity, or sharp pain; he has his "thorn in the flesh," nor will he be free from the anguish until the suffering deepens into death, and he is given a merciful release. Here is a man bearing the burden of poverty; his whole life a struggle, a hard fight against want; his body worn with toil, and all the nobler strivings of his soul crushed and killed because he is daily engaged in the endeavour to drive off hunger from his door. Yonder is a widow in her weeds of woe, with a heart buried in her husband's grave, where the iron entered into her soul, and for whom a light has passed from the world for ever. Here is a wife worse than widowed, for he who swore to love her proved unfaithful, and is false to his marriage vows. Or shall I speak of a child bereft of a parent's care, and left alone to buffet, as he best may, the waves of this troublesome world: to reach the shore, if strength and nerve hold out, or to sink in the stormy waters, if purpose and courage fail? Or shall I allude to the man whose "riches have made to themselves wings, and flown away," carrying with them

many whom he imagined his friends? For though his honour is unstained, yet he finds that the so-called friends of his prosperous days, the summer flies who buzzed so long as the sun shone, have forsaken him in his hour of need, have gone now that the chilling blasts of adversity have blown rudely round his head.

But how are we to bear one another's burdens? Very readily I answer. By *sympathy*. You can fill your heart with another's joy or another's sorrow, and be, as it were, a second self to your friend. Is it possible by sympathy to divide another's trouble, and double another's gladness. And very beautiful are the words and deeds of sympathy, and they leave a blessing behind.

But not by sympathy alone, but by active deeds, are we to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." The mere passive feeling of compassion is of no more worth than the fair blossom on a tree, which disappoints expectation and never turns to fruit. Give us no such tears as fall upon the pages of a novel, or are shed over some romantic drama in the playhouse. Let sympathy and action go hand in hand.

Bear the burden of another's poverty by relieving it. Bear the burden of the erring by "restoring such an one in the spirit of meekness." Take the penitent by the hand, and bid him rise, and say, "Up, brother, try again." Restore the fallen by words of forgiveness and hope, and send them on their way rejoicing. This, indeed, is Christ-like work, for *He* came to "seek and to save that which was lost." We can all bear burdens. We can bear the infirmities of the weak, and forbear them in love. We can suffer the hasty word to pass in silence, without answering

again. Or we can meet it by "the soft answer which turneth away wrath." We can soothe the irritable temper. We can smooth the pillow of sickness, and sit beside a brother or sister suffering. We can lighten the chamber of death by words of hope and heaven, and comfort the soul as it goes out into the dark valley. Let the weakest, let the humblest Christian remember that he can take the edge from the sharpness of many a sorrow, and make the heart of every mourner glad by his presence, kindly words, sympathising attentions, sunny smiles, seasonable silence: watchfulness against wounding another's sensitiveness; a check placed on the ungenerous judgment in your heart, a restraint put on the unkind word on your tongue,—by these simple manifestations of the law of love you may carry out the exhortation of the Apostle.

So doing, the beautiful language of Job would be applicable to us, and these words might stand for our portrait—one of the most beautiful ever painted of man: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out." Happy would it be for ourselves and for others, were we to live under the influence of this precept, which breathes the very spirit of heaven: "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another,

and forgiving one another: if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." I ask if it would not be well for ourselves, and for all around us, if our homes would not be the happier, and our daily life brighter, if we always strove to act in the spirit of the words, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep"?

When St. Paul exhorts us to "bear one another's burdens," he adds, "and so fulfil the law of Christ." Here is a motive, the divinest, the grandest, as well as the most tender of all. "The law of Christ!" What was that? The law of love and sympathy. This was the law of His incarnation, the law of His life, the law of His intercourse with men, the law that attracted sinners to His feet, to wash them with their tears, and which drew the weary and heavy-laden to His arms, to be folded in the embrace of His love. This was the law to which He gave a living illustration in His obedience unto death. A Burden-bearer was the Lord Jesus Christ.

In your daily life, look around you, and see what burdens you can bear, what pillows you can smooth, what tears you can wipe away, what weak hearts you can sustain, what broken ones you can bind up, into what wounds you can pour the oil and wine of blessed consolation. Launch boldly into the ocean of love. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU.

THERE is only one who can say this. Every human tie is likely to be severed, nor can we assure ourselves of the permanence of any earthly friendship. Those nearest and dearest to us may turn to be our bitterest foes;

and those whose friendship remains unbroken may yet be swept away from our presence and fellowship, and leave us desolate and alone. But "He hath said, I will never leave you nor forsake you." The seal of truth is upon the covenant which He hath made with us. Long as His grace abides, long as His mercy endures; long as His omnipotence rules and omniscience discerns; long as creation is subject to its Maker's sway; long as the stormy wind fulfils His word; long as the thunderbolts sleep within His hand; long as the angels wait to do His will, hearkening to the voice of His command: so long we need not fear; so long we shall not be abandoned, for He hath said, "*I will never leave you nor forsake you.*"

SATISFIED.

I SHALL be satisfied—but, oh, not here,
Within my silent dwelling, where I see
The vacant chairs, where loved ones used to sit
And hold sweet converse, day by day, with me.

I know that they are resting with the Lord,
And He to them a new sweet name has given,
Which I shall know not till that blessed day
When I, too, walk the golden streets of heaven.

I shall be satisfied—but, oh! not here,
Where nought is perfect that I think or do,
And, at the close of day, the retrospect
Brings so much sin before my saddened view.

I shall be satisfied, but only when
I see my Lord, and know as I am known,
When, with those dear ones who have gone before,
I stand redeemed before His glorious throne.

S. T. W.

A PORTRAIT, AND THE TEXT
BENEATH IT.

SHE was not attractive. I doubt if her dearest friends would have thought her so. Something of the "old maid" clung pertinaciously about dress and person and manner; and yet you could not have known Miss Ray without loving her.

How old was she? Well, the flush of womanhood and the prime of life's summer lay behind her: she was treading now the gray flats of middle age—just the dustiest, dreariest stretch of the journey, you would have deemed, young reader; "nothing to look forward to" on this side the sun setting: and with the cool breeze and calm of eventide yet far away.

But—and mark, I say it advisedly—you are an unusually happy person, if *your* life is as glad as was Miss Ray's!

And why? Ah! there goes a great deal to the answering of that question. Once—years ago now—she had had her own stake in life—her own little stake of personal happiness. It was swept away; dreams and hopes and plans fell to the ground; in their place came trial and bereavement, and she was left a solitary, stricken woman.

What then? Was happiness *all*? Happiness might be gone, she told herself, but *blessedness* remained; and what sufficed for the Master might surely suffice for her! *Not* as a "receiver," but a *Giver*, had Christ lived His life; should she murmur that He was choosing for *her* lot what He had chosen for *His own*? Had He not said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"? and that more blessed portion He was offering her.

She accepted it. No one knew what was transacting in the breast of the homely, quiet

woman; but a great hush came into her being, and then—in a higher sense than any the poet intended—

"Love took up the harp of life,
And struck the quivering chords
with might;
Struck the chord of 'self' which,
trembling,
Passed in music out of sight."

She was free. Regrets and shadows lay behind her, for love—divine, all-satisfying love—had conquered.

That was the beginning of Miss Ray's gladness. There were no more broken-hearted days; for, being a practical little woman, she at once set to work to take stock of herself and her possessions on behalf of her Lord and of her "neighbour."

What had she that could be turned to account? Gifts? talents? "Ah! the less said about them the better," she reflected, with a sigh and a sage, regretful shake of the head. Time, health, means? These were commonplaces, to be sure; but they were not a bad stock to trade with; and of these, at least, she had plenty. Sympathy? Yes, of *that* there was a hoard lying by unused. Comforting words, bright looks for the little ones; helpful hands and feet at the service of all—these she could give.

Whence, and as the outcome of all these calculations, she gave up her country home for a small house "in town," and girded herself for city work.

How did she begin? Well, we may as well confess at once our friend was *not* a philanthropist. She never *could* get up an enthusiasm for a "cause" or a "movement," or embrace very tenderly in her sympathies the great masses of suffering humanity. Of course it was a defect—a grave one; but there it was; and Miss Ray was "only a woman." Let her work her own way.

The sick child next door, the young widow across the road, the over-worked servant, the half-starved errand-boy—*these* soon discovered that Miss Ray had a heart—the very cats and dogs of the district, maimed or stray, could have told you that!

Then she had a wonderful knack of finding out just what people wanted. That poor charwoman who lived in the top attic of No. 5 Crane's Court never knew where the half-pound of tea came from which she found lying (with a New Testament beside it) on the three-legged table, one Saturday night. And the pale young minister in the next street was quite as ignorant concerning the £10 note which lighted up his barely-spread breakfast table on Christmas morning.

Ah! and there was a young mother living in a pretty villa outside the town, whose heart held a tenderer questioning concerning a little grave in the quiet cemetery on the hill, which she had left bare under January skies, and found, months after, on a sweet Easter morning, covered with clustering blossoms of blue heart's-ease.

Many were the busy housekeepers who blessed Miss Ray. She was always ready to help them out of a dilemma, or take the children off their hands for half a day. And the invalids, they knew of one friend who was always willing to transact their business for them. Poor students found the books they most needed mysteriously at hand at the right moment. Struggling clerks, with large families, were astonished by the arrival, on some bleak winter night, of tons of coals which *they* had never paid for! And every sick-room in the neighbourhood knew the basket of fruit and flowers that came from Miss Ray's.

As to the crying children

GOD IN WHOSE HAND THY BREATH IS, AND WHOSE ARE ALL THY WAYS, HAST THOU NOT GLORIFIED.

(DANIEL v. 23.)

who were comforted, the warm shawls and comforters that found their way to rheumatic old folk, the "ready-cooked dinners" that appeared suddenly in starving homes—their name was legion.

These things were not much, you say. Perhaps not; but if Christ's "inasmuch" means anything, they will count for something in a day that is coming!

But don't suppose for a moment that the bodily wants of her neighbours stood first in Miss Ray's thoughts. Nay, she was a woman of few words, but of much prayer, and none knew the treasures of loving intercession that went up from that quiet back parlour, for each home to which her gifts found their way.

And the ingenious devices for reaching souls of which she was the author! The laundress never carried home her basket from "No. 10" but a tract was lying at the bottom. No train or car ever conveyed Miss Ray as passenger without reaping the benefit in a legacy of books and papers. The tradesmen's books, sent in for payment, were returned with the money, and with something else besides. I could even tell you of certain quiet walks taken by the dear quaint little figure, in which an old seed basket formed her sole companion; and out of the said receptacle emerged Scripture portions, leaflets, hymns, and tracts (each, mind you, carefully selected and prayed over),

which were tucked under stones at the road-side, between gateposts, in the green hedges, in a way that formed a new commentary on "the seed is the Word."

She had also, what to many people might seem a peculiar notion—not a bad one, however—that in some way she was responsible for the souls of the baker and milkman, the butcher and grocer—the very postmen and policemen who served her! And she *acted* on the idea; which is more, perhaps, than can be said of you or me, dear reader.

Well, I need not go farther. You know now, why Miss Ray's was a "glad life." You need no description of the light that shone on the thin face, or the blessed thoughts that came and went between her soul and Heaven. You need no assurance that this same light will "shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

You have her portrait; here is the text beneath it—"Go thou and do likewise!"

M. F. G.

A THRONE OF GRACE.

THANK God for every errand that takes you to a throne of grace. Whatever that may be that sends you to prayer, count it your choicest blessing. It may be a heavy cross, a painful trial, a pressing want; it may be a broken cistern, a cold look, an unkind expression; yet if it leads you to prayer, regard it

as a mercy sent from God to your soul.

AT JESUS' FEET.

1. *The place for sinners* (Luke vii. 30). She stood at His feet not unbidden, not unwelcome.

2. *The place of rest* (Luke viii. 35). Found the man sitting at Jesus' feet (Mark v. 5; Matt. ii. 28). I will give you rest.

3. *The place of instruction* (Luke x. 39). Mary sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word.

4. *The place for needy and troubled ones* (Mark vii. 25). Came and fell at His feet (Luke viii. 41). He fell down at Jesus' feet (John ii. 32). She fell down at His feet.

5. *The place for burdens* (Matt. xv. 30). Cast them down at Jesus' feet. See Isa. lv. 22.

6. *The place for thanksgiving and praise* (Luke xvii. 16). She fell down at His feet giving Him thanks.

7. *The place of service* (John xii. 3). Mary anointed the feet of Jesus. It is little we can do, but let us bring our best.

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