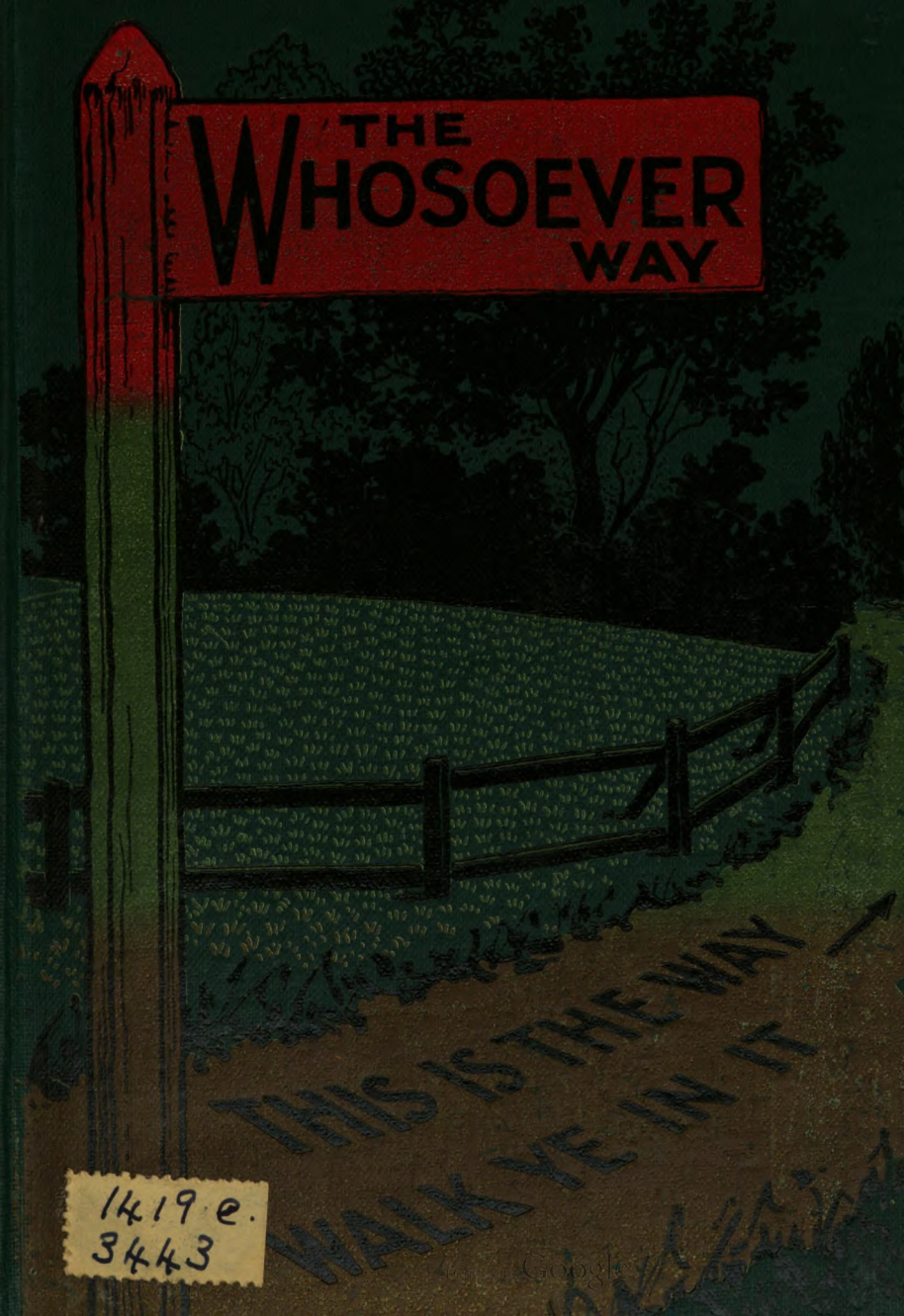

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THE WHOSOEVER WAY

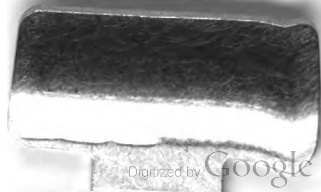


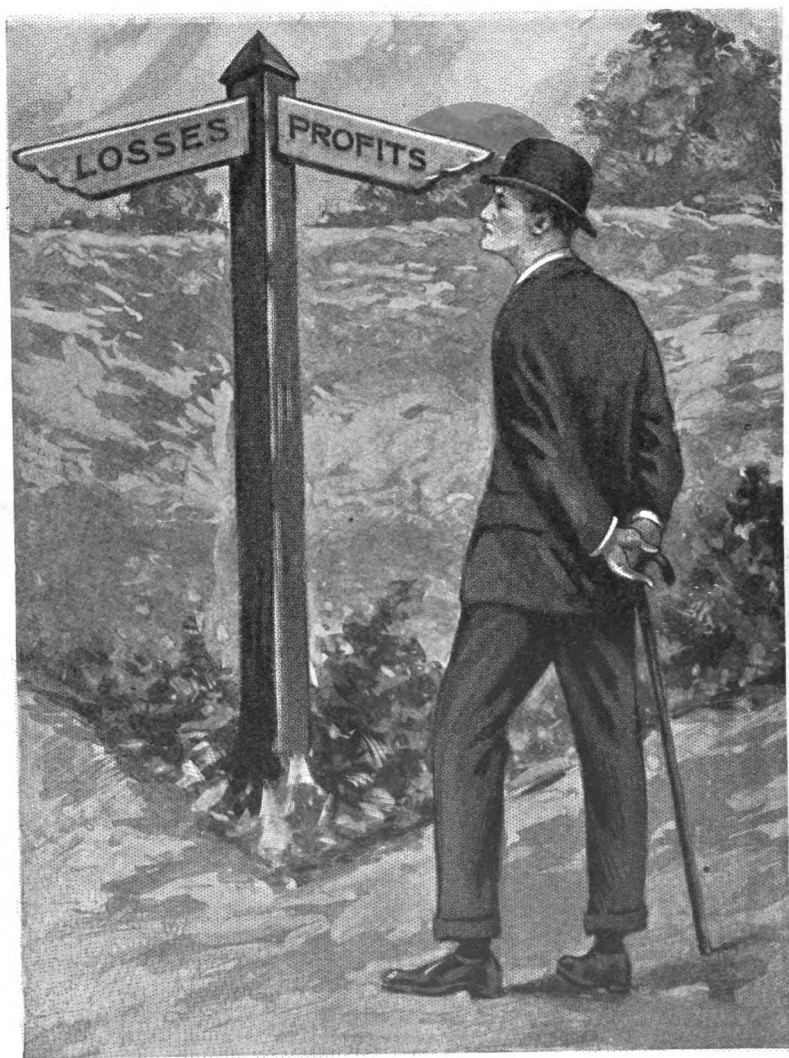
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THIS IS THE WAY
WALK YE IN IT

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THE WHOSOEVER WAY

A SERIES OF STRIKING INCIDENTS AND
TELLING ARTICLES, SETTING FORTH THE
:: :: GOOD NEWS OF SALVATION :: ::

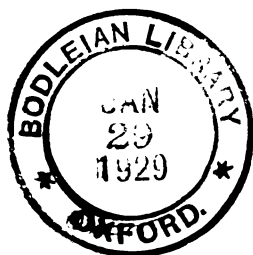
EDITED BY
ALEXANDER MARSHALL

Author of "God's Way of Salvation," etc.



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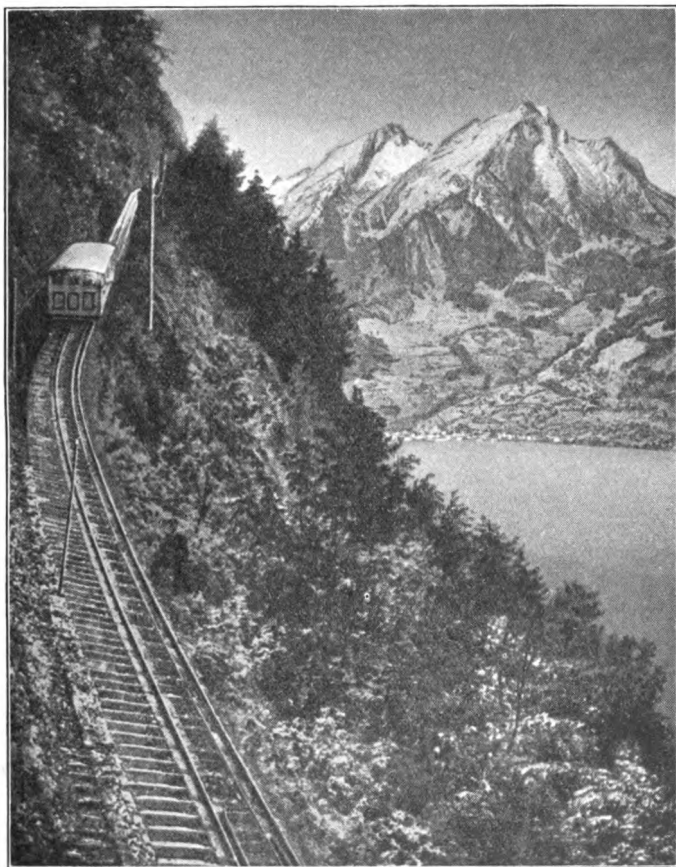


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AN ALPINE DISASTER;

— OR,

THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER WHO RISKED AND LOST HIS LIFE
IN ATTEMPTING TO REACH SOME BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.



Alpine Railway and Mount Pilatus.

"The tourist lightly replied, 'I want to have these flowers.'
As he neared the place where they were growing the guide
exclaimed, 'Stop for the love of your life.' "

AN ALPINE DISASTER.

SWITZERLAND, "the playground of Europe," as it is sometimes called, is visited annually by tens of thousands of tourists from all parts of the continent. Many go mountaineering, and not a few lose their lives in the Alpine peaks and valleys through misadventure. A story is told of a young man who, while climbing a mountain observed some beautiful flowers growing on the edge of a gorge. He was seized with a strong desire to have some of them as a memento of his visit to Switzerland. As he pressed onwards and upwards to the spot where they grew, a Swiss guide, observing his peril, cried, "Stop, young man, you are going into danger!" The tourist lightly replied, "I want to have these flowers." As he neared the place where they were growing the guide exclaimed, "Stop, for the love of your life; there is a precipice, and you will fall!" But the young man had made up his mind to obtain the flowers. As he stooped to grasp the prize the guide heard him say, "I have got them." As he uttered these words he overbalanced himself and fell down a sheer 1000 feet on the rocks beneath! He had secured the flowers at the cost of his life! The unsaved reader is exposed to a far more terrible danger than the tourist. The tourist was exposed to physical or temporal death, which is the separation of the body from the soul. All unsaved men and women are in danger of the second death, which is separation of soul and body from God in conscious punishment throughout eternity.

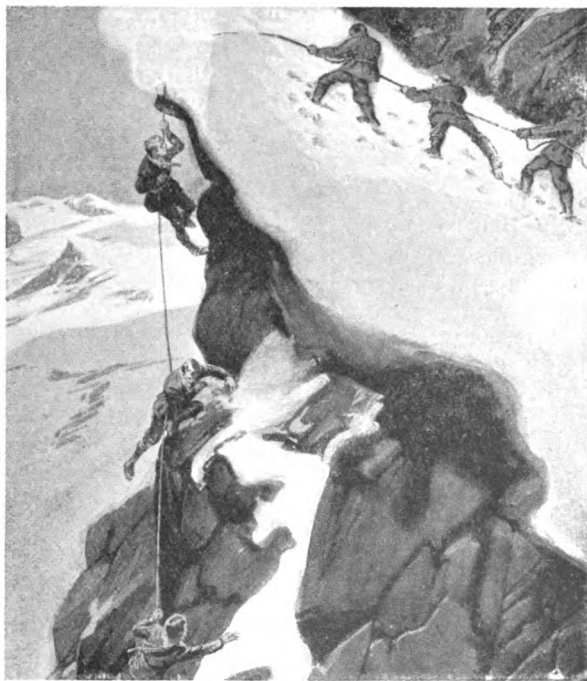
"To lose one's wealth is much,
To lose one's health is more;
To lose the soul is such a loss
That nothing can restore."

Scripture says that "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), which is not the cessation of being, but the cessation of well-being. All of us have earned sin's wages. God's Word tells us that "all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23); "all have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6) from the path of obedience; "there is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good, and sinneth not" (Eccles. 7. 20).

What then is to become of us? "I'll turn over a new leaf," says one. Turning over new leaves on the pages of life's history won't blot out the old ones. "God

An Alpine Disaster.

requireth that which is past" (Eccles. 3. 15). If, from this day until the end of your life you did not commit a single sin in thought, word, or deed, Heaven could not thus be gained. God, however, has provided a way of escape. At an infinite cost He has provided a free and full salvation. Whilst hating sin with relentless hatred, God loves the



AN ALPINE RESCUE.

sinner with a marvellous intensity of affection. "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 3. 16). What amazing love! God so loved you, unsaved fellow-traveller to Eternity, with such matchless love that He gave His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to bleed, and die, and suffer on Calvary's Cross that you might be saved

from sin's penalty and power, and be with Him in the glory throughout eternity! When I was saved I read that astounding Gospel statement thus: "God so loved me that He gave His only begotten Son to die in my room and stead, and by believing on Him He says I shall not perish, but have everlasting life." And I added this: "I'll stick to it that I am saved because God says so, and never mind my feelings." And I was as safe then as I am now.

The very moment you believe that the Lord Jesus died for all your crimson sins on Calvary's Cross you will be entitled to say:

"I do believe it! I do believe it!
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb.
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name!"

A warning word. The tourist was in danger of losing his life, but he was warned by the Swiss guide. Every one who has not experienced the great change of conversion to God is even now under Divine condemnation. The Lord Jesus says: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18).

All who have not taken the lost sinner's place, and believed on Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them, have the wrath of God abiding upon them. "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 3. 36).

We would urge the unsaved reader to "flee from the wrath to come." "Because there is wrath beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18).

"But if you still His call refuse,
And all such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from thee turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;
'Too late! Too late!' will be the cry,
'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!'"

"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

A. M.

WASHED: OVERBOARD.

TWO men during a storm at night were washed overboard. Soon the cry, "Hands over!" brought their fellow-sailors to the bulwarks. In a moment a rope was thrown over to the sinking men. One grasped it, and was



CALLING FOR HELP.

hauled on board. The other laid hold of a small box that had been washed overboard with themselves, and which floated by him. He clutched it with the energy of despair; but ere the rope of safety could again be thrown to him he sank to rise no more. He was as sincere as his fellow, and as earnest and tenacious in his grasp, as eager for life, as

he; but his sincerity and earnest trust were awfully misplaced. It *did* matter to him what he believed and on what he depended; but, alas! his sincerity couldn't save.

A gentleman in Bristol, some time ago, was taken ill. The doctor was sent for, medicine was prescribed, a dose administered, and the remainder left in a bottle on the mantel-shelf, to be taken at certain intervals. The doctor left, and the patient fell asleep. On awaking, the light had gone out; yet, wishing to take another dose of medicine he stretched out his hand for the bottle. With the dim light from the window he poured out a quantity in a wine-glass, drank it off, and fell asleep, sincerely believing he would soon get well again. The morning came, and on the servant knocking at the patient's door, and receiving no reply, the room was entered; but what to find? The poor man doubled up as though by mortal agony—dead! At the *post mortem* examination the jury found a verdict to the effect that evidence proved he must have taken poison in mistake for his medicine, a bottle of the deadly drug being on the mantel-shelf beside the doctor's mixture. Another picture of misplaced sincerity, deluded hopes, of deadly error!

Now, what is the reader trusting in? Which road are you travelling? Are you feeling you are not in the "path of the just?" not in the "narrow way?" Then listen to the words of God: "Turn ye, turn ye...for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33. 11).

A young man said to me, a few weeks ago, "I know I am not exactly right; I am in the wrong road." "Then why not turn at once?" I asked. He replied, "I haven't thought long enough about it. I can't turn so soon as this, can I?"

"Suppose you were on the road one night, and wishing to go to Honiton, asked me the way. I told you you were just going away from Honiton, and were walking straight to Taunton. How many miles farther would you go in the wrong direction?"

"Not another step, sir; I should turn at once."

"Just so, if you are persuaded you are wrong. Then turn now, even to-night. God will receive you, and pardon, and save you." He did turn that very night, and trusting Jesus Christ and His atoning work for salvation, he entered into peace.

W. J. H. B.

THE LOST TICKET.

TRAVELLING on one occasion from Taunton to Weston-super-Mare, the following incident occurred.

The train was one by which cheap market tickets were issued to Bristol, and amongst the passengers in the compartment in which I was travelling, was an elderly woman of a respectable hard-working appearance, who, before we reached our first stopping station, discovered, to her dismay, that she had lost her ticket.

Let us note here the resemblance between this woman without her ticket and you, my unconverted reader, on the journey of life.



In the first place, a ticket was absolutely necessary. She knew that, and purchased one before commencing her journey. So for you, who are travelling from time into eternity, at the express speed of sixty minutes every hour, without a stop, a pass is indeed necessary, which will be honoured at the end of the journey.

Friend, have you such a pass? You have not. You are on the journey and must go on to the end, yet without a ticket! God says, "There is no difference, for all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 22, 23). Therefore you, my unsaved reader, are passing on to eternity with the guilt of your sins upon you. You have never come in true penitence and met with God at the only meeting-place between a Holy God and a guilty sinner, viz., at the Cross, the "mercy

The Lost Ticket.

seat," sprinkled with the "precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter 1. 19).

I soon discovered that my unfortunate fellow-traveller had not only lost her ticket, but her purse also, that is, the means of paying her fare. So the sinner has not only forfeited all title to Heaven, but is entirely without the means of purchasing or procuring it. Some appear to labour under the deadly delusion that they can by good deeds render themselves acceptable to God; in other words, they would buy what God declares He gives. For while the "wages of sin is death, the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). There must be life before there can be any works that God can accept. Man's way is to work to salvation—God's is to work from salvation. Man's remedy is reformation, God's is regeneration. Man says, "turn over a new leaf" in the old book; God says, "Have your name written in a new book altogether"—even "the Lamb's Book of Life."

Friend, is your name there? It will avail nothing to have it in a teetotal society, or even on a church roll. "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15).

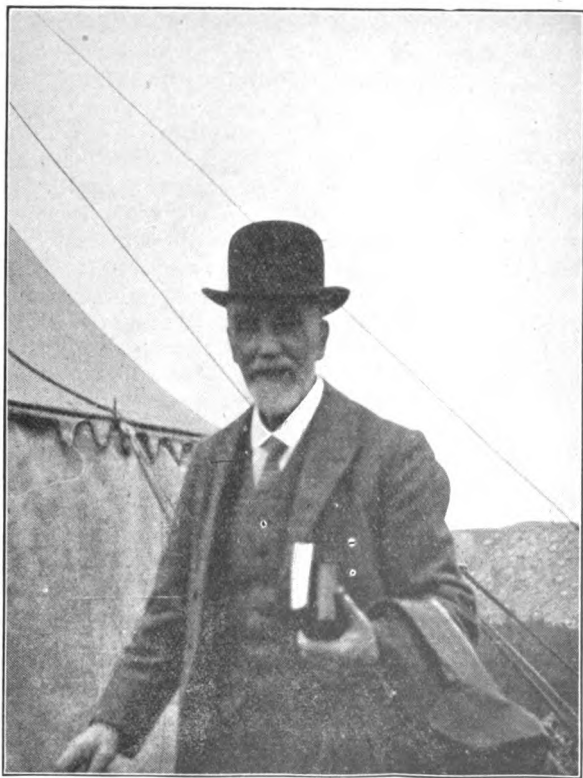
Now to return to the poor woman in the train. Seeing that she was in serious trouble about her loss, I ascertained the price of the lost ticket, and having offered to subscribe one-half of it, I soon collected the remainder from a few of the other passengers. I need hardly add that she was very grateful when I handed her what would enable her to pay her way to her journey's end and home again. Mark, she was on her journey without a ticket, and had no money wherewith to buy another. So the price was paid by others for her. She had no claim upon us. She did nothing to get it; it was given to her, and she gladly accepted it, because she knew her need of it.

How simply this illustrates the full salvation which the Lord Jesus Christ has purchased with His own Blood, and now offers freely "without money and without price" to all.

Thank God it is written in the last chapter of His Word (verse 17), "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Reader, have you taken it? If not, when do you intend to do so? Why not now? Now is the day of Salvation.

WILLIAM SHAW'S CONVERSION.

ON 20th October, 1927, Mr. William Shaw, a well-known Christian worker, was called to be with Christ, at Maybole, Ayrshire, Scotland. Many articles of his appeared in *The Herald of Salvation*, *Evangelist*, and other periodicals, bearing his initials. Mr. Shaw



WILLIAM SHAW.

was born and brought up in the town of Maybole, where he was highly respected and esteemed. As a lad he attended the Sunday School and Church, and when he grew up toward manhood he was asked to become a Sunday School teacher. While seeking to instruct his scholars in the doctrines of Scripture, he knew nothing

whatever of the great change of conversion to God! Through sundry hints received from an influential quarter, it was suggested that the time was drawing near when he should become a member of the Church, and partake of the "sacrament" of the Lord's Supper. William stood aghast at the thought, believing himself to be unfit to partake of the sacred ordinance. Eventually he acquiesced in the suggestion, and attended a class which was held for intending communicants. Referring to the examination of the candidates, Mr. Shaw says: "I had been expecting a very trying interview, but—well, I am not going to say anything except this, that I was not asked when I was converted, or, for that part of it, if I ever had been converted at all; indeed, the great change was not even hinted at!" How very sad it is that the same thing happens to thousands of persons on applying for church fellowship among professing Christians. None but those who have been "converted" to God have a title to sit down at the feast of remembrance. How can they remember One they have never known? In due time the "communion season" arrived, and this is how Mr. Shaw felt as he sat at the Table to partake of the "elements." "I can never forget sitting at that Table. The impressiveness of the ceremony awed me, but solemnity is one thing, and fear of judgment is another. I sat there momentarily expecting a judgment to fall on me. I partook of the elements in an unconverted state—my first communion was over—and I had eaten and drunk judgment to my soul! I felt I had sold myself to Satan, and at a miserable price! I got desperate—looked at it as a thing well over—and went to church next Sunday with a long face, and time, which cures all diseases, soon softened down the calls of conscience."

Became more religious. After his "first communion" Mr. Shaw determined to become "more religious." He commenced to try and lead a better life. He prayed longer, read the Scriptures oftener, and devoured large portions of religious periodicals. Gradually he worked himself into a more devotional spirit, and thought that he had enough "religion" to keep him till the day of his death. His "religion," as he afterwards described it, was a "miserable round of works and duties." William

Shaw sincerely believed that he was on the highway to Heaven, but he subsequently discovered that he was going respectably and religiously to Hell on the clean side of the broad road. Oh! the multitudes of people in this highly favoured land who think that they are real Christians, but they are sincerely mistaken. Many mistake "religion" for Christ, and "churchianity" for Christianity, expecting to enter glory without experiencing the great change of conversion to God. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee," said the Saviour to Nicodemus, the Jewish rabbi, "except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Has the reader been "born again?" If you have not—whatever else you have been or are—you cannot, in your present condition, enter the Kingdom of God. "Born once, die twice; born twice, die once," is a trite but true saying. God's holy Word declares that the mighty change of regeneration does not take place through our good works. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves: it"—salvation—"is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). The best acts done by the most "religious" man on earth, who has never been converted to God, are in His sight but "filthy rags." "They that are in the flesh"—man in his natural state—"cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8).

The Great Change. Special Gospel meetings were being held in Maybole, conducted by two evangelists, and God was blessing the people through the preaching of the Word. Mr. Shaw was invited to attend the services. At first he refused, but one night, accompanied by two young men, he attended a meeting. He was not, however, favourably impressed. A few nights later he returned, and was aroused by the Holy Spirit to an apprehension of his guilt and peril. Speaking of the meeting, he remarks: "For the first time I saw in all its nakedness my state before God. The hollow shams of the 'Christian' life, without conversion, were laid bare to me in a way they had never been before. I did not see yet what was needed. I had only a sense of something being dreadfully wrong." As he was leaving the hall a Christian worker, putting his hand on his shoulder, asked, "Have you found Christ?" "I hope so," was

his reply, and he passed on. Before he retired to rest that night, he says, "I had marked myself down as the greatest sinner in all the world." Instead, however, of accepting eternal life as a free gift, and a present possession, he struggled, and prayed, and strove to merit the pardoning mercy of God. One night, at the close of a Gospel meeting he screwed up courage, and remained for conversation. God's easy, artless, unencumbered plan of salvation was brought before him. Speaking afterwards of what was said to him, he remarked, "I could scarcely take it in—whosoever trusts Jesus is justified from all things—only believe," and you shall be saved. On the following day he was led to see that Christ had been wounded for his transgressions, and bruised for his iniquities (Isa. 53. 5); and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, he obtained the free and full forgiveness of all his sins.

Where does the reader stand? Are you trying to work, pray, or pay your way to Heaven? If so, you are on the wrong track. Sinners are not saved through what they do for Christ, but through what Christ did for them. "To him that worketh is the reward, not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 4, 5). The Lord Jesus finished the mighty work of atonement at the Cross. God is satisfied with what Christ did for us—not with what we do for Him. We would urge the unsaved reader to allow the water of God's Word to wash away his preconceived opinions. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). It is not "believe on the Lord Jesus, and act up to it, and thou shalt be saved," nor "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt feel saved," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Take God at His Word and you will be able to say truthfully—

"God loved, God gave;
I believe and I'm saved."

Don't procrastinate any longer. God's time is "now," and if you put off the settling the all-important question, you may, without any warning, be cut down in your sins, and where, oh! where will you spend Eternity? A. M.

CAME TO FIGHT AND STAYED TO PRAY!

AT the close of a meeting in Essex I noticed a young man sitting by himself at the far end of the hall. He was looking the very embodiment of wretchedness. The majority of the audience had left, and others were



"I ASKED HIM IF HE WERE A CHRISTIAN."

leaving; but there he sat as if absorbed in thought. Catching sight of me as I approached him, he made for the door. But I was there first, and putting my hand upon his shoulder, I asked him if he were a Christian. With a bluntness that almost startled me he answered, "No."

When I asked him if he would not like to be a Christian, he replied with the same abruptness, but with "YES," instead of "No." Soon we were on our knees, and while others were earnestly praying for him, I sought to show him from the Bible what it is to be a Christian, and how to become a Christian. He followed with keen interest the various passages dealing with the righteousness of God and the fact of sin—that sin is the transgression of God's law—that all have sinned—that the wages of sin is death. I had no need to emphasise his own sin and guilt, for it was that which was troubling him. The Holy Spirit had convicted him of his sin during the meeting. His concern was whether there was any possibility of forgiveness for him; would God have anything to do with such as he? It was my joy to point him to Isaiah 55 6: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Was he willing as a guilty sinner to turn to God? "Yes, rather, if God would only have him." Showing him that God loved him so much that He had given His Son to make atonement for his sin by laying down His life for him on the Cross of Calvary, and all that remained for him to do was to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved" (Acts 16. 31); in an instant the light broke through the darkness, and he saw the wonder and the simplicity of God's salvation for sinful men. Springing to his feet, and gripping my hand as if in a vice, he exclaimed, "Thank God! I see it! I've got it! I believe that Jesus died for me!" Amid echoing Hallelujahs and the singing of the doxology, there came to a close one of the most memorable meetings I have ever known.

It was at a later visit to that town that I learnt the earlier story of his life. Regarding me as his spiritual father, he opened up his heart to me as we sat alone one evening. And, oh, what a story it was of sin in its vilest forms. From lying, thieving, gambling, and drinking, he had gone into the very depths of riotous living, and had reached the swine troughs! Repeated experiences of prison cells only served to harden him, and when he came to my meeting it was because he knew a man was there with whom he had quarrelled. "I meant to punch his

head for him," was how he expressed himself. But coming to fight, he had stayed to pray! And ever since that night he has lived to preach!

To-day he is filling an honourable position in business life, and devoting all his spare time to the preaching of the Gospel. A while ago he came to another of my meetings, and in the presence of over two hundred people, told the story of his conversion twenty years ago. "At that time," he said, "I was a walking cesspool of iniquity." Now he is a cultured gentleman, a deeply-taught student of the Bible, and is finding his greatest joy in winning others for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Was not Paul right when he wrote: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). Nothing short of the "power of God" could have wrought such a miracle in that life. From that memorable night the craving for drink had given place to a heart thirst for the "living waters." Lips that had been fouled with blasphemy have since sounded forth the glad tidings of God's love for sinful men. He has found that the Lord Jesus is indeed "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25).

Here, then, is hope for the hopeless. None need despair, since Christ died for all. By His death upon the Cross He made possible the salvation of all men. And He not only saves from past guilt and future punishment, but He saves us day by day, for He is not only "mighty to save," but "able to keep." And His promise is sure: "No man shall pluck you out of My hand" (John 10. 29). Will you not trust this same Jesus? Then why not now?

S. E. B.

TAKE WARNING.

"**A**H, Mr. Harvey," said a dying man, "the day in which I ought to have worked is over; and now I see a horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Woe is me! When God called, I refused. Now I am in sore anguish, and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows." Reader, take warning. God is calling. Ere thy day of mercy pass, flee for refuge to the Christ of God. Faith in Him and His atoning work brings rest and peace (Rom. 5. 1).

DOING OR TAKING?

WHILST D. L. Moody at a meeting was explaining the freeness of salvation a man jumped to his feet, and oblivious to his surroundings, exclaimed, "Oh, it is beautiful! I always thought I had something to do, but now I see I have something to take."

It is to be feared that many are the victims of the delusion that it is by "doing our best" that salvation is obtained. Salvation is represented in Scripture as a free gift that cannot be earned or merited. "The free gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23, R.V.), and therefore cannot be purchased by vows, prayers, "good works," or religious observances. When the Jews asked what they had to do to work the works of God, the Lord replied: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John 6. 29). Faith is an act, but there is no merit in it. Faith is but the empty hand that accepts the gift, the eye of the soul that gazes on the Saviour. "By grace are ye saved, through faith...not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). If a single prayer, vow, or tear had anything whatever to do with securing our deliverance from the penalty of sin it would not be all of grace, and salvation is all of grace (Rom. 11. 6).

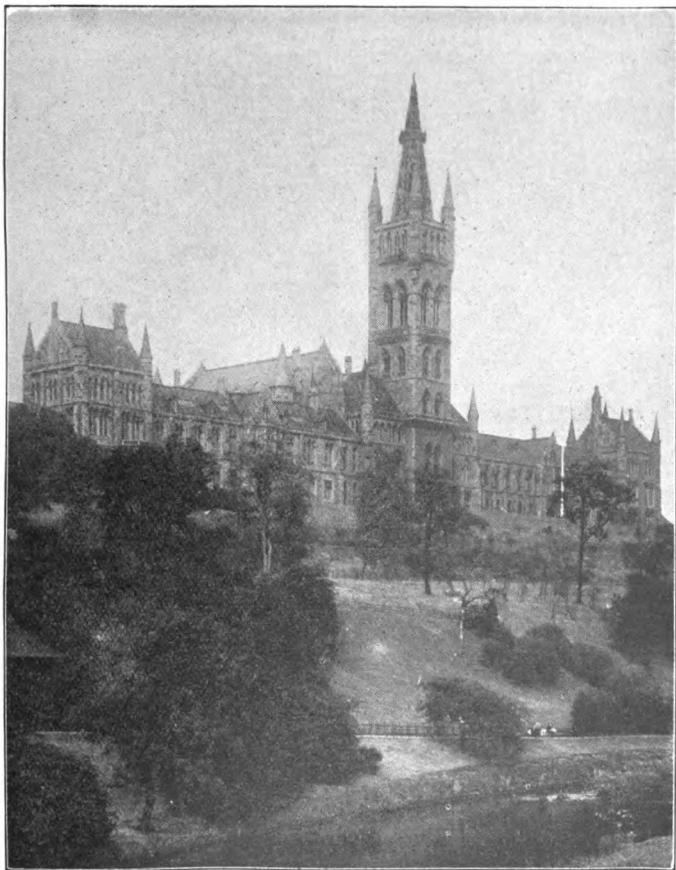
When the Philippian jailer asked, "What must I do to be saved?" the apostle replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). The "work" that the Jews were told to do was to believe on the Saviour. Thank God, sinners are invited to "take" His free gift at this very moment. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17).

"Whosoever will" includes you. You may say that you "don't feel your need sufficiently," that you are "not thirsty enough," or "not anxious enough." We would not seek to deny it, but in spite of your unfitness, and because of it, you are included in the word "whosoever." Whosoever believeth in Him who did it all and paid it all shall not perish, but have eternal life (John 3. 14, 15). If, however, you procrastinate and die unsaved, ponder another "whosoever." "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15). Believe and have—NOW. A.M.

RELIGIOUS BUT UNCONVERTED;

— OR, —

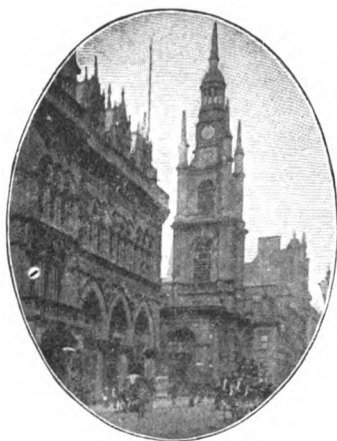
TWO YOUNG MEN WHO HAD A RELIGIOUS TRAINING, BUT HAD
NEVER EXPERIENCED THE NEW BIRTH.



Glasgow University.

"I am glad to be able to say that I am now converted ;
I know that all my sins are forgiven."

"I DON'T THINK I NEED TO BE CONVERTED."



BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

LET me ask you a plain question, Alexander. If you were dying now would you go to Heaven?"

"If I were dropping down dead on the spot I would go to Hell! I know I am not converted, and God has said in His Word, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God'" (John 3. 3).

Such was part of a conversation which took place between two young men on a Lord's Day evening as they walked along Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Both of

them had received a religious training, and were the subjects of many prayers, but as yet they had not decided for Christ. They intended being saved sometime, but the present they did not consider a convenient season. When they had more leisure they purposed turning their minds to the consideration of the great question, "Where shall I spend eternity?" This evening they were unusually interested in spiritual matters. The teacher of the Bible Class which they attended had been urging and entreating them to immediate acceptance of Christ, and what he had said had evidently led them to serious reflection. The impressions, however, were soon effaced, and, except that their hearts were more hardened, no visible effects were produced.

Two weeks after this conversation a great change had taken place in Alexander. At a Gospel meeting held in a circus he had been led to accept Christ as his Saviour, and was rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. He now longed to tell his friend William of the joy and peace he possessed. An opportunity was soon offered, and he began to tell him of the peace and joy he had through simply believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. "You remember asking me, some time ago, 'If I were dying would I go to Heaven?' I then said I was certain I

would not go there, as I was not born again. I am glad to be able to say that I am now converted; I know that all my sins are forgiven, and if I were dying to-night I would go to Heaven."

Having explained the means God had employed to his conversion, he urged and entreated his friend to lay down his arms of rebellion and accept the pardon God had provided for him in Christ. To all his entreaties he received the following reply: "I can easily understand that wicked people need to be converted. I don't think I require to undergo this change. I have been brought up religiously; my parents were Christians; and from my infancy I have been instructed in the things of God. I don't think I need to be converted."

What does the reader think of this great subject? If you were dying now, would you go to Heaven? Do you say, "That is a very hard question?" It may be hard to you, but it is not so to many. Numbers in these last days can truthfully say and sing:

"I know my sins are all forgiven—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
And I am on my way to Heaven—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

If they know that their souls are saved, and their sins forgiven, what is to hinder you from enjoying the same blessed privileges? Have you been born again? Have you been converted to God? Do you think, with the young man already referred to, that you don't need to be converted? Why do you think so? "I have never done any one any harm?" But you have surely sinned against God? "Certainly; we are all sinners." Never mind others just now. You admit that you have sinned, and God has declared in His Holy Word, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 20). Not only is it the case that you have done a great deal of harm, but at this very moment you are under Divine condemnation, with the wrath of a holy and sin-hating God resting on you.

Perhaps you say, "I have been brought up religiously, I have gone to church regularly, have read my Bible, and said my prayers, and what more can I do?" Friend, let me say to you, Religiousness is not conversion. You may have been watched over and carefully tended by Christian

parents; early you may have been taught to lisp the infant prayer:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Your mind may have been stored with texts of Scripture, and when you asked such strange questions about God, Heaven, and Hell, your parents were cheered. They thought they saw the good seed taking root in your heart. As years advanced you went to the Sunday School, but remember the Lord Jesus has said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). With all your religious training and morality, your Bible reading and prayers, your good works and church-goings, you "cannot see the Kingdom of God." "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7). This little word "must" speaks to all classes and creeds, to all sects and parties. Whatever thou art, young or old, rich or poor, religious or irreligious, you must be born again.

Allow me again to press this question, Have you been born again? Have you been converted to God? I wait for an answer. What do you say? Face the question fairly, honestly. Do you say, "No; I have not experienced this change?" Then rest satisfied unless you do you will never enter Heaven. God's cannot (John 3. 3) stands between you and it. Do you not wish to be born again? "Certainly I would, but how can I experience the change?" Let us read 1 Peter 1. 23: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God." "Of His own will begat He us with the Word of Truth" (Jas. 1. 18). "Receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls" (James 1. 21). Though the Holy Ghost is the author of the new birth, it is through the Word of God that sinners are saved. Many ways and means He may employ to awaken men to see their danger, but it is only through the "Word of the truth of the Gospel" (Col. 1. 5) that peace is obtained. God's Word reveals to us His Gospel. God's Gospel manifests His heart of love—His unutterable compassion to poor, perishing sinners. Believe the good news of God's love to you and you will be saved in a moment and saved for eternity. A.M.

GOD'S PERFECT PROVISION FOR THE SOUL'S NEED.

I WAS very much interested, in reading the life of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, to see how many years he preached the Gospel to others, and yet, by his own confession, was still unconverted. One of the most solemn texts to be found in Scripture is Matthew 7. 22: "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name, and in Thy Name have cast out devils, and in Thy Name done many wonderful



works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me ye that work iniquity."

A man may preach with the most powerful eloquence, and may do God's work, and may still be unsaved. The Lord tells us there may be "many" such. He does not say that He once knew them, and that they went back: He says, "I never knew you." Are you among the number? Many in this so called Christian land begin very early to engage in some good work. At a certain time they become members of the church, as it is called; how often, alas, not knowing whether they are saved or not! They then take a class in the Sunday School, have a district to visit, look after the affairs of the church, or the necessities of the poor, attain, it may be, the position of a deacon or an elder, or even of a preacher, and all this time they may never have had this matter definitely, finally, conclusively settled, "Am I saved?" They trust they are on the right road to be saved, which, of course, is the leading idea in all legalism and ritualism, and an entire ignoring of the Bible method.

Man's position is not that of one who is only a little out of God's mind, and who by a few sincere and vigorous efforts may be put right; but of one who is really dead, so far as connection with God is concerned. He is separated from God, and therefore from truth, from goodness, from life. In God is all truth, all goodness, all life; outside of Him there is none. Man by nature is born out of fellowship with God, and therefore he has not the slightest power to serve God acceptably, for he has not the life that can move in the direction of God, and in which he can serve Him. The movements in Christian service of an unconverted man are the galvanic movements of a corpse, which may seem very energetic, yet, alas, it is but a corpse that moves! All Scripture and experience tell us these two truths concerning God's character and man's condition.

Wherefore, dear friend, unless thou hast been born again, quickened into a new life from death, thou canst not serve God acceptably. Thou mayest strive day and night in all sincerity, but thou art dead; thou mayest visit the sick and minister to the dying (the holiest privileges of the saved one); all is vain; thou mayest comfort and assist

the widow and the fatherless, and have the prayers of many an orphan for thy reward, and yet be no better as to thy standing before God than the profligate and the profane; thou mayest give of thy bread to the poor; thou mayest support the cause of Christ in all its missions and churches at home and abroad; thou mayest give half of thy income to the advancement of the Lord's work, and not one penny stand to thy credit before God. Cain's sacrifice, beautiful, fair, and lovely as it was, and presented by a man who was at that time a professor of religion, and a sincere worshipper, was rejected by God. And so it is still. God will reject you and your sacrifice unless you come as one at peace with Him through His sacrifice, and not as one coming to make friends with God by your sacrifice. If you are out of Christ, your good deeds as well as your bad deeds are an abomination to God. All your "righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6), not only failing to cover you, but defiling you. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14. 23). You may be true to your friends; you may do your duty as parents, and provide for your own, but it is all sin; for, as saith the Scripture, "the ploughing of the wicked is sin" (Prov. 21. 4). Every action, however commendable in the Christian, and however binding upon you as a moral duty, is reckoned by God, if done by an unbeliever, to be a sin. because it is the action of one not at peace with Him through His own peace. "Without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. 11. 6). This is God's theology, however hard it may seem, and however much opposed to your ideas and to the prevailing ideas of the world concerning good works and their reward. "Dead works" is stamped on all your deeds. Until you can serve God as one who is saved, all your service will but intensify your anguish in the pit of woe, whither the Christless, the seemingly good and fair, beautiful and noble are all swept, together with the vile, the idolater, and the profane.

A gentleman had paid his money for the ransom of a slave, and had given her her freedom. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment which her deliverer brought to prove it to her; she only looked at him with

fear. At last he got ready to go his way, and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it dawned upon her what freedom was. With the first breath, "I will follow him," she said, "I will follow him, I will serve him all my days," and to every reason against it she only cried, "He redeemed me! He redeemed me!" When strangers used to visit that master's house and noticed, as all did, the loving constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, night by night, and day by day, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it: "He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

Is this your motive power for serving God—"He redeemed me?" Or is it only, "Well, I hope I may yet be found among the redeemed, and meanwhile I do the best I can?" Wretched slavery, with the chain of death or doubt hanging on the limbs! Rather take God at His word now, and joyfully exclaim, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant. Thou hast loosed my bonds" (Psa. 116. 16).

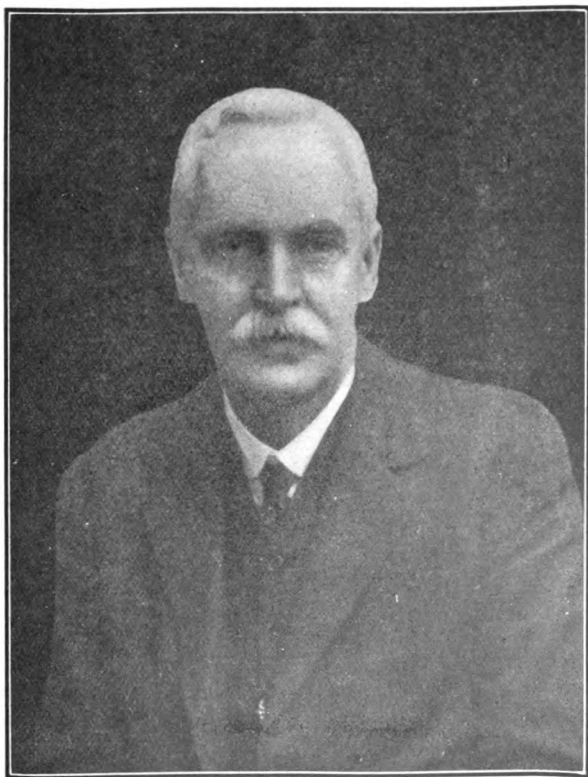
But perhaps some one may be thinking, "Well, I've been doing this little and that little, but I have never been conscious of being born again." Stop then at once and make it sure. Turn instantly from thy service and get rid of thy sin by believing in Him who, as the perfect Servant, "bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). Get into Christ—in His perfection thou canst meet and serve the living God.

"But," you may ask, "how am I to get into Him?" Simply by knowing Him (John 17. 3); by believing on Him (John 3. 36); by trusting in Him (2 Tim. 1. 12). You do not require to go to Heaven to beseech God to send you Christ to die for sin. No! "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3. 16). And Christ dieth no more. How simple, how grand, how glorious! "Whosoever believeth" in Christ, who died on Calvary's Cross, and paid the ransom for all his crimson sins, shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Why not now believe on Him who satisfied all God's holy and righteous claims in order that you might be saved from Hell and wrath and woe. God is satisfied with the work of His Son, why not you? Accept Him now. "Flee from the wrath to come."

W. P. M.

HOW A "PURITAN" FOUND PEACE.

HALF a century ago there was more parental control and more home religion generally than there has been of later years. I suppose we had what some would call a "Puritan" upbringing. Many a time have I thanked God for it, and for the parents who exercised control over



J. G. GOVAN.

us and sought to influence us in the ways of righteousness. Dancing and theatre-going were forbidden; card playing and billiards, owing to their close association with gambling, had no place in our home; circuses and pantomimes were not among our pleasures, neither would the more modern picture-shows have been had they been in existence

then. Intoxicating liquors were entirely abstained from, and tobacco smoking was not allowed. "What a dull or 'kill-joy' home it must have been," I seem to hear some say! Quite the opposite was the fact. We were a large family, had plenty of innocent recreations and many friends, and, from my recollections of the home-life, question if there was a happier household in the West End of Glasgow.

Our family used to spend two summer months at the sea-coast, and for quite a number of years the Island of Arran was our favourite resort. Some of these summers were spent at the village of Corrie. There was only the forenoon service in the little Church there, which was often crowded, with some sitting outside on the grass by the open windows. In the evening the minister came along to Corrie and conducted a service in the open air. The last Sunday of our summer sojourn, in the year referred to, after which nearly all the visitors would be separating to their various homes in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, we were looking forward to the final open-air service on the rock. But it turned out a wet evening, and we had to meet in a large room in a house near by. Different friends had given the address on various evenings, and the minister asked five such to give short farewell words on this final evening. One was my father. He took the subject of Heaven, referring to the happy summer we had all enjoyed, saying that we would not all again meet together down here, and exhorting all to make sure of the hereafter where we might all meet in that "better, brighter world above." The message came with convicting power to at least one of the hearers.

There is a little room with a skylight window in a house at Corrie that is more sacred to me than any great Cathedral or ecclesiastical building with stained glass windows and much architectural ornamentation. It was to there I quietly retired after the service referred to, and a transaction took place with my Saviour that brought assurance of salvation.

Such is the testimony of JOHN GEORGE GOVAN, of the "Faith Mission," who was suddenly called to his reward, October 3, 1927. It makes clear that refraining from things evil does not save, but a definite act of faith in the Saviour.

THE NECESSITY OF SALVATION.



MRS. SMITH lived in a town in Western Ontario, Canada. Her husband, a banker, was superintendent of the Church Sunday School. Mrs. Smith was a professor of religion, but, like many in these days, she had never experienced the great change of conversion to God. Through a conversation that she had with an earnest Christian worker, she was led to see her true condition.

Mrs. Ivy knew that Mrs. Smith was a member of the Church. She was, however, well aware that numbers of persons who are members of churches and chapels make no profession of being "born again" (John 3. 3). After conversing together about a sick relative, Mrs. Ivy said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Smith, How is it with your soul?" "Very well, thank you," was the rather strange reply. "Are you saved, Mrs. Smith?" inquired Mrs. Ivy. "Yes." "How do you know?" "I go to Church, read the Bible, say my prayers, and teach in the Sunday School." "Is that all?" Mrs. Smith hesitated for a moment or two, and then answered, "I cannot think of anything else just now."

Grieved at seeing a fellow-traveller to eternity deceived by Satan, Mrs. Ivy replied, "You are as far from Heaven as the biggest sinner that ever walked this earth," and the conversation abruptly terminated. Mrs. Smith was much annoyed with Mrs. Ivy's plain speaking. On reaching home, and thinking over Mrs. Ivy's words, "As far from Heaven as the biggest sinner," she became troubled.

"What language to use to an intelligent, religious lady!" says one. If, however, it was true, what then? The language was very strong, but is the one who expects to obtain

salvation on the ground of his doings any nearer Heaven than the openly ungodly sinner? Mrs. Smith was clearly trusting in her own good works, and God has declared that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6), and that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 9; Rom. 4. 4, 5). Openly wicked persons are going to Hell on the dirty side of the broad road; respectable, religious, moral, unconverted sinners are travelling on the clean side of the same road to the same destination.

Mrs. Smith pondered the words spoken to her, and sought in God's presence to ascertain if she was a true Christian. She had been a communicant in a Church for years. Was she really prepared to meet a holy God? Called into His presence as she was, would she be accepted? There was something lacking, but what it was she could not tell. Her "religion" had not given her a love for God, His Word, His ways, or His people. Falling on her knees in her room, she prayed thus: "Oh, Lord, I don't know whether I am saved or not; show me how I stand." On opening the Scriptures her eye fell on the words, "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8). "They that are in the flesh." Was she in the "flesh" or in the "Spirit?" Had she ever been "converted?" Was she "born again?" Eventually she came to the conclusion that she had not experienced the great change, and that therefore she was an unsaved sinner wending her way to the pit of woe. She became greatly alarmed about her state, and people began to whisper, "Mrs. Smith has gone crazy about religion."

One night Mrs. Smith, in despair, threw herself on her bed, and exclaimed, "There is no hope for me, I am doomed to Hell; I am lost." Just at that moment several Scriptures were brought before her by the Holy Spirit, and amongst others the precious and life-giving words of John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In an instant she laid hold of the truth and rejoiced in Christ as her Saviour. "God so loved the world," and she was in it. He so loved her as to give "His only begotten Son" to die for her on Calvary, and by His death paid the ransom price for her soul's deliverance. "Whosoever" meant her and everybody else. She accepted the Lord Jesus, and was saved. A. M.

SUICIDE OR SONG?

ABOUT thirty years ago, excitement was caused throughout the country by the mysterious disappearance of a distinguished man of letters. A great writer and poet had suddenly and secretly left his home without



TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH.

leaving a word of explanation. The police were notified, and inquiries set on foot. The newspapers gave full description of the missing man, and the public were invited to co-operate in the search. But the days passed and no tidings came, and the proverbial nine days' wonder

was dying down when the mystery was solved. The body had been found on the coast of Cornwall! At the inquest that followed, the Coroner read a letter which had been found in the pocket of the drowned man. It was to the effect that, finding himself suffering from an incurable disease, he could not face the lingering months of pain. "I cannot stick it any longer, so am passing out."

Here was tragedy indeed. Born in a Christian home he had been nourished as a youth in the traditions of his fathers; but with college days came doubt—then indifference, followed by a lofty superiority that left the old faith far behind. He had no further use for the Bible—for God! So that when stricken with disease he had nothing better to lean upon than his agnosticism. And that was no use to him; for the man who is without God is without hope! The findings of his brilliant intellect gave him no comfort; his modernist theories, no anchorage. His world of books could not help him even to bear physical pain, and he had no courage to face more of it. So he "passed out"—a suicide!

At that same time it was my privilege to know an aged saint of God who was suffering from the same terrible complaint. I say "privileged," because I never visited her without coming away spiritually enriched, with my faith in God and in His Word definitely strengthened. For long, long weeks she suffered untold agony without a murmur. When a serious operation proved unavailing she continued radiantly content with her Father's will; and when I last saw her, and the end was near, she was full of gratitude for all the past; thanking God for the present privilege of suffering to the glory of her Lord; and for the future, patiently, and with undimmed hope, waiting for the call to the presence of her Saviour and King. And thus she passed out! Out of a world of suffering, and passed triumphantly, with a song in her heart, into the Father's Home where there is "no more pain" (Rev. 21. 4).

Here we see two people stricken simultaneously with the same terrible malady; the one a brilliant scholar and writer, the other a humble, devout child of God. The one in the prime of manhood—the other tired with length of days. The one boasting in the superior knowledge of the modernist schools—the other content with her Bible, the

knowledge of sins forgiven, and the possession of Eternal Life through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The one afraid of pain—the other glorying in it! The one cowardly passing out as a suicide—the other triumphantly passing on with a song to join the host of the redeemed!

What made this difference? Just this: Their personal relationship to the Lord Jesus Christ. In the case of my aged friend, she had known the joy of the Christian life from her girlhood days, when she first trusted Christ, and had found pardon, peace, and hope through faith in His finished work upon the Cross. All along her pilgrim way she had enjoyed the friendship of her Lord, and the bliss of talking with Him in prayer. The Bible had been her unfailing source of comfort and strength. All fear had been taken out of her life, and the love of God had taken its place, for “perfect love casteth out fear;” so that when she drew near to the “dark valley” it was lit up with the light of Heaven; and as she approached the dread river her Lord and Saviour was there to meet her and take her safely and triumphantly across!

In the case of the man of letters, how different. Discarding the Bible, he had lost everything worth having. For it is through the revealed Word of God alone that we can know God, and if we do not know Him as our Heavenly Father, through faith in His Son, our Saviour, then we miss the only knowledge that really counts for time and for eternity. Said our Lord: “This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent” (John 17. 3). Will you *sing* or *sorrow* at the time of death? and throughout eternity?

S. E. B.

PRICE OF PARDON.

OCEANS of tears cannot wash guilt away. It is not the tears we shed, but the blood which Christ shed, that is the price of pardon. By virtue of that blood a Magdalene, and a Manasseh, have gone up to glory; and, since their time, succeeding ages have been ever swelling that company, whose only plea is this, that “Jesus died for me.” Are you bound for the glory land? If not, make up your mind that you won’t rest satisfied until you know that your soul is saved and your sins forgiven.

THE TWO PECULIAR LETTERS.

WHILST a postman was attending to his letters one morning his attention was attracted by a text of Scripture which he saw on an envelope. The words were these: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As he pondered the question, and thought of the solemn and momentous issues involved, he became alarmed. What if he were to lose his soul?

About a week from the time of his noticing the text on the envelope he observed a second one with a different text imprinted. This time it was the Apostle Paul's reply to the Philippian jailer's question: "What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). There was a clear, definite, and Scriptural answer to the greatest of all questions. He gazed earnestly at the answer to the all-important question. Did he not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Had he not always believed on Him? Did he really believe, though not in the right way? Most certainly he did not believe on Christ, and had not believed on Him in any way. The apostle did not say to the jailer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with the right kind of believing, and thou shalt be saved." If he had, the poor, heathen would not have understood what He meant.

The same day that the letter carrier read the second passage of Scripture he happened to pass a place where he observed that a service was going on. He entered the building, and was surprised that the preacher's text was the passage of Scripture he had seen on the second envelope: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." As the preacher told out the wondrous story of God's mighty and matchless love in giving Christ to die as a sacrifice for sin; as he showed what His death had accomplished, the postman laid hold of the glorious Gospel and rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour. "I have been a different man ever since," said he to a lady to whom he told the story, "and I do bless the one that sent that envelope."

Believe on Him who bore sin's penalty, and died to deliver you from going down to the pit, and you will be saved in a moment—saved for nothing, yet at infinite cost, and saved for Eternity. Look and live now. A.M.

MARTIN LUTHER'S CONVERSION ;

— OR, —

TRYING TO STAND BEFORE GOD ON THE GROUND OF
OUR OWN WORKS



Martin Luther's Monument at Eisleben.

"I tormented myself to obtain peace with God
for my troubled heart"

MARTIN LUTHER'S CONVERSION.

MARTIN LUTHER, the hero of the Reformation, was born of Roman Catholic parents at Eisleben, Prussian Saxony, on 10th November, 1483. On leaving school he entered the University of Erfurt as a student of law, taking his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. Through the violent death of his bosom friend Alexis, he was awakened to see that he was a guilty, lost sinner, unfit to meet a holy and sin-hating God. Again and again the question came before him, "What would become of me if I were called away thus suddenly?" The voice of God again spoke to him. Whilst walking along a road on a visit to friends a heavy storm overtook him. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and Luther thought that the day of reckoning had arrived. As he stood trembling from head to foot, a flash of fire struck the place where he stood, a terrible crash of thunder burst over his head, and he fell almost senseless to the ground. There and then he vowed that he would devote his life to God's service. That meant to him giving up his studies, renouncing his earthly ambitions, and entering a monastery for life. A few nights afterwards he was received into the Augustinian monastery, and was appointed to perform most menial and irksome tasks, including that of begging bread on the streets for the Order. All this he willingly did that he might get rest and peace to his sin-sick, sin-burdened soul. Day by day he wept and fasted, struggled and strove, to merit God's pardoning mercy. Referring to this afterwards Luther wrote: "I tormented myself to obtain peace with God for my troubled heart and my agitated conscience, but I was surrounded by horrible darkness, and could find peace nowhere." John von Staupitz, Vicar-General, a true Christian, was a great help to Luther. Staupitz, in effect, said to him, "You are trying to stand before God on the ground of your works. Turn your eye from your stripes and your fastings. You can never move God by these. Look to the wounds of Christ—see there His blood flowing for you." "But how dare I come to Christ," said Luther, "till I am a better man?" "A better man!" said Staupitz; "it is sinners, not just men, Christ came to call." Staupitz's words fell like balm on the seeking soul, and when he left the cell he presented

Luther with a Bible, which was gratefully accepted. Luther's faith as yet was feeble and flickering. One day an old brother monk sat beside him, and recited the apostles' creed. Luther repeated the words, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." "Nay," said the monk, "you are not only to believe in the forgiveness of David's sins, and Peter's sins; you must believe in the forgiveness of your own sins." As another has said, "The decisive word was spoken. As a flash of vivid lightning in the night suddenly illumines the whole landscape, so the monk's words threw a flood of light on the scheme of the Gospel, which before had seemed to Luther so incomprehensible." "Oh! God," Luther exclaimed, in an ecstasy of joy, "I see it all now; it is not payment, but forgiveness."

Luther's mistakes. What Staupitz said of Luther was true. He was trying to stand before God on the ground of his good works. No one can do so. It is absolutely impossible. Scripture declares that the best acts done by the unsaved are in God's reckoning but "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). "They that are in the flesh" man in his natural state—"cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8). The unsaved "cannot please God" until they accept of salvation from Him as a free gift. "Look to the wounds of Christ; see there His blood flowing for you!" said Staupitz. If the reader expects to appear before God on the ground of his doings, instead of Christ's glorious atonement, he is on the wrong track. "He (Christ) was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5). What the Lord Jesus Christ did for you on Calvary satisfied all God's holy and righteous claims. The sin question was eternally settled at the Cross, and all you have to do in order to obtain His pardoning mercy is to believe on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you (John 6. 47). Luther imagined that he had to become a better man ere he could be saved. Christ came to seek and to save lost, helpless, Hell-deserving sinners (Luke 19. 10). And it is true that—

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

"Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). Whatever you are, or have been, you can now obtain the free and full forgiveness of all your sins by taking God

Martin Luther's Conversion.

at his word. Then you will be able to say truthfully—

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!”

“Not payment, but forgiveness!” exclaimed Luther. The Holy Spirit had opened his eyes to see that the Gospel is not a work to do, but a word to believe about, a work done. If the reader is endeavouring to pay the debt of sin that he owes to God, we urge him to cease all such foolish efforts. Future obedience cannot atone for past failure, and Scripture declares that “God requireth that which is past” (Eccles. 3. 15). Luther did not renounce the errors of the Roman Catholic Church all at once. But what he learned from the Scriptures he taught fearlessly. It was he who recovered for the Church of God the glorious doctrine of justification by faith alone, in contradistinction to the teaching of the Church of Rome, which then was, and still is, justification by faith and works. It is to be feared that numbers of so-called “Protestants” are not at all clear on the subject. Ask such if one can be saved through faith in Christ, and they strongly deny it, and contend that one must “believe in Christ and act up to it,” or, “believe on Christ and do the best he can,” in order to obtain God’s “great salvation.” Such, in reality, hold the Romish doctrine of justification by faith and works! “What saith the Scripture?” “By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it (salvation) is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast” (Eph. 2. 8, 9). “Being justified by faith we have peace with God” (Rom. 5. 1). “To him that worketh is the reward, not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Rom. 4. 4, 5).

Allow the water of God’s Word to remove all your preconceived opinions. Hearken to the words of the Apostle Paul to the Philippian jailer when he asked what he had to do to be saved. His reply was, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16. 30, 31). Follow the example of the jailer and accept Christ now as your Saviour and Lord.

A. M.

SINCERITY NOT SAFETY.

WE were just settling ourselves for another stage of our journey. The carriage door had been shut with the guard's usual determination, and he, with whistle in hand, was just about to give the signal for the start, when a poor woman, far past the meridian of life, was seen issuing from the ticket-office, and eagerly making her way to the carriage we were in. The re-opening of the door to admit of her entrance; the guard's hasty, "Be quick, missus; you're almost too late;" the slam-to of the door;



Photo—Southern Railway.

"THE SOUTHERN BELLE."

the shrill whistle, and the guard's extended hand, all seemed but a moment's work, so simultaneous were they all. The exhausted woman placed her basket on the floor at her feet, and taking a handkerchief from her pocket wiped the streaming perspiration from her brow, and with a deep sigh of relief said, more for her own benefit than for that of her fellow-passengers:

"Just in time; nearly too late. I be glad I caught the train at last."

"Yes," I replied, "you were almost too late. And I am glad, too, you were not left behind. Have you far to go?"

We had just left Ivybridge, and were making our way towards Plymouth.

"Not very far, sir; I shall get out again at Newton Abbot."

"*Newton Abbot!*" I replied; "*Newton Abbot!* You are not going to Newton Abbot, my good woman; at least, not in this train. We are on the road to *Plymouth*. You are in the wrong train."

"No, to be sure!" said the poor soul, in consternation. "That can't be; for I've got my ticket, and 'tis marked 'Newton' plain. See, here it is," handing me the ticket.

"That's perfectly true, that your ticket says 'Newton,' but the train is going to Plymouth," I replied.

"Why, the porter said this was the train; and, dear me, how I hurried to catch it! And now is it wrong to be sure? Dear me—oh, dear! whatever must I do?" And now her excitement and trouble were very great.

"The only thing you can do is to *change trains* at the *next* station. Get out of this train, cross the line, and enter the next up-train that comes," I said.

This she did, and I trust found herself at Newton Abbot in safety after all. But I shall never forget her look of surprise and incredulity on being told she was wrong. And I have often seen the same surprised, and even indignant expression depicted on the countenances of some I have met with, when I have sought to show them there was no safety except in living faith in and vital union with Christ. I had, on one occasion when travelling, been distributing a few Gospel books to my fellow-passengers, to one of which a smart-looking gentleman took very great exception, saying the whole thing was "a reflection on man, and little short of calumny and a direct insult."

"Salvation! What did it mean?" he asked; and went on to show he understood a little of its meaning, though nothing of its blessed saving power; for he said, "I suppose you mean to imply ruin or danger of some sort, or something of the kind?" and he, for one, "strongly objected to be looked at in the way many of the religionists of the day chose to view mankind," and in the way, he presumed, I viewed him, from the fact of having handed him such a book. He supposed I considered he "needed to be saved," and consequently, out of "pity" for his "sin-sick condition," I had "proffered a little religious quackery," etc. He thus flaunted his views very freely, and finally

finished his very voluble speech by describing religion in general as so much "rot," and "cant," and "consummate humbug," and a few other equally complimentary epithets.

I scarcely knew whether to feel amused or sorry. I think there was a little of both. The circumstance led to a lively and animated conversation, in which others took part. Evidently there was a difference of opinion on the part of some; for an elderly gentleman, of apparently comfortable circumstances in life, sought to effect a compromise by saying, "I have been much interested in your conversation, sir; but my opinion is just this: It matters very little what one believes, provided one is sincere and honest in that belief. The Almighty looks more at the inner motive than on mere outward forms; and if a man is sincere in his religion, all will be right in the end, be he Pagan or Christian."

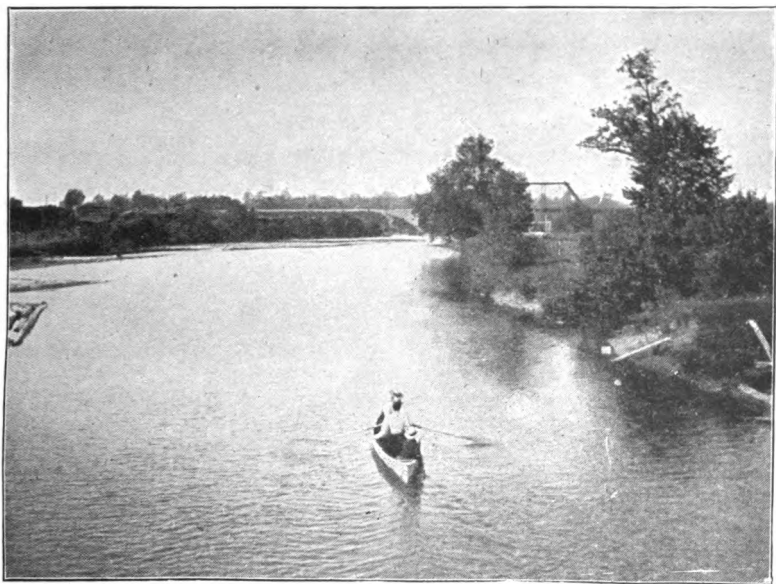
This view of the case, so blandly advocated by my fellow-traveller, is very popular, largely depended on, and eagerly grasped by multitudes; but we are persuaded a greater delusion could not possibly be. Perhaps the one who reads these lines has been quite satisfied that it is the safe path, and one that will lead to a right end; that because God is a merciful God He will not really visit sin in judgment, but will overlook it in the one who is sincere in his efforts to do right, whatever his creed may be. But if this be true, the whole Bible is wrong; for I read of only two ways—"The *path of the just* as shining light;" "the *way of the wicked* as darkness" (Prov. 4. 18, 19). A "wide gate," the entrance to a "broad way which leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat;" and a "strait gate" to a "narrow way, and few there be that find it" (Matt. 7. 13, 14). Now if it matters not what we believe or where we are, if only sincere, both "the path of the just" and "the way of the wicked"—the "broad way" and the "narrow road"—each leads to the same happy end, and consequently the Scriptures are a mistaken book—man is right and God is wrong. No; be assured of this, unless we are resting alone on the Word of God—the finished work of Christ as revealed by the Holy Spirit in the Scriptures, whatever our sincerity may be—we shall eventually discover the terrible delusion. W. J. H. B.

THE VITAL LINK IN SALVATION. -

SOMEONE once said to George Muller, the founder of the Ashley Down Orphan Homes, Bristol, "Are you the man with the great faith?" He promptly replied, "No; I am the man with little faith in the great God." Although great faith is not an essential, faith itself is an essential to Salvation, for "without FAITH it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God *must believe that He is*, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. 11. 6). How important then to ask the question: Have I FAITH in the living God? Do I believe in Him as my Maker, my Redeemer, and my Judge? If not, remember that "FAITH cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10. 17). Get the Bible and learn therein about your lost condition by nature in Romans 3, then of God's love in John 3, and of how you obtain Salvation in Ephesians 2: "For by grace are ye saved through FAITH; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; Not of works, lest any man should boast" (verses 8, 9). Thus it is made plain that sinners are saved by FAITH ALONE, apart from works. Hear proof: "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by FAITH *without the deeds of the law*" (Rom. 3. 20, 28). Notice it is not faith in a theory, creed, and such like. To the anxious jailer at Philippi Paul did not say believe in me, in my religion, my views, or such like, though he emphatically said, "Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and thou shalt be saved." Apart from personal faith in the Saviour you will never be saved. Hence the vital question, "Dost thou BELIEVE on the Son of God?" (John 9. 35). All else will be of no avail in the hour of Death, and in the solemn day of Judgment (John 5. 27, 28). Gaze on Him bleeding and dying for thee on the Cross of Calvary; hear His triumphant cry, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). See Him raised from the dead by God, as an evidence that every claim of His holy law had been satisfied. Commit yourself to Him for time and for Eternity, and you will rejoice and say: God loved me, Christ died for me, I BELIEVE IN HIM, and I am saved with an Everlasting Salvation. Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. 5. 1). HYP.

THE INFIDEL'S CHALLENGE.

AT some "revival services" held in a village in Northern Ontario, Canada, F—— made a profession of being converted, but his "conversion" was a counterfeit one. He had been a careless, thoughtless young man, who lived for the world, and had done his best to make himself happy in forgetfulness of God. He had been convicted of sin and prayed earnestly for salvation, and imagined that he was saved through his prayers.



ON THE SEVERN RIVER, ONTARIO, CANADA.

In due time F—— joined the church, and took quite an active and prominent part in religious services, etc. By and by he gave up his religious profession, and lost faith in everything and everybody. For a time he professed infidelity, openly advocating it, and attacking Christianity. But he was miserable and wretched, and to quiet his conscience and allay his fears he took to drinking. Deeper and deeper he plunged into sin, farther and farther he fell in the social scale, until at last he began to travel with a show.

Whilst visiting Queensville (a small village north of the city of Toronto), to obtain a hall for one of his entertainments, he was informed that at a farmer's house, not far distant, a peculiar man was preaching "the devil's doctrine." The people of Queensville appeared to be up in arms against him, and F—— determined he would go to the meeting. On reaching the place he heard an earnest evangelist warning men and women of coming wrath and judgment, and pointing them to the sinner's Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ. At the close of the address the servant of Christ asked F—— if he were saved. "I am not saved, and I don't wish to be," was the curt reply. A farmer came where he was, asking him a similar question, and he told him that he was not, and did not wish to be, and added "I don't want anything to do with you or your religion." Placing his hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his face, the Christian said, "God says you are lost," and left him. Enraged at what was told him, he determined to chastise the farmer, and with that object in view he left the house, resolving to wait a favourable opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. Soon he was surrounded by earnest Christians, who began to talk plainly to him about God, death, judgment, and eternity. He was faithfully warned of the doom that awaited him if he rejected Christ. Stung to the quick by what he had heard, amongst other things he told them that he did not believe that there was a God, and that the Bible was a lie. Growing bolder, he declared, "You who have so much faith in God, if there is such a being, let Him manifest His power! One of you can take out your watch, and join in prayer for three minutes, and I will give Him that time to take me out of existence." Feeling shocked and horrified at such dreadful and daring blasphemy, the Christians went away, leaving him alone.

He returned to his hotel and retired to rest, but sleep forsook his eyelids. Memory recalled scenes which he would infinitely prefer were buried in the depths of oblivion. He remembered his dreadful challenge to the Almighty to strike him dead. If his request had been answered he would now be beyond the reach of hope in the depths of perdition! What if it should be answered before the morning? Every shred of his infidelity was

The Infidel's Challenge.

demolished. He tried hard to banish from his mind his past life of ingratitude, folly, and rebellion. He could not do so. Like David, the Psalmist, he could say, "The pains of Hell gat hold upon me" (Psa. 116. 3). The burning, searching, piercing eye of a holy God seemed to be resting upon him. The Holy Spirit showed him his true position and condition—a lost, guilty, condemned sinner, on the brink of eternity. In the midst of his anguish a verse of Scripture quoted at the Gospel meeting was brought before him in wondrous power: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). The light from the Cross of Calvary streamed in upon his darkened soul. He saw God's "easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation. Now he knew why the Lord Jesus Christ suffered, bled, and died. It was for the sins of "lost" sinners like him; and through believing on Him, who did it all and paid it all, he was saved by matchless grace.

The same evening he walked eight miles to tell the preacher what the Lord Jesus had done for him. The change in his life was soon manifest to others, and a few days after he gathered all his show trappings and boxes together and burned them. Years have rolled along since F—— professed to have received Christ; and the writer had the privilege of hearing him tell what great things God had done for him.

What has your "conversion" done for you? Have you become a "new creature," with new desires, new feelings, new aspirations? Get to the foundation on which you are building for eternity and see where you are.

Whatever condition you may be in, read God's Holy Word, and learn what He has said about yourself, and then see what He has said about Christ. First believe God's testimony against you, and then believe His testimony for you. If you are eternally lost you will have no one to blame but yourself. Salvation has been provided for you at an infinite cost, and is pressed upon you for your acceptance without money and without price. Will you have it? Will you have it now? "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 3. 16).

A. M.

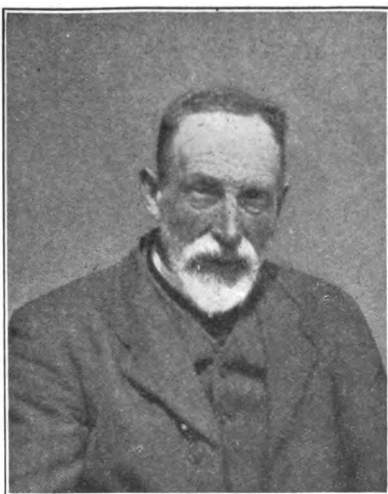
A SCOTSMAN'S CONVERSION.

WILLIAM HENRY was born in the Parish of Stoneykirk, a few miles from Stranraer, the most southernly town in Scotland. William was brought up to fear God and reverence His Word. As a lad he attended the church regularly, and diligently read the Scriptures. At the age of seventeen he had gone through the whole of the Old and New Testaments. Although he did so, he knew not God's way of salvation. It is one thing to be "religious," and it is another thing to be "saved." When a mere boy William had a dream regarding the day of reckoning, which made an indelible impression upon him. He knew that Heaven was a prepared place for a prepared people, and he knew that he was unprepared. He earnestly sought God's pardoning mercy, but had no idea how it was to be obtained. According to his own testimony, he lived in fear of dying and meeting a holy God.

In that part of Scotland, at that time, there was very little clear Gospel preaching. Much was said about keeping commandments, observing ordinances, following Christ, and doing one's duty to God and man. Fifty years after his conversion Mr. Henry wrote as follows: "Until I was 17½ years of age I never heard the way of salvation plainly set forth." It is to be feared that in these days of Gospel light and privilege many religious professors are utterly ignorant of God's scheme of redemption. Ask them what they think one has to do to be saved, and you get such replies as: "You must pray;" "you must be sorry for your sins and give them up;" "you must turn over a new leaf;" "you must believe in Christ, and act up to it." Such are some of the answers that are commonly given.

In the district of country where William Henry resided a converted lawyer, son of a county gentleman, was preaching the Gospel with remarkable freshness, fervency, and power. Unconverted professors were awakened to see that they had never experienced the great change, and were hurrying to eternal perdition; careless souls, who made no religious profession, were aroused from their spiritual slumber, and were led to inquire about the way of peace. Amongst those who sought forgiveness was William Henry. And he did not seek in vain. Regarding this crisis in his soul's history

he wrote: "When I heard the Gospel preached, telling of ruin by the fall, redemption by the precious blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit, I gladly surrendered myself to the Saviour, and rested my soul on the precious words of John 6. 37: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' " and added, "after 50 years I rest my soul on the same Scripture." It is blessedly true that the Lord Jesus will not "cast out" any who come to Him.



WILLIAM HENRY, GLENLUCE.

One may ask, "How am I to come to Christ?" You are to come to Him by simple faith. Coming to Christ is believing on Christ. At this moment He is beside you. He loves you. He died on the Cross to save you from going down to the pit of woe. "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6), and therefore He died for you. "He died for all" (2 Cor. 5. 15), therefore He died for you. By His atoning death He made a full satisfaction to the injured honour of the Divine character and government. God is satisfied, God is glorified, God is satisfied, and so am I. I am not satisfied with myself, but I am satisfied with what Christ has accomplished on my behalf. Are you satisfied with that which satisfies Him? The Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16) is the good news that "Christ died for our sins, and was buried, and rose again" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4). "What must I do to be saved," inquired the Philippian jailer. The answer of the Apostle Paul to his question was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). Why not now believe on Christ and be saved?

A.M.

THE PROBLEM OF SALVATION.



A YOUNG man from the Highlands of Scotland was walking along Argyle Street, Glasgow, one evening when his attention was arrested by a crowd that was congregated in front of a hall in West Campbell Street. A number of Christian workers were having an open-air meeting and were engaged in singing the well-known Gospel hymn, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." It had just been intro-

duced by Mr. Sankey into the country, and was a great favourite. The hearty singing had a striking effect upon the bystanders. The Highlandman found himself joining in the song. The words "I am so glad! I am so glad!" stuck to him. He began to ask himself the question, "Am I glad that Jesus loves me? I am not a bit glad," was the conclusion he came to. "I don't think anything about it, and am singing what is not true. I won't sing a lie," and he ceased singing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." At the close of the open-air meeting, along with others, he entered the hall, and heard an earnest Gospel address, but was not particularly impressed with the preaching. As he was leaving the building, the evangelist laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Where will you spend eternity?" The question stuck to him like a leech. Where was he going to spend eternity? "In Hell, if I continue going on as I am," he said to himself.

Has the reader ever seriously pondered the question, or have you been trying to forget it? Eternity must be spent somewhere—in weal or in woe, in joy or despair, in Heaven or in Hell. Where? Where? Where?

On reaching the street he imagined that the words were

inscribed in letters of fire on the pavement. He returned to his lodging, and became terribly troubled about his state. "Where will you spend eternity?" rang in his ears, and vibrated through his inmost being. He did not know God. He had not as yet learned that the Lord Jesus had done everything that was needful to set him free. He was brought to the end of his tether. The thunders of Sinai appalled him. Before him was the day of reckoning, and beneath him the abode of despair. What was he to do to be saved?

Putting on his cap, he left the house and paced up and down the street, the longing desire of his heart finding expression in the words of the Philippian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30). No peace could he find to his troubled soul. Returning to his room, he opened his Bible and began to search its sacred pages as for hidden treasures. When turning over the leaves his eye caught the precious words of 1 John 1. 7: "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." In a moment the soul-saving truth that Christ by his blood-shedding had paid sin's penalty and borne sin's judgment was laid hold of by him. Christ had done it all and paid it all, and by believing on Him he was saved from everlasting woe. Now he understood what was meant by being "washed in the Blood of the Lamb." Has the reader been washed in that sin-cleansing Blood? Many are whitewashed with "religion" who have never been washed white in the crimson tide that flowed at Calvary's Cross. Whitewashed or washed white—which? Where will you spend eternity?

"Eternity! but Jesus died;

Yes, Jesus died on Calvary;

Behold Him, thorn-crowned, crucified,

The spotless One made sin for thee;

Oh, sinner, haste, for refuge flee;

He saves—and for eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!

Where wilt thou spend eternity?"

"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 3. 36). Whether are you in the first or second part of the passage? Ascertain your whereabouts in relation to eternity, and if you have never closed with God's offered mercy and accepted His "unspeakable gift," do so now.

A. M.

THE SCEPTICAL SHOEMAKER.

“WILL you abide by your own decision on two questions that I will put to you?” said the Bible reader to a sceptical shoemaker. “If so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answer; by doing so we shall save much time, and arrive quicker at the truth.”

“Well, out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are few things but what I can say something about.”

QUESTION I. “Well, my friend,” replied the reader, “my first question is, ‘Suppose all men were Christians, according to the account given to us in the Gospel concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?’”

He remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say, “Well, if all men were really Christians, in practice as well as theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed.”

“I promised you,” said the reader, “that I would abide by your answer; will you do the same?”

“Oh, yes,” he readily replied; “no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question; perhaps I shall get on better with that; you have a chalk this time against me.”

QUESTION II. “Well, my next question is this, ‘Suppose all men were infidels, what then would be the state of the world?’” He seemed still more perplexed, and remained a long time silent. At length he said:

“You certainly have beaten me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society; I now see that where the Christian builds up, the infidel is pulling down. I thank you; I shall think of what has passed this afternoon.”

The sequel was that he was fully persuaded in his own mind to give up his infidel companions and accept the Lord Jesus Christ. But the change did not stop here. When first the reader called, he had to sit on an old, dirty, chair with a number of half starved children sitting in their rags on the floor around him, neglected and uncared for; now they have removed to a better home in a cleaner street. Within, all is cheerful and happy. The father, no longer faithless, delights in the company of his wife and children, all of whom are neatly dressed; and his chief happiness is to read and to speak to them of the things which belong to their everlasting peace.

THE PRODIGAL STUDENT ;

— OR, —

THE YOUNG MAN WHO, HAVING DISGRACED HIS PARENTS,
WAS PREPARED TO DIE IN THE GUTTER RATHER
THAN SEE THEM AGAIN



The Lost Son Found :

“ I will forgive you. I do forgive you, my son ”

THE CAMBRIDGE STUDENT.

SEVERAL years ago a young man, son of a gentleman in a good position in Bristol, left his home to pursue his studies at Cambridge. When removed from parental influences, he sought the society of the gay and thoughtless, and spent his evening hours in haunts of folly and sin. His course of conduct began to manifest itself; and getting into disgrace he resolved that he would leave Cambridge and go to London. Unknown to his parents, he left the college, and removed to a part of the great metropolis where he thought he would least likely be discovered by any of his old friends. Like the prodigal in the parable, he "wasted his substance with riotous living." Throwing off all restraint, he drank deeply of the pleasures of sin. When his money was exhausted, his friends disappeared, and he found himself alone in a large city, without a friend, without a penny in his pocket, and starvation staring him in the face.

On a raw day in January, with a cold north-east wind blowing, a gentleman observed him looking into an eating-house window in Spitalfields. Being struck with his appearance, he purposely stopped to look more carefully at him. Though clothed in tattered and dirty garments, his face bearing the imprint of sin, he perceived that the young man had seen better days, and might be the prodigal son of some kind and loving father. On noticing the gentleman, he looked imploringly in his face and said: "For the love of God give me a penny." "What do you wish it for?" "For a half-pint of beer to save my life." "No," was the reply, "I won't give you money; but if you like I will take you in here and give you a dinner." He was only too glad to avail himself of such an offer, and accordingly he followed the gentleman inside the eating-house. Dinner being placed on the table, the young man began to eat as if he had not tasted food for days. Soon the table was cleared. More being brought in, the gentleman endeavoured to get some information from him as to his past career. "I suppose you have not been accustomed to this kind of life?" "I have not." "Are your parents alive?" "They are; but don' mention them." "Have they treated you badly?" "No, sir. I have disgraced them, and I would rather die in the gutter than see them again." Gradually he drew from him his father's name,

business, and place of residence; and on parting with him he wrote a note to the person whose name he had received. In it he stated he had met a young man, in poverty and rags, who declared he was his son. The letter arrived in due course. The merchant, as was his custom, was reading his letters at the breakfast-table, and on opening the one containing the news regarding his prodigal son, tears filled his eyes, and it dropped to the ground. His wife picked it up, glanced at its contents, and immediately burst into tears.

With the first express train the father started for London. On reaching Brick Lane, Spitalfields, while turning a corner, he observed a young man a few yards from him, with a haggard expression of countenance, scantily and shabbily clothed. At once he recognised his long-lost son, and hastened to embrace him. The son, however, happened to look round at the time, and, observing his father, ran off as fast as he could. Seeing this, the old man lifted up his arms and cried out: "Oh, Robert! Robert! come home to your mother! Come home to your mother!" He hesitated for a moment, and then stopped; the father rushed forward, and threw his arms round his son's neck, saying, "Oh, Robert, do come home! Do come home!" His sin and shame came up before him, and the remembrance of his ingratitude and folly made him miserable. Making a desperate effort, he tried to escape from his father's loving grasp. On freeing himself, he observed the tears streaming down his aged parent's cheeks. This was too much for him. He was completely broken down. "Oh, father, will you forgive me? Will you forgive me?" burst from his lips. "I will forgive you. I do forgive you, my son." The father then took him into a shop and gave him a suit of clothing becoming his position; and great was the joy in that home that night over the prodigal's return.

This is, however, but a feeble illustration of God's love to you. The Word of God very clearly reveals the fact that all have "gone astray," and turned each one to "his own way" (Isa. 53. 6). "They are *all* gone out of the way" (Rom. 3. 12). Again and again you have sinned against light and against love. Why not accept Christ as your Saviour by believing on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you?

A. M.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

ABOUT five years ago I was asked to visit one of the pathetic host of soldiers broken in the Great War. At that time he was daily placed at the door of his home, seated in a wheeled chair, whenever the weather permitted. There was something so tragic and deathly in his appearance that, only at the third request, did I brace myself for the task. When I called he was just being lifted out of bed by four helpers, and his cries of pain were heartrending. I said I would call again in an hour's time. He was then in a fit! Calling again two hours later, I found him just coming out of a second fit! He had been a member of the First Expeditionary Force, and after the retreat from Mons, shared in the advance to the Marne. On the way, he and many others drank from a well, at the bottom of which the bodies of four Germans were found!

In his case the result was chronic general blood-poisoning. All his joints became locked, swollen, and acutely painful, and at the age of about 26 he found himself condemned to lie upon his bed, a painful, helpless log.

When I first made his acquaintance he had also lost the sight of one eye, but could read a book fixed on a stand before him, when someone could be found to turn the pages. He received me cordially, and for a year I visited him every week, seeking to cheer him as far as possible, and to lead him to see his need of the Saviour. But he had been a moral, temperate, clean-living man, and was much more impressed by the hardness of his lot than by any real sense of sin. His general reply to my inquiry: "Well, how is it to-day?" was: "Fed up"—and small wonder! By the end of a year it became apparent that my visits were unwelcome, and I ceased going. Then a year later he sent for me; and during the next three months, by the grace of God, he was led to see himself to be no exception to the general verdict: "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23), and with conscience awakened he began to appreciate the grace of God "that bringeth salvation to all men" (Titus 2. 11), and to see in the Cross of Christ the double revelation of the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the exceeding riches of God's grace. (1) "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins" (Heb. 9. 22). (2) "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ

A Modern Miracle.

died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). What do you think of that?

"In His spotless soul's distress,
I perceive my guiltiness;
Oh, how vile my lost estate,
Since my ransom was so great."

Now there was a great change, for "If any man be in Christ Jesus, there is a new creation" (2 Cor. 5. 17). No longer "fed up" and embittered, he was filled with joy



A Modern Miracle.

and peace in believing. He could think no hard thoughts of Him who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all (Rom. 8. 32).

For three months, with great interest and profit, under my direction he daily read the Scriptures, getting a clear and ordered grasp of the doctrine of grace, and some understanding of the will of God. And then—he lost the other eye and was in darkness!

But he had seen the light that is above the brightness of the sun, "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. 4. 6), and "they that follow Him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8. 12).

Now a short Gospel service is held every Sunday evening in his bedroom, and on special occasions there have been packed into it and the passage and kitchen as many as 33, with 15 more standing in the garden! Every morning and evening there are read to him the selected verses in "Daily Light," and they are to him the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

Not long since, the day's reading specially appealed to him in his blindness. It was too good to keep to himself. At his request the verses were copied out, pre-faced by a few clear Gospel texts, and sent to every blind person in the town, then to those in three adjacent towns, and then to all in the county.

Our friend is very fond of the children's chorus:

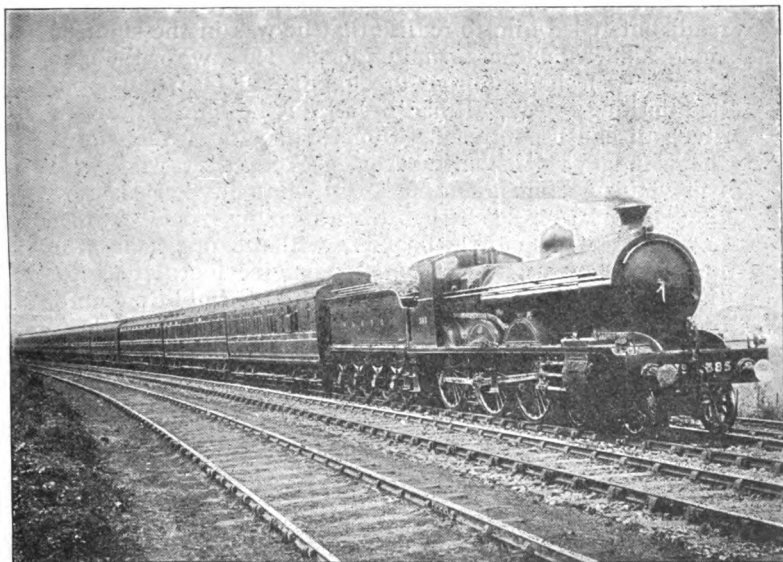
"L-E-A-V-E at once
S-I-N and sorrow;
Come to J-E-S-U-S,
J-O-Y will follow!"

You see, he has tried it and found it true, in spite of blindness, helplessness, and pain so acute that he has morphia daily!

To you is the word of this salvation sent (Acts 13. 26). To you, through a crucified Saviour, is preached the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all who believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified through the law (Acts 13. 38, 39). His Name is called "Jesus" (that is "Saviour"), for He shall save His people from their sins (Matt. 1. 21). A daily Saviour right on to the end. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? (Heb. 2. 3).

UP LINE OR DOWN LINE—WHICH?

SOME years ago a well-known and highly respected passenger engine-driver left Glasgow with the early express for one of our principal coast towns. Though he had often debated the question of salvation in his own mind, on this particular morning it was giving him no concern. In due time the train arrived at its destination. They had a good run, and a big crowd of passengers. The driver stood on the footplate looking down on the people



A SCOTTISH EXPRESS TRAIN.

as they filed past his engine on their way to join the steamer. He knew nobody, and nobody seemed to know him. A pleasant-looking, well-dressed gentleman, however, handed him his newspaper as he passed, which was thankfully acknowledged, and the man walked on. Having to wait for some little time, he proceeded to open out his paper to read it, but in doing this a small coloured booklet dropped on the footplate, and was all but whisked into the fire-box. Who the gentleman was that handed him the paper he never could discover, but the moment he picked up the little booklet he was all attention. There

Up Line or Down Line—Which?

before him in large, clear type were the words, "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD" (John 1. 29), for such was the title of the little God-sent messenger. The sharp arrow of conviction pierced his inmost soul. He was impressed as he had never been before. The paper was forgotten, the man who gave it was forgotten, his very work was all but forgotten, his whole heart and being was in the subject to which his attention had been withdrawn. There was no great merit in the booklet. It was short and quickly read, but it led him to realise that he was in the sight of God a sinner uncleansed and undone. He saw for the first time that he had nothing to do, all had been done; he had nothing to say, all had been said; he had nothing to give, all had been given. "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 3. 16). In less than an hour from the time he picked up the little booklet, with no one near him but God, he was enabled on that engine footplate with the eye of his faith clearly and truly to "Behold the Lamb of God" as his Saviour. He was saved through beholding. Smoke-begrimed, oily-fingered, and dusty all over, he went back to the city engine sheds a "new man" in Christ Jesus (2 Cor. 5. 17), and was able to confess among his fellow-workmen the blessed Saviour he had found. And now, after the lapse of years, we are glad to testify to the earnest and consistent Christian life that this converted engine-driver has been enabled to lead, showing among other things the good that may be done through a simple Gospel tract. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand" (Eccles. 11. 6).

Let me kindly ask, Have *you* beheld the "Lamb of God?" Have you felt the burden of your sins and your need of One who is "mighty to save?" or are you still on the down line, and speeding on to a Christless eternity? Soon it may be you will find yourself past the last cross-over, near the dead-end catch points, beyond which is the blackness of darkness for ever. God forbid.

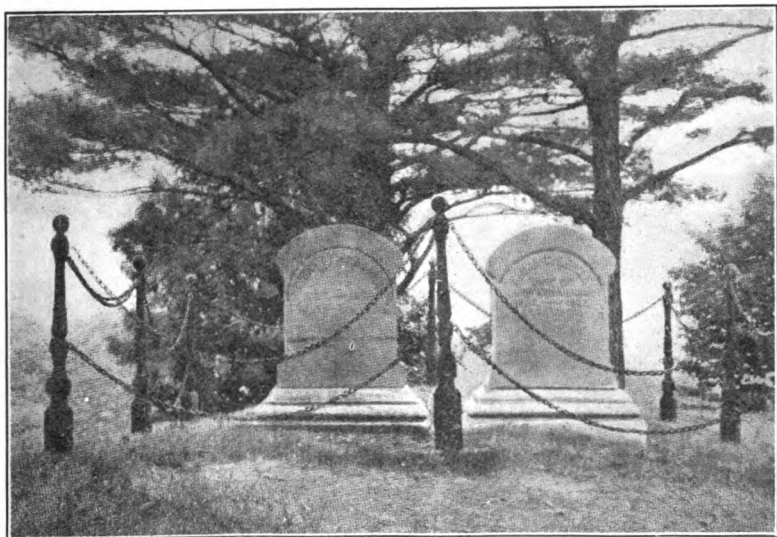
"Take your stand and say, 'I will trust Christ, and will not be afraid,'

With the Gospel train your journey you'll begin,
He has room for all provided, He has every ticket paid,
As you are, and where you are, He'll take you in." W.A.

"I'LL RISK IT."

BY D. L. MOODY.

I REMEMBER some years ago I closed a meeting one night by asking any that would like to become Christians to rise, and to my great joy a man arose that had been anxious for some time. I went to him and took him by the hand and shook it, and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now in earnest?" "Yes," he said, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way." I asked, "What's that?" "Well," he



GRAVES OF D. L. AND MRS. MOODY.

said, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you if such a man," naming a friend of his, "had been here to-night, I should not have risen. He would laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him." "But," I said, "you must come out boldly for the Lord if you come out at all. That is what you have got to do." He came back the next night, and the next, and the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks. It seemed as if he were at the very threshold of Heaven and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find any reason for this hesitation except that he feared his old companions

"I'll Risk It."

would laugh at him. I have noticed that when men go to prison no one laughs at them; but when they declare their intention of accepting salvation through Christ, and standing up for Him, then men laugh at and make sport of them.

At last the Spirit seemed to leave him, and the interest which he had manifested in his soul's salvation disappeared. Six months from that time I got a message from him that he wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick, and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. I told him that God had sent Christ to save him, and I prayed with him. Contrary to the belief of the physicians, he recovered.

One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house improving rapidly, and I said, "You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to the meetings again." Said he, "I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian." I said, "But you don't know yet that you will get well." "Oh!" said he, "I will be perfectly well in a few days. I'll risk it. I have got a new lease of life." "Oh!" said I, "it seems to me that you are tempting God," and I pleaded with him and tried every way to get him to take his stand.

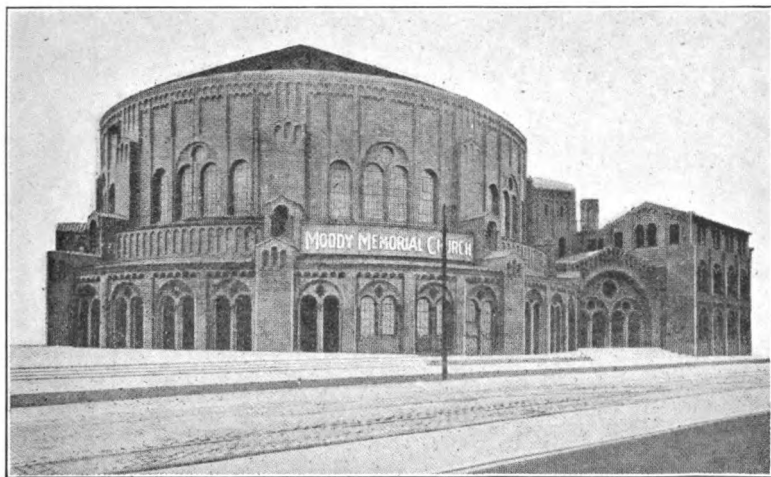
At last, said he, "I can't be a Christian in Chicago; when I get to Michigan, away from friends and acquaintances who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ." I told him, if God had not grace enough to save him in Chicago, He had not in Michigan. And I preached Christ to him, and urged Christ upon him. At last he got a little irritated and said, "You can just attend to your own business and I will to mine; and if I lose my soul, no one will be to blame but myself; certainly not you, for you have done all you could." I went away from that house then with a heavy heart.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her

"I'll Risk It."

what was the matter. "My husband," said she, "has been taken down with the same disease, and I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die." I asked if he wanted to see me! "No," said she. "Then why did you send for me?" "I can't bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind."

I went in, and he at once fixed his eyes upon me. I called him by name, but he was speechless. I went around to the foot of the bed and looked in his face and said, "Won't you speak to me?" And at last he fixed that



MOODY MEMORIAL CHURCH, CHICAGO.

terrible deathly look upon me and said, "You need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children. Pray for them, but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. I tried to tell him of Jesus' love and God's forgiveness; but he said, "Don't mock me. I tell you there is no hope for me."

The next day his wife told me that from that time till he died all that he was heard to say was: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

Friend, how do you stand? If not a Christian, make your choice now. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

THE VITAL QUESTION.

"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (John 9. 35).

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36).

ARE you resting in the Saviour?
Are you trusting in His Blood?

Do you shun all human labour

As a ground for peace with God?

Is the Cross of Christ your glory?

Can you say: "For me He died?"

Is your only song and story

Jesus Christ, the Crucified?

Is the Rock your sure foundation?

And is Christ your Corner Stone?

Is He all your soul's salvation?

Do you trust in Him alone?

Can you sing the song of Heaven—

Of the Lamb that once was slain—

As a guilty one forgiven,

As a sinner born again?

Then, if such is your condition,

If to Christ you now belong,

How exalted your position!

And how glad should be your song!

He has found us; we have found Him;

Let us magnify His grace,

Till in Heaven we gather round Him,

And behold Him face to face.

T. R.

DANGEROUS SLEEP.

It was while Sisera slept that Jael drove the nail into his temples and ended his days (Judges 4. 21). It was while Samson slept that the Philistines shaved him, and his strength went from him (Judges 16. 19). It was while Saul slept that his life was endangered (1 Samuel 26. 7).; and while the virgins slumbered the bridegroom came (Matthew 25. 5).

Much more dreadful is the spiritual slumber in which many are wrapped. Said the wise man: "How long wilt thou sleep, thou sluggard?" (Proverbs 6. 9), and to many who are careless about their souls, the same question might well be put. "Wherefore He saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Ephesians 5. 14).

FROM STREET ARAB TO CITY GOVERNOR.

ON a memorable Sunday afternoon in June, 1898, I was the recipient of a valuable gold watch, presented to me by Dr. Barnardo in recognition of five and a half years' service as Superintendent of his Mission Church, the "Edinburgh Castle" Limehouse; and it was on that



DR. BARNARDO ON TOP OF BUS.

occasion that the doctor held an audience of two thousand people spell-bound as he told the story of one of his "old boys," of which the following is a brief outline.

It was in the earliest years of his rescue work that Dr. Barnardo, a young doctor, from the top of a 'bus in the Commercial Road, watched with keen interest a number of street Arabs running alongside the 'bus, spinning Catherine wheels on the pavement, stopping every now

and then to beg coppers from the passengers, and scrambling furiously for possession of the coins thrown to them. One of these wild urchins, clever in his acrobatic performances and nimble in the scrum, seemed to appeal to the doctor, and when the 'bus stopped at Stepney Causeway, he quickly got among the group, and persuaded this particular boy to take him to his home. Here his worst suspicions were at once confirmed—the home was little better than a brothel, and the wretched woman was only too ready to have the urchin taken off her hands.

That night the street arab made his first acquaintance with a hot bath, enjoyed a decent meal, and slept in a clean bed; to awake the following morning as if in a new world! His filthy and vermin-infested rags had been burnt, and for the first time in his life he donned a brand new suit of clothes, and persuaded his unaccustomed feet to submit to stockings and boots! He had done with the old life once for all, and the next few years witnessed a marvellous transformation as the arab became civilised, and his natural cleverness was directed into right channels. From the school he passed into one of the workshops, and was eventually included in one of the first party of "Barnardo Boys" to be sent to Canada. A situation was found for him as page-boy in the house of a professional man, and he soon became a prime favourite in the household. His musical voice secured him a place in the church choir, and as the result of the pleadings of his master's daughter, a bright girl of his own age, he was sent away to a high-grade school, from which he passed in due course to college life, where he so distinguished himself that his benefactor took him into partnership! "That, of course," said the doctor, "led to another interesting event, and he passed from partnership to sonship!"

Long years passed and, during a visit to Canada, from which the doctor had just returned, he attended an important function in one of the principal cities, and he had barely taken his seat when the chairman beckoned him to come on to the platform, and in a moment they were gripping hands—each swept with a great emotion, for the street arab was now a city governor, and yet humble enough to introduce to the great assembly the man who had rescued him from the gutter! It was a

wonderful story, and told as only Dr. Barnardo could tell it.

And what a striking picture it gives of still more wonderful things that happen. Such, for instance, as that described by a man who wrote: "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, established my goings, and put a new song in my mouth" (Psa. 40. 2). I have among my personal friends to-day a preacher of the Gospel who passed through all the stages of the arab who became a governor—the outcast who became a son! When only quite a youth he was grovelling in the gutter of *sin*—in the miry clay of moral filth. And then one day the Lord Jesus Christ spoke to him, and invited him to come to Him, and He would give him rest (Matt. 11. 29). He *heard* the invitation—he *believed it*, and he *came* to Christ. He was *cleansed* from all his sin and guilt (Isa. 1. 18), for he believed what God's Word says—That Christ atoned for our sins by the shedding of His blood on the Cross, and by believing we are not only forgiven, but are cleansed from all unrighteousness. His poor rags were exchanged for the "Robe of righteousness." He was taken into the Father's Home—for when we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ we are "born again," and thus become "Sons of God" (Rom. 8. 14-16). He was taught and trained for service by God's Holy Spirit. He was made a Partner, for all who believe are made "workers together with God." And he has been greatly honoured and blessed, for God always honours those who honour Him.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

THE newspapers daily give a list of deaths! The great ones, whose names are household words, are passing away one by one. We hear of neighbours, friends, relatives (young, middle-aged, old) dying suddenly or otherwise. *Who'll be the next?* The Messenger is now on his way to fetch some. *Who'll be the next? Shall you?* Does the thought give joy at the prospect of being for ever with the Lord, or do you shrug your shoulders and hope it won't be for you? Happy is the man who does not fear death, because he is reconciled to God!

THE OPEN DOOR.

IT is no dream, but a glorious reality, for as I look back over the ages I see a great multitude of individuals all entering the "Open Door" (Rev. 3. 8). First comes a poor, nameless robber, almost too late. Surely such a reviler as he will be cast out. Ah, no! his dying ears hear a Voice saying, "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Next comes a noble centurion, "glorifying God," then a counsellor named Joseph; but, see, the crowd thickens, for the same day three thousand souls enter the Open Door; it increases still, for "the number of the men is about five thousand" (Acts 4. 4); it still grows, for "a great company of priests" now enter. Following hard after the priests come two remarkable men, a black prime minister, using as his guide-book Isaiah 53, and a bloodthirsty slaughterer of the saints. Surely the door will be shut in his face. Behold, the chief of sinners receives the heartiest welcome, even an opened Heaven and a personal message from the Risen Saviour, which transforms him into the chief of saints. Entering still! See a fasting captain of the Italian band named Cornelius; a young Jew-Greek named Timothy (Acts 16. 1); a purple-seller named Lydia; a jailer, name unknown on earth, though written down in the Book of Life, who asks the very important question, "What must I do to be saved?" and gets the ever memorable answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31); and millions more as the centuries have rolled past have "come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south," to enter the ever-open door "and sit down in the Kingdom of God" (Luke 13. 29). Thank God, the Door of Mercy still stands open, and the world-wide invitation holds good: "I am the Door; by Me if ANY MAN enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). None need perish since Christ has died. "Who-soever will" may have salvation. But remember the Master of the House may soon rise up. His very last message is, "Surely I come quickly." O hasten and joyfully enter the "Open Door;" then when He comes you will be ushered into the city of the ever-open door, the city of freedom and joy, where "the gates shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there" (Rev. 21. 25). Be wise for thyself, and "COME NOW." hyp.

THE DUTCHMAN'S DIFFICULTY ;

— OR, —

THE MAN WHO TRAVELLED TO ENGLAND TO KNOW
HOW HE COULD BE SAVED



A Windmill in Holland.

"Why don't you trust Him then ? Could you trust me ?"

"Yes, I would trust you with anything"

SPURGEON AND THE DUTCHMAN.

THE great preacher was sitting in his vestry, seeing inquirers, when a young Dutchman came in, and spoke in broken English. "Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Spurgeon. "I came from Holland, sir, by boat." "And you wanted to know what you must do to be saved? Well, it is a long way to come to ask that question. You know what the answer is: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' (Acts 16. 31). 'But I cannot believe in Jesus Christ.'" "Well, now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "look here; I have believed in Him for a good many years, and I do trust Him; but if you know something or other against Him, I should like to know it, for I do not like to be deceived." "No, sir, I do not know anything against Him." "Why don't you trust Him, then? Could you trust me?" "Yes; I would trust you with anything," said the Dutchman. "But you don't know much about me." "No, not much; only I know you are a preacher of the Word, and I believe you are honest, and I could trust you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that you would trust me, and then tell me that you cannot trust the Lord Jesus Christ? You must have found out something bad about Him. Let me know it." The visitor stood still and thought for a moment, and then said, "I can see it now. Why, of course I can trust Him; cannot help trusting Him. He is such a blessed One that I must trust Him. Good-bye, sir," he added. "I will go back to Holland; it is all right now."

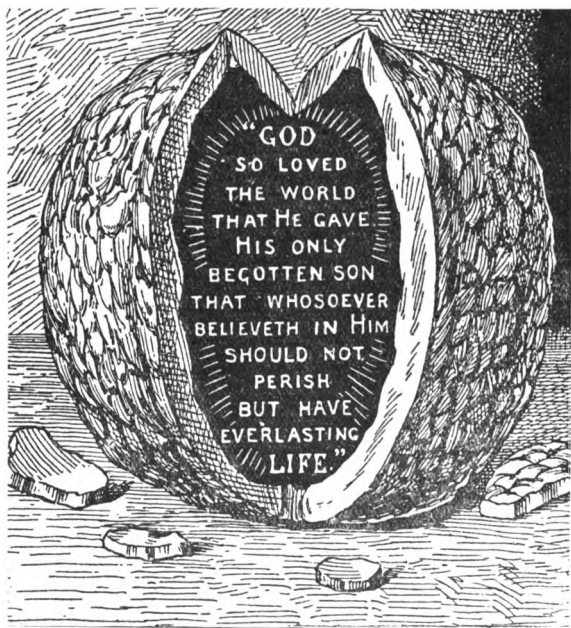
The young Dutchman was a theological student, Isaac Kuyper, of Leyden, who became later one of the most earnest preachers of God's Word Holland ever had.

Are you like Isaac Kuyper? Have you trusted friend after friend and neglected your best Friend? A friend in need is a friend indeed. As sinners of the Gentiles we were in the direst need of a Saviour, One who would meet and satisfy all the claims of Divine justice on our account. In the riches of His boundless grace God sent His only Son to the Cross of Calvary to die in our room and stead.

And now, salvation full and free is offered to all mankind, without distinction of class or colour. The terms of the Gospel are that we accept as a free gift by faith in the Saviour eternal life (Rom. 6. 23).

THE GOSPEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"THE Gospel in a nutshell!" This is how the wonderful words of life as contained in John 3. 16 have been described. Probably more persons have found peace with God through John 3. 16 than through any other text of Scripture. Luther used to call it "the Gospel in miniature." No unconverted person knows the meaning of this wonderful passage. Many who are able to repeat it



correctly do not understand the soul-saving truths which lie underneath the words.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance" (Psa. 89. 15). In it we see God's love to the world. The unsaved are alienated from the life of God through ignorance of His character. Wrong thoughts of God produce wrong feelings, and wrong feelings wrong actions. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love" (1 John 4. 8). God's Name and nature are unfolded here. His love is a peculiar love; it is love to the unlovely. Wonder

of wonders! a thrice holy God actually loves the "ungodly!" Though hating their sins with perfect hatred, He loves their souls with the tenderest love.

If the verse had stopped at "God so loved," how differently men would have supplied the object! In most cases "the righteous," "the godly," "the elect," would have been the favoured ones. Thank God for the word "world." It includes all, and excludes none. High and low, rich and poor, bond and free, educated and illiterate, religious and irreligious, the "masses" and the "classes," are all embraced in it.

Love will not be silent in the heart. Like the living seed sown in the ground, it must come up. Love is shown by what it is prepared to do for its object. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." God's love was a gift-bestowing, sacrificing love.

"So loved." Human love can be expressed and measured; but it is utterly impossible to find language to describe God's "unmeasured wealth of love" to a guilty world.

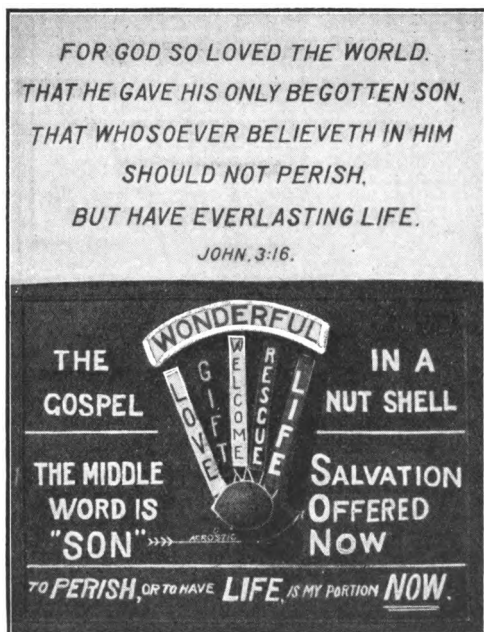
"That He gave His only begotten Son." Christ did not die in order that God might love us. He died because God loved us. "God commendeth His love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). To what did God give Christ? To humiliation, shame, poverty, sorrow, suffering, and death. He gave Him to be despised and rejected; to be buffeted and spat upon; to be mocked, scourged, and, last of all, crucified. The incarnate Son of God, the Maker of Heaven and earth, nailed to a cross! When He was hanging there, O unsaved friend, He thought of you! He loved you, and gave Himself for you.

"Should not perish, but have everlasting life." Myriads of men and women are perishing in their sins. The broad road is crowded, and the narrow way is trodden by comparatively few. God does not desire it to be so. He swears by His own existence that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked (Ezek. 33. 11), and declares that it is His desire that "all men" should be saved (1 Tim. 2. 4).

How could God, consistently with His holiness and justice, save those who had broken His laws and trampled His commands under their feet? "Without shedding of

The Gospel in a Nutshell.

blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). What was impossible with man is possible with God. God devises means that His banished be not expelled from Him (2 Sam. 14. 14). "Deliver him (the sinner) from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom" (Job 33. 24). What was the "ransom" of God's own providing? "Who (Christ) gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6).



Because of what Christ did and suffered every sinner may have a free, full, and present salvation. Though there is a Hell for every sinner out of Christ, there is a Christ for every sinner out of Hell.

"Everlasting life." What is that? It is not mere eternal existence. The unsaved have that. Death is a condition of existence, and so is life. Eternal death, the doom of the Christ rejecter and neglecter, is not the cessation of being, it is the cessation of well-being.

"Everlasting life," which is "the gift of God" (Rom. 6. 23), is the portion of every believer. It begins here, at conversion, and never ends.

"Whosoever believeth in Him." How grand! How gloriously simple! There is no reason whatever why any one—why the reader—should perish. You are not to try and merit the salvation of God. It is not "whosoever keeps the commandments." Nor is it "whosoever gives up his sins and turns over new leaves." Nor "whosoever prays diligently and earnestly." It is "whosoever believeth in Him."

If God were to bestow eternal life on those who deserved it, salvation would not be all of grace. But Scripture tells us that it is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Men are not saved through "doing their best." It is he who "worketh not," but believes on Christ, that is justified by God (Rom. 4. 5); "and if by grace, then it is no more of works" (Rom. 11. 6). In the salvation of the soul, God must have all the glory, or He will have none at all.

Thank God, it is "whosoever believeth" in Christ that obtains eternal life. It is not "whosoever believeth and acts up to it," nor, "whosoever believeth and holds on."

"Is that all I have to do?" one asks. What does Christ say you have to do? Is His Word not sufficient? Why not allow the water of the Word to cleanse away your "opinions?" "He that believeth on the Son," saith He, "hath everlasting life."

"Whosoever believeth." Thank God for the word "whosoever." It takes in all sorts, conditions, and characters. It includes those who don't "feel anxious enough," those who are not "sorry enough," those who are not "convicted enough." It takes in the drunkard, the harlot, the blasphemer, the self-righteous, the careless, the scoffer, and the sceptic. It takes in the reader.

Why not enter by the "whosoever" door as you read these lines? "I'm not prepared." Are you a "whosoever?" "Yes, I am a 'whosoever'." Well, then, you are included. Enter at once without delay. May you be enabled to say from your heart what many who read these lines are rejoicing in: "God loved, God gave, I believe, and I'm saved."

A. M.

THE URGENCY OF SALVATION.

A NUMBER of persons were waiting their turn in a physician's office (consulting-room) in a town in the United States of America. As they sat talking together, a chatty little man remarked that he did not know why he was there. True he had a sort of numbness in the tongue and occasional depression of spirits, but he did not think there was anything seriously wrong with him. His



wife, he said, insisted upon him seeing the doctor, and he was there. By and by his time came, and he went in to consult the physician. A considerable time elapsed ere he re-appeared. And how changed! Pale and trembling with excitement he staggered toward the outside door. As he was about to open it, he turned to the doctor and said, "Is there no hope, doctor?" "No remedy has been found for your disease," was the physician's calm reply. Then there was a short pause, broken by the patient asking, "Did you say two months, doctor?" "Yes, two months." As he was passing out the kind-hearted physician offered him a glass of water. "No, no," was the reply, "I have no time. Only two months to prepare for death!" and he left. One who heard the conversation remarked to a friend of mine, "I watched that man, and in two months he was dead."

The man's disease was incurable by human skill. How terribly disappointed the poor fellow must have been when the doctor told him the naked truth. He believed the physician's testimony that he was a dying man, and left determined to prepare for death. If the reader is unsaved he is the victim of a far worse disease than that which afflicted the American. "The worst of all diseases is light

The Urgency of Salvation.

compared with sin," the malady with which all are afflicted.

It is a universal disease, for it is found in every country, people, and nation. Some diseases are limited to certain climates and lands, but this disease is found in every part of the globe where a human being dwells.

It is a loathsome disease. Who can understand or estimate its loathsomeness in God's sight? It is that abominable thing which He hates. His estimate and man's estimate of it are vastly different. "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (Luke 16. 15).

It is an incurable disease. "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death" (James 1. 15). "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). It destroys body and soul, and all who profess to be able to cure, cleanse, or pardon it are but quacks. There is only One who can purge the soul from its defilement, and that is the "Great Physician," the Lord Jesus Christ.

If the reader were told that in two months, two weeks, two days, or two hours, he would be called into eternity, is he ready? The true Christian is not afraid of meeting God. His confidence, however, is not based on his works for Christ, but upon Christ's atoning work for him.

Only two months to prepare! The dying man refused the glass of water on account of the shortness of time he had to get ready for death. Your time may be far shorter than his. You may be counting on a lease of life, and may be laying your plans for years to come. How do you know that you will be alive in two months? Before to-morrow's sunrise you may be gone, and where will your soul be? Were you "cut down" to-night, and your lifeless body found in the morning, where would you spend eternity? "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). Believe on Him who took the guilty sinner's place, and suffered in our stead, and you will have pardon, cleansing, and eternal life (John 3. 15). God's Word says, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Trust the Saviour now and have the assurance of sins forgiven and eternal salvation (John 5. 24). A.M.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S DISCOVERY IN CALIFORNIA.

WILLIAM E. C. ROBERTS was born close to the city of Birmingham, England. At the age of 23 he went to California to "make a fortune"—but found one "already made," as he used to say. Whilst seeking employment in the city of San Francisco, a man whom he met tendered him good advice. "You appear to be a stranger in the city," he said, "be careful with whom you associate," and commended him to a boarding place kept by a Christian.



WILLIAM E. C. ROBERTS.

For several Sunday evenings William and a friend had attended lectures on Alaska, which were given by a popular minister in one of the city churches. As the young Englishman lay on his bed one Sunday afternoon reading a novel, a knock was heard at the door, and, listening, heard his landlady inquiring if he was going to the evening service in the church. "Yes," was the reply, "I am going to hear Reverend So-and-So lecture on Alaska." "Won't you come to the Gospel meeting with us? Mr. Donald Munro, of Toronto, is going to preach," inquired Mrs. Bailey. "No," said William, "I am interested in Alaska." A little later in the day he and a friend were talking at a street corner about the landlady's suggestion, and the conclusion they arrived at was this—that he must "keep solid" with the landlady! As a result of that decision, both of the young men turned up at the Gospel meeting. When William Roberts lived in the "Old Country" he attended the Church of England, and was a firm believer in the inspiration and inerrancy of Scripture. But he had never

experienced the great change of conversion to God. Though christened and confirmed in the Anglican Church, he knew nothing of the new birth, without experiencing which no one can see the Kingdom of God (John 3. 3).

The evangelist, Mr. Donald Munro, was a native of Scotland, and was a gifted and devoted servant of Christ. In neither measured notes nor bated breath he proclaimed ruin by the fall, redemption by the blood, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and reception by faith as the condition of the obtainment of blessing. The address was eminently calculated to awaken the careless and unconcerned. The Word spoken was a message which gripped the conscience and heart of William Roberts. He knew that he was a sinner, but had not yet learned that he was lost and guilty, and that the only thing between him and eternal perdition was the brittle thread of life, and were it snapped he would be irretrievably and eternally lost. At the conclusion of the address Mr. Munro had a brief conversation with William, who seemed inclined to question some statements that had been made, but chapter and verse was given for what had been said. When there seemed no way of avoiding discussion, the evangelist quietly opened his Bible, and said, "We'll see what God says about it." Though the preaching was searching, William Roberts did not stay away from the meetings. His eyes were being opened, and he was beginning to see his true condition in the sight of a holy and just God. On one occasion Mr. Munro inquired if he said prayers. "Of course I do; I was taught to do so as a child," was his reply. "I would advise you," said the evangelist, "to drop saying them; they go no higher than the ceiling." This was a terrible blow to William's ideas. His prayers went "no higher than the ceiling!" Was it true? Does God promise to answer the faithless prayers of unbelievers? It is certainly the duty of all men to pray, but if men won't listen to God's call, does He promise He will listen to theirs? And does Scripture not say that, "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11. 6). God is now beseeching the perishing to be reconciled to Him (2 Cor. 5. 20). If they turn a deaf ear to His call, can they expect Him to listen to theirs? "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not

An Englishman's Discovery.

the record that God gave of His Son ; and this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John 5. 10, 11).

On that Sunday night, the first time for years, William Roberts crept into his bed without uttering his old, stereotyped prayer, and he afterwards declared that he never felt so lonely in his life! On the following Sunday afternoon he took a ride to Cliff House, on the sea shore, on a new railroad that had just been completed. During



MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

the journey, he said, he never felt so miserable. All the way on the train journey the thought was pressed upon him, "If anything happens to this train I will be eternally lost." On that Sunday night, amongst the hymns that were given out at the meeting, a stanza of which is this—

"Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war ;
But now my songs to God abound,
I'm standing on redemption ground."

Ere the hymn was finished, Mr. Munro remarked: "Those who are unsaved, and are singing this hymn, are singing lies!" Roberts, on hearing this, flung his hymn book

the length of the seat. Mrs. Bailey (the landlady) and her husband bowed their heads silently and pleaded with God that the stubborn will of their lodger would yield to the constraining power of the love of Christ. Do unsaved persons "sing lies" when—as in this case—they sing, "I am standing on redemption ground," and know they are not? How many sing, "Oh! happy day when Jesus washed my sins away," whose sins are not "washed away?" When William Roberts sang, "I'm standing on redemption ground," he was singing an untruth, for at that time he was neglecting the salvation of God. The Holy Spirit did not however leave him to himself. He was dealing with him in grace that he might eventually accept of God's pardoning mercy.

One night Mr. Munro spoke from that glorious Gospel message (John 3. 16): "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That was the "happy day" when Jesus washed William Roberts' sins away. He discovered that, in spite of his innumerable sins, God loved him—loved him so much as to give His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die as a sacrifice for his sins, and by believing on Him who did it all, and paid it all, he had the assurance of salvation. And for the first time in his life he could truthfully say that he was a saved soul. He was able to sing:

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

At the close of the meeting he walked to the front, and with smiling face told him that he was saved. "And did he hold on?" inquires one. Yes, for 38 years he lived and laboured for Christ, and was respected, esteemed, and loved by all who knew him. God prospered him in business, and he was Superintendent of a large Sunday School in the city of Oakland for years.

In 1927 he was called home by Him who had redeemed him with His precious blood. "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 3. 36). Accept Christ now as your Saviour, and you also will join the company of the redeemed in a coming day.

A. M.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

"SEEMS RIGHT" OR "IS RIGHT?"

AMONG the many wise things that Solomon wrote was this: "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." And he felt so strongly about it that he said it twice over! (Prov. 14. 12; 16. 25). And Solomon was a wise man, and knew what he was writing about. Doubtless he had seen it work out in individual lives, as most of us have in our day; and the point he emphasises is just this: that a



"SMILING AT HIS MOTHER'S FEARS."

Which Way are You Going?

certain course of action relating to conduct and character may *seem* quiet all right *at the moment*, but in the *end* may prove disastrous.

In illustration of this I may tell the story of a young fellow I once knew. He had been well brought up, having had the priceless advantage of Christian parents, whose chief concern was to set before their boy the highest possible ideals. But even in his early teens he began to cause them disappointment and anxiety. When they hoped he would pass from the Sunday School to the Bible Class he thought he already knew more than the Leader could teach him, and forthwith his Sunday afternoons were spent with other senior lads who preferred to choose their own way. It *seemed* all right to him, but, alas, he did not see that it is not the thing of the moment that counts, so much as what follows. That it is not what *seems* right, but what *is* right. Like other young fellows, he did not stop to think, but just went on carelessly, choosing for himself the way that *seemed* all right. Step by step he shook himself free from parental control, heedless of the pain which he well knew he was causing them. When the annual races took place, ignoring his father's wishes, and smiling at his mother's fears, he went off to the racecourse. Why shouldn't he? He was old enough to decide for himself!

How it happened I do not know; but I saw his broken and disfigured body brought from the course on a gate, carried by six men, and taken to his home. "Knocked down and trampled on by the horses," they said. For days he lay in a critical condition, but with medical skill, helped by a mother's nursing and many prayers, he was eventually restored to health. *That way* had not proved so right as it *seemed* when he set out to join the racing crowd!

It was hoped that this experience would bring him back to right ways, but there came a day when a greater grief came to that home. Far more serious and devastating than fractured limbs and disfigured countenance is the moral lapse that brings shame and heart-break. In a far-off land the prodigal found refuge from arrest, and in a foreign hospital he came to the *end* of the way that *seemed* right.

Which Way are You Going?

Solomon's words had proved true once more—"The end thereof are the ways of Death." The mother's hair turned white in a night, and hers was the saddest face I ever saw—the embodiment of untold grief and sorrow.

The selfish way—the way that seems all right because of the pleasure of the moment, always branches off into the "ways" of death at the end. The selfish desire leads to defiance of restraint—to rebellion, to greed, to lawlessness, to recklessness, to passion, to shame and dishonour. These are the ways of death, for purity, honesty, integrity cannot live where they hold sway; and at the end, the Death that never dies.

And Christ says: "I am come that ye might have Life, and that ye might have it more abundantly" (John 10. 18). This is where the music of the Gospel comes in. Life need not be a failure; for great as our sin may be, Christ has died to atone for it. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." "He died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). By simple faith on the atoning sacrifice made for us by the Lord Jesus Christ when He shed His blood upon the Cross, we pass from "Death unto Life," and are made more than conquerors through Him. The way that then seemeth right will *be* right, for it will be His way. He becomes not only our Saviour, but our Guide, and He who is The Way, and The Truth, and The Life, will lead us safely all along life's journey; strengthening us for every task, giving us victory over every foe, and at the End will greet us with His "Well done!"

Do not be content with what *seems* right. Take Christ as your Saviour and Guide, and all will be right for Time and Eternity.

S. E. BURROW.

THREE GREAT FACTS.

1. "There is none righteous, no, not one....All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 10, 23).
2. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).
3. "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 3. 36).

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO?

AFTER the Indian Mutiny a ship left Calcutta bound for England, having on board a number of time-expired soldiers. A passenger relates that some time after leaving port some strange faces were seen on deck. Those, he learned, were convicts condemned to imprisonment for insubordination. The tedium of the voyage was relieved by singing, dancing, and general amusement, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, including the convicts, some of whom took a leading part in the amusements. As the ship was nearing the shores of England, however, it was painfully evident that the true nature of their position was being forced upon the poor convicts. While the other passengers were joyful in the happy prospect of shortly reaching home and meeting friends and loved ones it was otherwise with the convicts, who became more melancholy the nearer they approached their destination, for with some of them there was no hope of their ever seeing loved ones again.

Like the time-expired soldiers who were happy in the prospect of the early realisation of their hopes, the Christian's outlook is also bright. His guilty past having been put away by the blood of Christ, he rejoices "in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. 5. 2). True he has his troubles down here, but these will end one day, and he will enter into the presence of his Lord, where there is "neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain" (Rev. 21. 4).

With the unconverted it is otherwise. He is "condemned already" (John 3. 18), and every tick of the clock is bringing him nearer the time when the sentence of Eternal Death will be executed (Rom. 6. 23). He has nothing beyond time to look forward to but "judgment and fiery indignation" (Heb. 10. 7). The present is the only opportunity he will ever have of enjoying himself; and Satan knowing this is supplying him with all kinds of amusements to get him to forget eternity and meeting God. Alas! he may waken up when it is too late. Thank God, the judgment due to sin having been made to meet on Jesus on the Cross of Calvary (Isa. 53. 6), mercy's door, which leads from the captivity of sin to the glorious liberty of the Gospel, is open wide, and across its portals are the words, "Whosoever will may Come." Enter by faith now and be saved Eternally.

J.G.

THE BEST MAN IN THE VILLAGE ;

— OR, —

THE FISHERMAN WHO CHANGED HIS VIEWS ABOUT HIMSELF



The Fisherman's Boat.

"William and his wife discovered that they had been trying
to work out a righteousness of their own"

THE FISHERMAN'S CHANGE.

“WHEN you came here I thought I was the best man in the village, and now I think I am the worst.” Such were the words spoken to a friend of mine a few years ago, as he was leaving a Scotch village. No one who knew William Thomson, the fisherman, would have called him a “bad” man. On the contrary, he was upright, sincere, and conscientious. The change in his views regarding himself was effected through hearing a Gospel address, which was given by an earnest evangelist from the familiar words of Romans 10. 1-4: “For they being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.” The preacher showed that one might, like the Jews referred to, say prayers, do “good” works, observe ordinances, and all the while be on the highway to ruin. William and his wife discovered that they had been trying to work out a righteousness of their own in which to appear before God. Next day the evangelist had a conversation with him, and found him completely broken down. “I am all wrong,” said he; “it has been all works with me, and no faith.”

What a mercy he made the discovery! He learned that all his “righteousnesses were as filthy rags” (Isa. 64. 6), and longed to obtain forgiveness from God. Soon after this, he saw that “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth” (Rom. 10. 4), and that by believing on Him who bore sin’s penalty, loved him, and gave Himself for him, he had eternal life. By faith he gazed on that Blessed One who was wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities, and passed from death into life—from darkness into light. He was now clothed in Divine righteousness—“the righteousness of God which is unto all and upon all them that believe” (Rom. 3. 22). When he told the evangelist that he was the worst sinner in the village, he justified God and condemned himself.

Is the reader working for salvation, or from salvation? Are you working to be saved, or because you are saved? Remember that “without faith it is impossible to please” God. “To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Rom. 4. 5).

A. M.

THE OLD SEA-DOG'S LAST CALL.

TAKEN ill and laying on his back in mid-ocean, death staring him in the face, was the condition of John Coutts one of the wild, swearing, tyrant type of sea-captains. He winced in the presence of death, and fear of "the beyond" took hold upon him. At last he sent for the first officer and said, "Williams, get on your knees and pray a bit for a fellow; I'm awful bad. Expect I'll go this time." "I'm not a praying man, captain; I can't pray." "Well, bring your



"READ IT, BOY."

Bible and read me a bit. My rope's run out." "I've no Bible, captain." "Well, then, send the second officer here, perhaps he can pray a bit."

The second officer then stood by his bunk. "Say, Thomas, I'm afraid I'm bound for Eternity this trip; get down and pray if you can." "I'd do it, captain, if I could," said the second officer, "but since I was a lad I've never prayed." "Have you a Bible, then?" said the captain. "No, sir." "Then tell the third officer I want to see him," said the captain.

The third officer, like his superiors, could not pray and had no Bible. They searched the ship for a man that prayed, or had a Bible.

At last one of the men came and said he had seen a book like the Bible in the hands of the cook's boy, Willie Platt. "Just see if he has one," said the captain. "Sonny, have you got a Bible?" "Yes," said the boy, "but I only read it in my own time." "Oh, that's all right, boy. Fetch it

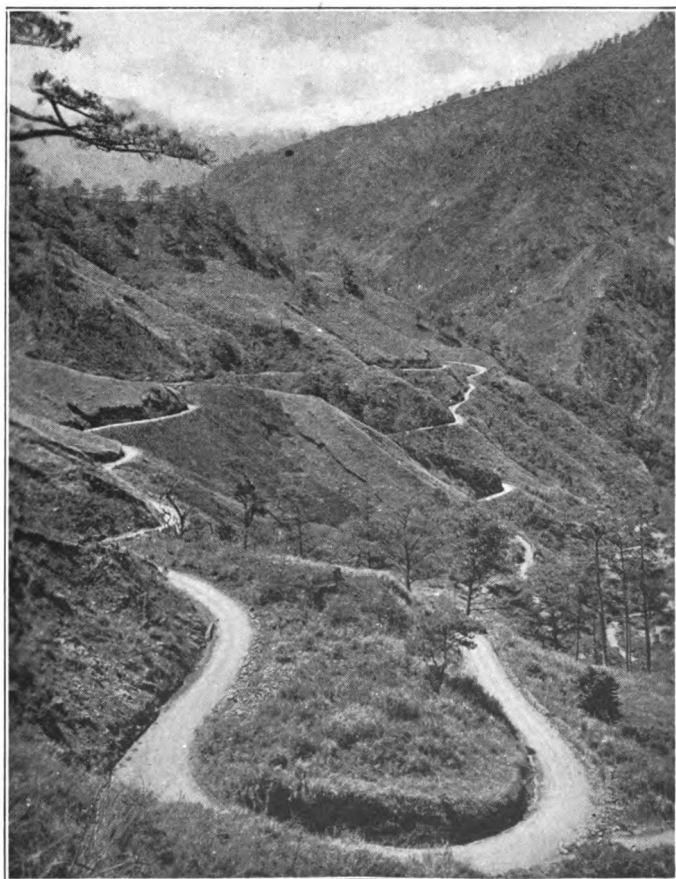
The Old Sea-Dog's Last Call.

and sit down here and find out something that will help me. I'm going to die. Find something about God having mercy on sinners. Read it, boy!"

Poor boy! he didn't know where to read, but remembered his mother had often made him read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. Willie turned to that chapter and read. When he got to the 5th verse: "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," the captain, who had been listening for his life, and realising that he was certainly having his last chance, said, "Stop, boy, now that sounds like it; read it again." Once more Willie read those words, "He was wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." "Aye, boy, that's good. That's it." Willie then got braver, and said, "Captain, when I was reading that verse at home, mother made me put my name in it; may I put it in now just where mother told me?" "Certainly, sonny, go on, put your name in just where she told you." Reverently the boy read: "He was wounded for Willie Platt's transgressions, He was bruised for Willie Platt's iniquities: the chastisement of Willie Platt's peace was upon Him; and with His stripes Willie Platt is healed." By then, as Willie finished, the captain was half over his bedside, and eagerly said: "Boy, read again and put my name in—put your captain's name in—John Coutts, John Coutts." Then the boy read: "He was wounded for John Coutts' transgressions, He was bruised for John Coutts' iniquities; the chastisement of John Coutts' peace was upon Him; and with His stripes John Coutts is healed." Then he lay back, having heard those glorious words ringing in his ears, he over and over repeated them, putting his own name in; and as he did so, the joys of Heaven filled the heart of a new-born soul. Another sinner for whom Christ died had now believed Him and received Him (John 1. 12). A few days after the soul of the captain passed away; the body was rolled in canvas, with a shot at his feet, and over the ship's side disappeared into the ocean, there to remain till the Lord Jesus comes, and the sea gives up its dead (see John 5. 28, 29).

A PHILIPPINE STORY.

"THE Pearl of the Orient!" What a romantic name! The first-time visitor to the Philippines is all prepared for an endless variety of lovely scenery and charming experiences. His first sight of the islands, however, from the deck of a great ocean liner may be a disappointment. Approaching the shores of Manila, he sees only a flat, uninteresting shore line, a rocky stretch and the ugly Customs House and warehouses. But first



ZIGZAG ROAD, BENGUET, P.I.

A Philippine Story.

impressions are often wrong, and it is so in this case, for one may see in the Philippines some of the most wonderful spots in the world.

First of all, he will have to travel north seven or eight hours by train or auto through much uncultivated land; and, dusty and hot, he arrives at the foot of the mountains. Then begins an ascent of nearly 5000 feet, up and up the Benguet Trail. The road has many sharp curves, and seldom can one see more than a few yards of road ahead.

The scenery changes. The weary traveller begins to sit up and take notice as he finds himself looking down into valleys and through canyons of surpassing beauty. The vegetation becomes thicker, interspersed with flowers. Around another curve he sees the sun set in all its glory, the sky such a radiant confusion of colours as to make him think the gates of Heaven are opening and soon he will see the City of Gold.

While watching the sun dip into the sea unconsciously one shivers and puts on his coat, and as pine trees appear in the landscape he wishes he had an overcoat. In one short hour the temperature has fallen from 100 degrees to about 60 or less, and in the tropics such a sudden drop causes great discomfort to many people.

At last the traveller nears the mountain city of Baguio, and, looking back and seeing the curves in the road he has taken, and the wondrous scenery below him, he holds his breath at the sight—God's handiwork and man's engineering. The view is of such surpassing loveliness that unbidden tears come to the eyes.

The descent is very dangerous, and this fact brings my reader to the motive of this article. A few years ago a party consisting of the wife and child of a wealthy business man, a nurse and lady's maid were descending the mountain in a luxurious automobile, driven by a chauffeur who had made the journey many times. Familiarity made him over confident, and he drove along carelessly, regardless of the curves and terrible precipices. At one point, in an attempt to gain on an auto ahead of him, he swerved too suddenly; the car struck a tree and was partially overturned. The three ladies and the chauffeur were knocked unconscious; the child was flung out of the car unharmed, and was found later wandering about.

A Philippine Story.

Fortunately another car soon appeared on the scene, the occupant of which happened to be the Commanding Officer of the Philippine Department of the U.S. Army. The lady and the nurse had sustained head injuries, the chauffeur had his wrist broken, but the Spanish maid was thought to be dying. As quickly as possible the Army Officer had them all taken to the hospital in Manila, where they soon recovered, with the exception of the Spanish maid. She lay, unable to move, and on examination it was found that her spine had been severely

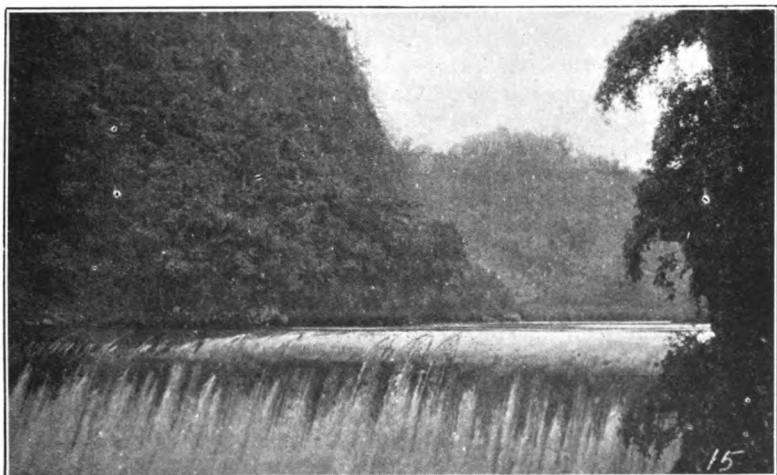


Photo by G. A. Wichman.

MONTALBAN, THE SOURCE OF MANILA'S WATER SUPPLY.

injured. When she regained consciousness her cry was, "Mother, mother, don't let me die; I am afraid." For days she wailed, suffering agonies; internal organs had been injured, and her lower limbs were completely paralyzed. A few days later her cries and moaning caused a chance visitor to the hospital to ask the writer to visit her and see if anything could be done to comfort her.

The poor girl was in such despair and pain that it took some time to gain her attention. At length she became conscious of the fact that someone knew and cared, and with amazement she listened to the old, old story of Jesus

A Philippine Story.

and His love. Although born and brought up a Roman Catholic, she knew not that "God is love" (1 John 4. 16). She also began to see her own condition as a sinner in the sight of a holy God. Each visit gave her a clearer picture, and at last she owned herself a *lost* sinner, and simply and without hesitation she accepted Christ as her Saviour.

For weeks her life hung in the balance, but in the midst of much suffering she was always happy and cheerful, thanking God for the accident that had brought her to a knowledge of His Son. Gradually the injured organs healed and her back got stronger. After a year of patient lying on her back she could turn over, and after another year she could sit up, and finally she could wheel herself around the hospital.

During those three years since she saw the light of salvation in Christ, she has not been idle. She wrote to her mother and brother in Spain and told them what great things the Lord had done for her. One day she received a letter from her brother, saying, "Mother died to-day, happy and thankful, saying your Saviour was hers." A blind woman who lay next to her was won for Christ. Another woman in the same ward, seeing her happy face in spite of her condition, asked the secret, and she, too, "came to Jesus as she was" and was saved. A little girl of fourteen, two nurses, the Matron, and two men have all been brought to the same loving Saviour.

One who visited her said, "It strikes one who sees her how happy she is, never a word of complaint, always cheerful and ready to comfort others, even merry at times."

The Lord kept her in that hospital for three years, as a testimony to His saving grace and power to satisfy the heart even under such circumstances. Then one day she collapsed. They operated at once, as some internal organ must have ruptured. She never spoke again, although she lived to the following day. An old priest said, "She did not even have time to confess and receive the last rites of the church," but he added, "She did not need them." Very true, for she was resting on a *finished work*. Jesus said, "It is finished," as He bowed His head in death (John 19. 30). Reader, there is nothing left for you to do. Simply rest in His finished work. God is satisfied with it; are you?

M. W.

CONVERSION OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER.

I WAS "born again" in a revival. It was in an old country Church in the South, just after the American Civil War, and the religious excitement was intense. Men and women wept aloud over their sins, and when they were converted they shouted, "Glory! Hallelujah!" and went around shaking hands with all their friends.

I was only a boy, and had read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." I thought that I must have a burden like



DR. A. C. DIXON.

Pilgrim's, that I should lose it all of a sudden, and the loss of it would fill me with joy; then I should go on my way rejoicing.

But the burden would not come. I felt because I could not feel. I cried because I could not cry. I was burdened because I was not burdened. I was deeply convicted over the lack of conviction; and in that state of mind I heard a simple sermon on the text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

I said to myself: "That does not say, 'Feel burdened or happy, get a pack or unpack.' It simply requires belief

Conversion of an American Minister.

in the Lord Jesus Christ. I will do that, and quit." There came to me a quiet mind and a peace of soul, but no ecstatic joy.

My father, who was one of the preachers in the meeting, put his hand on my head and asked, "Are you converted, my boy?" My reply was, "I do not know, but I am believing in the Lord Jesus Christ." "That is it," he said; "do not seek for any more." After a few minutes a Christian woman, a friend of our family, came to me, and, putting her hand on my shoulder, asked, "Are you a Christian?" I replied, "I do not know, but I am believing on the Lord Jesus Christ." "That is it," she said; "do not seek for more." So there were two witnesses, in whom I had perfect confidence, that I had met the requirement for salvation.

The next day there was more excitement than ever. No fewer than thirty persons, for the most part young men and women, professed conversion, and made great demonstrations of joy. I believed that they were sincere; there was no sham about their happy faces. But their joy filled me with distress. I said to myself: "If that is conversion, I have missed it, and must try again." And while I was meditating how I should try again, the Scripture came back to me with fresh force: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Closing my eyes, and looking up to God in prayer, I said: "Lord, they may beat me shouting, but they cannot beat me believing. I will take Thee at Thy Word." It was in this very exciting meeting that I accepted Christ in cold blood, and began the Christian life without a thrill of joy. Though I did not share the excitement, I believe to-day that if there had been no excitement I might have been unmoved. The earnestness of the prayers, the ecstasy of the converts, and the religious atmosphere of the whole place touched my impressionable boyish heart.

The work of salvation has been completed; Jesus Christ on the Cross of Calvary said, "It is finished," and now God is able righteously to save the vilest; and this He does on one condition: that men will believe on His Son. His Word says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Have you trusted Him? If not, do it now.

DR. A. C. DIXON.

HIS NIAGARA FALLS.

A WHILE ago a number of visitors to the world-famous Niagara Falls were startled by piercing shrieks which rose above the roar of the majestic cataract. Looking up stream they saw a floating mass rushing towards them, and heading for the Falls. On it was a huge bird, with its mighty wings outspread, rending the air with its terrifying



THE HUGE BIRD WITH OUTSPREAD WINGS.

His Niagara Falls

cries Nearer and nearer it came, and louder and louder were the shrieks of the terrified creature as it sped on with ever increasing pace, until at last with one wild scream it was swept over the Falls and disappeared!

What was the meaning of this weird and startling incident? Just this: Days before, and far up country, a buffalo had been swept into the river and drowned. Away up in the cloudless sky a soaring vulture had caught sight of the floating carcase, and with swift and certain swoop had alighted on it. Fastening its talons deep into the hide, it began to feast on the unusual meal. The swirling waters constantly swept over the carcase, but the vulture went on feeding—gorging itself to the full. Satisfied at last, it essayed to mount and wend its way back again to its far-away nest. But it was powerless to rise. While it had been feasting ravenously the overlapping waters had frozen its talons into the hide, and it was held as in a vice! Hence its terrifying cries, its helplessness, and its fate.

I have seen a sadder sight than that. Let me tell the story. He was the friend of my youth; the son of Godly parents, and highly privileged in many directions. He was an exceptionally good-looking fellow, genial in disposition, with the added gift of humour. He did well at school, and passed into business life with a clean record and the future full of promise. Promotion came his way, and he started out as a commercial traveller to represent his Firm. This meant that he was brought face to face with the temptations of hotel life. At first he bore himself bravely. His Band of Hope pledge had never been broken, and he seemed to be shaping well, when in an unguarded moment he followed the lead of an older man "on the road." "Just one glass" wouldn't matter. But that one glass became the regular thing, until it created a desire for a second, and all too soon he became familiar with other drinks, and was an expert in the flavour of wines. From wines to spirit was a short cut, and then—what? The card-table! "Only a six-penny stake!" No harm in that! But the stakes grew, and the gambling spirit was born.

Business was soon neglected; health began to suffer; trembling hands told of damaged nerves. Hitherto carefully groomed, he became careless and shabby. Warnings

His Niagara Falls.

from the Firm steadied him only for a moment, for he was now in the grip of the twin fiends of Drink and Gambling. He had fastened the talons of his passion on the drifting carcase of sensual pleasure, and was being carried on to disaster. Turned adrift by his employers, he continued to gamble and drink, until he had squandered every penny he possessed. A generous legacy that might have given him a splendid fresh start, was lost in a month! Homeless, with every friend alienated, he wandered aimlessly about, until at last he drifted into a workhouse, and died a pauper!

That was his Niagara! The friend of my youth. The son of pious parents. Oh, the tragedy of it all! That first glass! That first bet! Feasting on the fleeting pleasures of the world, giving reins to carnal passions, until conscience was deadened, and the will crippled and fettered. Feasting and drifting! And then the terrible Niagara of a wasted life and a Christless Eternity.

And how different it might have been! If he had remained loyal to the teaching of his youth; if he had but besought God to give him strength and courage to say "No" when tempted to take the first glass and risk the first bet. Who knows to what honourable position he might have risen, or what useful service he might have rendered to the world? And even when he had gone far in his riotous feasting and perilous drifting, if he had but turned to God He would have had mercy upon him, and all might have been well at the last. God's Word says: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, and He will abundantly pardon" (Isa. 55. 7).

Beware of the first glass, the first bet. That way lies the Niagara of disaster.

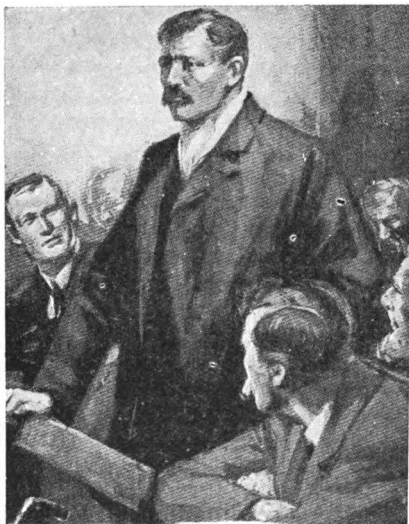
S. E. BURROW.

GREAT FOLLY.

WE have heard of men perishing with thirst in some arid waste; yet water was near to them, while they knew it not. Although to be pitied, they were not to be blamed. But who shall declare the folly of those who are perishing for lack of the water of life, although it is flowing freely and they know it!

W. S.

THE DAY OF SALVATION.



SPECIAL services were being held in a busy American city, in the State of New York, conducted by a gifted and well-known evangelist. At the close of a powerful Gospel address on the Lord's day evening an invitation was given to inquirers to remain for personal conversation. A number availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them of having their difficulties removed, and retired

to a room specially set apart for that purpose. Ere the congregation dispersed, the preacher, who had in the meantime gone to the inquiry room, returned to the hall and stated that he was deeply impressed with the thought that there were others present desirous of becoming Christians, and made a stirring appeal to such to accept of God's salvation that night. For a moment there was silence. This, however, was broken by a young lady rising in the back of the building and saying, "I wish to be saved to-night." She then walked up the centre of the hall, every eye being turned toward her, and entered the inquiry room, convicted of sin by the Holy Ghost, and longing to obtain forgiveness. It was not long ere she was rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47). Peace and joy filled her heart, and that night she retired to rest, conscious that if she were called into eternity ere the morning dawned she would be in the glory with the Lord Jesus Christ.

On the following Wednesday, as the Gospel service was closing, a Christian gentleman, who had just entered the hall, stood up and spoke for a few minutes. He began by

The Day of Salvation.

reminding those present of what had taken place on the preceding Sunday, of the young lady standing up and expressing her desire to be saved, and on her entering the inquiry room. He also told of her conversion. With deep emotion, he added, "I have just returned from her death-bed. She was taken ill on Monday, and passed into eternity this evening. Her heart was full of praise and thanksgiving, and before her departure to be with Christ she exultingly said, 'I thank God I accepted Christ last Sunday night.'" The effect produced upon the audience by the narration of the incident was indescribable. The importance of immediate acceptance of Christ was brought home to some as it never had been before. Yet, alas! in a few days most of those present in all likelihood would have stifled conviction, doing their utmost to banish from their minds all thoughts of the matter.

If the lady had delayed the settling of the all-important question until another night, it is more than probable she would never have been saved. That Sunday night was to her the "valley of decision." The unsaved, unconverted reader is exposed to imminent danger. At this very moment the wrath of a just and holy God is abiding upon you (John 3. 36). Deliverance is now proclaimed, but you say, "I intend to be saved some time; at another time rather than the present." Whilst admitting the magnitude of your peril, you hope that it will turn out all right with you "at last."

Do not forget this all-important fact, the present is the only time you are sure of possessing. And why should you risk the loss of your precious soul? "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee" (Acts 24. 25), said Felix, the Roman Governor. The "convenient season," however, never arrived. You can never have a more "convenient season" for accepting of Christ as your Saviour than the present moment. God says, "Now." Trifle no longer; to-morrow is not yours. Harken to the words of your best Friend: "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 4. 7). Every moment you procrastinate, every time you say "not now," you "harden" your heart. Delay, then, no longer. Close with God's offered mercy by believing on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you.

A. M.

"HELP YOURSELF, AND GOD WILL HELP YOU."

A FRIEND of mine, whilst speaking to an American about his soul's welfare, found him exceedingly dark about the way of salvation. "I don't believe that your way of being saved is right," said he. "I believe in the old Scripture, Help yourself, and God will help you." The Scotsman, taking his Bible from his pocket, asked the American to show him the verse. "I have not my spectacles with me," was his reply.

"Help yourself and God will help you" is often expressed as follows: "If a man does the best he can God will save him." Both sayings are utterly opposed to the truth. Salvation cannot be obtained on the ground of our doings. God's Word declares that it is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Christ came to save lost sinners, not sinners able to help themselves. Are you lost?

So long as the American had hope that he was able to do anything to help God to save him there was no hope of anything being done. The Scriptures declare that all have sinned, that all of us deserve eternal punishment. "God requireth that which is past," and future good conduct cannot atone for past disobedience. Whenever the reader, like Isaiah of old, sees that he is "undone" (Isa. 6. 5) he will cease talking of his doings. Salvation is a gift (Rom. 6. 23), and cannot be earned or merited. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5).

Stop trying to help yourself, unsaved reader. The best thing you can do is to acknowledge in God's holy presence that you are guilty and condemned, and cease all efforts of your own to secure the redemption of your soul. The Lord Jesus paid the ransom, and salvation is free. If you continue struggling and striving to obtain it it will never be yours. God gives salvation to bad people for nothing. It was purchased at an infinite cost, and is now pressed on your acceptance as a free gift. "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. 10. 9). Why not stop "trying" to be saved? Simply trust in Christ and be saved now. **A.M.**

THE DEVIL'S CHALLENGE ;

— OR, —

THE CHRISTIAN LEADER WHO FACED GREAT OPPOSITION
IN ORDER TO PREACH THE GOSPEL



"I accept the threat as a challenge."

**"Men, you've planned to put me head first in that
tub, haven't you ?"**

THE DEVIL'S CHALLENGE.

"THAT settles it, I accept the threat as a challenge from the Devil, and so with your permission, sir, which I'm sure you won't refuse me now, I really must carry on!" There was no mistaking the speaker's earnestness as he stood on the deck of the American liner, a slightly built man with keen, alert face and manner, and eyes which bespoke the latent energy behind them, for the moment fixed with intense expectancy upon the officer in charge who had just made known to him his reasons for not acceding to his request to hold a service on board.

"Well," came back the reply, given rather grudgingly, as though the speaker was going against his better judgment, as indeed he was, "I'll allow you to go ahead on one condition, and that is that you take full responsibility for anything that happens, and do not blame me afterwards."

The promise was gladly given, and an amicable agreement having thus been arrived at, the two men separated, the one hurrying to the gangway below to call his two or three waiting friends on board from the quayside, the other sauntering along to a position overlooking the foredeck whence he could "see the fun." And truly things pointed to there being an unusual happening on board on this bright morning, for the American crew, a very mixed rough lot of down-easters who had been disturbed in their Sunday gambling by a previous visit of this same little band of workers, had vowed that if ever their leader attempted to hold another meeting, that they'd put him head first into the refuse-tub outside their foc'sle door.

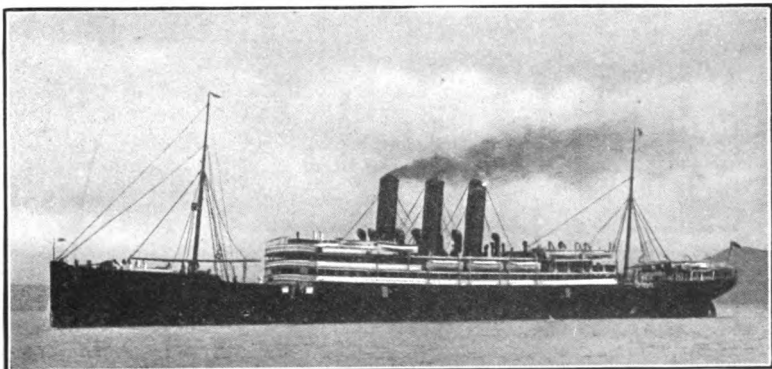
Small wonder, therefore, if there had been some reluctance on the part of the one in charge to give his assent to what might so easily lead to a disturbance, and yet perhaps curiosity to see what would actually happen, combined with the undoubted appeal which such assured confidence and utter fearlessness, made to his own manhood had caused him to reverse his first decision, and now he found a strange fascination in watching the development of events in the scene below him.

The foredeck was absolutely deserted as the small group took up their stand just abaft the closed doors of the foc'sle. Not at all disconcerted, however, they bowed their heads in prayer for the power they needed from on

The Devil's Challenge.

high, and started their opening hymn. The sound of the singing had the desired effect, faces were seen peering out, doors were opened and a motley, hard-looking, throng of men streamed forth, some gathering round the singers, but another group evidently intending mischief, made their way across the deck to where the refuse-tub was standing.

The Devil's challenge was a very real one, so thought the leader as with practised eye he took in all the signs of the gathering storm, specially marking its centre, the cluster of men across the way gathering round the refuse-



AN ATLANTIC LINER.

tub; his own circle was a steadily increasing one as members of the crew, ever ready for a sing-song, began to crowd around joining in the hymns.

Then suddenly the climax was reached and the storm burst, but the burst came from exactly the opposite quarter to that anticipated by the now anxiously, expectant observer on the deck above. For the leader, guided by that instinct which God does give to those who look to Him, had quietly held up his hand and stopped the singing. The crucial moment for action had arrived, the Devil's challenge was being accepted to the full! Stepping quickly across the deck, a bundle of hymn books under his arm, our friend was in the midst of the group around the tub before they had time to recover from their surprise at his daring manœuvre. "Men," he cried, "you've planned

The Devil's Challenge.

to put me head first in that tub, haven't you? But I challenge you to do it; there's a power with me that won't let you, and you know it!" Ah, my friends, did ever a believing man put God to the test and find Him fail? How true even in this our day is Paul's triumphant query, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

And the truth of that undying assertion was once more to be proved true now. "Come over," continued the insistent, challenging voice. "Come over and join in this chorus with us; it tells of the One who died to give you freedom and victory over sin and that life which is eternal."

The effect was instantaneous, in some inscrutable manner the opposition began to melt away; what kind of power was this, they asked themselves, which enabled a single, unarmed man to defy and overcome the sort of characters they knew themselves to be? It was in a changed mood that they accepted the proffered hymn books, with softened hearts that they moved over and joined their shipmates in the service.

Is it therefore surprising that before its close several of the crew had accepted another challenge and stepped out before their fellows in token of their surrender to a newly-found Lord and Master? As the joyous band of workers walked away, their morning's task ended, with hearty invitations to come again soon following them, the officer called their leader up to him. "How do you do it?" was his mystified query. "Do what, sir?" "Why, get those men to do just everything you want, when it takes us all our time to get anything at all out of them?" The whole incident evidently appealed to him; was indeed a challenge to his own soul, as any display of Divine power must be to those who witness it, and he proved a ready listener as the mystery of the source of this power, which flows from the death of our Lord Jesus Christ for us men, was expounded to him.

I wonder what sort of appeal this brief narrative makes to you? One thing you must allow—that the chief actor in the little drama was no coward, that in fact only a truly courageous soul who was willing to risk all—disgrace, contempt, yea, perhaps life itself—could have forced such a situation and overcome the forces arrayed against him with the invincible faith which claimed the

The Devil's Challenge.

victory before the battle was formed. He was, you agree, a brave man; he was also a Christian, and it needs little probing beneath the surface to see that it was because he was a Christian that he was also a brave man, that the two went together.

The rough crowd on that liner recognised both these facts; they also perceived that it was the operation of no earthly power which energised this fearless man and enabled him in turn to move them. A brave man—that is what Christ challenges, and the Devil dares you to be—a brave man because a Christian; for true bravery in the last analysis is “the power to stand alone!” Apparently alone, but in reality never alone. “At my first answer all men forsook me,” said Paul the aged, “notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me,” and in that statement he voiced the secret of the Christian’s strength, the unseen presence of his Master with him. How many a man who laughs with the crowd at the lonely Christian, has to own to himself afterwards in the quiet of his cabin that he’s played the coward, that if he’d dared to do what the one he scoffed at had done—to listen to the secret calls of his own conscience, to follow the sense of need and of sin in his own heart to its final issue—that he, too, would be a Christian in something more than name only—would indeed be standing by his side. Yes, life is one long challenge all the way through, until the day of challenges has gone by for ever, and we have signed our destiny with our own signature.

Do these words ring true to you? Is it the love of self and the consequent fear of men which keeps you from accepting the challenge which surely comes to us all? Remember those words of warning and promise combined: “He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal!”

Because of His atoning death and glorious resurrection Jesus Christ is able to save the vilest; and He freely offers to all eternal life and complete salvation, not only from the penalty of sin, but from its power day by day. Will you put His offer to the test and trust the Saviour now? “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 3. 36). W. G. C.

A COMMUNIST'S CONVERSION.

THE following is a copy of a letter written by a young Communist speaker to one who had longed for his conversion:

"JACK,—I am saved! Do you understand? I am saved! I have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour! What a wonderful feeling of delight, of the real intrinsic feeling of peace has entered into my whole being, and yet this is but a tiny piece! Only just an atom of the whole peace! Now it seems to me the whole world has opened into its real significance. All the planets, the stars, the sun, in fact everything, has obtained to my poor finite soul a deeper and truer meaning. Jack, old boy, you understand, don't you? I was a Communist, a public speaker, offering to the people a material happiness, a finite joy of the flesh, soon to end in oblivion, an eternal quiet.

"But now, oh Jack, now I can offer all, yes—all, hope beyond the flesh, eternal life. For did not Jesus Christ die 'for me,' 'for you,' 'for all'? I was but the insignificant seed beneath the sod that has now burst through the restraining bonds of the darkness, and at last has come to its own.

"With the glory of God shining all around me and the blessed warmth of Jesus Christ on me—oh, Jack, you know, you understand! I can write better, but I am all of a tremble, for to-night it is that I am saved! Oh, Christ, sink deeper into my heart! Oh Thou, the Eternal, crucified as Thou hast this night saved my soul, save all suffering, poor, maltreated, misled humanity! Give me strength to shout from the highest pinnacle of the earth, Thy great truth, the truth, the only truth!

"Dear Jack, we might yet meet. I have a world of thought to unfold to you. I hope that I, with the strength of Christ in me, shall go through my Communist friends, a fiery brand, casting His words, the wisdom of Jesus Christ (He whom I have accepted) amongst them. If I save one, just one, I shall be happy. Yes, truly happy. Show this letter to your friends. Show it to those who yet refuse to accept eternal life. Oh, it now becomes all so plain! How can they refuse? Bless you! God bless you all and give you strength to carry on the eternal life-saving work!

"M. E."

THE ACCEPTANCE OF SALVATION.



TOM C—, a young man about five and twenty years of age, was the son of a Canadian farmer who lived in Muskoka, Ontario. Through attending Gospel meetings in a schoolhouse in the neighbourhood, he became troubled about his soul. He was conversed with, and he admitted that in his own, and in God's estimation, he was a lost sinner. The Holy

Spirit had revealed to him his deep, deep need, and he longed to know how he could have his sins forgiven, and be for ever saved.

Has the reader ever yet seen himself to be lost, guilty, and "condemned?" Perhaps you have been looking at the failures and inconsistencies of religious professors instead of your own. You declare that you have as "good a chance" to get to Heaven as some who say that they are Christians. If this is so, you are looking in the wrong direction altogether. When you get such a view of yourself as the prophet Isaiah had, you won't talk about other people. The language of your heart will be that used by him: "Woe is me, for I am undone" (Isa. 6. 5). When a sinner gets a sight of God's holiness he sees his vileness as well as his littleness. By comparing himself in the "dim religious light" of public opinion he may consider himself somebody, but when he gets into God's conscious presence, and beholds His burning, searching, piercing eye upon him, he cries out in bitterness of soul, like Job of old: "Behold, I am vile" (Job 40. 4).

Finding that Tom had taken the lost sinner's place, I sought to direct him to the lost sinner's Saviour. Scrip-

tures were read which speak of God's full provision for a guilty world, but Tom continued looking within. As well might a serpent-bitten Israelite have expected to be healed by looking at his wounds as a sinner hope to be saved by looking into his cold, unbelieving heart. I tried to get him occupied with God's great love; of its manifestation in the gift of His Son; of God's acceptance of, and satisfaction with, Christ's atonement, yet he appeared to obtain no joy or peace.

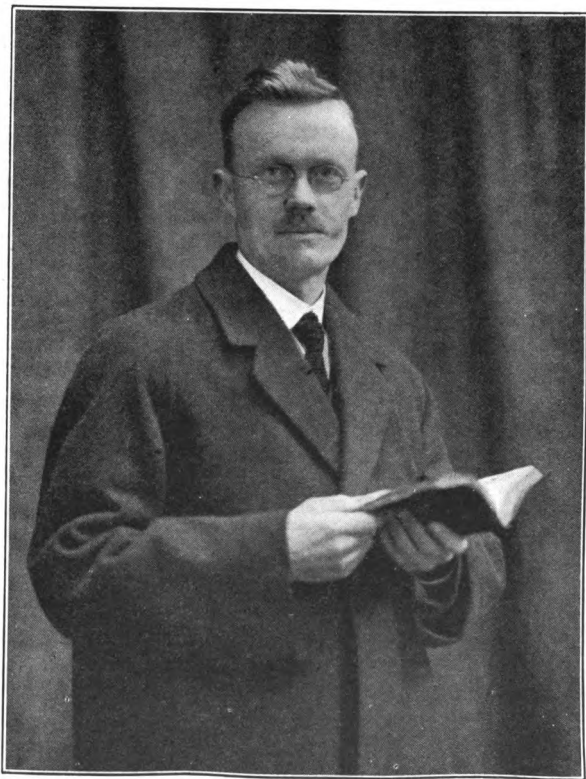
Opening my Bible, I slowly read, clause by clause, the familiar and oft-quoted words of Isaiah 53. 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I endeavoured to get his mind engaged with Christ and His finished work, reminding him that sinners are saved through what He did for them, and not through what they do for Him. Still he continued occupied with his feelings toward God instead of with God's feelings towards him. Observing a grand old text on the schoolhouse wall, I pointed to it. It was a most suitable word: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Tom lifted his eyes, and gazing intently on it, read it slowly and carefully. Then turning suddenly on me, he exclaimed: "Glory be to God, I see it now! Jesus has died for me, and I am saved."

A Christian worker who had known him for years, said, "Tom, how do you know that you are saved?" The eyes of the young convert sparkled with joy as he replied, "Frank, because Jesus has died for me." At last he had found rest by looking to Jesus on Calvary bearing his sins in His own body on the tree.

God's way of salvation is entirely different from man's. "Behold the Lamb of God" is His way of blessing. Salvation is not obtained by looking to our faith, works, prayers, or feelings. Don't look down, around, or within. Look up. The One who died on Calvary and bore the judgment due to sin is seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high. He bears sin no longer. The sin question was eternally settled when He exclaimed, "It is finished," and bowed His head and gave up the ghost. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else" (Isa. 45. 22). A. M.

CONVERSION OF A LANARKSHIRE LAD.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, while living in a small village near Uddingston, Lanarkshire, I was in deep distress about my soul's eternal welfare. The death of my sister had brought great sorrow to our home, but it



M. H. GRANT.

proved God's way of speaking to me, and though I strove to quench it, the work of conviction had already begun in my soul. As I looked upon the lifeless body of my dear sister, something seemed to say, "If that had been you, where would you spend eternity?" For a time I found relief in thinking that I had not been so bad after all, and as I was doing my best to be good, and to do good, surely

God would thereby make me fit for Heaven. Little did I think that all my righteousness was as filthy rags in the sight of God (Isa. 64. 6), and that I was only respectably and religiously going to Hell. Happily my false peace only lasted a few months, till one day my condition in all its sinfulness and helplessness came before me, and I longed, in my distress, for someone to show me God's way of salvation.

Opposite our house there lived a man who I thought might help. He was a follower of "Millennial Dawnism," and apparently quite fluent in speaking of his favourite subject, "The Divine Plan of the Ages." With many of the Scriptures, which he thought, supported his theory, he was very familiar, so that in my ignorance of God's Word his reasoning and quotations from the Scriptures presented a fine attractive, easy, and plausible doctrine. But as the subjects of salvation from sin's penalty and power and of how it could be obtained, were never mentioned, I was compelled to conclude that "Millennial Dawnism" may be an attempt to please the intellect, but it has nothing to help a distressed soul. Disappointed and much perplexed, as a last resource, I spoke to my companion, and to my amazement, he, too, shared the same convictions; so I was a little relieved and encouraged that I was not the only one under conviction of sin.

It was Lord's Day afternoon, on the 16th November, 1901, so John and I decided to leave "nothing on our part undone," for we both were agreed that we had something to do for salvation. Oh, what presumption, as if God could not do His own work. Knowing that open-air meetings were often held in another district, about five miles away, we set out to walk, if happily we might hear how we could be saved. When we reached our destination there was no meeting, and seeing no one likely to help, we returned sad and almost discouraged. Coming back the five miles seemed a long and very tiresome journey; but when a few yards from home our conviction and conversation came to a climax, for we decided to go no farther till we had dealt directly with God, against whom we had sinned, and who alone could pardon sinners. By this time our condition seemed at its worst, but now there came a sense of God's wondrous love manifested at

Conversion of a Lanarkshire Lad.

Calvary. God giving His Son, and that for us, was the thought that filled our souls. Utterly broken down, we raised our hearts to God on the roadway, and resting our souls for time and eternity on Jesus Christ and His atoning work, we obtained peace, pardon, and everlasting life (Rom. 5. 1; John 5. 24).

I shall never forget the joy that took the place of my former misery; the one moment a sinner in the hands of one who ruled with despotic power, "sold under sin" (Rom. 7. 14), "taken captive by the Devil at his will" (2 Tim. 2. 26), fast bound in fetters of pride, passion,



AN OPEN-AIR GOSPEL MEETING.

and temper, "without strength" (Rom. 5. 6), "having no hope, without God in the world" (Eph. 2. 12); the next moment a sinner saved by matchless grace, with an entirely new nature, no longer viewed as in a state of guilt, helplessness, and condemnation (John 3. 19), but perfectly, freely, and everlastingly justified (Acts 13. 39).

This, dear reader, is God's salvation. He is its source; the work of Calvary is its foundation, the Holy Spirit is its continuous power, and all is known by faith. May I ask, is it yours? Or have you been treading the gloomy corridors of legalism, pictism, and false theology, which have resounded for ages with the sighs and groans of poor sin-burdened, and misguided souls? Have you been

led aside by Satan, plying his fiery darts, and throwing in his dark and diabolical suggestions? Thus between the evil reasons which come from within, and the evil suggestions which come from without, you feel miserable and your case hopeless. Stop, dear reader, the Devil is out to delude you, and if at this moment either your so-called "goodness" or "wickedness" is keeping you from the Saviour, the "evil one" has so far succeeded, and should you die in this condition you will be lost for all eternity.

A "Church member" or "office-bearer" you may have been, attending regularly to the so-called "means of grace," and yet be going straight to Hell (Matt. 13. 26-27). Nicodemus was a ruler and a religious man, but he needed redemption. It is the Blood of the Lord Jesus that cleanses; without it there can be no remission (Heb. 9. 22). If you are depending for salvation on anything else than the finished work of Calvary, you are leaning on a broken reed, which sooner or later will wither and crumble to dust, leaving you to bewail your irretrievable loss, and to swell the numbers of those who weep, wail, and gnash their teeth in a lost and undone eternity.

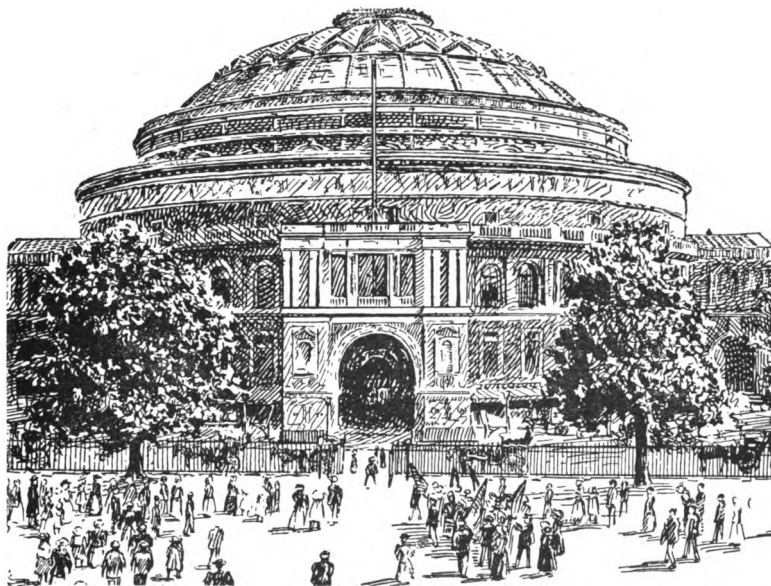
Therefore, dear reader, if you are not yet saved, why not now? "To you is the Word of this salvation sent" (Acts 13. 26). "Behold now is the accepted time: behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Cease all efforts of your own to be saved. Where you are, and as you are, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), and have the happy assurance of God's precious Word, that you will not come into condemnation (judgment), but will pass from death unto life (John 5. 24). Salvation is God's free gift; it cannot be merited. The doctrine of good works has its place, but we must be clear that good works do not save. We work for our Lord not to be saved, but because we are saved. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Drop every religious prop on which you rest, and trust your soul wholly and alone to Jesus Christ and His atoning work.

"O be saved, His grace is free,
O be saved, He died for Thee." M. II. GRANT.

WHAT IS SIN?

A GREEK PRIEST'S DISCOVERY.

A FEW years ago I heard a former priest of the Greek Orthodox Church give his testimony in London. He said that he had been deputed by a wealthy person to translate the Bible from the ancient to the modern Greek language. While doing so, he read, "All have sinned." "I couldn't agree with that verse," he said, "because I know very many who haven't killed anybody



ALBERT HALL, LONDON.

and who are not in prison... I cannot say I am a sinner." But as he went on with the translation he saw what sin really was, became convinced that he was a sinner, and not only so, but condemned already and on the way to the lake of fire. This knowledge made him very anxious, saying, "I don't want to go there." Eventually he was led to trust in the finished work of Christ for sinners, and was saved. Then he began the translation afresh.

Popular teaching regarding sin tends to false liberty, licence, and wholesale debauchery; it also endangers life

and property and peace. Modernists are seeing this, and fearing that "the world's increasing tolerance for sin... may fatally weaken the civilisation of Christendom" (Harold Begbie in *Daily Mail*, Dec., 1925) are taking "a more serious view of sin." Hitherto, sin was spoken of as "a weakness," "moral slackness," "a reversion of the creature man to the beast level," or, "a misuse of gifts."

But why all this speculation on such an universally important and profoundly serious matter? Is God silent? Is it impossible to find out His definition of sin?

No, indeed, for "God hath spoken" for our enlightenment; and in His Word we find seven definite and explanatory statements on the subject of sin.

While "the man in the street" and the preacher in the pulpit are giving such widely differing views and theories, the Word of God—which standeth for ever—speaks plainly and convincingly to those who accept its Divine origin and authority. We read in this Holy and authentic record that:

1. "Sin is the transgression of the law" (1 John 3. 4). That is, lawlessness, self-will, rebellion. So we are out-laws, rebels toward God, for "all have sinned" in that we have broken His laws. This conflicts with man's ideas, but God has looked down from His Holy and righteous throne, and pronounced judgment to this effect.

2. "All unrighteousness is sin" (1 John 5. 17). Every act that is "not right" is labelled sin by God, and placed on record as such. (Examine modern business methods in this light.)

3. "An high look, and a proud heart and the plowing (or light) of the wicked is sin" (Prov. 21. 4). Who escapes this searching diagnosis? These sins are particularly prevalent "in the last days," which are now upon us (2 Tim. 3. 1-4).

4. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4. 17). Sins of omission. On this point we are condemned from youth upwards.

5. "The thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. 24. 9). In this we daily transgress—unwittingly and otherwise. These are days of much foolish thinking and speaking.

6. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14. 23).

Hence, we sin in our "holy things." "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not" (Eccles. 7. 20). "Who then can be saved?" It is impossible with men; but more than possible with God.

7. "Of sin, because they believe not on Me" (John 16. 9). Some of our religious leaders sin grievously in their preaching and writing, for they believe not on Him and reject His words. This is the sin of which the Holy Spirit especially convicts, and on account of which we are particularly condemned. See John 3. 18: "Condemned already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God."

Thus we see, that according to the Divine reckoning, we are all "sold under sin"—slaves to it. Yea, we are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2. 1)—void of spiritual life and in danger of remaining so for all eternity. "For the wages of sin is death"—"the second death," which is eternal. What a sad relationship towards our great Creator and Benefactor sin has brought us into! It is true that "our sins have withholden good from us" (Jer. 5. 25).

After such a revelation to our minds and consciences, shall we confess, with Dr. Morrison's Chinese scholar, who was assisting him to translate the Scriptures: "Whoever made this Book, made me;" or with the prodigal son of Luke 15: "I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee?" For "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28. 13). This mercy—"forgiveness"—is justly possible because "God hath found a Ransom," or an atonement (Job 33. 24).

May God give to you "a deepened sense of sin," and a sight of its awful character and its temporal and eternal consequences. May He give you a true knowledge of yourself, your condition, and your danger. Then you will realise the personal need of "a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" who "died for our sins," that through His Name, and faith in His Name, ye might have the remission of all your sins: "For without the shedding of (His) Blood there is no remission." Claim God's pardon now, for there is no time to be lost. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). To-morrow may be too late.

J. N.

THE SHUT DOOR.

IT was no dream, but a quiet meditation on that wonderful day which may come very soon! I saw a host of individuals marching in single file towards the entrance to the Abode of Rest. First came a king in purple robes and golden crown. By his imperious bearing and cheerful countenance, it seemed quite clear that he was certain of a welcome. But "the door was shut," and the Voice from within replied, "I know you not," and he had to turn aside, crown and all, for "God is no respecter of persons" (Acts 10. 34). Next came a nobleman, in courtly train and haughty mein, almost demanding an entrance, but the same Voice replied, "I know you not," and he likewise had to turn aside, for by "grace are ye saved." Hard after him came the aged sire and the fair maid, the moral man and the profligate rebel, but, in each case, the door remained shut. Last of all, a poor outcast, without any pretence to merit or worth, earnestly besought admission to the Palace of Rest. Surely mercy will open to such a sinner, but, alas, like all the others, he had neglected the two essentials: (1) a personal acquaintance with the Master of the House, and (2) a prompt application whilst the Door remained open (Eph. 2. 8; John 17. 3; Heb. 3. 7).

Remember, the Word of God says, "Strive (agonise) to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able when once the Master of the House is risen up, and hath shut the door" (Luke 13. 24), so that whether you be king or commoner, prince or peasant, religious or reprobate, unless you have come to an end of self and creature merit, and are willing to be saved by grace alone, through the precious Blood of Christ, you will assuredly find yourself at the outside of the shut door; yea, worse still, because you refused, willingly and cheerfully, to enter the Door of Mercy you will be compelled to enter the Door of Wrath, for the Door of the "Bottomless Pit" shall be opened to every grace despiser, when he shall be ushered into the prison house of the lost, where "the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. 21. 8). "Be wise for thyself" (Prov. 9. 12); flee from the wrath to come; give heed to the call and "COME THOU."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE ;

— OR, —

THE MAN WHO RAISED OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION
POUNDS FOR VARIOUS UNDERTAKINGS; WHO ENTERTAINED
ROYALTY, AND YET WAS SO DISSATISFIED WITH
LIFE THAT HE COMMITTED SUICIDE



Photo: James's Press Agency.

Cheapside, London.

"I have known what it is to be hungry. I have also known
what it is to have thousands waiting
to eat out of your hand."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.

THESE confessions of a London financial and theatrical magnate, which appeared in the *Daily Express*, and which the unhappy author wrote on the eve of suicide, are worth many sermons as the mirror of a worldling's heart; and the concluding sentences, the acme of the tragedy, prove once more that even earth's tenderest and purest affections can be no final anchor for the soul.

"Whilst on the threshold of eternity I write my last article reviewing life from the standpoint of one who is leaving it for ever.

"I have entertained royalty, called dukes and earls by their pet names, been on the inside of politics, owned a yacht, run a large racing stud, owned a theatre, had interests in newspapers, brought off some of the largest financial deals, raised over one hundred and fifty million pounds for various undertakings, promoted prize fights, subsidized boxers, given large sums of money to charity, made over £750,000 in one day, been feted by all and called 'Jimmy White' by a world of people.

"From this it must be agreed that I am entitled to an opinion of life.

"Yes, I have had the thrills of life. I have known what it is to be hungry. I have also known what it is to have all you desire and to have thousands waiting to eat out of your hand. I have felt the injustice of life, and I have had its lucky rewards. I have been guilty of folly, but I have never refused a pal. I have won in a single bet on the racecourse £100,000, and I have played bridge for a shilling a hundred with more gusto and joy. I have had my own special train to Manchester, yet, in 1900, I had to walk from London to Rochdale for the simple reason that I had not my train fare. I have won the Royal Hunt Cup and many big races. I have known men and women who, while you were useful in cash or kind, spoke kindly and even affectionately of you: and changed to aloofness when your bank balance dwindled.

"On the last day of my life, before my eyes, my brain unwinds the film of the past. In quick succession episode after episode unwinds, and I can now judge that life to-day is nothing but a human cauldron of greed, lust, and power. Gone are the nice feelings and contentment, and in their place is a roaring, hectic existence. The love of power,

The Confessions of a Suicide.

money, sex, is only equalled by the lust of the Bolshies to recreate the world. Late to bed, lunched with the 'Jollys' and 'Pollys,' talking the same scandal, only different names being substituted from time to time.

"Each day succeeds the previous one, with each individual having the same desires—more money, less work, more gaiety. To-day there are two sets who lead the merry dance, and their followers are legion—namely, the wealthiest libertine and the haughtiest woman. Never in the world's history have there been so many followers of the two sets named above.

"A new Midas appears. The whole of them make for him. Whilst his wealth lasts he can give parties and presents. He is the sole talk of the night clubs and a certain social set. He has 'pars' in the gossip columns, and he thinks he is second only to God. Let his money leave him, and the only friends he will have left will be remorse and regret. Life is no longer charitable except to the lucky ones. It is one drab day after another, one half of the world seeking new pleasures and vices, and the other half groaning at their lot.

"Judging from the above, it does not look as if one misses much by sleeping for evermore. But stay! At this final moment of my life I look up from my writing and see before me the photo of my wife and our three bonny babes. My wife's eyes seem to be devouring me with love and adoration. My boy's impish smile seems to say, 'Hullo, Dad!' while my daughters seem to be looking from under the eyelashes in a shy blissfulness of love, while their lips seem to tremble with the kisses they would give me if only they were here. At last I know what life is, and why we don't want to leave it.

"My eyes again seek the photos. Over them comes a film. My head swims. My heart throbs, and I bend my knees and look to God, for I have been guilty of the folly of gambling, and the price has to be paid. God bless you my bonny wife and kiddies, and also bless those who did not forget—JIMMY WHITE."

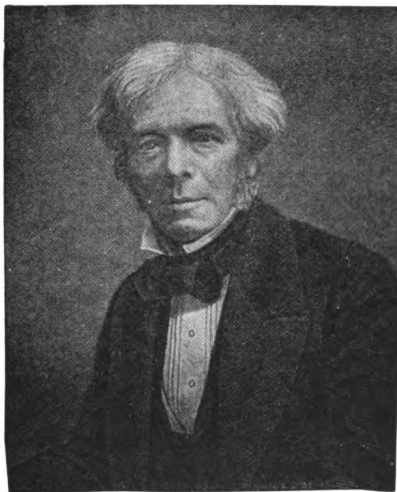
What a sad and humiliating confession! A confession made on the threshold of eternity by one intending to commit suicide! How true it is that the world's riches and honours cannot quench the thirst of an immortal

The Confessions of a Suicide.

spirit. Solomon, who had more of earth's treasures and pleasures than most, confessed that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit" (Eccles. 2. 11). The Lord Jesus is the only one who can satisfy the deepest longings of the human heart. He delivers from the penalty, pollution, and power of sin, and gives all who believe on Him love and life and lasting joy. The Christian is the only one that can afford to be happy. He, and he alone, is happiest when he remembers facts, and the unsaved are only happy when they forget them. In summing up his reflections and experiences, Mr. White adds: "Judging from the above, it does not look as if one misses much by sleeping evermore." But death is not an eternal sleep.

Death does not end all. God's Holy Word declares that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). There is a day of reckoning for all who die in their sins. "He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness" (Acts 17. 31). "For all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. 11. 9). If the unsaved reader dies out of Christ he will have to stand before a holy and sin-hating God and give an account for the deeds done in the body. Sins of omission and commission, sins of thought, word, and deed will be read out of the book of remembrance, and "what wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. 13. 21). There is, thank God, no reason why you should be punished. At an infinite cost He has purchased for you a full, free, and present salvation. "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 3. 16). The wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23, R.V.). We do not work for a gift, otherwise it would not be a gift. Salvation is not obtained on the ground of works, otherwise we would be able to boast of our part in the transaction, "not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8). In the salvation of the soul God will not allow the flesh to glory. God has done everything, and all that He asks the sinner to do is to believe in the Saviour and obtain eternal life (John 5. 24). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and do it now, (Acts 16. 31). A.M.

ON MAKING EXPERIMENTS.



SOME minds have a strong bent for experiment. They are of the type that will receive nothing without proof, but will be for ever probing into unknown things, and always asking "Why?" The world is in deep debt to such minds; it possesses many of its comforts and advantages because of their researches.

Scarcely an invention, a discovery, a marked advance in any of the fields of human knowledge has been made apart from the industrious investigation of such minds. Michael Faraday possessed such a mind. In his own field, that of experimental physics, his was perhaps the acutest and most original mind of our later times. Yet it is not generally known that he made a great discovery in a realm other than that of physics. He found there was one spacious field where experiment was useless, a region where the most capacious intellect must stoop to a very humbling thing—where, childlike, it must accept what it is told, apart from external proofs, or remain permanently ignorant of all the truth lying within that realm.

Faraday's biographer was so astonished at the great scientist's simplicity in this field of inquiry concerning man's relations with his Maker, that he wondered whether he had erected a kind of partition in his brain, on one side of which he kept his scientific inquiries, and on the other his religious beliefs.

Faraday's own explanation is worthy to be earnestly pondered. He says: "The ways are infinite in which man occupies his thoughts about the fears or hopes or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion

On Making Experiments.

of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given." What this testimony is may be known by the fact that Faraday rejoiced in that preaching which "boldly contended for the ancient faith that the bare death of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners spotless before God."

Was Faraday right? Are we left to pursue our own opinions and become experimenters in religious theories, or has God spoken? The Christian message claims to be the Divine revelation. Faith is the acceptance of that revelation, the very heart and core of which is—Jesus Christ, sent into the world that through Him men might be saved. When God speaks, let man listen! Is not this such a communication as sinful man might hope and long that God would make? "God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him" (1 John 4. 8, 9).

In this all-important field of knowledge the wise course is to accept the revelation and receive as Saviour Him who is its substance. Human theories, speculations, experiments, opinions, here are impertinent folly. Besides, how dreadful it will be for those who have pursued and held them, in that day when their Judge inquires of them, "Why did you not believe Me?" Be advised: Don't experiment with your soul.

J. B. W.

AMAZING GRACE.

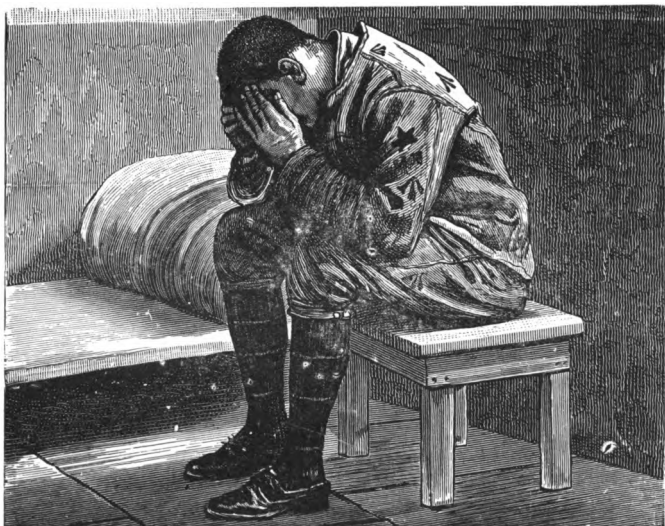
JESUS has finished the mighty work. His Blood has been shed. The Sacrifice has been accepted. God's love for the sinner has been manifested. God's justice has had free course. Sin has been punished. And now you, sinner, are invited to enter into the very presence of God by Christ Jesus. Amazing grace! Wonderful tidings! Yet such is the message of God to you. How do you treat the message? How can you do otherwise than receive it joyfully, as God's message to you? Believing on the Son of God, you shall have life and peace through His Name. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

PART of a letter received by a Christian worker from a young man condemned to death in New Zealand, for murder, and who was executed.

H. M. PRISON, G—, 7/3/24.

To Mrs. M—. DEAR MADAM,—I am writing to you, for your words of comfort to me. Many times have I read them over and thanked God for them. I have taken it as a message from Himself to me, and I know you will be glad to hear that He has spoken to me. I know that I



UNDER CONDEMNATION.

have found Him, and that He has answered your prayers and mine, and forgiven my sinful past. How sinful it has been! He knows best of all, yet His Word says: All manner of sins shall be forgiven," and I believe Him.

The night before I received your letter I knelt down and told Him that I was a sinner, knowing myself lost, and helpless to save myself or undo what is past, and asked Him to show me the way to return to Him. God be thanked, He did not turn me away. I looked into a little book called "God's Way of Salvation," and the first page I opened was where a question is asked: "Must I not pray to be saved?" And there it was made clear to me that all

A Murderer's Confession.

the work was done by the blessed Lord Jesus, and my part was to believe and be saved. Then and there I knew I was saved by taking the precious gift of life from God's hand, through faith in the finished work of Jesus Christ, His Son, who loved even me, and gave Himself for me. To think that I never saw that before! Thank God I see it now. Then came your letter showing me what He had done for you, and that He has kept you for 20 years. How I thanked Him for sending me such words of comfort, through one of His servants, and now I know I am no longer alone, though in sore trouble. I have a Friend who will never leave me nor forsake me, in whom I can trust, and He has said, "Fear not, I am with you always."... I would like to thank all who are praying for me, and especially you for your words of comfort. I often read your letter, and I know my own dear mother, asleep these many years in Christ, will bless you for your kindness to me in my trouble. God bless you. (Sgd.) R.H.S.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

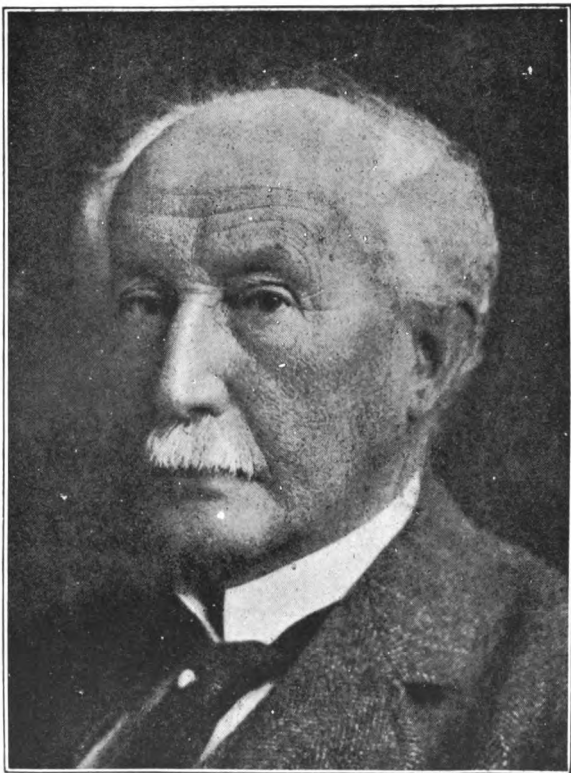
A SERVANT of God was being driven home from a meeting where he had been preaching Christ. The driver was a young lad. He was telling the preacher how he was getting on at school, and that he was as far on as "Profit and Loss." "Oh," said the preacher, "I'll give you a calculation in Profit and Loss: 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'" The youth was silent. He had never attempted the calculation. But the word in season proved to be a nail fastened in a sure place, and led to his conversion to God. Reader, try the calculation, and see if you can count up what your gain will be if you gain the highest object of your ambition in the world and lose your soul!

"The loss of wealth is much,
The loss of health is more,
But the loss of the soul is such a loss
That nothing can restore."

God's word to man is, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 33). Make the salvation of your soul your first concern. Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour now (John 3. 36).

A CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT'S CONVERSION.

ALEXANDER SLOAN, one of Glasgow's oldest Chartered Accountants, died on December 18, 1927. He was born in 1843, a year memorable in Scottish history for the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. His parents were members of Sandyford Church, Glasgow, the minister



ALEXANDER SLOAN, C.A.

of which was Dr. Macduff, who was credited with being evangelical in his preaching. The Sloan family consisting of seven sons and three daughters, were brought up under godly home influences. It was not until 1863, when Alexander was twenty years of age, that he made the great decision which shaped his future course. The account told

A Chartered Accountant's Conversion.

by himself of the circumstances connected with the change is as follows.

Sitting one day, along with a number of companions who were in the habit of lunching together in a restaurant in the city, one of the party remarked: "Have you heard that Jack Watson says he is converted?"—Watson being one of the circle, though absent that day. Alexander Sloan wondered what being "converted" meant. Some days later his mother happened to mention to him that she had met Jack Watson on the street. Alexander asked her if she had seen anything strange about him, as people were saying that he had become "converted." What the mother said is not known, but Mr. Sloan always referred to that incident in the restaurant as the beginning of his interest in spiritual matters.

Alexander had a brother named William, who had at one time been in the office of Mr. Wood, a Christian business man in Glasgow, who used to write tracts under the pseudonym of "A Glasgow Merchant," and who was led to the Saviour through that gentleman. William told Alexander all that he had learned of God's love to man in the Gospel of His grace, and how that the work of atonement having been completely finished on the Cross of Calvary, there was nothing left for the needy sinner to do but to accept by faith the gift of God which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom. 6. 23). Alexander Sloan trusted the Saviour for himself, and in turn passed on the good news to his brother Tennant, who also accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

In this way the blessing spread, and a nucleus of young Christian life was raised up that proved in its day and generation a means of incalculable spiritual good throughout the city of Glasgow.

God does not promise the Christian immunity from trial, but He graciously supports him through his troubles. Mr. Sloan throughout a long life had his joys and sorrows, but in the darkest hour his stay ever was on God.

Alexander Sloan never hid his light, and in and out of business life he was known and respected by all as a man of sterling Christian character. What the grace of God did for Alexander Sloan it can do for you. Why not now accept Christ as your Saviour?

NIMBLE-FINGERED JACK.

I READ not long ago of a baby boy who, when only fourteen months old, was sold by his mother to a gang of thieves. By them he was trained in all the devices of the pickpocket, and at eight years of age he was an expert in the business. As he grew older his skill and daring increased.



DETECTIVE OFFICERS ON HIS TRACK.

On one occasion (he was twenty-one then) he took part in a particularly outrageous burglary, and there was a hue and cry after him. For three weeks he hid in a house where his presence would not be suspected, and then cautiously returned to his old haunts. Soon after this, while laying plans for a big burglary in the north, he was passing, one Sunday, a place where a Gospel service was being held. A hymn was being sung, and, as he was fond

Nimble-Fingered Jack.

of music, he stopped for a few minutes to listen, and made up his mind to attend a meeting there some other time. This he did. He had never been at such a meeting, and he was greatly interested, not only in the hymns that were sung, but by what the preacher said.

He did not know that all the while two detective officers were on his track, and had followed him into the building. At the close of the service the well-known hymn, "The Better Land," was sung, and the burglar, overcome with delight, threw up his hat and shouted, "Encore!" This was enough for the detectives, who at once laid hold of him. But a kind looking old lady who, it appeared, had reached the advanced age of eighty-five, and who was sitting on the seat in front, turned round and pleaded for him.

"Don't take him!" she said earnestly. "Poor lad, though he may have fallen very low, he is somebody's bairn!" Then, looking at the culprit, she said, "Come here and sit beside me." He went, and the old lady kissed him on the forehead. Tears started to his eyes. Never, to his knowledge, had he been kissed in all his life before.

The service was over, and the old lady begged the detectives to leave the young man in her care. She began to talk to him, and through her gentle, earnest words the Holy Spirit spoke to the heart of the poor burglar. Again and again the lady repeated the words, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." These words, uttered by our Lord Jesus Christ when here on earth, made a deep impression on his soul. That night there was joy in Heaven over the return and repentance of another prodigal.

"Nimble-Fingered Jack," as he was called by his old companions, became on that memorable night a child of God. From that moment it became his great joy to tell others of the Saviour who found him in all his sin and forgave him, making him clean in God's sight through faith in His precious Blood.

It is not likely that a large percentage of those who read these lines will be thieves. Probably you, my reader, are highly respectable. You may even be religiously inclined. But you need salvation as much as

Nimble-Fingered Jack.

"Nimble-Fingered Jack" did, and unless you secure it you are for ever lost. The Word of God makes this very plain. It says, "There is no difference, for ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). But you hardly need the statement of the Bible to make you understand that you are a sinner. You know, of course, that you have done many things that are sinful in the eyes of God. But perhaps you do not realise the seriousness of this. Just because God is God He cannot pass over sin as if it were a small matter. If you are to be at peace with Him, you need to be purged from your sin, and only one thing can do it—the Precious Blood of Christ. It was for sinful men and women that He died. Confess that you are an unworthy sinner, and trust Christ to save you. Then all will be well. H. P. B.

THE ROTTEN PLANK.

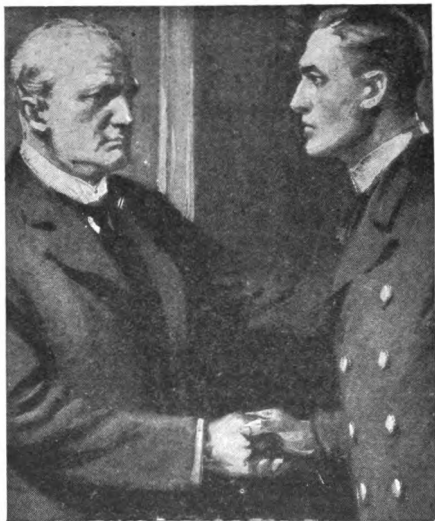
NOT long ago a picnic party was visiting Hardcastle Crag. There is a high trestle bridge in the neighbourhood, and one of the party, Mrs. H., started with her nephew George to cross this bridge. About half-way across they halted, and stood for a few moments in one of the recesses of the bridge to admire the surrounding scenery. "Do you think it is quite safe, Auntie?" asked the lad, as he looked down from the dizzy height. "Oh, yes," replied the lady. The words were hardly out of her mouth, however, when the plank on which she was standing gave way, and she fell through and was killed.

At the inquest a workman stated that the bridge had decayed by the action of the weather, and that casual observation would not suffice to discover how rotten the woodwork was. It is to be feared that, in a religious sense, multitudes are standing on planks which in reality are rotten, though they appear to be all right.

The only way of Salvation is through Christ. Every other hope of safety is a rotten plank, and will surely collapse sooner or later, and destroy those who stand thereon. Upon what are you resting for Salvation? Is it anything that you have done, or hope to do? Is it anything that you feel? Is it anything that you are? All these are rotten planks.

Take warning and trust the Saviour now.

THE GROUND OF SALVATION.



CAPT. DAVIDSON was a frank, manly sailor, who lived in the town of P——, in the north of Scotland. At a time of general awakening he discovered that he was an unconverted sinner on the broad road. Moral, respectable, and religious, but not "converted," described his state. While under conviction of sin he attended a Gospel

service conducted by a friend of mine, and at the close of the meeting remained for conversation. In the course of the interview the evangelist asked the captain if he would like Christ to bear his sins away that night? He immediately replied that he would. "Would you not be happy if He were to bear them away to-night?" "I would be one of the happiest men in P——." "But Christ cannot bear away your sins to-night, nor to-morrow night, no, nor next year," said the servant of Christ.

On hearing this Captain Davidson turned to his wife, and exclaimed, "Liz, come away, there is no use of staying longer. Mr. Mac—— says that Christ cannot bear away my sins to-night." "Stop, captain, and read this passage," said the evangelist. Opening his Bible, Mr. Mac—— slowly read 1 Peter 2. 24: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body," and, putting his finger on the last part of the verse, added the words, "when we believed" and said, "Is that correct, captain?" "Of course it is," was the reply; "He can only bear our sins when we believe." "Look at the verse carefully and see if it says that Christ bears our sins when we believe," said Mr. Mac——. The Scripture was then read correctly: "Who

The Ground of Salvation.

His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," with emphasis on the last three words: "on the tree."

Looking into the captain's face, the ambassador of the Cross inquired, "How long is it since Christ bore them?" "Nineteen hundred years ago." "If, then, He bore them nineteen hundred years ago, He is not bearing them to-night." The light of the glorious Gospel shone in upon the captain's soul, and he exclaimed: "Oh, I see it! He has borne my sins." There and then he found rest and peace by believing on Christ, who bore sin's penalty and died for him. The work that saves was accomplished by the Lord Jesus at Calvary. What He did and suffered has met all God's righteous claims. "Once in the end of the world (or age) hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). "It is finished."

An old Presbyterian minister in the west of Scotland used to say, "I prefer Isaiah 53. 6, '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,' to Horatius Bonar's hymn, 'I lay my sins on Jesus.'" Many are urged and entreated from pulpit, platform, and press to lay their sins on Jesus. There are three reasons why you should cease attempting to do what God has already done: (1) You are ignorant of tens of thousands of them, and remember that ignorance is not innocence; (2) You have forgotten multitudes of them, yet they are all written down in God's book of remembrance; (3) Christ is in Heaven, and no sin can enter there. Therefore you cannot lay them on Him. Nowhere in Scripture are we taught to lay our sins on Jesus. The atonement accomplished by Christ is a finished work. The Gospel of God's grace does not speak of what we are to do for Christ; it tells us what He did for us. Sin has been so "put away" that it no longer stands as a barrier between the sinner and God. On account of what Christ did and suffered, God can be a just God and the Justifier of him who believeth on Jesus (Rom. 3. 26; Rom. 4. 4, 5). "The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake; He will magnify the law and make it honourable" (Isa. 42. 21). By the resurrection of our Lord from the dead, God has shown that He is fully and perfectly satisfied with Christ's finished work, and He desires you to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

A. M.

THE PERFECT WORKMAN AND THE PERFECT WORK.

"SIT down," said the sick man. "I am glad you have come. I once heard you preach in the open-air, and now that I've come to die, I have sent to ask you what I must do to be saved."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't tell you what to DO," replied the preacher. "Not tell me what to do to be saved?" replied the invalid; "why, I thought you were a preacher!" "And so I am," replied the latter; "but for all that I cannot tell you what to do to be saved," and the poor man sank back disappointed on his pillow, and there was silence in the room. But the silence was at length broken, for the preacher, who had been gazing about, suddenly remarked: "That's a nice cabinet that you've got over yonder." "Well," said the sick man, "it's a pretty good one, I believe, though I shouldn't be the one to say so, for none ever put a touch to it but myself." "And good work, too," said the preacher. "But I'll just bring my tools round and put a few finishing touches to it."

"It's kind enough of you to say so, but indeed you mustn't," said the sick man, "and I'll tell you why. You see, when I'm gone I want my family to have something to remember me by. Now, I've done every stroke to the cabinet myself, and that'll just be its value in their eyes. With them it will be the workman that gave value to the work, and it wouldn't be the same thing to them at all if a stranger put a finger on it."

"I quite understand," said the preacher, and added: "Just now you asked me what you were to DO to be saved, and I told you I didn't know, and I don't, for there's nothing that you can do that could ever save your soul. But the Lord Jesus Christ has done a work, and it's a perfect work, for when He was expiring, He said, 'It is finished,' so there's nothing left for you to do."

Like showers upon thirsty soil fell this message on the ears of the dying man, and he rested his soul's eternal salvation, not on aught that he could do, but upon what Christ had already done; and so entered into rest.

There is nothing left for you to do. Simply, therefore, as a sinner accept of the Perfect Workman who has done the perfect work. "It is finished." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16, 31). J.F.t.

THE MILLER'S NEW EXPERIENCE

— OR, —

THE MAN WHO, WHEN CALLED UPON TO PRAY,
COULD NOT DO SO



Watering the Farm Horses

"Sir, the minister has fainted, and you must come and
take the service ! "

A MILLER'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

MR. S—— left his house in B—— one Saturday afternoon to go to the country to buy a horse. Through taking the wrong train he reached the farm rather late, and, as it was getting dark, he could not see the horses properly, so he said to the farmer, "I will not buy to-night, but will go home and return some other time." "You can't get home to-night," said the farmer, "the last train has gone." "Oh, then, I will see the horses to-morrow." "No, sir," said the farmer, "you can't see my horses to-morrow; I do no business on Sunday." "Then I must go home to-morrow." "You can't get home to-morrow," said the farmer, "there is no train, but if you will stay with us till Monday we will do our best to make you comfortable." Mr. S—— was a flour miller, and, having a family in B——, he felt he was in an awkward predicament, but eventually he accepted the farmer's hospitality.

The farmer's household consisted of himself, his wife, and a niece. After supper, the table was cleared, and the farmer's wife brought some Bibles. "We read verse about," said the farmer, as he gave Mr. S—— a Bible. This was a new experience for the miller, and one that he did not appreciate, but, being their guest, he had to fall in with this excellent custom.

When reading was finished, they knelt down to pray, and Mr. S—— felt that he should do so likewise, although by this time he was wishing he had never left home. The farmer prayed simply and fervently, then his wife prayed, and the niece; and, after a long pause, the farmer said, "You pray, Mr. S——. It is your turn to pray." But alas! Mr. S—— had never prayed, and the farmer's words sank into his worldly heart like arrows from the bow of the Mighty.

After waiting in silence they rose from their knees, and nothing further was said on the subject. Mr. S——, however, felt very uneasy, and he was glad when the time came to retire to rest.

The farmer's words stuck fast in Mr. S——'s soul, and his past sinful life rose up before his mind in all its blackness, and for a considerable time he paced up and down in that strange room, deeply, deeply troubled about his soul,

It was a sleepless night, and he was glad when he heard the family astir early in the morning.

"I suppose you are a Churchman?" said the farmer to Mr. S——. "Yes," was the reply, thinking thus to find a way of escape from further questioning. "Well, we go to 'chapel,'" said the farmer (meaning a Methodist chapel). "I am not going this morning, but my wife is, and as there is a church on the way, she will be glad to have your company so far." When Mr. S—— heard that the farmer was not going to chapel, he said he would "just stay at home with him." "Oh, no," replied the farmer, "we would much rather you would go, as we do not like our guests to stay indoors on the Sunday." On hearing this, Mr. S—— remarked that he would go to chapel with the farmer's wife if she was agreeable. She was more than willing, and soon after they started for the chapel.

The meeting-place was small, and the preacher for the day was a young minister who was staying in that locality, in poor health. Mr. S—— sat on the end of a seat next to the farmer's wife; and when the minister rose to commence the service he observed that he looked pale and ill. A hymn was given out and sung, then the preacher began to pray. During prayer Mr. S—— had his head bowed, and the farmer's words were fresh in his mind: "You pray, it is your turn to pray." Presently he heard the minister's voice beginning to falter, then it ceased altogether. He knew that something had gone wrong, but he dared not lift his head. The load of guilt pressed heavily upon his awakened conscience; the perspiration began to break on his forehead. He heard a footstep as if some one was coming toward him; then a hand was laid upon his arm and a lady said, "Sir, the minister has fainted, and you must come and take the service." Fairly bewildered, he said, "You have made a mistake; I cannot take the service." "There must be a service held," she said, "and there is no one here to take it; so you must come." He still declined, affirming that she must be mistaken, as he had never taken a service in his life. At last she said, "If you read the chapter I will pray." Drawn by a power he seemed unable to resist, he left his seat and followed the lady up to the desk. The book was opened and he began to read. He only read a few verses when he closed the book and said, with trembling lips, "Let us pray." From the depths of his sin-burdened soul there came forth the

A Miller's Strange Experience.

cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He fairly broke down, and sobbed aloud. Soon the whole company seemed melted to tears as he groaned out his sinful state before God. In the midst of the commotion the minister revived, and after speaking a few words, Mr. S—— believed that the Lord Jesus Christ died for his crimson sins on the Cross of Calvary, and found rest and peace in believing (John 3. 16, 36; 5. 24).

Thus, amid weakness, fear, and trembling, the hand of God moved. There was much joy at the farm, and that day closed with thanksgiving to God for the great things He had done.

Monday morning came, and Mr. S—— left for B—— without doing any business with the farmer. But other business of vital importance had been transacted between him and God.

For three days he did not confess Christ as his Saviour, and got into great darkness. On the evening of the third day he made an honest and bold confession of his faith to all with whom he came in contact. A new light entered that household. This was indeed "the beginning of months," to them "the first month of the year."

A complete change was soon manifest in Mr. S——'s manner of life. He became an energetic Christian worker, and still preses on, warning the unsaved of their danger, and pointing them to Him who bled, and suffered, and died on Calvary's Cross to save them from a dark eternity.

The One who saved Mr. S—— is able and willing to save you. "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" (Rom. 10. 9).

R. M'M.

A HOP-PICKING INCIDENT.

IT was Sunday evening at a large Worcestershire Hop Farm; nearly 1000 pickers were lodged in barns and buildings around the spacious courtyard in front of the farmhouse and kilns. In addition, cars, motor-cycles, charabancs, etc., had brought a number of visitors, many of them men who were standing about in groups, smoking and chatting.

We had already held a meeting at the barracks, farther

A Hop-Picking Incident.

back, and now advanced to attack this frontal position. Two young men had come out to reinforce us—one from Worcester and one from Birmingham. The former had already spoken, and here was a congregation for the second, who without introduction began in a clear-ringing voice.

"Listen! I want to tell you something that happened when I was in the Great War, and then I will give you my text."

Attention was gained at once, as he told of being in a



AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.

village where not a shell had fallen for some weeks, so that the inhabitants began to feel secure and confident. Then came an official dispatch that at four o'clock the Germans intended to bombard the place, and all who wished to preserve their lives must do so by a specially provided train, leaving at five minutes to four. By many the warning was treated as a scare.

"The British and their allies have the enemy so in hand they cannot do it," said the unbelievers, and so they heeded not. But many believed, and it was pathetic to

A Hop-Picking Incident.

see them hurrying to the station—a woman with her arm around a cow's neck, others leading children, or carrying what they could.

At five minutes to four the train steamed away, and all escape was cut off. There was no second chance.

"I was in the Army Service Corps," said the speaker, "and we were left behind to blow up the stores if necessary. It was five minutes of terrible suspense. Was the danger real? Should we at once blow up our stores, or wait? The Germans did not leave us long in doubt, for exactly at four o'clock a bombardment began which blew stores, place, and people to smithereens. And," the speaker added, "I have seen only one man of my party from that day to this. Such is my story as promised. Now for the text I also promised. 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'" (Heb. 2. 37).

Listen! There is a threatened danger, whether we believe it or not. "God hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by the Man whom He hath ordained." (Acts 17. 31). "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" (Rev. 20. 12). "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15). "The lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death" (Rev. 21. 8). "The fire that never shall be quenched; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark 9. 43-48).

Listen! There is a God-provided way of escape. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else" (Isa. 45. 22).

Listen! There is no escape if the one God-provided way is neglected. "Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me" (Prov. 1. 28). "The Lord would not pardon" (2 Kings 24. 4).

WILLIAM LUFF.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF SALVATION.



AMONG those who professed conversion at the evangelistic services in W— was Miss Reid, a maiden of sixteen or seventeen summers, whose mother did not look upon the preaching or the preachers with kindly feelings. Though a professor of religion, like most respectable people in W—. Mrs. Reid had never been "born again," and, in fact, ridiculed the idea that

any one could be certain of salvation whilst "down here." She attended Church, took the communion, said her prayers, and helped on the "good cause" by subscribing to this, that, and the other schemes of her denomination. But "one thing needful" was lacking in her case—conversion to and by God.

Mrs. Reid heard her daughter's testimony, but maintained that it was the height of presumption for any one to say that he was saved until he came to die or reached the glory. Multitudes of persons who pass muster as Christians when asked how long it is since they were "born again" assert that "no one can tell." If the reader is one of this class, and carefully reads the New Testament Scriptures, he will see that the early Christians were "saved," "converted," "born again," and knew it. It is a popular doctrine with unbelievers that "no one can know that he is saved;" but God's Word refutes such a theory.

When Miss Reid accepted of Christ she became deeply anxious about her mother's conversion. Again and again she asked her to go with her to the meetings. "Mother, I don't like to go alone," she used to say; "come with me, and keep me company to-night." Her earnestness and perseverance were ultimately rewarded by having the joy

of her dear one's presence at one of the Gospel services. After a hymn and prayer, the evangelist read a portion of the third chapter of the Gospel of John, basing his remarks on verse eighteen: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God." In the course of his address he showed that the congregation was divided into two classes—believers and unbelievers; that all who really believed on Christ were "not condemned," and that those who did not believe on Him were "condemned already." There was no middle position, and each one present belonged to one or the other. In searching, burning words he spoke of the happy position of the believer, and of the terrible condition of the unbeliever. He also urged those who intended retiring to rest that night unconverted, to take a pen and write on a slip of notepaper the awful words, "condemned already," and place it over the head of their beds, so that if they died before the morning their friends would know where they were, and would put no lying epitaph on their tombstones, stating that they had gone to Heaven. Mrs. Reid left the meeting place very much in the condition that Naaman the Syrian left Elisha's servant when told to "wash and be clean"—in a rage. She had not been accustomed to hear such pointed preaching. On retiring to rest that night she could not sleep. The Holy Spirit was striving with her, desirous that she should renounce her religious profession and take the place of a "lost" sinner. Again and again the words rang in her ears, and laid hold of her heart and conscience—"condemned already!" "condemned already!" Her eyes were opened and she accepted God's verdict as to her state. Having believed what God said against her, she believed on Christ who died to save her from eternal woe. Then she knew that by believing on Him who bore sin's penalty and paid sin's ransom she was "not condemned," but "justified from all things."

If you are unconverted, even now you are "condemned already." Don't believe Satan or your own heart; condemn yourself, and justify God at once. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and you will be saved on the spot; for God justifies ungodly sinners who believe in the finished work of His beloved Son (Rom. 4. 5).

A. M.

ON BOARD THE LINER.

WE were on our way to America, two friends and myself, and we had obtained permission from the captain to hold a Gospel meeting in the saloon on Sunday. Alas for our hopes! When Sunday dawned the waves were so boisterous that many of the passengers were sick, myself among the number. All day long I had to lie in my berth.



"HE ROSE TO HIS FEET."

My friends, however, were better sailors than I, and were glad to find at the appointed hour a goodly company assembled in the saloon for the meeting. Lying in my berth I could listen to all that was said. After one or two hymns, and an earnest prayer to God that He would add His blessing, a few verses were read from John 4. 1. I cannot remember much that the preacher said, but one

remark I have never forgotten. Speaking of the Samaritan woman who came to the well where the Saviour was sitting, he remarked that in the space of less than half an hour that poor sinful woman was both saved and satisfied. He pointed out that neither salvation nor satisfaction was to be found anywhere but in Jesus, and that He invites "whosoever will" to come to Him and be blessed.

The next day the sea was very much calmer, and we could all go up on deck and have our meals in the dining saloon. At dinner time my two friends and I sat together. Away on the opposite side of the saloon we heard a man talking in a loud voice.

"Absurd!" he was saying. "How can a person who has spent his life in all kinds of wickedness be saved in half an hour? I should think twelve months a short enough time for a change of that sort to be brought about." He was clearly referring to the preaching of the day before, and those to whom he was talking seemed thoroughly to agree with him.

The younger of my two friends, who hailed from the island of Jamaica, had laid down his knife and fork, and was listening intently. He had been brightly converted not long before, and was anxious to seize every opportunity of telling others the glad story.

As the loud, scoffing talk went on, he rose to his feet. The clatter of knives and forks ceased as he exclaimed in a clear voice: "Ladies and gentlemen." the eyes of the two or three hundred diners were fixed upon him. What ever was the young man going to say?

"Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "we could none of us help hearing the loud conversation over yonder. I only want to say that I, a wretched sinner, came to Jesus, and in less than five minutes I was saved, through faith in Him and in the precious Blood that He shed to atone for my sins."

He sat down. The clatter of the knives and forks began again. From one quarter there was a slight sound of hissing, but some faces had lit up with gladness at hearing the fearless testimony given. True indeed it is that the Saviour keeps no one waiting for pardon. He does not bid them go through any process, or begin any task. The doing has been all finished by Himself, and there is power

in His atoning blood to cleanse from God's sight the sins of a lifetime in a moment.

All that is needed is that there should be a turning of heart to the Saviour in faith and repentance.

There is satisfaction for the heart also to be found in the Saviour. Many a one who has drunk deep of the stream of worldly pleasure, and has reaped bitter disappointment and disillusionment, has found every craving of the soul met in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

Will you remember the words of the preacher on the big ship? "Saved and Satisfied." Remember also the witness of my young friend at the dinner table; that in less than five minutes the blessing that he sought as a lost sinner was his. Will you not prove the truth of this for yourself?

H. P. B.

FREE FAVOUR.

GRACE is simply undeserved favour. The apostle, in writing to God's people, says: "By grace are ye saved through faith" (Eph. 2. 8). That is to say, the man who is saved and journeying to Heaven owes his salvation entirely to the free favour of God. In other words, no one deserves to be saved. Personal merit does not enter into the question. Let this be clearly understood, God saves sinners on the principle of free and sovereign grace. If He saved them on the principle of merit—that is, if He saved only those who "deserve" to be saved—who, then, could be saved? None; for "there is none that doeth good." Another thing is this, that if it were possible to be saved through works, the sinner thus saved would take glory to himself for his own salvation. Therefore it is expressly declared in Scripture, "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 3. 9). How the riches of God's grace shine out in the great Redemption plan! He has left nothing for the sinner to do—no price to be paid—no works to be performed. By virtue of the atoning death of Christ, He invites, yea, beseeches, you to be reconciled. Your own unfitness—your own sinfulness—is the very reason why you should flee now to Christ and be saved. Salvation by the free favour of God is what you need. No other "plan" would meet your case. Grace is now abounding. Then, turning from everything of fancied merit in yourself, receive forgiveness on God's terms.

FALSE NEWS.

THE bearing of false news appears to some people in the light of a joke. In the eyes of the law it is, however, sometimes a punishable offence. In the days of the war a man ran down a London street shouting that an air-raid was coming. It was a false alarm, and in due course the man received an appropriate sentence from a bench of magistrates.

On another occasion a boy was convicted of shouting "All clear" while a raid was still in progress, and he got a severe reprimand.

But why this concern about matters so small? Because news influences people, and leads to behaviour on which much depends.

In the first case people began to leave their houses and shops for shelter, and the man doubtless intended to have a clear field for pilfering. In the second, people were tempted out of shelter to their personal danger and harm.

Beware then of false news which poses as being gospel news with Divine authority behind it.

Does someone tell you that it does not matter much what a person believes if only they are sincere? Believe him not.

Is it stated that for any of us the great thing is a decent life, the doing of our best, and that he who "does to others as he would be done by" cannot be far wrong in the end? Do not listen!

Or is it affirmed that the Bible is a back number, and that in democratic institutions lie all hopes of salvation? Be not deceived!

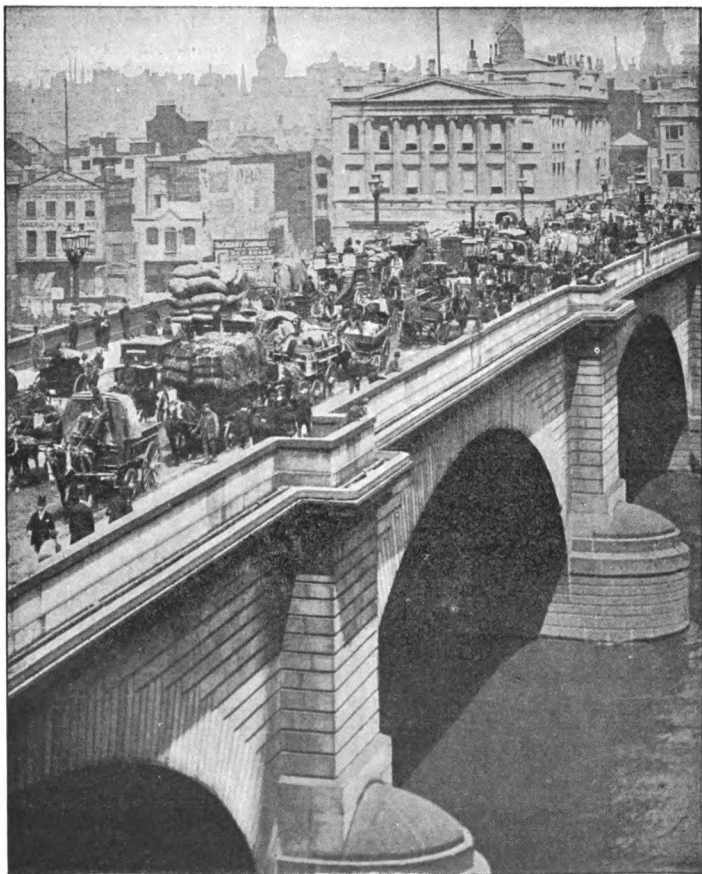
One and all, these and similar lies of the Devil will divert you from the true and God-given shelter for guilty sinners, and lure you to false refuges while you are despoiled of all that is true and good.

Tennyson, the great poet, once met an old woman on a country walk, and asked her if there was any news. The dear old Christian replied, "Why, Mr. Tennyson, there's only one piece of news that I know, and that is, Christ died for all men." He answered, "That is old news, and good news, and new news." He might well have added, "and true news," for true it is. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ

False News.

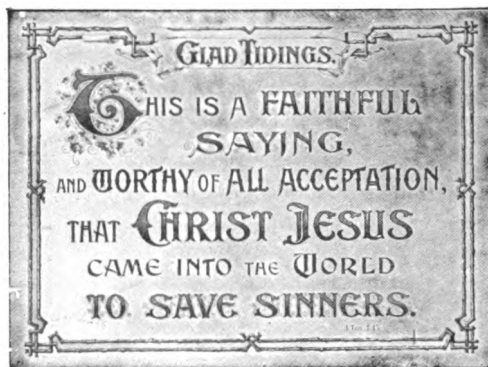
Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1. 15).

This is news which, if believed, will lead to a personal trust in the Christ who died for our sins and rose again, and this brings forgiveness and justification, and life, and salvation; for it is written, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). F.B.H.



LONDON BRIDGE.

A CLASS APART.



AFTER a Gospel Service one Sunday evening, a considerable number of the audience remained behind, chiefly for the purpose of a friendly chat, and therefore the preacher thought it would be an

opportunity for him to find out if there were any anxious souls in the company. After a talk to several parties, two young ladies approached and began to praise him on account of his sermon. "You liked it then?" said he. "Oh, yes," returned one, "we both did, only, the pity of it is, that the class you preached for were chiefly conspicuous by their absence."

"Ah," he rejoined, "I preached for sinners. Weren't there any present?" "I don't think so," said the second, and the other emphasised agreement.

"Dear me!" said the preacher, "I thought there were many. And you two, aren't you sinners?" "Oh, dear me, Mr. —, certainly not!" both exclaimed together. A solemn pause ensued. The preacher looked from one to the other, causing discomfort to both. Then, with a groan, he said, "Oh, dear young ladies, I am sorry for you—I pity you from my heart!"

The girls were startled, if not alarmed, "Why? why? why, Mr. —?" they cried. "Just because," he answered, "that there is no Saviour for you, there is no Gospel for you, for you there is no redemption—and no Heaven at last!"

His hearers were almost stunned. A look of terror came into their faces, like "a horror of great darkness."

"How can you say that, Mr. —, we've never done any harm," said one. "And we really expect to get to Heaven at last," added the other.

A Class Apart.

"All have sinned," quoted the preacher, "but as you're not included in the term 'Sinner,' it cannot, of course, refer to you, and you have put a new meaning on the word '*all*;' it seems it doesn't include '*all*' since you are two exceptions. 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners' (1 Tim. 1. 15) *only sinners*, so, naturally, He didn't come into the world for you; His mission could not be for such as you. 'This Man receiveth sinners' (Luke 15. 2), so He wouldn't be likely to receive either of you. You see you two are a class apart—and I can't find in all my Bible that God or His Son has done anything for your class. Even the inhabitants of Heaven sing about being 'redeemed by Thy blood' (Rev. 5. 9), and you two couldn't join in that chorus since you need no redemption, and are not sinners. Oh, yours is a sad case indeed!" The preacher could see that the Word was entering and giving light. Under it the rags of self-righteousness were falling off—were being swept away—now indeed they were convinced of their sinnership.

"Oh, we've made a terrible mistake," admitted the first, with tear dimmed eyes, and the second in a similar state, confirmed the admission with a convicted "Yes, oh, yes!" "Ah, now," continued the preacher, "as sinners I can tell you of the sinners' Saviour. He came from Heaven for you—you two. He hung on Calvary's Cross for you—you two. He was made sin for you, that you might be made the righteousness of God in Him. His only terms are 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16. 31). Come, let us kneel down." On either side of him two weeping girls, now convicted sinners. With their whole hearts they joined in his petition to the Throne of God, that the Lord would open their eyes, and by His Holy Spirit enable them to understand the Sacrifice of Christ on Calvary's Cross on their behalf; and, blessed be God, He did, there and then, and when they rose to their feet, they were converted sinners—born from above—safe in the sinners' Saviour's love. What about you, my friend? Are you a sinner saved by grace? If not, you may by now accepting Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour (Rom. 6. 23).

E C. Q.

GENUINE GOLD SOVEREIGNS FOR A PENNY EACH.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY, an eccentric Englishman, wagered £500 with a gentleman that he could not sell twenty sovereigns within an hour on London Bridge at a penny each. The bet was accepted, and the Captain, with sovereigns in hand, took his stand at a convenient spot and cried, "Gold, gold, genuine gold, a penny each!" But the people hurried along, and heeded not his tempting offer. Doubtless some smiled at the well-dressed man, wondering if he imagined that anyone would be foolish enough to believe him. The seller continued his call, "Gold, gold, genuine gold, at a penny each!" but the Londoners were unbelieving. The hour had nearly expired when a poorly-dressed man edged up to Barclay, and gazing on the sovereigns, purchased half a dozen. On closer examination he perceived their value, and would have bought more, but the sixpence that he had invested was all his ready cash. Darting off to cash one of his newly-acquired gold pieces, he returned only to find that the "sovereign-a-penny" man had gone. Captain Barclay, therefore, won the £500 bet.

This incident illustrates greater and more important things. Though God at an infinite cost has provided salvation for the perishing, and presses it on their acceptance as a free gift, the masses of the people don't accept it on His terms. They are besought to take it freely, "without money and without price," but they think that this is "too good news to be true."

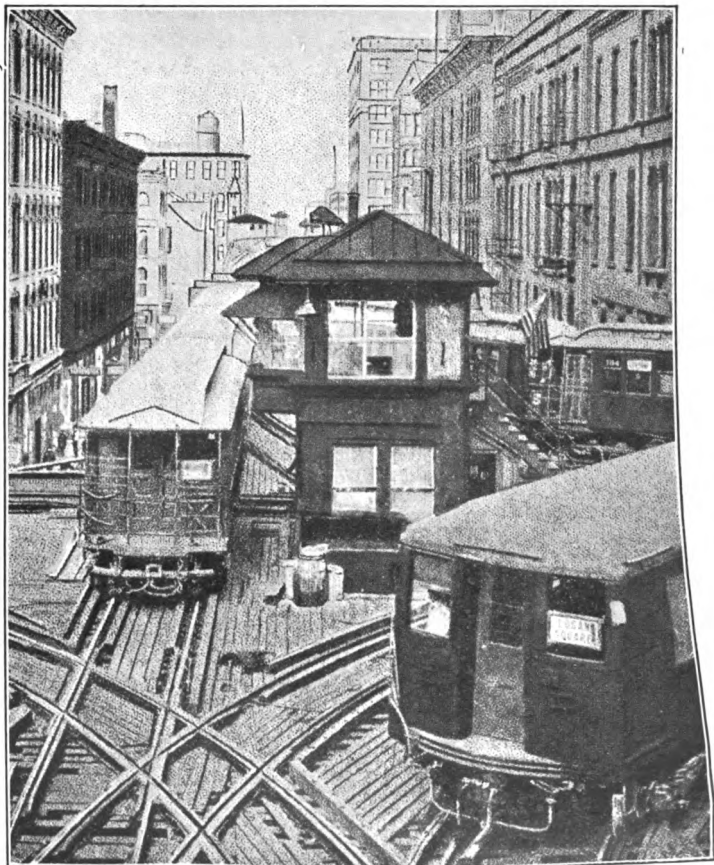
The "genuine gold sovereigns" were not offered as a free gift. It was certainly a splendid bargain to be offered sovereigns worth two hundred and forty pennies at a penny a piece. If God offered salvation on the ground of the sinner heaving a sigh, shedding a tear, renouncing a sin, or performing a single good deed, then it would not be all of grace. Yet Scripture says: "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). God is satisfied with what Christ did for us, and He wishes us to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. Look to Christ and you will obtain peace, pardon, and eternal life. Don't try to merit God's free gift of a full and present salvation.

A. M.

THE SCOTSMAN'S DISCOVERY

— OR, —

THE MAN WHO "LEFT HIS RELIGION" ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE ATLANTIC



Elevated Road, Chicago

"So many profess to be Christians who are not, therefore
the whole thing is a sham"

THE SCOTSMAN'S DISCOVERY IN CHICAGO.

WILLIAM CLANACHAN was the son of a respectable farmer in the south of Scotland. A number of years ago he crossed the Atlantic, and obtained employment in the city of Chicago—the metropolis of the west and north-western States of America. In the providence of God he was led to board in a temperance hotel kept by a Christian couple known to the writer. Away from parental and home influences, like many young men who move West, he “left his religion” on the other side of the Atlantic. His “religion” had never caused him much trouble; and it was easily kept at the bottom of his trunk along with his Sunday clothes, and taken off and put on with them. On Lord’s-day evenings he usually went to hear one of the Chicago preachers, but this was the extent of his religious observance.

Having ample opportunities of coming in contact with religious professors, he “measured” some, and became disgusted with their lives.

Like multitudes, he reasoned in this way: “So many profess to be Christians who are not, therefore the whole thing is a sham.” Alas! that multitudes should reason so illogically. Daniel Mackhee, an earnest Christian from Rothesay, Scotland, went to stay at the hotel where Clanachan “boarded.” Now and again he availed himself of opportunities afforded him of dealing with William about his soul.

The way in which God met with Clanachan was somewhat peculiar. He had gone to rest, and from his room he heard Mackhee speaking to a fellow-boarder of God’s way of salvation. The young man had taken shelter in William’s refuge—“so many hypocrites”—and Mackhee was unearthing him. “Suppose,” he said, “that I took from my pocket a handful of dollars, and there was a counterfeit one among them, would I throw them all away on that account?”

Then he applied the illustration, and showed the unreasonableness and absurdity of rejecting Christ because of some who profess to be His who are mere counterfeits. The Holy Spirit carried the words through the partition which divided the sleeping apartments from the hotel parlour into William’s heart and conscience.

“That is just what I have been doing,” said he. “I

The Scotsman's Discovery in Chicago.

have been occupied with the inconsistencies of others; and here am I, a poor, guilty sinner, hurrying to eternal ruin."

As he lay in bed, the Holy Spirit was convincing him of the sinfulness of his condition in God's sight. Scenes and incidents of bygone days were recalled. His past life, with its sermon-hearing, psalm-singing, prayer-saying, alms-giving, sacrament-taking, and high-handed sinning against the eternal God, caused him to tremble. From his heart the cry burst from his lips, "God have mercy on me."

For several hours he pleaded for pardon, until the thought took possession of him that he was beyond the reach of hope, and was doomed to spend eternity in the lake of fire.

Has the reader of these lines been excusing himself for rejecting or neglecting the salvation of God because of the inconsistencies of religious professors? Do not allow Satan to rob you of your soul. All hypocrites will be consigned to eternal perdition, and if you continue your present course of conduct, you will make your abode with them.

Despairing of salvation, and giving himself up as one beyond the pale of God's love, he ceased praying. He had, to use a familiar expression, "come to an end of himself," and had reached the borders of the region of despair. When there did not seem to be a single ray of hope for his poor troubled spirit, the Holy Spirit brought to his mind the wondrous love-message contained in John 3 16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." All at once the soul-saving truth, unfolded in these wondrous words, was revealed unto him by the Holy Spirit. He saw that on account of what the Lord Jesus had done for him on the Cross—through simple faith in His finished work—he was saved, and was the happy possessor of everlasting life.

The new-born soul instinctively thinks about and longs for the conversion of those who are near and dear to him. William was no exception to this rule. His heart went out toward his father and mother, sister and brother, in far-off Scotland. It was true that his father had been fifty years a member of the church, and had maintained

family worship. Was he converted? Was his dear mother converted? Though they were upright, "religious" people, he feared that they had never really been "born again." From a heart overflowing with love, he wrote to his father, telling him of the great change which had taken place, and put the Gospel before him as plainly as he could. Mr. Clanachan was not by any means pleased with his son's letters. The old gentleman had been brought up to believe that a man might be a "good Christian" and not have the "assurance of salvation," and he felt annoyed and irritated at his son's "presumption" in "going the length" of saying that he was saved and knew it. Post after post brought letters brimful of love and sympathy, giving his reasons for believing that his sins were pardoned, and urging his father and mother to have the "great question" settled. Mr. Clanachan was so vexed with his son's communications that he declined to acknowledge their receipt or reply to them. Becoming greatly concerned about the conversion of "the old folks at home," and fearing that they might die and be eternally lost, he resolved on re-crossing the Atlantic with the object of speaking personally with them about their souls. He took the "cars" to New York, and from thence sailed for the British shores. To the astonishment of his relations, William turned up at the old homestead in L—. The night of his arrival he told his loved ones the story of his conviction, conversion, and consecration to God. His father strongly objected to him saying that he knew that he was saved, and saved through "simply believing on Christ." He maintained that no one could be sure that he was saved as long as he was on earth; that all we could do was to hope that it would be all right "at the last."

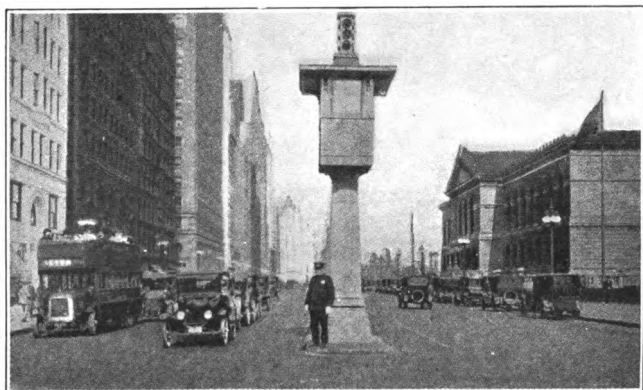
This doctrine, that "no one can be certain" of being saved "down here," is a popular doctrine with the unconverted. I shall quote a few out of many Scriptures: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). "By grace are ye saved" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). "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 5. 13). If, then, the early Christians knew that they were saved—had peace with God, sins forgiven,

The Scotsman's Discovery in Chicago.

eternal life—much more should we who have the whole Word of God and live in the full blaze of Gospel light.

Day after day William spoke to God about his dear ones, and spoke to them about God and His great salvation. His mother became deeply troubled, and she besought William to pray for her. A week after his arrival he had the joy of seeing his beloved mother rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Then his brother and sister were brought to accept of Christ as their Saviour.

After three weeks' personal dealing with his father, William's heart was gladdened by seeing him accepting



MICHIGAN BOULEVARD, SHOWING TRAFFIC TOWER, CHICAGO.

Christ as his Saviour. They had been speaking together regarding some passages of Scripture in Romans. The old gentleman retired to rest still unconverted. In the morning the scales by which Satan had been blinding his eyes were removed, and he saw himself to be a condemned sinner on the verge of Hell. Then the Scriptures he had read the previous evening in Romans came before him: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (chap. 10. 9, 10). God's "simple, easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation was perceived by him, and he rested on Christ, who had been "wounded for his transgressions, and bruised for his iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5). A. M.

MISDIRECTED.

DURING a heavy snowstorm in Canada a lady was making a journey by train. With her was her baby, held in her arms. She wanted to alight at a certain place, but the thick snow prevented her seeing the names of the stations. Her mind was set at rest, however, when a fellow-passenger kindly promised to see that she got out at the right place. By and by, as the train stopped, the gentleman said, "This is your station," and helped her to alight.

The train went on and soon stopped again. "What station is this?" asked the gentleman. On being told, he exclaimed: "Why, I thought the last time we stopped it was at this station. Alas, I have set that poor woman and her child down by the railroad track far from any station. Whatever will become of them?" Next day the lady and her little baby were found in the snow, both quite dead. They had perished through being misdirected.

There are thousands of people perishing through being misdirected. I do not refer only to the heathen, who follow the directions of their priests and base their hopes of a happy hereafter on the vain sacrifices that they bring to their idols. There are only too many in so-called Christian lands who are misdirecting their fellow-sinners. It is not that in every case they intend to deceive. The gentleman of our story certainly had no such intention. He was sincere in his desire to help. It is the same with many of those whom we have in mind.

Here is one who sets his followers on a round of penance and prayer, of course attended by payments of money. Another tells those who listen to him that if only they reform, and sincerely try to live good lives, it will surely be all right with them. Another boldly declares that since God is a God of mercy men need not think of the future at all; God will see that they come out right by and by.

Now we are responsible for what we hear and what we believe. If we believe a lie we are ourselves to blame. Our sincerity will no more save us from the consequences of a mistake than did the sincerity of the woman who was found dead in the snow. Our Lord Jesus Christ spoke of blind leaders of the blind, and declared that both (not the leaders only) fall into the ditch. Each one of us is

Misdirected.

responsible to see that he believes the truth, and nothing but the truth.

But how can we make sure that what we believe is the truth? Only in one way. God has enshrined His truth in a wonderful message to men. The Book that we call the Bible tells us what this message is. It tells us that



"THIS IS YOUR STATION."

nothing that we can do will merit, or even help to merit, salvation. It declares: "To Him (Christ) give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." Again: "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 10. 43; 13. 38, 39). Once more: "Now to

him that worketh is the reward reckoned not of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 4, 5).

' These sayings of Holy Scripture are quite plain. Thousands have rested their souls on the truth of these glorious words and have found peace in so doing. If you follow the directions given in the Holy Word of God you cannot go wrong. It will never misdirect you.

I do not mean that you have only to believe its statements. You have to do as it directs. It bids you turn away from self and sin and put your trust in a living Saviour, who once died on the Cross for you. It does not say that whoever believes the Bible shall receive the remission of sins, but that whoever believes in Christ shall receive the blessing. Will you not take this step? H. P. B.

HOW AN OLD SOLDIER CAME TO CHRIST.

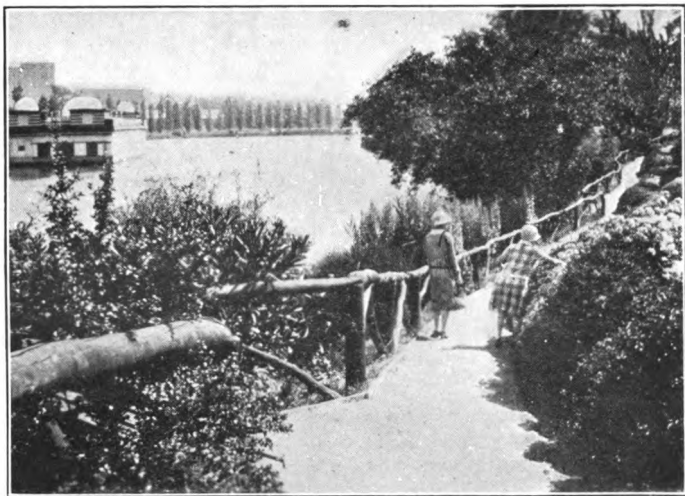
IN Montreal, Canada, at the close of a Temperance Lecture, an old soldier came up and said, "I want to sign the pledge." "That's good." "I want to do more than that, to have my soul saved." "That's better. The pledge can stop a gap, but can't save your soul." "Sir, I want you to write me out a prayer, so that I may have it to say whenever I can." "Friend, the best prayers ever written are in this book." "God be merciful unto me a sinner," "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." "Take these two prayers and kneel down at your bedside to-night, and don't get up till God has answered them."

The next night he came. "Sir, it is all right, I want to publicly confess Christ to-night, for he has saved my soul. I went home last night and did as you told me. I knelt down at my bedside. Directly I did so there was a great noise. Ho! here's Tom on his knees. Bursts of laughter were heard all over the room, followed by a perfect shower of boots, hats, and other articles. I kept on my knees, crying unto God for mercy, and there I was for one hour and a half, till God showed me my sins were forgiven, and I was saved through the Blood of Christ. Thank God I am happy in the thought that I am His child, and I want every one to know that He has saved my soul."

AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

THE Gospel meeting had closed, and most had left the hall; but one burly Australian, evidently in from the "Back Blocks," lingered, seeming in no hurry to go. Noticing this, the preacher felt impelled to speak to him, and asked kindly, "Well, friend, is it not time you settled the matter of your soul's salvation?" "More than time," was the reply; "35 years more than the time."

Sitting down at the Christian worker's invitation, he pulled out his pocket book and carefully extracted a time-soiled piece of writing paper. Handing it to the evan-



TORRENS LAKE, ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.

gelist, he said: "Read that. I received it from mother 35 years ago, and have carried it about with me ever since."

The letter ran as follows: "My dear Son,—I am writing this on my death-bed, and by the time it reaches you I shall be with Christ in glory. I want you to know that my last thoughts and prayers have been for you, and I have the assurance that God will yet save you by His grace. Remember you cannot get away from Him. Your running away from home and going to Australia does not sever you from God's love, and wherever you are, and in whatever condition, when you turn to Him He will meet you

and save you. Oh, my son, think of what Christ suffered on your behalf, to bring you to God, and receive Him as your Saviour now. Then we shall meet again in Heaven. With fond love from your dying mother."

As the letter was handed back both men were in tears, and the backwoodsman asked between his sobs: "Can it be true that even now, after 35 years' neglect of God, and sin against Him, there is pardon for such as I am?" "My opinion goes for nothing in such a solemn issue," was the reply; "but let us see what God says in His Word."

Isaiah 53. 5, 6, shows the righteous ground upon which a Holy God can pardon a guilty sinner. "He (Christ) 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. 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." Acts 10 shows that salvation is alone in Him. Acts 10. 43: "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." Romans 10. 9: "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." This passage makes clear how you come into the benefits of all Christ secured by His atoning sacrifice.

"Do you believe He died for your sins according to the Scriptures? That on account of His sacrifice God is ready to pardon you? Will you now confess Him as your Lord?"

With a cry of joy the seeker exclaimed: "I see it—it's all done for me by the Lord Jesus. He took my place. I go free. Lord Jesus, I thank Thee. Thou art my Saviour." The Australian's Saviour is willing to be yours. Will you let Him be.

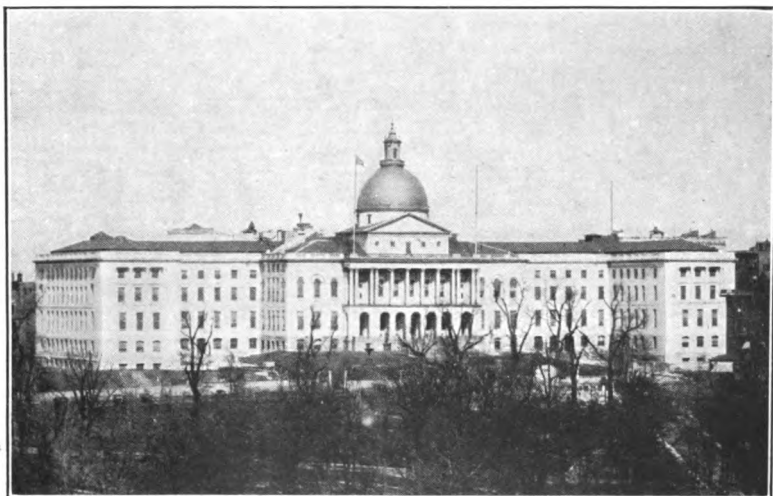
F. A. G.

JUST THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.

"WELL, John, don't you find it a long, hard path to Heaven?" "O no, sir!" was the reply, "there are only three steps, and you get there." "Only three steps! How do you make that out?" "Why, sir, nothing is plainer 1st step—Out of self. 2nd step—Into Christ. 3rd step—Into Heaven."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A BOSTON paper tells a thrilling story of a mother's wondrous love. A poor old woman, with ragged and travel-stained garments, had been frequently observed in the poorest parts of Boston, in quest of some object. Now she lingers at the "saloon" doors, earnestly peering into the faces of the frequenters as they enter and leave. Again, she is seen in the hospital wards by the side of the patients' beds, eagerly scanning their features. She has been noticed in the police courts edging her way as close to the railings as she could get, shading her eyes with her



STATE HOUSE OF COMMONS, BOSTON.

wrinkled hands, anxiously gazing at each prisoner as he was brought in for trial. When the culprits had come and gone, she was at times overheard saying, "He ain't there; well, I'm glad of that."

Police-officers, hospital nurses, and bar-tenders have oft-times wondered who the old woman was searching for, but she did not give the desired information.

One evening, she took an hospital nurse into her confidence. On being asked whom she had been so diligently seeking, the old lady lowered her voice, and said, "I'll tell you. I don't often tell any one, but I'll tell *you*."

A Mother's Love.

I'm looking for my son, but he ain't here. I'd know him as soon as I see him. I'm sure I would, but he ain't here."

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she proceeded: "I ain't seen him for 20 years, but I'd know him. I'm his own mother, you see. Oh! I'd know him if I could only see him. No, it ain't no use to give his name; it ain't the same one when he was my baby and innocent."

Again the tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks. "Yes, he got into trouble. He wasn't bad at heart; but he got led away—and—and—and into States prison. I didn't know it until lately. But it don't make no difference with me, 'cause I'm his own mother; and if I could only find him, and tell him he's got two friends left—me and God; we'll stand right by him. I have a kind of feeling that I won't be able to keep up the hunt much longer, and he may drift in here, and if he should, and you come across him, won't you tell him how his old mother looked, and looked, for him?"

"But you haven't told me his name," said the nurse.

"Oh! so I haven't. I s'pose I must. Well, he calls himself——;" she whispered a name into the nurse's ear, and added, "Tell him that me and God was his best friends still. I'll soon be gone, but tell him that God was always his friend."

After she had unburdened her mind, she went out into the streets to search for her prodigal son. Before morning, she was brought back by two policemen, who had found her sick and delirious. She lived but a few hours, and just before she died, she slowly and sadly said, "Well, I didn't find him, not in 20 years; but you tell him, if he comes here, that I tried hard to find him, and tell him that I couldn't forget my boy, and that God has not forgotten him."

Yet the love of that mother is faint and feeble compared with God's great love to you. Jehovah has asked, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" and the Divine reply is as follows: "Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee" (Isa. 49. 15).

"Oh! if the tenderest mother were possessed
Of all the love within her single breast
Of all the mothers since the world began,
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man."

However great a sinner you have been, or however

wicked you are, God loves you. Though you have forgotten Him, days and months without number, and wander in paths of sin or crime, He longs to bless and save you. Though you have sinned against love and light; though you have deliberately and persistently broken His laws, and trampled His commands under your feet, He desires to blot out the past, and make you His own.

If you doubt that God loves you even now, turn your eye to Calvary's Cross. There you can see the height and depth, the length and breadth of God's "unmeasured wealth of love." "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 3. 16). The Lord Jesus is seeking to save you. Ever since you were ushered into being, He has sought to have you for Himself. He has "looked, and looked, and looked" from Heaven upon you, and with surpassing love has borne with your folly and infatuation, and sought to win you to Himself. And you have closed your ears to His words of entreaty and warning! You have resisted His Spirit, and neglected His great salvation!

The dying words of the poor old woman, "Tell him that I couldn't forget my boy, and that God hasn't forgotten him," are grandly sublime. The reader may have lost an affectionate mother, but he has a true friend in the Lord Jesus. He is the Friend that loveth at all times. He waits to pardon and justify you from all things. He desires to reason with you! How gracious and condescending! And all because He loves you! Why not then receive Him, and be saved for eternity (John 1. 12)? Why not accept of His "great salvation" (Heb. 2. 3), by believing on Him who bore sin's penalty, and died to save you from the miseries and gloom of a lost eternity?

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5).

"From Heaven His eye is downward bent,
Still ranging to and fro:
Where'er in this wide wilderness,
There roams a child of woe;
And when the rebel chooses wrath,
God wails his hapless lot;
Deep breathings from His heart of love,
I would, but ye would not."

A. M.

THE REJECTION OF SALVATION.



SPECIAL Gospel services were being held in a Scotch manufacturing town. Men and women had been awakened, and were earnestly asking the all-important question: "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30). Some had found peace to their troubled souls, whilst others mocked and scoffed. Amongst the latter class was James —. He said he had no faith in the meetings, and declared that those who attended them were

"hypocrites," etc. In the midst of his sin and wickedness he was seized with a severe illness which ultimately terminated in death. While lying on his sick-bed he thought of his past life. He knew he was far from being what he ought to be, but he had no idea he had been so wicked until now. His sins towered above his head like a mighty mountain, and threatened to crush him with their accumulated weight. He trembled as he thought of the great day of reckoning, but had not the slightest idea how his sins were to be forgiven. He began to think of the one who had been so much used by God at the Gospel services whom he had so often mocked, and asked that he should be sent for to visit him.

On receiving the message, Mr. H—— hastened to the bedside of the sufferer. The moment the dying man saw him entering the room he addressed him thus: "Speak fast, speak quickly; tell me of Jesus." From the Scriptures he was shown that God loved him and longed to save him; that He had so loved him as to give Jesus to rescue him from Hell; and that by believing on Him he would not perish, but have eternal life (John 3. 18, 36). Whilst being spoken to he listened intently, but did not appear to perceive the

The Rejection of Salvation.

glorious truth which sets the sinner free. After conversing with him for some time he left, promising to call the same evening later on. On entering the apartment a few hours after, the poor sufferer perceiving him, shouted aloud: "Pray for me! speak fast to me! Speak quickly to me about Jesus!" Again he told out as simply as he could the story of Calvary. The Word, however, seemed not to have the slightest effect.

On the following morning he visited him again, and found that the end was near, mortification having set in. Not a single ray of light had penetrated the thick darkness that enveloped his spirit. His agony was almost insupportable. Conscience was now sinking its scorpion sting into his soul, while memory was recalling sins he had committed. His obstinacy and rebellion, his guilt and folly, seemed to overwhelm him. Earnestly did the Christian speak to him of Jesus, the sinner's Friend, urging him to neglect salvation no longer. Suddenly his eyes stared wildly in their sockets, and he shrieked: "When shall I meet God? When shall I meet God?" "James," was the reply, "if you don't meet Him now as a loving Father, you will soon meet Him as an angry Judge. I have told you all I can about His love to you, and Christ's death for you. We are about to part, never to meet again in time, and I want to ask you solemnly this question, 'Have you accepted or rejected God's salvation?'" He paused for a moment, and then shouted: "I have rejected, I have rejected Christ!" An hour after this he passed into eternity without giving any evidence that he had accepted pardon.

The unsaved reader may imagine that he can do without Christ. There is a time coming, however, when you will see your mistake. You think you can live without Him, but you know you cannot die without Him. Take heed, then, from this solemn incident. You do not intend to be eternally lost, but if you continue neglecting or despising God's wondrous salvation, you may, without a moment's warning, be summoned into His presence. Remember that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Christ rejecter, beware! No longer despise God's pardon; no longer resist the Holy Spirit; no longer neglect "so great Salvation." A.M.

THE VILLAGE TROPHY.

AMONG those who came to the Special Services was a young man well known in the village for dare-devil achievements, yet a regular Church-goer, and generally considered straight in all his dealings. When he appeared the first time among us he was inclined to despise the Gospel on account of the simple way in which it was preached.

The preaching was so different from the well-arranged discourses he had been accustomed to hear that he sat asking himself: "Is that all? Is that the preaching that is drawing such crowds and working the wonders of which I have been hearing for weeks?" But, after all, he could not help seeing how powerfully it affected the hearers; and even he himself felt strangely influenced by it. Indeed, he was rendered so restless that he came back again and again, until he was convinced that he was going down to a lost Eternity. He was then led to see the great work accomplished by the Lord Jesus on Calvary, and passed out of the darkness into the light.

In spite of the most violent opposition the man came clear out for God, and astonished the whole neighbourhood by openly in one of the services declaring that he had found Christ and had experienced the saving change. His testimony to the converting grace of God produced a great stir, and many decent "Church members" began to feel rather doubtful as to their own condition, seeing that the young farmer with all his Church membership had only now been converted to God.

Nothing will avail with God unless you are soundly converted to Him. You may have a certain amount of what is called "religion," you may be a diligent attender upon what is called "the ordinances of God," and yet be in "the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity" (Acts 8. 23). Have you been born the second time? Are you cleansed by the Blood of Christ? Have you experienced the saving change? Better far to have these questions answered now than to meet them in "the solemn day," when it will be for ever too late to find an answer. God's Word says, "Behold, now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). In this "the accepted time" accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and you will be saved and satisfied.

T-P.

PERILOUS PLEASURES

— OR, —

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS RUINED BY EVIL COMPANIONSHIP



"It was a Letter from His Mother."

"What kind of influence are the books I read having upon
my life and character?"

M

PERILOUS PLEASURES.

DURING a visit to India some years ago, a young British resident came to me one Sunday morning in great distress. The longed-for mail had just arrived, and he handed me a letter which he wished me to read, and as he turned away he sobbed bitterly. It was a letter from his mother, and well might he give way to tears, for it told a pitiful tale, and carried with it a mother's heart-break. She was a widow, and her two boys—one in India and the other at home, in Croydon—had been her pride, her comfort, and her support.

This one in India was an earnest Christian, and all his spare time was given to Bible study and Christian service. He was devoted to his mother, and never failed to write his weekly letter, enclosing every penny he could spare from his salary. He was proud of his brother, too—they had grown up together, and were always great pals. And here was a letter telling of serious crime, with its inevitable accompaniment of shame and distress. It appeared that for some months the brother had associated with a set of reckless youths who gambled wildly, and it was in a rash attempt to make good his losses that disaster had come. The law was set in motion—a visit from the police to his home—the mother's unspeakable surprise and grief—the sudden disappearance of the culprit!

That, in brief outline, was the story, with a P.S. to say that to escape arrest he had gone abroad! My heart went out to the distressed brother, whose first thought was for his mother. How he longed to be with her in this hour of her terrible sorrow. I can never forget that Sunday morning in India.

It was the old story of the tragedy of perilous companionship. Here were two brothers setting out in life; one taking his stand as a Christian lad, and finding helpful comradeship in Christian service; a joy and comfort to his mother. The other, seeking a gayer life, linking up with a fast set of fellows, who spent more than they earned; rushing from one source of amusement to another, passing from the thrill of the theatre and music hall to that of the dancing saloon, and on to the gambling resort; until caught in the whirlpool, he went under!

And it is just here that the peril of youth lies to-day.

Perilous Pleasures.

It is not that our young men and women set out deliberately to break away from all good and helpful influences, and determine to see life at all costs. Only a few are mad enough to do that. No, it is the restless desire for exciting pleasure—just pleasure. There is apparently little serious thought as to the rich possibilities of life. No praiseworthy ambition—no high ideal. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of companionship, either for good or ill.

A man is not only known by the company he keeps, but his character is formed at the same time. Will the reader ponder that for a moment? And there is the companionship of books. It will pay to pause and ask the question—What kind of influence are the books I read having upon my life and character? There is a subtle power for evil in the companionship of the modern novel: the mind is poisoned, the imagination soiled, the baser passions aroused, and thus the whole tone and standard of life is lowered.

At a recent inquest a letter was read which had been left by the young fellow who had shot himself. It told of the utter disappointment that had followed all his wild efforts to find satisfaction in the so-called pleasures of the world. "My life," said he, "has been one ghastly failure; so here is an end to it. *And yet one wants to live,*" he added. Clinging to life—wanting to live, yet finding it a "ghastly failure," he hurries himself into a godless and, therefore, a hopeless Eternity!

And, alas, that these are but typical of thousands of others, for the tragedy is ever repeating itself in wasted and blasted lives, and all for the sake of selfish pleasures that can never satisfy.

This is a restless age, and its fleeting pleasures only mock us. Sin is the cause of all unrest and dispeace, and Jesus Christ, God's Son, came into this world to put sin away by the Sacrifice of Himself, and thereby bring peace to troubled hearts and consciences (Heb. 9. 26). The peace of God can be obtained by belief on the Lord Jesus Christ. God's Word assures us that "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). Christ says, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Have you come? S. E. B.

"THEY WON'T GO."

JOHN H— was by no means a soft or sentimental young fellow. Yet one evening, after his place at the supper table had been vacant for quite a while, he came downstairs with evident signs upon his face of recent tears. Nobody made any remark, least of all the writer, who had reason to believe what John's trouble was about. For earlier in the evening the young man had been present at a meeting where a plain talk had been given on the subject of God's Way of Salvation, and an earnest appeal had been made to all who still remained unsaved to take the step—the decisive step that means salvation to all who take it. John had listened with interest and concern. It had been the writer's prayer that he might be led that night to the Saviour.

After supper, seeking a favourable opportunity, I drew John aside and said: "I have been praying for you, as you know. Have you anything to tell me?"

"I'm a bit bothered," the young man replied. "I've been kneeling down upstairs laying my sins on Jesus, but somehow they won't go. I don't seem to be any different."

"But, my dear fellow, whatever put the notion of doing such a thing into your head?"

"Why, it's the right thing to do, isn't it? There was Hettie S— singing to us two or three days ago, 'I lay my sins on Jesus.'"

"Yes; I know the hymn. But wait a moment. I have a hymn book, published in Canada, in which that hymn is slightly altered. I'll show it to you."

I went to my room for the book, and on my return handed it to John, saying: "See if you can find the hymn." He looked in the index under "I," and presently said: "It does not seem to be here."

"Let me find it," I said; and taking the book, I found the hymn with a new beginning to it. Instead of:

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The Spotless Lamb of God!"

it began:

"What! Lay my sins on Jesus,
God's well-beloved Son?
*Nay, 'tis a truth most precious
That God that thing hath done."*

I watched John's face as he read the words. First a look of perplexity, then of wonder, and finally of relief

"They Won't Go."

and joy came upon his countenance. After some minutes he handed the book back to me saying: "Well, I never!"

Expressive words! The truth had dawned upon him. Believing in Christ, he was now able to say that God, who knew all his sins, had laid them upon the Saviour.



"SOMEHOW THEY WON'T GO"

He had remembered them all against Him and would remember them no more (Heb. 10. 17).

The work of Christ for the sinner is a finished work. The way to get the benefit of it is personal faith in Him. He who thus believes may know with assurance that his sins are all forgiven because they have all been borne by his Substitute upon the Cross. By faith accept the Saviour now (Rom. 5. 1).

H.P.B.

GOD HAS FOLLOWED ME.

A FEW years ago a coachman was employed with a family near London. His situation, his master, surroundings, and wages, were all that one could wish; but he had one great annoyance. Not far away his widowed mother lived, who paid her son frequent visits; but every time she came the subject of salvation had a place in her conversation. "Mother," he said to her one day, "I cannot bear this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my situation and go out of your reach, when I shall hear no more of your cant." "My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young man determined to carry out his threat, wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, who succeeded in securing for him employment in a gentleman's stables. He regretted to leave his master, his good job, and a comfortable home, but he longed for "a quiet life." The day after he arrived in his new situation in Scotland, it was his duty to drive out the family in their carriage and pair. After all had taken their places in the carriage the master said he "wished to sit beside the new coachman." Thinking the master wanted to test the skill of the driver, the young man, who was no novice, made up his mind to please. As soon as the horses started off the master whispered to him, "Tell me if you are saved?"

However much his mother's conversation had annoyed him before leaving London, it was nothing to his feelings as his master talked to him that day. "God has followed me here," he said to himself. "I could go away from my mother, but I cannot hide from God." It was the same old story of Jesus and His love that he had often heard from his mother, only this time it seemed as a message of terror and condemnation. Now he felt it was not only a mother's love for her boy he was spurning, but he was despising and rejecting God's unmerited, unasked for, and unlimited love, in the gift of His only begotten Son, who died that he might live. Never before had he such a true and God-given estimate of himself. He saw himself lost, ruined and Hell-deserving. Happily his deep conviction of sin only lasted a few days, for the light of God shone

God Has Followed Me.

in upon his darkened soul; joy took the place of his former feeling of terror and condemnation, and there came the blessed assurance that he had passed from death unto life (John 5. 24).



HE HAD A GOOD SITUATION.

In the first letter he wrote to his mother, he said: "Mother, God has followed me to Scotland and has saved me."

What about you? Have you sought to get out of the reach of a mother, a father, a sister, a brother, a companion whose love for your never-dying soul has con-

strained them to speak to you about the Saviour, and to the Saviour about you? If so, you have also turned a deaf ear to God's tender, compassionate, unbounding love manifested at Calvary for you, and to the loving, unwearied pleadings of God's Holy Spirit.

Salvation is a matter in which God takes the initiative, Christ Jesus becomes the instrument, and the Holy Spirit the imparter—the Triune Jehovah—all active in making provision for your eternal welfare; hence the greatness of your sin in continuing to refuse God's great salvation at such an infinite cost.

How very sad for any one to be like this young man, to treat those who have one's highest interest at heart with cold and callous indifference; but how much more tragic when such indifference is directed against God, who "saw us ruined in the fall, and loved and still loves us, notwithstanding all." Sinner, God hates your sin, but He loves you. Christ Jesus, His only begotten Son, died the ignominious death of the Cross for you, and the Holy Spirit invites you now, where you are, and as you are, to take the water of life freely. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17).

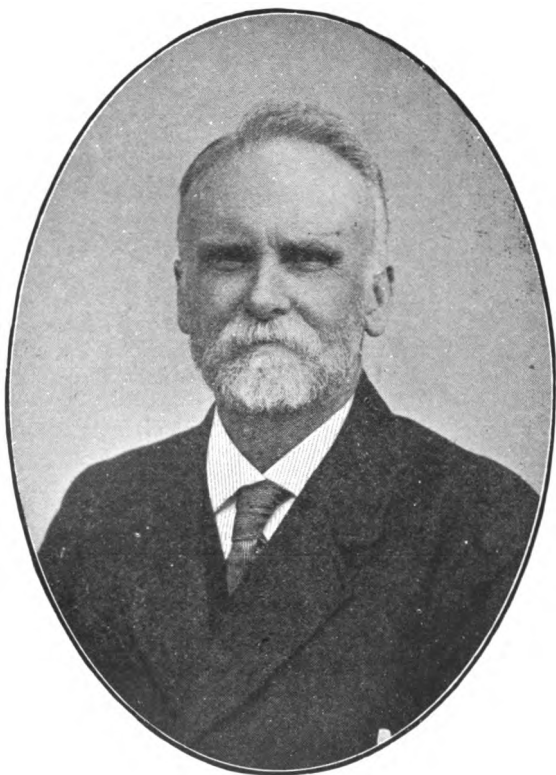
What joy must have filled that mother's heart as she read the news of her self-willed, ungrateful, and wayward boy having been saved; but there was also joy in Heaven over one sinner repenting (Luke 15).

Have you seen yourself in your true condition before God, "far off," "having no hope," "without God," without Christ, feeding on the husks of the world's pleasures and follies? If so, you are one of those over whom there can be joy in Heaven by your acceptance of Christ, the sinner's only Saviour. Come, not with your own righteousness, which in the sight of God is only "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6), but pleading the blood-shedding of the Lamb of God; and, besides there being joy in Heaven, there will be joy and satisfaction in your heart which neither the world nor its pleasures can give nor, thank God, take away. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life" (John 5. 24).

M. G. G.

CONVERSION OF A FAMOUS TRACT WRITER.

UNDERNOTED is the conversion story, told by himself, of Alexander Marshall, the widely known and highly respected Tract Writer, Christian Author, and Editor. After faithfully serving the Lord in many lands for over sixty years, he passed Home to be with his Lord



ALEXANDER MARSHALL.

and Master on August 9th, 1928, at the ripe age of eighty-one years. His story is as follows:

My parents were Christians, and I had the advantage of sound Scriptural instruction in the things of God. I was cradled to sleep with the lullaby of psalms and hymns. My memory was stored with choicest portions of

Scripture, and many a prayer was presented that I might be early led to accept of the Lord Jesus Christ. As I grew up I became thoughtless and careless about my soul's welfare. Again and again I was deeply impressed with the importance of becoming a Christian, but I did not then wish to be saved. I was anxious to enjoy more of the pleasures and amusements of the world.

God did not leave me to myself. Again and again He knocked loudly at the door of my heart. Whilst skating I fell on the ice, and for hours was in a state of unconsciousness. When I came to myself I found I was in bed, surrounded by my parents and the physician. Whilst reflecting on my narrow escape, I promised to God that I would become a Christian; but, as soon as I recovered, I broke my promise and joined my worldly companions. My conscience, however, was very uneasy. I tried hard to forget the thought of death, judgment, and eternity. I employed every device to prevent its recurrence. I took to novel reading, and read large numbers of them. Often when I laid my head on the pillow I feared to go to sleep lest I should waken up in Hell. I was, however, deterred from considering the great question by mistaken ideas of the Christian life. I had a secret conviction that if I became a Christian I would have to give up pleasure and happiness.

Special Gospel Meetings were being held in a hall in the city of Glasgow, and I went once or twice and became impressed, but strove to quench my convictions. I said to myself, "I mean to be a Christian sometime. I am young and strong; I want to see a little more of life; to enjoy for a little longer the pleasures of the world, and then I shall get converted. I may live to a good old age, and when I come to die, perhaps of some lingering disease, I shall have plenty of time to prepare." God, in the midst of my infatuation and sin, spoke loudly to me through a verse in His Word: "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). I trembled from head to foot; it was a blow to my ideas of sick-bed repentance. "Suddenly destroyed, suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy," rang in my ears. I said to myself, "God has often reprov'd me; many times He has warn'd me of my sin and danger; if I delay longer I may, without a moment's warning, be

Conversion of a Famous Tract Writer.

ushered into His presence, an unsaved, unsanctified, unforgiven soul." Procrastinator, beware!

Restless and unsatisfied in heart, but not particularly anxious about my soul, through curiosity I went into a Circus in Glasgow, where Gospel Meetings were being held. The preacher had been a deist, but on examining God's Word, with the object of confuting it, was led to bow to its teaching, and was brought to see himself as lost and guilty. After his conversion he devoted his time and talents to the proclamation of the story of redeeming love. I don't remember his text, if he had any, or much that he said; but I thought he was a most extraordinary preacher. I can distinctly recollect him frequently repeating the words: "It's the Blood that saves, it's the Blood that saves." In showing that all that was necessary for the sinner's deliverance was completed by Christ on the Cross, he exclaimed, "It's finished, it's finished, it's finished." In thinking about salvation, my mind had been occupied with "believing" instead of with the object of faith—Christ and His finished work. I imagined I believed, but not in the right way. The words, "It is finished," were carried home by the Holy Spirit to my heart and conscience. I asked myself, "What is it that is finished?" I remembered the words were the dying words of the Lord Jesus (John 19. 30). He explained the meaning of the wondrous statement, and showed that the sacrificial work had been completed—that Christ had "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26; John 1. 29), and that every one who believed on Him was saved and had eternal life. Specially did he dwell on the blessed truth, that the very moment any one believed, he was saved. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47). I had always supposed that I must feel some great change before I could be sure I was saved, and was continually looking into my heart to find peace. The preacher seemed to understand my difficulties, and explained that one must first believe on Jesus and the feelings would follow, and clinched the truth by repeating again and again the following statement: "Believing is the root, feeling is the fruit; believing is the root, feeling is the fruit." The light from Calvary shone in upon my soul. I saw that Jesus had died in my stead and received sin's penalty, and that through believing the "good news" made.

known to me in the Word I was saved and had everlasting life. I remained to the meeting for "inquirers," and a Christian brother, now with the Lord, pointed me to several Scriptures—among others to John 3. 16; 5. 24—and I saw the truth more and more clearly. I perceived the terrible mistake I had been making. I had been expecting to feel happy before I was saved. I had often wished to feel saved; now I knew I was saved, not because I felt it—for I did not—but because God said so in His Word. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). I believed on Jesus, that He had taken my sins upon Him and died for me, and I saw that there was no reason why I should be afraid to meet God. At the time I felt no change. I did not, like many, feel love filling my heart, or a burden falling from me. I simply took God at His word and thanked Him for saving me. I had fully a mile to walk after leaving the meeting, and all along the road I remember speaking to God somewhat after this fashion: "Lord, I do not feel that I am saved; I know it, because Thou hast said so; I do not feel any change, but I will stick to it that I am saved, because Thou hast said so in Thy Word."

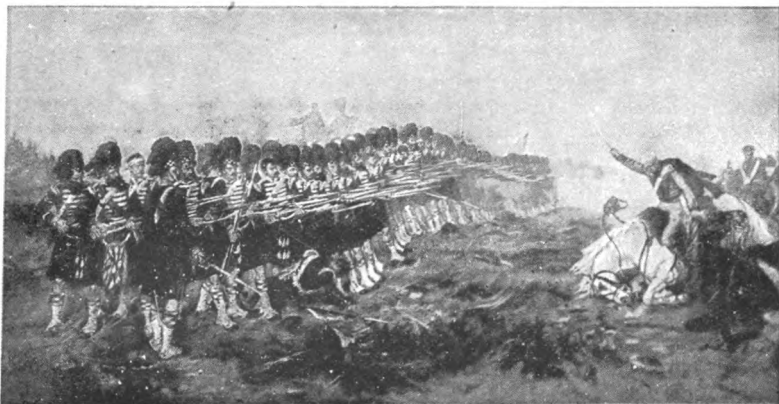
Though I felt no change that night, a day or two after peace and joy filled my soul. My mind had been too much occupied with my believing, and too little with the wondrous fact that Jesus had borne away all my sins. When I thought of His amazing love to me I felt happy; but when I thought of my believing I became miserable. Years have passed since then, and I have had many ups and downs, but I have never forgotten the fact that God says I am saved.

Unsaved reader, now, this very moment, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will know from God's Word that you are 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" (John 3. 16); but "he that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Rest not till you are absolutely assured from God's Word that you are saved for Eternity. Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and do it now.

A. M.

THE THIN RED LINE.

SUCH was the title of a picture in a picture gallery, which attracted the attention of old and young, and as I looked at it, a strange feeling of admiration came over me; and well might it have raised such a feeling in the bosom of any loyal Briton. But, you ask, what was the picture? It was a battlefield, and on it stood a long line of Highlanders, side by side and shoulder to shoulder, calmly standing amidst the din of war awaiting the advancing foe. Just before that thin red line are seen their enemies, but their ranks are broken and they have lost the



THE THIN RED LINE.

day. But what makes those men so calm, so firm in the presence of death? Love of their queen, their country, and their homes, the honour of the land they love. They stand between it and the foe. "We will conquer or die" seems written on the determined face of every man. And what, we ask, is urging on the enemy to their ruin and disgrace? Is it that they know not the power of that thin red line that lies between them and the prey? But they have to learn its strength. Humbled and baffled, they have found that in its apparent weakness there is mighty power; and trusting in this power, Britain lies at rest, safe, secure.

But yet another picture and another battlefield: The din of war, the crash of fallen gates and walls is all around, but in the window of that home is bound a scarlet line, and

in that home is peace. The armies of Israel are stayed, Rahab and all her house are at rest, safe, secure. There is power in that scarlet line to ease.

Yet one more picture, one more battlefield. The Son of God is lifted up on Calvary—the prince of this world cometh, the powers of death and Hell are marshalled round the prey—your evil, and mine, and all our guilty race. Mark the quiet dignity of Him who has taken His place between the sinner and the mighty foe, as He cries, “It is finished”—bows His blessed head and dies in meekness. Yet in that meekness there is power. Through death He has vanquished Him who has the power of death; and now, all glory to His Name, He can deliver those who tremble at the coming of the King of Terror. Yes, the scarlet line once more, the precious Blood of Christ. He has hurled back to their own confusion the powers of Satan, vanquished and defeated.

The Father’s love has found One to stand in the gap, able to save—He liveth by the power of God. Reader, are you sheltered behind that precious Blood of Christ? There you may rest, at peace, secure (Rom. 5. 1). Or, are you seeking to save yourself? Great Britain trusts in those who fight her battles and rests secure. Rahab trusted the scarlet line and the word of mortal men and she was safe. And have you ever trusted in the word of Him who cannot lie?—who said to Isr. el: “When I see the blood I will pass over you.” Can you rest in this, His Word, secure; the Word of Him who is mighty to save? What love was that of the Lord Jesus that He should be willing to stand in the place of danger and death! Can you doubt such love? There is no love to compare with His. Even a mother’s love may fail, but God’s love, finding its cause in Himself, never changes. Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5. 7, 8). Can you grieve Him who has so loved poor enemies? If you have done so in the past, let His perfect love now fill your heart, and all your guilty fears will pass away, and you shall find rest unto your soul. By faith in the Lord Jesus Christ accept now the gift of God, and enter into the enjoyment of eternal life (Rom. 6. 23) J. A. B.

A GREAT DISASTER.

MILLIONS of tons of water have been released on the Indus Valley, in Kashmir, devastating great areas and imperilling thousands of lives. The mighty torrent bore down from the mountains, following the bursting of the great ice dam over the River Shyok. For many months the region on either side of the River Indus has been a valley of fear. Nearly two years ago the Little Khumdan glacier forced its way over a tributary of the Indus. A wall of ice, 1200 ft. thick formed, and behind it the water began to rise, spreading for miles. The greatest engineers were sent by the Indian Government, but could do nothing. They calculated that when the dam burst 120,000,000 tons of water would rush down the valley. This has now happened, with devastation of villages and agricultural land. For weeks the British Resident in Kashmir had been encamped on the glacier, ready to give the alarm. An elaborate signalling system by means of bonfires was to carry the news down the valley, and at danger points large bodies of troops were stationed to rush the natives to safe areas.

God's righteous judgment on sin, like the Indian ice dam, is being held back by the grace of God; but when His day of long-suffering grace comes to an end, judgment sure and terrible will descend relentlessly on the heads of all who refuse to avail themselves of God's remedy in the Gospel. Meanwhile God's messengers, by lip and pen, are giving timeous warning of approaching judgment, and telling out the glad good news (John 3. 16).

Have you heeded the warning and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour? Or are you neglecting God's great salvation? Remember, it is the easiest thing possible to neglect the warnings and wooings of Divine love. Many, alas, are making this grave mistake to-day. They give attention to all the responsibilities of the present life, but so far as eternity and the welfare of their never-dying soul are concerned, their attitude is one of sheer indifference and callous neglect. Are you amongst that number? If so, be warned in time. Because there is wrath, beware, lest He take thee away with a stroke, and a great ransom will not deliver thee (Job 36. 6). Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. J.G.

AN INTERESTING TELEGRAM.

TELEGRAPHIC communications often convey news of deep importance, but none ever intimated anything more important than one recently received by an Evangelist in the North of Scotland. It ran thus—

David	Jamieson	born	again	two
o'clock	this	morning	Clear	deliverance

The receiver of this message had a little while previously lodged in the same house as David, and had frequently spoken to him of the deep necessity of being born anew, born from above. He had sown the good seed of God's Word, and rejoiced with great joy when the news came that it had sprung up into life eternal.

The new birth is a great reality, and has been decreed indispensable by the Saviour if a man would see and enter the Kingdom of God. It is not reformation, but a change infinitely deeper and needful, because of what man is, rather than what he does, or does not.

The heart of man by nature may be compared to a root, out of which springs many branches laden with the fruits of sin, and hence all endeavours by reformation to improve man in the flesh must fail. You may pluck off the fruit from the gaze of men; you may take the shears of reformation and cut off the branches which visibly bear the fruit; and the heart, the root of the whole, remains unaffected. The philanthropic endeavours of men with good intentions may produce socially a good effect, but, so far as the claims of God are concerned, the man, improved socially, is not a whit nearer Salvation.

Dear reader, let this sink into your very soul. Do not, we entreat you, pass it by as if it did not concern you. The Word of God, unalterable as is the Throne of God, proclaims the new birth to be the essential condition to the possession of forgiveness of sins here, and a title to the glory hereafter. Now, have you consciously experienced it? That is the vital question. Do not rest content with that oft-repeated and Satanic sentiment, "I hope so." Face the situation honestly, comply with the Divine requirement, ~~that as~~ a sinner utterly undone you believe in the Christ, and, get a "clear deliverance." F. A. BANKS.

HELD UP BY A ROBBER

— OR, —

THE THIEF WHO MADE CHOICE OF THE RIGHT "WHOSOEVER"



Telegraph Ave. and Broadway, Oakland, Cal., U.S.A.

"I am the man who held you up, and I am the man who stole
your purse."

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HELD UP BY A ROBBER.

DURING a visit to an American city I became acquainted with a devoted Christian worker, who is one of the most diligent and persistent tract distributors that I have ever known. Mrs. L—— is the "Sister Abigail" of Mrs. Bird's fascinating book, "Little Is Much When God Is In It."

Amongst other incidents which she related to me was the following: One winter night she left her brother's house in the City of B——, and was proceeding homewards when a man rushed from a vacant piece of ground and, seizing her from behind, demanded to know what her handbag contained. "Twenty cents." "And what have you in that bundle?" referring to a small parcel that she carried. "Only a little fruit, which you can have." Producing her Bible, she said, "This is the most precious thing that I possess, for it tells me that 'God so loved, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth, that whosoever—that God, that God, so loved—that God so loved the world that He gave.'" Mrs. L—— was so unnerved by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack that she was unable to repeat correctly the glorious words of John 3. 16. The robber was evidently surprised by Mrs. L——'s "message," and, after shaking her violently, called her a fool, and, pushing her towards a snowdrift, he ran away.

Four years after the "hold up" Mrs. L—— was shopping in the city with a friend. Previous to leaving the house she put a piece of paper in her purse, on one side of which was printed the words, "Whosoever means you," with John 3. 16 beneath—"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." On the other side were the words, "Whosoever means you," with this Scripture added: "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15). The "whosoever" of the last verse was printed in red. Mrs. L—— underlined the words, adding her address in her handwriting. Whilst the ladies were returning home, two men rudely elbowed their way past them. On reaching the house, Mrs. L—— asked a friend to give her her purse from her handbag. But it could not be found. After a diligent search Mrs. L—— concluded that it was lost.

Held Up by a Robber.

Next morning the door-bell rang, and Mrs. L—— attended to it. A well-dressed man stood on the doorstep and inquired if she was Mrs. L——. On replying in the affirmative, the stranger asked if she lost her purse on the previous day. "I did," said Mrs. L——; "but what do



SUSPENSION BRIDGE CONNECTING
BROOKLYN WITH NEW YORK.

you know about it?" "Can I see you for a moment, as I have something to tell you?" said the visitor. When they were alone the man exclaimed, "Yes; I am sure it is the same voice, and it must be the same person." "What do you mean? I don't wish you to keep me long, as I have a busy day before me." The fact was Mrs. L—— was afraid of the stranger, and no wonder! "Were you held up four years ago? Was it you who said, 'You may have my Bible; it is my most valued possession, for it says, "God so

loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him?" etc. "Yes; it was I." "I am the man who held you up," said he; "and I am the man who stole your purse." The robber told her that ever since he heard her repeating the words, "Whosoever believeth," do what he might, he could not get rid of them, and had often wished that he was in Hell.

Regarding the theft of the money, he said that he had pushed Mrs. L—— and her friend aside, and received the purse as it was supposed to be dropped into the handbag. After securing the contents he threw away the purse, so that if he were caught it might not be found in his possession. In addition to the money received, he found the slip with the words printed, "Whosoever means you," with John 3. 16 added. On examining the other side of the paper, and the underlined words in red, "Whosoever means you," he read that "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." The Holy Spirit carried the message home to his conscience, and he was overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse. It was evident to Mrs. L—— that the man was under deep conviction of sin. "What shall I do?" he asked. "I see you have a telephone. Send to the police office for a detective, and I promise you that I shall not try to escape. I don't care what becomes of me."

Mrs. L—— refused to summon the legal authorities. From a full heart she told him the story of God's wondrous love in giving Christ to die for a guilty world. "I am also a sinner," said Mrs. L——; "and the 'whosoever' of God's Word took hold of me. I cannot condemn you. Will you not allow God's 'whosoever' to lay hold of you? Will you not trust the Lord Jesus, and go and sin no more?" The man was amazed at what he heard, and exclaimed, "And is that the Gospel?" Mrs. L—— opened her Bible and read to him God's way of salvation. Greatly impressed by the marvellous tidings that he heard, he left the house deeply penitent. Three days afterwards he returned and told Mrs. L—— that through believing on Christ he knew that he was saved. Shortly after this he left the City of B—— in search of employment. From time to time Mrs. L—— hears from him, and she is convinced that he is seeking to live for Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him.

To which of the "whosoever" does the reader belong? "Whosoever believeth in Him (the Lord Jesus Christ) should not perish, but have everlasting life." Are you saved? Are you the happy possessor of "everlasting life?" If not, the reason is this—you never truly believed on Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities (Isa. 53. 5). If your sins are not forgiven it is because you have not really believed on the Saviour who loved you and gave Himself for you (Acts 10. 43; John 3. 36; 5. 24). Why not now believe on the Lord Jesus, and be eternally saved? Why not now believe and live? If unsaved, unconverted, unregenerate, ponder the awful words of the second whosoever—"Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." How dreadful! To be cast into the "lake of fire!" Your name may be on the communion roll of the most orthodox and evangelical communion in the country, but if it is not written in the "Book of Life," think of the terrible doom that awaits you! God has no pleasure in the death of the sinner (Ezek. 33. 11). He is "not willing that any should perish." It is His wish that "all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 16). It is His desire that all men should be saved (1 Tim. 2. 4-6), and therefore He is waiting to save you at this very moment! Are you willing to be saved in God's way? If so, ponder the "wonderful words of life" of John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." How gloriously simple! "Whosoever believeth in Him" who "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26) shall not perish, but have everlasting life. "Whosoever believeth in Him" is eternally free from sin's penalty. How grand and glorious! Are you willing to be saved in God's time? If, however, you procrastinate, and say to the Holy Spirit, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee," the solemn judgment of God may be fulfilled in your case: "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Settle the question: Shall I be in the first "whosoever" of salvation now, or in the second "whosoever" of Judgment at the Great White Throne by-and-by? It must be one or other. WHICH? A.M.

FOUND BY A BUTTERFLY.

THERE was once a poor widow who was greatly troubled at receiving a bill which she knew very well had been already paid. As she could not lay her hands on the receipt, though she hunted high and low for it, she was faced with the necessity of having to pay the money, a considerable sum, a second time. But, being a Christian, she knelt down and prayed earnestly that God would help her out of her difficulty by showing her where the receipt was.

One day the dishonest tradesman, who had sent in his bill again, called at the widow's house and threatened, if she did not pay, to sue her in the courts for the amount that was owing. Just at this moment a butterfly flew in through the open window, and the widow's little son began to chase it. Presently it flew behind a big box of tools which had belonged to the boy's father. Unable to move the chest himself, but anxious to get the butterfly, he asked the man to assist him. This he did, and as the box was pulled forward a piece of paper was seen lying on the floor. Little thinking what it was, the widow picked it up. It was the lost receipt! God had heard the prayer of faith and had, in that remarkable way, revealed the place where the receipt had lain concealed.

This true story not only illustrates the value of believing prayer, but serves to remind us of certain things which it is necessary to know if we are to be at complete rest as to our relations with God.

Just as the debt had been already paid, though the evidence of payment was missing, so Christ has truly paid the great debt which we owed to God. Our sins had piled up a mighty mountain of indebtedness, which He paid with His Blood upon the Cross. When I say this, I refer to those who have accepted Him as their Saviour. Those who do not do this get no benefit from His death for sinners, and will be called to account for their sins. But we who believe may rest assured that a full payment has been made, and a full discharge secured for us by Christ's atonement.

"All my iniquity on Him was laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid."

Unlike the dishonest tradesman, God will never demand satisfaction from us on account of our sins if we put our

Found by a Butterfly.

trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, for the simple reason that full and perfect satisfaction has already been made for us by Christ. God Himself has furnished us with what we may speak of as a "receipt." For we read that Christ was not only "delivered for our offences," but that He was also



THE DISHONEST TRADESMAN CALLED.

"raised again for our justification." That is, in raising Christ from the dead, God has declared His acceptance of the payment made on our behalf, and has made it clear that He has no further claims upon us on account of our sins. What glad news! Christ's death for us was the "payment" and His resurrection is the "receipt."

Do you ever get worried as to whether your sins are

Working and Doing.

really blotted out from God's sight or not? Well, I beseech you, do not search your own heart for evidence. Pay no attention to your changeful feelings. Look, not IN, but UP. Christ in glory is the proof of God's satisfaction in the work that He did on the Cross for you. He is now in Heaven, clear of all the judgment that lay upon Him when He hung as your Surety on the tree. And because He is clear, you who believe on Him are also clear. The knowledge of this brings peace to your soul, just as the receipt found behind the tool chest brought peace to the poor troubled heart of the widow.

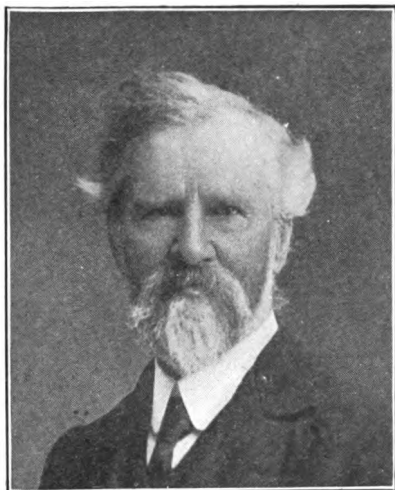
Have you this assurance, this settled peace with God? There is no reason why you should not possess it and go through life with the knowledge that, whatever happens, it is well with your soul for ever, and that you have in the living Christ One who is your Defender and Friend. H. P. B.

WORKING AND DOING.

"AND have you been saved yet?" "Well, I am just working away, doing what good I can " This is where you find many who are honestly seeking to get to Heaven. They are working, and they are doing. But God's Word nowhere says we are to work or to do in order to be saved. On the contrary, it says, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Surely this is plain enough. Yet people will keep working and doing when Christ has finished the work and done it all. Many speak as if they were saving themselves. They speak of working for God, while they forget that it is impossible for works to commence until you are born—that is, born again, born of God. You must have life in Christ before you can work; for the dead in sins cannot work. Come to Jesus first. Let Him have all the glory of saving you. Then, after you are saved, you cannot do too much for Him; for then the grace of God will teach you that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, you should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world (Titus 2. 12), and be careful to maintain good works (Titus 3. 8). We do not work in order to be saved; but we work for Christ because we *are* saved.

W. S.

COLIN CAMPBELL'S CONVERSION.



THERE passed to his reward on 27th August, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, Colin Campbell, of Rothsay. For over sixty years Mr. Campbell has served the Lord, not only in this, but also in other lands, and as a sheaf of corn fully ripe he entered in to see the King in His beauty. In order to help others to make the great decision, Mr. Campbell, many years

ago, wrote the story of his conversion, which is as follows:

"I didn't think you needed to be converted," was the exclamation of a friend to whom I had been telling what God had done for my soul. Indeed, there was a time when I did not think I required such a change myself, as, like many others, I was religious, temperate, and outwardly moral. From early boyhood I was the subject of religious impressions. Between Church, Sunday School, and young men's meetings, I was brought up in a religious atmosphere. My inclination led that way, no doubt, mingled with the usual fun and frolic of youth. Although for many years under Sunday School teachers, I do not remember one of them ever speaking to me about my soul. Amid all the Bible teaching, I do not remember conversion spoken of as a personal experience, or pressed home on the conscience.

As I grew up to manhood I entered fully into all Church work, such as teaching in the Sunday School, attending the Minister's Bible Class, Mutual Improvement Association, even going the length of helping the congregational missionary in his district meetings, taking part publicly in prayer, and leading the psalmody. How solemn that one

Colin Campbell's Conversion.

could do all this while still a stranger to grace! Sadder still, a stranger to the need of it.

But conscience was neither dead nor dormant. Religiousness did not give rest. There was ever present the sense of something lacking, and, like many others, I vainly thought this something could be attained by greater earnestness. To some it may seem inconsistent with this state of mind to say I was a frequent attender of the theatre, of which I was very fond; but while reason approved, conscience rebuked. Oft did I wish some one would convince me that it was wrong. Deep and distracting questions also assailed me. If there is a devil, why, if God is all powerful, does He not stop him? Why is this sinful state of things allowed to go on? What is to become of the heathen? Happily the time was nearing when the question was not, What about the heathen, but What about myself? I trembled at the thought of meeting God, and was afraid of Him. I thought God "an austere master," who was frowning down on me, threatening that if I did not behave He would put me in Hell. I wished there was no God. If anyone could have proved to my satisfaction that there was no God, he would have removed a burden from my life. Yet you say, "You were religious." Yes, however strange it may seem; but deep is the heart of man—"desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9).

Amongst the Sunday School teachers—of which I was one—there were a few truly converted young men, earnest and full of the Spirit. There was a something about them I could not fathom. Their prayers were different, they could speak with assurance of having eternal life, of going to Heaven. They knew and possessed something of which I was ignorant; they were rejoicing in the Redeemer. I envied them, yet knew not what made the difference. I attended the same Church, believed, as I thought, the same things; I even became a member of the Church, thinking it was a step in the right direction. I remember one of the circle putting this question to me as we walked late one night: "Have you ever felt that love in your heart to the Lord Jesus you hear some people speak of?" "No, David, I have not," I frankly replied; "but I believe I shall yet attain to it." Alas! I thought I was on the ladder; I had only to climb higher, when somehow, and at some

Colin Campbell's Conversion.

time, I would grasp the prize my soul was seeking. But I had to climb down ere that was found.

Urged by these earnest young men, I attended the evangelistic meetings then held in the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. I was struck by the directness of the preaching.



PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

I was deeply impressed by Dr. Donald Fraser one night, who preached on "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7). He was beyond my depths. I knew about ministers, churches, sermons, religious service, and teetotalism, but felt dark as a heathen about "the new birth." There was a strange power with the word. All my religion was taken from me. If I wasn't born again I had nothing. I went out into the street "lost," as a man in a mist is lost. I knew not where I was; I knew not where to go. Still I struggled on, giving up questionable things, doubling my earnest quest, "If Heaven is to be gained I must gain it." A tract I read showed that the majority of people were saved before they were twenty. The cold sweat broke on me as I remem-

Colin Campbell's Conversion.

bered I was some years beyond the likely time. "What if I am never saved?" "What can I do in the future that I have not done in the past?" I thought I had done all I could do.

Thus I laboured and prayed, but telling no one of the struggle. I would sometimes say to myself, "Perhaps I am a Christian and don't know it; I am making a fuss about nothing." Then I would take myself to task thus: "Colin, can you say you have been born again?" Honestly, Colin had to say, "I know nothing about it." "Then Heaven you'll never enter till you are." "Well, then, I'm done for. God must do it; I can't regenerate myself." Thus I was brought to the end of myself. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

On a Friday night, about half-past nine o'clock, I was nearing my home, pondering the question above all questions, "Why is it I cannot say I am saved? What do these saved people do that I don't do? What do they believe that I don't believe? I am as moral, as religious, as earnest as they are. And yet, for the life of me, I cannot say that I am saved." To bring the matter to a point I said, "How is a man saved?" The answer came, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). I stood transfixed to the pavement. God spoke to me. I looked up and said, "Believe! I do believe." "Then you are saved." "Saved!" I said. "And have I nothing to do?" "Nothing! All was done long ago." For the first time in my life I saw the meaning of the Cross. I saw that when the Lord Jesus died on that Cross He died to save me. I was saved by what He did when "He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). I again repeated, "Then I have nothing to do? Nothing! Then I am saved for ever?" "Saved for ever!" came the assuring word. I could only exclaim: "Oh, what love! what fulness! what freeness! God has been loving me all the time, and I did not know it. What a stupid I've been!" I was struggling, striving, praying; and God had said, "It is finished" (John 19. 30).

Thus was salvation revealed to me as I stood at that lamp post in Morrison Street, Edinburgh. I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and "passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

C. C.

WHEN ROOSEVELT WAS REFUSED.

DURING the Spanish-American War, ex-President Roosevelt (then Colonel Roosevelt) went to one of the Red Cross nurses, desiring to buy some delicacies for the sick and wounded men under his command. His request was refused. Roosevelt was troubled; he loved his men and was ready to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket. "How can I get these things?" he asked; "I must have proper food for my sick men." "Just ask for them, Colonel," said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters. "Oh," said Roosevelt, "then I do ask for them," his face breaking into a smile; and he got them at once. How like salvation! all that a man or woman has cannot purchase it, but it can be had for the asking—the gift of God.

Many people want to purchase salvation for themselves, while others would like to obtain it by their own good works. God can neither sell salvation nor give eternal life to anyone on the ground of good works. Salvation is offered to whosoever will, as a free, unmerited gift. The guilty, if religious, sinner must come down from his proud perch; and, taking the place of a poor mendicant, accept by faith God's great salvation as a gift (Rom. 6. 23). Whilst it is true that men have to work for death, God in the riches of His boundless grace bequeaths eternal life freely to all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

If men were to reach Heaven on the ground of their own merits, they would have something whereof to boast; whereas, in the matter of salvation, God will not allow the flesh to glory at all. Having done all the work, God must have all the glory. Jesus Christ, having finished Redemption's work on the Cross of Calvary, gave expression, not in weakness, but in triumph, to those glorious words, "It is finished" (John 19. 30), and now there is nothing for the sinner to do but by believing the Gospel to enter into the fruits of a finished work. The song of the redeemed in glory is: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. 1. 5). Would you form part of that heavenly throng? Then drop every rag of righteousness to which you cling, and accept Jesus Christ as your own and only Saviour (Acts 16. 31).

J. G.

"IT MUST BE TRUE."

THIS was the confession of the writer at the end of a Gospel meeting held in a village in Aberdeenshire, on the 1st of November, 1882. The Gospel had been preached in all its fulness and freeness, showing how God's gift of eternal life could become the sinner's by simply believing in Christ's finished work. I expected to feel something, and then I could believe. But a dear servant of the Master showed me that feelings had nothing to do in the salvation of the soul. It was set before me thus: Supposing an account had been rendered me to settle, and that some one had paid it for me, if I saw the receipt I could not but believe it was paid.

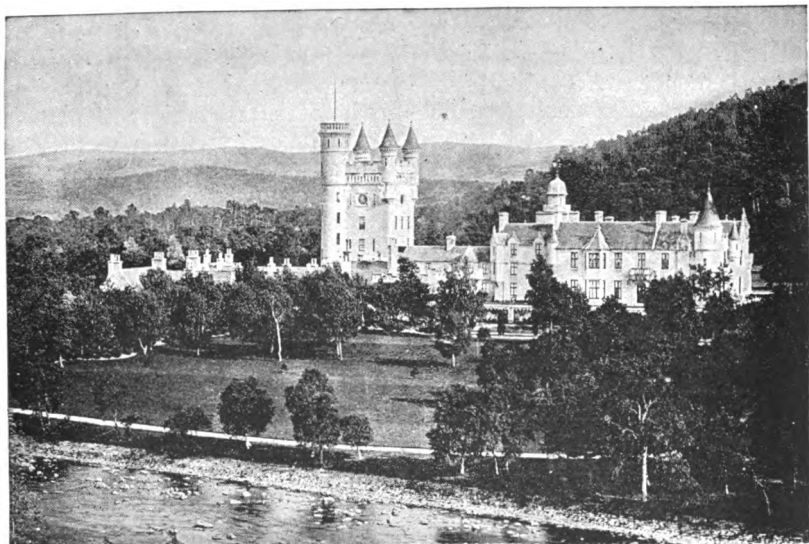
After my friend had explained to me how he found peace, I was enabled to rest upon Christ's finished work done for me. I saw I had nothing to do, that when Christ died He bore my sins, and they could not be on Him and still upon me. And by simply believing this I have eternal life, as He paid my debt to God, by giving Himself a ransom for me according to God's Word (Mark 10. 45). And as it is impossible for God to lie, He says in John 3. 16: "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." I saw it must be true. For "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. 10. 10). Nothing honours a man more than accepting his bare word; so when God says I'm saved, by accepting the record He has given of His Son (1 John 5. 11), by believing this I honour Him, and am saved; just by taking Him at His word that the work of my redemption was completed, when upon the Cross Christ said, "It is finished." "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1).

There remaineth no more to be done, as Christ by His death has once and for ever put away my sins, and, trusting in this, I'm free.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8. 1). It is grand to be able to say there's no condemnation against me. Once I could not have said so; ah! no. I was once a child of wrath on my way to Hell, but God in His infinite love and mercy saved me, and now I'm bound for glory. "It's all of grace, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 9).

"It Must Be True."

Reader, what about you? You have got to meet God. And where you will spend eternity depends upon whether you are still in your sins, and on the way to an awful Hell; or have trusted Christ for salvation, and on the way to Heaven. Which is it? Pause for a moment. Be honest with yourself. There are only the two ways: either in Christ and saved, or without Christ and under judgment.



BALMORAL, ABERDEENSHIRE.

No matter how moral or respectable you may be, you may be very religious and pass for a Christian, and still be under God's wrath and curse. Religion will not save you. Ah! no, nothing but Jesus. He has completely finished the work. All is done by His being made a sacrifice for your sins; so believing this you have eternal life. It's so simple—only trust Him. Accept of Him now, and be eternally saved. Reject Him at your peril. "The wages of sin is death, the gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23). "How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation? (Heb. 2. 3). There is no escape for those who refuse to believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ. J.A.I.

DR. JOHNSON'S ATONEMENT.

IN the Market Place of the old-fashioned Staffordshire town of Uttoxeter there is a monument recording an interesting event in the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the famous lexicographer.

His parents resided at Lichfield, his father being a bookseller who kept a stall in Uttoxeter on the weekly market day. One day, in the year 1734, he was ill, and so requested his son to go to Uttoxeter in his stead. Too proud, or too lazy, Samuel refused to go. Fifty years later, being on a visit to Lichfield, the son became overwhelmed with remorse at the recollection of his disobedience. Accordingly he went post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and stood bareheaded in the Market Place in the midst of the busy throng. Though the day was very wet he stood thus for an hour, the object of many jeers on the part of onlookers, who thought the stranger demented. Describing his act afterwards, the doctor called it "a penance, by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven."

It is good for any man to make acknowledgement of his sins. Apart from this, there can be no blessing from God. But it is important to remember that the only possible propitiation for sins is found in the precious Blood of Christ. In the Old Testament it is written, "It is the Blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17.11); and in the New Testament we find the emphatic word, "Apart from the shedding of Blood is no remission."

Let none of our readers err as to this. Neither tears nor penance of any kind can atone for sin; to none of these does God ever draw our attention in His Holy Word. Romans 3. 24-26 tells us that God has set forth Christ to be a propitiatory (or mercy-seat) through faith in His Blood. In virtue of Christ's matchless sacrifice on Calvary's Cross God is able to justify freely by His grace every believer in Jesus, and to satisfy every Divine claim.

Reader, have you the guilt of unpardoned sin burdening your conscience? If so, permit me to point you to Christ and to what He has wrought on the sinner's behalf. Acknowledge your lost condition, plead the Saviour's Name, and pardon and peace are yours for evermore. There is no need for you to endeavour to propitiate Heaven; Christ did that for every believer nineteen hundred years ago. Believe and live now.

W.W.F.

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