

ONWARD
UPWARD
HOMEWARD

BY
REDEEMED ONES GOING HOME

COMPILED BY
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FOREWORD

FINDING myself in Central Africa in 1914, at the time the War broke out I was visiting a village in Angolu, called Hualondo, of the Great Ouimbundu tribe, celebrated traders and slavers of the past. The gospel had been preached in the district chiefly by a godly family of Christian negroes from the West Indies, and there were many converts. The chief, though he had never yielded definitely to Christ, was well-disposed, and I can never forget the welcome he and his people gave me with beating of war-drums and firing off old muskets. On the occasion referred to I went down to see if I might be able to help him over the line. We sat round on little native circular seats outside his house—the brother (who interpreted in Umbundu) and myself and the chief and some of his head-men. I drew a line in the dust, which I explained meant decision for Christ, and then a number of small circles at various distances from the line, some far off and some nearer, but all on the same side, which I

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explained represented the unconverted heathen in Hualondo. Some very far away, engaged in drunken orgies and devil dances; then some more respectable sinners, but still far away from Christ; then some who attended the meetings, but without paying much attention; then some who heard the words and felt the truth, but had never really turned to God; and then I pointed out a little circle quite near the line, but still on the wrong side. "Who is this?" I asked the chief, as he listened with staring eyes fixed on my primitive drawing. "It is you, dear chief, who are very near the line; you have often been to the gospel hall, you have heard the words of God, you have felt them true, but you have never stepped over the line to Christ, who is calling you, and you are therefore on the same side of the line as the open sinners in their drunken dances." The Word seemed to sink into his very soul, and though I did not press him for an immediate confession, he remembered that Word for long afterwards, as I heard from a missionary whom I met years later in the homeland.

And which side of the line are you, dear reader? I do not ask you whether you are a member of some church or go to a place of worship or where the gospel is preached, but whether you

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have really as a simple, needy one come to Christ and thrown yourself in His arms for salvation? If you have, you are on the right side of the line and are travelling to the gloryland; but if not, you can only be on the broad road that leads to darkness. When the repentant thief woke that last morning he was on the wrong side of the line, before he died on his cross he came over the line to Christ, and was with Him in paradise that same evening; his companion, just as far from the line in the morning, just as near to Christ in the afternoon, was very far away from paradise that dark evening.

This book is compiled with a double end in view: first, to help those on the *right* side of the line to walk humbly, patiently, obediently on the thorny path that leads to the gloryland; and then to help any who may never yet have stepped over the line to come to the loving Saviour without delay!

Turn your eyes upon Jesus, look well in His wonderful face, for the things of earth will grow strangely dim in the light of His glory and grace.

W. HOSTE.

COMPILER'S NOTE

DEAR READER FRIEND,

Through the mercy of God this little book reaches you with its amazing message of infinite love—the glorious gospel, which is “the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.”

The compiler is pleased to acknowledge with much gratitude the valued help of many Christians, whose writings from time to time have made it possible to bring it into circulation, and pray that its contents may be a “saviour of life unto life” in the experience of many earnest readers, and a comfort and cheer to Christians who are discouraged and down-hearted because of troubles by the way.

Sincerely Yours,

CHARLOTTE M'ELHERAN.

Pressing onward, upward, Homeward,
We are only pilgrims here;
Marching on with steady footsteps,
In our hearts we know no fear.

Pressing onward, upward, Homeward,
Ours a city bright and fair;

· We shall soon be with the ransomed,
Far beyond the reach of care.

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THE CROSS THE TRUE STARTING PLACE

“THE BEGINNING OF THE WAY”

IN the two disciples who went from Jerusalem to Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 13) we have a picture of the people of God on their journey from the CROSS to the GLORY. They started from Jerusalem—the place of redemption. It was at the place called CALVARY that the Lord Jesus Christ accomplished the GREAT WORK OF REDEMPTION. It was only by His death that redemption could be accomplished. “Without shedding of blood is no remission” (Heb. ix. 22). “It is the BLOOD which maketh an ATONEMENT for the soul” (Lev. xvii. 11). “Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away SIN by the sacrifice of Himself” (Heb. ix. 26). “In whom we have REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD, even the forgiveness of sins” (Col. i. 14).

When the Israelites sprinkled the blood of the lamb on their door-posts they had the assurance of

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God's word that they were safe from judgment, and that night they were ready to start on their journey to the land of Canaan. In like manner, when the sinner appropriates the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, he can say with Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*: "He has given me rest by His sorrows, and life by His death," and starts on his upward journey heavenward.

THE JOURNEY

THE two disciples were sad. It is possible to be on the way to heaven and yet be sad. These disciples were sad because of bereavement. They had lost, for a while, their much-loved Lord. They had seen Him die, and their hearts were sore and sad. This is also true of many of the Lord's people. The wound in the heart caused by the removal of a loved one is not yet healed: they are sad. Thank God all sorrow is not forbidden, but hopeless sorrow is (1 Thess. iv. 13). When our beloved Lord saw the grief of Martha and Mary, the great deep of His heart was broken up, and He who had so few tears for His own sorrows mingled His tears with theirs—Jesus wept.

“THE END OF THE WAY”

To see in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years.
To feel how vain a mother's prayer:
How vain a loved one's tears.
To think the cold grave now must close,
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the pleased joys of earth,
This is the mourner's grief.
Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of FAITH to heaven
And think my loved one's there.
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's blessed hope
O'ercomes the mourner's grief.

“THE END OF THE WAY”

THEY reach Emmaus. Their cup of joy was slowly but surely filling, for He drew near to them on the road, and revealed Himself to them through the Scriptures: now the climax is reached: now their joy is full. They saw HIM: they knew HIM. The best wine had been kept to the last.

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All the sorrows of the way forgotten by the sight of His dear face. This is the consummation to which we look forward. He is coming. "We shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). Hallelujah!

Face to face, O blessed moment,
Face to face to see and know.
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

HOME

THE English soldiers sitting on the walls around Sebastopol, one night heard the bands playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the whole army broke out in sobs and wailing, so great was their longing for home.

O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air
In their home in the palace of God.

The wife of a rich merchant fell sick, and their only child, a little girl, was sent to a friend's house during her mother's illness. The mother died, and

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by and by the father went to bring the little one home: she was all eagerness to reach home, as she had not been told of the death of her mother. As soon as the carriage stopped at the door, she jumped out and ran into the house, crying "Mammy, Mammy." From room to room she ran, still crying "Mammy," but there was no mother to answer the call. At last she sat down and burst into tears, crying: "Take me away, my Mammy is gone!"

What was the fine house and grand furniture to her, when the object of her love was wanting? What would heaven be to us without the presence of Him who is our God and Saviour Jesus Christ. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalm xvi. 11).

The bride eyes not her garment
But her dear bridegroom's face,
I will not gaze at Glory
But on the King of Grace.
Not at the Crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand.
The Lamb is all the Glory,
In Immanuel's land.

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“The preaching of the CROSS is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are SAVED it is the power of God” (1 Cor. i. 18).

THE CROSS OF CHRIST is the starting-place for the glory above. It is here the NEW SONG begins and the first step on the narrow way is taken. Blessed spot. Blessed start. When we have the assurance that our sins are all forgiven, with what a light heart we step out on the narrow way for the home above.

“The Cross as stated above is not literal wood, nor any figure, or an imitation of it, such as men have made for ornament or worship—a piece of ecclesiastical furniture, or an article of female dress.”

The great truth represented by the Cross is SALVATION by a crucified Christ: God’s way of justification through the death of a SIN-BEARER. It is a symbol embodying a mighty truth, “which is unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.” It speaks of death—sacrificial death, and points to the GREAT SACRIFICE OF CALVARY. Christ crucified, Christ buried, Christ raised again from amongst the dead: these form the grand foundations of that gospel which Paul

TRY ONE SIN FIRST

preached, and regarding which he says: "I am not ashamed: for it is the power of God unto SALVATION to everyone that believeth" (Rom. i. 16). It is the same gospel that Philip preached to the Ethiopian eunuch. "He began at the same Scripture and preached unto him JESUS, and after he (the eunuch) believed, and was baptised, he went on his way REJOICING (Acts viii. 37, 39).

There is an important question asked in the book of Jeremiah, chapter 13, verse 23: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" We know he cannot do this, and no man can do it for him. Many people hope that by one way or another they will be able to cleanse away the dark stain of sin, and thus fit themselves for heaven, but this is impossible. "None can by any means redeem his brother nor give to God a ransom for him" (Psalm xlix. 7).

TRY ONE SIN FIRST

It has been said regarding a young man who had just started in business as a dyer, that one of his first customers was a lady who had brought a very expensive fur cloak to be dyed. When she had gone he began seriously to consider the matter

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thus: "I have no experience with this kind of fur. If I spoil it, it will be a great loss to the lady, and a great disgrace to me. What shall I do? I will procure a scrap of this very material, and try one inch first. If I cannot succeed with one square inch it would be foolish to venture on the whole cloak."

Was he wise, my reader? Then take a hint yourself, and before attempting to remove from the eye of God the guilty stains of a lifetime, be sure that you can succeed with one sin. Select from your history just one sinful act. Meet God's righteous requirements against it. Bear its judgment. Remove its crimson stain, as though it had never been. First satisfy God and then satisfy yourself about it.

Ah! this is impossible. But the precious blood of Christ had done what you could never, never accomplish. Dear reader, put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and His precious blood, and not a spot shall remain.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin" (1 John i. 7).

The Psalmist says: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a

TRY ONE SIN FIRST

rock, and established my goings, and He hath put a NEW SONG in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord" (chap. 40). The NEW SONG commenced on earth shall continue throughout the eternal ages. As it is written in the book of Revelation, chapter 5: "And they sing (R.V.) a NEW SONG, saying: Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for THOU WAST SLAIN and hast REDEEMED us to God by THY BLOOD out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

The countless multitude on high,
That tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

Let us with joy adopt the strain
We soon shall sing for ever there:
Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE

I AM an old man of eighty-five, and, so far as earthly friends are concerned, alone in the world. I have no property, no riches, only a humble home and daily bread. But I am supremely happy, and my prospects are the best.

It was not always so with me. As a man of the world I knew its cares, and have shared its sorrows. As a sinner before God, I have known the experience of looking on to a hopeless death and a doomed eternity. As a transgressor against God I have proved the way of sin to be "hard," even here. But in God's mercy there came a day when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice spake in my ear, "Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos iv. 12). That voice, that warning, awakened me to the fact that there is a world beyond the present, a God to meet, and a judgment throne to face. I knew that I was not ready. My conscience owned my guilt. I trembled at the prospect of meeting my sins in the judgment.

Do you say I was a coward? I admit it. All men are, when they look at facts as the Bible has them, straight in the face. Most turn away, shut their eyes, and rush on, claiming to be brave. But

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE

I know, and so does the reader, that conscience, unstifled and awake by the Word of God, "makes cowards of us all." And the denial of it does not alter the fact.

But I heard of a God "rich in mercy" (Eph. ii. 4), whose love was toward sinners (Rom. v. 8), who has no pleasure in their death, but would have all to be saved (1 Tim. ii. 4). For this He gave His own, His only Son (John iii. 16), to be a Sacrifice, a Ransom, and a Saviour. This brought hope to my soul, and light into my darkness. When I learned that God loved me, that Christ died for me, that there was salvation for me, and that I was asked to accept eternal life as God's free gift in Christ (Rom. vi. 23), I could not for a while believe it possible. I thought that I must do something, BRING some merit, or at least vow some change of life, in order to qualify for His salvation. But I was pinned down to this at last. "By grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God" (Eph. ii. 8). That settled it for me. I took the place of a receiver, and receiving God's free gift, it is mine.

That was the best and brightest day of my life. Indeed, it was the beginning of a new life altogether, the life of a sinner forgiven, a child of God, an heir of glory. I am saved by grace, at

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peace with God, and waiting the home-call to glory. Do you envy my lot? You need not, for you may share it. Yes, the best, the brightest, day of your life may be to-day. It will be, without a doubt, if you receive the Christ of God as your only Saviour, and own Him so, now.

HIDDEN TREASURE

MANY years ago a gentleman had some furniture left him at the death of an aged relative, and among other things there was an antique writing-table. For a long time he never dreamt of the preciousness of that piece of furniture, but one day a secret drawer was opened, and, to his surprise, in it lay a cheque which, though old and almost illegible, proved to be worth five thousand dollars!

Now, the writing-table was valuable in itself, but our friend had it in his house a good while before he found out what a treasure it contained; and there are many who have the Word of God in their house, and even set a high value upon it, and yet all the while have never touched the secret spring and discovered the precious treasure it contains.

HIDDEN TREASURE

Oh, that every reader of this page might not only possess the valuable casket of God's Holy Word, but also discover the precious treasure it contains, which is JESUS.

The theme of God's Holy Book is to manifest and magnify His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. In the Old Testament we see Him pre-figured in types, offerings, and sacrifices; in the New Testament we have Him clearly manifested as the One sent of God to be the Saviour of the World.

What more glorious statement could be found anywhere than the words of John iii. 16: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Or 1 Peter iii. 18: "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

Do those precious words of God concerning His Son mean anything real and valuable to you, my reader? In other words, do you rejoice to know that love of God which gave Jesus to suffer death that you might be saved? Have you appropriated to your own heart this blessed message of salvation and thanked God on bended knee for it?

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If not, you are still like this man who owned the old desk, but did not know the treasure it contained—you have your Bible, but have not truly profited by the possession of it because you have not perceived the Treasure it contains. To see Jesus in the Bible as your Saviour, Redeemer, Friend, and Intercessor, and to bow to Him as such, and putting your trust in His precious blood and glorious Person, is to pass from death into life, and to enter into possession of the truest riches it is possible to obtain for time and eternity.

A FIFTY-FOUR YEARS' MISTAKE

A SERVANT of the Lord was holding gospel meetings, and on the Lord's day it was his custom to preach in the open air, generally in the city park.

One Lord's Day, while telling of the precious blood of Christ, he noticed a lady who was standing in the crowd that surrounded him. Her face was expressive of the deepest anxiety, and as he sought to press home the truth, she seemed to lose thought of her surroundings. Her head was bent forward, and her eyes stared into his, as though

A FIFTY-FOUR YEARS' MISTAKE

she was afraid she might lose one word of what was being said. .

Israel's safety, when sheltered by the blood of the paschal lamb in Egypt, was dwelt upon, as being typical of the safety of all in Christ; and the absurdity of placing works, prayers, or religious observances of any kind in place of the blood, was noticed; because God had not said, "When I see you working, praying, or weeping," but "When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exod. xii. 13).

Meetings for the coming week were then intimated to be held in a hall every evening, and all were invited. Next evening found the old lady with us, the same anxious look on her face. In the after-meeting an opportunity was taken to tell her of her condition before God. The question was asked, "Are you saved?"

For a moment there was no response. At last she raised her eyes, her whole frame trembled with emotion, as she slowly repeated the story of a lifetime spent in anxiety. "And now, sir," she added, "I've been trying for the past fifty-four years to be religious, but I got no peace with God, and I never saw the mistake of my life till yesterday. Oh, sir, it's the blood I need! The Blood! The Blood!"

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Her voice rose as she ended her tale, until every eye in the room was fixed on her, and we anxiously waited on God that the result might be her conversion in reality. God's simple gospel was put before her, how that Christ on the Cross had died for the ungodly, making an atonement for sin, satisfying every righteous claim of God, so that God was just and the Justifier of everyone who would believe on Jesus.

"Can you trust the Son of God?" was asked.

Suddenly she looked up: "I can, and I do," she replied.

"He says: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life' (John iii. 36). Do you believe Him?"

"I cannot help it when He says so."

At this her tears began to flow freely, but they were tears of joy. "Oh, sir," she said at last, "isn't it wonderful that, after fifty-four years of mockery, God should at last have mercy on me, and save my poor soul?" And we could only say, "Praise the Lord!"

AT EVENINGTIDE

IN the evening of my days,
To Thee, my God, be all the praise;
When my road was steepest, Lord,
Thou didst prove Thou wert my God.
When my path was very low,
Then Thou didst relieve me so;
Now to Thee be all the praise,
In the evening of my days.

Oh, my God, how kind Thou art,
Thou hast shown to me Thy heart!
Oh, what love to me Thou'st given,
Just a true foretaste of heaven.
So my praise to Thee I'll raise,
In the evening of my days.

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

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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 reappeared. And how changed! Pale and trembling with excitement he staggered towards 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

THE URGENCY OF SALVATION

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 compared with sin."

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 xvi. 15).

It is an INCURABLE disease. "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death" (James i. 15). "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 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?

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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 REPROVED hardeneth his neck, shall SUDDENLY be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 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 iii. 15).

THIS VERY MOMENT

MERCHANT or man, look at your watch or at the clock, and whatever the hour and the moment indicated thereon you can say:

THIS VERY MOMENT

THIS VERY MOMENT I am in Christ or in my sins; yes, I am either saved or lost, I am nearing heaven or hell. I may not believe it, and very much dislike to think of it, and do my best speedily to forget it; but it is nevertheless true. Ahead lies "everlasting punishment" or "life eternal" (Matt. xxv. 46).

THIS VERY MOMENT my character and condition are naked and open to the eyes of God, and I have no power to change them nor conceal them from His sight. "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed."

THIS VERY MOMENT He has power to call me into His presence; He may at once command cold, cruel death, the king of terrors, to cut me down because I am a cumberer of the ground. Some have died since I began to read, and I may drop dead while I am reading. "It is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. ix. 27).

THIS VERY MOMENT a record is being made in that book out of which every sinner is to be judged. A true record is there, not only of what I have said and done, but my desires and motives are recorded too. Am I glad it is so? Nay, I tremble at the thought, for my guilt is so great, and my sins are so many. "He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world" (Acts xvii. 31).

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THIS VERY MOMENT is passing into eternity to be a witness against me, because I have spent it in my sins, and the millions of moments all gone before testify to the same terrible fact that up till now I have lived in my sins. Oh, God, what moment shall I die in my sins?

THIS VERY MOMENT I am being affected, I am either yielding or rebelling; I am either hardening or softening under the weight of the solemn facts; I am either turning *to* or *from* our Lord Jesus Christ. I feel that this very moment is somehow determining my eternal destiny, that my eternal hell or eternal heaven hangs upon my present decision.

Lord Jesus, by Thy love constraining me, at this very moment I yield my rebel will to Thee; I trust my guilty, sin-stained soul to Thine all-atoning Blood.

ONLY ONE BEAT

Most loyally that remarkable little organ, your heart, weighing only about ten ounces, and but the size of your closed fist, serves at its daily task. It is a wonderful mechanism, and so seldom fails that one takes it entirely for granted, and seldom

ONLY ONE BEAT

gives it a thought. But at this moment, reader, there is BUT ONE BEAT of that heart between you and "the great beyond."

Like multitudes, you perhaps fail to realise how very little it would take to close your history here and usher you into eternity. An unexpected accident, a very simple infection, a sudden and quite unlooked-for disease—and you are gone! A disturbance of one of the many processes upon which life depends—and at once death ensues. And how very readily some of these processes are disturbed! How sudden, frequently, is the transition from radiant life to the gloom of death. And are you one of those who foolishly trifle with these stern realities? Have you forgotten that, when your heart has beat its last, eternal bliss or eternal woe must be your portion? Listen, for eternity is at stake.

Which of these two destinies, should the present beat of your heart be its last, would be yours? If you have not given this question the thought that it deserves, can there be any better time than now to face the issue? If but a short journey lay before you, how carefully you would prepare for it! Yet where eternity is at stake you refuse, as you say, to be "troubled" about it. What can such folly lead to?

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

YOU HAVE SINNED. Not once, but times innumerable, you have offended a holy God. And His righteousness demands satisfaction: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The second death, the lake of fire, awaits the impenitent. And these are facts, witnessed to by the Word of the Living God, who cannot lie. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27).

BUT YOU MAY BE SAVED. Not by your own efforts, however sincere, for salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 9), and "by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Rom. iii. 20). But, at great cost, a loving God has provided salvation for you. His beloved Son came from heaven to procure it. To do so He willingly went to the Cross. There the terrible wrath of God due to your sin was poured out upon Him. There "He suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18). He "died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3), and in doing so He completely exhausted every claim of God against the sinner. "It is finished," was His triumphant cry just before He expired. And in proof of His satisfaction with the accomplished work of His Son, God has raised Him

ONLY ONE BEAT

from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand—"a Prince and a Saviour."

YOU MAY BE SAVED FREELY. God is not selling His salvation. Were He doing so, no sufficient price could be put upon it. "Freely by His grace," are the simple terms upon which He offers it (Rom. iii. 24). If you will but take the place of a lost sinner, and receive Christ, salvation will be yours, for "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John i. 12).

YOU MAY BE SAVED NOW. For now is God's accepted time. But there is no time for trifling. To-morrow may be too late. Soon your heart may "lie cold and silent, and your Saviour's pleadings cease." Therefore trifle no longer. Come as you are, in response to His own loving invitation, to Christ, and you shall be saved. Let this be your heart's language:

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that 'Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Have you come? If not, will you come? And
will you come now?

“NOT TO-NIGHT”

I WAS about five years old when I was taken by my mother and father to some gospel meetings, near my old home. I was too young to carry away any distinct impression of the services, but one incident was impressed on my memory and has never been forgotten.

One night I saw the evangelist was in earnest conversation with my father, and I heard him answer, “Not to-night.” I did not hear the question, but, child though I was, I understood that my father had put off the great decision, and in my childish way I regretted it.

Eight years passed away; another evangelist visited our little town, and again to my father came the appeal, “Won’t you decide for Christ?” and again from his lips came the answer, “Not to-night.”

The years passed swiftly on, and one never-to-be-forgotten night my father stood by my mother’s dying bed to receive from her lips one more appeal. Oh, how she pleaded with my father. “Promise that you will meet me in heaven, John,” she pleaded with a last effort, and father, whose love for my mother was great, promised. Alas,

SAD STATE OF THINGS

even then the tempter was near, and again he whispered, "Not to-night."

Three years more, and my father lay on his death-bed, but, alas! unconscious. Oh, how earnestly we prayed that he might rally, if only for a few moments, but in vain. Slowly, but surely, he slipped away from us. I shall never forget that dreadful time. The memory of it has clouded and burdened all my life. I earnestly say to anyone putting off decision for Christ, oh, decide now—the night of death may bring you no opportunity for decision.

SAD STATE OF THINGS

"THANK you, sir," said a deacon of a large London church to the late Henry Varley, who had just preached a stirring sermon, "thank you for your address to-night. I have heard a word that I have not heard for a whole year in this church, and you have quoted a verse which is never heard here. The word is 'sin,' and the verse is: 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' It is not fashionable here in this church to speak of 'sin' nor of 'the blood.'"

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

We do not wonder that such a state of things exists, for we have come in contact with so much of it of late; what we do wonder at is that any Christian man should continue for one day in association with such a ministry, let alone a whole year. Better far to stand up at the street corner and to preach the simple truth of the Gospel than to sit in a comfortable pew to have the heart and conscience, yea, the whole moral being, soaked through with poisonous infidelity! An unconverted ministry hard at work in the pulpit propagating "doctrines of devils," and converted men in the pews lazily deploring the same, but indolently refusing to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, is indeed a sight that delights the great enemy of God and man.

Arno C. Gaebelin, New York, says: "They were building near Chicago a big church building for a certain denomination, which in creed is Evangelical. The pastor of that church is a higher critic, a man who has no use for redemption by Blood and none whatever for the inspiration of the Bible. While the structure was going up the workmen put up at the entrance a big sign: 'Danger! Keep out!' This is what ought to be put in front of any building where 'the faith once for all delivered unto the saints' (Jude iii.) is

FAMOUS PREACHER'S EXHORTATION

denied and where a false Gospel and false doctrines are taught." "From such, turn away" (2 Tim. iii. 5).

FAMOUS PREACHER'S EXHORTATION

C. H. SPURGEON said: "Leave church, chapel, tabernacle, meeting-house at once, if the masses are not reached by you, and turn out into the public hall, the market, or the field, if there an audience can be secured. The Gospel message is not 'Wait within,' but 'Go ye out.' What saith that grand old missionary text? 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Out of your pulpit, sir; do not believe in the virtue of that cushion and tassel. Out, I say, into the public places! Nay, it is not I, but your Lord that bids you. Make the Gospel to be known IN THE HIGHWAYS, IN THE PUBLIC PLACES, BID YE AS MANY AS YE FIND. This is the ordained way of furnishing the wedding with guests. The old way of only bidding those to come who have been bidden many times before, has become a failure; henceforth use the generous Gospel way—seek out the strangers, the ignorant, the hitherto unbidden, and to them proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

OPEN-AIR PREACHING

THE preachers of New Testament times were open-air speakers, and one of them (John Baptist) never, so far as we are aware, preached in a hall or house. The Lord Himself constantly addressed the crowd in the open air; indeed it would have been impossible, in many of the villages, to have found a building large enough to accommodate His audiences. We may go back as far as Jonah to find him preaching his way across a great city, and even as far as Noah, who doubtless preached year in and year out whilst building the ark. So that the open-air preacher need not think that his work is of recent origin, but should ever remember that he is one of a long line of workers whom God has often signally owned.

We live in a country where liberty of speech is permitted in the open air, and the speaker may, if he so desire, even claim the protection of the law. Crowds in the summer throng our streets, Christless and indifferent; they will not enter a place of worship: we must therefore go out to them. Is not this scriptural. "Go out quickly," says the Word. In how many halls to-day can twenty or thirty unsaved men and women be

OPEN-AIR PREACHING

found? The preaching in the hall is excellent, but there are so few to preach to! We are convinced, and have proved it by experience, that after dark in the open air scores who would never dream of coming into a building will stand and listen to the Gospel. If this be so, and it cannot be denied, are we using our privileges in reaching the unsaved? Let us not think that we English-speaking people can lightly evade the responsibilities which such splendid opportunities inevitably bring.

The best men and their best efforts are required for this work. Many seem to think, if they do not go so far as to state it, that anyone and anything will do for the open air, but the best men must be reserved for the halls. This is quite wrong; we want the best where the need is greatest. What general would put his second-rate troops where the fight is hottest. If God has called us to preach, may it be our greatest ambition to be kept from being only a "hall preacher"; let us frame our lives, so far as their shaping lies in our power, to the great work of reaching the unsaved, whom we shall meet—religionless and Christless—on the street. The work needs men with a definite message from God, men of prayer and patience, who will not be discouraged by loneliness, criticism, or want of apparent success.

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

KEEP SOWING ON!

KEEP sowing on! What God hath planned
We may not know nor understand,
Yet let us with unwearied hand
Keep sowing on at His command.

Keep sowing on with faith and prayer,
All times, all weather, everywhere;
Nor ever yielding to despair:
For grain that dies, much grain will
bear.

Keep sowing on—it is the way,
Keep sowing on by night and day;
Nor ever from your toiling stay
From early morn till evening grey.

Keep sowing on though winds may blow,
Your seed be covered with the snow;
Keep sowing on, for this you know,
That grain He gives shall surely grow.

Keep sowing on, though naught appears
Of scattered seed of other years;
Keep sowing on in face of fears,
For they SHALL reap who sow in tears.

“TELL THEM BOTH SIDES”

Keep sowing on! The precious grain
That long unseen has dormant lain,
Though seeming lost, shall spring again:
A rich reward for all your pain.

Keep sowing on—you can't go wrong;
So drop the seed with faith more strong,
With patient hand—'twill not be long
Till harvest come with harvest song.

“TELL THEM BOTH SIDES”

A FRIEND of mine visited a cottage in Shetland, where a Christian lived who was nearing the end of life's journey. Though possessing few of this world's comforts, and suffering a good deal of pain, she did not murmur or repine. She had learned to cast all her care on the Lord, and the peace of God possessed her heart. After conversing together for a time on the things of God, my friend was leaving to fulfil a preaching appointment, and she said to him: “You are going to preach to the unsaved to-night. Be sure and TELL THEM BOTH SIDES. Tell them Christ is able and willing to save them now; but that if they are unwilling to be saved by Him and continue

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

rejecting Him they will have to make their bed in hell." Then, looking at the peat fire, she added: "What an awful thing it would be to be compelled to lie down on that fire for a few minutes; but think of Christless souls MAKING THEIR BED FOR EVER IN THE LAKE THAT BURNETH WITH FIRE AND BRIMSTONE. Oh, tell them both sides."

"I BEG NO PARDONS"

SAMMY BREEZE, as he was familiarly called by the multitudes who delighted in his ministry, years ago came periodically from the mountains of Cardiganshire (Wales) to Bristol, where he spoke with more than tolerable efficiency in English.

The following incident happened in a chapel in Bristol nearly eighty years ago. As was not unusual, two ministers, Sammy Breeze and another, were to preach. The other, a young man with some academical training, and some incipient rationalism in his mind, took the first place. He took for his text, Mark xvi. 16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." But he condoned the heavy condemnation, and shaded off the darkness of the

“I BEG NO PARDONS”

doom of unbelief very much in the style of the preacher in Cowper's *Satire*, “who never mentioned hell to ears polite.”

Then rose up Sammy Breeze. He began: “I shall take the same text to-night which you have just heard. Our young friend has been very fine to-night; he has been very polite. I am not very fine and I am not polite, but I will preach a little bit of truth to you, which is this: ‘He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;’ and I beg no pardons.”

He continued: “I do look round on this chapel, and I do see people all very learned and intellectual. You do read books and you do study studies, and very likely you do think that you can mend God's Book, and are very sure you can mend me. But I will tell you one little word and you must not try to mend that, but if you do it will be all the same. It is this, look you—‘He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;’ and I beg no pardons.

“And then I look round your chapel and I do see you are a fine people—well-dressed people, well-to-do people; I do see that you are very rich, and are getting very proud. But I tell you it does not matter at all; for I must tell you the truth, and the truth is: ‘He that believeth shall be saved,

and he that believeth not shall be damned;' and I beg no pardons.

"And now," continued the preacher, "you will say to me: 'What do you mean by talking to us in this way. Who are you, sir?'"—and I will tell you I am Sammy Breeze. I have come from the mountains of Cardiganshire on my Master's business, and His message I must deliver. If you will never hear me again it shall not much matter; but while you shall hear me, you shall hear me, and this is His Word in me, and in me to you—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;' and I beg no pardons."

It was a strange scene; but as he went on in quaint but terribly earnest strain, anger passed into awe, and mute astonishment into rapt attention.

In the vestry the office-bearers remonstrated with the blunt preacher, and one exclaimed: "Mr. Breeze, you have strangely forgotten yourself to-night, sir! Your sermon has been most insolent; shameful! In short, I don't understand you!" "Ho, ho!" exclaimed Sammy, "You say you don't understand me, eh. Look you, then, I will tell you. I do understand you! Up in the mountains we have a man there; we do call him

ENTERTAINMENTS

the excise man. He comes along to our shops, and says: 'What have you here? Anything contraband here?' And if all is right the good man says: 'Step in, Mr. Excise Man; come in, look you.' He is all fair, open, and above-board. But if he has anything secreted there he does draw back surprised, and he makes a fine face, and says: 'Sir, I don't understand you.'

"Now you do tell me that you don't understand me; but I do understand you, gentlemen—I do; and I do fear you have something contraband here; and I will say good night to you. But I must tell you one little word, that is: 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;' and I beg no pardons."

ENTERTAINMENTS

BEWARE of going to places where Christ is unwelcome. Picture shows, "sacred" concerts, and entertainments got up for "good causes," are most unhealthy and soul-withering in their influence. Usually in the performers you have people who are not only unsaved, but real enemies of the Cross of Christ. You may soon find out the truth

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

of this by speaking to them about "eternal realities." Shall you sit down and see moving pictures which shock the tender conscience and familiarise the audience with that which is "fast" and indelicate? Must you hear the Lord's songs sung by the voices of profane persons who would just as soon jest at what you hold dear? Are you badly in need of being entertained by the like? Then as to amusements: don't you think it argues very badly for real Christianity when a believer fancies it needful to go down to the world's level to get an hour or two's enjoyment? Imagine an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ, expecting shortly to enter the joys of heaven, finding pleasure at "vanity fair"! Let them see rather that our joy in Christ is so much superior to what they have, that we are spoiled for anything besides. Our time is coming—have patience. In the meantime let us not be where Christ would not be welcomed, and where it would seem out of place to speak of Him. "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth: I held Him, and would not let Him go" (Song of Sol. iii. 4).

TO SISTERS

SISTERS in Christ are sometimes not beyond needing a little word of exhortation on their "at homes," "calls," and "afternoon teas." What is the real purpose these things should serve? Do they tend to freshen up the soul? As you sip your tea out of elegant-looking china, and conversation is at a steady run, is it concerning the altogether lovely One (Song of Sol. v. 6)? We would commend Christian women when paying calls to have their Bible in hand or in bag, and when sitting chatting open the inspired Word. It is not unlikely that you would make the discovery that at some of the places it has been your habit to visit, the people feel "queer" when the name of Jesus is mentioned. Imagine what would happen at some of these "afternoon teas" if someone started to tell her conversion, and to inquire of the others if they had one to tell!

HAVE YOU CONFESSED CHRIST?

You are a young convert. You have come to Christ, and have been saved by Him. God knows this and you know it, but God wants you to let

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others know it. He wants you to own that you belong to Christ. This is confession.

Confession of Christ is like the die-stamp. It does not make you a child of God and an heir of glory, but unless you own Christ you will not pass as His. It is all very well to go to heaven, but you should show as well as go. Let everyone know by your open, brave confession which way you go.

There are two ways of confessing Christ—first, with the LIFE; second, with the LIPS.

We read in John i. 4 that “the life was the light of men.” This was true first of all in Christ when here, but if Christ is your life, that life in you will be light for those around you now. You cannot see in a dark night unless there shines a star or a candle, for instance. This world is a very dark place, and Christians are light in it. Why? Because Christ is their life. The life is the light, and the light is the confession by which the life is seen. If you do not shine, who can see you in this dark world? Travelling by the night express we passed through a small town. How did I know this? Simply by the cottage lights which showed that life was in those humble homes. Let the new life proclaim all round by its brightness that you are in reality a believer. LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE, young Christian!

A TIMELY WARNING

Next, confess Christ with your lips. At once "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee" (Mark v.). Tell it out, dear young believer. It will strengthen you. It will be a safeguard to you. It is more likely you will stand firm if you confess.

A TIMELY WARNING

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. vii. 13-14).

"Jesus saith, I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE, no man cometh unto the Father, but by ME" (John xiv. 6).

THE title of this book ought to interest every thoughtful reader, inasmuch as it concerns our eternal destiny. This knowledge is obtainable by consulting the infallible guide—the Holy Scriptures. "For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven" (Psalm cxix. 89). "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 35).

In order to profit by the Scriptures we must understand that which they teach, and allow ourselves to be wholly guided thereby.

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

Beyond controversy we are all children of Adam's ruined race, as the following Scriptures show: "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and did seek God. They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Psalm xiv. 2-3).

The Psalmist David says, concerning himself: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." He didn't look merely at one sinful act in his life, but he traced it back to its source. This reminds us of the words in the Book of Job, xiv. 4: "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." We read further in the Epistle to the Romans: "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin: and so death passed upon all men, for that ALL HAVE SINNED" (v. 12). Hence the words of the Lord Jesus Christ spoken to Nicodemus: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be BORN AGAIN, he cannot see the Kingdom of God. . . . That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John iii. 3-9). Thus we see, a second birth is needful before we can start on the upward journey.

A TIMELY WARNING

Let us quote the words of the Lord Jesus Christ as recorded in John's gospel, chapter viii: "Then said Jesus again unto them, I go My way, and ye shall seek Me, and shall die in your sins; whither I go ye cannot come." Dear old Baxter used to say: "It is turn or burn." "It is either heaven or hell!" Just two ways, the broad and the narrow—the narrow way leads UPWARD and HEAVEN-WARD, the broad leads DOWNWARD and HELL-WARD.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay.
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And care be cast away.
But on that forehead God has set
Indelible, a mark
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
He thinks and feels that all is well
And every fear is calmed.
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell
Not only doomed, but damned.

It is needful in these days of lifeless religion and abounding indifference to emphasise this AWFUL FACT, that, while time is carrying us onward, it is only those who are BORN AGAIN—whose sins are

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

forgiven through faith in Christ Jesus, who are going upward and heavenward!

We read concerning the Thessalonian Christians that they "TURNED TO GOD . . . to serve the living and true God: and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus which delivered us from the WRATH to come" (1 Thess. i. 9-10). Thus we see there was a turning-point in their lives ere they started on the upward journey. They didn't start by merely "turning over a new leaf," or "by doing their best," nor "by becoming religious," as some people call it. No. "All this cannot avail, all this is sure to fail." The hymn writer puts it simply when he says: "It is sweet to know, as I onward go, the way of the Cross leads home."

The Cross of Christ is all my boast,
His blood my only plea.
My passport to the realms of bliss
Is Jesus died for me.

In conclusion, dear reader friend, if you have not yet started on the way heavenward, we would earnestly urge upon you to procrastinate no longer. "Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST

LISTEN, please — the Saviour is speaking:
“Come unto ME all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you REST” (Matt. xi. 28);
and again: “Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37).

Why not come? Why not trust him now?
and thus be able to sing truthfully:

Onward! Upward! Homeward!
Joyfully I flee
From this world of sorrow
With my Lord to be.

Onward! Upward! Homeward!
I shall soon be there,
Soon its joys and pleasures
I through grace shall share.

Onward to the glory,
Upward to the prize,
HOMEWARD to the mansions
Far above the skies.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST

MR. D. L. MOODY, in one of his forceful Scriptural addresses, speaking about the value of the PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST, said:

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

“I do not believe there is a word in the Bible that Satan fears more than the word ‘blood.’

“If you will read your Bible in the light of Calvary you will find there is no other way of coming to heaven but by the BLOOD. The Devil does not fear ten thousand preachers who preach a bloodless religion. A man who covers up the Cross, though he may be an intellectual man and draw large crowds, cannot touch the heart and conscience. Those who preach the doctrine of the Cross, holding up Christ as the sinner’s only hope of heaven and as the sinner’s only substitute, God honours, and souls are always saved where that truth is preached.

“I would rather give up my life than give up this doctrine. Take that away and what is my hope for heaven. Am I to depend upon my works. Away with them when it comes to the question of salvation. I must get salvation distinct and separate from them, for it is ‘to him that worketh not, but believeth.’ NONE WILL WALK THE CELESTIAL PAVEMENT OF HEAVEN BUT THOSE WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

“Sinner, how are you going to get your robes clean if you don’t get them made ‘white in the blood of the Lamb?’ If you die without Christ, without hope, and without God, where will you be?”

SAVED ON HER OWN DOOR-STEP

A NUMBER of years ago a friend of mine was distributing handbills in one of the large American cities, announcing special evangelistic services. Whilst visiting a house in the district, Mrs. M., a young woman, bright and cheery, answered the knock, and was offered a handbill. "What's that?" she asked.

"It is a little paper, giving you a cordial invitation to the hall at the corner to hear how a sinner can have his sins forgiven and his soul saved." "That would be a good thing." "And are your sins forgiven?" inquired the gospeller. "No, indeed; only a good person could say that." "Then are you a lost sinner?"

For a moment or two she hesitated, and then solemnly replied: "I am a lost sinner." "And what do you think you have to do to be saved?" "It is a great thing to be saved, and great things have to be done to be saved. I must go to confession, do good works, and penance."

"Will that suffice?" "No, I must take the sacraments of the Church and attend to my duties." "And do you believe the Word of God?" "Yes, I believe the Bible. There would be no religion at all, were it not for it."

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Opening the Scriptures at Hebrews ix. 22, the evangelist asked her to read the words: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "And you believe that God says: 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission'?" "Most certainly." "Is there any 'blood' in confession?" "No." "Is there any 'blood' in penance?" "No." "Is there any 'blood' in good works?" "No."

As the truth was brought home to her understanding and heart that her doings could not atone for sin, she exclaimed: "I am lost, and can do nothing to save myself." "Haven't you heard of the Cross of Christ?" inquired the preacher. "Of course I have," was the reply.

Opening his Bible, Mr. H. turned to 1 John i. 7 and asked her to read the passage: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Explaining the Scripture, he added: "That is 'the blood' through which your sins may be forgiven." The woman's face lit up, and with her finger on the verse, she exclaimed: "That is true; Jesus died for me." There and then, standing at the door of her own house, she saw that the Lord Jesus Christ died for her, and passed from darkness into light.

WHICH WAY AM I GOING?

“Give diligence to make your calling and election sure”
(2 Pet. i. 10.)

“Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: . . . depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth”
(Luke xiii. 24-28).

THE word “ONWARD” is a very solemn reminder that everyone, irrespective of cast, class, creed, or country, is journeying to ETERNITY, and that every passing hour is carrying us nearer to the time when we must say good-bye to all the associations of life, and leave for ever behind us the transient and fleeting scenes of earth. How important then that the reader should ask himself the vital question: “Which way am I going?”

We are not children of God by natural birth. All have inherited from Adam a sinful nature. What David says concerning himself is true of the whole human race. “Behold I was shapen in iniquity: and in sin did my mother conceive me” (Ps. li. 5). “Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

upon all men, for that all have SINNED" (Rom. v. 12). All sinful desires and practices are the proof. Even supposing it were possible for a man to commit only one sin: "Though he wist it not, yet he is guilty of all" (Jas. ii. 10). For one sin, Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden. For one sin, Achan was stoned to death. For one sin, Moses was not allowed to enter Canaan. Hence, "No reformation will suffice; 'tis life poor sinners need."

Dr. Simpson, who made the great discovery of chloroform, made also the greater discovery, that by nature he was a sinner, and needed to be "born again"! How definite are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ: "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN." This necessity is shown to be a glorious possibility (see John iii. 14-16). Just as the dying Israelite lived through looking to the uplifted serpent in the wilderness, even so the sinner ruined by SIN, who looks to the uplifted Saviour, who died on the Cross for sinners, and exercises FAITH in Him as his personal Saviour, becomes the possessor of ETERNAL LIFE (John iii. 36).

The upward journey of the Christian from the CROSS to the GLORY is sometimes viewed as a race. "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us RUN WITH

WHICH WAY AM I GOING?

PATIENCE THE RACE THAT IS SET BEFORE US, LOOKING UNTO JESUS the author and finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 1-2).

The secret of success and blessing on the upward journey is by abiding in Christ.—By feeding on the Word of God, and by "Looking unto Jesus."

Oh, the necessity of daily reading the Word of God, and of keeping a tender conscience, not forgetting to couple with this a frequenting of the Secret Place of Prayer at the Throne of Grace, for guidance and grace to help in time of need; thus proving: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run and not be weary: they shall walk and not faint" (Is. xl. 31). Such a walk will end as Enoch's did, with the smile of God's approval in His presence throughout the eternal ages.

How cheering to the believer is the word "HOMEWARD" while on his pilgrim journey, beset with dangers and difficulties, trials and testings, crosses and losses, pains and partings. Oh blessed anticipation, the realisation of the grand consummation—salvation not only from sins' penalty and power, but also from its very presence for all eternity. Well might the Apostle say (Rom. viii.

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

18): "For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the GLORY which shall be revealed in us."

HOME. Its jasper walls. Its streets of gold. What a sight will break upon our view! That tearless . . . deathless . . . nightless . . . griefless . . . endless Home. But how can we describe the joy of seeing our glorious Redeemer in that happy home—the Lord Jesus Christ—the man of Calvary, who bears the marks of death, the eternal memorial of His atoning sacrifice—now exalted and glorified in the midst of that innumerable company, who have been redeemed to God by His blood out of "EVERY KINDRED, AND TONGUE, AND PEOPLE, AND NATION. AND HAST MADE US UNTO OUR GOD, KINGS AND PRIESTS; AND WE SHALL REIGN ON THE EARTH" (Rev. v. 9-10).

Dear reader, if you are not already saved, we earnestly entreat you to consider the direction and destiny of your onward journey. Give earnest heed to the Saviour's gracious promise: "Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Come now, *now*, NOW. "For 'NOW' is the day of salvation."

“SAVED ALREADY PEOPLE”

Halt, hear, heed. The God of heaven calls,
List to His voice before the curtain falls
Upon thy life, for, sinner, when 'tis past
Salvation's door is closed, the die is cast.

Now is God's time, to-morrow may not be,
This day the last that ever you may see,
Look to Jesus, believe He died for thee,
Then Upward, Homeward, shall thy journey
be.

“SAVED ALREADY PEOPLE”

OVER thirty years ago a man was passing a gospel hall in the city of Hamilton, Canada, and hearing singing he inquired what sort of people they were. The reply given was: “They are the ‘saved already people.’”

One may inquire if there are any such persons. Thank God, we have met numbers of them. But what are “saved already people”? They are persons who discovered that they were lost, helpless, and undone, and believed God's testimony against them. Having ceased from their own works, they believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, who was wounded for their transgressions and

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

bruised for their iniquities (Isa. liii. 5), and obtained everlasting salvation. In God's Word there are two classes of persons mentioned: (1) Those who are "condemned already," and (2) those who are "saved already." The Lord Jesus said to Nicodemus, the learned Jewish rabbi: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18).

Are you a believer or an unbeliever? Have you believed on Christ to the saving of your soul? If not, you belong to the condemned already class. If, however, you believe on the Saviour, you are among the saved already people.

"Can one be saved now and know it?" Most certainly. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). "He tasted death for every man" that we might "taste and see that the Lord is good." The Lord Jesus said to Nicodemus: "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John iii. 17). Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "By which ye are saved" (1 Cor. xv. 1-4); "unto us which are saved" (1 Cor. i. 18). To the Ephesians the Apostle wrote: "By grace are ye saved through

COMFORT FOR TRIED ONES

faith" (Eph. ii. 8-9). "According to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 5).

Does anyone inquire with the jailer of old: "What must I do to be saved?" If so, ponder the apostolic reply: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31), and immediately become one of the "saved already people"—saved from hell, sure of heaven.

COMFORT FOR TRIED ONES

From John xi.

IN the noteworthy chapter before us, we see our Lord Jesus Christ allowing the lesser thing to happen, that He might do the greater. The fact of Lazarus being sick had caused his sisters, Mary and Martha, to send for Christ; but, when he died, we can well imagine the despair which filled their hearts; for these sisters deeply loved their brother. "Without natural affection" (2 Tim. iii. 3) was not true of this family, as it is of many a household now—a sign of the last days.

Death, to us, seems a tragedy; but it is by no means the worst thing that can befall a child of God. Our loving Father often weaves the web

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of our life with strange designs, strange to our limited knowledge; but His ways are always the right ways, and always for the best.

The pain of the sorrowful happenings recorded in John xi. was, we might say, qualified by the sweet statement in verse 5: "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." Let us not leave this precious, qualifying expression of His love out of the many grievous things that come upon us.

Undoubtedly these dear sisters thought it hard that their brother had died; but they did not know that in a little while they were to see the "glory of God," in the resurrection of Lazarus from the dead. What a joy it must have been for them to have their brother back in the family circle!

Can you tell, my sister, my brother, what our blessed Lord is going to bring out of that trial of yours?—what glory will be gotten to God, or what blessing to you or to someone. May it not be that, in your case, as in the incident before us, the Lord has allowed the lesser thing to happen, in order that He might do the greater? "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us" (1 John iv. 16).

GOING DOWN THE HILL!

GOING DOWN THE HILL!

THEY call it "going down the hill" when we are
growing old,
And speak with mournful accents when our tale
is nearly told;
They sigh when talking of the past, the days that
used to be,
As if the future was not bright with immortality.

But, oh! it is not going down, 'tis climbing higher
and higher,
Until we almost see the mansions that our souls
desire;
For if our natural eye grows dim, it is but dim to
earth,
While the eye of faith grows keener to perceive
the Saviour's worth.

It is not years that make men old, the spirit may
be young,
Though for the "threescore years and ten" the
wheels of life have run;
God has Himself recorded in His blessed Word of
Truth
That they who wait upon the Lord they shall
renew their youth.

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

And when the eyes, now dim, shall open to behold
the King,
And ears, now dull with age, shall hear the harps
of heaven ring,
And on the head, now hoary, shall be placed the
crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never
growing old.

“I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE NOR
FORSAKE THEE”

Heb. xiii. 5.

THIS is one of the exceeding great and precious promises of God. The Hebrews, to whom the promise is addressed, were passing through trials, and their temptation would be to doubt God's love. In this promise God assures them of His presence with them in their trials. The same promise was given to Jacob when he was a stranger in a strange land—in darkness and loneliness. How it must have cheered his heart to hear the voice of God assuring him: “I am with thee,” “I will not leave thee” (Gen. xxviii. 15). We, too, may be called to walk a lonely road, but

“I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE”

we may count upon the presence of God with us, and then there can be no real loneliness.

Joshua received the same promise when, after the death of Moses, he was called to assume great responsibilities in the service of God. He felt his own weakness and the loss of his great leader and counsellor, but God gave him the cheering promise: “As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee, and will not fail thee, nor forsake thee” (Josh. i. 5). So with us, loved ones leave us one by one, and we miss their presence and help, and often long for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still. But the promise of God’s presence with us will sustain us in our bereavements and help us to serve Him through the “little while” till we meet our dear ones again in the Father’s house above. As the promise was fulfilled to those who first received it, so it will be with us. “He hath said” is sufficient for simple faith. We may rest upon this promise through all the changing circumstances of our earthly pilgrimage. God never gives up His people, never, at any time, never for any reason, never for any circumstance. God uses these strong negatives NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, as if He were at pains to remove the least doubt or suspicion of His watchful care. We may be old, sick, poor, lonely, misunderstood,

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but the promise holds good: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Earthly friends MAY fail and leave us," but "It is better to trust in the Lord than put confidence in man" (Ps. cxviii. 8): no matter how others may fail, God is faithful.

If this precious promise take possession of the soul, it will save us from covetousness. Paul bases his exhortation—"Let your conversation be without covetousness"—on the promise of the divine presence with us. If we realise that we have Him, who is the source of all wealth, for our portion, there is no room for covetous desire. The word covetousness means "having more." The root of all covetousness is being dissatisfied with what we have already. Suppose we could have all the world has to give, would we be happier? Look at the men of wealth—are they noted for happiness? How foolish to trust in uncertain riches instead of trusting in the living God. If He be with us we are truly happy. Even should we have only a handful of meal in the barrel and a little oil in the cruse, we may hear Him saying: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Enjoyment of this great promise will make us content. There are few contented people in the world, because so many are trying to find satisfac-

“I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE”

tion apart from God. Real contentment is found in His presence. “Be content with such things as ye have,” for He hath said: “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” Since God is with us such things as we have are good enough for us—man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.

The promise believed will fill our lips with testimony: “So that we may boldly say the Lord is my helper.” It is not enough to think this, we are to say it. Thus we shall refresh our own hearts and encourage others as they see our faith in Him. Looking back over life’s journey, we see how God has helped us at every turn. We can say with Jacob in the retrospect of his life: “The God which fed me all my life long unto this day” (Gen. xlviii. 15).

If we believe in the power of this promise it will save us from the fear of man. “I will not fear what man shall do unto me.” The reference is to Psalm cxviii. 6—when David’s enemies had gathered against him, the Lord helped him and delivered him, so he boldly says: “What can man do unto me.” Since God is with us we have nothing to fear either in life or in death. “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for ‘Thou art with

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me.'” May the Lord pour into our hearts the balm and consolation of this great promise: “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

CHEER FOR THE OLD

Our bodies are getting frail, they are not so vigorous as once they were. We have tried doctors, specialists, herbalists, and quacks, and have spent a good deal of money, all to little or no purpose. Now there is one hope. It is this—we look for the Saviour, the Great Physician. He can cure and heal. The eyes are getting dim, the teeth are gone, rheumatism racks the joints; all things pointing to decay and dissolution. But we look for the Saviour to change all these. Our vile body made like unto the body of His glory! No disease, no weakness, no unholy desires—all changed.

BEAUTIFUL EXPLANATION

A SINCERE, pious old Southern coloured man was asked to speak at the funeral of a little child. He was talking on the text: “All things work together

COUPLE HEAVEN WITH IT

for good to them that love God.” He said in substance: “Brethren, we can’t take one ob God’s dealings by itself. We got to put them all together. He don’t say His dealings work by themselves. He says dey work together for good. You hear dat brass band? Take all dem horns sep’rate—be mighty poor music. De high tenor horn makes shrill music by itself. It takes all de horns together to make de music. Dis is like de notes ob de big brass horn. Dere’s no music here. But let us wait in faith till God brings in de other instruments, and den dere will be music. Dis is de brass horn ob death, a solemn sound. We all wait for de horn ob de resurrection, for de horn ob de ascension, for de angelic horn. When all de horns in God’s great band of providence get together, den dere will be music in heaven.”

COUPLE HEAVEN WITH IT

AN aged Christian had paused to rest himself as he trudged along under a heavy load on a warm summer day. An acquaintance had just accosted him when a carriage rolled by in which a haughty man rode, whose whole appearance bespoke a life of luxurious ease. “What do you think of the

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providence of which you sometimes speak?" said the acquaintance. "You know that that is a wicked man, yet he spreads himself like a green bay tree; while you, believing that all the silver and the gold is the Lord's, serving Him and, trusting in His providence, are toiling and sweating in your old age and getting little more than bread and water! How can you reconcile this with a just Providence?"

The aged saint looked at his questioner with amazement, and with the greatest earnestness replied: "Couple heaven with it! Couple heaven with it, and then——?" Yes, that addition sweetens many a bitter cup and enriches many a poor lot.

HIS PLAN FOR ME

WHAT though the path be steep and rough,
It is God's plan for me;
His grace will always prove enough—
It is His plan for me.
When all things seem to go amiss,
And shattered every dream of bliss,
My soul, be thou content with this:
It is His plan for me.

HIS PLAN FOR ME

I thought my own way was the best;
 'Twas not His plan for me.
I longed for ease and quiet rest;
 'Twas not His plan for me.
Storms swept across a sunny sky,
And troubles looked like mountains high,
No refuge or relief seem nigh—
 This was His plan for me.

He sought to wean my wayward heart,
 This was His plan for me,
To draw me from the world apart—
 This was His plan for me.
To know Him more, to seek His face,
To prove His all-sufficient grace
To meet my need in every case;
 This was His plan for me.

I am not always quick to learn
 What He has planned for me;
At times, alas, I fain would turn
 From what He plans for me;
As if He did not know the best,
For He can make all sorrow blest,
And keep the heart in perfect rest.
 This is His plan for me.

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Then teach me, Lord, from day to day
To love Thy plan for me;
Looking to Thee to choose my way,
So Thou shalt plan for me.
And when my journey here is o'er,
And I have reached the heavenly shore,
I'll praise and own for evermore—
Thy plan was BEST for me.

“HE’S NA FAILED ME NOO”

UPON a lone hillside in the Highlands of Scotland, far removed from any other dwelling, there lived about the middle of the past century a poor lone widow, who for many a long year had learned to rest upon Him who has said: “Let thy widows trust in Me.” It was the depth of winter, and the poor woman’s stock, never very abundant, was reduced to its lowest by the difficulty of finding any employment at that season of the year.

Unlike the widow in the Hebrew story, she actually found her barrel of meal to fail, and when she had finished the last handful she went to bed, with the hope, no doubt, that she might be more fortunate in earning a few pence on the morrow.

“HE’S NA FAILED ME NOO”

But, when the morrow came, a terrible snow-storm swept over the land, and the lane leading to her little cot was almost blocked with snow. It was quite beyond her slender powers to battle with the raging storm, and make her way to some neighbour’s house, where at least she would be made welcome to a dish of porridge. There was one Friend only to whom she could apply, and in Him she had the most perfect confidence.

Accordingly she filled her pan with water and put it on the fire, and put the salt in the water. “Noo,” she said to herself, “I’ll just gang ben and ask the Lord for the meal.” So she retired into her inner chamber, and there “with praise and thanksgiving she made her need known unto the Lord.” She hadn’t been long on her knees when there came a loud knock at the door. “Na, na, Lord!” she exclaimed, “Thou canst na hae sent the answer sae soon!”

But the knocking continued, and on her opening the door, a buxom farmer’s lass, who lived some distance off, flung a sack of meal on the floor, exclaiming: “Father sent ye that; and I think ye may be very grateful to me for bringing it here through all this terrible storm. Whatever possessed my father I don’t know, but all the morning he has been dinning into me about that sack of

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meal, and, snow or no snow, I must be sure and fetch it up to you; but it's been a pretty hard job getting through the storm, I can tell you."

So she was rattling on, when a glance at the old woman fairly overawed and silenced her. There she stood with uplifted hands and eyes bedimmed with tears of praise, as she exclaimed: "He's ay the same, Jeanie! He's ay the same! Mony a lang year hae I trusted Him, and I ne'er found Him fail; and He's na failed me noo. Look at yon pot on the fire, Jeanie. I put on the water and I put in the salt, and ne'er a grain o' meal had I in the hoose. Sae I was just asking the Lord to send me the meal, when I heard ye knock at the door, and noo here comes the meal just when I was asking for it."

NEARING THE GLORYLAND

BELOVED, "The Time is at hand," and the grand fulfilment of the Lord's own sweet promise, "I WILL COME AGAIN" (John xiv. 3), is surely near. We are living in expectation of that wondrous "moment," which will bring Him whom, though having not yet seen, we love, our glorious Lord and Lover, to "the air," to "shout" us up, and

NEARING THE GLORYLAND

gather us all around Himself. The sleeping ones out of their graves, the living from the earth, all "together" to be for ever with Himself.

Yes, indeed, we are nearing the Gloryland, our longed-for home, the gathering place of the scattered children of God. What a "gathering together" that will be! From every kingdom of earth they will come. All saved by grace, all destined for glory. This, beloved, is our hope. And what a "purifying" hope it is! How it severs the heart from things below, and fixes the affection on things above. And how it encourages us to press on through all difficulties, to the glorious goal!

Only a few more now to be gathered in by the Gospel, out from the world into the church, then it will be "complete," and all who are of it "glorified together." It is really grand to be living in the daily expectation of the fulfilment of this. And in the happy hope of presently being with the Lord, and in our own ETERNAL HOME. There will be no partings there. And the best of it all will be, as the hymn has it:

To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee.

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

I'LL MEET YOU THERE

I WAS with my old friend in his last hours. What a peaceful—yea, what a joyful death-bed was his. He was truly a monument of God's sparing mercy. Up till his seventy-eighth year he had continued in the broad road to destruction. But even at that "eleventh hour," awakened to see his awful danger, he trusted the precious blood, and obtained mercy; and now at eighty-two he was going home to be with Jesus. On a neighbour calling to ask for him, he held out his hand and smiled, saying: "Jesus is my Strength, my Rock, and my Salvation; therefore I can die in peace."

On Thursday night when I went out to see him, he said: "It will not be long now till I am with Jesus. I'll meet you there, brother. Oh, what would I have done now if I had not trusted Jesus! for that same Jesus whom I trusted when all was well is now my strength and comfort. I feel His presence here; I have no fear to pass into eternity."

Speech failed him on Friday night; but even in the broken sentences I could catch he was speaking about Jesus; and his face continued to wear the same smile of repose and joy. As the

WHAT SEEST THOU?

end drew near he seemed, "by faith's far-seeing eye," to catch glimpses of the land that is "very far off." "Are you happy?" I asked. "Aye," he answered, "who would not be happy, trusting in Jesus?"

On the Saturday morning he passed away, calmly and peacefully, into the eternal rest—to be for ever with "the same Jesus" whom he had known and trusted here below.

WHAT SEEST THOU?

"Two men looked through prison bars:
One saw mud, the other stars."

THE Lord one day asked His servant Jeremiah the question, "What seest thou?" and on hearing his reply, said, "Thou hast well seen" (Jer. i. 11-13). Were He to ask some of us the same question, would He be able to say of us what He said of Jeremiah, that we too had well seen? or are we not rather like those mentioned in 2 Pet. i. 9, who "cannot see afar off"?

Lot belonged to this latter class, for he did not see further than the well-watered plains of Jordan (Gen. xiii. 10-12), and his short-sightedness cost

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him all that he possessed (Gen. xix. 24-25). David saw that which led him into sin, that brought on him lifelong sorrow (2 Sam. xi.). Peter saw a boisterous wind and immediately began to sink (Matt. xiv. 30-31).

Abraham, on the other hand, rejoiced to see CHRIST'S DAY, and he saw it, and was glad (John viii. 56), and looked for the City which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God (Heb. xi. 10). And Moses saw Him who is invisible (Heb. xi. 27), and was able to gaze from Pisgah upon the whole land of promise (Deut. xxxiv. 1-4).

It is a commonly recognised fact that we become like whatever we continually look upon and are occupied with.

The story is told of a certain well-known artist, that he made it a rule never to look upon a bad picture, lest it should mar his own work. On the other hand, we read in the Holy Scriptures that "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory" (2 Cor. iii. 18).

Just as SALVATION came to us by LOOKING BY FAITH TO CHRIST who died for our sins (see 1 Cor. xv. 1-3), we see further, that transformation comes through looking to HIM now in the glory,

WHAT SEEST THOU?

therefore "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, LOOKING UNTO JESUS, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God" (Heb. xii. 1-2). Thus will we be preserved from evil-doing on the one hand, and from repining on the other; and thus: "We would more holy be, more like our risen, glorious Lord, whose face we soon shall see."

"Looking off unto Jesus" mine eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers that throng around me;
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief fears.

"Looking off unto Jesus" my spirit is blest,
In the world I have turmoil—in Him I have rest.
The sea of my life all about me may roar,
When I look unto Jesus I hear it no more.

"Looking off unto Jesus" I go not astray,
My eyes are on HIM, and He shows me the way.
The path may seem dark as He leads me along,
But following Jesus I cannot go wrong.

WAITING AND WATCHING

To WAIT and WATCH for the Lord's coming is what we are called to. The two words do not carry quite the same thought, and I cannot better explain the difference than by giving an illustration which suggested itself to me, when speaking to a company of Firth of Forth fishermen. The fleet has all gone to the fishing ground, when a furious and long-continued westerly hurricane bursts on them. Rapidly getting in their nets, they have to fly before it. Each day it lasts takes them farther and farther from home, 'where now great anxiety prevails as to their safety. At length the gale spends itself, and the wind veering to the south-east the boats make for home.

On their way they manage to get a telegram flung ashore and transmitted: "All safe. Coming home." And the good news spreads like wildfire through the village, bringing joy to many a troubled bosom. Up the Firth of Forth they come at a spanking pace, having a fair wind and a flowing tide. The old skipper of the leading craft has a telescope, and as he comes within sight of the pier-head he uses it. After a good long look he says to his crew: "The hale

WAITING AND WATCHING

village is out on the pier WATCHING for us, my hearties."

As the smack draws rapidly near the telescope is again used, and this time the skipper is heard to say, half under his breath, "God bless her! the dear auld soul," while a tear rolls down his weather-beaten cheek. "Who do you see?" says Jim, the mate, who has charge of the tiller. "I see my auld woman stan'in' at the vera pier-end, wi' naethin' but her mutch on her heid, watchin' for her auld man," and another tear or two fell on the deck. "Div ye see my missus tae?" "Na, Jim, I canna see her; maybe she's there, but she's no visible."

By this time the staunch lug-sail boat had neared the harbour, and loving salutations passed between the old couple. No special greeting has awaited Jim, who, rather dejected, trudges up to the back of the village where lies his home. Peeping in at the window, he sees his wife sitting at the fire, deep in a book. Jim opens the door. She hears the latch, and looking up says: "Oh, Jim, my dear, I'm glad to see you back; I was WAITING for you." "Very like, but the skipper's wife was WATCHIN' for him at the pier-head." God give you and me to be true watchers for the return of His Son.

ONWARD, UPWARD, HOMEWARD

READY FOR HIS COMING

ARE you ready for His coming,
Do you truly love the Lord?
Do you find delight in reading
All about Him in the Word?
Do you know communion with Him,
And abide in Him alway?
Are you ready for His coming,
If the Lord should come to-day?

WHEN IS CHRIST COMING?

It is time for Christians to-day to shout in the ears of a deaf world, Christ is coming! It is our duty to let the world see that we are expecting the Lord Jesus. OUR LIVES SHOULD BE THE SIGN THAT HE IS COMING. Our uplifted eyes, our longing hearts, should everywhere preach the gospel of His coming. Listen:

“Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.

WHEN IS CHRIST COMING?

And what I say unto you I say unto all—Watch!”
(Mark xiii. 35).

We have to watch. The Lord might have come in the EVEN, when the early church was persecuted; when the Thessalonian saints were saved and, looking to heaven, expecting Him then. It was eventime, but Jesus did not come at even.

He might have come in the MIDNIGHT of the dark ages, when the hope of His coming was lost in awful gloom. He might have called His own home then, but Jesus did not come at midnight.

He might have come at the COCK-CROWING, when the cry rang through the world well-nigh a century ago, “Behold the Bridegroom! go ye out to meet Him.” It was cock-crowing then. Thousands were startled by that earnest cry. It woke men and women from the sleep of forgetfulness. But Jesus did not come at the cock-crowing.

There is only the MORNING left, and that is very near now. We have entered the last period. His coming is close at hand: we are sure of that. “The morning cometh!” We must be sentinels; the word to us is—“Watch.”

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The fig-tree buds, what cause for cheer!
Reminding us that He is near.
And His own words to all that hear,
Proclaim aloud He'll soon be here!
O sinner haste and ready be,
By trusting Christ who died for thee.

Returning Jews to land so dear,
Is Scripture proof the time is near;
And nations too now filled with fear,
Unwilling tell He'll soon be here!

Signs of the times all seem to say,
That He may come this very day.
The saved shall rise without a tear,
To meet their Lord when He appear.

NEARING THE GLORIOUS CITY

IN a glowing passage of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, he vividly describes his pilgrims as having entered into the Country of Beulah, whose air "was very sweet and pleasant," where the sun shone continuously, and where, while pursuing

NEARING THE GLORIOUS CITY

their onward, upward path, the Celestial City, upon which their hearts had so long been set, came into view. Here, as they walked and talked together of the glories of their future home, they "had more rejoicing than in any earlier part of their pilgrim pathway, and an abundance of all the good things they had sought for in their pilgrimage." And the nearer they came to the end of their journey, the brighter shone the glorious light from the Golden City, in which light they walked, until they came in sight of the city's gate. Then the last stages of the journey up the hill were quickly walked, and they passed in to the Glorious City with "ten thousand welcomes." And as the dreamer caught a glimpse of the glories of the place through the opened gate, by which the pilgrims passed to their heavenly home, he says: "I wished myself among them."

Yes, indeed. And who would not wish to be there? Well, that hour will come, as surely as the Lord has said it. The redeemed of the Lord, who to-day tread the rugged road to heaven, will pass from the present scene, either one by one, to enter "Paradise," and share the bliss of the unclothed state, that condition which the Word describes as being "very far better" than the very

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best of their earthly years. And some of these, blessed be God, have been seasons of spiritual enjoyment and of holy joy—"as the days of heaven upon the earth" (Deut. xi. 21). Or, if they "go without dying," altogether, "caught up" in an eye-twinkle at the "shout" of their returning Lord, to enter with Him, and all the glorious company, on the full bliss and glories of the Resurrection State, that will be best of all.

But what are the last stages of the upward road that leads to the glorious goal to be? We learn from the far more sure Word of God, what Bunyan so sweetly describes in allegory, that these last stages of our pilgrimage may be the best and brightest of the road. And, surely, we want them so to be! To walk and talk together—not of the fights and failures that lie behind; not of the dark days in Doubting Castle, or the foolish hours of Vanity Fair, but—of the glorious heaven to which we draw near, the beauty and loveliness of our Lord and Lover, whose face we are so soon to see, while we breathe the air and walk in the light and warmth of heaven reflected from the glorious City—for the Lamb is the Light thereof—whose beams are already falling upon us. Is it thus that the last stages of the road are

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to be walked? This is surely what we wish to experience. And it is just this that the renewed heart longs for and aspires to share, above and beyond all else, and which grace is ready to make good.