



The Message:

An Australian Gospel Magazine for old and young.

1901.

Will the New Year bring greetings
Blithesome and gay?
Long looked-for meetings,
Joy's sunny day?
Saviour, we know not!
Coming joys show not:
Trusting Thy leadings—
Show Thou the way!



Will the New Year bring weeping—
Sorrow's increase?
Thy coming or sleeping—
Heaven's release?
Saviour, most tender,
We can surrender
All to Thy keeping—
Sweet is Thy Peace!



BALLARAT, VICT.
Samuel J. B. Carter, "The Message" Office,
7 ARMSTRONG STREET NORTH.

INDIA: W. SAUNDERS, DEHRA-DUN, N. W. P.

2s. 3d. Net.



VOL. V.



1901.

A MAN is shut up in a fortress, under sentence of perpetual imprisonment, and obliged to draw water from a reservoir, which he may not see, but into which no fresh stream is ever to be poured. How much it contains he cannot tell. He knows the quantity is not great; it may be extremely small. His imprisonment having been long, he has already drawn out a considerable supply. The diminution increases daily, and how, it is asked, "would he feel each time of drawing and each time of drinking it?" Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to: "I have a reservoir, I may be at my ease." No; "I had water yesterday, I have water to-day; but my having had it yesterday, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching."

Surely this is a striking image, and true. It is no violent metaphor to represent this life as a fortress, and man a prisoner within its gate. Time is the dark reservoir from which he drinks; but he cannot descend to examine its depth or its quantity. He draws his supply from a fountain fed by invisible pipes. Nay, he does not often see the fountain. He conceals it with thick trees; he strives to hide time. Still, if he would linger by it for a moment he might discover a sad difference between the flow of the water at different seasons of the human year. In spring and summer—our childhood and early youth—the sunshine of hope silvers every drop; and if he looks into the stream, the voice of some fair spirit might almost be heard speaking from the crystal shrine. In autumn and winter days—mature

manhood and old age—the fountain pours a more languid and dark current. But the thing to be remembered in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, is, that the reservoir which feeds the fountain is being exhausted. Every drop that falls in sunniest days lessens the water that remains. Man had time *yesterday*, and he has time to-day; the probability, the certainty is, that he shall not have it on some day that is approaching. It strikes a chill to his heart to think that the reservoir may not contain enough water to supply the prisoner in life's dungeon for another day.

Reader, reader! where will the end of the year find us—in time, or eternity? R. A. W.



“VANITY OF VANITIES.”

(Read Eccles. i.)



A YOUNG person once mentioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise that the possession of riches should be attended with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant who, in possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious, than the most industrious clerk in his counting house. The Doctor, in reply, took an apple from a basket and presented it to a child in the room, who could hardly grasp it in his hand. He then gave him second, which filled the other; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size, he offered that also. The child after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropped the last on the carpet and burst into tears. “See,” said the Doctor, “there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy.”



CHRIST with a chain is liberty; liberty without Christ is a chain.



THE vertical power of Christianity in the heart is the truest measure of its horizontal power in the world.

The Two Servants.

(Notes of an Address by G. W. Gy.)

"And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book."—Isaiah lxi. 1-3; Luke iv. 16-20.)

HERE are in Scripture two wonderful Persons who took the place of Servants; first, the Lord Jesus Christ, and then the Holy Spirit.

We will, first of all, look at the Lord Jesus Christ as the Servant. The prophecy in Isa. lxi. gives us the two parts of His service on earth, and He takes that prophecy as His text in His first public sermon. We all know what the audience thought of that sermon. They decided they would never hear another from Him, and so they took Him to the brow of the hill to cast him down. Yet what made their hearts so angry was what ought to have made them glad.

Now, there are two distinct services of the Lord in Isa. lxi.—1st, "To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord;" and 2nd, "To proclaim the day of vengeance of our God." But, in the Synagogue, Jesus reads as far as "To preach the acceptable year of the Lord," and then He closes the book. Why? Because the time had not come for the other part of His service. Isaiah put the two things together, with only a comma between them, but the Lord closes the book and separates them by a period of 1800 years.

Let us dwell a little on what the acceptable year means. Suppose I wanted to see the Governor. Well, it is a difficult thing for an ordinary individual to obtain an interview with the Governor. Some large and influential committee might manage it, but it would be a great honour for a private individual. But supposing my case were favourably considered and I received a letter from his secretary to say he would give me an audience at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. Now, if I want to see that great person, I must take heed that I recognise the acceptable time. If I am dilatory, and go at 10 o'clock,

I shall have lost my opportunity, for the acceptable hour is over, and somebody else is going to be attended to; and probably, as far as the Governor is concerned, I shall never get another opportunity.

My hearers, God has a favourable opportunity to receive sinners, and it is "now." It is not extended beyond that little word *Now*. *Now* is the acceptable time; *now* is the time when God is prepared to receive you. But soon the acceptable time will close, and Christ will open the book again and declare "the day of vengeance." If you want to know about the day of vengeance you must read Rev. v., where, as the Lamb in the midst of the throne, He opens the book again and breaks the seven seals of judgment. But in grace, in Nazareth, He opened the page of grace. What a tale He had to tell when He opened the page of grace and shut up the page of judgment and put it away! But the page of judgment still exists, and He will not have finished the will of God till He comes again, and breaks every seal of judgment, and all God's threats of judgment are poured out on a Christ-rejecting world.

Jesus opened the book then and read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel." Then we get some very simple and touching figures used to describe those whom he came to bless. "Poor,"—"broken-hearted,"—"captives,"—"blind"—"them that are bruised." You may perhaps ask, Why does He give so many descriptions of those to whom the gospel is to be preached? I believe it is that you might find yourself described by one of them. If He had only given one, you might have said, "I don't think that is me;" so He gives several descriptions, so that if you are earnest about your soul you will have no difficulty in finding yourself in the list.

Are you poor—not poor in pocket, but poor in spirit? Do you say I can offer nothing to God—my very best works are "filthy rags"? Then the gospel is for you. Are you broken-hearted? Oh, I think there is a broken-hearted sinner here to-night. Well, Jesus says, "I have been sent to heal you." Are you a captive of sin and Satan—bound fast by lust and folly? Are you blind—

your spiritual perceptions darkened by the god of this age? Oh, dear sinner, tell me, Are you bruised—down-trodden and oppressed? Well, whatever be your case—however desperate, Jesus is the One you need, and who offers Himself to you.

It is so gracious of God to bring His grace down to us in this wonderful way, as though He said "I will come to you where you are; I know what is particularly oppressing you. You are the ones to whom I have come to bring the gospel—the good news." Ah, what good news it was for man which the Lord Jesus came to announce.

Well, "He closed the book." What a mercy! Supposing He had read the other half of the sentence, Where would we have been? But He shuts up the judgment and He opens out the grace. What could be more beautiful? We read, He sat down and began to say unto them, "*This day* is this scripture"—the one which He had just read—"fulfilled in your ears." Was not that a wonderful testimony? If you had asked Isaiah about it when he had written it, he would have said, "I don't know when it is coming, you must wait for it." But how different now! They had not to wait any longer. The One of whom the prophet spoke was there. He came to do it—to preach the gospel to those persons Isaiah mentioned. If anybody came under any of the characters spoken of, he would find God ready to receive him. That day was that scripture fulfilled "in their ears." He does not say *in their hearts*. Why? Because, though it is fulfilled in men's ears when they hear the gospel testimony, it is only fulfilled in their hearts when they believe it.

Yet they say, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Who is *He*, to do such wonderful things?" And so the Lord refers them to days when Elijah was here, and He says, "There were many widows in Israel, but Elijah did not go to one of them, he went to a Gentile in the City of Sarepta, and the widows of Israel missed their opportunity." He refers also to Elisha's day, and Elisha was a wonderful figure of Christ, because his miracles were in grace. There were many lepers in Israel, says Jesus,

but none got the blessing but Naaman—a Gentile. "Oh," they say, "is that your doctrine? Is that what you have come to tell us?" And they take hold of Him and put Him out of the Synagogue, where the preaching had gone on. But they are not satisfied with saying, "We will not hear you any more," but they say, as it were, "You shall not preach that story any more." The thought of God's grace going out to and saving wretched Gentiles galled their Jewish pride, so they try to kill Him.

Was not that an open rejection? The Apostle says, "God *was* in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." But the world would not be reconciled; they would not hear the voice of the Charmer, charming never so wisely—He proclaimed in sweetest tones God's acceptable year of grace, but men were wilfully deaf in their souls. All the charming words and charming ways of the precious Saviour only made them angry and caused them to refuse Him and His message.

You say, "I am sure I would not have done that." Do not deceive yourselves; your hearts are just the same as theirs. Those men refused Jesus when He was here, but you have done worse than they did, because you have refused Him after He has died and risen again, and to refuse Him since He has been raised from the dead is even worse in God's eyes than to refuse Him before He died, because until He died and rose again the full tale of grace had not been told out. All is out now. Friend, can you still refuse this wonderful Servant and His gracious service? Oh, accept Him now.

(The latter part of the address will be given (D.V.) in next month's issue.)



> The * Bible. <

WHAT hast thou here? A Book, but what a Book!
 Another such nor hath been, nor shall be;
 Of universal love the epitome:
 A mirror into which whoe'er will look,
 The past and future shall reflected see;
 Yea, as the shell found on some foreign shore
 Ten thousand miles away, yet faithfully
 Retains in its recesses evermore
 The modulations of its native sea;
 So in this heaven-born Book the opened ear
 The music of eternity may hear.

Nicodemus.

(JOHN III., IX., XIX.)

HERE was an interval between the bite of the fiery serpent and the death of the victim. That interval was granted in grace, that the Israelite who had been bitten might look on the serpent of brass and live. The interval may have been longer in some cases than in others. We cannot say. But we know it is so in the analogy. Many have their lives lengthened out in mercy, that if not in youth, yet in age, they *may* look to Jesus and live. Some of the bitten Israelites may not have looked so immediately as did others. So some now are slow to look to Jesus, even after they have felt the venom of the old serpent's bite; others make short work of it. It is only a look—a cry—an act of reliance—and the day dawns, and peace begins to flow as a river.

It was not so, however, with Nicodemus after this manner. Nicodemus was long ere he looked. The Lord lets him know in the early time of John iii. that he had been bitten, and must look at the blessed answer to the brazen serpent, but he does not look till the distant day of John xix.

We have other instances of a slow and gradual process also. The *spirit* of Nathanael may have been under the shade and over-casting of the fig-tree for years. Lydia may have resorted with religious but unsettled soul to "the place where prayer was wont to be made," again and again; and Cornelius may have had his fasts, and devotions, and prayers in long succession.

THE BLADE.

Nicodemus was among those in Jerusalem who had been attracted by the miracles which the Lord was working. This attraction was felt by him. But there was, I am sure, another feeling known to him. He was uneasy in his soul. This separated him. I do not say that this uneasiness was his *commanding* desire. I do not believe it was. Had it been so, he would not have come to the Lord as an enquirer after knowledge merely. When conviction was the commanding thing in the soul

of Peter, he fell down before Jesus. This did not Nicodemus. Still, I doubt not, light, which disturbs the easy sleep of nature, had penetrated his spirit. Two facts witness this to me—his taking a solitary journey to Christ, apart from the multitude who, like him, had been attracted by the miracles; and his lingering with the Lord, though He had answered him so strangely and so quickly: unlike the people in chap. vi., who leave Jesus when His words do not suit them; and unlike his brother Pharisees in chap. viii., who go out from Jesus at once when His words convict them.

It was this uneasiness, and not his being attracted by the miracles, that interested the Lord. To the people of the city who had been alike attracted, Jesus would not commit Himself, as we read. For a miracle is not the proper, immediate ground of faith, such faith as the Spirit works, and as saves the soul. A miracle, like a book on "Evidences," may draw attention, and thus be the remote cause of faith. But the faith that saves the soul makes such acquaintance with Christ as a convicted conscience leads to.

THE EAR.

Nicodemus leaves the Lord without looking where the Lord had guided his eye. He has not yet so felt the bite of the serpent as to look to the pole. That is most sure. Some good distance of time must have passed between the first and the second occasion on which we see Nicodemus. He had carried his uneasiness of soul with him all through this interval, I doubt not.

But now he has made but little advance—he is still *of the Pharisees*, one, moreover, of that council of Pharisees who had sent officers to take the Lord by force. But, still, he who had before separated himself, as we saw, from the multitude in Jerusalem by seeking Jesus in solitude, soon separates himself from his brother Pharisees by pleading for the ends of justice in the behalf of Jesus.

This may, perhaps, be progress, but it is surely slow. The cords which were drawing him to the Lord were weak. We track the path of a lingering, slow-paced traveller, and most surely there has been no look at the uplifted serpent yet.

There is again a long interval between the second and third sight we get of him. But his soul has advanced indeed. The same evangelist, John, who alone notices Nicodemus, says in chap. xii., "Among the rulers also many believed on Jesus, but because of the Pharisees they did not confess Him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue." Nicodemus may have been one of these rulers. He is called by the same name (see chap. iii. 1; xii. 42).

THE FULL CORN.

Now, however, in chap. xix., he takes a place apart from his fellow rulers, and does so openly—nay, from the whole body of the Jews, rulers, priests, Pharisees, multitudes, all orders and estates of the nation. He allies himself with the Lord in the moment of His very deepest humiliation. Nay, he and his companion, Joseph of Arimathea, stand, as with God Himself, in relation to the crucified One. Surely we may say, Nicodemus has now in spirit as well as in act, reached the cross. Is he not in the place at that moment chiefest in God's eye on the face of the whole earth? When I see him there, and all the disciples fled away and gone, I know not whether I cannot say, "the last are first;" the timid Joseph and slow-paced Nicodemus are now before the earnest Peter and the loving John. I know not, I say, whether I have not warrant to say as much as that.

But this I know, and say again, Joseph and Nicodemus are at that moment occupying the spot of chiefest attraction with God, and doing the very highest and most honourable service which could then have been rendered to Him. They were owning the crucified One in the face of the whole world. They are in the place where a sinner first meets a Saviour. Nicodemus now stands on the very spot to which the Lord, at the earliest moment, had pointed him. He has now, at last, gained that place. He is at the foot of the pole on which the true Brazen Serpent had been lifted. And he is, in spirit, one with all the other saved ones in this precious gospel to whom Jesus committed Himself: Andrew, and Peter, and Philip and Nathanael, and the Samaritan, and the adulteress, and the blind beggar. He has changed company,

indeed, now. This is no longer a weak and partial separation; Nicodemus is on the threshold of a new world, which redemption has formed and planted, and where sinners saved have their new being.

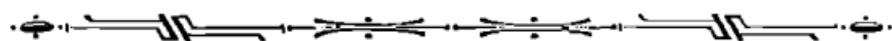
I feel that it is indeed a happy thing to delineate the path of this elect one of God. He has now made the journey of all the elect, the journey from darkness to light. He has been a slow-paced traveller. That is true. But there is comfort in turning to this Israelite in the midst of the busy camp in the wilderness, watching him thus for so long a time struggling, as it were, with the bite of the fiery serpent, and still not looking to the pole.

There is comfort in tracking his lingering footsteps on the road to God, amid the brilliant speedy journeyings of those more vivid, earnest spirits which gladden the pages of John's gospel. He creeps along among them, and the eye, more attracted by them, almost consents to lose sight of him. But grace does not lose sight of him.

"O to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
May that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my heart to Thee."

Ab, yes, Lord "Bind my *wandering* heart to Thee," as once that grace bound to Thee the *lingering* heart of Nicodemus.

THE LATE J. G. BELLETT.



* * THE DAILY LIFE. * *

IT is daily life that tests what manner of men we are. It is not our prayer, it is not our profession, but it is the tone of daily intercourse and conduct that decides how we stand. The little homely graces, the cheerful, every-day amenities, the Christ-spirit uttering itself not so much in conscious influence, not so much in deeds, as in that subtle aroma which without name exudes from the saintly soul, to equals and inferiors, to agreeable and disagreeable, to rich, poor, ignorant, to young, to old; bearing burdens, accepting crosses, seeking no great thing to do, content to put self by and be a servant of the lowest—these are fruits of only one root—fruits that none can counterfeit.

W.

CHRISTIAN, STEER HOME.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner ;
Christian, God speed thee !
Let loose the rudder-bands,
God Himself leads thee.

Set thy sails warily,
Tempests may come :
Steer thy course steadily ;
Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee ;
Let fall the plummet, now ;
Shallows may ground thee.

Reef in the foresail, there,
Hold the helm fast ;
So, let the vessel wear ;—
There swept the blast.

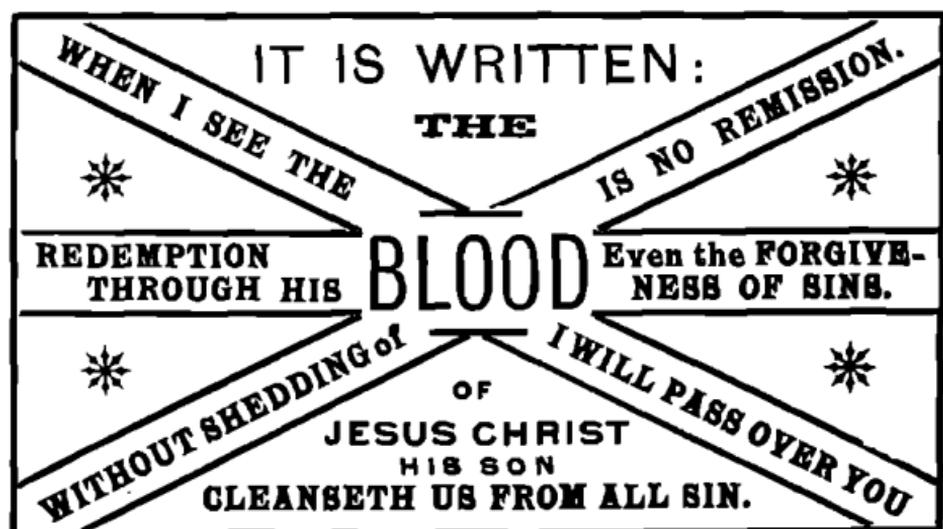
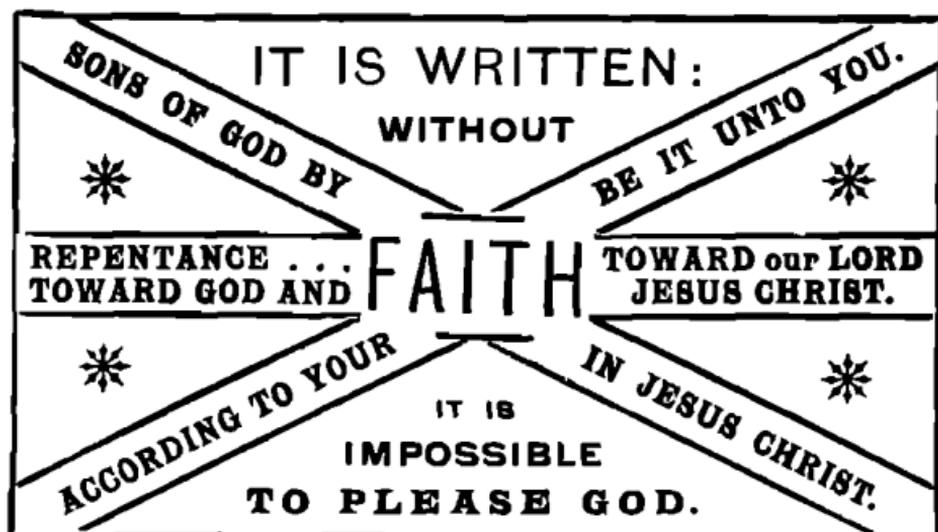
“ What of the night, ‘ Look-out ’ ?
What of the night ? ”
“ Cloudy—all’s quiet—
No land—all’s right. ”

Be faithful, vigilant,
Danger may be
Just when all seemeth
Safety to thee.

How gains the leak so fast ?
Clear out the hold ;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold.

There, let the ingots go !
Now the ship rights :
Thank God ! the harbour’s near ;
See—see the lights.

Slack not, nor let her veer,
Spite storm and dark ;
God keep the helm and steer
Thy little bark ;
Crowd all the canvas on,
Cut through the foam !
Christian, cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy Home.



On the Brink.

IN youth I die, in maiden bloom,
With chilly hand death pales my cheek;
But with his touch there comes to me
A spirit calm and meek.

Christ takes from me all wish to stay;
He is so real, death I fear not,
Though friends behold my slow decline,
And mourn my helpless lot.

They see the sorrow—I descry
The bliss that never fades away;
They feel the shadow of the tomb—
I mark the heavenly day.

I hear them whisper o'er my bed—
'Another hour, and she must die!'
I am too weak to answer them
That endless life is nigh!

They weep and sob—yet I rejoice,
For sweetly on my dying ear,
Amid the sobbing, falls a voice
Their anguish does not hear.

'Come, and fear not!' my Saviour cries;
'I wait to lead thee to thy home.'
Then leaps my spirit, and replies,
'I come! I long to come!'

Another hour, more or less,
The world will mourn me as one dead!—
They hear not how I sing a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

Soon Christ will raise this body frail,
And change it by His power divine,
Beyond the gloom of death's sad vale,
In light and life to shine.

“Follow Thou Me.”

FOLLOW thou Me:’ He said, and passed Him on
In through the veil;
I seeing where my Lord, my Life was gone,
Felt my heart fail;
Yet rose up straight, His voice within my ear
As distant music faint yet sweet and clear.

And while I groped along with trustful eyes—
Tired, lingering feet,
Oft glancing to the far blue starry skies,
In haste to greet
Some token of that star which will unfold
What time the years of absent love are told;—

I saw a footprint with a scarlet stain
Brightening the way,
Another—yet another—and again—
Others still lay
Most freshly on the grass. His! His! I knew
The path He traced upon the morning dew.

And eagerly I sought to firmly put
My feet within
The dear, true impress of each blessed foot,
And so to win
Some dim resemblance here,—faulty, yet fair,
Before His welcome thrills the silent air.

And e’en this morn, a waft came by and brought,
Most lovingly,
The uttered music of His yearning thought,
‘Follow thou Me!’

And my heart cried, ‘Lord, draw me; I will run—
Perfect in me Thou wilt the work begun.’

"Yet a little while."



HOW shall I spend this "little while,"
While Jesus is away?
Shall I not seek to earn His smile
By watching every day,
With girded loins and burning light,
To do His will my great delight?
"Yet a little while."

Darker and darker is the hour,
'Tis midnight's darkness round,
When Satan's subtle wiles and power
And witcheries abound.
But I have heard the joyful cry,
"Awake! the Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
"Yet a little while."

O Lord! my inmost heart awake!
Arouse me lest I sleep—
All Thou hast suffered for my sake,
Before my vision keep:
And if I drowsy, careless prove,
Again awake me by Thy love—
"Yet a little while."

What can I *do*, my Lord, for Thee?
What burden can I *bear*?
O set my heart and spirit free
From self, and selfish care:—
One object—motive, should me move,
Thy dying, living, glorious love,
"Yet a little while."

"A little while," Thy glory's rays
Will chase the present night;
Thy Kingdom's bright millennial blaze
Fill all things with delight.
The King, the Lamb for sinners slain,
And I, with Thee, my Lord, shall reign—
"Yet a little while."

“He pleased God.”

(Heb. xi. 5.)

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**B**E this, our God—be this the aim,  
The trend, the purpose of each soul,  
Our estimate of lasting fame,  
Our joy, our motive, and our goal.

*To please Thee*, and to *know* it too,  
To hear and treasure in the heart  
That whispered secret, Enoch knew,  
Which Thou to faith dost still impart.

For this—for this, with willing feet,  
We'd walk with Thee where'er we go,  
Learning of Thee in converse sweet,  
How thus to please Thee while below.

'Neath human censure this is rest,—  
Unruffled peace, who'er condemns—  
The consciousness within the breast  
That God, our God, our way commends.

'Tis bliss to live beneath Thy sway,  
For oh, Thou art not hard to please ;  
Thy love constrains us to obey ;  
So slow to chide, so quick to ease.

Oh, we would please Thee—only Thee,  
Though oft we fail, yet would we still,  
With chastened spirit, seek to be  
More pliant to Thy sovereign will.

Fain would we thro' the little while  
We're left to do Thy pleasure here,  
Esteem our Father's loving smile  
Above all else we hold as dear.

Then give us grace, Thou God of love,  
With steadfast mind and purpose true,  
To please Thee till we're called above,  
In all we think, and say, and do.

S. J. B. C.

## “Love as Brethren.”



**B**RETHREN, let us walk together  
In the bonds of love and peace;  
Can it be a question whether  
Brethren should from conflict cease?  
’Tis in union  
Hope, and joy, and love increase.

While we journey homeward, let us  
Help each other in the road;  
Foes on every side beset us,  
Snares through all the way are strewed.  
It behoves us  
Each to bear another’s load.

When we think how much our Father  
Has forgiven, and does forgive,—  
Brethren, we should learn the rather  
Free from wrath and strife to live,  
Far removing  
What might needless pain or grieve.

Then let each esteem his brother  
Better than himself to be,  
And let each prefer another,  
Full of love, from envy free:  
Happy are we  
When in this we all agree.

Lord of love, poor proud hearts soften;  
Lowly, contrite would we be,  
Broken, simple, loyal—often  
Pleading for all dear to Thee.  
Oh for eye-salve—  
In our brethren, Christ to see.

# Inspiration.

ALL writings are composed of words, and if these writings are inspired, the words are inspired. This is what is commonly called "verbal inspiration." Other passages speak of the importance of "words:" Peter said, "To whom shall we go? thou hast the *words* (*rhemata*) of eternal life" (John vi. 68), and we find those words in the Gospels. When it was a question of Gentiles being brought into blessing without being circumcised, James in his address appealed to the "*words*" of the prophets (Acts xv. 15). Paul in writing to the Corinthian saints said, "Which things also we speak, not in the '*words*, (*logoi*) which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth" (1 Co. ii. 13). The Holy Spirit taught Paul what words to use. The whole of Scripture forms the Word of God, and both in the O. T. and in the N. T. we read of "the words of God" (1 Ch. xxv. 5; Ezra ix. 4; Psa. cvii. 11; John iii. 34; viii. 47; Rev. xvii. 17). Neither must His word be added to, or taken from (Deu. iv. 2 : xii. 32 : Rev. xxii. 18, 19).

The above passages should carry conviction to simple souls that "every scripture is God-inspired." As nothing less than this is worthy of God, so nothing less than this would meet the need of man. Amid the many uncertain things around him he needs "*words*" upon which his faith can be based, and in the inspired Scriptures he has them. The Lord Jesus said, "The *words* (*rhemata*) that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (John vi. 63). He had "the *words* of eternal life."

It may be noted that Scripture records the sayings of wicked men, and of Satan himself. It need scarcely be said that it is not the *sayings* but the *records* of them that are inspired. Paul also, when writing on the question of marriage, makes a distinction between what he wrote as his judgment, and what he wrote as the commandments of the Lord. "I speak this by permission," he says; and again, "I give my judgment" (1 Co. vii. 6, 10, 12, 25). He was inspired to *record* his spiritual

judgment and to point out that it was not a command.

Some have a difficulty as to what has been called the human element in inspiration. If the words of Scripture are inspired, it has been asked, how is it that the *style* of the writer is so manifest? John's style, for instance, being clearly distinguishable from that of Paul. The simple answer is, that is, as if one used, so to speak, different kinds of pens to write with. God made the mind of man as well as his body, and was surely able to use the *mind*.

Further, it has been asserted that the doctrine of *verbal* inspiration is valueless, because of diversities in the Greek manuscripts, which in some places prevent any one from determining what are the words God caused to be written. But this does not in any way touch the question of inspiration, which is, that the words written were inspired by God. Whether we have a correct copy is quite another question. The variations in the Greek manuscripts do not affect any fundamental doctrine.

Another objection to the value of verbal inspiration is that most persons read Scripture in a translation, the words of which cannot, it is alleged, be said to be inspired. But if the translation conveys exactly the same meaning as in the original, the words *can* be said to be inspired: for instance, the words "God is love," may surely be said to be the same as *Ho Theos agapé estin*, or *Deus caritas est*, or *Dieu est amour*, or *Dio è carità*, to those who can read them. It may be that the translations from which the above are taken cannot in all places be said to be *the same* as the Greek; but this only shews the great importance of each having a correct translation in his vernacular tongue. And it must not be forgotten that the Lord Himself and those who wrote the New Testament often quoted the Septuagint, which is a *translation* from the Hebrew; and they quoted it as a *Scripture*.

Nothing can exceed the importance of having true thoughts of the inspiration of Scripture. As no human author would allow his amanuensis to write what he did not mean, so surely what is called the Word of God is God's own production, though given through the instrumentality of man.

*The Bible Dictionary—(Geo. Morrish, London).*

# The Editor's Letter.



DEAR FRIENDS AND HELPERS,—

The present Number having eight pages extra, I feel sure that you will bear with me in devoting a page, in explaining the object of my little magazine.

Its object has been, from the start, and still is, to help and feed young believers and to unfold the great principles of the gospel. Hence, higher lines of truth have been advisedly left for other well-known, and much used and esteemed periodicals to enforce. However precious such truth may be to some of my *subscribers*, and to my own soul, its import and bearing would not be seized by the majority of our *readers*.

It is a fact, which none can gainsay, that many—yea, many amongst us need establishing in the cardinal truths of Christianity, expressed “in words easy to be understood.” When such become thus established, they will be led on to contemplate and enjoy ministry and doctrine, which at present is quite beyond their spiritual growth and understanding.

Hundreds of copies of my magazine are also distributed in Asylums, Hospitals, from house to house, and among sailors on the ships. *The Message* has been found useful in this way for outsiders; at least, so my subscribers, from all quarters, assure me. Many a one has taken and read it because it is a Colonial magazine, who would have cast aside another book or tract.

During the past year most cheering communications have come from South Africa, and “the day” alone will “declare” how God has wrought.

The senders of rejected MSS. must take refusals in good part. In conducting the magazine I have but *One* to serve and please. Any counsel, suggestions, or healthy criticism, will be thankfully received by

“Your servant for Jesus’ sake,”

THE EDITOR.



# Listening.

(Prov. viii. 33, 34.)

WHEN the world is busy round me,  
And each wave of sound is stirred ;  
When the thronging crowds press by me,  
Onward by strong impulse spurred,—  
I am LISTENING—  
For a Voice by faith still heard :—  
Listening for the Master's word.

When the clouds of pain and sorrow  
Break with fierce and sullen moan ;  
'Mid the cry of grief and anguish,  
Or the heart's unuttered groan,—  
I am LISTENING,  
Listening for one Voice well known ;  
For my Father's voice alone.

When conflicting thoughts assail me,  
And strange doctrines reach my ear ;  
When the sheep are all bewildered,  
And no trusty guide seems near—  
I am LISTENING  
Till the Shepherd's voice I hear—  
Listening till He appear.

When God's truth is placed before me,  
With its words of light and cheer ;  
But in vain poor finite reason  
Strives to make its meaning clear—  
I am LISTENING,  
Listening with patient ear,  
Till the Spirit's voice I hear.

# The Open Door.



**S**OME years since, a dear servant of God—a French brother—stayed in our house for a little time. His visit was very pleasant to us, and our intercourse with him was both interesting and profitable. He amused us by many little foreign ways, but one of his habits was decidedly uncomfortable. It was, that when coming into the sitting-room he uniformly left the door open behind him. In our climate such a custom is far from agreeable, and at last we told him of it, when he gave us what we thought a very touching reason for the habit.

At home, he said, as he sat in his study at work over his books and writing, he never shut the door, because in the house with him were his loved wife and little ones, and he did not like that there should be any barrier, such as a closed door, between them and him. The sound of the children's voices reached him at his work, and he loved to hear them, and was never disturbed by the sound. He knew thus all they were doing, and was ready to answer the slightest call for help in difficulty or danger. Every now and then, perhaps, a little face would appear at the door, the face of one too small and too weak to have opened the door, but who, finding it open, would appear to tell of some trouble, to make its petition, or even if it had no petition to make, just to receive a word, or a smile, from its loving father.

This little incident has remained in my mind ever since, and has often helped me to sweet thoughts of the gracious God and Father who has set before His children, young and old, an open door for intercourse with Him. We could never have opened the door of access to God which sin had closed; but Jesus says, "I am the door," and Paul speaks of the "living way," and of the boldness with which we may approach, for "through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Would that we made more use of that open door. It is never closed to any of His people. We may close the door of our hearts by sin and failure, and thus shut ourselves out from happy intercourse with God; but God never closes His door.

No doubt the Frenchman's children, knowing that the sound of their voices, and the token of their different moods and occupations, was ever in their father's ears, were made more careful as to *what* they said, and *how*. It was like the continual presence of the father among them. And then, what a happy thing it was for them to feel that, whenever they wanted help, there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to hinder them going straight to their father to ask for it. Even if they did not need him to come out of his place, and put forth his strong arm for their aid, still how pleasant it was for them just to go occasionally in the midst of their occupations and receive a word of counsel to help them on with their work, or their lessons. Even beyond that, if they had nothing to ask, they could just go and receive a kind look, or a kiss, that would cheer them and warm their hearts with the eager desire to act so as to please the father who was so good to them.

Oh, let us try to be more like these children; let us make more use of this open door which our Father has set before us. Let us not be so engrossed by our daily occupations of business, or school, or pleasure, that we forget to seek help or counsel, or to receive a Father's smile. Things would go better with us if we made more use of this open door. What a different spirit we would put into our daily occupations if we ever kept in mind that the sound of them is continually in our Father's ear. And how much our daily life would be brightened and sanctified

Sometimes, no doubt, the face that appeared at the door would be cast down, and reddened with shame, while tears of contrition stood on the cheek. Some command has been disobeyed, some fault committed, and all brightness has gone from the little one's life; but where can he go in his grief and contrition but just to the ever-open door, there to confess his fault, and to receive anew the assurance of his father's forgiveness and love! Sometimes, too, at the door, tears would be on the cheek of his child, while no shame was on the brow—the little one has come to be comforted in some little grief:—little, but not too little for the father's heart to feel.

And so it matters not what may be our state or conduct, the Father's open door is ever our resource. He is always ready to receive us, and bless us, and comfort us.

One word to those who have never entered in by Christ, "the door" of heaven. You think, perhaps, that as the door is always open, you may enter at any time. Beware of such a thought. Christ speaks of the time when the door shall be shut, and not opened again, however loudly those without may knock or call. Who knows how soon that day may be? B. W.



## DESTROYED BY SILENCE.

**A**N ancient author gives a remarkable and suggestive account of the overthrow and destruction of a certain town. News came to the place, once and again, that the enemy was approaching; but he did not then approach. Hereupon, in anger, the inhabitants enacted a law that no man, on pain of death, should bring again such rumours as that of an approaching enemy. Not long after the enemy came; indeed besieged, assaulted, and sacked the town, 'mid the ruins of which nothing remained but this proverbial epitaph: "Here once stood a town that was *destroyed by silence.*" Destroyed by silence! Ah! 'tis true, alas! of perished millions. (I speak as a man.) They lived unwept, and died unwarned; no man cared for their souls. Christian, you have lips, a tongue, and breath; have you any heart? If so, redeem the time; "be instant in season and out of season;" live for Christ and souls. Multitudes are sinking into hell around you, and the Lord is soon coming; you are not ignorant of the coming judgment, and you know the Christ-rejector's doom. By life, literature, and lip, let your light shine, and your testimony go forth, "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." C. K.





## Besetting Sins.

**B**OTH Scripture, and personal experience and observation warrant us in saying that each believer has his or her besetting sin, or sins, to contend against.

The Apostle speaks of "the sin which doth so easily beset us;" but he is careful not to tell us what sin he means. I suppose the little adjective distinguishing the noun is really not found in the original Greek reading. Paul does not refer to any particular sin, but to sin in the abstract. He would remind us that, in various *forms* and *ways*, and in unguarded *moments*, sin waylays us to cripple us in our usefulness, hinder our progress, and rob us of our joy and blessing. Woe-betide us if sin find us off our guard, or asleep, or trusting in our own strength; for then he will assail us in our weak point, and make us fall from our steadfastness. Thank God, the foe cannot touch our life, for "Christ is our life;" but he can rob us of our communion, our testimony, and our reward.

It is fabled in the Classics of the famous warrior Achilles, that when he was a babe, his mother dipped him in the river Styk, thereby making him invulnerable in every part except the heel by which she held him. In after life he fought and won many battles, and always came out of them without a scratch. But Paris, his inveterate foe, discovering his vulnerable point, wounded him there, and thus caused his death.

Now, Satan knows the weak point, or points, in the natural temperament of each saint. He has not been studying mankind for 6000 years for nothing.

Long ago he began with Cain, and quickly discovered that man's besetting sin, and used it for his own ends. God warned Cain, so that he was without excuse. "If thou doest well (offerest correctly)," said the Lord, "shall thou not be accepted? But if thou doest not well (offerest not correctly), *sin croucheth at the door.*" Sin—Cain's besetting sin—crouched at his tent door like a beast of prey, and, through Cain's not heeding the Divine warning, sin—

A monster of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen—

sprang upon him, and seized him, and eventually carried him "out of the presence of the Lord," a cursed and a lost man.\*

It is both instructive and admonitory to notice the special moral besetments of different characters in Scripture.

Noah was waylaid by love of strong drink; Isaac, by love of his favorite meat; Baalam, by love of money; Samson and Solomon, by love of women; Demas, by love of the world; Barnabas, by love of kindred and country. The weakness of Obadiah lay in his half-heartedness. Jacob was continually beset by hypocrisy. Eli succumbed to natural affection. Peter was brought down almost within reach of Satan's clutches through self-confidence. Thomas was a born sceptic. Nathaniel liked to argue. Jeremiah, Timothy, and John Mark were each hindered by natural timidity. Hymeneus and Philetus were spoilt by rationalism; they sought to reduce Divine truth to the level of man's mind. Diotrephes loved to have the pre-eminence; his besetting sin was the germ-root of clerisy. Lot's wife became a warning pillar against trifling with the truth. The mother of Zebedee's children got inflated by vanity. Miriam became a leper for evil

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\* There is, of course, another application of God's warning to Cain; the word for sin and sin offering being the same in the Hebrew; but I believe the rendering is purposely vague, to teach us a double truth.

speaking. Martha was rebuked for bustling and fault-finding. Rhoda's natural impetuosity kept Peter standing outside the door, at some risk to himself. Euodius and Syntyche were addicted to quarreling, and, women-like, they appear to have been a bit spiteful.

Paul, by birth and training, was liable to self-righteousness, and had to be continually watchful against the inward workings of religious pride (*e.g.*, 2 Cor. xii., &c.). The flesh is no better in a saint than it is in a sinner. The Cretians were nationally of a low, moral character, and their old tendencies clung to them after conversion (Titus i. 12). The instability of the Galatians, the Judaised pagan philosophy of the Colossians, and the manifold evils among the Corinthians, also teach us how needful it is to be watchful, prayerful, and diligent, otherwise old habits and propensities will again assert themselves, and we shall fall back practically into our old state and manner of life.

Thank God, if we know that we have besetting sins, we also know that He has a besetting hand (Psa. cxxxix. 5). And, in dependence on Him, we may prove the reality of His besetting hand keeping us from our besetting sins in the hour of trial, conflict and danger.

I propose giving a series of very brief articles (D.V.) each month, in *The Message*, on the subject we have been considering. May they be profitable to myself and to my readers,—young and old—and enable us, in the spirit of self-judgment, and with the eye upon our blessed Lord, to perpetuate His character more faithfully in a world where we are still left to witness for Him.

S. J. B. C.



# THE NEW YEAR.



“WHAT will it bring me, this blithe New Year  
Whose footsteps now we can almost hear?”  
'Twas thus I mused 'mid the dying glow  
Of a New Year's Eve not long ago.

I fell to wishing a thousand things,  
For hope, like a bird, will use its wings—  
While night wrapped round me its robe of gloom,  
And a hush crept over the silent room.

The New Year, then, with its garments white,  
Seemed to take form to my mortal sight;  
He smiled a greeting in tones of song,  
And threw me a gift as he passed along.

A necklet of pearls it seemed to be;  
I said, “Is this priceless gift for me?”  
The answer came, “It is thine to-day,  
To-morrow a gem will have passed away.”

Twelve large round pearls formed the topmost row;  
Pendent from these were fifty or so;  
Again, like a fringe, did hundreds fall,  
And a clasp of gold completed all.

I closed the clasp with a sudden snap,  
When, lo! I woke from a lonely nap;  
The bells rang out o'er my startled ear  
Their welcoming peal to the new-born year.

I saw no chain with its pearly gleam,  
But thought that the voice in my New Year dream  
Sounded e'en then in the midnight chime,

“What gift is more priceless than precious *Time*?

“Twelve months I bring thee; their weeks and days  
Are thine to use to thy Saviour's praise;  
Value them highly, they will not stay,  
Ah, now, even now, do they pass away.”



# Their Faith in Christ saves them.



**Y**OUNG in life I was married to as fine a young English captain as ever set foot on board a vessel. He was an upright and noble-minded man in all his ways, and I loved him with the deepest and tenderest affection.

He was a Protestant, I a Roman Catholic (as names go). I longed for his conversion to the true faith, as I *then* considered it, but the Lord has since opened my eyes and shown me that it was I who needed conversion. Well, we had not been long married when he was lost at sea, and I never heard of him again.

I was thus left a lonely young widow, with a vast void which nothing could fill; and if the tear was sometimes out of my eye, it was never out of my heart. I had lost the one in whom my soul delighted, the light of my life, and my one absorbing object. I had lost everything. But more than this, I was passing through the deepest distress of soul, because he had died "out of the Church," and therefore a heretic. Was he not lost? To think of the myriad ages of eternity rolling on, and he lost! I wept, prayed, fasted, till one day the question was raised in my mind—"Are all poor heretics lost beyond all hope?"

I passed the night, arose early next morning and went to confession. In my distress I said to my confessor, "I cannot find it in my heart to believe that all the poor heretics are lost! Are they?" To my astonishment and delight he whispered, "No; if they really believe, *their faith in Christ saves them.*"

Night came on, and I retired to rest with a faint ray of hope that, after all, my lost one might have had faith in Christ, and would be saved. Then, as I lay on my bed, somehow I became distressed and anxious about *my own* salvation. I fell asleep, and dreamed that I saw the blessed Saviour at a distance, but so far was He from me, on the top of a high mountain, that I felt I could never reach Him. My soul longed after Him, but I felt fast-bound where I stood, and could not move. My distress was awful. I felt I must perish, for I never could reach Him where He was. Then I thought He saw my sore distress, and drawing near, He looked on me with infinite compassion; I saw His head, His hands, His side, His feet, and that lovely face, once so marred. As He drew near I asked Him to save me.

Then in my dream I thought He pointed me to a place where I had seen some people go in on many occasions, and He said—"Go there and thou shalt hear words whereby thou shalt be saved."

"Not so, Lord," I said, "they are heretics, I could not go there." Thereupon He left me, and all was dark, and I was wretched and lonely and miserable. The words that He had uttered, "Thou shalt hear words whereby thou shalt be saved," now took possession of my mind. But the idea of going to a small room, up a dingy passage, was too much for my poor, proud, rebellious heart. Yet had He not said it? As night came on, I watched for two quiet people, whom I had often seen going to that despised place of meeting. A few minutes after they had gone in, with trembling heart and faltering steps, I followed, and listened at the door. Someone was praying, but presently all was silence. Quietly pushing open the door, I crept in. At the further end of the room was a tall, solemn looking



# The Two Servants.\*

(Notes of an Address by G. W. G. y.)

**W**E will now turn to the other Scripture we read. In the 13th chapter of Luke we have, in the parable of the barren fig tree, God, as it were, coming to man and saying, "What have you got for Me?" Ah, man had nothing for Him. Even though the Jew, as man, stood under the highest privileges, he had nothing for God. Fancy that—nothing, absolutely nothing, for God. Like the barren fig tree, man gave no fruit to God.

But now, in Luke xv., in the parable of the great supper, God, as it were, says to man, "I have something for you." That is the Gospel. We read: "And when one of them that sat at meat with Him heard these things, he said unto him, Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." This man spoke just like men speak now. They say "It is a blessed thing to go to heaven; we shall be so happy then—free from care, suffering and grief." What do men generally mean by all that? They mean that when they cannot stay here any longer, when they cannot have their own way and sins any longer, when they *must* leave the world and turn their backs upon all its enjoyments, then, when everything else has failed, they will have heaven as a last resource; but they do not want heaven unless they cannot live here any longer. But what does the Lord say. Says he, in effect to this man and to the rest, "I am going to show you that while God is inviting man to partake of the joys of the kingdom of God, man has no heart for it." Think of that! People talk about heaven and how blessed it is to be there, and yet they prove by their rejection of the gospel message that they don't really want to go to heaven.

"A certain man made a great supper," says Jesus. The word "great" shows that the supper was a provision that was to go out beyond the limits of Israel. Notice,

also, that the Lord calls it a "supper." Why do you think He calls it a *supper*? Why not a breakfast? Because a supper is the last meal of the day. God's first provision for man was in the garden of Eden, and if time allowed, we might notice many wonderful privileges that God made for man's blessing, after he fell, in the Old Testament.

But now the day of mercy is nearly over. "It is supper time." If you were to miss your breakfast you might come in for dinner; and if you miss your dinner, you might come in for supper; but if you miss your supper, there is only *a long night* after that. The supper is the last provision of God's grace. There is nothing coming afterwards. If you miss the provision of God's grace, you will be in the blackness of darkness for ever—you will know a night that knows no morning.

I will not dwell on the first and second invitations in this parable, because they are past. The Servant was sent to them that were bidden—that is, to Israel—with the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready. But, the response is, "We do not want heaven, we would keep to the earth." One spoke of oxen—that was earth; another, of land—that was earth; another spoke of a wife—that was earth. And so the Lord says to the Servant (for here it is the *Servant*, not the servants; it is the Holy Ghost, in contrast to Matthew xxii., where the word is in the plural, and means the preachers)—"I say," the Lord says to the Servant, "Go out quickly."

Mark the word *quickly*. The second time He is sent out it is on a very short mission. It only lasted up to the time of the stoning of Stephen. The Servant is to go out *quickly* to the streets and lanes of the city—Jerusalem—and give the invitation. It is the testimony which Peter and John bore to Israel up to the time of the stoning of Stephen. Why does He say "the streets?" Why not "the house?" Oh, no! The Servant did not go to those who were comfortably settled on their lees, like the religious and self-satisfied Scribes and Pharisees. He only went in search of the homeless and destitute—those who were feeling the

effects of sin and sorrow. The testimony reached such, for you know on Peter's first sermon three thousand spiritually needy persons received the testimony and accepted the invitation to the gospel supper. Afterwards, we read of five thousand, and they were all out of the streets of Jerusalem. It is an expressive picture of how the Spirit of God picked up spiritually destitute Jews and brought them to accept of what Peter preached, viz.—the forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost.

But after Stephen was stoned, a testimony went out to the Gentiles. So in the parable the Servant goes back and says, "I have been through the streets of Jerusalem, and found out the homeless and destitute, and "yet there is room." The Lord at once says, "Go out"—He does not say *quickly* this time, for it is to be a long service of eighteen hundred years. He says, "You must go outside of the city of Jerusalem into the highways and hedges; go out there, and as many as you find, compel them to come in."

Whenever the Servant found a poor man in that condition, was he merely to invite him? No, He was to *compel* him. What a strong word it is—"compel." But the Holy Spirit is a wonderful Person. The preacher cannot compel, but it is the present service of the Holy Ghost to do so.

"But," you say, "how is it I have not been compelled?" Ah, perhaps the Servant has never found you in the highways or under the hedges. The Holy Spirit only compels those who feel they are spiritually destitute and homeless.

The house is filling fast, it never was so nearly full as to-night; God says, "My house *shall* be full." Will it then be crowded? No, but it will be full—a right place for everyone, and everyone in a right place. There will not be an empty seat.

The Servant has been working for 1800 years, and soon He will say, "The house is full." The Master will then say, "Shut to the door and let nobody else come in."

Sinner, you are in danger of being shut out if you are not brought in at once, and made to participate in the

wonderful provision of grace which begins with the forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost. It begins with that, but it does not end there. The best blessings are reserved for the time when the Lord Jesus has all the company of His redeemed around Him in glory. What a moment that will be, when He looks round on all His redeemed—when He views them and sees all the seats at His table in His house filled with happy and joyous guests—when He sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied! Will He see you there? Not unless you have been compelled to come in; and if you want to be compelled you must be in the place where the Servant will save you, under the hedges and in the highways of grace.

Will you belong to the company that is going to gratify the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ? Now He gratifies the believer. By-and-by the believer is going to gratify Him. Are you prepared to be gratified by receiving Him as your personal Saviour?

Although the book is shut, the day of vengeance is still there, and, because the will of God is His will, He is coming to execute vengeance upon them that know not God and obey not the gospel. To-day the gospel is inviting you, but the day of vengeance is at hand. Don't you be found in the company of those who obey not the gospel. It may be they are upright and religious, but if they obey not the gospel, it is dangerous to remain in their company.

Don't you be with those who are excluded; for He says, "I say unto you, that none of those men who were bidden shall taste of my supper."

When Christ died He finished His service *on earth* for man. Since His death, the Holy Spirit, as the Servant, has been working down here. Soon—we know not how soon, the Holy Spirit will say, "The house is full," and He will go, and all the saints will go too, and then, afterwards, the Lord will come again in judgment, and He will open the book He closed in Nazareth, and proclaim, not "the acceptable year" of grace, but "the day of vengeance of our God." Take care!

# “THE WORLD ITSELF A WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH.”

“Ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost: so that ye were ensamples to all that believe in Macedonia and Achaia. For from you sounded out the word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad; so that we need not to speak anything. For they themselves shew of us what manner of entering in we had unto you.”—1 THESS. I. 6-9.

THE fruit of the Apostle's labours answered in character to him who laboured; the Christianity of the Thessalonians resembled that of Paul. It was like the walk of the Lord Himself whom Paul followed so closely. It was “in much affliction,” for the enemy could not bear so plain a testimony, and God granted this grace to such a testimony, viz.,—“with joy of the Holy Ghost.” Happy testimony to the power of the Spirit working in the heart! When this is so, everything becomes testimony to others. They see that there is in Christians a power of which they are ignorant, motives which they have not experienced, a joy which they may scoff at, but which they do not possess; a conduct which strikes them, and which they admire, although they do not follow it; a patience which shews the impotence of the enemy in striving against a power that endures everything, and that rejoices in spite of all his efforts.

They say, “What can we do with those who allow themselves to be killed without becoming less joyful, nay, whom it makes more so; who are above all our motives when left to themselves, and who, if oppressed, possess their souls in perfect joy in spite of all our opposition; and who are unconquered by torments, finding in these only an occasion for bearing a stronger testimony that Christians are beyond our power? . . . . .

Thus it was with the Thessalonians; and the world, in spite of itself, became an additional witness to the power of the gospel. An ensample to believers in other places, they were the subject of report and conversation to the world, which was never weary of discussing this phenomenon, so new and so strange, of people who had given up all that governed the human heart, all to which

it was subject, and worshipped one only living and true God, . . . . and waited for His Son from heaven. Happy indeed were those Christians whose walk and whole existence made of the world itself a witness for the truth, who were so distinct in their confession, so consistent in their life, that an apostle did not need to speak of that which he had preached, of that which he had been among them. The world spoke of it for him and for them.

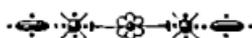
J. N. D. (*in loco*)

## HOMeward BOUND.

**T**HE day of the Lord is at hand, and then all men shall appear and be manifested as they are: there shall be no borrowed colours in that day; men borrow the lustre of Christianity, but how many counterfeit masks will be burned in the day of God! How many do I see who are sowing only to the flesh; alas! what a crop will that be! I find this world, now that I have looked upon it at both sides, is but the fool's idol. O Lord, let it not be the nest that my soul buildeth in. This world, in its gain and glory, is but the great and notable deceiver, by which the sons of men have been beguiled these five thousand years. Build your nest upon no tree here in the enemy's country; for God hath sold the forest to Death; and every tree upon which we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up and build our hopes on high, where death and judgment cannot come! Let us, who are the Lord's, pull up the stakes of our tent, and be moving towards our true home, for here we have no continuing city! Only let us not grow weary; the miles to that land are every day growing fewer and shorter. Why are not our thoughts more frequently than they are upon our country? Heaven casteth a sweet perfume afar off to those who have spiritual senses.

(*Samuel Rutherford.*)

# Trust.



IN listening to a lecture on chemistry, I heard it explained how it happens that water, if spilt on a bar of hot iron, would spread upon it and instantly dry up; but if the bar were much hotter, it would form into a globule and run off; and this was said to be the *spheroidal condition of liquids*.

Many experiments were shown, and we were all convinced of the truth of what was advanced. In one experiment, the lecturer's assistant, having dipped his hands into a certain liquid, plunged them immediately thereafter into molten lead, and took out a handful of it, thereby showing very strikingly the truth of the theory.

At the end of the lecture a number of us went up to the lecture-table and looked at the molten lead; and we were invited to try the experiment. For my own part I was quite convinced of the truth of the doctrine of the *spheroidal condition of liquids*; but the molten lead looked remarkably hot, and I could not bring myself to plunge in my hand, merely after dipping it in the liquid.

I thought, however, this is very absurd; for it must be either true or untrue. If true, my hand cannot be hurt; if not true, what has the lecture been about? and how did the experimenter escape? But I was convinced of the truth of it, and that the experimenter had *bona fide* plunged in *his* hand with no covering on it but the moisture from the liquid. But still I could not do it. At last I thought I would try. So I dipped my little finger into the liquid, and then suddenly plunged it into the molten lead, and immediately pulled it out again, when I felt my finger even colder than before. After that I could trust my whole hand. A fellow student, standing

beside me, said, "Well I believe and understand all about the *spheroidal condition of fluids*, and I believe that the lead would not injure me; but I can't do it."

In this I think we have a simple and striking illustration of lack of saving faith. Some children and grown-up people say, I *believe* all about Christ, but I cannot trust Him. When we speak to many persons in our enlightened land about the Lord Jesus, they say that they believe all about Him and His work, and yet they have no knowledge of personal salvation in Him; they do not *trust* Him.

Dear friends, you know about the doctrine of justification by faith; but are *you* justified by faith? You *know*; but do you *confide*? You have had the doctrine proved to your entire satisfaction; but have you rested upon it? You believe about the mighty Sin-bearer; but have you believed that God laid *your* sins upon Him? You say you *believe*; but the proof is in trusting Jesus. Do you trust? Oh trust Him so simply as to be able to say, "Lord Jesus, I leave my soul's salvation all with Thee. I believe Thy Word and I am quite at rest, knowing Thou art true and wilt save me as Thou hast said." This is the faith that saves.

*N.B.—"The Children's Message," which usually begins on this page, will not be printed again in "The Message." It has been deemed advisable to issue the former little magazine by itself, and quite distinct from the latter. "The Message" will therefore be solely devoted to adults. Those who desire to take "The Children's Message" we would ask to please communicate with us, or with the Tract Depôts, AT ONCE. Single copies will only cost our Subscribers sixpence per year; and we trust they will help us to continue it, for the sake of the children. A most gracious work among the young has been going on in the Australian States.*

# Faith and Reason.

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TWO travellers started on a tour,  
With trust and knowledge laden ;  
One was a man with mighty brain,  
And one a gentle maiden.  
They joined their hands and vowed to be  
Companions for a season ;  
The gentle maiden's name was Faith,  
The mighty man's was Reason.

He sought all knowledge from the world,  
And every world anear it ;  
All matter, and all mind were his,  
But hers was only spirit.  
If any stars were missed from heaven,  
His telescope could find them ;  
But while he only found the stars—  
She found the God behind them.

He sought for truth—above—below,  
All hidden things revealing ;  
She only sought it woman-wise,  
And found it in her feeling.  
He said this earth's a rolling ball—  
And so doth science prove it.  
He but discovered that it moves,  
She found the One that moves it.

He reads with geologic eye  
The record of the ages ;  
Unfolding strata, he translates  
Earth's wonder-written pages :  
He digs around a mountain's base,  
And measures it with plummet ;  
She leaps it at a single bound—  
And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the hidden force  
In nature's labyrinth lurking,  
And binds it to his onward car,  
To do his mighty working—

He sends his message 'cross the earth,  
 And down where sea gems glisten ;  
 She sendeth hers to God Himself,  
 Who bends His ear to listen.

He tries from earth to forge a key  
 To ope the gate of Heaven ;  
 That key is in the maiden's heart,  
 And back its bolts are driven.

They part—without her all is dark,  
 His knowledge vain and hollow,  
 For Faith has entered in with God,  
 Where Reason may not follow.

## Speak Gently.

(A word to Parents.)

IT is a great mistake to suppose that what will make a child stare or tremble, impresses more authority. The violent emphasis, the hard, stormy voice, the menacing air, only weaken authority. It commands a good thing as if it were only a bad, and fit to be in no way impressed, save by some stress of assumption. Let the command be always given quietly, as if it had some right in itself, and could utter itself to the conscience by some emphasis of its own. Is it not so well understood that a bawling and violent teamster has no real government of his team? Is it not practically seen that a skilful commander of one of those huge floating cities moved by steam on our American waters manages and works every motion by the waving of a hand, or, *by signs that pass in silence*—issuing no order at all, save in the *gentlest undertone of voice*? So when there is, or is to be, a real order and law in the house, it will come of no hard and boisterous or fretful and termagant way of commandment. *Gentleness* will speak the word of firmness, and firmness will be clothed in the airs of true gentleness.—*B.*

# FORGIVENESS.



**M**ANY young believers do not know their own blessings. It is one purpose of these papers to unfold to them some of their possessions.

Many years ago an English nobleman bought an ancient estate in Germany. After he had held it for twenty years an exploration was made in the crypts at the foundation of the castle, and a treasure-chest was discovered containing gold and silver to the value of nearly £100,000. For twenty years this wealth had been lawfully his own, yet the purchaser was not even aware of the existence of it. Should you not be glad, dear young believer, to hear of blessings really your own—the very gift of God to you?

Now the forgiveness of sins is the actual and present possession of every one who belongs to Christ, yet many do not know this. Some are hoping to be forgiven; some think they were once forgiven, but not now; and others suppose they are partly forgiven. All such should read and remember 1 John i. 12: "I write unto you little children because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." Are you one of God's little children? Then stop reading, put down this book, and lift your eyes and heart to God your Father, and thank Him for these simple and assuring words. "Your sins are forgiven." God does not require to tell you this fifty times over in His Word. His one statement to God's little children is "enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore." One title deed to an estate is as good as fifty, and one plain word of God makes the young believer as certain of his forgiveness as fifty texts

could do. The fact is, "in Christ" there is "no condemnation" (Rom. viii. 1), and in Him "we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. i. 14).

The trembling sinner feareth that God can ne'er forget :  
 But one full payment cleareth His memory of all debt,  
 When nought beside could free us or set our souls at large,  
 Thy holy work, Lord Jesus, secured a full discharge.

Who paid your debt, dear young believer ?

Christ, you say.

And when ?

When He died on the Cross.

Did He pay it in part or the whole ?

He surely paid every fraction of the debt.

Is He paying it now ?

No, for He is now in the glory of God.

Will He come again to suffer for sin ?

No, "for then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world" (Heb. ix. 25, 26).

Blessed truth ! The precious blood of Christ is the final payment for all the Christian's sins. It covers all a believer's liabilities and clears him from every charge.

But there is something more to be said. Believers are children of God, they are in God's family, yet they may do what is wrong. If so, they lose very much. But what do they lose ? Their salvation ? Are they put outside the family of God ?

No, but sin in a believer causes the loss of happiness and power, and these can never be regained until the naughty child has confessed his sin to his Father. Then he receives the Father's forgiveness, and his joy is restored. It is to Christians that the apostle John says "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9). Our first confession of our sins to God as *sinner*s brought us forgiveness when we were made children

of God. Our confessions, day by day, to our loving Father, keep us *happy children* in the Father's family.

Tell God your Father at once, dear young believer, when you fall into sin. Report to headquarters. If a train breaks down, the guard is instructed to wire at once to Spencer Street. Has your train broken down? Is there a block in the way? Do not try to put things right. Report the trouble. Tell it all into the Father's ear, and He will set your train on the lines of faith and love again. Be quite sure that if you honestly do the confessing, the Father in His grace will do the forgiving. Do you think He will be less kind than Jesus told Peter to be. Peter thought if he forgave his offending brother seven times that would be patience and forbearance enough. But Christ says, "I say not unto thee till seven times, but until seventy times seven" (Matt. xviii). Let this encourage you. Do not allow unforgiven sin to burden your memory. Keep short accounts with God.

One word more. In Ps. cxxx. 4 we read, "There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be *feared*."

Remember this. If God so freely and fully forgives, it is that He may be *feared*—that is, revered and respected—not trifled with. Should His forgiving love make you careless in your behaviour? Some boys asked Fred to join them in stealing cherries from his father's orchard. "Your father won't hurt you," said they, "he is always so kind to you." "Well," replied Fred, "because my father is so kind to me and won't hurt *me*, is that any reason why I should hurt *him*?" Fred was right, and every young believer should feel that sins forgiven make sin more hateful, and Christ more dear.

May you learn, dear young friends, to live in the joy of the present forgiveness and constant favour of God.

J. N. B.

# The Sunday School a Nursery.

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**W**HILE we must never lose sight of the fact that the chief object of the Sunday School is to present the Gospel to the children, and to seek their early conversion to God, it is also true that the Sunday School partakes of the character of a nursery for the babes in Christ.

Blessed be our God, in every healthy Sunday School there is a constant adding to the number of the saved. Boys and girls, some at a very early age, receive God's Gospel into their hearts, and become part of the household of faith. There is Divine life begotten in them, and it begins to manifest itself in various ways. Not perhaps in the same way as in a full grown man, especially one who has gone deeply into open sin. Nevertheless it is there, and those who have spiritual discernment, and who watch for the "blade" and the "ear" before the time of the "full corn" has come, will welcome the faintest pulse of this new life, and make it their business to cherish and to feed it.

Hence it is important there should be provision made for this in every Sunday School in a class in which young believers, new born babes in Christ, will receive the simplest and most elementary teaching suited to their necessities, watched over and guided by one who has the heart of a "nurse or nursing mother" (see 1 Thess. ii. 7) to cherish and care for them. From observation, we think there is often a lack of this nursery character in Sunday Schools: a lack of simple, solid, and attractive teaching, coupled with affectionate advice and loving counsel, and the consequence is, that a number who have been truly born again, slip through, and get lost sight of, whereas, had there been some care bestowed upon them, they might have grown up to become workers and helpers in that circle where they were brought to Christ. Let us then seek to make the Sunday School a nursery for babes.

(*Extract.*)



# ✿ Rays · of · Light · ✿



ONE can never be the judge of another's grief. That which is a sorrow to one, to another is joy.

NOTHING should alienate us from one another, but that which alienates us from God.

WHAT is the use of fishing without hooks? or of preaching without application?

HE that carrieth Satan in his ear is no less blameworthy than he who carrieth him in his tongue.

**Heaven.**—“One hour of joy dispels the cares  
✿ And sufferings of a thousand years.”

No man has a right to do as he pleases except when he pleases to do right.

A DEAD tree is never pruned.

LOOK out for the man or woman who is always telling you to look out for others.

YOU may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

THE Bible is like a transparent vase, seen to perfection only when lighted up within by God's Spirit.

**Changes.**—“Our souls through many changes go,  
✿ His love no change can ever know.”

A ROOTED habit becomes a governing principle.

IT is only God who can say of anything, “It is very good.” The devil has always a “But.”

PRAYER is the voice of faith.

IF you cannot honestly obtain all you want, you have an easy remedy—do not want so much.

YOU cannot judge the size of the bird by its song.

“I” is the note always too high to preach on the gospel trumpet.

**Knowledge.**—How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
✿ But as it mends the life and guides the heart.

IT is the angular rock that feels every wind and wave.

IT is the useful knife that is worn.

No life is a failure which is lived for God, and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end.

THE source of success, like the source of a river, is reached by pulling up stream.

GLORIES, like glowworms, afar off shine bright, but looked too near, have neither heat nor light.

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

HE that swells in prosperity will be sure to sink in adversity.

A HUMBLE man is like a good tree: the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend.

**Love.**—His love possessing, I am blest ;  
Secure, whatever change may come ;  
✻ Whether I go to east or west,  
With Him I shall be still at home.

DEATH will be the funeral of all the saint's evils, and the Resurrection of all his joys.

A TOMB is a monument placed on the limits of two worlds.

How can you, who do not know your own heart, know how to judge the heart and motives of another?

LEARN to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.

THE affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.

HE who would fight the devil with his own weapon must not wonder if he finds him an over match.

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.

THE light of the Gospel often shines upon men as the sun upon a dead wall,—it meets with no entrance.

HEART failure is what the church of God is dying of, not head failure.

CHRIST is before God for me; I am before the world for Christ.

# A Dead . . . . and Risen Man.

(HEB. XI. 13.)



**H**APPY is it to know, that our present lesson, as those who are dead, and whose life is hid with Christ in God, has been (*morally*), the lesson of the elect from the beginning, and that on many a bright and hallowed occasion they practised that lesson to the glory of the Lord, though at times they found it hard, and at times failed in it. This tale of the soul is well understood by us. Only we, living in New Testament times, are set down to learn the same lesson in the still ampler page, and after the clearer method, in which it is now taught us in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is some difference, let me observe, nay, I would say, distance, between a *righteous* and a *devoted* man. No saint is a devoted one, who has not been practising this lesson of which I have been speaking. The measure of his devotedness may be said to be according to his attainment in it, according to the energy he is exercising as a man dead and risen with Christ. At the beginning of his history, Job was a righteous man. He was spoken well of again and again, in the very face of his accuser. But he was not a devoted man. The whisper of his heart was this, "I shall die in my nest." Accepted he was, as a sinner who knew his living and triumphant Redeemer, godly and upright beyond his fellows, but withal, as to the power that wrought in his soul, he was not a dead and risen man.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Arise ye and depart; for this is not your rest,"

says the Spirit by the Prophet. And why? Why is it not our rest? "It is polluted," he adds. He does not say it is sorrowful, it is disappointing, it is unsatisfying, but it is polluted. The quickened soul is to gather from the *moral* and not from the *circumstances* of the scene here, its reasons for cherishing within it the power of Christ's resurrection. The dove outside the ark did not fear the snare of the fowler, but found no rest for the sole of her foot on the unpurged ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is humbling to sit down and delineate what has been so poorly reached in personal power. But "a beauteous light" may be seen "from far," and as such, some of us descry and hail the virtues of the risen life. A dead and risen man will have neither his *springs* nor his *objects* here. His principles of action will be found in Christ, and his expectations in the coming kingdom. He is taken out of all the advantages and adornings of the flesh into the righteousness of God, and then, livingly and practically, he is struggling up the hill, having, in spirit, left the low level of the world. He has taken leave of the course of the world which goes its rounds on the plain beneath, and is ascending after Jesus.

\* \* \* \* \*

He lets the world know that it could never provide him with his object. In the midst of its kingdoms and delights he is a stranger still. And virtues and qualities of heart he practises that are of like divine excellence. He can, like his Master, hide the glory to which God has appointed him, and be nothing in the present scene. Abraham did not tell every Canaanite whom he chanced to meet, that he was the heir of the country. In the ears of the children of Heth he said, "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you." He was content to be, and (what is still

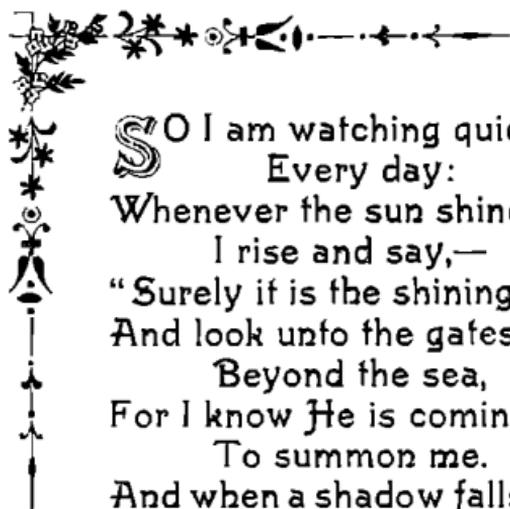
harder) to be thought to be, a homeless, houseless man. So David, when hunted and driven by the evil thing then in power, though the oil of Samuel was upon him, God's own consecration to the throne, he did not publish it. That was the secret and the joy of faith. But he did not publish it. He did not traffic with it among men—he did not talk of himself in connection with that which the world could value. He was rather, in his own reckoning, before men, no better than "a dead dog" or "a flea."

Oh, precious faith! Oh, holy and triumphant faith!

J. G. BELLETT.



## "The Lord is at hand."



SO I am watching quietly  
 Every day:  
 Whenever the sun shines brightly  
 I rise and say,—  
 "Surely it is the shining of His face!"  
 And look unto the gates of His high place,  
 Beyond the sea,  
 For I know He is coming shortly  
 To summon me.  
 And when a shadow falls across the window  
 Of my room,  
 Where I am working my appointed task,  
 I lift my head to watch the door, and ask  
 If He is come;  
 And the Spirit whispers sweetly  
 In my ear,—  
 "Only a few more shadows, and  
 He will be here."



# “UNDER HIS SHADOW.”



**A** GARDENER once told me that the tree here spoken of is the citron—a tree that, so to speak, has no seasons. It is always in leaf and flower, and always bearing fruit. Whether this is true of the tree or not, it is true of Him of whom it is a figure, and under whose shadow we sit. Mark the words, “UNDER HIS SHADOW.” I see many Christians to-day suffering from spiritual sun-stroke. The sun was made “to rule the day,” and is a figure of the influences of the day. Christians who are constantly exposed to the influences that are around us in this world know that these things have a tendency to dry us up and paralyze us spiritually. I am sure some of you know what a blessed restorative of spiritual vigour it is after a long active day of business life to get away from contact with men and things, and to sit down “under His shadow.” I dare say some of you know what it is to be travellers in a “wearyland.” Personal sorrows and difficulties, family or business cares, and perhaps worldly temptations or persecutions, crowd in upon you; and your spiritual freshness is not quite what it used to be. You need to sit down under His shadow, and the way is open for you to go to that sweet retreat and find there how He refreshes your soul. Beloved young Christians, are you in the secret personal history of your own souls tasting the joy of sitting down under His shadow? Are you finding continual satisfaction in Himself? If so, you will not want religious novels or worldly entertainments—you will not be found going in for things on the ground that there is “no harm” in them—you will not be in any way dependent for happiness on the sin-stained streams of earth. Five minutes under His shadow affords more real delight than a lifetime of the pleasures of the earth.

C. A. C.

# Surpassing Grace.



**S**UPPOSE a rich man calls in a poor one, and gives him a sovereign, it would be an act of grace. But suppose he empties a cart-load of sovereigns into his cellar, it would be grace abundant. But if he could make him possessor of an inexhaustible mine, what then? It would be grace immeasurable. Such, however, is the superabounding grace of our God to every believer. It is illimitable. The richest bank in the world might be broken by a continued run on it, but the bank of God's everlasting grace can never be exhausted, and as long as the doors are wide open all are welcome to draw from it to their heart's content. A believer who lets his heart go after this world may be compared to a man who has an inexhaustible gold mine in his garden, and a useless, worn-out copper mine in his field, and yet spends his time and energies in working the latter. He becomes the laughing-stock of his poorer neighbours.

E. H. C.



**The Eleventh Hour Labourers.**—Their hour is the last and it will soon be over, they have no temple or cathedral notions, but are content with any sort of sufficient shelter. Barracks, halls, theatres, school houses, stores, tents, gospel wagons, upper rooms or basements, anything that serves their purpose, because they are preparing for something to come rather than establishing something here and now. Many still say, as the disciples, "See what manner of stones and buildings are here!" But the answer of the Master is essentially the same now as then, and the discourse He gave in explanation, as pertinent now as then; while the duty to which He alluded—the preaching of the gospel—still remains to be done. And this the Eleventh Hour Labourers are hastening to fulfil. In all sorts of tabernacles and places of concourse they are crying, "Repent ye, and believe the gospel."

# TELL JESUS.

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IT was, no doubt, a moment of deep sorrow to John's disciples when their master had fallen by the sword of Herod; when the one on whom they had been accustomed to lean, and from whose lips they had been wont to drink instruction, was taken from them, after such a fashion. This, we may well believe, was indeed a moment of gloom and desolation to the followers of the Baptist.

But there was One to whom they could come in their sorrow, and into whose ear they could pour their tale of grief—One to whom their master had spoken, to whom he had pointed, and of whom he had said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." To Him the bereaved disciples betook themselves—"They came and took up the body, and buried it, and *went and told Jesus*" (Matt. xiv. 12). This was the best thing they could have done. There was not another heart on earth in which they could have found such a response as in the heart—the tender, loving heart of Jesus. His sympathy was perfect. He knew all about their sorrow. He knew their loss, and how they were feeling it. Wherefore, they acted wisely when "they went and told Jesus." His ear was ever open, and His heart ever at leisure to soothe and sympathise.

And oh! who can tell the worth of genuine sympathy? Who can declare the value of having One who can really make your joys and sorrows his own? Thank God! we have such an one in the blessed Lord Jesus Christ; and although we cannot see Him with the bodily eye, yet can faith use Him, in all the preciousness and power of His perfect sympathy. We can, if only our faith is simple and childlike, go from the tomb where we have just deposited the remains of some fondly-cherished

object, to the feet of Jesus, and there pour out the anguish of a bereaved and desolate heart. We shall there meet no rude repulse, no heartless reproof for our folly and weakness, in feeling so deeply. No; nor yet any clumsy effort to *say something* suitable, an awkward effort to put on some expression of condolence. Ah! no; Jesus knows how to sympathise with a heart that is crushed and bowed down beneath the heavy weight of sorrow. His is a perfect human heart. What a thought! What a privilege to have access, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, to a perfect human heart!

The perfect Man, Christ Jesus, has both room and leisure for each and for all. No matter when, how, or with what you come, the heart of Jesus is always open. He will never repulse, never fail, never disappoint. If, therefore, we are in sorrow, what should we do? We should just do as the disciples of the Baptist did, "go and tell Jesus." This, assuredly, is the right thing to do. He will dry up our tears, soothe our sorrows, heal our wounds, and fill up our blanks. In this way we shall be able to enter into the truth of Rutherford's words when he says, "I try to lay up all my good things in Christ, and then a little of the creature goes a great way with me." This is an experience which we may well covet. May the blessed Spirit lead us more into it!

C. H. M.

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## CAN YOU SAY IT?

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OH, to be over yonder!  
 My yearning heart grows fonder  
 Of looking to the eastern sky, to see the day-star bring  
 Some tidings of the waking;  
 The cloudless, pure day, breaking,  
 My heart is yearning, yearning for the coming of the King.

## No Moral Weight without Separation.



**A** NAZARITE defiled his head if he suddenly touched a dead bone. The real difficulty in intercourse with unseparated saints, as with the world, is to maintain *reserve*; that is, not to blend with them; not to allow them to think that my tastes run in the same line as theirs do. If you are amused; if your humour blends, you are powerless, you are as one of them. You have so far lost weight, because you have lost the spirit of a serving one and are pleasing yourself. I don't want to make your life a burden—far otherwise; but you will find that the moment you sink to their moral level, you expose yourself to their power to make you *feel* your position; but while you preserve for your own conscience' sake, for their sake, and for the Lord's sake, *reserve*, as I term it; that is, not lending yourself to their invitations whether intellectual or common, you are on ground above them; they will never trespass on you except for service,—and service of the better kind, too; and you are always, through the grace keeping you, ready and prepared to serve them in every way. I know you will be sorely solicited, and your natural temperament will desire to yield to the current which is carrying all around you with it. Of course I don't want you to be morose,—that would be unnatural; but I do want you *ever* to remember that you are a servant—and that in the highest sense; which makes it the more imperative that you should not at any moment be induced by blandishment, or any solicitation on the part of those around you, to overlook your position, where all depends on the amount of moral influence with which you carry yourself. Your nature often may long for a fling which is natural and pleasant to it; but as you have accepted the place you are in, I am sure your desire and prayer is that you may fill it according to the mind of the Lord, and thus serve Him.

May He guide, help, and cheer you, as His servant, and then all will be well.

# Temper.



**L**AST month we introduced the subject of *Besetting Sins*, with the idea of showing the tactics and the strength of these Satanic assailants, and also how they can be withstood. This month we proceed to go a little into detail.

*Temper*—an evil temper, is a besetting sin indeed, as many, myself included, know to our cost. How often is it said, “So-and-so is a sterling fellow, but he has such a temper;” or, “So-and-so is a most estimable woman, but she flares up at the slightest provocation.” Some are referred to as cross; others as morose; others, again, as irascible, surly, irritable, testy, and so on.

Of course there are people who are not troubled by temper, but such generally have little or no calibre and character, and their not resenting an affront is no indication of the work of grace in their souls. Neither is that grace evidenced, in this way, in those who may be blest with a gentle and a placid temperament which it is difficult to ruffle. Said one to another, after a sad ebullition of wrath, “I do wish you would control your temper a little more.” “Sir,” was the reply, “I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years.” It was a silly retort—a mere subterfuge, but still it was most true and suggestive.

Show me “the man of spirit,” as the world calls him, who, when his eyes flash, and his lips begin to quiver, and his teeth and hands clench, can yet display what Scripture calls “self-control,” and, for Christ’s sake quietly bear the injury;—I say, show me such a man, and I will show you one in whom God’s grace has won a victory over Temper.

But, how is an evil temper to be thus kept in

check? "Look to Jesus" says someone. By all means, for without Him and His strength all pious resolves and methods to meet the foe, and all entrenchments raised against him are swept away at a breath.

But the human and responsible side of the matter is not to be ignored. Thus, I have heard of one who always kept his temper in check by slowly counting 1, 2, 3, up to 12, before he spoke. Surely this was being, "slow to speak, slow to wrath." Another highly strung, nervous man was able to be deliberate and calm when opposed, by never allowing his voice to rise above a certain key! How true it is that "A soft answer (soft in tone as well as in words), turneth away wrath." Yet a third person would turn on his heel and flee as soon as he felt himself getting excited. This last method may seem to smack of moral cowardice, but often in spiritual warfare—the Roman (ch. xiii. 12), and the Corinthian (2 ep. vi. 7) warfare I mean—"Discretion is the better part of valor." (Jno. x. 5; 1 Cor. x. 14; 1 Tim. vi. 11, &c.)

"Avenge not yourselves," says the Apostle, but rather "*give place* unto wrath." If I saw a big stone rolling down a hill toward me, I should act wisely, if, instead of trying to stop it, I stepped on one side, and let it pass. So we are to "let our yieldingness be known unto all men." Still, we are also told, "*not to give place to the devil*," and this exhortation is immediately preceded by another—"Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down on your wrath." (Eph. iv. 26, 27.) If you see a man brutally ill-using a woman, your blood may well boil, and still you may not sin. But take care! When the affair is past, see that no unkind feeling lingers in your heart toward the wrong-doer, otherwise the devil will get in, and you will give place to him. Pity and prayer should supercede righteous indignation.

Let us, then, "look to Jesus;" we cannot look too earnestly. But let us also "look to *ourselves*," yea, and look "*diligently*" too (2 John 8; Heb. xii. 15). This is one of those Christian paradoxes of which the Christian life is full. J. B. S. used to say something about a man putting out on the water with a hole in his boat. He takes care to see where he is going, but, at the same time he keeps his eye on the hole. He may have plugged it well, but the danger is there, and so he is ever on the alert.

"Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh in vain." True, indeed, but still, if holy Diligence, the watchman, goes to sleep; and the besetting foe, Temper, assails and overthrows the city of the soul, is not the watchman to blame?

Of the things therefore of which we have spoken, this is the sum. If Temper is to be guarded against and subdued, two graces must be in exercise:—*Prayer*, the expression of dependence; and *Watchfulness*, the outcome of diligence. It is the simple lesson of our spiritual childhood, but which the Lord has to teach us again and again—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." S. J. B. C.



## \* \* \* "THINGS TO COME." \* \* \*

(QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.)



1. Is a second and personal return of our Lord taught in the Bible?

Yes. It is a truth interwoven in the very texture of the whole Word of God. Hundreds of passages speak of it. Whole Books treat of it, as Isaiah and generally the Prophets; it also occupies a considerable portion of the Book of Psalms. In the New Testament, the Thessalonian Epistles, and the Revelation especially, are full of it. (Compare two distinguishing portions Zech. xiv. and 1 Thess. iv.)

## 2. Why is the date of the Lord's return withheld?

That as Christians we might be found momentarily waiting, watching, looking for Him to come, and also trimming our lamps (1 Thess. i. 10; Luke xii. 35-44; Matt. xxiv. 42-44, xxv. 7). We may look *at* signs, while not looking *for* them. Scripture points to certain moral and political signs (Luke xxi. 25-28; Jude 14-18; Matt. xxiv. 32-33; 2 Peter iii. 3-4).

3. Is the coming referred to in Zech. xiv. 4-5 the same thing as in 1 Thess. iv. 15-17?

No. The Coming or presence of the Lord is a general term. The comings in these texts are at different times, for different purposes, and to different places. The *prophet's* reference is to the descent of the Lord to the literal Mount Olivet, for the deliverance of the Jews, and accompanied with all His heavenly saints. The *Apostle's* reference is to the descent to the literal air, to receive all real believers who shall be caught up in the clouds to meet Him. This latter event is one prior to the other. Before He could come *with* (Zech. xiv.), it is evident He must first come *for* His saints (1 Thess. iv). The word "coming" is applied to both events. The translation of all believers to Heaven is a New Testament truth, and one of special revelation. (1 Cor. xv. 51; 1 Thess. iv. 15.)

## 4. What will be the Order of Events?

*First*, the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout to wake up His saints. *Second*, "the dead in Christ shall rise first," *i.e.* before the living believers are changed. *Third*, all saints alive on the earth at that moment shall, with the raised dead, be changed into the image and moral likeness of Christ (Phil. iii. 21; 1 John iii. 2). *Fourth*, both classes shall be caught up together in the clouds—mode of conveyance. *Fifth*, the meeting or trysting-place between the Lord and His saints is the air. But while the foregoing is the order, all shall be accomplished in the "twinkling of an eye." "The first resurrection" began with Christ (1 Cor. xv. 23) and will be finished at the introduction of the millennial reign by the resurrection of future companies of martyrs (Rev. xx. 5-6).

5. Do the words "unto them that look for Him shall He appear" (Heb. ix. 28) imply that some may be left behind?

Certainly not. Every true believer is looking for Him to come; the time and way are not at all the question, but simply the fact. Wherever there is affection to Christ, His coming or presence is desired.

6. But if all saints shall be removed from the earth who will carry on the Testimony to God and the Truth?

The Spirit of God will act in sovereign grace from Heaven as of old. He will convert and raise up a true witness for God amongst Jews and Gentiles (Rev. vii.; Matt. xxiv. 14; Dan. xii. 3, etc.). But by what means this will be effected we are not informed.

7. What will be the length of Time and what the principal Events between the Translation to Heaven and the subsequent Return?

The interval will be one of at least seven years, covering the last week of Daniel's celebrated prophecy of 70 weeks or 490 years (Dan. ix.). The principal events will be as follows:—the National Restoration of Judah to Palestine; the resuscitation of the old Roman Empire; the rise and instalment of the Antichrist amongst the Jews as king and false prophet; the erection of a Temple and the revival of Judaism; the unparalleled tribulation which will continue three years and six months; awful conflicts between the West and the East in connection with the Jews—Rome will be opposed to Gog or Russia; outbursts of deadly hatred against the earthly saints of God—their blood shed as water; Jerusalem more than once besieged.

8. By Whom and by What means will the National Restoration of Judah be effected?

An unnamed, but evidently a commercial nation—probably Great Britain—will by her merchant navy bring about this grave event which shall change the whole political world (Isa. xviii.); the Jews being the centre of God's government of the earth and Jerusalem the capital city of that government (Deut. xxxii. 8; Ezek. v. 5).

To be continued (D.V.) next month.



## “A True Token.”

“The blood shall be to you for a token.”—EXOD. XII. 13.



**R**EGINALD Radcliffe, a Christian lawyer from Liverpool, was preaching daily in the city of Aberdeen to large crowds of deeply interested hearers, and the Spirit of God was awakening many to a sense of their sin and need of a Saviour. Young, middle-aged, and even grey-haired men and women were being converted, and the streets of “The Granite City” rang with the songs of new-born souls as the crowds dispersed, often at the midnight hour.

From the city the work of grace spread to country towns and villages, and many—how many eternity alone will tell—in all ranks and conditions of life were led to the Saviour.

In one of the pretty villages situate on the banks of the Dee there lived a retired farmer and his wife. They were regarded by all the villagers as a very exemplary pair, far above the average in religious zeal and knowledge. John was an elder in the Parish Kirk, and his wife well-known for her deeds of charity among the deserving poor. They had a servant-maid whose name was Sally, and she, while on a visit to her parents in Aberdeen, went to the meetings, and was converted. She returned to her service at Deeside full of her new-found joy, singing, as only a young convert in the fresh ardour of first love can—

“Sing, O sing ye heirs of glory,  
Shout His triumphs glad and free ;  
Heaven's gates will open to you,  
You shall find an entrance through.”

“Dinna be owre sure o' that, my lassie,” said

Sally's mistress, as she heard her maid singing her favourite verse. "Many a better body than you canna say that."

"I'm nae singing it because I'm better than ither folk, for weel I ken how great a sinner I ha'e been, but because I ha'e the blood for a token, and God says that when He sees the blood, He'll pass o'er me in judgment, and pass me in tae glory," said the happy girl.

That grand confession of the young believer stuck to her religious mistress. It was something entirely new to her to hear anyone say they were sure of salvation, for the religion in which she had been brought up only gave a hope of mercy at the judgment day, which, together with "doing as well we can and attending to the ordinances," was supposed in some indefinite way to secure a place at last in heaven.

That song of certainty, and especially that word about "the blood for a token," troubled the religious woman, and caused her to feel ill at ease. Accordingly, on the following Friday, she, along with a neighbour, went in on an errand to "The Granite City," ostensibly to buy for herself a new bonnet for the annual sacrament which was to be on the following Sunday, but actually with the intention of dropping in to hear the Evangelist without telling anybody anything about it.

She got a seat in a quiet corner, where she thought she would see and hear everything unnoticed, and then slip out in time to catch "the coach" unobserved. Imagine her surprise to find that in the very next pew sat her "neighbour," who had come on a similar errand, but who had not even mentioned to the elder's wife where she was going. As it turned out, this woman was a true believer in Christ, but like not a few in these earlier days, when a frank

confession of one's faith was not so common as now, she had been hiding her light beneath a bushel, and saying next to nothing to anybody around her of what her soul had found in Christ. The stirring words of grace and power spoken that day seem to have revived the sleeping saint, as they had awakened and aroused the religious but unregenerate sinner. The two met at the door, and as they walked along the street slowly together, the elder's wife said to her neighbour—"O, woman, but wasna' that an awfu' saying o' Maister Radcliffe's, that we might ha'e fifty tokens for the sacrament, an' if we hadna' Christ, they wid only help to sink us deeper into hell. *And I had just got my fiftieth token yesterday.*"

"And have you nae got Christ yet?" was the earnest question, as the two women came to a dead halt in the street.

"'Deed no: I canna' say that I have," was the honest answer. For a minute there was not another word spoken: the two country women stood as if "swithering" what next to do. Then taking the elder's wife by the arm, her neighbour said, "We'll gang hame ourselves by the road, Betty, and we can talk togither better about it, when there's naebody there." What passed between the women as they slowly walked along together on that calm summer evening, I cannot tell, further than this, that the tongue of the restored and revived believer was loosed to tell her now anxious neighbour of the precious blood of Jesus, once shed for sin, which alone could cleanse her sinful soul, and give her a true token and passport to the realms of glory above, and that at the midnight hour, they knelt together by the side of a hedge, to praise the Lord for the salvation of her who had as a sinner cast herself on Jesus Christ, and Him alone, for salvation, and



# "HIS BANNER OVER ME IS LOVE."\*

(Canticles ii. 4.)

An address given by Mr. J. A. Trench at Celbridge, Co. Dublin,  
April 10th, 1863.

**I** WISH to give you a motto; and I trust, if you come to see anything of the truth it contains, you will take it as a word to be next and dearest to your heart. The motto is this, "His banner over me is love." I know no more precious portion of God's Word than the whole passage from which these words are taken, for it is full of Jesus; and the moment He is presented to the souls of those who know Him, their affections are drawn out toward Him, because of all He is and has been to them. This Jesus, little known or thought of by the world, is our shelter from the heat of trial, and the food of our souls in the dearth and famine, so that we can say "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

But, my friends, is it really so with *you*? Do you know Jesus? I do not ask you by what name you call yourself, nor what doctrine you hold about Jesus, but I ask you earnestly, and must press my question, Do you know Christ for yourself?—do you know Him personally? Have you received Christ in your heart as the One whom you love above all others? do you know Him in your life as a power separating from the world and from sin? It is sad to listen to the vague and heartless way in which many who have not peace with God, but yet who acknowledge the claims of Christ, speak of Him in general terms. Oh, be warned of a religion without Jesus!—be warned of a form without power—an unreal, empty shadow! If you do not know Jesus

\*This Address was published in U.S.A., and attributed by the publishers to the late Archbishop Trench. This was a mistake, as it was delivered as intimated above.—(EDITOR.)

now as "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," you will find yourself *alone* when all other friends have failed—alone at the bar of God—alone in the solitariness of the soul without God.

But if, on the contrary, the truths about Jesus have brought you to Jesus, how blessed to have the peace and fulness of joy that He has given us before God! It is blessedly true that Jesus has died for us; He has borne our sins, and borne them away forever. But this is not the whole truth; there is more to be told and to be enjoyed,—far more than all this, wonderful as it is. He has brought us into the family of the Father. He has made us the children of God, He has given us the place of *sonship*, so that we can say, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." His blood has not only availed to wash away my sins, so that God can say, "I will remember them no more," but He has rent the veil that separated the people of old from the Holiest of Holies, and has brought me in with my High-Priest Jesus, even into the most holy presence of God. Nor am I then unclothed; for, by faith in that blood, I have been brought in as Jesus Himself, and stand there "the righteousness of God in Him." Enveloped in that spotless robe, I take my place as no unwelcome guest at the banqueting-table of love. The arms of love, from which nothing can separate me, inclose me in their embrace. The kiss of reconciliation and peace is upon my brow, and the blood gives me my title to it all.

Oh, beloved, if as a poor sinner you have really cast the eye of faith—though it be with a feeble glance—to Jesus, this look of faith, this renunciation of self and trust in Jesus, gives you this place before God, whether you know it or not. In Christ, you have your meetness for it all. Your place in the

presence of God does not depend upon any merit of your own. It does not depend on your walk down here, or upon your realization of all this blessedness, but it depends upon the value and efficacy of the blood of Jesus. May God give you to see it and enjoy it!

But, has the perfectness of my place before God given me immunity from trial, difficulty, or temptation? No, no; each true heart answers "No." My path down here may be one of trial. Each one knows the uncertainty of all that is to come. Health may fail; friends may fail; the last happy Christmas circle now complete may have many a gap in its ranks before another Christmas comes round. Besides all this, there are things hard to be borne—the reproach of Christ—the opposition of those dear to us who know not the Lord—the want of sympathy from those who are the Lord's, from whom we might have looked for the right hand of fellowship. But, beloved, it is not with the path and with its roughness that I want to occupy your mind. No; but I would have you think of the banner that floats above your heads. Up! weeping eyes that are turned in upon self, or fixed upon the rough path, or strained, amid tears, from gazing into a future where all looks dark and gloomy!—look up, and listen to the words, the precious words, "*His banner over me is love.*"

The trials and difficulties are from the hand of a Father, who deals with thee in love as with His child. He is drawing thee nearer to Himself. Thou must nestle all the nearer to the side of Jesus. There, perplexity, or coldness, or the withering blast of disappointed hopes, has no power; or if it blows at all, it serves to float over you the "banner of love."

"But the future!" you say. Well the future—trust it to your Father. Bring Him all your care, for He careth for you; and leave it with Him. Have

things turned out otherwise than you had looked or hoped for? Still "His banner over you is love," and it is your place and mine to bow our heads in meek submission to the Father's will. This was Jesus' yoke, and it is ours. "His banner over me is love!" What a thought to rest upon!—what a pillow on which to sleep or die!

But there are those who say our motto might be otherwise rendered. They say the word "*banner*" might be rendered "*standard*." Be it so, we will follow them in the change, and see if it is not still a motto for us, and if it does not remind us of how we are taken from the gentler scenes of rest in a Father's house to the sterner activities of the camp, the battlefield, and the fight. The standard at once summons me to the thought and the very presence of the enemy. Need we stop to inquire who and what he is? Nay, we are in the fight already. The world, the flesh, and the devil are opposed to us in formidable array. Our conflict is "with principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, wicked spirits in the heavenlies." We were once found on the side of those that are now opposed to us,—we walked according to their course and according to their prince; but we have been quickened, raised with Jesus, and seated in the heavenlies—brought in to the banqueting-house. But our foes ever seek to bring us down from our excellency, and make us walk in the flesh. Oh, which of us has not felt the power of the enemy? But how blessed to look up now and again,—nay, even from the scene of strife and conflict—to repose in the thought that the standard over us is love!

God, in His great love wherewith He has loved us, has given us to fight under that standard, and not all the powers of the enemy can prevail against us. Sin shall not have dominion over you! Our

standard is one of victory: there is not one blot on the unsullied fame of that standard. Far and wide it has been carried over the earth, and everywhere it has prevailed. We fight, then, in no uncertain cause, for the Lord has triumphed, and in Him the victory is secured to us. Look up, faint-hearted one! and see the names of the victories that love has won inscribed upon thy standard, and once more gird thy sword upon thy thigh, rally closer round the standard; for it is when we wander from it we fall: oftentimes we go forth in the impetuosity of self-confidence and fall, but round that standard all is victory—victory through “the blood of the Lamb.”

But then, again, as the standard is borne in the fight, it suffers. I have seen one that had never known defeat through a century of war, hanging in threads by its pole. Oh, as we gaze upon our standard of love, we see it bathed in blood; it is pierced with the spear and the nails; it has been in the deadliest conflict, when none of us were there to fight around it. Ah! you see it—the standard is *love*—*God's* love manifested in the cross of Jesus.

Jesus is our standard, and all this He has borne for us. He has fought for us alone. He has in death triumphed over death and hell. He has bruised the head of the serpent that had the power of death. He that led captivity captive has gone up on high—He is our standard of victory. Well may we take courage; for even in death we can cry, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” “Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

But there is another and a third sense in which I think we may use our motto with effect. We speak of a standard of right and wrong, and I conclude the meaning is not altogether unassociated with that which we have just been considering. As the

regiment follows the standard, never hesitating to follow where it leads, the standard becomes its guide—its rule; so we take the Word in the sense of a rule of life, and then how blessed to read, "His standard over me is love!"

Dear brothers and sisters in Jesus, what has been your rule of life to-day? Have you been setting for yourself some human model—even the dearest servant of God that you can find? If so, I say, you have been lowering God's standard. Worse again, have you been making your own experience your rule? I walked up to such a mark last year. I will make it a higher one next year. Or has it been your highest thought that you are under a system that consists of rules of right and wrong—of Do this, and don't do the other? Then, no wonder you look so unhappy, and do so little. Look for a little moment at God's standard as set before us in the light of the truth which we are considering, and now we have both parts of our verse brought into connection. Love has brought me into the banqueting-house, and now this very place before God is to be the rule of my walk down here. In other words, my *standing* is my *standard*. How influential, then, does all this truth become if one could only live in the full realization of it! What is the place which God has given me? He has brought me into His presence—made me one with Christ. Now what conduct on my part will be suitable to this position? Am I risen with Christ? then why set my affections on things below? Is my home in heaven? then let me walk as a pilgrim and a stranger here. Is my citizenship in heaven? oh, then, let every word, every act, be consistent with such a dignity.

Were these blessed truths made, by the Holy Spirit, part and parcel of ourselves, how should we be enabled, as it were, to look down from heaven to

earth and judge of things as God judges.

But the thought goes higher still: Christ is my standing before God. I am accepted in Him. Then I should walk as Christ Himself. Would Christ be found in such a scene of gaiety or revelry? would He give way to such a thought? Neither can I. Would such a word be His? Then let me not utter it! Oh how such a rule transcends all miserable questionings as to whether there is any positive command against one thing, or any harm in another! Love is a thousand times more influential than law. When the love of Christ fills the soul, there is an end of all these cold calculations of selfishness which would bargain for yielding as little to the Lord as could be withheld with an easy conscience. Oh, how different is the boundlessness of the obedience of love, that if it had a thousand hearts, would regard them all as too little for Jesus, and that finds its supreme delight in seeking to please Him in all things!

Let us, then, above all things, set Jesus before us. Let us look unto Him as One whose banner over us is love—as our standard round which to rally in every hour of conflict, and as our rule by which to order all our ways. Following in His footsteps, let us lean upon His arm, assured of His sympathy, His help, and ever looking for the moment when, according to His promise, He will come to take us to Himself.



**Certain thoughts** are prayers. There are moments in which, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.



**“The best method of defeating heresy is by establishing the truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.”**



I said to a young convert a few days ago, "When you go home will you ask God to save you?"

"Yes," he replied somewhat hastily.

"Will you?" I asked. "If you fell into a river, and were in danger of drowning, what would you cry out?"

"Save me, save me!"

"Suppose, then, a friend plunged in, rescued you, and laid you on the grassy bank of the river, would you cry 'Save me!'"

"No, I should thank him because he had saved me."

"Tell me, then, are you in sin's river or on the grassy bank of salvation?"

"Oh, I'm on the grassy bank of salvation."

"What will you do, then, when you go home?"

"Why," said my young friend, with kindling eye, "I will thank Him because He has saved me."

Have you done this, dear reader?

"By grace are ye saved," says Paul when writing to the Ephesians (ii. 8). "According to His mercy He saved us," he says to Titus (iii. 5). "He hath saved us," he tells Timothy (2 Tim. i. 9). Your condition was that of a *lost* soul; now you are *saved* by grace, and saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Blessed fact! A merchant received a telegram from his wife telling of her escape from a shipwreck in which hundreds were lost. The telegram contained the one word—"SAVED," with the wife's name at the bottom. The merchant framed the telegram and hung it on the wall of his office, in token of his gratitude and joy. "Saved!" Hang it up on your bedroom wall. Better still, let it have a constant place in your memory and heart, with day and date attached if you know them, and thank the God of Salvation until your daily song of gratitude breaks into the ceaseless praise of heaven.

II.—Salvation *present*. This is from the *power* of sin.

The railway journey from Adelaide to Brisbane takes four days. Suppose you were penniless, and a kind friend gave you a through-ticket, you might be very grateful, but it is clear that you could not start with only the ticket in your purse. What about provision for the needs of the way?

Now, it is a grand thing to be saved from the final consequences of sin, and to have a blood-purchased right to the joys of heaven; but you are not in heaven yet, and there are many perils and foes to encounter on the way thither. Any one of these is too great for you, so it is plain that you need saving every day through all these difficulties. Now, dear boys and girls, the same Jesus who died on the cross for you is exalted as Lord at God's right hand to save you every day until you reach your home. That is what Paul means, when he says "We shall be saved *by His life*" (Rom. v. 10)—that is, Christ *lives* to deliver us from the power of sin and Satan every day. And in Heb. vii. 25: "He is able to save them to the uttermost (*i.e.*, right through to the very end) that come unto God by Him."

Beloved young friends, I ask you very seriously, Do you believe to the saving of the soul? (Heb. x. 39.) Do you trust the Lord Jesus so that your souls are saved every day? You may say you are saved, but are you saved from temper, from untruth, from disobedience, from pride, from selfishness, from love of the world? Be sure of this, anyone who cannot be saved from the love of sin cannot be saved from hell. Did you ever see a blighted tree? I recollect seeing a number of such trees in an orchard, and the owner was killing off the blight and saving the trees by spraying them with a certain liquid. One tree was covered with the deadly blight, and I noticed

that my friend passed this by. "That tree will have to be taken out and burned," he explained, "it is past curing." "Ah," I thought, "a tree that cannot be saved from the blight cannot be saved from the flames." And it is equally true that a person who cannot be saved from the blight of sin cannot be saved from the flames of hell. Is not this solemn? But "Jesus saves His people from their sins" (Lu. i.). Look to Him, then, and you will overcome. All you need is a sense of weakness and fear. This will make you look up, and bring you a happy experience like that which David records in Ps. xxxiv. (Notice especially verses 4-7, 17-19.) Your weakness is no disadvantage if it makes you cry aloud to the One who has all power to save. A life-boat with its precious cargo was pitching and rolling in a fearful storm, when the old captain cried aloud to all, "Hold on! hold on!" The response came, "Ay, ay, sir!" But there was one little voice which in its sadness of despair exclaimed, "I can't hold on!" Instantly the strong arm of the captain was thrown around that trembling child, and he was safe.

Do not be discouraged, dear young converts, Christ is Saviour still. He is stronger than Satan, and in His strength you may win the victory again and again, and be saved day by day from the power of sin.

III.—Salvation *future*. This is from the *presence* of sin.

Salvation will be complete when the Lord Jesus descends from heaven and takes us home. Then we shall be saved from the presence of evil.

That day of salvation, though future, draws still nearer every hour (Rom. xiii. 11), and our hope is that the writer and all his beloved young friends may soon hear the shout that calls the saved ones home, to be for ever with the Lord. J. N. B.

# Evil Speaking.\*

(Prov. xvi. 28; James iv. 11.)



**P**ERHAPS no sin is more common than the one which stands at the head of this paper, and certainly none is more productive of sorrow.

Whilst all kinds of evil speaking are bad, some are worse than others, because the motives are worse. Every sin that comes out of us has a motive behind it, and if we would mortify the sin we must not only deal with its branches, leaves and fruit, but judge it at its *root*. Now, evil speaking may be incited and fed by at least three inward producing causes.

*1st.—Thoughtlessness.* How often are bad things said of others without the remotest idea of doing them injury. Yet thoughtless words are repeated again, with perhaps more added to them, and so mischief and strife, and alienation and suspicion are brought about. Oh, the misery that a few such words may work. “Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.”

*2nd.—Vainglory.* It is hard to keep a secret, and it is quite as hard to keep a bad one as it is a good one. The communication of *news* on our part invests us with a momentary importance. Alas, is it not true that our lips sometimes repeat an evil report just to show how much we know? Such is the littleness and vanity of the poor human heart!

*3rd.—Maliciousness.* This is closely akin to the diabolical, but I do not think that evil speaking is often caused by it, I mean among the people of God. I should hope not. If it is so, the besetting sin, instead of being treated as a foe, is rather welcomed as a friend. To whisper an evil, calmly and deliberately, with the express object of working

another's ruin, is the hiss and venom of "that old serpent, the devil."

In warning myself and my brethren of this besetting sin, let me give the following pungent quotation:—

How solemn the word!—"He that loveth not his brother" "is not of God," but "abideth in death." And can we love our brother and speak evil of him? There is, perhaps, no sin into which the Christian is more liable to fall, or of which he takes so little account, as that of evil speaking; and yet, by our blessed Lord, "evil thoughts" and "evil speaking" are classed along with "*murders, adulteries, and thefts.*" "Evil speaking" and "blasphemy" are identical. They are only different translations of the same word. In common parlance, blasphemy is only used of evil speaking in reference to the Lord; but it is not so in Scripture. It is there used, in like manner, in reference to men. He who speaks evil of his brother wrongfully is literally and scripturally guilty of *blasphemy*. Satan is "the accuser of the brethren," and from his so acting, he is called *diabolos*, "an accuser, a slanderer" (Parkhurst). The very same word (*diabolos*) is applied in Scripture to those who "slander" or "falsely accuse" their brethren (1 Tim. iii. 11; Tit. ii. 3, &c., see Greek). False accusation is therefore literally and scripturally "diabolical."

But now, what is the remedy? How is this great evil to be withstood?

*Evil hearing.*—First of all there must be no evil hearing. "He who carrieth Satan in his ear is as guilty as he who carrieth him in his tongue."

How true! I was told of a brother who always has a small stone in his pocket, and whenever one speaks evil of another in his hearing, he takes the stone out and hands it to the speaker, with the words, "He that is without sin let him first cast a

stone." This is the way to deal with the traducer.

But there is another and a deeper thing to be judged, and that is—

*Evil thinking.*—If there were no evil thinking there would be no evil speaking. If the heart is full of the love of Christ, that "love which thinketh no evil" will find no room for back-biting. "If there be *any* virtue," says the apostle, "if there be *any* praise, think on these things." Cannot you see anything of Christ in yon brother's ways? You can if you look at them with the eyes of love. Well, "think on these things."

"Love shall cover the multitude of sins." Oh that we might seek to have more of that love that covers evil as long as the necessity of truth and righteousness does not demand that it should be revealed. Remember how the posterity of Ham was cursed because he gazed upon the nakedness of his father. That is just what scandal does. It unblushingly contemplates the shame of another, and tells it forth, as Ham did to Noah's two other sons; but *Love*, like the two who heard about it, takes a covering and goes backward and hides the shame (Gen. ix.).

One word more. When our character is "taken up into the lips of the talkers" (Ezek. xxxvi. 3) and traduced, what is the best thing to do? Follow in the steps of Him "who made Himself of no reputation,"—"who being reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously." Spurgeon once said, "A big lie is like a big fish out of water; leave it alone and it will soon beat itself to death." The same is true of all the little tittle-tattle and gossip which often irritates the Lord's servants and makes them writhe. Leave it alone with God. My character is safer in His hands than



# The Supremacy of Christ.

*Extract from a treatise on Faith, by Melito of Sardis—A. D. 176.\**

WE have made collections from the Law and the Prophets relative to those things which have been declared respecting our Lord Jesus Christ, that we may prove it to you that He is perfect Reason, the Word of God, Who was begotten before the light; Who was the Fashioner of man; Who was All in All; Who among the patriarchs was Patriarch; Who in the law was the Law; among the priests, Chief Priest; among kings, Governor; among prophets, The Prophet; among the angels, Archangel; in the Voice, the Word; among spirits, Spirit; in the Father, the Son; in God, God; the King for ever and ever. For this was He Who was Pilot to Noah; Who conducted Abraham; Who was bound with Isaac; Who was in exile with Jacob; Who was sold with Joseph; Who was Captain with Moses; Who was the Divider of the inheritance with Joshua, the son of Nun; Who in David and the Prophets foretold His own sufferings; Who was incarnate in the Virgin; Who was born at Bethlehem; Who was wrapped in swaddling clothes in the manger; Who was seen of Shepherds; Who was glorified of Angels; Who was worshipped by the Magi; Who was pointed out by John; Who assembled the Apostles; Who preached the kingdom; Who healed the maimed; Who gave light to the blind; Who raised the dead; Who appeared in the Temple; Who was not believed on by the people; Who was betrayed by Judas; Who was laid hold on by the Priests, Who was condemned by Pilate; Who was pierced in the flesh; Who was hanged upon the tree; Who was buried in the earth; Who rose from the dead; Who appeared to the Apostles; Who ascended to heaven; Who sitteth on the right

\* It was addressed to believers, and (to use the words of the Author of an exhaustive work on the Canon of Scripture) herein we catch the clear accents of faith, in the familiar language of the Christians one to another. In place of the constrained language of the Apology to the Heathen, we listen to the triumphant hymn.

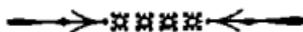
hand of the Father ; Who is the Rest of those who are departed ; the Recoverer of those who are lost ; the Light of those who are in darkness ; the Deliverer of those who are captives ; the Finder of those who have gone astray ; the Refuge of those who are afflicted ; the Bridegroom of the Church ; the Charioteer of the Cherubim ; the Captain of the Angels ; God, who is God ; the Son, who is of the Father ; Jesus Christ, the King for ever and ever. Amen.

NELSON, N.Z.

(Communicated by J. P. H.)



## The Confidence of Faith.



**I**N a large house that stood in a lonely place in the south of England, there lived a lady and her two maidservants. They were a good way off from all other dwellings, but they trusted in God, and dwelt in peace and safety. It was the lady's custom to go round the house with her maids every evening, to see that all the windows and doors were properly fastened. One night she had been round with them as usual and seen that all was safe. The servants left her in the lobby close to her room, and then went to their own chamber, which was quite at the other end of the house.

As the lady entered her own bedroom she distinctly saw a man hidden away under her bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away. If she screamed they would not hear her ; and even if they did come, what could three weak women do against a desperate housebreaker? How, then, was she to act? She felt that nothing but the power of God could save her. She lifted up her heart in silent prayer for help. Quietly she closed her door and

locked it on the inside, as she was in the habit of doing, then she leisurely brushed her hair, and putting on her dressing gown, she took her Bible and sat down to read. She turned to the ninety-first Psalm, which speaks so beautifully of God's watchful care over His people by day and by night, and she read it *aloud*.

Only think how sweet and comforting it must have been, as she read on, to feel as if God were speaking these precious words to her:—

“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day; . . . . Because thou hast made the Lord, . . . . even the most High, thy habitation; there shall be no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. . . . He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.”

When she had done reading she knelt down and prayed, still uttering her words *aloud*. She committed herself and her servants to God's protection; she told Him of their helplessness and dependence on Him; she pleaded the promises she had just been reading from His blessed Book, and prayed that she might find those promises fulfilled in her own experience. Then she put out the light and lay down.

After a while she heard the robber come out from under the bed; he stood by her bedside; he spoke to her and told her not to be frightened; said he, “I came here to rob you, but after the words you have read, and the prayer you have offered, nothing on earth could induce me to hurt you or to touch a thing in your house; but you must remain perfectly

quiet. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then we will go away, and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my word that no one shall harm you or yours, but, before I go, you must give me the Book you read out of; I never heard such words before; I must have that Book." She gave him permission to take her Bible. He then went to the window and whistled softly, and left the room, and all was quiet. The lady fell asleep in sweet peace with which her trust in God filled her heart.

When the morning dawned, and she awoke, we may imagine how she poured forth her thanksgiving and praise to Him who had defended her "under His wings," and kept her safe, covered with "His feathers," so that she was not afraid of the "terror by night."

The lady heard nothing more of the robber for a number of years. One day, however, she was attending a Bible Society meeting in a town in Yorkshire. After several had spoken, a man, who was employed as a colporteur, rose to speak. He told this story of the lady and the robber, in order to show the wonderful power of the Word of God. He concluded by saying, "*I was that robber.*" The lady rose in the meeting and said, "It is all true, *I am that lady,*" and sat down again.

Thus did she and he and others rejoice at the manifest power of the *bare Word of God*—"the Sword of the Spirit." Christian worker and warrior, trust it, use it, and God will bless it—bless it far more effectually than He will any word of thine own!

(Anon.)



What we want is not new *light*, but new *sight*; not new paths, but new strength to walk in "the old paths."



# \* ❁ ❁ ❁ "THINGS TO COME." ❁ ❁ ❁

(QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.)

9. Will the Lord's coming be Pre-Millennial or Post-Millennial?

Pre-millennial it must be, for, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection;" the saints of which "shall reign *with Him* a thousand years," *i.e.*, the whole course of the millennium (Rev. xx. 6). The epoch of the Church's glory (Col. iii. 4), creation's deliverance (Rom. viii. 21), and Israel's blessedness (Ps. cii. 16) synchronise with and are dependent upon the Lord's second and *personal* advent. The Son of Man is the nobleman of Luke xix., who "went into a far country to receive for Himself a kingdom *and to return*," which latter is at the *commencement* of the millennial reign of one thousand years; then at the end the kingdom is delivered up to God, even the Father, in absolute perfection (1 Cor. xv. 24).

10. What will be the moral condition of the World and of the Church immediately preceding the Lord's coming?

The Hebrew prophet says "darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people" or "peoples" (Isa. lx. 2); that is, the Gentile world will be in a state of utter ignorance of God while truth and righteousness will be trampled upon. Many then will say, "Who will shew us any good?" (Ps. iv. 6), which will have been banished from the earth before Jehovah shines in glory and visits Zion in mercy. The Apostle *Jude*, in burning words and striking emblems, sketches Christendom-corruption from the conception of evil in the bosom of the Church till its destruction by the personal advent of the Lord with His saints, according to the earliest prophecy on record—that of Enoch delivered 3,500 years ago.

The Christian profession will be one of complete apostasy at the coming of the Lord (verses 4-18). The last phase of the professing Church, which is rapidly developing, will be one of utter loathing and disgust to Christ. When He has rejected her, then the "beast"—civil power of Rome—will take her up (Rev. iii. 16; xvii.) There is at present a marked and decided return to the ancient philosophy of heathenism, and the subverting of Christianity.

11. Will the Heathen World be blest before or after the second advent?

After. At the close of the judgments preceding and accompanying the coming of the Lord, and when the Lord has taken up His abode in midst of redeemed Israel—"It shall come to pass *afterward* that I will pour out my spirit unto *all* flesh," of which Pentecost was a pledge and sample (Joel ii. 28; Ps. xcvi. 2, 3; Isa. xi. 9).

12. Will Christendom continue in the goodness and mercy of God?

No. The Christian profession is warned by the example and fate of Israel, and threatened with a like excision if she continues not in the Divine goodness (Rom. xi.). The kingdom of heaven—baptized Christendom—is likened to a field consisting of *wheat* and *tares*—of mingled good and evil; to a woman inserting leaven (always the type of *evil*) in the pure meal "till the *whole* was leavened;" also to a net full of fishes—good and bad (Matt. xiii.). The seven parables of that chapter also show that evil will exist and increase till dealt with by the Lord Himself. Christendom has not continued in the goodness of God (2 Tim. iii.; Jude; Rev. ii., iii.).

13. Will evil increase before the Lord comes?

It *will* increase. "Evil men and seducers shall wax *worse and worse*, deceiving and being deceived." "In *the last days* (already set in) perilous

times shall come." This inspired oracle is followed by an account of Church-corruption, in words almost precisely similar to that which sets forth old heathen wickedness (2 Tim. iii. 1-13; Rom. i. 28-32).

14. In what character will Christ come for His Bride?

As the *Bridegroom*, to present her to Himself—in youth, beauty, and glory (Rev. xxii. 17; Eph. v. 25-27; 2 Cor. xi. 2).

15. In what character will Christ come for His people individually?

As the *Saviour*, thus completing His blessed work—already applied to our souls and consciences—in fashioning and glorifying, like His own, the bodies of His saints (Phil. iii. 20, 21).

16. In what character will Christ assume the Government of the Earth?

As "*Son of Man*"—His title of peculiar delight (Ps. viii.). *Who* is this Son of Man?—Jesus, now honoured and glorified (Heb. ii. 6-9). *When* will the Son of Man exercise universal sovereignty?—At the completion of the first resurrection, which will be of saints *only*, and will precede the raising of the wicked by 1,000 years (1 Cor. xv. 23-27; Rev. xx. 5, 6).

17. In what characters will Christ come for Israel's blessing and glory?

As *Son of God*, *King of Israel*, *Son of David*, and *Son of Man*. The *first* title lays the ground of all blessing in the glory and dignity of His person; the *second* secures the gathering of and government of all the tribes of Israel; the *third* lays the ground of His legal right to Judah's long deserted throne—Christ being legal heir through the Solomon or royal branch of the house of David; while the *fourth* lays the moral ground in His work, and reveals His rights over all (Ps. ii.; viii.; xlv.; Matt. xxi. 9; etc.).



Lord's day, and I helped also a little in working amongst the young. I also went to one meeting in the week, feeling it was not right to do less. Under the plea, however, of necessary bodily exercise I mixed largely with the world in sports and amusements. In travelling I desired to see as much of the world as possible;—in short, although I recognized the claims of God *over part of my time*, I lived the rest to please myself.

Not that I ran to any excess; on the contrary, in every respect my life was very regular and steady. It is of principles I now speak, and my principle was to please myself as far as possible, without violating what my conscience told me God required.

Of course I was not very happy. In this I am sure you, my reader, will bear me out if you are trying to trim with the world and *draw the line*, so as to include as much of it as possible.

In this way, therefore, I went on drawing my own lines of demarcation; and as I had a good many Christian companions, each with lines of their own drawing, and which often did not coincide with mine, the question continually arose, "Is this right?" or "Is that wrong?"

But the Lord had a better course for me than always steering as near as possible to the rocks and shoals which I loved, although I knew the danger I ran if I struck upon them.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in the autumn of — I left home for a month's pleasure tour. The programme was a delightful one to me, and just suited my tastes, being mainly by water. One of my companions was a child of God, the other was not. At first everything went well, our plans prospered, the weather was fine, the scenery magnificent. But after a few days things suddenly took a turn. We suffered ship-

wreck, and after being nearly drowned, were compelled to give up the water and travel by land.

All this spoke to my conscience, which was by no means completely at its ease, for none of my boundary lines between what was right and what was wrong for a Christian had really satisfied it; but of one thing I was glad; by going on foot instead of by water I found we should be able to include in our route a town I had long wished to visit, in order to see a Christian who lived there, and of whose consistent and happy life I had very often heard. Fortunately the town was in the midst of beautiful scenery, so I was enabled to change our route without disclosing what was in my heart. After some unpleasant adventures we reached the town about 7 o'clock one evening. On leaving our hotel after dinner I went to the meeting-room and found that a lecture was being given by the very man I had come to see. I cannot remember a word of that address. I had attended meetings and lectures from my infancy. God was now going to work in my soul by other means.

I was not unknown by name to the lecturer, and was, with my friends, invited to supper. Somehow I listened that night with wonderful interest to what I heard of the Lord's work, in which he was so happily engaged, and as I looked at his face, I felt that he at least had found a source of pleasure, in serving his Master, to which I was still a stranger. What struck me, too, was not so much the work he spoke of, as the manner in which it seemed to flow from a real love to Christ, so that even I felt it must be a very happy life to lead.

At a late hour we left, promising to breakfast with our new friend in the morning. We had to tell him something of our plans, although I must say I felt somewhat ashamed at laying my tour of pleasure

by the side of his work for the Lord. I thought a good deal that night about the different paths he and I were pursuing, both children of God.

In the morning, after breakfast, he brought out a map and showed us our way to a neighbouring lake of great beauty, which we had arranged to reach by boat, and he bid us good-bye, but with a sad look at me, that went to my heart, for I saw he pitied me.

I let my companions row while I steered. All at once, when about half way to the lake, the *truth* flashed upon me, and I saw I was the *slave of self* instead of being *Christ's freeman* and His servant. I saw I was being dragged about, for its own pleasure, by the wretched self that God had condemned, and I felt it was not I. I had different tastes. I longed to serve Christ, and as the sense of His love to me, and His forbearance all the long years I had known Him, filled my heart, I felt I was in an intolerable bondage I would endure no longer.

I had a right to be free. Christ had died to set me free, and yet here was I working like a galley slave to please myself. What made me see it so clearly was that I had just left a *free man*. He, at any rate, was not toiling at the old oar. He was under a new Master, and was free from the tyranny of the old.

A slave will endure a great deal of bondage if he is not brought face to face with freedom; but if he is in the company of a free man, his soul must indeed be dead if he does not long to lose his fetters. My mind at any rate was made up. I would not endure it another day.

The time past of my life was indeed more than sufficient to have lived in the flesh, to have wrought my own will, and Christ having suffered for me in the flesh, I armed myself with the same mind, no

longer to live in the flesh, after the desires of men, but according to the will of God. It was from myself I now turned (that I had served so faithfully) to Christ; from doing my own will to a desire to do His.

I sat in the boat with all this passing in my mind, and said nothing; but I prayed to the Lord to make this conversion a very real one, and to enable me from that day to do *His will*, and not my own.

At last I began to think how to get out of my tour, as I longed to spend some days where I was to see more of my friend, who, not by his words, but simply by the force of *living for Him who died for him*, had been the means of this my second conversion; and the Lord opened the way in a remarkable manner. My unconverted companion began talking about the tour, and how tired he was of walking. I proposed to stay a few days where we were, while he visited some friends he had near, to which he assented.

By this time we reached the lake, but I must confess its beauties are almost forgotten in the remembrance of the beauty I saw in the path of Christ.

On our return my companion went on his way, while we who were Christians went up to see my friend again. He was surprised at the sudden change in our plans, and insisted on our making his house our home.

This we did, and what I *saw* in his life fully confirmed me in my discovery, that *to please one's self is slavery, and that the only liberty and happiness for a Christian is to do the will of God.*

This, then, is the simple story of my second conversion from the principle of serving self to serving Christ; for although in many respects I did the same things, by God's grace it was in measure through the influence of a new principle, and it is *this* that is of

all importance in God's sight. *What we do* is of course a serious question, but *why we do it* is a far deeper one, both to God and ourselves.

I have hesitated for many years to record these experiences, feeling how feebly they present the great truth of deliverance from self, and knowing how still more feebly I have carried it out. But seeing in Scripture how often a personal testimony is given, I look to the Lord, that he may use this narrative to the full deliverance of any who may still be seeking to serve two masters.

*(Communicated by J. N. B.)*



**“The Scalded Feet.”**—A leading brother once so severely took a brother to task and exposed him for a fault, that, disheartened and bitter, the erring brother seemed ever to carry about with him the brand of the chastisement. It seems, however, to have had a softening influence on the chastiser, for afterwards he would urge others always to speak kindly to the erring—to be very, very careful in reproof. He said: “It would have been better for me to have left the travel stains on my poor brother's feet than to have taken, as I did, boiling water to wash them with. I felt sick at heart to see him unable to walk because I had scalded his feet.” It is not everyone that is fit to wash a disciple's feet. No, dear reader, alas! it is not; fault-finding is not feet-washing; exposing one another's shame is not the ministry of Christ for one another. The devil can expose our sins even to God, but he cannot remove—nor does he wish to do so—one sin from God's people. It would be better to hold one's peace about our fellow-Christians than so roughly to handle them that their feet should be scalded—their walk permanently injured.

F. W.





## “13 Years a Mourner.”



**A**T the close of a gospel meeting, an old lady pushed her way through the crowd and caught me by the hand, exclaiming as she did so, “Sir, I’m afeard you’ve made it too easy to-night. You said people can be saved in a moment. You said *you* were saved in a moment, but I’m afeard you couldn’t a’ got it right. Why it took me thirteen years to get where you say you got so quick. I can’t believe God would a’ put me off so long if He could just as well a’ done it in a moment. I wuz thirteen years a mourner before I got peace.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, then added, “Tell me about it. I should like to hear just how you did get saved.” She readily complied, and her story was very much like this.

“When a young girl of sixteen she became troubled about her soul. With her parents she had gone to an old-fashioned camp-meeting in the timber. There she had been brought face to face with her sins. She was not by any means what people would have called a wicked young woman, but her awakened conscience told her she was a poor, lost sinner, utterly unfit for heaven. She at once set about the great task of *making her peace with God*. (She knew not that Christ *had* “made peace through the blood of His Cross.” Col. i. 20.)

She “went forward” to the “mourner’s bench” and there wrestled and prayed, confessed her sins, and promised to do better, vowed to give up all for Christ, to be or do anything, to go anywhere, for Him, if He would only give her to know herself forgiven.

Many in the tent that night professed to find de-

liverance from their load of guilt, but there was no such joy for her, and at last as the lights were about to be put out, she turned disheartened from the bench thoroughly exhausted with weeping and agonizing, but dark as ever as to eternal things.

This was the beginning of a thirteen years' struggle. From that night, until she was nearly thirty years of age, she never lost an opportunity to go forward. She was known as the "revival stand-by." That is, at the call for "seekers," she always led the way to the "mercy-seat" (alas that she was not pointed to the true Mercy Seat) or "penitent form," and thus "broke the ice" for others.

In answer to her anguished inquiries as to what to do to be saved, she was exhorted to "give up," "surrender all," "forsake sin," "pray more earnestly," "promise God to more fully obey Him," "put all on the altar," etc., etc. She honestly sought to do all she was told, but still no peace came. Shortly after her first awakening, she had joined the church on probation; but the six months went by, and she had no more rest than before, so she made up her mind not to be a hypocrite by becoming a "full member," and so, practically remained a probationer for twelve years and a half.

She read her Bible every day, prayed regularly, went to church, was active in works of benevolence, and did her best to merit the favor of God, but all to no purpose.

"And how," I asked, "did you get peace at last?"

"Well, you see, sir," she replied, "I had been a' seeking for thirteen years, and one night I went to a big meeting, and sat through it, very miserable. When the call came for seekers, I rose up, mechanically like, and went forward as I always had for so long. When I got to the bench, a feeling of hopeless despair seemed to come over me. I had tried so

hard, and still God didn't seem satisfied. I had prayed so much, but no peace came. This night I grew afraid of myself for I just felt I couldn't pray any more. I had done everything I knew to do, and it seemed a hopeless task. I was afraid I could never get what I wanted. But suddenly I says, "Well, if I've got to go to hell I'll go praying anyway," and I commenced. But I couldn't pray as I usually did. I just said, "Well, Lord, I don't see what more I can do; I've got no heart left. My strength seems all gone. If You don't save me to-night, I'll be lost, for I'm in despair. I can't save myself, and then, heart-broken, I fell sobbing on the floor."

"And *then*?" I repeated, for I felt the crisis had been reached. "And *then*," she reiterated, "I saw it all. Jesus had died for me—done it all, and I was saved by trusting Him. I remembered a verse that said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I knew I did believe, and a strange peace came into my heart, for *God told me by that verse that I was saved*. I never went forward since, but it took me thirteen years to get it."

"Yes," I said, "do you know *why*."

"Well," was the answer, "I wasn't earnest enough before, I guess, and don't think many gets earnest enough in so short a time as you spoke of to-night."

"No, no, that was not it at all. You were thirteen years getting to the end of *your earnestness*.

You, like all others, got saved when you despaired of yourself, and turned alone to Christ, and if you had done that thirteen years before, you would have been saved *then*."

"Oh, but I hadn't repented enough before."

"True, you never did repent till that night. Praying, and agonizing, and promising are not ne-

cessarily repentance. You repented when you acknowledged your strength was gone, and you were hopeless to save yourself. True repentance is self-judgment; the acknowledgment of my guilt and inability to merit God's favor. When you gave up trying then you found peace, for Christ began when you left off. Had you stopped trying at first, you'd have had thirteen years to rejoice in, instead of being thirteen years a mourner."

The dear old soul looked strangely at me, and then said slowly, "And so I really might a' had it all thirteen years before? Yes, yes, I see it now. Well I guess your way isn't *too* easy after all, for perhaps its God's way."

"Yes, it is God's way." And in proof we looked at Isa. lv. In verse 7 we read: "Let the wicked forsake *his way*, and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." The next verse goes on to contrast God's ways and thoughts with man's.

Reader, this poor woman's *way* was by mourning and agonizing: your *way* may be by doing good and going to church; some people's *way* is baptism and the sacrament, but God's *Way* is Christ (Jno. xiv. 6). Indeed, some abuse this very passage, and tell poor sinners they must forsake their sins (instead of their *way*), ere they can come to the Lord. But, surely, if they had no sins, they would need no Saviour.

It is far easier to get men to forsake bad habits than to forsake their various ways of salvation; far easier to start them praying and doing than to get them to utterly turn from all their own thoughts, and accept God's Way of salvation, and God's Thoughts about the work of His Son. Have you forsaken *your way* and *your thoughts*? Trust, then, in Christ and you are *instantly saved*. (Tract.)

# Eternal Salvation:

ITS SOURCE, CHANNEL, AND AUTHORITY.

(Read Heb. x. 5 to 8.)



**A**RE you anxious about your soul? If so, we want you to take your Bible and devote a few minutes to a passage in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. We would ask you to read it carefully and earnestly; for we are persuaded that, if you are really anxious about your soul's salvation, you will find in this scripture the true ground of peace—divinely safe anchorage.

We find three great subjects or branches of truth presented in this passage; namely, I. The *will* of God; II. The *work* of Christ; III. The *witness* of the Holy Ghost. In other words, we have the Source, the Channel, and the Authority of the soul's full and eternal salvation. We have the eternal Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—engaged in the great work of laying the foundation of our peace. This, surely, is something worthy of serious thought.

## THE WILL OF GOD.

"Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God. By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."—Heb. x. 7, 10.

And first, then, as to the Source of salvation. It is of all-importance to the anxious soul to lay hold, with clearness and power, of the fact that the glorious plan of redemption had its origin in the will of God. Redemption was no after-thought with God. He, blessed be His name! was not taken by surprise when man fell. He had not then to sit down and devise what He would do. The plan had been drawn long before. Far back in the eternal counsels of His infinite mind, the whole matter was weighed and settled. Such is the evident force of this scripture. From before all worlds—before the

entrance of sin, it was ordained that Christ should come and do the will of God, and that will had respect to man's salvation.

This is an immense fact for the heart to seize. It proves so blessedly the love of God to the sinner: He might have left us to perish, as we justly deserved because of our sins; but instead of that, no sooner had sin entered than forth came the glorious plan of redemption through the bruised Seed of the woman—a plan laid in the mind of God from all eternity, and written down in the volume of the book.

To carry out this marvellous plan, the eternal Son came forth from the bosom of the Father—the dwelling-place of ineffable love. He came to do the will of God, cost what it might. It was His meat and His drink to do it. He came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of His Father; and—all praise to His name!—He has done it. He has perfectly accomplished the will of God. He has finished the work, and thus laid the solid foundation of our peace. What all the sacrifices under the law could not do, Jesus, by His one offering, did.

### **THE WORK OF CHRIST.**

"And every priest standeth daily ministering, and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins: but this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool. For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."—*Heb. x. 11-14.*

Here we have the channel through which redemption flows to us, namely, "The offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." It is not through the church—not through the sacraments—not through rites and ceremonies—not through the ordinances and offices of religion—not through works of righteousness of any sort whatever, prayers, fastings, alms, or aught else of man's doing or devising, but "through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." Mark the force and importance of the word

“*once.*” There can be no repetition of the sacrifice. To think of a continual sacrifice for sins is to deny the plain statement of the Holy Ghost. If we are to be guided by God’s Word, then it is plain that our sins have been put away by the one perfect sacrifice of Christ on the cross. The proof of this is seen in the fact that Jesus is seated on the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. The daily standing of the Jewish priests has been displaced by the eternal session of the Son of God—the many sacrifices of the Levitical ceremonial, by the one offering of Jesus Christ. The priests under the law could never sit down, because their work was never done. Jesus, having finished His work, has sat down for ever. Here lies the true secret of rest for the conscience. Christ is seated. He will never again rise to address Himself to the work of sin-bearing. When He rises, it will be to receive His people to Himself, and then to execute judgment upon His foes.

### THE WITNESS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

“Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us: for after that he had said before, This is the covenant that I will make with them; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin.—Heb. x. 15-18.

And now one word as to the authority on which we receive this perfect redemption—this full salvation. It is the witness of the Holy Ghost, which, be it carefully noted, is the Word of God, the Holy Scriptures.

Hence, then, if it be asked, “How do you know that your sins and iniquities are all put away?” we reply, “By the witness of the Holy Ghost—the testimony of Holy Scriptures.” This is a point of cardinal importance. The authority on which I rest for the salvation of my soul is as truly and absolutely divine as the channel through which that salvation flows, or the source from whence it em-



# The Happy Man.

(From an old tract published in 1800.)

**T**HE Happy Man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the Parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated in the School of Obedience, and lives now in the town of Perseverance. He works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding that he has a large estate in the County of Christian Contentment; and many times does jobs of Self-denial. He wears the plain garb of Humility, and has a fine suit to put on when he goes to court—Christ the Robe of Righteousness. He often walks in the valley of Self-abasement, and climbs the mount of Spiritual Mindedness. He breakfasts every morning upon Prayer, and sups every evening upon the same. He has meat to eat that the world knows not of. Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel submission in his will, due order in his affection, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, true humility in his heart, real divinity in his breast, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, a crown of glory on his head. Happy is the life of such a person. In order to attain which, believe firmly, pray fervently, wait patiently, walk humbly, live holily, die daily, redeem the time, cleave close to Christ and long for His glory. A true Christian is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentment his rest, Heaven is his inheritance, Truth and Justice his two ladies of honour, Devotion his chaplain, Solemnity his companion, Charity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Love his treasurer. Piety is mistress of the house, and Discretion is porter of the lodge. He is obliged to go through the world on his way to heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can, and his delight, day by day, is to enjoy communion with and to glorify his God.

Reader, are *you* this happy man?

# Jack, the Mute.\*

“Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”—GAL. vi. 9.

**J**ACK was a puny little fellow, heavy-looking, and destitute of the life and animation common to deaf and dumb mutes.

He seemed for a long while unable to comprehend my object in placing before him pictures of a dog, man, hat, &c., made of letters cut up, or when I guided his little hand to trace the same letters on the slate. It was indeed a work of time and patience; his unmeaning grin was most provoking, and all my friends said that my efforts would prove a failure. With a sudden burst, however, the boy's mind seemed to break through its prison, and he looked around on every object as if he had never seen it before. And everything that was not too heavy he brought to me with the question, “*What?*” which he made with his fingers. I was greatly puzzled when he kept pointing to the dog and then to himself, saying, “*What?*” meaning, what was the difference between him and the dog? Both of them, as he explained to his teacher, could sleep, and walk, and eat, but neither of them could talk—what was the difference between them?

I do not remember how long after his coming to me it was that Jack at last began to enquire after God; he seemed full of grave and restless thoughts, and then approaching me, pointed to the sun, and by a movement of the hands as if kneading bread, asked me whether I made it. I shook my head. “*Did my mother?*” “*No,*” “*Did Mr. R——, or Mr. S——, or the priest?*” “*No.*” Then, “*What? what?*” he repeated, with a frown of impatience.

\*Written by his lady teacher.

I pointed upwards to heaven with my finger, and spelt the word GOD very solemnly. He seemed struck, and asked no more at the time; but next day he overwhelmed me with "what's," and seemed determined to know more about it. I told him that He of whom I spake was great, and strong, and powerful, and kind. He smiled, and replied that he did not know how the sun was made, for he could not keep looking at it; but the moon he thought was made like a dumpling, and sent rolling over the tops of the trees as he sent a marble across the floor. As for the stars, he thought that they were cut out with a large pair of scissors, and stuck in the sky with the end of the thumb.

Next day, Jack came to me in great wrath, intimating to me that my tongue ought to be pulled out. This was his usual sign when he thought a lie had been told. So I looked innocent, and said, "What?" He reminded me of yesterday's conversation, telling me he had looked everywhere for God; he had been down the street, over the bridge, into the churchyard, through the fields, had peeped into the grounds of the castle, walked past the barrack-yard, and had got up from his bed at night to look out of the window, all in vain! he could not see nor find God. *He saw "nobody big enough to put his hand up and stick the stars into the sky."* I was bad; my tongue must be pulled out. "God—no." "God—no." This he repeated so often that it went to my heart.

The Scripture teaches us that without divine help none can really seek after God. Here was a poor, afflicted boy getting out of his bed to look by night for One whom he had vainly sought all the day. I sat silent. At last, a plan having struck me, I looked at Jack, and seizing hold of a small pair of bellows, I puffed away at the fire. Suddenly I blew a blast at his little red hand that hung near the

mouth of the bellows. He snatched his hand back and scowled at me, and when again I repeated the operation he expressed great displeasure, shivering and letting me know that he did not like it. I renewed the puff, saying, "What?" He blew hard with his mouth, and told me that the wind made him cold, and that I was bad, and he was angry. I puffed then on every side, looking eagerly at the mouth of the bellows, peering on every side, and then explaining that I could see nothing, imitating his manner, and saying, "Wind—no!" shaking my head at him as he shook his at me when I had told him of God, and saying to him that his tongue must come out. Then he opened his eyes at me, stared and panted. A deep crimson covered all his face, and a soul, a real soul, shone in his altered countenance while he triumphantly repeated, "God like wind! God like wind!" He had no word for "like," but expressed it by holding his two forefingers out side by side as a symbol of perfect resemblance.

Before this, Jack had been rather teasing to the dog and other inferior creatures, and had a great desire to fish; but now he became most tender to every living thing, moving his hand over them, and saying, "God made." At first he thought that perhaps God had not made the worms, seeing that they came up from below the ground and God was above in the sky; but I set him right, and he agreed that they might be rolled up in the world like meat in a pudding, and left to bite their way out.

But my next step was to impart to him the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Jack had noticed the number of funerals passing. He had occasionally seen dead bodies placed in their coffins, and one evening he asked me if they would ever open their eyes again? I at once saw my opportunity, and sketched on paper a crowd of persons, old and young, and near them a

pit with flames issuing from it, and I told him that all these people were bad, and that *we* were among them, and that God would throw them into the fire. When he became greatly alarmed, I introduced into the picture another individual, whom I told him was the Son of God; that He came out of heaven; He was not bad; He was not to go into the pit, but He allowed Himself to be killed, and when He died God shut up the pit, so the people in the picture were saved.

Jack sat for a few moments in deep thought, and then asked how this could be, seeing that the rescued people were many, and He who bore their punishment was only one? I rose and took from a vase a handful of withered rose-leaves. I laid them out in a heap on the table, and beside them I placed my gold ring. Then, pointing to the withered leaves, I said, "Many," and to the gold ring, "One," and asked him which he would rather have. He struck his hand suddenly to his forehead, then clapped both hands, gave a jump as he sat, and with the most rapturous expression of countenance he, with signs, said the one piece of gold was better than a room full of dead flowers. With great rapidity he applied the symbol, pointing to the picture, to the ring, to himself, and to me, and then to heaven. A smile, perfectly angelic, beamed on his face, and his eyes sparkled and danced with delight until, with a rush of tears, he gazed at me. Then, raising his eyes to the ceiling with a look of awe and unbounded love, he gently spelled with his fingers, "Good ONE; Good ONE!" and ended by asking me His name. Jack was not to hear that name with his bodily ears, but he received it into his mind as I spelled it to him, "J-e-s-u-s," on my fingers. Henceforth I had a Christian brother in my little dumb charge. His love to Jesus was very real, and his thoughts about Him most beautiful."

# “THE CALL OF GOD.”

“**B**ELOVED of God, called Saints,” or “Saints by calling,” have we heard “*the call of God*” drawing us *out*, OUT, OUTSIDE the camp unto JESUS? The Apostle says:

“Ye *see* your calling, brethren,” but *do we* “SEE” it? Are we in the light of it?

“Not many *wise*, or *noble*, or *mighty* are called” (1 Cor. i. 26, 27), but

“The God of all grace hath *called us* unto His eternal glory” (1 Pet. v. 10).

“Called us with a holy calling, according to *His purpose and grace*” (2 Tim. i. 9).

“Called us by *the Gospel*” (2 Thess. ii. 14).

“Called us from *afar off*” (Acts ii. 39).

“Called us out of darkness into His marvellous *light*” (1 Pet. ii. 9).

“Called us unto the *fellowship of His Son*” (1 Cor. i.).

“Called us unto *liberty*” (Gal. v. 13).

“Called us unto eternal *life*” (1 Tim. vi. 12).

“Called us to follow *in Christ's steps*” (1 Pet. ii. 21).

“Called us to inherit *a blessing*” (1 Pet. iii. 9).

“Called us to *suffer* and to *serve*” (2 Thess. i. 11).

“Called us unto *holiness*” (1 Thess. iv. 7).

“Called us unto *peace* in one body” (Col. iii. 15).

“Called us unto His *Kingdom and glory*” (1 Thes. ii. 12).

“Called us to be *conformed* unto the image of His Son” (Rom. viii. 29, 30). Brethren, let us

“*Know* what is the hope of His calling” (Eph. i. 18).

“*Walk worthy* of the calling wherewith we are called” (Eph. iv. 1), and

“*Press toward* the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus” (Phil. iii. 14).

“Holy brethren, partakers of the Heavenly calling” (Heb. iii. 1), Are we *living* in the light of our calling? Are we keeping it before us, as God keeps it before Him, as the great and blessed end He has in view for each of us? True,

“The gifts and calling of God are *without repentance*” (Rom. xi.) ; yet we are told to

“Make our calling and election *sure*” (2 Pet. i. 10), whilst relying on Him of whom it is said :

“*Faithful is He* who calleth you, who also *will do it*” (1 Thess. v. 24).

CALL'D from above, and heavenly men by birth,  
Who once were but the citizens of earth,  
As pilgrims here, we seek a heavenly home,  
Our portion, in the ages yet to come.

S. J. B. C.

**Marking Time.**—Many Christians seem to think that they are left here to “mark time.” “Marking time” is not marching. The feet may incessantly be moved up and down, and yet there may be no progress heavenward. We may be very busy, and yet making no spiritual advance, clearing no fresh ground, overcoming no foe, and withal proud of the fact that we keep moving. Moving is not advancing, and it is a fatal error for Christians to mistake “*marking time*” for “*marching*.”

## “DAILY.”

**C**HARGE not thyself with the weight of a year,  
Child of the Father faithful and dear ;  
Choose not the cross for the coming week,  
For that is more than He bids thee seek.  
Bend not thine arms for the morrow's load,  
But, step by step, tread the upward road ;  
'Tis “DAILY,” only, Christ saith to thee,  
“Take up thy cross and follow Me.”

# Assurance.

**A**SSURANCE is certainty, and to possess assurance of salvation is to know with certainty that you are saved.

If a man thinks that fire has broken out in his house, he will be uneasy until he *knows*, and is *sure*, that all is safe. If he suspects he is suffering from a mortal disease, he can only obtain relief by the doctor's *assurance* that there is no cause for alarm. But no uncertainty can be so serious as that concerning the salvation of the soul.

Am I really saved? inquires the young believer; can I have assurance that I belong to Christ? Yes, dear young friend, and in this paper I want to show you how this assurance may be enjoyed.

*Assurance is given by the Word of God.*

Suppose a number of girls are on their way to a pleasant resort for a holiday. Shortly after they start, Lucy asks the rest: "Are we taking the right direction?"

"I don't know," answers one.

"I think so," replies another.

"I hope so," says a third.

Now, all this is perplexing, and it brings the whole party to a stand-still.

"This may be the right road," says Lucy, "but I am not going any farther until I know."

"Oh, we're all right," exclaims another, "look! here's a sign-post: 'To the Gardens.' 

Now all have assurance, that is, all *know* that they are on the right way, and they set off again with no more perplexities and questions. What gives them this assurance? The words on the sign-post, which they read and believe.

Can young converts be equally assured that they are on the right way to Christ and heaven? Is there any sign-post alongside the way of salvation which shows plainly that the little traveller is right for glory? Yes, for in order that you may know you are saved and treading the right path, God has put into your hands His precious in-

fallible Word. You may be sure that if men are careful to set up mile-stones and sign-posts to direct wayfarers, God does not leave souls travelling to eternity in ignorance of their way or their destination.

You may be assured, then, by what God tells you. How do you know your birthday? Most likely your mother told you. You believe her word, and thus you know how old you are. Look at the solid, motionless earth beneath your feet. But is it motionless? Your teacher tells you it is spinning round at the rate of nearly a thousand miles an hour, and you know, in spite of feelings and appearances, that this is true. You believe in the Lord Jesus, you really trust in Him, and God tells you in His Word, "He that believeth in Him is not condemned" (John iii. 18). Is a believer condemned? Are you? Do not tell me what you feel, or what you think about this. Either you have not believed, or else you are "not condemned." Would you rather trust your feelings or God's assuring Word?

I recollect sitting at table in a friend's house on one occasion. The good mother passed a cup of tea to little Harry with the words, "Here's your tea, Harry."

"It's too hot," objected the little fellow.

"No, it is not too hot," said his mother.

But Harry relied on his own feelings more than upon his mother's word, so he proceeded to feel the cup very cautiously to assure himself that his mother had spoken the truth! So some people want to prove God's Word by their feelings. Do you not think such conduct must grieve Him? God's plain statements do not need to be verified by our feelings, and true faith will rest with peace and gratitude on what God has said of the one who believes upon His Son. "He that believeth on Him *is not condemned.*"

Some time ago, I was talking with one of my little friends, and took up her Bible. It was a birthday gift from her brother Bertie, and on the fly-leaf was written, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine" (Isa. xliii. 1).

"That is a nice verse, Dora," I remarked.

“Yes,” she replied, “that is my own verse. I used to be troubled about being saved, and never could be quite sure about it until one day—it was my birthday, too—I read those words on the block calendar. So I took that for my own verse, and wrote it in my Bible, and I have never had a doubt since.”

Have you one verse, or more, of your own, dear young reader? Which plain statement in the Bible gives you assurance? Can you find it? Such statements abound like the stars in the sky, but if you cannot point out a single one, how do you *know* you are saved at all?

How did the sinful woman know she was forgiven (Luke vii.)? By the Word of the Lord. How did the nobleman know that his son in the far-distant home was cured (John iv.)? By the Word of the Lord. How did Paul know that he and all on board the ship would get safe to land (Acts xxvii.)? By the Word of the Lord. How does the believer know he is not condemned (John iii. 18)? By the Word of the Lord. Let the precious assuring Word speak, and dispel all uncertainty for ever.

Study the first Epistle of John, and observe what the apostle says about *knowing*. In ch. iii. 2, 5, 14, 16, 19, 24, there are six things believers are said to know (in verse 16 “perceive” should be “know”).

But let me say, before I close, that all this knowledge is by the Holy Spirit, and if you are grieving the Spirit and walking in sin you may not know anything with the certainty that God imparts.

A friend says that a lady sitting opposite him in the train held her ticket in her hand till she went to sleep. Then gradually her grasp relaxed, and the ticket fell into her lap. She still had it, but she had lost her conscious grip.

Beware of the sleep of sin, for, though Christ will not lose you, you may lose all sense of security, certainty, and joy in the Lord, if you are careless and worldly. Read your Bible with your head clear and your heart awake, and you will find assurance of salvation and of a thousand other blessings which are yours in Christ.

J. N. B.

# “SPICES.”

**W**EBSTER'S famous remark to a young lawyer, who complained that the legal profession was overcrowded, "There is plenty of room at the top," will apply to the Christian. While there are quite enough minimum Christians (who will probably have only a minimum heaven), there are some who are becoming weary of themselves and of their low attainments.

With increase of faith will come increase of spiritual vigor. When a person's system is in a low, impoverished condition, he is liable to catch any fevers which are prevailing. It is a feeble spiritual life that breeds self-seeking and covetousness and worldliness, and also exposes one to the ague-fits of unbelief. As weak blood breeds ulcers, so a weak spiritual state breeds sinful lusts. With a sick soul, as with a sick body, the problem is whether there is internal vitality enough to slough off the disease.

Christians cheat themselves out of their birthright; Jesus promised them that if they continued to abide in His love, His joy would remain in them and their joy would be full. Mounts of rapture are only occasionally reached in the best lives; but a healthy person enjoys a ripe pear or a good orange. A loyal husband enjoys the welcoming kiss of a loving wife at his threshold; and there must be something wrong in you if you profess to love Christ and pretend to be working for Him, and find no delight in it.

How can you possess Christ and a clean conscience, and not be happy over it? Joy is love looking at its treasures. The richer you become in having Christ with you here, and in the expectation of being with Him forever, and the more investments you make in helping other people, and drying tears, and saving souls—the fuller will be your jewel-casket.

# “THINGS TO COME.”

(QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.)

18. Will the Lord's descent to the "air" be a public event?

No. The Lord *Himself* shall descend from heaven to the air (1 Thess. iv. 16). "I will come again and receive you unto myself" (John xiv. 3). There is no thought in these or other Scriptures which bear upon *that* aspect of His return, save the Blessed One Himself coming personally and *alone* for His own; see also Eph. v. 27.

19. Will the Lord's descent to "Mount Olivet" be a public event?

Yes. "The Lord my God shall come, and *all* the saints with Thee" (Zech. xiv. 5). All the hosts of angels will also attend the train of the conquering Lord (Matt. xxiv. 30); see also Jude 14; Rev. xix. 11, 14, &c.

20. Are the seventy Prophetic weeks of Daniel, weeks of days or of years (Dan. ix. 24)?

The Hebrew word, *hebdomad*, signifying *seven*, or *week*, "a septenary number," does not in itself determine. There can be no doubt, however, from the context, but that the weeks are those of years—490 in all.

21. How are the seventy prophetic weeks divided?

*First*, 7 weeks, or 49 years for the re-building of *Jerusalem*—not the *Temple*—according to and dating from the decree of Artaxerxes in the 20th year of his reign (Neh. ii.). *Second*, 62 weeks, or 434 years from the city built to the Messiah's triumphal entry into Jerusalem (Matt. xxi. 1-11 with Zech. ix. 9). *Third*, one week, or seven years, *yet future* (Dan. ix. 27). Between the 69th week and the concluding 7 years, the present interval—a blessed parenthesis of grace to Gentiles (Rom. xi. 12), and one of national degradation to the Jew—transpires (Dan. ix. 26).

22. Are the seventy weeks of Daniel running their course now?

No. The present period is an interruption in the history of the world and of Israel. After the cutting off of Messiah, at the close of the 69 weeks or 483 years,

the Jews were scattered world wide in the year 70 A.D., "as the four winds of the heaven" (Zech. ii. 6), and Jerusalem trodden underfoot of the Gentiles, hence there *was* no room nor *is* there still for the last week of Daniel, which is *yet future*; *it* awaits the taking up of Jerusalem, and the re-opening of the "Jewish Question."

23. Is a "year for a day" a true and Scriptural principle in prophetic truth?

No. The only two undoubted references to this principle applies to Israel; *first*, in the wilderness (Num. xiv. 34); *second*, when in the land (Ezek. iv. 5,6); but neither instance is strictly prophetic.

24. Are the dates mentioned in the central chapters of the Apocalypse to be understood literally?

Yes; and when so accepted, the study of the book is immensely simplified. The dates in the prophetic portion of the Apocalypse *all* refer to the last half, *i.e.*, three years and six months, or 1,260 literal days, of Daniel's future week of seven years.

25. Will there be a national restoration of the Jews to Palestine?

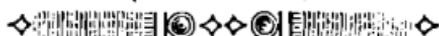
Yes. There is predicted a national return of Judah—in unbelief and for Gentile-political purposes only—and which will be effected by the aid of a certain commercial and maritime people specified in Isa. xviii. We say not whether this unnamed nation who will undertake to settle the "Eastern Question" will be Great Britain, granting that the marks and characteristics more fully apply to this country than to any other.

26. Will there be an individual-Israelitish return to Palestine subsequent to the national one?

Yes. "Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel" (Isa. xxvii. 12, 13). The Gentiles spared from judgment will instrumentally effect a *full* return of any Israelites left amongst the nations (Isa. lxvi. 19, 20; Zeph. iii. 10.) This individual restoration will take place after the Lord has come to Judea (Matt. xxiv. 31). Most of the passages which speak of the *Lord's* restoration of His ancient people refer to those gathered in *after* He has come with all His heavenly saints and angels.

# A Minister of the Sanctuary.

(HEB. viii. 1.)



**A** HEBREW under the law moved in a religious atmosphere. From his childhood he had been accustomed to look with veneration on the goodly buildings of the temple. He was instructed concerning sacrifice and incense. He was brought up to revere the consecrated priesthood. The priest in his consecrated garments, coming forth to bless the worshipping people, must have been an impressive though familiar object to him. He must necessarily have attached the most solemn importance to the unseen work of that priest within the holy place.

Now suppose such an one as this, taught of God, and so receiving his testimony concerning Christ;—he believes on Jesus, owning Him as the Son of God, the Christ of God, and the Lamb of God. He finds peace in his soul unknown before; and he has confidence with God through Jesus Christ, by whom he has *now* received the reconciliation.

But how would such an one and his fellow believers stand in relation to their former associations? Having personal peace of conscience through the blood of Jesus, would they continue worshippers according to the order of that economy in which they had been brought up? No. That which gave them peace would destroy every old association. Having learnt the preciousness of the blood, by finding through it remission of sins, they would have to learn it as equally precious, because by it they were redeemed from the “vain conversation received by tradition from their fathers.” They would have access as worshippers to heaven itself—and that too as a holy priesthood—there to “worship the Father in spirit and in truth.”

The consequence must be that in the city of solemnities itself such an one finds himself in the wilderness. He can no longer have fellowship with the multitude who keep holy-day. His temple and his High Priest are now in heaven; and if he went up to the temple in Jerusalem at the hour of prayer, he there has to testify that Israel are blindly groping amidst the shadows, and that all the promises of God are yea and amen in Him whom they had slain, but whom God had exalted to His own right hand.

But though full of heavenly communion and intelligence, such an one would appear to the eyes of those around him, as though he had been cut off from Israel. If he would speak of worshipping God, he would have it cast in his teeth, that he had neither sanctuary, nor altar, nor sacrifice, nor priest! Hard indeed must it have been to have maintained that he had all these, when apparently he could not point to one of them. Hard indeed to hold fast the confidence and rejoicing of the hope steadfast.

But with a single eye to JESUS all this was possible. Yea: there ought to have been a confidence and rejoicing in the assertion of what he had found, as far superior to all that he had left. All he had left was visible and present indeed—things which were palpable to sense—and all he had found was known only to faith; but still he could say what he *had*. He could testify that the only value of all that God once established amidst Israel, was found in its representing that which he now in substance knew in heaven. But how strange and irregular must it have appeared to such to assemble for worship without any *single visible* essential of worship; no prescribed or consecrated place; no sacrifice; no ministering priest. But here came in the profession—that all these they had. “We have,” says the apostle, “such an High Priest, who is set on the

right hand of the majesty in the heavens, a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man."

The apostle Paul was not a minister of the sanctuary; he worshipped there through the ministry of another. He had as much need of this ministry as any of his converts. He stood on the same level with them, in relation to ministry in the sanctuary. He had indeed a most blessed ministry, in a peculiar sense his own, the ministry of reconciliation among the Gentiles. He had received the reconciliation through Jesus Christ himself, and by his preaching, others likewise received it; he could speak of it as special grace, that he should have been put into the ministry: "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled *me*, for that he counted *me* faithful, putting *me* into the ministry."

But he was not called out from the multitude of believers, as the priest was from the multitude of Israel, to minister *for them* before the Lord (Heb. v.); though he surely was a chosen vessel to bear the Lord's name to the Gentiles, and though he had a certain place of authority and eminence in the church itself. But however distinct may have been his ministry, he was one of a *common priesthood*.

Paul well knew that there were but two ranks in Christian priesthood; the Great High Priest and the priests. He was one of the priests; and therefore, though he could magnify his office as an apostle of the Gentiles, he could not magnify his priesthood. Hence he writes authoritatively as the apostle, while before the Great High Priest he is but a brother among brethren. The great subject of priesthood, which he so largely discusses in the Epistle to the Hebrews, demanded that the apostle should himself take the place of a worshipper; that thus his own peculiar office might sink into nothing before the

Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus. Thus does the apostle acknowledge and declare that Jesus, the Son of God, alone, is the representative priest.

The apostle Paul then was a minister of the Gospel to every creature under heaven, and a minister, too, of Christ's body, the Church on earth (Col. i. 23-25); but it was not by the intervention of his ministry that any worshipped. The disciples needed his instruction and guidance, and were to know that he had authority; but they were enabled to *worship* as well in the absence as in the presence of the apostle. He might have led their worship, or he might have followed others in it. His office was lost, so to speak, when they stood together in the attitude of worshippers before the Great High Priest: he might have prayed with the disciples (as Acts xx. 36), or they with him (as Acts xxi. 5). It is indeed most important clearly to distinguish between the common standing of all regenerate persons as priests unto God, and diversities of ministry. Paul and Barnabas were set apart (Acts xiii.) for a distinct ministry to the Gentiles; but this was not setting them apart as ministers of the sanctuary. They could be ministers of the sanctuary in no other sense than that in which all saints minister there. If they presume to more than this, they must deny either the proper standing of the saints of God, or the alone place of the Son of God. For in the sense of being "*ordained for men in things pertaining to God,*" Jesus is the ONLY minister of the sanctuary. It is therefore no light matter to set up such a pretension as that which a one man ministry and an ordered priesthood certainly does. It interferes with the prerogative of Jesus and the common standing of all saints.

# “The Last Day.”

“THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.” “THE DAY OF THE LORD.”



**W**HAT is the idea attached by Christians generally to these expressions? Is it not that of a literal, actual day of twelve or four and twenty hours? And it is supposed that this literal day is at the end of time, at the final dissolution of all things, at the close of the millennium, when the Son shall deliver up the kingdom to the Father, and God shall be all in all. An examination of Scripture, as I judge, will show that this is a mistake. “The day of the Lord” and “the day of judgment” both imply a lengthened period, not, as people imagine, an actual day of twenty-four hours.

Let me remind you that we are in the constant use of the word “day” in such a sense as this. You hear men speak of the “day of despotism” and “the day of liberty,” “the day of ignorant barbarism,” and “the day of enlightened civilization.” Do they mean by these expressions a literal day of twenty-four hours? So, when we speak of “Paul’s day,” “Cæsar’s day,” “Luther’s day,” “Wesley’s day,” “Napoleon’s day,” we do not mean a day of twenty-four hours, but the period during which the person named lived and acted; and, when we thus speak, it is because we deem the person to have been one of such prominence as to give a character to the period in which he lived. And this is almost as common a use of the word “day” in our language, as well as in the language of Scripture, as its application to a period of twelve or four and twenty hours.

In Scripture, we read of the day of temptation, the day of trouble, the day of prosperity, the day of adversity, the day of visitation, the day of vengeance,

the day of salvation ; and I know not how many instances besides we have of expressions in which the word "day" is similarly used. Take the last named, "the day of salvation,"—how long has it lasted? Full eighteen hundred years, at all events, and more than that. And, for any thing the word "day" proves to the contrary, "the day of judgment may last as long as the day of salvation has lasted already. The fact is, that it is a lengthened period, characterized by these two features among others: viz., *judgment* and the *presence of the Lord*; and therefore it is termed "the day of judgment" and "the day of the Lord." Nor have I any doubt myself that it is termed "the day of judgment" in contrast with "the day of salvation;" "the day of the Lord" in contrast with "man's day,"—an expression which you will find in the margin of 1 Cor. iv. 3.

"Man's day" is the long, dreary period in which man judgeth by the sight of his eyes and the hearing of his ears. Deceived by Satan and his own heart, he has come to false conclusions on almost every subject; and acting on these false conclusions, these partial and erroneous judgments, he has filled the earth with violence, misery, and wrong. "The day of the Lord" is the period in which He shall rule. (Isa. xi. 2-4.)

This solemn, blessed period is ushered in and closed by *special acts of judgment*. To see this is very important to the clearing up of Scripture on these subjects. It is ushered in by those judgments which desolate the earth at the coming of the Lord. It is closed by the judgment, before the great white throne, of the dead who had not been raised at the commencement of the thousand years. And it is then, at the close, that the earth and the heaven flee away. Peter says, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; *in the which* the heavens shall

pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." *In the which.* He does not say in what part of the day,—whether at its dawn, or at its close. He gives us no information as to this. But we know from Rev. xx., which describes to us the whole period, and tells us that it lasts a thousand years, that it is at the evening—the close of the day—that this takes place. Just as at the dawn—the morning of the day—the righteous dead are raised to live and reign with Christ throughout the period of the thousand years, so at its close the wicked dead—"the rest of the dead, who lived not again till the thousand years were finished"—are raised from their graves, and judged before the great white throne. And it is then that the heaven and the earth pass away, and new heavens and a new earth are created in their stead. Well may the millennium be termed "the day of judgment," when it is ushered in by the judgments which attend the coming of the Lord, characterized by his righteous though peaceful rule throughout, and terminated by the judgment of the great white throne.

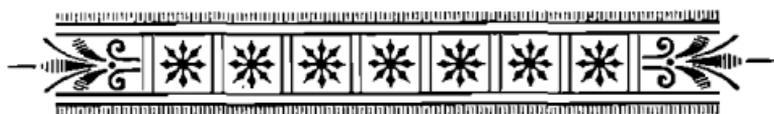
THE LATE WILLIAM TROTTER.



\* \* \* "Ebenezer." \* \* \*

**E**NOUGH that blessings undeserved  
 Have marked my erring track;—  
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
 His mercy turned me back.

**That more and more His ways below  
 Of love I've understood,  
 Making earth's bitter streams to flow  
 Sweet with eternal good.**



# Neither Saint nor Sinner.



“THERE will be a lecture for the *saints* tomorrow night,” once announced a preacher at the close of a Gospel meeting. In view of the facts that some people think that the saints are all up in heaven, and that others known as “Latter Day Saints,” were by no means the class intended by the preacher, it is plain that his announcement needed “a word of explanation.”

So thought one of his hearers, as he repeated to himself, “*Saints!* who are they? I expect he means the members of his church; at any rate I know I’m *not* one of them.”

The meeting broke up, but not the train of thought that this strange announcement started in one man’s mind. Forget it he could not, and as he turned it over and over in his mind, saying, “*Saints*, well I’m curious to know *who* they are and what they *believe*,” such a hold did it get of him that he made up his mind to venture to attend the meeting announced. It was a risk, he knew, to get among “these saints,” when he felt sure that he was not a saint at all, and what might come of it was more than he could tell. But an earnest soul is willing to run some risk to gain a desired end, and in this case it was so, for in fact, his great aim and desire was to know how to become a saint.

An address to the saints is not the best place for a man to go to get that question answered, in our judgment, and yet for once, at least, it turned out remarkably well. Strange to tell, this very man had been hearing the Gospel for *sinner*s for several nights past, and in that Gospel, had he known it, was the

very answer to his earnest enquiry, and yet he found it in quite another way altogether. There, he had thought to himself; "*sinner!*" that, of course, means people who are not Christians at all, wicked people, who don't try to do right, and don't profess anything at all. As for himself, he sincerely (and perhaps rightly) believed that there was a work of grace in him; had he not reformed his character, mended his ways, and then, above all, had he not *professed*—what? Professed to be a *sinner*? No, he was not as bad as that, he felt sure. What, then, professed to be a *saint*? No, indeed, how could he do so, when he did not even know the meaning of the word *saint*, or who it really applied to? Not he! he wasn't *such a sinner*, indeed, as ever to *profess to be a saint!* Others might be so presumptuous, if they dared to be, but not he. However, still he was most anxious to hear this lecture to the saints, whoever they were, and whatever its nature might be.

His mind, then, was made up to go, excusing himself as he did by the thought, "There'll be room for one—one what—" *sinner*? Well, he wasn't quite that, he thought, and it was uncomfortable to conclude he was neither sinner nor saint, but there'd be room for him anyway, whatever he was (and that he hadn't concluded as to yet); among these saints, and decently dressed as he was, no one would know him from the rest. At least he could not see much difference, except in their faces, and he would look as much like them as possible for the occasion. The saints were there, and the lecture given as announced, we can certify, for we were among the number who heard and enjoyed it, the unfolding of this third chapter of second Corinthians—the two ministries.

The speaker set in contrast the law engraven in

stones with the epistle of Christ written in human hearts. He showed also that the law, given at Mt. Sinai to the people of Israel, by Moses, their Mediator, was a ministration—(1) of *death* (v. 7); (2) of *condemnation* (v. 9); (3) of *bondage* (v. 15); and that the ministration of the spirit to be a ministration of—(1) *life* (v. 6); (2) *righteousness* (v. 9); (3) *liberty* (v. 17); not amended Judaism at all, but true, simple, Christianity—the new wine to be put into new bottles.

Much more the preacher unfolded, but it is our business now rather to tell how it fitted the one of his hearers who was neither a *sinner* nor a *saint*; but, as he judged, simply a professor, or, one trying to be a Christian; or, in other words, trying *not* to be a sinner, and hoping in the end to be a *saint*, though he was far enough from that now, he felt sure also.

“No one would know him from the rest,” he comforted himself with the thought of, on going in to hear the lecture. But now, as the Word of God searched him out, and laid bare his heart, how earnestly he wished that some one *did* know him from the rest. He said to himself: “If *that* is Christianity, I have not got it,” and in a maze, he hung around the door, in the hope someone there would not mistake him for a saint among the rest, but speak to him as a *sinner*, which really he now began to feel he must be.

But no, strangely enough, while at the other meetings where he would not own himself to be a lost *sinner*, there were many ready for this work; now, when he had come in among the *saints* by stealth, but only to find out that he was a sinner, no one seemed to even notice him. Growing desperate by his isolation from the rest, he made up to the very man who had announced “the address to the saints,”

and broke the ice as to his state of soul in some way. The reply he got, however, made him feel worse than ever. It was simply "Well, Christ is in the glory, is He not?"

"Yes," he said, "we've been hearing all about that to-night, but what has *that* to do with my case?"

"Well, *how* did Christ get up into that glory?"

"Oh, by dying on the cross for us—" sinners, he almost felt like adding, but then his former conclusion still held sway with him.

"Well, was God so satisfied with the work which His dear Son finished on that cross for sinners, that He put Him in the glory where He is?"

"Yes, I suppose He was, He must have been, of course," he said, and still, strangely enough, he looked within himself to decide if God was satisfied with *him*.

"Then if *God* is satisfied with the work of His dear Son, which He did for us as sinners, why can't *you* be too? Do you want more than God does to satisfy you?"

Here both the man who had thought himself to be "neither saint nor sinner," and the preacher also, felt that it was useless to follow the matter further, and they parted.

But God still had the matter in hand, and this is how He finished it. On his way home, the man stopped upon the street; the preacher's question had fastened on his inmost soul, and shake it off he could not.

"Why can't *you* be too?" "Yes," he thought, "*What a fool I am! God is satisfied with the work of His dear Son upon the cross for me, and I am not so.*" There and then, as a result, he became at one and the same instant a *sinner*, in his own judgment of himself, and a *saint* in God's judgment of him, and bade farewell to doubts and fears. Going home

rejoicing, he was able now through God's grace to sing: "God is satisfied with Jesus, I am satisfied as well."

Now, he saw in the light of God that he was a sinner, really a sinner (never to be forgotten fact), but that he was as really a saint, for such God called all who trusted in His dear Son.

The next address to the saints he was at also, not by stealth, as a man who counted himself "neither saint nor sinner," but as one rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

Having thus received the Gospel as God's message for *sinner*s, he now studied the Epistles which were addressed to *saint*s, and believing, as he did, that God's Word abideth forever, he learned now as one "beloved of God, called a saint, or a saint by God's call of him" (Rom. i.), from these Epistles, more and more of his high and holy privileges and serious responsibilities, and with very precious and happy results.

He now learned that "good works" formed "the conversation that becometh *saint*s;" that now, not mere profession, but honest confession of Christ was his precious privilege and bounden duty; that also as a "fellow citizen with the saints and of the household of God," they were to assemble themselves together to worship God, to remember their Saviour's death, and to edify one another while "waiting for the Lord from heaven."

(Adapted.)



**Christless professor.**—Gehazi was "as white as snow," but he was a leper.

**To-morrow's opportunities never come.**

**Human things** have to be seen to be loved. **Divine things** must be loved to be seen.

# Hearts that Burn.

.....

“ Then said they one to another, did not our heart burn within us while He talked to us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures? ”

.....

**A**H, this is what we want—the heart that burns in view of solemn truth. We are so dull, so apathetic in the presence of great verities. —Would we enter into a full appreciation of truth? Shall it take possession of us, filling our souls as with the speechless joy of a glad discovery? Then let us walk with Jesus and keep silent while He opens to us the Scriptures; let us be willing, without cavil or questioning, to hear Him in His exposition of His Word.

Let us accept from His lips the “ needs be ” which runs like a crimson path through the blessed Book, leading from the councils of Eternity, past the manger of Bethlehem and the workshop and Gethsemane, and the cross and the empty sepulchre, to the open heavens whither He has gone to prepare a place for those who love Him.

Have you been walking alone thus far? If so, give welcome to the heavenly Stranger who would join you. Have you been absorbed in the cares and sorrows of life?—Hear His footstep as He draws near. He would fain open to you the Scriptures and reason with you of the things concerning Himself. So shall life be worth living; no longer a confusion of threads and thrums, but the orderly casting of a shuttle to and fro, the weaving of a white garment in which, by Divine grace, you shall yet appear at the marriage of the King’s Son. So shall the future open up before you, as a journey through the night indeed, but a night filled with music and bright with multitudinous stars of promise. In the pathway of those stars there is the city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

# “He pleased God.”

(Heb. xi. 5.)

**B**E this, our God—be this the aim,  
The trend, the purpose of each soul,  
Our estimate of lasting fame,  
Our joy, our motive, and our goal.

*To please Thee, and to know it too,*  
To hear and treasure in the heart  
That whispered secret, Enoch knew,  
Which Thou to faith dost still impart.

For this—for this, with willing feet,  
We'd walk with Thee where'er we go,  
Learning of Thee in converse sweet,  
How thus to please Thee while below.

'Neath human censure this is rest,—  
Unruffled peace, whoe'er condemns—  
The consciousness within the breast  
That God, our God, our way commends.

'Tis bliss to live beneath Thy sway,  
For oh, Thou art not hard to please ;  
Thy love constrains us to obey ;  
So slow to chide, so quick to ease.

Oh, we would please Thee—only Thee,  
Though oft we fail, yet would we still,  
With chastened spirit, seek to be  
More pliant to Thy sovereign will.

Fain would we thro' the little while  
We're left to do Thy pleasure here,  
Esteem our Father's loving smile  
Above all else we hold as dear.

Then give us grace, Thou God of love,  
With steadfast mind and purpose true,  
To please Thee till we're called above,  
In all we think, and say, and do.

S. J. B. C.

# Consecration.

**I** CANNOT consecrate myself to the Lord. My purpose falters and fails in changing circumstances; I am fickle, forgetful, false. My lofty desires of to-day, to-morrow, cease to soar, and sink beneath the clouds again, and rest once more with wearied wings indifferent upon the earth.

Ah, the only consecration possible is *not* with me or my will. It is the entrance of the Lord Himself, His possessing and claiming and using me; that is the only true consecration. It is not my giving so much as my receiving; not my surrender to Him so much as my acceptance of Him, on which my mind is to be stayed.

But this agonised effort to make ourselves perfect is not always a failure. Sometimes it actually succeeds—then indeed only most completely to fail. Taking hold of the rebel self, another part of the same self saith, “Now I am going to make thee perfect.” And self chips and hammers at self to bring it into shape, and hacks and hews at self until it fits into the ideal mould. And then it is polished with much sulphuric acid and sandpaper, and a host of processes are gone through,—with what result? This:—that at last there is turned out the most unhappy thing that it has ever been our misfortune to meet—*from five to six feet of polished I—I—I*. A great mass of self-consciousness. How could it be otherwise? All the thought, all the desire, all the aim of life has been set upon self. And now this same perfected I becomes the standard by which everything is measured, and to which everybody must conform.

If Holiness, or Perfection, or the Higher Life—call it what you will—is a something that is to set

me upon a pedestal and exalt me in wretched consciousness of my superiority to other people, let us pray God to bury us underneath the pedestal. The only Perfection of which I can think is spelt with five letters—J-E-S-U-S. This, and this only, is Holiness—Jesus received, Jesus communed with, Jesus welcomed, Jesus served, Jesus pleased in all the temper and spirit of the life. It is not in my understanding theories or theologies, not in my perception of methods, not in my experience of raptures or agonies, but in Jesus Christ received into the heart that He may do His own work in His own way. Look up to Him now. Claim Him and welcome Him as your own, able and eager to do as much for you as He ever did for any. Constrain Him to abide within the heart in which He seeks to make His home.

P.



**To Parents.**—I have heard of persons who have objections to labour for the conversion of their children, on the ground that God would save His own without any effort on our part. I remember making one man wince who held this view, by telling him of a father who would never teach his child to pray, or have him instructed even as to the meaning of prayer. He thought it was wrong, and that such work ought to be left to God's Holy Spirit. The boy fell and broke his leg, and had to have it taken off; and all the time the surgeon was amputating it the boy was cursing and swearing in the most frightful manner. The good surgeon said to the father, "You see you would not teach your boy to pray, but the devil has taught him to swear." That is the mischief of it; if we do not try our best to bring our children to Christ, there is another who will do his worst to drag them down to hell.

S.

# Confession.

**Y**OU 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 others know it. He wants you to own that you belong to Christ. This is what is meant by Confession.

There may be converts who do not openly confess Christ. Few will count them with believers, and even their kindest Christian friends may fear that there is no reality about them. Suppose you are sent to change a five pound note. You receive four sovereigns and a little disc of gold, in all respects like a sovereign, but unstamped. You would not take it because it did not bear the queen's head. It might be standard weight, and just as valuable as a sovereign, but it could not pass as one.

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*. The Melbourne suburban trains have a board in front of the engine showing their destination. Let every one know, by your open, brave confession, which way you go.

There are two ways of confessing Christ:—first, *with the life*; second, *by 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 can see nothing in a dark night unless it shines, as a star or a candle, for instance. This world is a very dark place, and Christians are lights 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 to Adelaide, we passed through a little 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.

Boys, when you go to office or bench for the first time, among strangers and new associates, take your stand for Christ at once. Keep close enough to Him to be at a long distance from an evil man, a foolish jest, or a wicked story. From the side of Christ down to the company of fools who make a mock at sin (Prov. xiv.) is a deep descent indeed, and you will find the return difficult and sorrowful. Be careful what you laugh at. Christ, the living Bread which came down from heaven, is your daily food (read John vi.); do not let the ungodly suppose that you have a relish for their pig-wash. If Christ is your life, then say with Paul: "To me to live is Christ" (Phil. i.).

Next, *confess Christ with your lips.*

I hope you did this soon after you knew you were saved. Did you tell your mother? Does your brother know you are a Christian? Out with it, dear young friend, do not keep your conversion a secret. Surely your Saviour deserves better returns than that. If you got off the wreck in the breakers why not tell of the life-boat and crew that saved you? If from the fourth storey of a burning house a brave fireman rescued you, would you be ashamed of the man who, at the risk of his own life, had saved yours?

It was on a battle-field. A soldier lay bleeding to death. Seeing a surgeon passing near, he faintly called, "Doctor, please." The surgeon dismounted,

attended to the man, gave all possible relief, and ordered him to be conveyed at once to the hospital.

As he was leaving, the wounded man asked, "What's your name, doctor?"

"Oh, no matter."

"But, doctor, I want to tell my wife and children who saved my life."

Surely that was becoming gratitude, and do you not think the Lord Jesus deserves as much from you? Would He not say to you as He did to another: "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 openly confess the name of Christ.

Well do I recollect a dear lad saved in a boys' prayer meeting in London not long ago. He kept his conversion secret for two days. Then, one evening at the supper table, in full view of all the family gathered there, he turned to his brother and said: "Ted, I'm saved; I was converted at the prayer meeting on Wednesday." There was a lull in the busy talk all round, and then Edward in a few kind words expressed his congratulation and joy that his young brother had come over to Christ's side in the home. The boy gained strength and confidence by his confession, and it has helped him to continue faithful to the present day.

Is confession easy? No, it is not. And it becomes no easier because it is postponed. To-day you may confess Christ with blushes and awkwardness, with blunders and stammering lips. Never mind, better to confess Christ so than to be silent. To-morrow it will be much easier, and soon you may be so strong in His strength that you cannot help saying with the psalmist: "Come and hear, all ye

that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul" (Psa. lxvi.).

After all, you will not have to lay down your life to seal your witness for Christ. If your confession brings suffering it will not be like the suffering which many have endured before you. The history of Confession is written in blood and flame, and tender boys and girls have their record on its pages.

During the recent massacre of Christians at Marash in Armenia, a lad was given the option of death or of denying Christ, and was instantly beheaded. When his headless body was taken to his mother to terrify her, and to convert her to Mahommedanism, she kissed the dead son's hand and said, "Rather so, my son, than living to deny our Lord and Saviour."

Do not be a coward, but follow in the track of such brave confessors, who are passing Heavenward, led by Christ Himself. You have countless blessings, may you not miss this one: "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me" (Matt. xi.).

J. N. B.



## .. Little Things ..



**L**ITTLE Christlike words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are stillest, and little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And, when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. *Multum in parvo*—much in little, and all for Jesus.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." Whatsoever—every little thing.



# Marginal Jottings.



Five things opened in Luke xxiv.—1. *Sepulchre* opened (v. 2). 2. *Eyes* opened (v. 31). 3. *Scriptures* opened (v. 32). 4. *Understanding* opened (v. 45). 5. *Mouths* opened (v. 53).



Evidences of abiding in Christ.—1. *Not practising sin* (1 John iii. 6). 2. *Keeping God's commandments* (1 John iii. 24). 3. *Bearing fruit* (John xv. 5). 4. *Loving each other* (1 John ii. 10; iv. 13). 5. *Walking as Christ walked* (1 John ii. 6). 6. *Continuing in Christ's word* (John viii. 31). 7. *Faithfulness to God's truth* (2 John 9).



Comparison.—1. Joseph in prison, an innocent but condemned man.

2. The butler, a guilty but forgiven man.

3. The baker, a guilty and condemned man.

With these we may compare:—

1. Christ on the cross, an innocent but condemned Man.

2. The guilty but forgiven thief.

3. The guilty and condemned thief.



It is interesting to note that each of the Gospels goes beyond another:—1. Matthew announces *Christ risen*. 2. Mark states how that He was received *into heaven*. 3. Luke gives the promise of *the Spirit*. 4. John announces the *coming again* of the Lord.



We think the following is also correct:—*Matthew* is the publican called at the receipt of custom—Chap. ix. 9. *Mark* is the young man who fled naked—Chap. xiv. 51, 52. *Luke* is that other disciple who walked with Cleopas—Chap. xxiv. 13. *John* is that disciple whom Jesus loved.



Lev. viii.—1. The *blood* of consecration. 2. The *oil* of consecration. 3. The *basket* of consecration. 4. The *place* of consecration.

**Characteristic chapters in the Pentateuch.**—Genesis xxii., *Substitution*. Exod. xii., *Redemption*. Lev. xvi., *Atonement*. Num. xix., *Cleansing*. Deut. viii., *Possession*.



**Truth** is taught in Genesis by *Persons*. Exodus by *Actions*. Leviticus by *Things*. Numbers by *Figures*. Deuteronomy by *Words*.



**Joseph.**—Christ the first born from the dead was the first son of the Rachael dispensation. This son, the beloved of his father, is cast out by his brethren (Israel), the children of the elder wife, into Egypt (the Gentile world), where he gets his bride (the church), and then, subsequently, his brethren know and own him as Lord.



**The Manna.**—It was 1. *Small* (Matt. xi. 29). 2. *Round* (no points in the character of Jesus). 3. *White* (2 Cor. xi. 3). 4. *On the ground* (humility—Phil. ii. 7). 5. *Sweet* (Ep. v. 2). 6. *Free* (Jno. iii. 16). 7. *Came from heaven* (Jno. vi.). 8. *Had to stoop* to get it. 9. *They gathered it according to their eating*. 10. *Daily*. 11. *Early*. 12. *Bred worms* if not eaten (appropriated). 13. *Trodden under foot* if not gathered (Heb. x. 29).



## “ BE OF GOOD CHEER.”



FROM broken Alabaster  
Was deathless fragrance shed ;  
The spikenard flowed the faster  
Upon the Saviour's head.

No shattered box of ointment  
We ever need regret,  
For out of disappointment  
Flow sweetest odours yet.

F. R. H.

# A Minister of the Sanctuary.

(HEB. viii. 1.)



No. 2.

**I**T is true that God has now a ministry on earth as well as a ministry in heaven. But these ministries differ most essentially. The ministry of the Gospel on earth goes forth from God to bring sinners to Himself, upon the ground of His manifested love in the gift and sacrifice of His Son. The ministry of the sanctuary is a ministry on behalf of those already brought nigh unto God by the blood of Jesus. In the former there is nothing positively priestly. The minister of the Gospel does nothing *for the sinner*—for we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord—but he proclaims what *the Son of God has done* ; what *God* has wrought, and what *God* declares. On the other hand, the Minister of the sanctuary is actually occupied with doing something *for the worshipper* ; for those who have come to God through Him, and who have free access into the holiest of all. The minister of the Gospel has to tell sinners of the work of sacrifice ; a work done on earth, a finished work, never to be repeated : but the work of the Priest is continuous ; it is a work on behalf of believers alone ; a work for the true worshippers, and which they still need. To confound these ministries is sad confusion indeed. To make the ministry of the Gospel priestly in its character is to deceive sinners into the thought that they are worshippers ; and it is at the same time entirely to obscure the blessed ministry of reconciliation. Nor is that error less dangerous which has confounded the ministry of the Spirit, by gift, in the Church, with the true service of the one Minister of the sanctuary. It is an invasion of His office to suppose that any in the Church are *peculiarly* priests.



# “THINGS TO COME.”

(QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.)

27. What will the Jews do when returned to their Country?

Build a temple; restore the Mosaic ritual; receive the Antichrist as their messiah, king, and prophet; and enter into a seven years' league or covenant with the head of the revived Empire (Rev. xi.; Matt. xxiv. 15; 2 Thess. ii. 4; Dan. ix. 27, &c.).

28. What are the principal Scriptures in which the titles are given and the doings of the Antichrist described?

1 John ii. 18-22; 2 Thess. ii. 3-9; John v. 43; Rev. xiii. 11-17; xix. 19-20 (the false prophet); xx. 10 (the false prophet); Dan. xi. 36-39; Ps. v. 6, &c.

29. What are the principal Scriptures which refer to the Great Tribulation? How long will it last? Who will suffer in it?

Jer. xxx. 7; Isa. xxviii. 18-22; Dan. xii. 1; Matt. xxiv. 15-29; Mark xiii. 14-24; Rev. iii. 10; vii. 9-17; xii. 17; xiii. 7-8. It will last three years and a half, or 1,260 days, or 42 months (Dan. ix. 27; Rev. xii. 6; xiii. 5); *Jewish* saints will especially bear the brunt of it (Mark xiii.); *Gentile* believers in countless multitudes will emerge out of it (Rev. vii.); while the *Church* will be exempted from it entirely (Rev. iii. 10).

30. In what form will the Roman Power be revived? Who shall accomplish it? What City will be the seat of its government?

The ancient Empire when revived will consist of ten kingdoms having a strong central head or chief (Dan. vii.; Rev. xvii.) Satan will give it a resurrection, energising and controlling it through its mighty Emperor, the "little horn" of Dan. vii.; or "the beast" of the prophetic Scriptures (Rev. xvii. 8). Rome on the Tiber, the ancient capital, will again form the seat of the Imperial Government (Rev. xvii. 18).

31. Who is the King of the North? Dan. xi.

The political oppressor of the Jews, hailing from the present Syrian possessions of the Sultan, in which a

Kingdom will be set up by Russian influence and power. This king will be thoroughly hostile to the aims and projects of the great western power; the enemy too of the king of the south.

32. Who is the King of the South? Dan. xi.

The then king of Egypt—the political ally of the western power and enemy of the king of the north.

33. Who is Gog? Ezek. xxxviii. 2-3.

The last Emperor of the Russians: the antagonist of the western power, and bitter enemy of the restored Jewish people.

34. Who are Gog and Magog? Rev. xx. 8.

Symbolical of the Lord's enemies at the close of the millennial reign. The Gog of the prophet (Ezekiel) makes his attack upon Israel at the *commencement* of the reign; whereas the Gog of the Apostle (John) does so at its close. The former comes from the *north* aided by Persia, &c., the geographical location of the Russian people; the latter assembling from the four quarters of the earth. The times, circumstances, and enemies are distinct.

35. Who are the leading Actors in the Coming Crisis?

The beast and false prophet—these will be confederates in evil (Rev. xiii.), and so will share one common doom (Rev. xix. 20); the former a Gentile, the latter a Jew. Next, the king of the north or the Assyrian (mentioned under the latter title in the prophecies of Isaiah and Micah), and Gog—the last Emperor of the vast Russian populations. These two latter personages work together in political oppression of restored Israel. Satan's chiefs in the future will be these four: the beast; the false prophet; the Assyrian; and Gog.

36. Does Scripture give any information as to the future of Egypt?

Yes. Egypt, now the "basest of kingdoms," shall in the coming days of glory be brought into fullest blessing, Jehovah saying of it "blessed be Egypt *My* people" (Isa. xix. 25). Egypt protected and sheltered Jesus (Matt. ii. 12-15), and that service unknown at the time will never be forgotten, but remembered by God in rich blessing.

# The Widow's Sacrifice.

**O**NE stormy night a railway bridge that spanned a deep gorge in the mountains of West Virginia, was washed away in a flood. It had been raining heavily, and this, with the melting snows and ice, had transformed the babbling mountain brook into a raging torrent, which tore down and carried away the trestle-work over which the railway passed.

Near by, in a humble cottage, lived a poor widow with her only daughter. They saw the bridge go down, and knew the fast express was due in thirty minutes. What should they do to warn the engineer of the approaching train, of the danger? No time was to be lost, and they were soon decided.

The poor widow *gathered her scanty furniture together* in a pile on the railway track and set fire to it. She then *tore from her body* her red woollen skirt, and tying it to a stick, ran up the line waving it wildly in the air. Her daughter ran before her, holding in her hand a blazing pine-knot torch. Soon they heard the rumble of the on-coming train.

The rumble increased to a roar as it approached, and the headlight of the locomotive flashed suddenly around the curve. The watchful engineer saw the danger signals, and in an instant applied the air-brakes and reversed the engine. The train was brought to a standstill, just in time. It stopped with the pilot of the engine just at the verge of the yawning chasm—saved with all its passengers by the *noble self-sacrifice* of the poor, lone widow of the mountains.

A danger, greater far than that of being carried over the verge of a mountain gorge, confronts unbelieving sinners. A calamity, more awful a thousand times than any railway disaster that has ever occurred, threatens the unsaved all around us. Hell,

with its dark and dreadful depths, awaits the sinner hurrying towards its crumbling verge.

Christian, *you* know their danger. Will you not do all in your power to warn them? This you may do in many ways; by holy living, conversation, tract distributions, giving of your means. *No sacrifice* should be too great. The widow received her reward from the grateful passengers. We know "our work shall be rewarded" by the Lord.

C. K.



## → HOLINESS. ←

**A** WRITER tells of going with a party down into a coal mine. On the side of the gang grew a plant which was perfectly white. All the visitors were astonished, that there, where the coal-dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner who was with them took a handful of the black dust and threw it upon the plant; but not a particle adhered. Every atom of the dust rolled off. The visitors themselves repeated the experiment, but the coal-dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the folds of the white plant to which no specks could adhere. Living there amid clouds of black dust, nothing could stain the snowy whiteness.

That is a picture of what every Christian life should be. This is an evil world. You go among the ungodly continually in your daily walk and work. Unholy influences breathe about you and upon you incessantly. But it is your mission to be holy amid all, undefiled, and unspotted from the world. If God can make a little plant so that no dust can stain its whiteness, can He not by His grace keep you from the evil that is in the world?

## “What is the End of Life?”



THE end of life is not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls—though I once thought so. The end of life is—to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. For the individual, the answer to the question, “What is the end of my life?” is: “To do the will of God, whatever that may be.”

Spurgeon replied to an invitation to preach to an exceptionally large audience, “I have no ambition to preach to ten thousand people, but to do the will of God,” and he declined.

If we had no ambition past the will of God, our lives would be successful. If we could say, “I have no ambition to go to the heathen,” “My *chief* ambition is not even to win souls; but to do the will of God, whatever that may be”—that makes all lives equally great, or equally small, because the only great thing in a life is, what of God’s will is in it. The maximum achievement of any man’s life after it is all over, is to have done the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life—no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with their life; and a dairymaid or a ploughman (serving the Lord) can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principle upon which we have to carry on our lives is to adhere, through good report and ill, through temptation and prosperity and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you to China; or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are;—you, who are going to be an evangelist, may have to go into business: and you, who are going into business, may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in any life till that principle is taken possession of—or rather, it takes possession of you.

A whole life can be built up on that one vertebral column, and then, when all is over,—“He that doeth the will of God *abideth for ever.*” 1 John ii. 17.

(Leaflet published by Walter Suckling, of Christchurch, N.Z.)

# \* Compromise. \*



**O**F the many spirits abroad to-day, few are more dangerous and delusive than the spirit of compromise. We are living in a white-washing age! People condone the cruel and lustful ambition of the first Napoleon, and the moral defects of Lord Bacon; yea they apologise for the like of Robespierre, Catherine de Medici, Nero, and even Judas Iscariot. Is it any wonder, then, if they applaud the doctrinal vagaries of pious men, though such teaching may be subversive of Christianity itself.

What is compromise?

Let us reply in parable. Mr. Truth insists that  $5 \times 8 = 40$ ; but Mr. Error as firmly asserts that  $5 \times 8 = 38$ .

Who is right? People say, "See how pious and scholarly Mr. Error is! True, we don't understand a third of what he says, but then he is so deeply taught—a teacher among teachers, and in the van of Higher Criticism."

"But," it is objected, "Mr. Truth is quite the equal of Mr. Error in these things, only he will stick to the old Book, and insist that it is our only infallible guide for life and doctrine."

Well, what is the result? Why, Mr. Compromise steps in and says: "What is the use of splitting hairs in doctrinal niceties? Better far to split your differences. Come now, we will say that  $5 \times 8 = 39$ . Mr. Truth, in view of the revelations of modern research, don't be high-minded or too sure that you are right: take a step down. And you, Mr. Error, don't go off into open atheism, but own as much of the old Book as you can: take a step up."

This is agreed to, and Truth and Error shake hands. Notice, now, how the leaven works. Com-

promise steps *in*, Truth steps *down*, and Error steps *up*. Truth and Error thus unite on the ground of Compromise—the ground of agreeing to differ.

But is God ever found on such ground? Never. He can have no complicity with error, and neither will those who are true to His Word, and prove all things by its teaching. The fashionable and specious cry all around is “What we want is piety, and not doctrine;” as though we could learn what piety is apart from doctrine, forsooth. Paul’s “doctrine” preceded his “manner of life,” and so it must be with us. Religious infidels, “deceiving and being deceived,” try to set Christ against His own Word. The Book, for the truth of which martyrs have been racked and burnt, is contemned under the pretext of exalting Him who is its Alpha and Omega.

A recent writer, who, alas, is himself in the thick of “all they are in Asia,” has well said:—

“The centre of the Christian religion is Christ, but not apart from the inspired Word of God. The enemy of souls strikes first of all at this Bible, because, if you disintegrate this Bible, and scatter it to the winds, your Christianity is gone. You may talk of a *Christo-centric* theology instead of a *Biblio-centric* theology, but all true Christian theology is bound up with this Book, and if you lose this Bible you have practically lost your Christ. If you could tear from my heart that Book, by making it no longer an inspired book to me, what becomes of my faith? The enemy is, therefore, concentrating his attack on the Bible. He is wise to do it; but the wisest thing the devil ever did is to get professed believers to make these assaults for him. If he employed none but profligates, men would turn away from him, but when he gets those whom we cannot but respect as Christian men (say, rather, ‘denounce as grievous wolves in sheep’s clothing’—EDITOR), to teach his doctrines, what a triumph he achieves, and what a jubilee there is in hell.”

Reader, beware of the man who tells you that "the Bible is only paper and ink." The Book he speaks of so lightly will judge his contemptuous words in the last day, and then he will find that it is something more than paper and ink. Scripture will test each of us at the judgment seat of Christ, "for the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." What is the fire? "Is not my WORD like unto fire?" says Jehovah. Scripture declares itself to be "the living Oracles of God" (Acts vii. 38; Rom. iii. 2; Heb. v. 12; 1 Pet. iv. 11), which means that it is its own witness to the fact that it is *the living Voice of God*—the voice of Father, Son, and Spirit, for there is but one God—appealing to the heart and conscience of man.

Doubtless we may have "the letter" without "the spirit," that is to say, without its hidden and Divine meaning. But if we do not catch the spirit—the real and blessed purport of what is written, our unbelief or lack of spiritual perception does not nullify the letter nor make it anything less than it is; nor does it alter our responsibility to accept the letter as unfolding the *words*, and, through them, the *mind* of God. Moreover, let us remember that though we may have the letter without the spirit, we cannot have the spirit without the letter. Christ is the Spirit (2 Cor. iii. 6-17)—the type and the anti-type of all Scripture—and His Word contains the letter which makes Him known, and apart from which He cannot be known.

Of course, the Holy Ghost is the only true teacher. But some dear people seem to think that He teaches *now* apart from His Word. This is a great fallacy, and invariably ends in mysticism. The mystic evolves something from his own heart which he has experienced, and then seeks to make God's Word endorse it. Putting experience in the place of

Scripture is the root error of all the pious and chimerical notions of ancient and modern mystics from Swedenborg (the worst) or Ter Steegen (the best) to others of a later day.

*But the Bible is the Spirit's voice*; as it is written: "The Spirit of the Lord *spake* by me, and His Word was in my tongue"; and again: "Holy men of God *spake* as they were moved by the Holy Spirit"; and yet again: "Now *the Spirit speaketh* expressly that in the latter times some should depart from the faith"; and yet once more: "*Words* which man's wisdom does not teach, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth, combining *spiritual things* with *spiritual words*." (See R. V. and J. N. D's. New Translation.)

The first bit of error current in the early church was taught because the disciples omitted *one tiny monosyllable* of God's Word (Jno. xxi. 23). Add a letter to "sin" in Jno. i. 29, and you can teach universal salvation. Change "Seed" to "seeds" in Paul's memorable and clinching argument to the Galatians, and you, so far, destroy Christianity. In the chapter we refer to (Gal. iii.) we have Scripture "forseeing" (it has *eyes*); "preaching" (it has a *voice*); and "concluding" (it has a *mind*). Could anything show more clearly the blessed identity of God with what He has written? God honors His Word—"Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy name!" and so should we. The Lord Himself insisted on the inspiration of the letter of the Word. "It is written"—"Have ye never read?"—"What saith the Scriptures?"—"If ye believed not Moses' writings, how shall ye believe My words?" formed His final appeal. He also declared that not one "jot" nor "tittle" should pass from the Law—the Word. A jot answers to the dotting of an *i*, and tittle to the crossing of a *t*.

"All Scripture is God-breathed (it is His living

voice), and is profitable for doctrine (the first thing), for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness (how didactic and yet how practical), that the man of God may be perfect (full grown), thoroughly furnished (he wants nothing more) unto all good works."

Reader, reader! beware of the spirit of compromise. Let "Thus saith the Lord" be an end to controversy. Take your stand upon it, and, amid the treacherous quicksands of human opinion, which are engulfing so many, you will prove it to be the Rock whereon to stand, and whereoff to speak, which nothing can shake—now nor hereafter.

S. J. B. C.



## "Give ye them to eat."

**G**IVE a portion to seven" (the complete number), "and also to eight" (that is, God's grace goes beyond all evil, and thus is without limit), "for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth." But before you give, it must be "thy bread;" that is, it must be what you live upon yourself, of which you minister. Nothing else is really yours: If Christ is not your daily portion—the satisfying One for you—how can you speak of Him or minister Him to others? Your words will seem to them but as "idle tales," for the Spirit will not add the unction of His power to words that are not true and real as to yourself.

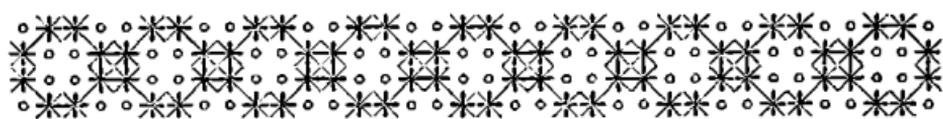
If powerless to minister Christ, what then am I living upon day by day, since it is "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh?" The Lord Jesus died to give me all I needed, to satisfy me as a poor sinner, and to fill me as a saint.

Children, have ye any meat?" Am I filled, satisfied, fed day by day? If so "out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water" (John vii.), so that I may communicate to others. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Is my Christianity, then, marked by this exercise of it? "Upon the waters"—restful or restless—"bread" is to be cast, reminding one of Rev. xvii., "The waters which thou sawest . . . are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues."

Such then is to be your life and mine; and if we enter into what Christ is, it will be so, spontaneously—daily, a life of casting our "bread upon the waters," only doing this in perfect rest and contentment of soul. This marked His life on earth. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand" (that is, go on, continue): "for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that." May we live day by day in perfect rest of heart; experience what it is to have Christ with us, the only changeless, great, and satisfying reality in this changing scene, brightening and gladdening the house or the business, and therefore ministered in all our footsteps, "until He come." H. C. A.



**The World.**—A pleasure yacht was sailing off the coast of Nova Scotia, when an iceberg was sighted. It was suggested by a pleasure seeker that, as the day was fine and the sea quiet, they might disembark upon it. It was a hazardous enterprise; but some succeeded in climbing the crystal mass, and remained there till the iceberg, as if by magic, fell asunder and disappeared. Awe struck they saw its domes and pinnacles, crimsoned by the setting sun, sink like the fabric of a vision, with its living freight, and leave not a vestige behind. So will pass the glory of this world; its thrones and dynasties, its honors and emoluments, its pleasures and its honors,—all vanish with life's setting sun.



## The coming of the Prince.



**T**HE past month has witnessed the greatest event Australia has ever known—the coming of the Prince and the opening of the first Parliament of the great Australian Commonwealth.

Thousands—scores of thousands of people have poured into Melbourne from the adjacent Provinces and States until a population of half a million has increased by leaps and bounds, and accommodation at some of the leading hotels has only been procurable at 30 guineas a week.

The Prince, the heir apparent to the greatest Empire on earth, arrived amid the boom of cannon from the representative warships of all nations. Landing at St. Kilda, with his fair consort and a glittering escort and retinue, he began his three hours' triumphal passage through the city proper amid all the honors that civic money, wisdom, and art could devise.

Scores, one might say hundreds of thousands, of police, militia, and civilians lined the streets and crowded huge stands. Verandahs and house-tops, and every bit of vantage ground were filled with eager sight-seers. Many waited half a day, so desirous were they to catch a glimpse of the Prince, and to view the magnificent pageant. Decorative arches and obelisks were erected, at immense cost, along the route, and banners, flags, pennants waved with the wind and sparkled in the sun till the place seemed transformed into a fairy land—a dazzling galaxy of glories. Then, at night the whole city became ablaze with thousands of electric lights, and illuminated escutcheons, and imitation fountains, of

every conceivable design and color.

Such was the coming of the Prince. But as we read and heard of it, and afterwards saw something of its attendant and accessory splendour, we thought of another and a far greater event which is quickly approaching, even the *coming of the Prince of peace*. (Isa. ix. 2-7.)

Is Australia, is the world ready for His advent? If He came would men welcome Him? Is there a spark of expectant desire in any unrenewed breast for His coming?

Alas, no. Men do not want Him. The world might brook and even applaud "A Twentieth Century Christ"—a Christ who would countenance their pleasures, and be the object of their semi-Pagan and Jewish religion, and who would wink at their follies and sins. But the Christ of God; the despised, rejected, and crucified Jesus; the holy, harmless, undefiled, separated, and heavenly Nazarene, men do not want.

It is true that when, a few days later, the first Australian Commonwealth Parliament was opened by the Prince, and 12,000 of the elite of the land crowded the building, the orchestra sung the "Old Hundredth," the words being taken from Psa. c.—

"All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

It is also true that prayers were uttered of the same earthly, if not Jewish, character, linking the name of God and of His Son with the government of a Christ-rejecting world.

But it is likewise true, as true as God's Word can make it, that millennial praise or prayer, taken from the Psalms and from Old Testament Scripture, is not suitable to the present age; and its being used only shows how little men understand what Christianity really is. Christ is still "despised and rejected of men;" and, He and those who

intelligently love and serve Him, await the moment when He shall come for them and afterwards appear with them and take the reins of earthly government into His own hands.

And He is coming !

*Coming* to catch up every loyal and loving heart that trusts Him (1 Thess. iv.).

*Coming* as the Warrior King to tread down His foes and to establish His Kingdom (Rev. xix. 11-21).

*Coming* to arraign all nations before His judgment throne (Matt. xxv. 31-46).

*Coming* as the Prince of peace to sway the sceptre of universal blessing and equity, and to "reign from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth" (Psa. lxxii.).

Reader, are you ready for the coming of the Prince?

Oh, may the Divine mandate and message of Christ's coming day stir even now the very depths of your immortal soul—

"Kiss the Son, lest He be angry and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" (Ps. ii.).

Our Lord is now rejected and by the world disowned,  
By the many still neglected, and by the few enthroned;  
But soon He'll come in glory! The hour is drawing nigh,  
For the crowning day is coming by-and-by.  
Oh, the crowning day is coming! Is coming by-and-by!  
When our Lord shall come in "power" and "glory" from on high!  
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden each loving heart and eye,  
In the crowning day that's coming, by-and-by.

S. J. B. C.



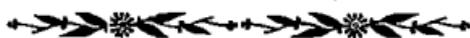
**Dispensational Reigns.**—From Adam to Moses *Death* reigned. From Moses to Christ *Law* reigned. From Christ to Second Coming *Grace* reigns. From Second Coming to end of Millennium *Righteousness* will reign. *Now Righteousness suffers*; in the *Millennium* it reigns; in the *Eternal State* it dwells. S. E. R.



**Procrastination** is the thief of time, and the plunder can never be recovered.

# “Coming To-morrow.”

(JAS. IV. 13, 14.)



ONE evening the thoughts of the waking hours mirrored themselves in a dream.

I seemed to be out walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange, vague sense of *something* just declared, of which all were speaking with a suppressed air of mysterious voices. There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men stood at the corners of the street and discussed an impending something, with suppressed voices. I heard one say to another, *Really coming?* What, *to-morrow?* And the other said, “Yes, to-morrow, He will come.”

It was night. The stars were glittering down, but the same sense of hushed expectancy pervaded everything. There seemed to be nothing doing, and each person looked wistfully on his neighbour, as if to say, “Have you heard?”

Suddenly, as I walked, an angel form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene, and calm. Above the forehead was a pale, tremulous, phosphorous radiance of light, purer than any on earth. Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love as I said, “Tell me; is it really true? *Is Christ coming?*”

“He is,” said the angel. “To-morrow He will come.”

“What joy!” I cried.

“Is it joy?” said the angel. “Alas, to many in this city it is only terror. Come with me.”

In a moment I seemed to be standing with Him in a parlour of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over

with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness of boundless wealth. Gold and silver, and gems, and foreign furniture, and costly pictures, and articles of *vertu*—everything that money could buy—was heaped together. The man seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the sweat from his brow and spoke.

“I don’t know, wife, how you feel, but *I* don’t like this news. I don’t understand it. It puts a stop to everything that *I* know anything about.”

“O, John,” said the woman, turning towards him a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, “how can you say so?”

And as she spoke I could see, breaking out above her head, a tremulous light, like that above the brow of the angel.

“Well, Mary, it’s the truth. I don’t care if I say it. I don’t want to meet—well, I wish He would put it off! What does He want of me? I’d be willing to make over—well, three millions to found a hospital, if He’d be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, *I’d give three millions to buy off to-morrow.*”

“He is my best friend!”

“Best friend!” said the man, with a look of half fright, half anger. “Mary, you don’t know what you’re talking about. You know I always hated those things. There’s no use in it; I can’t see into them. In fact I *hate* them.”

She cast on him a look full of pity. “*Cannot I make you see?*” she said.

“No, indeed, you can’t. Why, look here,” he added, pointing to the papers, “here is what stands for millions. How can *I* rejoice?—I’d give half; I’d give—yes, the whole, not to have Him come these hundred years.”

She stretched out her thin hand towards him, but he pushed it back.

“Do you see?” said the angel to me, solemnly; “between him and her there is a “great gulf” soon to be “fixed.” They have lived in one house with that gulf between them for years. To-morrow she will rise to Christ as a dewdrop to the sun; and he will be left to call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the scene was changed. We stood together in a little, low attic, lighted by one small lamp—how poor it was!—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in the corner, where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things, the air was so frosty that their breath congealed upon the bedclothes as they talked in soft, baby voices. “When mamma comes she will bring us some supper,” said one. “But I’m so cold!” said the little outsider. “Get in the middle, then,” said the other two, “and we’ll warm you.” Mamma promised to make a fire when she came in, if that man would pay her. “What a bad man he is,” said the oldest boy; “he never pays mother if he can help it.”

Just then the door opened, and a pale, thin woman came in laden with packages.

She laid all down and came to her children’s bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

“Joy; joy! children! Oh, joy! joy! Jesus is coming! He will be here to-morrow!”

Every little bird in the nest was up, and the little arms around the mother’s neck; the children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus; He had been their mother’s and their Saviour, and their Friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not He was coming.

“O, mother, will He take us? He will, won't He?”

“Yes, my little ones,” she said, softly smiling to herself; “He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly again, as by the slide of a magic lantern, another scene was present.

Again I stood in a brilliant room full of luxuries. Three or four women were standing pensively talking with each other. Their apartment was bestrewn with jewellery, laces, silks, velvets, and every elegance; but they looked troubled.

“This seems to me really awful,” said one, with a suppressed sigh; “what troubles me is, I know so little about it.”

“Yes, said another, “and it puts a stop so to everything!”

There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room, who whispered, “For ever with the Lord.”

“I'm sure I don't know what that can mean,” said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder; “it seems rather fearful.”

“Well,” said the other, “it seems so sudden—when one never dreamed of any such thing—to change all at once from this to that other life.”

“It is bliss to be with Him,” said the poor woman.

“Oh, I have so longed for it!”

“The great gulf,” again said the angel—“soon to be fixed.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Yet a little while and He that shall come will come.” *Are you ready?*

Reader, prepare—prepare to meet thy God. Believe and be saved, for “he that believeth not shall be damned.” “In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.”

H. B. S.



## “In the cleft of the rock.”

“Be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me. For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name’s sake lead me, and guide me.”—Psa. xxxi. 2, 3.

**E**ARLY one morning a Highland widow left her home, in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one.

The morning, when the widow left her home, gave promise of a lovely day. It seemed as if spring had really come. The lake in all its quiet loveliness lay below; across it the wild birds flew and screamed with ecstasy as they dipped their wings into the glittering waters. The dark shadow of the mountain sides was splendidly relieved by the glints of sunshine which now and again burst over the fair scene.

But before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as “the great May storm.” The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock!

Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shieling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge,

all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat or fox's den would be welcome.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting edge of rock and pressed her child to her trembling bosom.

The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of.

She wrapped him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. She stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern; and then, resolved at all hazards to brave the storm and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt, she rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen, with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow. They have

found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love.

More than half a century passed away. An aged and faithful minister of Christ was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in the city of Glasgow; the subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland crofter's widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood.

A few days after this a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see this same servant of God. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized him by the hand, and gazing intently into his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my Queen and country. I came to this city a few weeks ago, in bad health. Last Sunday I entered the place where you were preaching, where I could once more hear in the language of my youth and of my heart the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son"—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost checked his utterance; but, recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "I AM THAT SON! Never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me! Though I never remember having seen her, dear to me is her memory; and my only desire now is, that I may

rest beside her in the old churchyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this—until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!” he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and he added, “It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name, that my dear mother has not died in vain, and the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me have been at last answered; I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK; but it is the ROCK OF AGES!” and clasping his hands, he repeated, with intense fervour, “Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee” (Isa. xlix. 15).

(EXCHANGE.)

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**Introduce thy Friend.**—If thy Friend be worthy and noble and true, introduce Him to others. If He be one of Whose acquaintance thou art not ashamed, let others know Him too. I speak, Christian brother, of that best of all friends, the Lord Jesus Christ; and I say to thee, introduce Him. Go on introducing Him always and to every one, and fear not lest these many new acquaintances of thy Lord shall rob thee of any of His friendship. Far from it. As thou shalt introduce Him to others, His friendship for thee shall grow; His intimacy with thee shall increase, and He shall reveal to thee all the hidden treasures of His love.

T. C. R.

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**Zeal.**—The faster a man rides, if he be in the wrong road, the farther he goes out of his way. Zeal is the best or worst thing in a duty; if the end be right, it is excellent; if wrong, worthless.

# The More Convenient Season.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

**A**LONE he sat and wept. That very night  
 The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal  
 Of eloquence, had warned him to repent;  
 And, like the Roman at Drusilla's side,  
 Hearing the truth, he trembled. Conscience wrought,  
 Yet sin allured. The struggle shook him sore.  
 The dim lamp warned,—the hour of midnight tolled;  
 Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed  
 Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch,  
 And bade the Spirit of his God depart.  
 —But there was war within him, and he sighed,  
 “Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One!  
 Return, when youth is past, and make my soul  
 At some more convenient season—Thine.”

\* \* \* \* \*

With kindling brow, he gaily trod  
 The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice,  
 And beauty's smile, his joyous pulses woke.  
 To love he knelt, while on his brow she hung  
 Her freshest myrtle-wreath. For gold he sought,  
 And winged wealth fondled him, till the world  
 Pronounced him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime  
 Swelled to its climax, and his busy days  
 And restless nights swept like a tide away.  
 Care struck deep round him, and each shoot  
 Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree,  
 Shut out with woven shades the eye of heaven,  
 When lo! a message from the Crucified,—  
 “Look unto me, and live.” Pausing, he spake  
 Of weariness, and haste, and want of time,  
 And duty to his children, and besought  
 A longer space to thus prepare for Heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

—God spake again, when age had shed its snows  
On his wan temples, and the palsied hand  
Shrank from gold-gathering. But the rigid chain  
Of habit bound him, and he still implored  
A more convenient season.

“See, my step  
Is firm and free; my unquenched eye delights  
To view this pleasant world; and life with me  
May last for many years. In the calm hour  
Of lingering sickness, I can better fit  
For vast eternity.”

Disease approached,  
And reason fled. The maniac strove with death,  
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries,  
Till darkness smote his eye-balls, and thick ice  
Closed in around his heart-strings. The poor clay  
Lay vanquished and distorted. But the *soul*,—  
*The soul* whose promised season never came  
To hearken to the Saviour's call, had *gone*  
To weigh *His* sufferance with its *own* abuse,  
And bid farewell to hope for evermore.

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## “CHRIST IS ALL.”

“AND I saw no temple therein” (Rev. xxi. 11).  
If any should ask tidings and say, “John,  
what sawest thou in that new city? Was  
there any temple, any priests, any prophets, any  
candlesticks there?” He should answer, “Oh, you  
know not what you speak, I saw no temple there!  
I saw a more glorious sight than all the temples of  
earth. I saw the Lamb, the King in the midst of  
them. I saw Christ, the fountain of heaven, and  
though ye should know Moses, David, Paul in glory,  
you would be so taken up with beholding the face  
of the Lamb that you find no leisure to look over your  
shoulder to any other.”

(SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.)

# THE THING LACKING.

(Read Romans iii. 9-26).

**P**EOPLE in this poor world, which is devastated by sin and reserved for judgment, lack many things. For the body, some lack much; for the soul, many lack everything. And the thought before us just now—pressed upon us as we move about amongst the living and the dying, is—“**THE LACK THERE IS OF A SENSE OF SIN.**”

We find that souls go on quietly to the bitter end, with no sense of an offended God, or of the fact that a holy God and a sinful being are incompatibles. Too often they are like the gentleman who had spent all his life for himself. Hunting, travelling, and anything else to please self, had occupied him entirely until the time when swiftly an accident brought him near to death. Then, when a friend of ours spoke to him concerning the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ,—and asked him whether he believed,—there came from the lips soon to be sealed in death, the reply, “Of course I believe, but I cannot see my way.”

So we often find it with souls, “*Of course*” they believe; but that often means that they have never troubled sufficiently about the matter to give it a serious thought. They have tacitly assented to what they have heard, just as they do to any piece of ordinary news that is going about, and there the matter has begun and ended with them.

Small wonder, then, that when they are near the entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, they cannot “see their way.” How should they, when, though they have a vague hope that they will land safely, they know not Him who alone could say “I am the way”?

What is wanted? A SENSE OF SIN. A bowing to

the dictum of God as contained in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans—"All have sinned."

Oh! yes—again say many, when we speak to them,—“Of course we are all sinners”; and there it ends. They are no more troubled about the fact than if we had merely asked their assent to some ordinary geographical or historical fact. THERE IS NO SENSE OF SIN.

What does a real sense of the fact bring? Why, A SENSE OF GUILT. And having a sense of guilt, there then comes A SENSE OF NEED—and without a sense of need it is idle to talk of belief in a Saviour. For He is a Saviour only, because He is the alone One that can meet the need thus created. Thus easy-going “assenters,” if we may use the term, are as surely unsaved as those “dissenters” from the truth who boldly say, “I *don't* believe.”

Now, this plain talk we believe to be necessary, because we see the lack that we have spoken of, not only as we move about here and there amongst the well and strong, but as we stand day by day by the bedsides of the sick and the dying. We see them gliding off the scene often ignorant of the fact that they are going; or, if told of it, persisting in the hope that they may even yet be spared, and occupied with that alone. We speak to them of sin and of the Saviour, and they assent; but, alas! too often we see no heart-work whatever.

We know that *in the past* they have been ever occupied with the things of this life only; we can plainly see that their short *present* is filled with thoughts of themselves, their illness, their friends, their pain, and so on—and we can but judge that if there and then they were raised up, *their future* would not differ from their past, because we see no evidence of change of heart. So, alas! too often they pass away.

Some time since, we visited a lady in Melbourne, whose days were evidently numbered. We had, after receiving divers cautions "not to frighten," been allowed a private interview for the first time with her, though we had previously spoken to her of the necessity of salvation. What was the answer we got from this member of a professedly Christian family, who were regular church-goers, and every one of whom would, no doubt, say, "Of course I believe." The answer was, "I am not a member of your church."

"But," we replied, "we are not here to speak to you of any church, but of the alone Saviour."

"I do not understand you," came from the enfeebled one; "the others understand; we follow Mr. ——" (naming a well-known leader). "I am quite content and happy."

"Well, I will give you one verse that surely you will understand; it is this: "I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." "

"I don't understand," was the only response.

"But that is a verse of Scripture—these are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and Mr. —— cannot give you anything good that is different from that."

We said more to this effect, but without getting any more satisfactory answer, and had soon to leave, pressing on the dying one that there was but *one Saviour*, but *one way*, and that if she was not in that way she was in the wrong way utterly. But she was "content." She was "happy." She was gliding into eternity without the least thought of having the question of SIN settled. The mother, who also "professed," was quite content and happy about the dying one, and though full of faith in Mr. ——, showed no desire that she should evidence faith in a living Personal Saviour.

Some time afterwards, we visited another, whom

we had known for about the same length of time, and to whom we had spoken, when she was in comparatively good health, of the necessity of confession of sin and acceptance of the Saviour. The words had apparently been at that time as water spilled upon the ground, but now the possibility of speedy dissolution had awakened her eyes to the danger of her position. The fact—not that, generally speaking, *all* had sinned, but that *she* had sinned—had pressed itself upon her. Her unfitness for the presence of a thrice-Holy God was seen, and with tears in her eyes, she spoke of this, and of her need of a Saviour. To such an one, it was good to tell of the *ability* of the Lord Jesus to save, and of His *willingness* to save “all those who come unto God by Him.”

Our final words to you, dear reader, are :—

You are a sinner, and need to realise and own it.

Your sins will keep you from the presence of God for ever, unless you are sheltered under the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mere general assent to doctrines or facts of the Gospel will not put you under this shelter, for there *must* be A SENSE OF SIN, A SENSE OF GUILT, A SENSE OF NEED.

Then heart-work personally with God, and real individual living faith in a personal Saviour, will beget A SENSE OF PARDON.

A. F. S.



**Bunyan's** Christian had his back on the world, the modern Christian has the world on his back.



**The world** is a sea of glass, affliction scatters our path with sand and ashes and gravel in order to keep our feet from sliding.—(TOPLADY.)



**Shells** we find on the beach ; for pearls we must dive.



# The Voice and the Echo.

“He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, so that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.—Heb. xiii. 5, 6.

“**H**E hath said;” “we may . . . say.” So, then, here are two voices; or rather a voice and an echo—God’s voice of promise, and our answering voice of confidence. God speaks to us that we may speak to Him.

## GOD’S WHISPER.

“I will never leave thee.” Both in the Hebrew and in the Greek the word which is employed, and which is translated “leave,” means the withdrawing of a hand that sustains. And so the Revised Version wisely substitutes for “leave thee,” “I will never *fail thee.*” We might even put it more colloquilly, and approach more nearly the original expression, if we said, “He will never drop thee;” never let His hand slacken, never withdraw its sustaining power.

No man “shall pluck them out of My Father’s hand.” “The Lord upholdeth all that fall,” says one Psalm, and another of the Psalmists puts it even more picturesquely: “When I said my foot slippeth, Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.” To say “my foot slippeth,” with a strong emphasis on the “my,” is the sure way to be able to say the other thing: “Thy mercy held me up.” “He shall not fall, for the Lord is able to make him stand.” Suppose a man on some slippery glacier, not accustomed to ice-work. As he feels his foot going out from under him, he gets nervous, and nervousness means a fall, and a fall means disaster, and sometimes death. So he grips the guide’s hand, and then he can walk.

There is Peter, out on the sea that he had presumptuously asked leave to walk on, and as he feels the cold water coming above his ankles, and sees it rising higher and higher, he begins to fear; faith and

fear are strangely blended in the cry: "Lord, save, or I perish." Christ's out-stretched hand answered the cry. So will God do for us, if we will, for He has said: "I will never relax My grasp." When a nurse or a mother is holding a child's hand, her grip slackens unless it is perpetually repeated by fresh nervous tension. So all human helps tend to become less helpful, and all human love has its limits. But the Lord's hand *never slackens its grip*.

But mark the other form of the promise. "I will never forsake thee"—that is the same promise, in another shape. Here is a word for the solitary, and we are all solitary. Some of us, more plainly than others, are called upon to walk a lonely road in a great darkness, and to live lives little apprehended, little sympathised with, by others, or perchance having for our best companion, next to God, the memories of those that are beside us no more. Dear ones go, and take half our hearts with them. People misunderstand us. We feel that we dare not open out our whole selves to any. We feel that, just as scientists tell us that no two atoms of the most solid body are in actual juxtaposition, but that there is a film of air between them, and hence all bodies are more or less elastic, if sufficient pressure be applied, so after the closest companionship there is a film. But that film makes no separation between us and God. "I will not drop thee"—there is the strength according to our need. "I will not forsake thee"—there is companionship in all our solitude.

### **OUR ANSWER.**

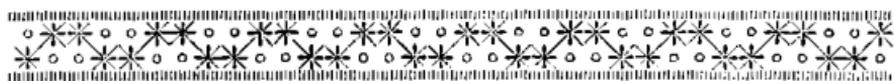
If God speaks to me, He waits for me to speak to Him. Do we speak to God in the strain in which He speaks to us? When He says, "I will," do our hearts leap up with joyful confidence, and answer, "Thou dost"? Do we take all His promises for our trust, or do we meet His firm assurance with a feeble,

faltering faith? "He hath said," and then He pauses and listens, whether we are bold to say, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me."

There is a kind of throb of wonder in that word—"The Lord is my helper." That is the answer of faith to the Divine promise, grasping it, never hesitating about it, laying it upon the heart, upon the fevered forehead like a cooling leaf, to subdue the hot pulsations there. And then what comes next? "I will not fear." Faith is the antagonist to fear, because faith grasps the fact of the Divine promise.

"What can man do unto me?" It is safe to look at men and things when we have rested in faith on God. If we start with God's promise and put down with strong hand the craven dread that coils round our hearts, then we can look out with calm eyes upon all the appearances that may threaten evil, and boldly say, "What can man do unto me?"

A. McL. (ADAPTED FROM AN ADDRESS).



## THE PRAYERLESS DAY.

(CONTRAST MARK i. 35.)

•  
 ● ← ← ← ————— ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●  
 † THE sunlight streaming o'er my temple gate  
 With ray beguiling, soft and fair,  
 Made me at dawn neglect until too late  
 To bar it with the wonted prayer.

Two fair-clad robbers, Duty and Delight,  
 Won entrance and engaged my mind,  
 While dark, unnoticed and in rags bedight  
 Worry and Folly crept behind.

To-night there's ruin in my holy place,  
 Its vessels gone, its treasures spent.  
 Contentment, joy, and every hard-won grace  
 Displaced and spoiled :—LORD, I REPENT.

# TO A YOUNG FRIEND.



MY DEAREST LUCY,—

Should we see each other no more, should that be our Heavenly Father's will concerning us, I want you to remember a few counsels of one who feels for you the affection of a father in the Lord, and who, having for many years been learning both of his own vileness and the rich abounding grace of the Lord Jesus, may be able to give you some words of loving admonition.

*First*, ever remember what you are by Nature (Eph. ii. 1-8), and that the flesh is evil, altogether evil, that you must watch against it, pray against it, and mortify it every day to the very end. Your greatest and most dangerous enemy is within you—yourself! Self is that horrid idol that man put in the place of the blessed God—self-will—self-pleasing—self-exaltation. Watch against this, dear Lucy, pray against it. Satan acts on what he finds *within* us—so does the world—either by seducing us away from Christ by its pleasures and allurements, or by terrifying us from following Him faithfully.

Can you follow Christ in your own strength? Oh, distrust yourself, distrust the world, but do not distrust your Saviour. Look at the little child that Jesus took in the arms of Almighty Love, and seek to be like that little child. Have no confidence in your own wisdom or strength—fly to His arms. Then you are in His bosom, near His heart, and can shelter yourself and repose in His love. Yes, you can hear His voice; you are safe from every danger; His smile will save you from the world's smiles, and make you fearless of its frowns.

But there is the *second* thing that I wish you to remember—that *Christ is all*. You are not under law, but under grace; that is, you are not to depend on your own self or your own resources in anywise, but upon the fullness of grace and the all-sufficiency of Christ. He loves you; you are *His*; He has redeemed you to God by His own blood. The world has no right to you, but Christ has every claim that love can make and love can respond to.

Keep a good conscience. Daily and prayerfully read the precious Word of God, meditate on it and commit it to memory. *Hide it in your heart.* Be much in prayer—you know what prayer is—it is the simple, childlike going to your Father in secret, who loves you, cares for you, and tells you to pour out your heart before Him, because His eye is upon you; you can never want a friend or counsellor when you have such a God and Father.

Be not hasty in forming friendships. While kind, obliging, courteous to all, let the friends of Jesus be your friends and companions. Committing you with confidence to His care and love,

Your father in Christ,

(THE LATE) J. G. DECK.

JANUARY 14TH, 1859.



## THE LORD'S PRESENCE.



**T**HE matter is to me comparatively simple. When the Lord was here He was among His disciples as after the flesh. He was the Centre and Head in that Company. But that could not continue, for death was on those around Him. The fact of His death *for them* must make, of necessity, a difference in the condition under which He could be among them, and this the Lord brings before them in the last supper. These new conditions were expressed in His body being given *for them*, and the shedding of the blood of the New Covenant. These henceforth became the conditions of His presence. And in taking the Supper we are tested as to whether we continue in these conditions, whether our minds are in accord morally with that which is set forth in the body given, and the blood shed. If happily it is so, we realise His presence, but not, I think, otherwise. He will not give the grace of His presence on any other terms. His coming into the world will be to establish these conditions. They are inseparable from Himself. I do not think that, as things are, the mere coming together of Saints will ensure the presence of the Lord. It is His pleasure to accord His presence, but it cannot be on other conditions than the acceptance of the moral import of His death. It is most important to see that His power and glory establish the principles set forth in His death. We have not the power and the glory yet, and in the meantime we shew forth the principles that will rule in the coming of the Lord. That is the way in which the matter presents itself to my mind.

F. E. R. (*Communicated.*)

# Trying and Trusting.

**N**OW glad you were when you could first sing—  
“Happy day! when Jesus washed my sins away,”  
or,—

“Blessed assurance! Jesus is mine!”

These were morning songs which came with the sunrise when the light of the presence of Jesus first flooded your soul. Happy day indeed, after the night of sin!

But is it still “happy day” with you? It is sad to say, but only too true, that bright mornings are often overclouded, and that once bright believers may sit down miserable in the dull shade of an eclipse.

Israel expressed the joy of their deliverance in salvation songs at the Red Sea, and yet three days afterwards they were murmuring over an unexpected disappointment (Ex. xv.). And the young believer does not go far before trouble assails him, and unlooked for difficulties come. Old friends put on new and not always pleasant faces, and persecution because of the Word arises. Little by little the world insinuates its charms, and tries to regain its place in the young believer's heart. Old habits are astir, and seek to drag the soul into the bondage of former days. The young convert is alarmed to find fresh symptoms of the plague which he thought was thoroughly healed.

It is as if a leper, cured of his loathsome disease, and finding a returning spot, should exclaim, “Oh, doctor, look! my trouble is all coming back again!”

Dear young friend, are your troubles coming back again? Very likely. No child of God can escape the painful lesson which you are now to learn. And it is this, that *in yourself you are no better now than*

*you were before you were converted.*

You have learned how evil are the things you have done, and you have learned further, that those things are forgiven for Jesus' sake. The Holy Spirit designs to teach you next what you *are*. And what do you think you are? Good? Ah no, you say, I wish I was. It is the very thing I want to be. But old tempers, evil thoughts, dark doubts, and useless wearisome efforts all make me know I am far from being good.

Now, when a young convert gets this length, he usually adds to his troubles by his mistakes. Finding he is not good, he *tries* to be good. He fails and tries again, and tries harder. He makes vows and resolutions; perhaps he goes to a consecration meeting and signs a covenant, or he takes a pledge, puts on a badge, or wears a ribbon. Still, if he is honest, he feels no better. He cannot get the length of saying he is good, and he has to groan out like another who was in the same sad trouble, "When I would do good, evil is present with me" (Rom. vii.).

Now, you may think all this trying is very proper and commendable. It is nothing of the sort. It is absolutely useless, and it is contrary to God. So I want to say to my young readers, *Never try to make yourselves good*. You might as well try to carry a ton, or jump a twenty-foot wall, to grow an inch taller, or to perform any other impossible feat.

There is a better way, which I pray the Lord to help me to make clear in a few words. Read this slowly and seriously, and more than once:—

- (1.) All your sins and failures spring from the flesh, which is yourself, as you were born, and which is "only evil continually" (Gen. vi.).
- (2.) At the Cross God tried, condemned, and executed like a criminal your bad self

(called in Scripture the "old man."—Read Rom. vi. 1-13).

- (3.) Now, if you regard your old bad self as thus judged by God, you need not give it any thought or attention; you may be free and undistracted to look at Christ above, or, as Rom. vi. 11 says, you may "reckon yourself to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Jesus Christ our Lord."
- (4.) Look at Christ alone, then. Trust in Him, rejoice in Him, and you will become good without trying and almost without knowing it.

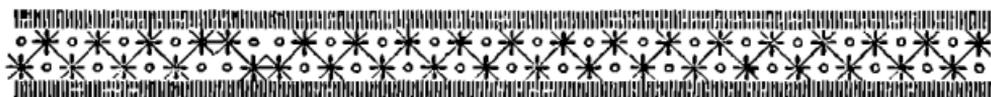
Have done with yourself and go on with Christ Jesus. If a burning log fell into the fender and filled the room with unpleasant smoke, it would be of little use to open doors and windows, or in any way to try and deal with the smoke. Out with the log, and the smoke will soon clear. Now, most people are trying to remedy the smoke of sin; God deals with the log—that is, the "old man," which produces it, and if you too have done with that old log of self which smokes and stinks so badly, and cannot be made better—if you have cast it out, as God has, you will then look to Jesus alone, and, by trusting Him, become like Him without effort, through the power of the Holy Spirit (2 Cor. iii. 18).

There is no good in self. All the good is in Christ, and in Christ for you. Thus the instructed believer never reaches a point where at last he can say, "Now I am good." He never expects to be able to say as he regards himself, "How wise or how successful I am!" He throws away such hopes. He hates them, for he learns that God has provided a better thing in giving His wondrous Christ, in Whom alone he is for ever complete.

Self is like a black shadow. Face the Sun, Christ Jesus, and you will not see the hateful thing. But

if you turn round to self to indulge it, or to *try* and improve it, your back is towards the Sun, and the dark shadow of sinful self is on your path. What wonder if thus you are sorrowful and disheartened.

Two words then in conclusion, Go on looking unto Jesus; and, Do not try, but trust. J. N. B.



## “*Stand Still.*”

**D**ESPAIR whispers, “Lie down and die! give it all up.” But God would have us put on a cheerful courage, and even in our worst times rejoice in His love and faithfulness.

*Cowardice* says: “Retreat, go back. Relinquish your principles.” But, however much Satan may urge this course upon you, you cannot follow it, if you are a child of God.

*Precipitancy* says: “Do something; stir yourself—to stand still and wait is sheer idleness.” We *must* be doing something at once. We must do it, so we think—instead of looking to the Lord, who will not only do something, but will do everything.

*Presumption* boasts: “If the sea be before you, march into it and expect a miracle.” But *Faith* listens neither to *Presumption*, nor to *Despair*, nor to *Cowardice*, nor to *Precipitancy*, but it hears God say, “Stand still,” and immovable as a rock it stands.

“Stand still,” keep the posture of an upright soul, ready for action; stand ready for further orders, cheerfully and patiently awaiting the directing voice; and it will not be long ere God shall say to you, as distinctly as Moses said to the people of Israel, “Go forward.”

C. H. S.

# Extract.

(From a letter from a Sister.)

WHAT a blessed link it is that binds the saints in one blessed bond—the love of Christ and Christ Himself. Of course, that which is exclusively of the world we have nothing to do with, but worldly Christianity we have sometimes to come in touch with; yet how disappointing it is, and how one has to turn with sorrow from it, or from those we would like to have a little fellowship with in the things of the Lord, even though they do not see eye to eye with us. At such times I feel how very precious it is to turn to Him, feeling that one is in some little measure in association with Him on resurrection ground. I would like to enter more into what it was to that little company, sharing the unique and blessed place with Him, apart from all that formed the world in those “forty days” that He was with them. What new thoughts, what new feelings must have taken possession of them; how separate from everything of the world. The religious world can as little understand us as it did them, if we are in that same nearness to Him as they were. May this, then, be our object—to be in that little circle where He is, outside this present scene, and being so formed by His company that the world shall take knowledge that we have been with Him. . . . . I went at Christmas to attend some meetings held about 300 miles from here, and very much enjoyed the ministry of Mr. Boyd, who was in this country 3 or 4 months, from England. His brother-in-law, Wm. Magowan, made us a 10 days’ visit at the end of January, but they left for England in February. We had also Mr. Rochester about a week in January. We had some nice meetings, though apparently no fruit as the result, but we know the Word will not return void . . . . . Mr. Mace is passing through on his way to Australia. He came last October, but has been held in Chicago—a large and wicked city—with Mr. Pellatt, where they have been holding 23 meetings a week since Christmas,

with much encouragement; the work is still going on, but it is his intention to come as soon as he can leave. . . . F. E. R., I believe, will be here again in the autumn.

WEBSTER GROVES,  
St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.



God took away the grave of Moses, that the people might have before them, in full and undisturbed relief, the man himself. It is an easier thing to revere the dust than to follow the example.



The strongest point of an address is the unsullied life of the preacher.



## The Unused Spices.



WHAT said those women as they bore their fragrant gifts away,—  
The spices that they needed not that resurrection day?

Did Mary say within her heart, Our work hath been in vain?

Or, counting o'er the spices bought, of so much waste complain?

Not so, for though the Risen Lord their spices did not need,

Yet did He know and own the love that planned the loving deed.

\* \* \* \* \*

My unused spices! Oh my Lord, they were prepared for Thee,

Yet if for them Thou hast no need, love shall my offering be.

M. H. R.



# Just in Time.

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**A** LITTLE time back I was spending the afternoon of the Lord's day in distributing gospel books and tracts among a number of miners.

I had given away nearly all the books I had brought out with me, and was returning slowly to my home, and had almost reached it, when I met two young miners coming slowly toward me. I stopped as we were about to pass each other, and selecting two little books from the few that remained in my hand, I held out one to each, and said, "Will you accept and read this?"

Each took the book I held out, and thanked me; and one, a fine, strong, healthy, and handsome young man of about twenty-five or twenty-six, stood still and read out the title-page of his—"Just in time."

A deep feeling of solemnity crept over me, and, looking up in his frank, open countenance, I said, "Yes, my friend, and God grant that you may be just in time for heaven"—that *you* may be just in time."

"Thank you," he said, quite earnestly, and we passed on our way—I going home to ask the Lord of the harvest for His own blessing on the seed sown by the wayside, that He would not allow it to be devoured by the fowls of the air, so ready to snatch it away. Even as I prayed, this young man's face came before me again and again, till I cried, "Bless him, Lord; save him." Little I thought how soon, and under what circumstances, we should meet again.

On the following Tuesday night, only two days later, I had just retired to my room for the night,

and was about to extinguish my light, when a loud knocking at the street-door made me throw up my window to see what was the matter.

"Who is there," I asked, seeing a young man standing at the door.

"Are you Mr. ——?" was the answer.

"Yes."

"Will you come at once and see a young man in E—— Street; he is dying, and wants you."

Hastily I dressed, and went out into the summer's night, guided by my companion. On our way toward E—— Street, he told me that his mate had gone down the shaft that afternoon as usual, and had jumped out of the bucket ere it reached the bottom; he had done it dozens of times before, and feared no danger, but this time, as he jumped, his foot slipped. The descent of the bucket closed an iron trap-door, thus making a firm foundation for the vessel to rest upon. Owing to his foot slipping, he was a moment too late to get clear of the iron door, and was caught by its closing, and crushed between it and the side of the shaft. His breast bones were broken in, and he was lying there, his friend said, in terrible agony, unable to speak, only making a gurgling sound if he attempted it, and just gasping for breath, while life seemed ebbing fast away.

We reached the cottage, and I entered. What a scene met my gaze! There lay the fine strong man whom I had met only two days before in the full vigor of health and youth, now absolutely helpless. The pallor of his face was ghastly; his eyes were almost starting in their sockets; feebly he gasped for breath; and over him hung his young wife—the wife of but one short week—with lips and cheeks almost as colourless as his own, in speechless, tearless agony.

He looked fixedly at me as I entered, and tried to

speak ; it was useless—no word would come.

“ Shall I read with you and pray for you ? ” I said.

He made a low hissing sound, the only approach to “ yes ” he could make.

I read to him that “ God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life ; ” and spoke to him of the love of God, that Jesus had been seeking him, and that having done the work by which sin could be put away out of God’s sight, He could now bring the sinner right into God’s presence. As simply as I could, I besought him to take his place as a sinner, and trust Jesus as a Saviour, and then I knelt down.

Even as I prayed, one after another of his mates came crowding into the little room, all full of rough sympathy, and many a coat-sleeve was brushed across the eyes of brave men to hide the tears that would rise unbidden at the sight of the strong man’s agony, and the young wife’s speechless woe.

The scene was too much for me, and for a few moments I went outside into the open air, lest I should break down entirely ; for rarely, if ever, had I seen a sight so pitiful.

I had been but a few minutes out of the room when my name was called hurriedly, and I returned to the sick man’s side. As I entered the room, his eyes rested on me entreatingly, with a look at once despairing and beseeching. Again I said, “ Shall I read and pray ? ” and again the same painful effort on his part to speak, and then the low hissing sound of assent. I read to him this time the story of the father and the prodigal (Luke xv.), and then I also read to him the prayers of the Pharisee and the publican, and repeated this one verse : “ Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. ” And while strong men bowed and wept, I cried to God



# No Oil in the Lamp.



**S**HE had never been very wicked, as men would say. Frequently she attended church, said her prayers regularly, often read her Bible, and in short, hoped that all was right for eternity, yet was seldom concerned about the question, for her *conscience* had never yet been reached. Wrapped in her rags of self-righteousness, she was *contentedly hastening on to judgment*. Peace, in a sense, she had, but a false peace, not peace with God; she was, instead, simply at peace with herself, for she had never truly known soul-trouble.

She was alone in her room one night when suddenly the lamp which she had lighted went out, leaving her in the darkness. Almost involuntarily she exclaimed, "There is no oil in the lamp!" The words were scarcely uttered till they seemed to come reverberating back into her ears, but with a new and solemn meaning. "No oil in the lamp! I've heard that before. Ah, yes, the parable of the virgins (Matt. xxv. 1-12). Five of them had no oil in their lamps when the bridegroom came, and they were shut out of the feast." Her mind became troubled. For several days, and even nights, the thought was ever with her. She would often cry out in anguish of soul, "No, I have no oil in my lamp. My God, what will become of me? I have not the grace of God in my heart!"

A horror of great darkness came upon her. She longed to be saved, yet knew not how. In great distress she began to pray, and God opened her eyes to see her utterly lost, undone condition in His sight, and showed her that she could do nothing to save herself. She searched His Word for light as to how she might obtain the longed-for "oil," and at last

was led to see that the work that saves had all been finished long ago when the Lord Jesus bore her sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. ii. 24). Sin had been all judged on Another, and she was justified from all things (Acts xiii. 38, 39). She rested in simple faith in Christ, and can now rejoice that she is His for time and eternity.

Before, she had profession; now she has Christ; before, she was dressed in the rags of self-righteousness; now she is clothed in the righteousness of God (1 Cor. i. 30); before, she had an empty lamp only; now she is a possessor of the oil of the Spirit, who has sealed her for heaven (Eph. iv. 30).

Reader, have you oil in your lamp?

H. A. I.

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**Whether guilty** of one sin or a thousand, your character for innocence has gone, and your claim to holiness is utterly vain. Take an illustration. A man keeps a shop. He leaves a sovereign in the till, and lodges a thousand pounds in the bank. The day after he finds that his apprentice has stolen the sovereign and that the bank-manager has absconded with the thousand pounds. Undoubtedly the latter is the greater rogue of the two, but *both have lost their character*, both are guilty of theft, and deserve punishment.

E. H. CHATER.



**Judgment.**—The stroke of judgment is like the lightning flash, irresistible, fatal; it kills—kills in the twinkling of an eye. But the clouds from which it leaps are slow to gather; they thicken by degrees; and he must be intensely engaged with the pleasures, or engrossed in the business of the world, whom the flash and peal surprise. The mustering clouds, the deepening gloom, the still and sultry air, the awful silence, the big pattering rain-drops—these reveal his danger to the traveller, and warn him away to the nearest shelter.



# “Why are ye troubled?”

‘Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet!’—Luke xxiv. 38, 39.

**W**HAT tender love is this! Blessed Jesus! He had said unto them, “Peace be unto you;” and it touched His gracious heart that there should be trouble or a thought in their hearts. How could such deep, sincere love bear to be doubted; He had loved them unto death; His very body had been broken on the cross for them; His very blood had been shed for the remission of their sins.

But now God had raised Him from the dead, *for their justification*: the object of His eternal desire was accomplished—redemption was finished. His heart, overflowing with unutterable joy, had found vent in those ever-precious words, “PEACE BE UNTO YOU.” How could He then bear a cloud of trouble, or one doubting thought, in the hearts of those He had so LOVED? Oh! it makes my heart melt whilst I look at Jesus, and hear those divinely sweet words, “Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet.”

Do you believe that Jesus was delivered for *your* offences, and that, having endured their utmost penalty, God raised Him from the dead for *your* justification? Then, with a heart still filled with joy, Jesus says, “Peace be unto you.” Like Peter, you may have denied Him; or, like the rest, you may have forsaken Him; but look at Him, listen to Him; oh! what words of love,—yes, love that cannot bear to be doubted,—and words *to you*: “Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?”

How do you answer these words of Jesus? Do you say, I am such a vile, ungrateful sinner; He says, “Behold my hands and my feet.” Look at them; what do you think about those wounds on the risen

body of Jesus? Do they not speak peace to your troubled conscience? He does not say, Look at *your* faith or *your* feeling. He does not say, Look at your sins or your failings. We might look at them in despair. But He says, "Behold my hands and my feet;" as though He had said, Is it not enough? could I love you more?

Blessed Jesus! Thy work is finished; here our souls rest. Our sins were laid on Thee; they cannot be laid on us. On our account wrath was on Thee; on Thy account it is peace, endless peace to us.

(THE LATE) CHARLES STANLEY.



## A Whisper in the Night.





**W**HEN courting slumber  
 The hours I number,  
 And sad cares cumber  
 My weary mind,  
 This thought doth cheer me:  
 That Thou art near me,  
 Whose ear to hear me  
 Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest  
 Who never sleepest;  
 Mid gloom the deepest  
 There's light above.  
 Thine eyes behold me,  
 Thine arms enfold me,  
 Thy Son has told me  
 That Thou art Love.



# Conscience.



Conscience is God's deputy in the soul.

Not to hear conscience is the best way to silence it.

Beware of hardening thy conscience by frequent heating and cooling.

Many a lash in the dark doth conscience give the wicked.

Conscience warns man as a friend before it punishes him as a judge.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

A tender conscience, of all things, ought to be tenderly handled.

A good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

Conscience is like a sun-dial. If you let truth shine upon it, it will point you right.

You may cover conscience over so that no truth can fall upon it.

Or you may let false light gleam upon conscience, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

The very whispers of an acquitting conscience will drown the voice of the loudest slanderer.

"Conscience," said a little girl, "is the voice of Jesus whispering in the heart."



If a man is fit to go higher he will show it by being faithful where he is.



**Talents.**—It was the man with the *one* talent, not the man with *ten*, that made the failure. Use your *one talent*, brother, sister.



**"Stand still."**—When you *don't* know what to do, don't go and do it. (AN OLD WRITER.)



# PAIN.

“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”

**T**HE question is doubtless often raised by a suffering child of God, “Why does my loving Father ever permit pain?”

There is more than one answer that may be given to this question. Pain is sometimes deserved punishment for transgressions of the laws of health, or pain may be hereditary—the result of a weak constitution inherited from one’s parents. Pain, too, is sometimes a merciful warning. When I feel in my frame a sudden stab of sharp pain, it may be a timely alarm-bell to warn of the coming danger. I am reminded to alter my mode of living, or to call in the physician. The first acute thrust saves me from worse things to come.

So much for physiological reasons. But there is a spiritual meaning and use of pain, with which a suffering child of God has the most concern. Pain is a part of my Father’s wise and loving discipline. It hath its blessed ministry upon the soul, just as tears, and trials, and temptations have. Its sharp lance often punctures pride and vain-glory. It pricks into the soul an acute sense of utter helplessness and dependence upon God. Under its sharp tortures the Christian calls out after God, his Supporter and his Comforter. He grasps the sedative of Christ’s love, and feels after that infinite bosom to lay his aching head upon.

When I have seen a true child of God locked up in confining sickness, or stretched on a bed of anguish, I have wondered sometimes why he was there, and yet many a reckless sinner running at large in perfect health. But when I saw with what sweet patience he submitted to the suffering—when

I heard the "songs in the night" which had been given to this prisoner of pain—then I discovered one of the reasons for the severe regimen to which he was subjected. God often heats His furnace that His beloved may glorify Him in the fires.

"Here I lie," exclaimed the holy and happy Halyburton—"here I lie, pained and yet without pain; without strength, and yet strong. The fever burns and parches my body, but the dew lies all night on my soul. My poor body is sorely racked, and my bones prick almost through my skin; but this bed is the best school I ever was in. I am laid here that I may commend my Lord."

I once visited a sweet-spirited "prisoner of the Lord" who had not entered a meeting for thirty years. She had suffered from childhood a most excruciating disease, which had twisted every limb and distorted every muscle of her countenance. I often called upon her, and read God's Word to her hungry soul, and it was to her like the droppings of the honeycomb. Her sick chamber was her school; her Bible gave her the only teaching she ever got—sometimes from Paul, sometimes from David, sometimes from the beloved disciple. She had this comfort, that she never had a poor sermon.

When I once asked her if she ever got any relief from pain, she replied—

"No, never; and I suppose that if you were to suffer for an hour what I have suffered for almost every hour in the last forty years, you would scream out with the agony."

Yet I never heard the faintest murmur of complaint from those distorted lips. Her peace flowed underneath all this torment, like a deep, cool river. Her graces ripened in that severe school of suffering. How she did long for heaven—that heaven of joyous health, in which none of the inhabitants do ever

say, "I am sick!" How delicious to her was that assurance: "There shall be no more death, or sorrow, or crying; neither shall there be any more pain!" What a blessed moment that must have been to her when death released her from her school of agony, and she "leaped up and walked, praising God" in the new Jerusalem!

Many an afflicted Christian may read this article of ours in a chamber of pain. Good friend, if Jesus be with you there, don't sigh too often for escape from the sacred spot. He "ofttimes resorteth thither to be with His disciple." You have better company than if you were out in the roaring, busy, wicked world. Your place just now is there—your field of labour is that narrow room. Fill that. Fill it with the sunlight of cheerfulness, and with the joy of the Lord. You have a testimony to utter there for Christ. Prove the power of the grace that is within you by patience, by meekness, by long-suffering, and rejoice alway in the Lord. You are on a litter of trial, and being carried thereon up towards your Father's house. Sing as you go. Bear up a little longer. You are almost Home. The last pang is not far off. And as you go joyfully in at yonder shining gate you will hear the glad tidings, "neither shall there be any more pain."

*(Adapted.)*

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**The ability to differ.**—The ability to agree is the easiest and the laziest one in the world. The ability, temperately, honestly, peacefully, amicably, and even affectionately to differ is one of the hardest tests which a state of grace lays upon a state of nature. It is painful to be obliged to differ upon occasion, for conscience sake, from one's friends and neighbours, but the dissenting note must sometimes be sounded. The art of disagreeing lovingly is a Christian art. It is the grace and patience of Christ.

# “THINGS TO COME.”

(QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.)

37.—What will be the future of Assyria ?

Consequent upon the dismemberment of the Turkish power, the ancient kingdoms of Assyria and Egypt will be re-constituted; the former by Russia, the latter by the western power. The long-standing quarrel of many centuries will break out afresh. Palestine lying between Assyria and Egypt will become, as before, the bone of contention between these rival powers. But God in mercy will interpose. The battle-cry of contending hosts shall be hushed. A safe highway from south to north through Palestine will be formed. The Egyptians and Assyrians will bury for ever their enmity and mutual jealousies, and will be knit heart to heart in closest bonds of enduring friendship. Both peoples shall enjoy, along with Israel, the blessing of Jehovah. Thus in the countries of abounding evil, grace will yet triumph to the glory of God (Isa. xix. 23-25).

38.—Is Turkey mentioned in the Prophetic Scriptures ?

Turkey is not once mentioned by name in the Word of God. The Euphrates, which is supposed to point out the decaying Mahometan power (Rev. ix. 14; xvi. 12) was originally the seat of the first of the Universal Monarchies, Babylon. In John's day, 96 A.D.—the period of the apocalyptic visions—the Euphrates formed the eastern boundary of the Roman conquests; while the prophetic references (Gen. xv. 18; Deut. xi. 24) mark it as the eastern limit of extended Palestine in the future. The Euphrates is ever a boundary river.

39.—Is Russia clearly pointed out in the Scriptures ?

Yes. Russia is named by the prophet of the captivity 1,450 years before Ruric the Norman pirate founded the great northern Kingdom and gave it its present name. Ezek. xxxviii. 2-3; xxxix. 1, reads: "Prince of *Rosh*, Meshech and Tubal." Russia is pointed out in these prophetic Scriptures as gathering against restored Israel in the last days: countless hosts, consisting of infantry and cavalry—all armed with weapons of every description—being ranged under her banner. Gog—the last Emperor of the Russians—and his mighty host are destroyed on the mountains of Israel, only a sixth part being preserved as a witness of Divine judgment (chap. xxxix. 2). The land of Gog, too, and the adjacent islands, will have judgment meted out to them (v. 6). The effect of these solemn dealings upon Israel and the heathen will be that Jehovah shall be known and feared (v. 7).

40.—Is Persia named in the Prophetic Word?

Yes. Persia is the second of the four universal Empires (Dan. ii. 32: vii. 5). She is also confederate with Russia in the final invasion of Palestine (Ezek. xxxviii. 5). She will, with other powers, be destroyed by the Lord descending from Heaven in judgment (Dan. ii. 35).

41.—Is Greece mentioned in the Prophecies?

Yes. Greece is the "brass" of the "great image" beheld by Nebuchednezzar (Dan. ii. 32) and the "leopard" to whom dominion was given in the vision of Daniel (chap. vii. 6). The strength of the Grecian kingdom shall yet be matched against the sons of Zion, but will be thoroughly vanquished in the coming struggle (Zech. ix. 13). Greece will be destroyed at the advent of the Lord in judgment (Dan. ii. 35).



# Marginal Jottings.

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**Deu. viii.:** "Thou shalt."—*v.* 2, Past; *v.* 5, Present; *v.* 10, Future (doubtless we have the taste now).

**"Put evil away"** (the responsibility of the Assembly)—Seven times, from Deu. xiii. to chap. xxiv.

**All of grace.**—Deu. xxxii. 10-12: He *seeks—finds—leads—instructs—keeps—cares—feeds.*

**Five aspects.**—Deu. xxiii.: "In His hand" (security). "At His feet" (communion). "By Him" (service). "Between His shoulders" (power). "Underneath, the everlasting arms" (Rest). On the back of infinite power, on the breast of infinite love. (H.O.)

**Three solemn things to say, and not do.**—"I know Him" (1 John ii. 4). "We have fellowship with Him" (1 John i. 6). "I love God" (1 John iv. 20). (J.E.B.)

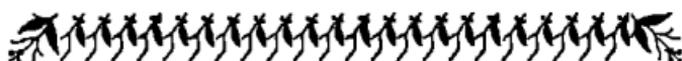
**The poor, lost sinner.**—"The poor have the Gospel preached unto them" (Matt. xi. 5). "The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost" (Matt. xviii. 11). "Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" (1 Pet. iv. 18). (W.J.)

**Backsliding.**—Neh. vii. 64: Lost their *register* (no inward assurance of their relationship). Neh. xiii. 28: Lost their *language* (no outward evidence of their relationship).

**A development** is found in the names given to Christians. *Disciples* is used 230 times in the Gospels and 30 times in the Acts, and *not at all* in the Epistles. *Saints* is found 4 times in Acts and 55 times in the Epistles. *Brethren* is found 15 times in the Gospels, 40 times in the Acts, and 138 times in the Epistles.

**The Blessed Man** (Psa. i.)—Things He does *not*:—He walketh not; standeth not; sitteth not. Things He *does* and *is*:—He delights—meditates—is planted—is fruitful—is ever green—prospereth—stands in the judgment.

**Psa. lxxi.**—*Continual—v.* 3, *resort*; *v.* 6, *praise*; *v.* 14, *hope*. Psa. lxxii. 15—*prayer*. Psa. lxxiii. 23—*presence*.



# Jordan.

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“Death worketh in us, but life in you.”

**S**TAY; choose not rashly, trembling heart;  
For know'st thou not how grieved thou art  
If ever called upon to part,  
E'en with one bound for heaven?  
And, oh, we all are tried full soon;  
How many a morn grows dark at noon;  
And *Death* must rob of every boon  
God hath in mercy given.

Be sure, if thou hast turned thy face  
Full heavenward, as thy destined place,  
God must, in His delivering grace,  
Provide a death scene here!  
So surely will the Jordan flow  
In on thy heart—on all below,  
And withering winds around thee blow;  
But thou shalt know Him near!

'Twere not *enough*, could we partake  
Thy every thought, or joy, or ache;  
Nor e'en if *He* came *down* to make  
Sweet company with thee;  
He must away with all that clings  
Of nature's dust upon thy wings.  
And then the emptied one He brings  
Where none can walk but He!

*Then* He can call thy heart *above*,  
And tell thee all His thoughts and love,  
And give to thee, a heaven-bound dove,  
Blest fellowship with Him!

Whence streams of life within thee flow,  
While death flows round thee here below;  
*Then*, and then only, shalt thou know  
Devotedness to Him!

# Faith.



**ONE** of the beautiful names given to converts in the Word of God is “believers” (Acts v.; 1 Tim. iv.). They are not so called because once, years ago perhaps, when first converted, they had trusted Christ. A believer is one who goes on trusting. Faith is a continuous exercise, a daily practice. It is not like the railway station which you leave far behind as you speed on your journey, but like the rails on which you travel all the while and all the way. This is exceedingly important for my young friends to understand, because if faith is not active sin will be. Some years ago, a train was travelling south from Sydney. It proceeded several hundred miles in safety till near Cootamundra. At that spot there was a broken rail on the track; the train was wrecked and precious lives were lost. Beware of a break in the line of your faith.

Good health does not mean that you have had one meal which has satisfied you once for all. To have no appetite would be almost as bad as to have no food. Your physical strength is maintained by having a hearty appetite every day, and a well-supplied table to meet it. There must be daily eating and drinking. The recollection of a feast a year ago would certainly not satisfy your hunger to-day. Now, Jesus says, “He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst” (John vi.). Of course you came to Jesus for the first time at your conversion, and that first time is probably a very happy memory; but faith comes to Christ, and comes again every day and many times a day, and finds how true it is that “He filleth the hungry soul with goodness” (Ps. cvii.).

Dear young converts, I am very solicitous that as you have begun to trust Christ, so you should go on. I can well understand the apostle Paul's great anxiety about this very thing when he wrote to the young converts at Thessalonica. Five times over in 1 Thess. iii., he uses the words, "Your faith." The Thessalonians had been fiercely persecuted, and Paul feared that the tempter might have overcome them. For this reason he sent Timothy to cheer them and to strengthen their faith. Timothy returned with such good news of the Thessalonians that the apostle almost forgot his own sorrows in the joy which their fidelity gave him. "Now we live," he says, "if ye stand fast in the Lord," as much as to say, "If you do not go on well, you will be the death of us." And then, after all his thankful joy, this loving labourer for Christ and souls gives himself to prayer, night and day, that he might be sent back to Thessalonica to further instruct the young converts, and to build up their faith. Read the chapter, and mark the words—"Your faith."

Sometimes an artist paints two pictures to be placed side by side in suggestive contrast. In the magnificent gallery of God's Word the prophet Jeremiah has hung two such pictures in chap. xvii. 5-8. Look at them. What a difference between the poor scrubby heath, the starveling of the desert, and the splendid fruitful tree! Such is the actual difference between the man who has no faith in God and the believer who daily confides in him. Which do you most resemble? Study the two pictures; take warning by the one, and aspire to be like the other.

Faith, then, is not an occasional exercise, but a constant practice. It is not a profit, but a line stretching from conversion to glory. See how Scripture represents faith as entering into every detail of Christian life: "The just shall *live* by faith" (Rom. i.),

“We walk by faith” (2 Cor. v.), “By faith ye stand” (2 Cor. i.), “Fight the good *fight* of faith” (1 Tim. vi.), “Through faith we *understand*” (Heb. xi.), we should *eat* (Rom. xiv.), *work* (1 Thess. i.), *ask* (Jas. i.), in faith, by faith our hearts are *purified* (Acts xv.), and by faith *Christ dwells* there (Eph. iii.); finally, if we are called to die may we be added to the number of those who “all *died* in faith” (Heb. xi.).

Let faith be the warp and woof of everyday life, and God will weave into it the most beautiful patterns and colours which shall never fade through all ages. “Trust in Him at all times” (Psa. lxii.).

We will briefly notice three things about faith.

### **FAITH BELIEVES ALL GOD'S WORDS.**

Read your Bible every day, and read all your Bible. You may properly give more attention at first to the New Testament, but make it your aim to know the whole Book, and to be like Apollos, “mighty in the Scriptures” (Acts xviii.). Believe what you read, and you will understand it. Open your heart to the instructions and the holy influences of the Word of God. Some people talk about how many times they have gone through the Bible; the important thing, dear reader, is how many times has the Bible gone through you.

### **FAITH TRUSTS ALL GOD'S WAYS.**

You are sure to have dark times—times when feeling is dull and oppressed, when the head, or worse, the heart aches, or when temptation wearies you. Those are specially the occasions to exercise faith, and to say with David, “What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee” (Psa. lvi.). “Shall I leave you the candle?” asked Mary’s aunt as she kissed the child good-night. “No, thank you, auntie,” replied the little four-year-old, “I’ve got Jesus’ light.” Her faith was like Job’s when he said, “By His light I walked through darkness” (Job xxix.).

A boy had to undergo a painful operation. It was decided not to administer chloroform, and the father, standing by, asked, "Can you bear it, my son?" "Yes, father," said the little sufferer, "if you will hold my hand," and the firm pressure of that loving hand gave wonderful strength to the boy to endure the pain. Whatever ways God may appoint for you, give Christ your hand in simple trust, and He will bear you through so that you will be able to say with Paul, "The Lord stood with me and strengthened me" (2 Tim. iv.).

### **FAITH OBEYS ALL GOD'S WILL.**

If you want flowers in your garden you plant seeds and bulbs. Flowers, without roots, stuck into the ground are gay for an hour, but their beauty soon vanishes. Is your life to be beautiful with words and ways which please God? Then you must have the root of faith in your heart from which those ways may spring. Things done by faith are done to please God. Faith consults His will and obeys it, and "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. xi.). God is no more pleased with splendid deeds that win the praise of men, but which are not done for His eye and heart, than you would be satisfied with a garden bed which an infant's hand had filled with rootless blossoms. A man may spend thousands in charitable deeds and not one of his benefactions may be the fruit of faith, and, in consequence, all his generosity, so loudly praised, has no value in God's sight.

A Christian lady went to a gay party. She could not enter into the amusements, and sat alone, very dull and quiet. A lively young friend asked why she had come if she did not care for such things, expressing surprise that a Christian should be there. "I came to please a friend" was the reply. There was nothing for God in all this, and yielding to her

friend's wishes was not an act of faith, but a sin.

Christ was pleased when the four men stopped His preaching by letting down the paralytic to His feet (Mark ii.). Preachers do not usually like interruptions, but the Lord did not see thoughtlessness in this act; "He saw their faith," that is, He saw that faith in Him led these men to carry their sick friend to the house, to break up the roof, stop the preaching, and let their burden down into the midst before Him.

Be more careful, young friends, about your faith than about your works. A seal correctly engraved will produce a correct impression. Your faith is like the seal. Let it bear the inscription, "For Christ," and all your actions thus stamped will have enduring value. Finally, remember that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. xiv.).

J. N. B.



## Faith, Hope, Love.

**W**AITING for Him in the darkness,  
**W**ATCHING for Him in the light;  
**L**ISTENING to catch His orders  
 In the very midst of the fight.  
 Seeing His slightest signal  
 Across the heads of the throng;  
**H**EARING His faintest whisper  
 Above earth's loudest song.  
**D**WELLING beneath His shadow  
 In the burden and heat of the day;  
**L**OOKING for His appearing,  
 As the hours wear fast away.  
**S**HINING—to give Him glory;  
**W**ORKING—to praise His name;  
**S**HARING with Him the suffering,  
**B**EARING for Him the shame.



# Another Extract.

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C/o Jas. Bowman, 2,402 N. Paulina St.,  
Chicago, Ill., April 30th, 1901.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I am actually now on my way to Australia with my dear wife, but when we shall get there is the query still. We had hoped to be on the Pacific now, from San Francisco to Auckland, but the work in Chicago has detained us for three months already, and may still do so for another three months if it continues as at present. I joined J. Pellat here in January, and we have had, on an average, I judge, about twenty meetings per week, or more. Some few have found peace through the Gospel, but the work has been much more among the Lord's people; some forty have come into fellowship, and we trust that a number of others are on the road. Some of the students from Moody's Institute are among them. . . . . We have five meetings per week, at midday, in a large hall, in the heart of the city, to which we have had access in the most remarkable way; no doubt, the Lord's hand was in it. It has been the cause, humanly speaking, of all the blessing. It ought to be an object lesson of how we are to get at souls who will not come to our Rooms. . . . . There is come to hand to-day your magazine and the one for the children, both of which are good. . . . . Mr. Oliphant and his wife are coming over from England, please God, next week to help on the work here, and this will set J. Pellatt and myself free somewhat to pioneer a little more in parts yet unreached by us in this vast city of two millions of souls, and covering a territory of 190 square miles. Some of my correspondents wonder why I should go on to Australia at all, but my heart is set on it. . . . .

ALFRED MACE.

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[Those who desire to correspond with our brother should note his address.]

## The Holy Scriptures.

IT has been remarked that literature brings the humblest man in touch with the greatest minds, not only of the present generation, but of all time. No artificial society restrictions can hinder the artisan from reading the essays of the philosopher, with whom he may never speak. The lapse of intervening centuries does not prevent the student from profiting by the learning of past ages; and even the curse of Babel will not preclude his sharing the lore of other lands, when translation and the printed page lend him their aid.

Yet there are limitations to the possibilities of human literature, and its greatest use indicates its greatest imperfection. There is hardly a richer treasure inherited from our forefathers by the present generation than the records of history. The city clerk, whose life is made up of the commonplaces of commerce, may spend his leisure amid the stirring incidents of other times and other shores, and stand an unnoticed onlooker while the fierce fight is waged between might and right, aggrandisement and fatherland, or intolerance and conscience; and the scenes he reviews will imperceptibly form his character and control his life, as he looks with approval or reproof upon the panorama passing before him.

But while the historic page may record the most trivial incident of the remotest past, or give the permanence of sculptured basalt to the paltry pride of an Egyptian king, the pen of the ready writer must pause as he crosses the threshold of the hour, and faces the uncertainty of to-morrow. "Now," defines the border-line between the positive and the possible, and almost a new phraseology is needed

when men write of the future. The fulness of the historic record but serves to enhance the meagreness of the speculations that the boldest minds have hazarded as to the hereafter. The limitation of his literature is but a significant consequence of the limitation of the man.

And the deficiency is met with just where abundance is needed, for if there be one thing more sure than another it is that we are leaving the past at an ever-increasing distance, and approaching that future which no mortal eye can penetrate. An interest which may harm the mind attaches to the past, but there is an importance about the future that commands our inquiry.

The considerations that have engaged us will prepare our minds to understand the unique place that the BIBLE holds in literature.—Though given through the medium of human penmanship, it speaks to our souls with superhuman power. As we scan its sacred pages we find ourselves in touch with GOD. It is not now that we share the society of the world's great thinkers, but, as taught of the Spirit, we discover thoughts that are greater than the mind of man. The communications might well have been of heaven and the angels, their greatness and blessedness in the realm of light; but how our interest deepens when we find that the Divine revelation concerns ourselves! Not heaven, with its unsullied purity, is the burden of the story, but earth, its wretchedness and woe, and the purposes of God's love towards us wayward, wandering prodigals. Can we wonder that a child of God should treasure the Book that his Father has given, and in which he feels the throbbing of that Father's heart? Can we wonder that men have reckoned the Bible dearer than life itself, and so have given their fortunes and their lives that they might share

its story with their fellows?

And this Book throws a flood of light on the future; this Book, and no other. Should we study the history of England alone, we might well be bewildered by the abundance of literature bearing on the subject, but no such embarrassment confronts us when we search into the hereafter. Commentaries without number there may be, but all referring back to the inspired record. Curious speculations of religious and irreligious inquiry have been written, but giving no "certain sound," nor rising above the level of suppositions. The Bible is alone and unique, and the Book that lifts the veil from the future reveals the heart of God that purposes to bring His ransomed people to His Home of love.

There is nothing commonplace where God is concerned, and while our hands may toil at trivial duties, our thoughts may delight in the greatness of the divine counsels; and, though our circumstances may be those of earth's dreariest poverty, our souls may dwell amid the wealth and fulness of the world to come.

Child of God and of the light! Heir of the future! Look well at the title-deeds of your inheritance! Survey the greatness of the promised land! "Walk about Zion and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces." And thus, seeing the unseen, and having the mind set upon things above, will the glow of heaven's interests colour the earthly pathway to its end.

And yet the Bible, too, is historic. Its record might be entitled "God in history," and in that lies its interest and uniqueness. God is behind the scenes where man's busy will is working, and His voice repeating, by sage and prophet, yes, and by the Son Himself, "I would . . . but ye would not!"

There is no personal interest about a grammar or a dictionary, such as history or biography may excite. —Literature that speaks of persons comes closer home to us than that which deals with things or thoughts. It has been said that the noblest study of mankind is man, but we would reserve that superlative for a nobler still. "Man know thyself!" may be a needed exhortation, but greater yet must be the knowledge of God; and while our fellows often use their best endeavours to hide their true characters, how deeply it interests us to find that God through all the centuries past, has laboured to make Himself known, and has crowned the work of the perfect revelation of Himself in Christ. To know the truth about some men might be a cruel undeceiving, for often ignorance is bliss, but to know the Father and the Son is life eternal.

May we, then, open the written Word for the definite and intelligent purpose of knowing the living Word, and, seeing Him, to see the Father. History and prophecy, doctrine and precept, will profit us nothing unless they link our souls with the One who gave them, and who has made it a condition of our study that the more we love the more we learn.

S. E. McNAIR.



A Gospel preacher, when he could preach no more, wrote the following short sermon on the text, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant":—"Thou hast dealt *well* in seeking me when I sought not Thee; *Well*, in giving me what I have not asked; *Well*, in refusing me what I have asked; *Well*, in calling me to Thy service; *Well*, in calling me to suffer, instead of to serve; *Well*, in succouring me in temptation; *Well*, in guiding my wandering feet; Thou hast dealt mercifully with me when I have sinned; Bountifully with me when I have been brought low; Gently with me when I have been in trial; And faithfully with me at all times."

# Pride.

“When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up; and he shall save the humble person.”—Job xxxii. 29.

**P**RIDE is a parent sin! Indeed, we might be more definite, and style it *the* parent sin, for its dark and hateful genus and offspring are found everywhere. There is really no sin but that it can trace its pedigree back to pride. Pride was the original sin of Satan, and the secret of his fall, for it was pride which moved him to seek to dethrone God. Hence we read: “God resisteth the proud,” and this warning God gives *twice* in His Word. Does God repeat Himself without cause? Nay, He repeats that He might emphasise the truth. We are not told that He resists any other character, but He must resist the proud, because pride will not brook even the authority of God, nor bow down to Him: but will rather seek to occupy His place. What a mysterious and awful sin, then, is pride.

Pride, as we well know, hides its ugly form in a variety of costumes. There is *face* pride, or, pride of personal appearance; *purse* pride, or, pride of earthly wealth; *race* pride, or, pride of lineage and position. There is also pride of country, pride of knowledge, and pride of reputation. The different features and attitudes of pride are so numerous that they might be named Legion. But towering above the rest, in all its veiled yet hideous deformity, and with hand uplifted against the throne of God, is *spiritual pride*, or, pride of sanctity and gift.

Someone has tersely said, “Pride is the garment we wear next to our skin; it is the first we put on and the last we take off.” How soon pride is roused. Even a look will sometimes do it. Temper is often pride gone raging mad.

Again, how deceptive is pride. So-and-so is “so

dreadfully proud," I say. But it is *my* pride that makes me writhe under it. If I were not proud I would not be offended by pride in another. Or, do I say—"That man is as full of himself as can be—full of pride." My words betray my state and show how my own pride has set me on the judgment seat. Or, perhaps I say, "If that brother doesn't look out he will get a fall." The wish is often the father to the thought, and indicates that my pride would fain have my brother's pride humbled.

Yet again, how quickly pride grows. A word of flattery is enough to transport us from the fragrant and fruitful valley of humiliation, full of light and love, on to the sterile and "dark mountains" of pride (Jer. xiii. 16). Someone said of Cardinal Wolsey—"I do perceive that his pride groweth hourly. When he came to court he said, '*Your Majesty* will do this.' Then he said, '*We* will do this;' but now he says, '*I* will do this.'" Such is pride, the sure forerunner of a fall and disaster.

How is pride to be subdued? There are two schools in which we are taught—communion and chastisement. Alas, it is in the latter we learn most of our lessons. Yet we would rather learn them thus than not at all. We sometimes speak of "feeling mortified." We ought to be thankful when such is the case, and to speak truly and own that it is our *pride* which is mortified.

Paul did not need the thorn in the third heaven. Pride cannot stand an instant before God. "He knoweth the proud afar off." It was when Paul came down that he needed the thorn. We are not told what it was, and "silence is golden" in Scripture. Suppose we were told that it was his bad eyes. Well, some of us are afflicted in this way, and the enemy would come and say, "You have got Paul's thorn." Thus our affliction might exalt

rather than humble us, and its purpose be frustrated.

How marvellous is God's discipline and how manifold are His ways of humbling our pride. Happy are we if we own His hand instead of fretting against the instruments He may use. Even if the agent be "a messenger of Satan" (2 Cor. xii.), let us be sure that though Satan is behind his messenger, God is behind Satan, and no one is behind God.

But it is in *communion* that we learn to *be* humble, and to habitually subdue this great besetting sin: "When," in love and worship, "we survey the wond'rous Cross," we must "pour contempt on all our pride." In communion we learn what God is as revealed in His Son—His love, His power, His wisdom, His patience, His holiness. And as we learn the perfections of His Being and of His attributes, and feel our own unlikeness to Him, there can be but one result:—we are "clothed with humility." Thus humility covers every practical grace we display.

There are three conditions of humility.

We may *be humble* (Jas. iv. 6).

We may *humble ourselves* (1 Pet. v. 6).

We may *be humbled* (Deu. viii. 3).

The last-named is the result of *God's discipline*.

The intermediate state is *self-judgment*.

The first is the highest and the best; it is our normal—our proper—condition, when, in the Divine presence, we take the yoke of Jesus upon our otherwise proud and rebellious spirits, and in the atmosphere of *communion* learn of Him, "the meek and lowly in heart."

The more Thy glories strike mine eye,  
The lower shall I lie.

S. J. B. C.





# The Prisoner of the Lord.



**I**N a lone dwelling near the sea  
Where rooks make uncouth minstrelsy,  
And white gulls flit across the sky,  
I, the Lord's prisoner, patient, lie.

The snowdrops come, and the snowdrops go,  
The hawthorn dons her garb of snow,  
The limes abroad their fragrance fling;  
To me no change the seasons bring.

Save only more of helplessness,  
A gradual doing less and less,  
With frequent longings to be free  
From garments of mortality.

Time was I strove to break my chain,  
To loose the hand that would detain;  
But, schooled by Love, at length I see  
Love's law is perfect liberty.

"Himself hath done it!" Drawing near,  
He speaketh tender words of cheer—  
"I am thy Keeper—My decree  
Ordaineth thy captivity.

I call thee not, as in past days,  
Sad souls and fallen to upraise;  
To take thy place among the strong,  
Upholding right, dethroning wrong.

But, harder task, I bid thee take  
The cross of suffering for My sake,  
Thus, sweetly dost thou taste and prove  
The all-sustaining power of Love."

Enough, my Lord, content I wait  
Until Thy hand unbar the gate  
Of that wide land, so fair, so free,  
When I shall walk at liberty.



## “Found after Many Days.”

“**D**O you mean I may come to your house, miss ; me, a stranger, whom you have never seen before ? May I come along to-night, if mother says I may ? Yes, it is hard times most days now. Not that the work is so hard, but that mother sets on so,—what with the children ill, and my brother Frank still out of work. And then there’s father, what with the coaxing and the watching, mother says it’s more than she can ’bide sometimes.”

I looked at the girl’s flushed face. Such large, blue, eager eyes met mine, they seemed to look me through ; and, after the first startled gaze, I thought their decision was to trust in me. She stood leaning against a lamp-post. The tall, slim outlines of her graceful figure, and tiny gloveless hands, contrasted oddly with the severe gingham gown she wore and the simple well-worn mushroom hat ; so different from the many mill-girls hurrying by us then, not one without her bit of finery, feathers, or beads. I passed on my way, feeling sure that one at least of the many I had spoken to that morning would keep her word, and pay me a visit in my “Evening Home.”

It is the evening hour that brings the temptations in this crowded suburb of our big city, when the glaring jet-lights from the dancing-saloons and music halls seem to give such a welcome to the giddy, thoughtless, pleasure-loving youth ; “pass-times,” to fill up the hurrying hours of life, wherein to drown pain, care, and thoughts of coming toil. Yet that is not all ; the sting of sin is there, and the slow fever that works so secretly at first.

Evening by evening I awaited my guests, as they

trooped in by twos and threes; and among the merry, laughing throng came Alice, quiet and demure. For days no one seemed to notice her, she slipped in so quietly; but in time they found her out, and some one said—

“Who’s her?” pointing a finger over her shoulder.

“That ’un? Oh, her’s a stranger here; her’s not our sort. Why, my dear Liz, her couldn’t say ‘Boo’ to a goose.”

How I longed sometimes to get a word with the girl, but with all her almost childish trustfulness there was a quiet dignified reserve that seemed to check inquiry. But she was always in her place when we gathered round the fire for a “good-bye talk,” when we caught the girls in their quieter moods, and then they almost hung upon our words.

It seemed like news to them hearing of the love of God as a love for them to trust in,—a love that spared not an only Son, but that gave Him up to die and suffer on the cross for their sins. It seemed as though it could scarcely be that the “Just” should suffer “for the unjust.” And then, too, that God should care so much about them as to meet them in all the daily needs of their narrowed, weary lives. Surely light was dawning in some of these sad hearts, which had for so long accustomed themselves to think of God only as the Almighty One, far away, quite outside their lives.

“Miss,” said Martha, as she left one night, “I believe God cares, because you care, though we are only factory girls.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“And who be you? We dunnot want ony, thankee. I be busy, and we here don’t have toime to read such loiks.”

“Don’t want what?” I said, surprised, as the woman drew herself up a moment from her scrub-

bing, and fixed a pair of defiant eyes on me.

"No tracts," she answered, moving as if to push the door.

"But I haven't any," I replied, laughing.

"Who be you, then?" came the answer, not quite so fierce this time.

"I am a friend of your daughter Alice, and came to ask for her."

The woman's brow darkened again.

"You may well ask," she almost shouted. "Where be she? Why, along down the road with all the rest."

Perhaps a shadow crossed my face, for she looked at me more closely, saying—

"Don't mistake me, the girl ain't bad; she's steady enough, poor lass. Not like I was when a lass, with a silly head full of this and that nonsense. Sure I was happy enough in my farm home, till the young Squire's son came along, and what with his talks and his promises, and I thinking to be made a great leddy, gave in, and so we ran off and got married. And then came the trouble, and my mon he lists. But there now, need I tell you the rest?" spreading out her hands. "See," she continued, "that is what it's brought us to. This! do you call this home? And nine children, not one of them strong enough to face the world—weak, refined, delicate—all took after their father."

Much more she said telling me how she had followed her husband from place to place with his regiment. Being a quick workwoman, she was useful to the officers' wives, and was seldom without employment. When he was ready to despair, she became the more watchful and earnest to keep him straight; and now they had settled down where he had found work on the railway.

"And what of Alice?" I asked again, as she finished her story.

“Why, the gal’s going along with the rest, I tell you. I must have her home; I must!” she said, almost desperately.

“This is how it were, miss. The old couple are hard—hard as this stone hearth here. No! there’s no forgiveness for the mother; but they’ll have the children, and glad enough too.

“So I let the eldest go; and she, poor child, is that quoit-loike, and never says a word, but just works hard every day, and not so much as a murmur. Whether it was the cold, or what, I don’t know, but it took her in the lungs; its the way they all go. It wasn’t long with her, miss; she took ill in the autumn, and in six months all was over.

“Then it was Alice they must needs have; Alice, to nurse her. I says yes; but only on a visit, mind you, only on a visit. Soon after my eldest died; and, says I, Alice must come home. But no such thing.

“Had I the heart to treat an old couple so? I had other children; did I grudge them this *one* in their loneliness? And that’s how it was, miss, I gave in; God knows, not willingly. But there, they were my ain parents. What could I do?

“She was sent out in the orchard in the early morning to gather windfalls, when the dew was on the ground. And that’s the whole story. And now she’s down, and she’ll die too; my Alice, the bonniest of them all. She will die, I tell you; and who’s there to care? Trouble? Yes; no end to it! Don’t speak to me of comfort, or of God; I cannot bear it. No; if I believed once a little, it’s all gone now. One child dead, another dying, and seven more to go the same way. They’ve all it in them, yes, all; it’s consumption, miss, consumption.”

And so Alice’s mother was hardening her heart against that God who had so loved her as to give

His only-begotten Son to die for her. *She* could not spare two out of her nine children; *He* had freely given up His only-begotten and well-beloved Son! Oh, what love was this! And what love of Jesus, to come and willingly suffer for sinners such as she was! and yet she cared not for Him, did not even believe! Reader, young or old, do you?

“He knew how wicked man had been,  
And knew that God must punish sin;  
So out of pity, Jesus said  
He'd bear the punishment instead.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A week or so after I called again. The house was shut up. No satisfaction could be got from the neighbours. “No, they did not know where the family had gone to; they were strange folks with strange ways.”

Mrs. Smith replied that she for one “preferred to keep herself to herself, and not to be prying into her neighbours’ movements.”

The landlord said, “All he minded was his rent; and though the woman had a sharp tongue, and had hard work enough to keep the old man from the public, she was honest, and had paid her rent, and that was all he knew.”

So it was that I lost sight of Alice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just one year had passed away, and winter had come round again. A cold, dreary day, darkness within and without, though only two o'clock, as I looked out at the fog and back again to my snug chair by the fire, I decided I was best off at home, so settled down again to my work and my thoughts, till some one came and said, “Did I know a young girl named Alice H——? She was dying, and was asking for me.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A low-roofed upper room, clean but poor, very poor.

By the bed stood the mother, the same, yet changed; if possible, the lines of care were deeper. Her lips, close set as if defying pain, relaxed a little when she saw me. She said, "I'm glad you've come, for the child will rest content."

A thin white hand was stretched out across the coverlet; I laid mine upon it. My eyes were dim as they rested on that changed, white, tired, and wasted face. The silence of that room was only broken by the sharp, hard cough. And was this Alice? The blue eyes were fixed on mine once more; such joy and light were there! I bent down to catch the whispered words, "You've come; I only want to thank you." And then, with quick, short breaths, "I'm—happy—very—happy."

Day was declining, life was passing away; she was leaving the world that for her had brought little else but sorrow, change, and pain; dying, and our minds were for that moment occupied with the sadnesses of earth's passing day. But why these tears? For Alice was eagerly looking onward and upward to that land of everlasting day, where "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick," for her heart was surely fixed there, where true joys are to be found through Jesus Christ our Lord. "Thank you," the words kept ringing in my ear. Thank me for what? Was it for that message given long ago, "found after many days?"

How little we know what we may have done when we have opened our lips, perhaps tremblingly, to speak of Christ, not as a far-off distant name, or a beautiful character that we admired and vainly tried to copy. No! but as of a Saviour and Friend whom we know personally; so weak the words, so feeble, so far short of what He is; and yet we speak of One we *know*. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesús

Christ, whom Thou has sent." "Life eternal!"  
 God's own gift to man. A gift! though many heed  
 it not. A certainty! to all that believe.

N. L. N.



## THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"WHAT is your business?"

"Oh, it is just to speak a little about the  
 soul and its eternal interests. But I see  
 you are busy."

"Well, yes, I am, *very*."

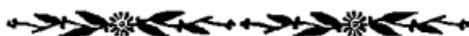
The preacher put out his hand to say "good-bye,"  
 and drawing close to the astonished man, whispered  
 solemnly in his ear—

"Suppose I had been death?"



## "The King of Terrors"

(Ecc. i.; Acts xviii. 30, 31; 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22.)



I'VE wandered o'er earth for many a year,  
 And hunted for pleasure and substance here,  
 I have tried the forum, and tent, and hall,  
 And wisdom and folly; I've proved them all;  
 But the mask and mirage alike have fled:  
 This earth's a tomb, where *they bury their dead*.

Where'er I journeyed I heard the sad toll  
 Knell loud and far the depart of the soul;  
 I have seen the coffin, and hearse, and pall,  
 And widows and children were weeping all;  
 Bitter and scalding the tears that they shed:  
 This earth's a tomb, where *men bury their dead*.

I've read the names on the rude carved stones,  
 Where moulder to dust the now fleshless bones,—

The babe's, from its mother's fond bosom torn ;  
 The husband's, that left wife and babes forlorn :  
 The aged and the young, the weak and the brave,  
 Alike were the prey of the hungry grave.

I have stood in the ancient Gothic pile,  
 With its painted lights and its long-drawn aisle ;  
 I've heard the organ peal forth its numbers,  
 Where the dust of the rich and noble slumbers ;  
 There were crypts below, and marbles o'erhead :  
 'Twas a tomb where the great *dead bury their dead.*

Ye poets, fetch hither your sweetest lyres,  
 And waken your dead by their brilliant fires ;  
 Ye sages—ye statesmen—your wit essay  
 To rob the dark grave of its loathsome prey ;  
 Ye mitred priests, in your ghostly pride,  
 To exorcise death let your rites be tried !

Ye warriors bold, in your martial skill,  
 So quick to destroy, and so strong to kill,  
 Your legions muster, your blades unsheathe ;  
 Your captains release from the hands of death :  
 Your cheeks grow pale, and your daring is fled ;  
 Your trumpets must wail forth *the march of the dead.*

Poor world, thou art helpless ! before thy great foe,  
 Thy wisdom, and glory, and might are brought low :  
 Thy beauty is changed to corruption ; his thrust  
 Turns all thy proud boastings to ashes and dust :  
 Thou hast nought but to follow thy conqueror's tread,  
 And do his stern mandate,—“ *Dig graves for thy dead.*”

Oh God, my poor heart turns upward to Thee,  
 For, stern, beyond death looms eternity !  
 Thy Christ alone can deprive the dark grave  
 Of all its dread terror—He's mighty to save ;  
 In Him is my trust—in His blood for me shed,  
 Who vanquished the foe, and *rose from the dead.*

**“He Found Me.” “He Lead Me.”**  
**“He Kept Me.”**

“Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.”—Psalm lxxvi. 16.

**T**HE present time is the first anniversary of the new birth in the soul of the writer of the following little note of thanksgiving.

**“HE FOUND ME.”**

This is the birthday motto of all God’s children. Oh, the grace of it! Why *me*? I see hundreds of people dragging through this life not yet “found;” many near and dear to myself are not yet “found.” “To the praise of the glory of His grace” is the only answer I can frame to such a question.

What a revelation the gospel brought, when it showed me why I was created, and that it was for His glory, and to “show forth His praises, who had called me out of darkness into His marvellous light.” Truly, until we know the reason of our existence, we may well wish we had never come upon the platform of this world at all.

The battle with Satan raged many days and nights, but He won the victory for me, and then put His hand gently upon me, and has never taken it off for one moment since.

**“HE LEAD ME.”**

I arose and followed with half a heart, doubtfully, and fearfully; raised up all sorts of barriers, questionings, and murmurings, but His hand never relaxed its loving hold. He often gave gleams of joy, and I began to rest in them, and thought, “If I can hold on to these all will be right,” but they went directly I tried to keep them. Every conflict and every struggle of my first year has been simply and only caused by *unbelief and introspection*—that

looking to see how we are getting on, which causes a halt at once. Strange it is that we should persist in doing this, although we never find anything to please us, when we have looked and hunted over our boxes of old rubbish ever so carefully.

I think we do prove the infinite patience and forbearance of our loving Guide to the uttermost in these first stages of the new life. Our unworthy doubts and faithless fears, the determination to have something to do, to help in the finished work of Jesus. The repeated getting away, and then turning round and reproaching Him for leaving and forsaking us. How He bears with all this and waits while we sometimes linger to pick up worthless weeds by the way-side, and then, when we see how foolish we are, His grasp is made tighter when we return to it, and our tears fall upon a still loving hand. "Who teacheth like Him?" was a word given to me lately by a Christian friend, and I can but repeat, "Who, indeed?"

**"HE KEPT ME."**

Let me bear earnest testimony to the wondrous keeping power of God.

Dear young Christian, when we have trusted Christ to save us, the next step is to trust Him to keep us, and the one is as sure of fulfilment as the other. If there are any who hang back as I did over the blessed fact of being indwelt by the Holy Spirit of God, I would just say that with me it was a foe to all progress; there I stayed tongue-tied and bound, no speaking for or of Jesus; not a bit of power of course, because it is the Spirit's power which does all, and we cannot use it till we take it, and it is unbelief which prevents our taking it. The Christian life is a constant receiving. Salvation from first to last is but a *receiving*. *Anon.*



# Vainglory, Approbateness, and Self-love.



**H**ERE is a crop of evils, the germs of which are sown in every heart.

By *Vainglory*, or self-applause, is meant that empty pride which is excited in ourselves on account of our own performances. It is commonly known as conceit, and is very distasteful to others.

*Approbateness*, or love of praise, though not so offensive to others, is quite as hurtful to ourselves; it is the desire for human approval, which creates in some the consuming thirst of ambition for fame and power.

*Self-love* scarcely needs to be defined. It is that faculty which is never satisfied with anything unless it reflects credit upon, and advances the interests of, the one who is possessed by it. It is the opposite of self-sacrifice, and the worst of all *cults*.

In the world, these organs are more or less regarded as important factors in success. Many a soldier has risked or lost his life at the cannon's mouth for vainglory. Much that is put down as patriotism, and love of country, and even self-respect, is really the desire for popular applause. Artists, actors, orators, and many others, lay everything down at the shrine of self-love. But what is the end of it all? Only bitterness and feeding upon ashes, the poor soul feeling that it has laboured and wearied itself in the fire for very vanity (Hab. ii. 13).

In the service of God, these natural proclivities need to be rigidly repressed and mortified! God will not give His glory to the instruments He deigns to employ. Of old He opened blind eyes with clay, but did the clay think of glorying, or did anyone glory in the clay? "Follow thou Me" is the

Master's royal law of service, and if the servant obeys, both are in their right place—the Master before, and the servant in the shade, behind.

Those who seek their reward in the flattery and commendation of their fellow mortals will get none from God. "Verily I say unto you, they have receivea their reward" (Matt. vi. 2, 5, 16, R.V.)

Those whose aim is to please men, are really the servants of men, whatever be their profession or position;—"If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ" (Gal. i. 10).

Those who receive glory from one another cannot believe, and cast in their lot with a rejected Christ; for then, others would reject them as they reject Him. "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another and seek not the honor that cometh from God only" (John v. 44)?

"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory." "Strife" is the one extreme, and indicates all the bitterness of partizanship. "Vainglory" is the other extreme, and finds its motive in the desire to stand well in the estimation of men. "Let *nothing* be done" thus, says the Apostle. *Nothing*; mark the word, my brother, my sister. Not even a tract is to be given away in the spirit of ostentatious display.

When we read the newspaper vauntings of certain religious guides, or the exaggerated and high-sounding reports of their work, oftentimes furnished by their own pen, we grow sick at the false glamour with which they surround themselves. But let us be careful lest, in our own limited sphere, we fall into the same snare in other forms. Clear the Hall of every Christian, and how differently some of us might preach. It may be said that the audience is often mainly composed of Christians, who expect to be edified. True, but I am convinced that few things more thoroughly deprive an evangelist of his power

when preaching, and take his eye off God and the purpose of his mission, than the consciousness of the presence of his fellow believers.

"That was a fine sermon you preached," said a hearer to John Wesley.

"So the devil told me before I left the pulpit," was the short but telling reply.

We have read of a crafty architect, who reared a mighty pile on a rock by the sea-shore, and dedicated it to his sovereign. Covering a portion of the rock with a thick layer of cement, he engraved thereupon the name of the king, who was delighted at the apparent loyalty of his subject. But under the plaster, and deeply cut in the rock itself, the architect caused *his own name* to be recorded. He knew that in process of time the forces of nature would obliterate his sovereign's name, and that then his own name would go down to, and be honored by, posterity.

Alas, how much passes in Christendom to-day as service done for the glory of God, and with His name stamped upon it, which is really done with the idea of perpetuating the name and work of man. How little, how very little the best of us do solely for God's glory. Is it not true that the very things we get praise for, are sometimes the very things we groan over before God, because we know how much of self is mixed up with them? "No man is a hero to his valet;" how, then, can he think well of himself? How can *we* think well of ourselves, much less want others to think well of us, when we know that the searching Eye of God sees all our secret idiosyncrasies and the petty conceits of our hearts, and analyses our every motive and thought?

True service is not only *for* Christ, but *to* Him, and all our actions He measures by this simple foot-rule. If love to Him is not the constraining motive, how can He accept what we do for Him. Thus,

little and hidden acts of devotedness more often please Him than those which bring us prominently before the eyes of others. By-and-by He will not say, "Well done, gifted and successful servant, thou hast spoken to big crowds;" but, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things."

How many a promising evangelist abandons, or hesitates to tread, the path of separation because he is attracted by "big crowds" and "a larger sphere of usefulness." Ill at ease he is when he takes the first retrograde step, but soon his conscience becomes torpid, and eventually, struck with moral blindness, he may find himself sitting in the seat of the scornful, making caricature of the truth he once professed, and speaking evil of those who still maintain it.

Yet if big crowds and an extensive area of usefulness are granted us, let us fulfil our ministry; only, with increased vigilance, lest we "serve with eye service as men pleasers," rather than "as servants of Christ." Then, if we succeed, His smile will eclipse human commendation; and if we fail, human censure will not depress us, for we shall know that our gracious Master makes every allowance for our incompetency and faultiness, and cheers us to count upon His grace to do better next time.

Let us, by all means, prize the help and sympathy of our brethren, for all that can be done in fellowship with Christ can be done in fellowship with those who are in fellowship with Him. But let us not seek to *please* them, but *Him* alone; making Him the Alpha and the Omega of our walk and work—

Christ first and last, Christ all day long,—  
Our strength, our solace, and our song.

Then, when He appears, and the vainglory of this poor world, like the *Will-o'-the-wisp* of the night, vanishes for ever, we too shall be manifested in

all the meridian splendour of His eternal kingdom and glory. Now is the time for us to live in the shade, as then will be the time for public display, approval and reward.

The sweetest lives are those to Heaven wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,  
The Day of God the shining record tells.

S. J. B. C.

## “THEREFORE.”

**T**HE modern Pharisees, who base your hope of heaven upon your own works; ye children of superstition and priestly imposition, who anticipate heaven because of your connection with the ceremonies of certain churches; ye thoughtless worldlings, who ground your expectation of a happy futurity on the mercy of the everlasting Father; mark well the “therefore” of the text. Why is this “great multitude, which no man could number,” thus pure? Because they were great patriots who had battled for their country’s political weal?—or philanthropists, who had made sacrifices for the improvement and elevation of their race?—or eminent seers, who, standing on the mount of prophecy, pointed their generations to glorious events that were marching on?—or sages, who explored vast regions of truth, and propounded discoveries that helped on humanity in its career of intelligence and civilization? or men, who preached eloquently, prayed earnestly, and lived morally? No: no. “They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. *Therefore* are they before the throne.” The Blood is the sole cause. B.

# Faith.

**F**ARSIGHTED faith lays hold upon that future; grasps that future; clings to it; holds it to its heart, and wins the victory over the present evil world, with its attractions, and its trials, and its sufferings. If I could but persuade you of the truthfulness of this statement! There is a little insect belonging to the family of the spiders that has a double life in it. In the first stage it will crawl on the murky ground of a stagnant pool; but in process of time it will come into contact with the lower part of a flag or reed, and it will cut its way into the heart of the flag and upward until it reaches the surface of the water, and thus making its way out it will spread forth powerful wings and sail towards the sun. If it had the brain of a Bacon or a Newton in the depths there below, it could not tell what it would be like with its powerful wings in the sunlight. We are living now in the first stage, surrounded by all the attractions of the world. Farsighted faith sees that day when we shall have something immeasurably better than the four powerful wings of the insect—the likeness of the glorified Jesus Christ. . . . . As I grow older, more and more do I look forward to that glad day when we shall see the Lord in His beauty, and be like Him, and rejoice with Him in bliss forever.

M.



## “Serving the Lord.”



**T**HE highest duties oft are found  
Lying upon the lowest ground,  
In hidden and unnoticed ways,  
In household works, on common days.  
Whate'er is done for God alone  
Thy God acceptable will own.



# A WORD TO THE WEARY.

"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned. The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back. I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting."—Isa. l. 4-6

**J**EHOVAH, who disposes of the heavens and the earth at His pleasure, has learnt how to speak a word in season to the weary and heavy-laden, taking the place Himself of lowliness and humiliation. We see Him, the Lord Jesus, here speaking out His heart, full of tenderness and deep sympathy.

Meditating on these verses, I turn to you who are weary of life's duties and cares, and would ask you—does it cheer you to read of such love? Have you entered, in some little measure, into the depth of these words? Shall we look at them together? They are very sweet!

Are you weary? The Lord has a *special* care for *you*. Do you wake in the morning burdened? The Lord Jesus stands by your side. *He* wakes you to your day's service of work or suffering! See His look of love. See in *that* eye all that He is feeling for you. What a look to greet you with on first awaking! He knows all that each day will bring with it.

He says: "Poor weary one, lay thy head upon my breast; be not discouraged; I will be with thee to-day; thou hast sorrows, I know them, and *I only* know all that is in them; but put me in charge of all, and go and care for others: forget *thyself*, and think of those who are also burdened and as weary as thou art." Surely you cannot resist that look, that voice of love. Surely you will lay all which troubles *you* upon the shoulders of Him who waits to bear the whole: then, with a light heart you go

to your duties, not thinking of *your trials*, but praising all the way, and you are seen in your office or your shop, or in the midst of your family, lighting the paths of *others* like a sunbeam, and bearing the burdens of *others* because you know that yours are borne for you.

It is not the *much* the Lord looks for ; but that, however little, which is done *to* Him and for Him among His tried ones. One look, one word given by us when walking in communion with the Lord, is much to the poor wounded heart.

Have we not all known how it has cheered our hearts, when cast down, to receive even the grasp of the hand, though without a word ? Some cannot *speak*, but all can show fellow-feeling. The *look* of sympathy ! who has not known its power when the heart has felt sore and tried. Dear weary one, pray to forget yourself, and lend your ear to the sorrows of others. Study well the ways of Jesus when on earth ; see what His heart was then ; and thus you will learn how to reach the hearts of His tried saints. Get more acquainted with them. Speak to Him as a *friend* : learn of Him. How willing, how ready He was to give His sympathy, though He had to say, "I looked for comforters and found none."

"The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back." Perhaps this may be read by some of you who are restless, wishing to get out of the path you are in, the path in which God has put you. If so, see in the verses just quoted the contrast between this perfect Man and yourself.

Think of this ! It is very striking, and wondrously beautiful. He willingly did the work His Father gave Him to do ; and all this is recorded for our instruction and encouragement. Does it try you to be in business ?—try you, perhaps, because you

must come in contact with ungodly men? Do you think that He who was on earth, the Holy One, the spotless Lamb of God, knows not your sorrow in this? He was in the midst of a scene where *all* was contrary to Him.

Must it not grieve Him to see you so unwilling to bear the trials of the path which God has marked out for you; grieve Him to see you daily shrinking from your little difficulties, and not quite willing to take up your cross, when He patiently bore "the contradiction of sinners against Himself?" Is it not that you are occupied with your own comfort, desiring ease for yourself, disturbed by that which *inconveniences you*? Instead of wishing to be *out* of your path of trial, would it not be better to look to the Lord for power and blessing *in* it? Live Christ there; and whether in your business or your home, let it be seen by those who are "of the world" that you have something which they have not; a sustainment, a peace of which they know nothing.

But if they see you burdened, looking sad, they will have reason to think little of your profession—of the happiness you *say* you enjoy. They will think the Master you serve is a hard taskmaster, the religion you talk about, a very burdensome one. Have you ever thought of this?

The time is short; soon the Lord will come. He *will* come and gather all His weary ones to Himself. Will any recognise us as those who helped to cheer them when fellow pilgrims? Many come burdened to the meetings. Do we know what it is to care for them? Bearing them upon our hearts before the Lord when we see the trace of care; or comforting them, if able, with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. May He grant it to us, that there shall be no hindrance in our ways, no hindrance in our hearts, to this living ministry of love.

# “A SONG IN THE NIGHT.”

“They cast four anchors and wished for the day.”—Acts xxvii. 29.

THE night is dark, but God, my God, is here  
 And in command,  
 And sure am I when morning breaks I shall  
 Be at the land ;  
 And since I know the darkness is to Him  
 As sunniest day,  
 I'll cast my anchor *Patience* out, and wish,  
 But wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves within  
 His hand are held,  
 And trusting in Omnipotence, my fears  
 Are sweetly quelled.  
 If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp, I'll trust  
 Him though He slay,  
 So throwing out the anchor *Faith*, I'll wish,  
 But wait for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long; I'll rest  
 Upon the Lord ;  
 I muse on His eternal years, and feast  
 Upon His Word.  
 His promises so rich, so great, are  
 My support and stay,  
 I'll drop the anchor *Hope* ahead, and wish,  
 But wait for day,

O Wisdom, Infinite! O Light and Love  
 Supreme, divine !  
 How can I feel one fluttering doubt in hands  
 So dear as Thine.  
 I'll lean on Thee, my best Beloved, my heart  
 On Thy heart lay,  
 And casting out the anchor *Love*, I'll wish,  
 But wait for day.

# “As He was Wont.”

(LUKE XXII. 39.)



IN the Gospel of Luke our blessed Lord is presented to us as the perfectly dependent man. In full accord with this He is often spoken of as praying, for prayer is the expression of dependence. In the close of His life we have this touching word: “He came out, and went, *as He was wont*, to the Mount of Olives.” The shadows which had surrounded Him during His perfect path of service were deepening into blackness. Man’s cruel rejection of Him was all but complete. The terrible burden of sin, with its abandonment of God, was before His spirit. He had given expression to His love for His disciples in gathering them together to eat with Him the passover before He suffered. He had set before them also that which they should do for a remembrance of Himself. Now He retires. Even from His chosen disciples He separates Himself that He may be alone. There He pours out His soul to the Father, divinely measuring all that was before Him, shrinking from it in perfect piety, yet desiring the Father’s will to be done. Deepest anguish was His, yet most absolute submission. Precious, holy Saviour, who can gaze on Thee there without deepest reverence?

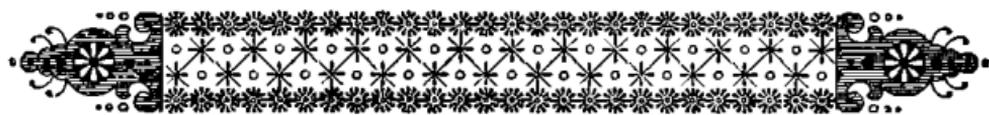
Though the circumstances were unique, His place of dependence was common. The place of this deepest anguish was the one of His common intercourse with His Father. It was His wont thus to retire. Jerusalem was crowded during its feasts. He was the homeless One amid the crowd. There was one quiet spot where He could be alone, and it was His custom to go there.

Is there with us individually such a custom? Do

we diligently seek a place where we can be alone with God? There the din of the outside world is lost. There even religious activity ceases. There even the dearest approaches not. Alone with God. There, in perfect abstraction from all that fills and engages the world, we may in perfect freedom pour out our souls to Him.

Who has not known the sweetness and rest of such a place in deepest grief? But too often it is *only then* that we seek it instead of its being the habit of our souls. Let us beware of ceaseless activity even in a religious form. We need regularly this secret intercourse with God. We live in days of feverish excitement. We do not plead for laziness, but that the spring of all our activity may be our private communion with God. May He attract us to it by its unmeasured sweetness, and let it be the jealous care of our souls that nothing shall interfere with it!

(*The late*) J. Revell.



**The Garment of Praise.**—In it we are never out at elbows. It wears well. Indeed, strange to say, the longer it is worn it becomes more wearable still.

Suits every condition of life. Youth and old age, peer and peasant alike.

Is always in fashion; in summer and in winter, too. It can stand a shower of rain and doesn't fade in excessive sunshine.

It is woven upon the loom of life. And God holds the pattern.

It is the robe we can carry across the grave, and it is always worn in heaven.

Do we wear it? It can be had for a prolonged and intense contemplation of the mercy and love of God.



# Mary of Bethany.

(EXTRACTED.)



MY DEAR ———,

You remember our little reading some time ago on the first few verses of John xii. I have been thinking so much of the answer H—— gave when some one wondered what Mary felt when the disciples so misunderstood her action. H—— said, “Oh, I expect Mary was so occupied with Christ she did not *notice* what the disciples said!”

I do think that was just it; and is not that what we all need? If only Christ filled our gaze, and occupied our hearts; if only we had just *one* object before us—to please Him and do what He would have us do, we too would scarcely be conscious of others’ approval or disapproval. How often have one and another written or spoken of Mary, and yet we never tire of the subject; it is always fresh.

I certainly cannot write anything fresh upon it, but I love to dwell on it, and I always want to write to you about what I enjoy myself. It seems to me from the little we get about it that Mary learnt a great deal more of the Lord’s mind than even John who leaned on His bosom; at least on the subject of His death. She seems to be the only one who was in communion with His thoughts at that supper. The Lord had over and over again foretold His death, but the disciples had not taken it in. Mary had.

\* \* \* \* \*

The very fact of her not being with the other women at the tomb on the resurrection morning, speaks for itself to me. She did not expect to find Him there, I think. The distance was nothing from Bethany, so that did not prevent. Then the Lord

says, "She did it for my burial." . . . . I have no doubt she knew quite well what she was doing. Oh, wouldn't you and I like that? To be so in communion with Him as to know just His mind now, and to be just in the current of His thoughts, so that we may be sure of what He approves; then, like Mary, what others say or think, even those we love best, will give us scarcely a passing thought, so that *He* may say, "She hath done what she could."

Well, we must, like Mary, be more at His feet. And that does not mean dreamy idleness. Martha might have been just as much in communion with the Lord as Mary, and yet have been busy with the supper too, and then she would never have dreamt of interfering with Mary, much less of dictating to the Lord as she did.

And there we get another lesson not to interfere with one another. We are so apt to do this. Because another does not work exactly on my lines I am apt to find fault. But we have each our own line of service, and we are each different in temperament because our work is different, and the important thing is for each one to do his or her part in communion with the Master. And instead of finding fault with one another, to see how another has just the *good point I lack*. That is the way we may "each esteem others better than ourselves." If we meddle with one another we shall get the Lord stepping in, as we see Him in Luke x., and putting us right; and well for us if He does. In these days of indifferentism may you and I seek more communion with Christ, so shall we know what He likes, and be pleasing to Him.

R.



# • The Holy Spirit. •

**D**O you know why so many are not saved? The readiest explanation lies in the answer that that they do not wish to be. You might decline a glass of water because you did not want it, but if I had the power to make you very thirsty you would at once accept it with thankfulness. This is exactly what God has to do. He has provided salvation through the death of His dear Son; but this is not enough. He has to work within the soul to produce thirst for the water of life and hunger for the living Bread. It was God the Holy Ghost that made you feel your sins and caused you to hunger and thirst after Christ, and the gracious working which then began within you will go on till Jesus comes (Phil. i. 6).

Thus there are two different operations in the salvation of a sinner. There is a work *finished for him* on the cross by the Son of God; and there is a work *proceeding within him* in the power of the Holy Spirit. "The blood of Jesus opens the door, the Holy Ghost conducts through the house. The blood of Jesus opens the casket, the Holy Ghost displays its precious contents. The blood of Jesus makes the casket ours, the Holy Ghost enables us to appreciate its rare and costly gems."

There is much to be learned upon this very important subject, and I would recommend my young friends to study Scriptures where the Holy Spirit\* is spoken of. A concordance will help them greatly. At present, we will notice three things.

1.—*The believer is sealed with the Holy Spirit* (Eph. i. 13; 2 Cor. i. 22).

\* Holy Spirit and Holy Ghost are exactly the same name. The one is Latin, the other is Anglo-Saxon.

A seal is a mark of ownership. When you bought a school-book the other day, you wrote your name in the fly-leaf, because the book was intended for your own use. You did not inscribe your name in another boy's book, but in your own, and you paid for the volume before you thus claimed and made use of it. God has purchased you, beloved young friend, at the cost of the blood of His dear Son (Acts xx. 28); 1 Cor. vi. 20, vii. 23). You are His, and He has sealed you by His Spirit for His own holy purposes.

This is why you are learning to hate evil and to love goodness. It is because you have the Holy Spirit that you turn with a shudder from the man who blasphemes, and now find your greatest pleasure in the company of Christ and His people. Now you have the Holy Spirit you can do things which once you never would have dreamed of doing. You can give away a tract, or speak a loving word for Jesus. You pray for others, that they may know what you know, and possess what you enjoy; and you pray for gospel preachers, that their word may bring many to Jesus' feet. It is by the Spirit that you now obey your parents more willingly, and are kind and gentle to brothers and sisters, and it is through Him you check the rising temper which used to explode with such violence and with such unhappy result.

It is not civilization, education, manners, or money that makes the greatest difference in human character; it is the power of the Holy Spirit. Here are two small bars of steel—needles, if you like. Through one of them a strong electric current has been sent, and it is now possessed of new qualities and powers. Properly balanced, it becomes a magnet, by means of which the mariner may track the pathless sea. The other needle has no such power or use. Simi-

larly, God has saved you for Himself, and given you a new power, so that you may work out His plans and purposes here.

2.—“*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God*” (Eph. iv. 30).

The Holy Spirit is in the believer's heart (2 Cor. i. 22; Gal. iv. 6), and the body itself becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost who dwells within (1 Cor. vi. 19). Do you not think, if such a Guest condescends to make His home with you, that hand and foot, lip and tongue, and eye and ear should be under His direction? If you encourage angry feelings, impure thoughts, pride, or self-will, do you not think the Holy Spirit must be grieved? Does it not grieve Him when self takes control and uses the senses and the members of God's beautiful temple for its own wicked purposes? It certainly does, and therefore the Apostle says: “Grieve not the Holy Spirit.”

Do not grieve Him by indulging self, or you will lose all power, guidance, comfort, and instruction; joy will be gone, love will grow cold, prayer will be hurried and formal, the Bible will be like a picture-gallery in the darkness, and you will be like the wise virgins (Matt. xxv.), possessing the oil indeed, but with lights dead out, and with hope and affection for the coming Bridegroom fast asleep.

3.—“*Be filled with the Spirit*” (Eph. v. 18).

This is the Christian's proper state, and young converts may as surely be filled with the Spirit as “the fathers” in Christ. Indeed they must be, or they will make slow progress.

It is true that a child has small capacity. He may be only a cup and his father may be a great flagon, but a cup filled is better than a flagon empty. The same wind that impels the four-masted ship also speeds onward the fisherman's little craft. If you

have only one tiny sail, spread it to the heavenly breezes, and you will make better progress than the great vessel whose anchor lies buried deep in the mud of this world.

“Be filled with the Spirit.” But what does this mean, and how can I be filled? you ask. To be filled with the Spirit is to be under God's entire direction, so that He may use you. You have strength, understanding, affection, powers of body and mind, and of thought and speech. When the Spirit of God within you controls all these, then you are filled with the Holy Ghost. But you will not be filled unless you desire it, and you need not try to be filled, for trying is useless. The time spent in looking at yourself and thinking about yourself is simply wasted.

The truth is that *self* is the great hindrance to the free working of the Spirit. He cannot fill a convert who is already full of himself. He cannot use hands or lips whose services are diverted to your own will and pleasure, any more than a man can use a watch that a thief has stolen from him. Self must be cast out, then you will be filled with the Spirit. But self will never cast out self. No, Christ alone can expel the traitor; and, just as light drives out darkness, and water displaces air, so self is displaced by admitting Christ into your heart. Let the window of your soul be open to the Sun, and His joyous beams will pour in, the darkness that will lurk in the corners of your heart will vanish, and then the Spirit of God will fill and use you. When Christ is all to you, the Holy Spirit can take every faculty you possess and employ it for the glory of Christ, and moment by moment you will be ready and willing for every good work to which He may direct you.

Have no confidence in the flesh—that is, yourself—rejoice in Christ Jesus, and then you will be filled with the Spirit.

J. N. B.

# “THINGS TO COME.”

(QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.)

42.—What part will the cities of Babylon and Nineveh occupy in the future ?

These cities being the centres of hatred to God's people and the respective capitals of the kingdoms which destroyed Judah and Israel are doomed to perpetual desolation. As cities they shall never again rear their heads. For Babylon : see Jer. li. 62-64 ; for Nineveh : consult Nahum iii. 18, 19.

43.—Will the Nations formerly located within the boundaries of Immanuel's Land be Restored ?

In that remarkable millennial chapter, Isa. xi., the Philistines, Edom, Moab, and Ammon are especially named as being in thorough subjection to Israel in the day when she assumes headship of the Nations. The whole land of Israel will then be occupied by her rightful inhabitants, the Jewish people (Obadiah, verses 18-21). Esau regardless of his near relationship to Jacob was yet the most bitter and hostile of enemies (Ps. cxxxvii. 7), hence he shall be utterly destroyed, for they—the Edomites—are “the people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever” (Mal. i. 4).

44.—Is China named in the Prophecies ?

We believe the Celestial Empire is referred to in Isa. xlix. 12, where the prophet referring to the future gathering of Israel says “these from the land of Sinim”—the ancient Asiatic name for China.

45.—How is the Lord's great Prophetic Discourse divided ? (Matt. xxiv., xxv.)

(1) The Lord's future return to Palestine, chap. xxiv. 1-44. (2) The Lord's return in relation to Christendom, chap. xxiv. 45—xxv. 30. (3) The Lord's return in relation to the nations, chap. xxv. 31-46. These interesting sections of our Lord's great advent-sermon should be pondered.

# The Happy Home.

(From the German of *Spitta's*)



**O** HAPPY home, O home supremely blest,  
Where Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art entertained  
As the most welcome and beloved Guest,  
With true devotion and with love unfeigned,  
Where all hearts beat in unison with Thine,  
Where eyes grow brighter as they look on Thee ;  
Where all are ready, at the slightest sign,  
To do Thy will, and do it heartily.

O happy home, where man and wife are one,  
Thro' love of Thee, in spirit, heart, and mind,  
Together joined by holy bands, which none,  
Nor death itself, can sever nor unbind ;  
Where both on Thee unfailingly depend,  
In weal and woe, in good and evil days,  
And hope with Thee Eternity to spend,  
In sweet communion and eternal praise.

O happy home, where with the hands of prayer  
Parents commit their children to the Friend,  
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,  
Will watch and keep them safely to the end ;  
Where they are taught to sit at Jesus' feet,  
And listen to the words of life and truth,  
And learn to lisp His praise in accents sweet,  
From early childhood to advancing youth.

O happy home, where servants still pursue  
Their daily labours as unto the Lord ;  
Divining only that whate'er they do,  
May be according to His Will and Word ;  
As servants, yet as friends and brethren too,  
Their love with deep humility combined ;  
No less in little than in great things true,  
They serve Him gladly with a willing mind.

O happy home, where Thou dost share the weal,  
Where none forget Thee, whatsoe'er befall ;  
O happy home, where Thou the wounds dost heal,  
The Healer and the Comforter of all ;  
Till every one his stated part hath done,  
And all at length shall peacefully depart  
To the bright realms where Thou Thyself art gone,  
The Father's House where Thou already art.



# The Little Ones.

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I wonder if ever the children  
Who were blessed by the Master of old,  
Forgot He had made them His treasures,  
The dear little lambs of His fold.

I wonder if, angry and wilful,  
They wandered far astray,  
The children whose feet had been guided  
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening,  
Soft smoothing the silk tangled hair,  
And low leaning down to the murmur  
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,  
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,  
If haply again they might hear  
The words of the gentle Redeemer  
Borne swift to the child-like ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy  
That ever those children went wrong,  
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,  
Shut out from the feast and the song.  
To the day of gray hairs they remembered,  
I think, how the hands that were riven  
Were laid on their heads when Christ uttered:  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said to you, little darlings,  
Who spell it in God's Word to-day:  
You, too, are invited by Jesus  
To come, believe, and obey;  
And if you will trust the dear Saviour,  
He'll keep you from harm and from wrong,  
And give you the rest and the shelter,  
The joy of the feast and the song.

# Likeness to Christ.

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OUR God, we rejoice that Thou did'st provide Thee  
A Man for Thyself, Thy mind to fulfil ;  
His work all completed, He sits now beside Thee  
Triumphant o'er all that resisted Thy will.

Thy law in His heart, from above He descended,  
Thy counsels of wisdom and love to display ;  
And living 'mongst men, alone, unbefriended,  
Pursued to the Cross His unfaltering way.

In loving submission, 'twas always His pleasure  
Thy will to accomplish, whatever the pain ;  
Teach us, O our Father, 'midst business and leisure,  
To Thee true and faithful in life to remain.

A Man in the glory, He lives now before Thee,  
A heavenly people to succour and own ;  
Accepted in Him, Thy saints now adore Thee,  
As sons, with the Son, drawing near to Thy throne.

Set free from ourselves, and from Thee, Lord, receiving  
The light and the love of our heavenly Home,  
We wait for the hour all of earth to be leaving,  
And cry from our hearts, "Come quickly, Lord, Come."

Our God and our Father, Thy good will discerning,  
Completely declared in Jesus our Lord,  
Like Him to become, still would we be learning,  
That with Him we now may grow into accord.

Christ's members on earth, our Head being in heaven,  
His life in our ways we fain would express ;  
As led by the Spirit, rejecting all leaven,  
We seek thus our Saviour and Lord to confess.



# “The Valley of Baca.”



**W**HEN all is over—all the tender yearning,  
The hopes and fears that words can never tell;  
When from the last look, love in sorrow turning,  
Hath measured all the anguish of farewell.

When blinds are opened, and with tear-worn faces  
We meet the aching light of every day,  
Knowing that from the dear accustomed places  
Our loved one has for ever gone away.

Then, then across the sea of separation  
There comes a Voice by which we're comforted—  
A Voice of love, of hope and consolation,  
That whispers softly, “Blessed are the dead.”

And suddenly, with clearer vision gifted,  
We see them radiant on the further shore,  
All burdens from their weary spirits lifted,  
From pain and death set free for evermore.

And reckoning thus the bliss of our departed,  
Though grief still claims its bitter meed of tears,  
We can go forth, no longer broken hearted,  
To face the strangeness of the altered years.

All love for us made sacred by that sadness,  
All hope henceforth a purer thing to be,  
Till we too stand where, in enraptured gladness,  
Death shall be swallowed up in victory.

*(Communicated.)*





# The Last Stake.



THE following sad and solemn letter was written by a nobleman on his death-bed to a former companion :

“Dear ——, Before you receive this, my final state will be determined. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, death will raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery.

When you read these lines I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in fulness of joy.

It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul, the vast uncertainty I am struggling with. No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions.

Every doubt wears the face of horror and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery?

I am throwing *my last stake* for Eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event.

Good God! How have I employed myself? What enchantment hath held me? In what delirium has my life been passed? What have I been doing, while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent beams only to light me to perdition?

I never awaked till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being. Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of everything in nature. I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up

dust, and supporting myself with the wind.

I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank, a perfect vacancy. I might have grazed with the beast of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants in the woods to much better purpose than any for which I have lived.

And O, but for some faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty's fiat, nor waked into life at His command.

I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act till now. I have often met death on the battle-field, and with a stupid boast, defied his terrors; with a courage as brutal as a warlike horse, I have rushed into the battle, laughing at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned.

Where all my secret guilt had been revealed,  
Nor the minutest circumstance concealed.

It is this which arms death with all its terrors, else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my breath, it is not being for ever insensible is the thought at which I shrink; it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities, which, in the hour of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms, as idle dreams of superstitious beings, they start forth and dare me now in the most terrible demonstration.

My awakened conscience feels something of that terrible vengeance I have often defied. To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach? What extravagances to jest with death! to laugh at damnation! to sport with eternal chains,

and recreate a joyful fancy with the scenes of infernal misery! Everything in nature seems to reproach this levity in man.

The whole creation, man excepted, is serious—man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequences depending on this short and uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace, go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such thoughtless gaiety to their graves.

Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together!

Return, ye lost, neglected moments! How I should prize you above the eastern treasures!

Ye vain grandeurs of a court! Ye sounding titles and perishing riches! What do ye now signify? What relief, what consolation, can you give?

I have a splendid passage to the grave.

I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy.

I am expiring on soft, downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs and leaves me to hide his secret grief.

But oh, which of these will answer my summons at the High Tribunal? Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me?

Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which will lie, reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.

My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great solemnity will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with, "Here lies the

great ——." But could the pale carcase speak, it would soon reply, "False marble, where? Nothing but poor, sordid dust lies here."

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may, perhaps, be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal, where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But *I cast myself on God's infinite mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Reader! Art thou born again? Hast thou received the forgiveness of thy sins? Dost thou know Christ Jesus as thy Saviour? If not, confess Him with thy mouth, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, and thou shalt be saved (Rom. x. 9, 10).



Short Papers for Young Converts—No. 9.

## ❁ Backsliding. ❁

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**T**HIS is a serious subject, and in writing about it I have asked the Lord to enable me to address my beloved young friends very earnestly and tenderly.

Backsliding is turning away from God. Some turn away because they were never really converted. They were turned towards happy meetings, Christian friends, and pleasant experiences, but they never felt their guilt, and they never trusted Jesus. They professed, but they never possessed. They had

right *opinions* about Christ, but no true affections towards Him. They sat at the feast with the living Bread before them, but they never ate of it. They were among the saved, but were not saved themselves, and at last they "went out," as 1 John ii. 19 says (read it), which exactly describes them.

There are some young people who live light, frivolous, giddy, and even wicked lives, and yet they say they believe in Jesus! They are not saved from foolish conversation, bad temper, and evil company, and yet they persuade themselves that they are saved! What is their faith but the belief of a lie? By-and-by such either go back to the world and to their sins, or they put on a cloak of hypocrisy and stay among Christ's people as Judas did (read John vi. 66-71), and this is worse than all.

You have seen a little child, after eating an egg, turn the shell upside down and exclaim, "See my egg!" There are some who pass as young converts whose profession is very much like this. They seem all right, but their profession is hollow, it is only a shell. Soon the shell is broken up, and everyone sees what it is.

Beloved young friends, "Lay aside all hypocrisies" (2 Pet. ii.). You cannot deceive God. He reads you as you read a book; He sees through you as one sees through plate-glass. Be real. It would be better to put off the livery of Christ than to don it and then to work for the devil.

Do you understand why such converts backslide? It is because they never knew Christ; they had no life. Throw a stone as high as you can. Upward it rises, impelled by the muscular force of your arm. Now it slackens its speed, it turns, it falls with accelerated motion, and at last lies on the ground from which you had picked it up. Why? You say the force of attraction overcame the force of projection. That

is right. Now let loose a little captive sparrow into the air. It opens its wings and away it flies, rejoicing in its liberty. Does the sparrow come down like the stone? No, for though it too is attracted by the earth, the little bird has *an overcoming power*—the power of life. The convert who can keep going only as long as the influence of friends and of meetings impels him is likely to backslide, and to find his place at last just where he was at first. But the one who has the Spirit of life will overcome at last, even though, like Gad, a troop may overcome him for a time (Gen. xlix. 19).

For a young believer may backslide. He may get under the power of evil, become cold in heart, and careless in his ways. Is he lost again? He certainly might deserve to be so if his salvation depended on his goodness and faithfulness. But Christ keeps His eye on the wanderer, and will take care that he is taught by his backslidings that it is an evil thing and bitter to forsake the Lord (Jer. ii.). The Lord is faithful to his people as even His ways with Israel show (see Jer. li. 5). Christ will not abandon His own to the enemy of their souls. Having saved them once, He will never lose them again. His one offering has put away for ever all their guilt, nor will He recall to memory sins which he declares are forgiven and forgotten (Heb. x. 17). But this very goodness and faithfulness on His part make it the more serious in a young believer to turn aside after Satan (1 Tim. v. 15).

Now such backsliding is not reached by a single step. The descent is by a stairway, broad and easy. So gentle is the decline that you scarcely know you are descending at all, until some devil's trap at the bottom catches your feet, and you find out where you are. Mind the first step, for when a backsliding state is reached the results are sad indeed. Sin

may follow sin, all the native evil of the heart may pour out unchecked, the Spirit of God within may be grieved into silence, Christ may be forgotten and His name and truth brought into open dishonour. Then enquirers are discouraged, the wicked are glad, and the people of God are deeply grieved. Very often the backslider loses all assurance of salvation, sinks into despair, and pierces himself through with many sorrows, suffering the misery that comes after sin.

Dear young converts, would you escape this misery? Do you dread such a fall? Take time, then, to tarry alone in the presence of Jesus. Neglect of this, and omission of Bible reading and prayer are the first cause of backsliding. If you do sin, delay not to confess it. Tell it out at once, even if passion is still hot in your heart, or sinful folly has been holding your eyes. An earnest preacher, speaking of his early days, says: "Three times during the first week after my conversion hasty words escaped me while at the plough. The moment they left my lips I was on my knees asking God to pardon the slip. When the devil came up to tell me I had done it, I told him he was too late, as I had got it put right." Remember, "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Unconfessed sin quickly conducts to departure.

Thank the Lord the backsliding convert may be restored. He may get back to the enjoyment of favour, love, and blessing, as soon as he desires to return. The coal that falls into the fender soon becomes black and dead. How may its brightness and warmth be restored? Put it again into the bosom of the glowing fire. A backslider is one who has got away from the enjoyment of Christ's company and fervent love, into the chilling world. Yet there

is his place on the bosom of Christ, which he has vacated. Another cannot occupy it. The place, the tender love, await his return. If he only comes back with honest confession he will soon glow again. Forgiven much, he may love more than others, and even be brighter than they.

Nor will the Lord Jesus keep the unhappy wanderer waiting for the pardon and the love. David was a backslider for months, but he was forgiven in a moment. "I have sinned against the Lord," he groaned out under the prophet's upbraidings, and quick as the light the answer came to the king's confession, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin."

Again I say, mind the first step. Keep at the side of Christ. Bask in His love. Draw from Him your daily supplies, for all you can ever need is in Him. If you heard of a man setting up in business without money or stock of his own, you would not be surprised if he was soon in the insolvency court. Just as professors who begin to be Christians without Christ soon backslide. There are many bankrupt professors to-day, because so many start without capital. Christ is your capital, and, drawing from His fulness every hour, you will be a spiritual millionaire, kept from the backslider's poverty, misery, and shame, and enabled to assist others out of your abundant wealth.

J. N. B.



**Truth** is like the cork, however often submerged, it rises again.



**There** is no resurrection for a dead opportunity.



**Christ** is the proof of Christianity, and the Christian should be its argument.

# CRUMBS.

(FROM J.N.D., C.H.M., J.B.S., J.G.B., &c.)

**T**HE great guardian principle of all conduct in the Church of God is personal responsibility to "the Lord."

I may be called upon to act independently of the highest authority in the world, but it ought never to be on the principle that I am doing my own will.

We see the failure of the best things around, and unless one is with God, and knowing the source of every good thing, the heart gets depressed, and says, "who will show us any good?" But God remains just the same, and I know where to look—where only good can be found—in Him.

How can I be turning my heart to the joys of one, and the sorrows of another, unless I am living close to Christ and getting my heart filled with Him instead of self?

The great secret when we cannot think *with* others in the Church of God is to think *for* them. Love—divine love—will adapt itself, because it is above all the evil; its patience is never weary, though it cannot go on with what is wrong.

If I look at a brother, I see the blood of Christ upon him, I see the Spirit in him when I look on him with the eyes of Christ. Wherever the heart is feeling with Christ, one cannot but see good in others.

If he gets into trouble, he is Christ's sheep, and I am bound, in whatsoever way I can, to seek to get him out of it.

He may say, "What business have you to come?" and the like; but I ought to go and lay myself at his feet, in order to get him out of the net which he has got into, even though he dislike me for it.

I am not fit to rebuke a brother, unless my soul

has been in priestly exercise and service about it, as though I had been in the sin myself. How does Christ act? He bears it on His heart, and pleads about it, to draw out the grace that will remedy it.

So with the child of God; he carries the sin upon his own heart into the presence of God; He pleads with God the Father that the dishonour done to Christ's Body, of which he is a member, may be remedied. This I believe to be the spirit in which discipline should be exercised.

But here we fail. We have not grace to eat the sin-offering.

I come to Church action, and there I find yet more. The Assembly should so humble itself, until it has cleared itself. That is the force, to me, of "ye have not mourned," &c. There was not sufficient spirituality at Corinth to take and bear the sin at all.

"You ought to have bowed down there, broken-hearted and broken in spirit at such a thing not being put out—concerned as to the cleanness of Christ's house."

"Charity covers a multitude of sins." If it sees a brother sin a sin, which is not unto death, it goes and prays for him; and the sin may never come out, as a question of Church discipline, at all. I believe there is never a case of *Church* discipline, but to the shame of the whole body. Like some sore on a man's body, it tells of the disease of the *body*—of the constitutional condition.

Nine-tenths of the discipline which ought to go on is individual.

The best way to correct defects is to be before the person the living expression of the power of Christ in the very thing in which he fails.

Nothing explains truth like practice.

It is only as one is practically under the power of the Word that one can insist on its reality.

There is no easier way of exalting oneself than criticising the defects of others, for you give your hearers the impression that you are free from the faults you condemn.

If we have not been able to discover the good thing in our brother and fellow-servant; if our eye has only detected the crooked thing; if we have not succeeded in finding the vital spark amid the ashes—the precious gem among the surrounding rubbish; if we have only seen what was of mere nature, why, then let us with a loving and delicate hand, draw the curtain of silence around our brother, or speak of him only at the throne of grace.

Often those who take part in nothing else for Christ are too prominent in cases of discipline. Now, no matter how devoted one is, he cannot be engaged in cases of this kind but his soul will be damaged, unless he takes care to free himself of the defilement before the Lord. Then if he has afterward to revert to the subject, he will do so from duty, and in the fear of the Lord, dreading it as much as the touch of a hot iron.

Where the one desire of the heart is to enjoy the divine presence, we shall easily discover those things which tend to deprive us of that unspeakable blessing.

No person is so *liable* to a fall as one who is continually ministering the truth of God if he be not careful. The continual talking about truth, and being occupied about other people, has a tendency to harden the conscience.

Are we walking in such a way that we are *enjoying* the Lord's presence? Have we that character of obedience in our habits, ways, our dress, our houses, so that if Christ comes in we have only to sit down and enjoy Him?

Supposing a child is in the delight of fellowship

with his father, and sees a cloud on his father's face, he says directly, "What is the matter?" What would you think if he saw the cloud and did not trouble about it? Do you find out if you lose the light of God's countenance on your soul?

Are you so walking with God that you get the consciousness of it if you are not walking in the light of His countenance?—or have you something creeping in that makes you go half a day—a whole day perhaps—without having His presence? Are you content with living without any communications from Christ?

Just as a mountain of snow, which no human labour can remove, melts before the bright shining of the sun, so the warm kindlings of divine affections in the soul dissolve the thick ice of our hearts, and melt away all in us that hinders the manifestation of Christ.

Said a dying saint, "I have such joy in the thought of Christ, that at times I am compelled to leave off thinking of Him." And when asked, "What then, dear Ann, do you think of?" "*Nothing*," she said.

"The Lord Jesus sits by my side," whispered a suffering one. He does not *send* the rod, He *brings* it.

The tents in the wilderness must have gathered soil and fractures as they passed from the Red Sea to the Jordan, but they were better in their *relations*, though worse in their *conditions*, on the banks of the Jordan, than they had been on the banks of the Egyptian Sea, for, though torn and defiled, *they were nearer to being struck for the last time* (2 Cor. iv. 16).

Forty years of the desert put nature to the test. Friends fail or pass away. Links of fond friendship are snapped in this cold, heartless world. Fellow-labourers part company. Miriams and Aarons die, but—GOD REMAINETH.

# MISREPRESENTED.

“Every day they wrest my words.”—Psa. lvi. 5, 6.

**S**OME did not comprehend us. They thought us to be other than we were, and to mean other than we meant. We may not have been able to explain ourselves. We felt that we were misunderstood; it caused us distress and pain; it was a wound in the spirit. Estrangements may have been brought about, our usefulness may have been limited, great issues of mischief may have been started, not wholly ever to be overtaken and stopped.

In misrepresentation there is an art, and it has its methods. It wrongs us through our words. It wrongs our words, too. It tortures them.

Our words are wrested by *omission*. Things are left out. Modifying and explanatory phrases are dropped. How adroit is the omission! The sentences are maimed, some of their members are torn off. Cruel talkers are they who, tearing sentences, tear hearts also. The suppression of a word may bring grievous wounds, may injure a brother, may bring a shadow for a while over his name.

Our words are wrested by *addition*. Things are joined on. The words are tortured by being stretched. They are put on the rack. There are the additions of exaggeration. Rumour blows her cheeks fuller and fuller as she goes on. And there are the additions of insinuation, subtle and suggestive.

Our words, too, are wrested by *misapplication*. They are applied to the wrong people, and to the wrong occasions. They are put to uses far from our thought. This is part of the art of misrepresenting.

In misrepresentation there is a spirit, and it may be discerned. It is persistent. “Every day,” complains the victim, “they wrest my words.” “Every day!” How it keeps to its task! It never sleeps.

"All their thoughts are against me for evil." Misrepresentation is quick of vision. In this it is like love, but while love sees the excellent and the commendable, misrepresentation has eyes only for spots and defects. It sees with magnifying vision. Under its eyes the little blot on one line covers the whole page. It sees with multiplying vision. Of one little instance of fault it makes a terrific number. It sees with creative vision. It sees what isn't there!

"They hide themselves." It is the spirit of the eavesdropper. It puts its ear to the keyhole. It listens round the corner. It is despicable.

And it is *gregarious*. "They gather themselves together." The like-minded associate. It is keen at conspiracy. It is one of a group of evil spirits. The spirit of misrepresentation is indeed evil.

To be misrepresented may bring us much pain, and make life hard for us. We may cry in our agony. It is a trial by fire, it is part of life's discipline. Yet we may make it yield us rare wisdom and high gain. We are to remember that in this experience we are not singular. Others have had to endure it.

God, too, can share in sympathy with us under misrepresentation. His Word also is wrested. Some wrest it unto their destruction. It is wrested by omission. Words are quoted apart from their context. It is wrested by addition. It is wrested by misapplication.

The Lord was misrepresented. There were those who watched long and close that they might catch Him in His speech. To the last they misrepresented Him, and brought Him to the Cross.

The Apostles and early Christians, too, were misrepresented. It is the lot of all who make a stand for Christ.

That we have been misrepresented should cause us to have added care over our words. We should seek, as far as possible, not to make occasion. In some company we can speak with utter freedom. We are loved and we love. Our talk is without restraint of misapprehension. We may lay bare our soul. But in other surroundings we must weigh our words, not indeed withholding the truth through fear, but speaking with guardedness and prudence.

And when the hurt of misrepresentation has come deep into our life we are not without refuge. We may repeat in living faith the strong, calm speech of this Psalm: "God is for me." And we can gather such holy courage as to cry, "I will not be afraid what man can do unto me."

In communion with our God we shall escape from the strife of tongues. It is well when false voices drive us not to sharp retort and answering bitterness, but to the silence of His presence Who heals and helps. There may we pray for them who wrest our words and do us wrong; and for ourselves also, that in no weak hour of life may we be among those whose sin is that they misrepresent.

S. S. (*Adapted.*)



**Discipline.**—God quenched the fire on my own hearth, that I might learn to make that of others bright.



**God's righteousness** does not say, "Pay what you *can*," but "Pay what you *owe*."



**It often** happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

# FULNESS OF JOY.

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JESUS, Lord, Thy saints are waiting  
 For the hour of Thy return,  
 And with ardour unabating,  
 Still our hearts within us burn,  
 As we think of that glad vision  
 Of Thyself, when eye to eye,  
 We shall see, in full fruition.  
 All brought intimately nigh.

But our joy, whate'er its measure,  
 Will not with Thine own compare ;  
 When the Father's Gift, Thy Treasure,  
 Thou shalt welcome to Thee there.  
 Where, at Home, in bliss, united  
 To Thyself, Thy Bride shall be ;  
 Thou with Thy great Prize delighted  
 And her heart absorbed in Thee.

Now we bless Thee for Thy patience,  
 Moulding us to Thine own mind,  
 And revealing the relations  
 Of God's grace for us designed ;  
 Saints and sons of His election,  
 Temple of the Holy Ghost,  
 One with Thee in resurrection,  
 And Thyself our only boast.

Yes, e'en now we know Thee singing  
 In the Assembly 'midst Thine own,  
 Whom to glory Thou art bringing,  
 Presently to share Thy throne ;  
 Soon, The Spirit's day completed,  
 Thou wilt rest in Thy great love  
 Satisfied, when, with Thee seated,  
 God's full heart in Thee we prove.

W. C. C. - B. C.

# ❧ “THINGS TO COME.” ❧

(QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.)

46.—How are the nations distinguished in the prophecies?

The civilised part of the earth, *i.e.*, the platform of prophetic dealing connected with the Jews, as distinguished from the distant heathen will be divided into two hostile camps. Political concentration, now the aim of all governments, will then be fully developed; the future Emperors of Italy and of Russia being the respective chiefs. “The Beast”—which, when unqualified in the prophecies, always signifies the revived Roman power, or its energetic head—will, with his numerous satellites, (*i.e.*, Great Britain, France, and Western Europe generally—Rev. xix. 19), gather against the Lamb of God, and politically espouse the cause of the Jew. Gog or Russia will command north and east of Palestine in *Asia*, as the beast in *Europe*, and will have an immense and miscellaneous following (Ezek. xxxviii. 4-9). Gog—symbolic name for the last Czar of the Russian peoples—is the bitter enemy of restored Israel, and seeks again and again to destroy the people and gain possession of her riches and land. Gog and his allies in determined attacks upon Jerusalem are referred to in Isa. x.; Zech. xiv. 1-3; Ps. lxxxiii. Thus Russia and Rome, and their respective followers, while enemies of God, are yet opposed to each other—their aims and political designs being totally different.

47.—Will the return of Ephraim or the ten tribes be accomplished at the same time, by the same Means, and from the same Places as Judah or the Jews?

The return of both houses of Israel will be commenced about the same time. Judah will be re-

stored by the help of a maritime nation—one who has not hitherto meddled with Jewish matters (Isa. xviii.). As her great sin in the rejection of Christ was perpetrated in the land, so will the land be the scene of her judgment; “two parts therein shall be cut off and die, but the third part shall be left therein” (Zech. xiii. 8). Israel, on the other hand, will be dealt with differently. Sitting down at ease among the heathen, and taking up their gross and rank idolatry (Ezek. xx. 32), the fury of Jehovah shall break out against them, and with His mighty arm He will bring them out from amongst the countries whence they were scattered. The human instrumentality is not, so far as we know, revealed. Judah is *dispersed*, Israel *scattered* (Isa. xi. 12). But as Ephraim is not chargeable with the same character of sin as Judah, so judgment of a different character, and inflicted in a different place, is meted out to her. She is brought into the “wilderness of the people,” *i.e.*, the wilderness between Egypt and Palestine, and also the wilderness between Palestine and Assyria. *There* the rebels are dealt with in judgment, while those spared and converted will be brought into the land to rejoin their brethren of Judah. The rebels destroyed are of those *not* written in the book (Dan. xii. 1); Hosea ii. ; Ezek. xx. 32-38.

48.—What are the principal scriptures which show the entrance of Ephraim into the Land?

Jer. xxxi. 6-21 shews the chastened yet joyous spirit in which they enter the land, never again to be removed; while Isa. xlix. 12-23 expresses the delight and surprise of Judah in receiving her long-lost children of Israel.

49.—What are the principal scriptures which prove the Conversion of all Israel, her settlement in the Land, and her supremacy over the Nations?

For the salvation of all Israel: see Rom. xi. 26; Ezek. xxxvii. 9-14; Heb. viii. 8-12; Isa. lix. 20, 21; Ezek. xx. 40; Ps. xiv. 7; Rev. vii. 3-8. For the settlement in Palestine as one united nation: see Ezek. xxxiv. 37; Zech. viii.; Isa. xiv. 1, 2; Jer. xxx. For Israel's headship over the nations: see Isa. lx. 12, 14, 16; Zech. ii. 9-12; xiv. 14-17; Deut. xxviii. 7-13; Isa. ii. 2-5.

**50.**—What should be the moral effect of Prophecy upon the Life and Conscience?

Prophecy is the certain light of God thrown upon the present and future. It unfolds the solemn process needful for the removal of evil, and the establishment of the world-kingdom of Christ. As the successive judgments revealed are pondered, a deep spirit of seriousness and solemnity are produced whenever the conscience is in exercise. "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" is a searching question to each one. Do we really believe that the end of all things is at hand? That the judge is at the door? O then let us be sober and hope to the end. Arise and trim thy lamp, waiting virgin, pilgrim, and child of God.



**Love and Knowledge.**—Unless we know a person we cannot love that person. In this sense, love is dependent on knowledge. Yet, in another sense, knowledge is dependent on love; for until we love a person, we can never really understand that person. Love and knowledge are interdependent. Their relation is that of two points in the circumference of a circle. Let us, then, seek to know One who is worthy to be loved, in order that we may love Him; and then let us love Him, in order that we may know Him.

One there is above all others,  
Oh, how He loves.

# “New Creation.”

(Notes of an Address.)

“But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything but a new creature.”—Gal. vi. 14, 15.

THE terms of this scripture are very distinct and clear. I mention this because it is constantly quoted for another purpose than the Apostle's, and applied to the question of our sins; but there is not a word about sins in the passage.

Freed from my sins I must be. As Scripture puts it, “The worshipper once purged has no more conscience of sin.” This I do not want to weaken in the least. But our passage does not speak of that at all. It treats of something further. It tells of what you are made by God when everything is removed. It is what takes place when the question of your sins has been thoroughly dealt with, and every opposing and contrary element swept clean out of the way.

Christendom never gets beyond absolution. Absolution I get in Scripture: “Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more.” But it is negative. What I wish to insist on is our state now.

Look at a caterpillar. It lives a crawling life. That *was* your state. It becomes a butterfly. That is a new, an entirely new state. It crawled on a cabbage-leaf before. It now flies and dances in the sunlight. That is your state *now*—the New Creation state.

Now what I cannot understand is, how people, after having emerged from the caterpillar state into the butterfly state, can go on, or want to go on, as if they were in the caterpillar state. Yet so it is. People suppose that having come out of the old

state into the new, they can still go on with the old. Scripture says, "No, walk in *newness* of life."

This passage, then, speaks of the new state, the butterfly state, if I may keep up the illustration I have used. "Neither circumcision" (that is, self improved religiously, as in the Jew), "nor uncircumcision" (that is, self, whether civilised, polished philosophically, as in the Greek; or savage, as in the heathen) "availeth anything but a new creature."

What is the New Creation?

I wish to dwell on this, because, where not seen, even a worship meeting is spoiled by having recourse to sins. It is going back to the caterpillar state. This New Creation is from God entirely. There is no such thing as brushing up the old clothes to make me fit for God. God clothes me,—God robes me, and then I am suited for His presence. The clothes come from God, and can be worn nowhere but with Him.

In this same epistle Paul says: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ, liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." What matter, then, how things go here. Suppose everything went. What would be left? The New Creation.

It is a wonderful thing to be occupied with the development of the New Creation. In this I get God's thoughts and feelings about me, which are a great deal better than my own. We are a New Creation, having eternal life in Christ, who is our life. Are you as much occupied with developing the new as you are in getting rid of the old?

Let us see, then, what this New Creation is. Turn for a moment to John iii. You will tell me that it speaks of new birth. I know it, but there is more. Look at verse 12: "If I have told you of

earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things." He speaks here of a heavenly order of things,—a New Creation—but you could not have a New Creation till you had the beginning. Christ is the beginning of the creation of God. There must be a new life for this, a new character of life, and Christ shows how it is to come about.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Christ dies for the caterpillar state, all that I was as connected with the first man, and communicates eternal life, bringing me into a new condition, His own condition.

Read with me now another verse: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit" (John xii. 24). The thought here is not that He saves (though He does save), but that the corn of wheat shall have many grains. Christ, while on earth, was unique, alone, separate from all, but by dying He was to have, like the corn of wheat, many grains *like Himself*.

Yet one other passage—Christ, as risen, says "Go to my *brethren*, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God" (John xx.). He had gone down under the judgment, and having now come out of it He becomes as risen from the dead the Head of a new order, and for the first time can call these disciples "*brethren*." "He is not ashamed to call them brethren." He can speak of us now as of the same material as Himself, of the same stock and lineage. I am now to enjoy the same kind of life as Christ risen.

Mark how in this chapter, three times over, Christ says, "Peace be unto you," and how "He breathed on them, and saith unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Here the Lord unfolds what He imparts to us as risen from the dead. He had not imparted this to any before. He is inaugurating the new condition. He is introducing them into the new ground. This is a new day, the dawn of the New Creation, and He puts them upon a new platform. What, let me ask, has the risen Christ imparted to these disciples? Remember they were already converted. What is the meaning of His action here? He is bringing them into the consciousness of the New Creation. This is "life more abundantly." (John x. 10).

I ask the youngest amongst us to ponder what we have here. Think what Christ imparted to the disciples in that scene. What did He impart? Two things. *Peace* and *Life*.

Observe, John always reverses Paul's statements, and gives truth in the inverse order from Paul. (Rom. viii.). This I throw out for students of their Bibles. The characteristics of the New Creation into which we are introduced are *Peace* and *Life*. Everything cleared out of the way. Not a cloud to be seen. Peace above, peace below, and life—life more abundantly.

The disciples were already converted, mark; and note, too, that He only gives this blessing *once*. He does not impart it twice.

"But," says some one, "I have known a person lose his peace."

Granted. I might lose my watch, but it is still mine, and when I get it again it is the same watch.

The spiritual mind is made up of two qualities—

life and peace—(Rom. viii. 6). The very smallest atom of the spiritual mind has these two qualities. Take a fourpenny loaf. It is made of flour and water. Give me, then, the smallest crumb of that loaf, and it has both these—flour and water. If you have got a particle of the spiritual mind, you must have life and peace.

You say there are two natures. Certainly there are; and I find people admit two natures, but they are always occupied with the bad one. But there is a moment in the history of the soul when it says, "I cannot tolerate the flesh," and Ishmael is then cast out.

I don't mean to say he may not come in again. "Ishmael" knows the house well, and if you put him out by the door, he may come in by the window. But there is a moment when the soul will not *tolerate* the flesh. It is what I call non-toleration. Then when a person has got this new nature it will come out.

What brings it out? Tribulation—trying circumstances, bring it out—(2 Cor. iv. 16). "For which cause we faint not, but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

Whatever else is ill I have a nature that is not a bit ill. I may not be able to sing, speak, or read, but I have got a nature that is always well. The body, too, is the Lord's, and if it is well it is a *servant*; if it is sick, it is a *patient*; and if it does not do its duty, it is a *deserter*.

Have you any conception of what sort a Being Christ is? Well, we are, as new creatures, of the same order.

But how is this New Creation to be developed? By being occupied with the Head of it, of course.

*Where* is it to be developed? Just down here in

the surroundings, circumstances, and relationships of the old creation. It is to be brought out in all these, and there is nothing to hinder but our will.

Remember the same One who is Head of the New Creation is the Lord of the old, and in the circumstances or relationships in which I am placed, the New Creation is to be developed. Nowhere can it be better brought out. If I am a husband, I must be the best husband; or a wife, the best wife; or a child, the best child. I am to take all these up in a new way, and they become the fittest spheres for the bringing out of the new life.

What is the old creation? It is made up of weakness and defects. I will take two of its defects—temper and intemperance—they will serve my purpose. I am a new creature in Christ, but as to fact I am here in the old creation, full of defects. I don't speak of the weaknesses, because they are not removed. Paul prayed for the removal of the thorn, but God did not remove it. He makes you superior to the weaknesses, and uses them for bringing into relief the new thing. He does, however, remove the defects.

There are two ways of dealing with the defects of the old creation. Self-culture, the human way; the Spirit's discipline, the Divine way. The principle of the self-culture method is to bring the force of the will to bear on the defect. Take temper; a man may bring the force of will to bear here, and by self-culture make himself exceedingly agreeable, exhibit a beautiful, bland manner towards others, and say the most smooth things, while underneath all he may be in a rage—the nature is the same. He may make himself agreeable to his neighbours by this, but not to God.

By force of will a man might say, "I will not

drink a drop." Many a one has done so for a wager. But does this give him a taste for sobriety? The Spirit of God would give him a taste for sobriety. He not only represses the defect, but He mortifies it.

The Spirit gives the new wine and the new bottle, but how am I to manage the old bottle? Self-culture won't do. I must have the Spirit's discipline. The way He does is to bring out the nature of Christ. "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ." *My* nature is not improved, but the Spirit brings out Christ's nature. Self-culture cannot create a virtue, the utmost it can do is to repress a vice. The Spirit brings out a virtue.

There is not one who is walking with God who does not know his besetting sin from the way the Lord deals with him—by the Word, circumstances, trial, and other things. There is a defect in that child of God. The Spirit says, "I can't have that," "I won't allow that," "I will bring out a virtue instead of it." "Forasmuch, then, as Christ has suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind, for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." (1 Peter iv. 1).

Yonder is a child. It sees a lump of sugar, and there being no one in the room, walks off with it, and thinks no one sees it. The child gets converted, enters the room again. He sees the lump of sugar. The temptation is presented, a struggle goes on in the child's mind, it resists, and won't touch it. The child has suffered in the flesh, and ceases from sin.

It is wonderful how the Spirit of God can so deal with a defect as to make it the safest bit about you. There is a boat with a hole in it. Before

you go to sea you put a plug in the hole, and keep your eye on the spot all the way. It is then the safest bit of the boat.

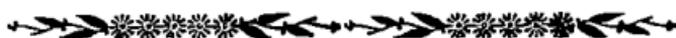
How remarkably, too, the Spirit applies the Word. I have known of a woman change her place four times at a meeting, because she thought the speaker was talking to her. No one can apply the Word. It is a mistake to think that we can. The Spirit alone can do that.

Let us read a verse: "Let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." This is a very remarkable case. "Let him that stole, steal no more." Here is where most people stop. But that is only the law. I think he is a very poor Christian if he can't get higher than the law.

The Spirit says, "I repress the vice, I make him honest. But is that all? No, I make him industrious, so that he does not need to take from anybody. But is that all? No, I will bring out a virtue where the vice was, I will actually make him *generous*, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Instead of putting forth his hands and taking from other people, these very hands work to give to others. The man that was a *taker* of what was not his own is made by the Spirit a *donor*. He removes the defect and brings out a virtue to adorn the spot where it was.

I am more distinctly by Divine power in the New Creation than I am in the old. A new and more wonderful creation has been wrought in me than has been in making this world. I was a brother to the dying man, but I *am* a brother to the risen Man, the glorified Christ, and now I must walk like Christ down here.

J. B. S.



# UNANSWERED YET ?



**U**NANSWERED yet? The prayer your lips have  
pleaded

In agony of heart these many years ?

Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing.

And think you all in vain those falling tears ?

Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer ;

You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented

This one petition at His gracious throne,

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,

So urgent was your heart to make it known.

Though years have passed since then, do not despair ;

The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted ;

Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.

The work began when first your prayer was uttered,

And God will finish what He has begun.

If you will keep the incense burning there,

His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered ;

Her feet were firmly planted on the rock :

Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,

Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock ;

She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,

And cries, " He'll answer yet," sometime, somewhere.





# What about your sins ?

By A. J. POLLOCK.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after."—1 TIM. v. 24.

**S**OME men's sins are written as by a pen of iron upon the open page.

Napoleon's were. In the impartial narrative of history you can mark his boundless ambition, cruel in its means and pitiless in its power. You can see him wading through rivers of blood to the goal of his pride. His sins went before him to judgment, heralded to the confines of eternity by the deep curses of the plundered and dying.

He died a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, a storm of wind and rain at the time raging in the darkness, and thus from the lonely island he passed obscurely away into the presence of his God, to be confronted by his sins—into eternity, vast and limitless, to meet the judgment those sins deserved.

Voltaire's sins were open beforehand. Everyone knows how he used the gigantic intellect God had given him, and his sparkling wit, to bring into ridicule the truth of God. He, too, whose laugh had once been more powerful than a monarch's frown, passed obscurely and neglected into Eternity; but his jibes and flouts and sneers are registered there. For every idle word shall men give an account in the great judgment day. How much more shall the infidel be found guilty for the sin of his blasphemy against God !

The thief, the murderer, the seducer, the swindler, at last discovered—their sins are heralded before to judgment. Aye, and the drunkard, too. His sin is

marked by the hand of God upon his face and form. The bleared eye, the blotched face, the twitching nerve, all proclaim his sin aloud. He sins against his own body, against his wife and family, against society, and, above all, against God, for he debases that which was made in the image and likeness of God.

These shameless, hardened sinners proclaim their own guilt by its very excess. They sing their comic songs, swear with every breath they draw, handle the billiard cue, scan eagerly the betting news in the papers, run after sin and lust in every form, air their scepticism, go on as if no God existed, no death awaited them, no judgment confronted them.

Listen! "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The wages of sin is DEATH." "After death the JUDGMENT." "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: this is the second death."

Oh! there are deeds done beneath the midnight sky enough to make the angels weep. Men love darkness because their deeds are evil. People pretend nowadays to disbelieve the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, yet every time a sinner dies—every time the death-sweat breaks out upon the sinner's brow—every time the death-rattle is heard in the sinner's throat—every time the eye is glazed in death—God is keeping His word when He said to our first parents: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Sinner, God will keep His word with you. You don't like these harrowing details about the way people die. You say it is like the preachers to try and frighten their hearers by talking in this strain.

It is you, who are foolish to talk in the way you

do. If the description of death frightens you, what must the reality be?

The shadow of death haunts the gaming table, the hotel bar, the house of ill-fame, the race-course. He spares neither rich nor poor. He has neither sympathies to be softened by tears, nor avarice to be bribed by gold.

The cold pitiless gleam of his eye is seen in the sparkle of the ruby wine. His bony fingers trace the wrinkles on the brow, the weight of his assaults bend the back, and bleach the hair, and dim the eye. Sin scars and marks his victim, and death dogs his steps.

It is SIN that makes you fear him. "*The sting of death is SIN,*" says the Word of God. SIN will sting your memory with bitter reproaches throughout eternity. Oh! sinner, be warned in time. Don't laugh it off. These are serious statements we make—true to the very letter. Your sin deserves death and the lake of fire; and you are bound straight for the burning lake. God says it.

Don't imagine that the broad road leads to the gate of heaven, or that sin is the way to holiness, or that you can afford to ignore God altogether in this world, and that He won't settle accounts with you in the next. He will, most assuredly.

God declares that the very heathen are WITHOUT EXCUSE. They have the testimony to His eternal power and Godhead written plainly on the open page of creation. It is proclaimed from the tops of the everlasting hills, and lies within the broad bosom of the mighty ocean.

Ten thousand times more will you be without excuse, living as you are in lands of Christian privilege, sinning against light and conscience. The very fact that you have read these printed lines makes you guiltier by far than the dusky savage, for you despise

the warning that God gives you.

But now let me address another class. My reader may not be the bold, brazen-faced sinner against God, whose "sins are open beforehand." You would shudder to run to such excesses.

I am glad of that, but let me ask you a few pointed questions. Are you converted? Are you saved? Are your sins forgiven?

You cannot answer these questions in the affirmative—and you cannot say yes?

Kindly read carefully the latter half of our text. "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after."

There is a very large class of sinners on every hand, whom Satan has persuaded into the notion that they are all right. They will admit they are sinners in a broad and general sense. "Oh! we are all sinners," is the common off-hand reply they make. They little dream they are trifling with their soul's eternal welfare.

If such an one is reading these lines, listen. Many a man sports the blue ribbon, but still he is lost. He is reformed, but not saved—sober, but not converted. Many a young lady sings in the church choir, yet is going to hell. Many a man takes the sacrament regularly, and is only—in the word of Scripture—"eating and drinking damnation to himself"—"guilty of the body and blood of the Lord."

Of the sins of such our text says, "they follow after." They are Christians in name, not in truth—professors, not possessors—religious, but not converted.

Said a lady to a friend of mine: "I don't like going to revival services, they make me feel so uncomfortable. The preacher seems to overhaul you so. I prefer to go to the ordinary church services."

She was religious and church-going, took the sacrament regularly, and was a fair sample of the class I have described. Yet she was unconverted, and preferred to postpone the overhauling she did not like till the day of judgment.

Said the deacon of a chapel at the close of a gospel meeting, groaning as he spoke, "I've been a deacon for over forty years, and I've only found out to-night that I'm unconverted."

You see only one sin shut Adam and Eve out of Paradise, and caused the sentence of death to be passed on them. So one sin will shut you out of heaven, and shut you up in hell—only one!

You ask, Have all my good works and religious observances to go for nothing? Listen! "ALL OUR RIGHTEOUSNESSES are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. iii. 20). You have absolutely nothing to commend you to God.

All the so-called good deeds you have done in the past must go for nothing, and God does not ask you to do anything in the future to merit salvation.

Listen once again, "TO HIM THAT WORKETH NOT, BUT BELIEVETH ON Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

In amazement you ask, Have I *nothing* then to do towards my salvation? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

It is my joy and delight to tell you that God has provided a Saviour. The Lord Jesus Christ has done a perfect work. He died upon the cross. He shed that precious, atoning blood which cleanses from all sin. He cried upon the cross, "IT IS FINISHED."

And more. God has given us His own word for it in the Scriptures that the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is saved, and saved for ever. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

Whether my reader be an open-handed sinner, whose sins have cried aloud for judgment, or a religious professor without Christ, this is the way of salvation, and no other.

God proclaims His salvation and love to all. All need it, and all are welcome to it. No one is too great a sinner, for "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth . . . . from ALL SIN."

His grace has saved a blaspheming Saul of Tarsus; a Mary Magdalene, out of whom were cast seven devils; the painted harlot of Luke vii.; Nicodemus, the teacher in the synagogue; Cornelius, the man of prayer and alms-giving, and His grace is ready to save even you.

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## THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

**H**OW long, O gracious Master,  
 Wilt Thou Thy household leave?  
 So long hast Thou now tarried,  
 Few Thy return believe.  
 Thy very Bride her portion,  
 And calling hath forgot,  
 And seeks for ease and glory  
 Where Thou, her Lord, art not.  
 O wake Thy slumbering virgins;  
 Send forth the solemn cry,  
 Let all Thy saints repeat it,  
 "The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"  
 May all our lamps be burning,  
 Our loins well girded be,  
 Each longing heart preparing  
 With joy Thy face to see.



has really been none at all, because the persons in question have never taken a forward step heavenward to slide back from.

Perhaps their feelings were wrought upon at some excitable religious meeting; or a hasty profession of being saved was wrung from their lips by some over-zealous worker; or, may be, mistaking reformation for the Gospel, they resolved to mend their ways, and turn religious.

Nevertheless, backsliding is a fact, and if the eye of a poor backslider should read these lines, we would say to such, "We want to help you, comfort you, and bring you back to the loving Saviour you have left." You well remember the time when you knew the blessedness of sins forgiven. In the first gush of heavenly joy and love, your life was a continual song, but somehow old tastes and habits revived, and you lost it all.

How came this about? Was it "the cares of this world (the one extreme), or the deceitfulness of riches (the other extreme), or the lust of other things" (the middle course of evil), that drew your heart away from God? or, was it the neglect of secret intercourse with the Lord, and meditation upon His Word, without which no renewed soul can thrive, and reject the advances of a seducing world?

Was your fall sudden and unmistakable, so that it shocked your acquaintances? or was it a drifting almost imperceptibly into the old ruts of religious forms, and from thence into something worse?

It matters little now. Step by step you have left your first love, until the solemn words of the preacher have been verified in your own experience—"The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." In moments of relaxation, when the mind is let loose from other things, you revert with a sigh to those sunny days when you were numbered

among God's happy saints—

Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane or wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

Alas, it is not so with you now, but rather the backslider's bitter harvest of grief and remorse, so graphically foretold by God in His Word—"The Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life" (Deut. xxviii. 65, 66).

And as you think of what you have lost, you utter the backslider's mournful lament—"Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness" (Job. xxix. 3).

But, dear soul, God is not against you. Do not judge Him by your feelings, thoughts, and conclusions, which can never rise to the level of His boundless grace. God has not changed, though you have—"I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed" (Mal. iii. 6). "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end" (Jno. xiii. 1). The love of Jesus is like Himself, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." You have left Him, but He is still following you, and if you will you can "hear a voice behind you saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left" (Isa. xxx. 21). It may have been weeks, months, years, since you prayed to Him, but He has been praying for you as He did for poor Peter, that your faith—*your confidence in His love* may not fail (Luke xxii. 32).

Peter failed, failed terribly; but Peter's faith did

not fail, otherwise he might have hung himself, as did Judas. Jesus prayed for Peter, and He is praying for you, though you may not be able to pray for yourself. There, on high, the Advocate has been at work, interceding on your behalf, ever since you went astray (1 John ii. 1, 2).

Judas was an "unfaithful *servant*," and so was Peter; but Peter was more than a servant of Jesus: he was a true though a failing disciple, and not a mere professor. Peter had a spark of living faith in his soul, but Judas had none.

Have you really believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, take your place as a *sinner*, and believe now. But if you have believed—sincerely believed—then, though you have sinned, you too are more than "an unfaithful *servant*," you are a *child*—yes, spite of your wanderings, you are still a child of God, and Jesus is calling you back to the light and love and song of the Father's house.

Oh, hear Him as He whispers one little word into your soul, fraught with precious meaning. A word of entreaty, encouragement, expostulation. That word is "*Return!*" How sweet and assuring. "*Return!*" It implies that *the departure has been all on your side*; He has not left you, so it is for *you* to return, for it is *you* who have left Him.

Do you say, "Alas, it is so, but I have fallen so low." Well, this is the very reason He gives why you should come back. Mark the words, "Return unto the Lord thy God, *for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity*" (Hos. xiv.1). Wonderful, are they not? Can we add to them? Nay, we can only emphasize them, for they speak for themselves. Think what touching grace and gentleness these words display.

Ah, little you know how His heart yearns for your restoration. Amid all your failures, "His compassions fail not;" blessed for ever be His

name. Do not, then, keep away from Him any longer. By keeping away, your heart will only become harder and more desolate. Oh, sin not against Him further by mistrusting Him and His changeless grace. Go to Him, and tell Him, that though you have lost all confidence in yourself, your confidence in Him constrains you to cast yourself again on His constant mercy and love.

Will you not come back to Him without delay? "Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings," says He. Will you not reply—"Behold we come unto Thee: for Thou art the Lord our God"? (Jer. iii. 22).

S. J. B. C.

## ❧ "THINGS TO COME." ❧

(Conclusion.)

**T**HE translation of all true believers to meet the Lord in the air, is an event which may take place at any moment; for this we wait, and in this joyful hope we triumph. The fulfilment of the Lord's own promise "I come again and receive you unto Myself" (omit "will" John xiv. 3) is independent of the prophetic scheme unfolded in the Scriptures, and one, as to time, not revealed in the Word of God. The shout of our descending Lord may fall upon our ears and souls *now*. May God give us to be "like unto men that wait for their Lord, when He will return from the wedding; that, when He cometh and knocketh, they may open to Him immediately." O for listening ears and a loving heart!

All whose sins are forgiven; who are justified

from all things—consisting first, of those in their graves from the days of Adam and Abel, shall be raised in bodies immortal, incorruptible, in power, and in glory (1 Cor. xv. 42-44); second, those alive on the earth shall be changed into the likeness of Christ, and then both companies are to be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air (1 Cor. xv. 20-23; 1 Thess. iv. 14-17).

After the translation of all believers to heaven, the history of Israel will be resumed. It will be borne in mind that Ephraim or the ten tribes were taken into captivity by the Assyrians and by them scattered—principally among the nations in the east, 721 B.C. (2 Kings xvii). Then 133 years later, 588 B.C., Judah or the Jews were carried to Babylon, and Jerusalem and the Temple destroyed (2 Kings xxv). After a captivity of 70 years in Babylon, nearly 60,000 Jews returned and proceeded to rebuild the city and temple; see book of Nehemiah for the *city*, and book of Ezra for the *temple*.

The Persian succeeded the Chaldean in rule over Judea; followed by the Grecian. On the break up of the Grecian, or third universal Empire, the northern and southern kingdoms formed shortly after the death of Alexander the Great, each strove for possession of Palestine (Dan. xi.). The kingdoms established east and west are unnoticed in Scripture as having no direct connection with the Jewish people. Rome, which commenced its history from the period of its foundation, 752 B.C., rapidly came to the front, and ultimately became the mighty colossal power in the world. It will yet be a greater object of admiration to the world than it has ever been in the past (Rev. xiii. 3)—startling and wonderful as that history has been. In the year 63 B.C. Judea was annexed to the Roman dominions. In 70 A.D. Jerusalem was destroyed and is yet “trodden

down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled"—this in accordance with the Lord's prophetic announcement 37 years previously (Luke xxi.). A few years before the Roman destruction of Jerusalem and dispersion of Judah, Paul definitely announced the judicial judgment of his people uttered by Israel's favorite prophet, Isaiah chap. vi., 825 years before its fulfilment. How patient is the long-suffering of our God! The Roman ploughshare was passed over Zion. Jerusalem is now in the possession of the haughty Turk. Israel scattered, and Judah dispersed—together a broken vessel among the Gentiles, proclaims the absolute truth of the prophetic Scriptures.

But while the degradation of the Jew is complete, it is not for ever, nor is the land of Immanuel to be held as an everlasting possession by the Gentiles (Lev. xxv. 23). *After* the translation of the Church and of Old Testament believers to heaven, the national restoration of Judah to Palestine will be brought about instrumentally by a commercial nation of considerable importance (Isaiah xviii.). This grave event—which will change the whole political situation, for the Jew is the kernel of the world's politics—will be effected as a mere political move on the Gentile side, and in unbelief in God on the Jewish side.

In the year 364 A.D. the division of the Roman Empire into east and west took place—Constantinople and Milan becoming the respective capitals. But this amicable arrangement failed to preserve the integrity of the Empire, which was threatened by numerous and warlike enemies without, while corruption and weakness reigned within. In the year 476 A.D. Rome ceased to exist. Charlemagne and the first Napoleon each sought to re-establish the fallen Empire, and revive its ancient greatness and

glory. But in vain. God has decreed its resuscitation by satanic power and energy; it "shall ascend out of the bottomless pit" (Rev. xvii. 8), a huge, dominant, blaspheming, persecuting power; yet, strange to say, the political ally of the restored Jewish nation. The energetic and personal head of the empire (Dan. vii.) will enter into a seven years' league or covenant with Judah, vainly guaranteeing protection from the inroads of the king of the north (then exercising the power of Russia in these parts), and also confirm continuance of Jewish worship and ritual observance (Dan. ix. 27; Isa. xxviii. 18). But God is not in these plans, and the policy signally fails. The covenant is broken in the midst of the week of seven literal years. The attempt to force idolatry upon the Jews and exhibit the signs of an idolatry (hitherto unknown amongst them) (Dan. xi. 38; Rev. xiii. 14) in the temple, will be strongly resisted by God-fearing Jews. This is the moment referred to by our Lord as marking the commencement of that awful period of distress which will have its centre in Jerusalem and Palestine, known as "the great tribulation" (Matt. xxiv. 15-22). The observance of the Roman-Judaic covenant and a general peace characterise the *first* half of Daniel's 70th week; the *second* half, or 1,260 literal days, is marked by the tears and bloodshedding of the martyrs of the Lamb.

It is important to observe that the nations gathered under the leadership of Gog or Russia are against Jerusalem and the Jews (Zech. xiv. 1-3; Ps. lxxxiii.); whilst those assembled under the beast or revived Roman power (Rev. xix.), politically and otherwise, support the cause of the Jew. Thus Russia and Rome are opposed and opposing powers. Jerusalem will be besieged more than once. At the final assault—when the city is about to fall into the

hands of Israel's north-eastern enemy, the Lord will suddenly appear with all His heavenly saints and angels. Planting His feet on Mount Olivet, which cleaves in two, thus forming a valley and way of escape, the Lord will act in terrific judgment upon His and Israel's enemies. Then both houses of Israel, saved and united as one nation, will be seated in permanent possession of the land according to ancient promise (Gen. xv. 18). The location of the tribes across the country from west to east, the erection of a new and large temple by the Lord Himself (the fifth temple), and other particulars of abiding interest, are unfolded in the writings of the prophets (see Ezek. xl. xlviii.; Zech. xiv.). Then the Millennial reign of our blessed Lord will commence. Judgment will mark its commencement, and, strange to say, judgment shall signalise its close (Rev. xx.). Surely the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

May the Lord keep our hearts in unshaken confidence upon Himself—the coming One!



## “I KNOW THEIR SORROWS.”

(Exod. iii. 7.)

**T**HAT sorrow which can be *seen* is the lightest form really, however apparently heavy.

Then there is that which is *not* seen, secret sorrows which yet can be put into words.

But there are sorrows beyond these, such as are *never* told, and may only be wordlessly laid before God: these are the deepest.

Now comes the supply for each.

“I have *seen*” that which is patent and external.

“I have *heard* their cry,” which is the expression of this.

But this would not go deep enough, so God adds, “I *know* their sorrows,” down to very depths of all, those which no eye sees or ear ever heard.

# “Building up yourselves.”

(Extract from an Address.)

2 Tim. iii. 14; 1 Pet. iv. 11.

**I** WANT to say a few words on these two scriptures. One speaks of our own souls, and the other of our ministry or service. I will speak of our souls first.

There is great danger of getting one-sided in our souls. You will find that “building” is a very important word in Scripture. Building is laying one truth on another, and is largely carried on by ministry, either directly from the Word, or preachings and writings of those who can edify. (See Col. ii. 7; Jude 20).

One of the first diseases in the Church was, they were one-sided and carnal, saying, I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos. Do not follow one line of truth only, or you will be defective in every other. There were three yearly feasts in the Old Testament (see Deuteronomy xvi.). The Passover came first; but the Israelite could not stay there, he must go on to Pentecost; neither could he stay at Pentecost, but go on to the feast of Tabernacles; he must take in the whole circle of the truth of that day, and go over and over again, as the years went round, learning the truth deeper each year if he was a man of faith.

So with us, we need “all Scripture” if we are to be perfect or full-grown in Christ. Some might only be occupied with objective truth, while others with subjective truth only. Well, I say, “If you keep to either only, you will soon be blown over.” All Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable *for* us. The New Testament was written *to* us, therefore what is written *to* us should be studied first. We need, however, to study both the Old and

the New, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Every truth should find its place in our souls. In our private reading of the Word we must go steadily through the books of Scripture.

Suppose a Christian should say, "I shall just keep to John's writings." He would know nothing about the "body of Christ." Paul mentions what John does not, and John mentions what Paul does not, so we require all that is written. Truth connected with Christ is mostly *objective*, and truth connected with the Holy Ghost is mostly *subjective*. Now I come to *ministry*. We are all to be ministers. Our ministry must be necessarily one-sided, but the minister himself must not be. We can only minister according to the ability which God giveth.

The moment you imitate another you lose the divine intention as to ministry. God intended every minister to be different. Man seeks to make them all alike. Man sends his minister to college to make him like every other minister, which is just the opposite to God's plan. I believe the reason why many a young brother does not minister is because he thinks he cannot do it like so-and-so. Now one man may speak mostly of judgment, and his preaching is blessed; and another speaks mostly of grace, and he is also blessed; each must keep to his own line, and minister according to the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified.

Then there is the other side also—the judging whether the ministry is of God. If we were more spiritual, we might sometimes know that what a young brother has said is something from the Lord, and we should also discern unprofitable ministry and refuse it. No one brother alone could build up our souls, not even one Apostle's writings.

We need all the gifts that God has given, and although we may be deprived of many through the unfaithfulness of the Church, yet we should recognise the value of *every line of truth*, and the vessel that may carry it. Perhaps you may think you have no gift, but I believe we are all called to be ministers in one way or another.

The sisters also have their ministry, though in a less public way than men. But before there can be any profitable ministry to others, there must be prosperity in our own souls, and if there is building going on *within*, there will be ministry of some sort flowing *out* from it. The Lord increase it for His name's sake.

G. W. GY.



## Alone with God.

**A** LONE with Thee, my God! alone with Thee;  
 Thus would'st Thou have it still—thus let it be.  
 There is a secret chamber in each mind,  
 Which none can find  
 But He who made it; none beside can know  
 Its joy or woe.  
 Oft may I enter it, oppressed by care,  
 And find Thee there;  
 Then all Thy ways of goodness shall I see,  
 Alone with Thee, my God! alone with Thee!  
 The joys of earth are like a summer's day  
 Fading away:  
 But in the twilight we may better trace  
 Thy wondrous grace.  
 The homes of earth are emptied oft by death  
 With chilling breath;  
 The loved departed one may open no more  
 The well-known door.  
 Still, in that chamber seal'd, Thou'lt dwell with me  
 And I with Thee, my God! alone with Thee!  
 The world's false voice would bid me enter not  
 That hallow'd spot;  
 And earthly thoughts would follow on the track  
 To hold me back,  
 Or seek to break the sacred peace within  
 With this world's din.  
 But by Thy grace, I'll cast them all aside,  
 Whate'er betide,  
 And never let that cell deserted be,  
 Where I may dwell alone, my God, with Thee!

# A word to the Sisters.



MY DEAR SISTERS IN CHRIST,—

We often hear complaints of the want of spiritual power and energy in our Assemblies. We know, too, that these complaints are well grounded, and many of us have mourned over our collective weaknesses, and prayed about it.

The question has come to me with great force:—How much are we sisters to blame for this weak and cold state of things? How many are there among us who are really helpers in the meeting—who, while their brethren are labouring in Gospel work, teaching, or caring in any way for the saints, are earnestly and perseveringly bearing them up in prayer, and helping them by quiet endeavour?

As wives and mothers, are we careful not to allow anything in our lives or in our homes which might be a hindrance? Are we heeding the exhortation Peter gives as to our place of quietness and subjection and as to modesty of attire? Are we ready with a cheerful word of refreshment to a world-weary husband after a day of toil?

Then as to our children—Are we daily filling their young minds with pure and heavenly truth, so that the vanities of the world may find no room in their hearts?

By-and-bye, if the Lord will, we expect to see our boys and girls take our place in the Assembly. Are we so training them that they may, through the grace of God, become faithful followers of our Lord Jesus, and helpers of His people?

And as to our speech—Is it as becometh the Gospel of Christ? Do we engage in our countenance worldly talk, or, what is worse, uncharitable speaking about those whom we should rather pity and pray for?

Above all, is there a little enclosure in some part of each busy day kept sacred for *One* above? A place where He may freely speak to us? Where we may unburden ourselves of cares, sorrows, difficulties known only to Him? Where we may rest our tired souls upon His love, and after drawing Divine joy, comfort and strength, go out refreshed, and cheerfully take up our cross again and follow Him?

Sometimes our loving Lord is obliged to lay His hand upon us and *drive* us aside into the desert place with Himself. Surely we ought to love Him enough to be *drawn* to Him, without such compulsion? Out of the busiest life, surely fifteen minutes a day, at least, could be spared for secret communion? Oh what a rich return we should gain!

Dear sisters, are we lax in these matters, or grieving in any other way that dear Lord who bears with us so patiently? If so, we are hinderers, not helpers, of the work of God and of our brethren. May He enable us to search ourselves in His presence, and correct aught that may be wrong. *Then* we shall be able to pray expectantly for that power we all so much desire; and God, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, will be ready with the answer.

Yours, in the Lord Jesus,

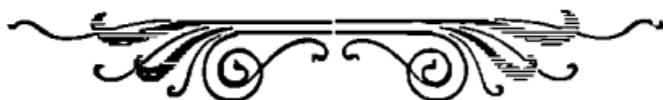
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**Authority.**—In a day of evil it is of the utmost importance to “prove all things,” and not accept the dictum of anybody. . . . My word, or any other man’s word, is not authority. Scripture is authority.

F.E.R.



# ✧ The World. ✧



**W**ILL my young friends do me a favor? I would like each to procure a penny Testament, and to go through the Gospel and the Epistles of John, underlining with a pencil the word "*world*" wherever it occurs. When this is done, examine the marked passages with serious attention, and see what they teach you. The exercise may occupy a few leisure hours, but the advantage will be great.

As a result, one lesson will be readily understood. It is summed up in the words of the Lord Jesus when addressing His Father in John xvii. The lesson is that believers are "*in the world*" (v. 11), but they are "*not of the world*" (vv. 14-16). In the world for training and for service, but belonging to another world which does not yet appear—a world which is yet to come. The miner in the dark drive working his eight hours' "shift" does not belong to those hot, gloomy regions in the bowels of the earth. Ask him where he lives, and he will tell you of home, where love and rest and freedom are. He *labours* amidst danger and discomfort, but he *lives* where his heart is.

Another lesson, which almost every passage teaches, is that the world in which you are is evil (see Gal. i. 4). The world is guilty before God (Rom. iii.), it lies in wickedness (1 John v. 19), it is deceived by Satan (Rev. xii.), who is its god and prince, it knew not Christ when He came (John i.), it hates Him and His people still (John xv.), and it is lying under the heavy judgment of God (John xii.). Think of these facts, beloved young readers, when you see its crowds, its sights, and its shows.

Its glittering attractions are spread to catch young eyes and hearts so eager and so curious, and thousands are caught and slain.

In "the bush" you may often see little plants called sundews. Their tiny round leaves are fringed with hairs, upon which glisten minute and bright drops like fine dew. But woe to the little flies and mosquitoes that dance round them in the sunny air. If they touch the pretty leaves they are done for. The dewy moisture is sticky, and holds them fast. They struggle, but struggle in vain. Then the leaves close upon the little prisoners, and they perish. It is said that this innocent-looking plant actually feeds upon the victims it thus entraps. Beware of the devil's "sundews." He has planted the world thickly with them. Pretty and harmless they may appear, but everywhere you may see dying souls that have been caught by them and are perishing in their helplessness.

But in nothing does the evil of this world so plainly appear as in the way it treated, and still treats, the Son of God. One of the most serious considerations which can engage you is that Jesus, your beloved Saviour, your dearest Friend, was cruelly put to death by the world. How does this affect you? Do not forget this awful crime, and do not forgive the world for it. That deed at the place called Calvary is the high-water mark of human wickedness, and every one who rejects Christ is chargeable with this guilt, for by his unbelief he crucifies the Son of God afresh to-day.

When in England I passed through Bolton, in Lancashire. A friend pointed out in the market square the spot where a certain Earl of Derby was executed during the Civil War, and he remarked, "Whenever any members of the Derby family pass through Bolton, to this day they draw close the

blinds of their carriages, refusing to look out upon the town where their noble ancestor was so shamefully put to death." And how should you regard the world that has slain your Saviour and Lord, and still hates and refuses Him, though He is risen, and now sits in glory at the right hand of God? How would you answer the question which the Prophet put to the King: "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?" (2 Chron. xix.) Let everyone know you are on the side of the One whom men despise and slight. This may bring you contempt and suffering also, but if we suffer with Him we shall be also glorified together (Rom. viii.).

Of course you have work to do, and your living to earn but you have your business in the world as angels had who came with God's messages and commissions and retired when their work was done; as Christ Himself had, whose meat it was to do the will of Him that sent Him, and to finish His work (John iv.). You have to work, but in the most ordinary things you serve the Lord Christ (read Eph. vi. 5-9; Col. iii. 22-25). If it is your duty to run errands, be smart and active, do not loiter at shop windows, or waste your employer's time. Be punctual, be patient and polite, and all for Jesus' sake. If you have to do house work, be diligent and thorough. When you clean the windows, give them an extra brightening touch to please the Lord. You belong to Him, surely it follows that your service belongs to Him, and that all your service is the work of the Lord.

But is it to be all work and no play? you may ask. No; play is proper for boys and girls and growing youths, and the children need not put away "childish things" just yet. Cricket, football, cycling, swimming, and healthy exercises which develop activity and strength of body, and help to

cultivate patience and consideration for others, are suitable and becoming for young Christians. But do not live for such things. Put first things first. Live for Christ and put Him before all.

This leads me to say, Be careful of the companions you choose. You would shun an infectious disease, but a boy or girl with a lying lip or an unclean tongue may spread more mischief than a patient with the plague. Keep out of their way. Remember that "Evil communications corrupt good manners" (1 Cor. xv.). Do not suppose you can improve the wicked by joining in their enterprises. If a boy proposed to lift half-a-dozen others to the top of a cliff by means of a rope, what would happen? Instead of his raising them, they would certainly pull him down. Read, mark, and learn these words of wisdom: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away" (Prov. iv.).

The evil influence of the world upon young believers cannot be told, but they are soon evident enough, until finally it may happen that as Demas forsook Paul, having loved this present world (2 Tim. iv.), so the bright young convert may allow the world's business or pleasure to absorb him, and turn him from the company of Christ and His people. When going round an orchard some months ago, I noticed that the fruit trees near the fence were stunted in growth and quite poor in appearance. I inquired the cause of this, and learned that the great gum trees in the adjacent paddock so impoverished the soil that nothing would flourish near them. I thought of world-bordering Christians whose withering fruit and fading leaves show they have got too near the deadly influences outside.

The only way to overcome the world is to keep faith in exercise. "This is the victory that over-

cometh the world, even our faith" (1 John v.). For illustration, read Heb. xi., xii. 2. Look unto Jesus, dear young friend, and you will know how sweet and true are the words,—

"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 around me may roar,  
When I look unto Jesus I hear it no more."

"I would give the world to have your experience," said a wealthy man to a devoted Christian lady. "That's just what it cost me," she replied, "I gave the world for it." A grand exchange! Who that knows Christ would not willingly prefer Him above every selfish joy! It is this choice which makes and marks an overcomer. May all my beloved readers thus choose Christ day by day, and overcome the world (John xvi. 33).

J. N. B.



## "Unloading."

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

**A** VERY beautiful thought is brought out by the French translation of this verse. Where our version reads "casting," the French translation is "unloading" (*dechargeant*). Many times, dear friend, have you not found your cares too heavy to lift? Have you not felt that they were crushing you with their weight? Have you ever seen a coal cart unload? The man took out of the front of the heavy cart a little iron pin, and the cart was so balanced on the axles, that then, with a slight pressure on the back of the cart, it would tip up, and the whole load slide on to the ground, and the pony would trot away with a light step. You do not have to take care up: just take out the little pin of your endeavors to help matters, and then, with your hands of faith and committal, tip up the big load, and then run on, for "He takes care of you."

## THE END OF DISCIPLINE.



**N**O one has really died with Christ where the ruling passion is fostered, because it is there that death must begin, for there the tenacity of life is greatest.

Whatever of yourself you try most to spare, that is the stronghold of your natural will, and hence you will find in all God's ways with you that He cuts at the root of that particular taste or prepossession, and you can say: "What I feared greatly has come upon me."

One is mortified, disappointed, or bereaved. Why? Because the working of the natural will was most active in the quarter in which it was checked, and there death is most felt. It is often admitted as a doctrine that we have died with Christ by those who are not at all willing to be so dead as to be only a vessel for Christ's use—to accept death to everything of the natural will. This is bearing about in our body the dying of Jesus.

If anyone studies and reviews the history and manner of God's ways with him from the first, he will see that God has always been subjecting him to checks. Blisters rise most where they are most needed, and the blister is to draw the inflammation to the surface.

What a life of disappointment Jacob had! But at last he worships God, leaning on the top of his staff, loosened in heart from all here, and thus he had an abundant entrance. If he had studied the ways of the Lord with him, he would have recalled the irritated feelings which he had indulged in when he was disappointed.

Whenever you are vexed, mortified, there your will is active. You may have sorrow at the same

time, which is a very different exercise. If you are vexed, your self-love is touched. When you have sorrow, it is because you have lost what was dear to you. In the one case you are made little of, in the other you are bereaved. In the one, you are disappointed; in the other, you are in grief.

The discipline or mode of dying in each is widely different, as well as its effect. The discipline in the first exercise is to reduce your self-importance and, thus the blister was necessary; it removes the inflammation. The vexation or disappointment arises from wounded pride; you thought you were entitled to favour. In the other case it is sorrow, because you have lost what your heart valued. In this discipline you learn that Christ has not been enough for you, and hence is disclosed the obstacle to your progress, the stone before the wheel, in order that you may be more fully a vessel for Christ here.

The end of the discipline in both is, that you may so accept death, that every hindrance may be removed, and that you should be here wholly for Christ.

J. B. S.



**Jesus Himself.**—It is happy to one's own spirit, to mark the yearnings of some simple souls, who give you the impression that it is *Himself* that is before them. We oftentimes traffic with truths in such wise as in the end leaves with us a rebuking conviction that we did not reach Himself, though so occupied. We find out that we had been loitering in the avenue.

J. G. B.



**Discipline.**—No man is fit to deal with evil till his heart is broken with it.

J. N. D.



If joy be love exulting, peace is joy reposing. It is love in green pastures, and by the still waters.

## Christ the Wisdom of God.



**H**E is made wisdom to us from God that we should trust Him for direction in the details of life. We ought to refer in all things to Christ, so as to act according to His wisdom.

I have known something about this world, and have seen successful men in it; but a man will not be very successful in it if he has not the power to assert himself. Assurance and adaptability are largely the secret of success in this world; they characterise human wisdom, which will enable a man to be successful in the world. Such a man is competent in himself, and does not want another head to guide him. He is confident in his own resources, and works successfully in the world system.

How very contrary to all this is the path of the Christian. He does not want to be successful in the world system, but is in spirit outside it, and has no need of assurance to secure success. He is guided by Christ. He could not have been successful in the world, because He was without the qualities for it. Every quality He had was not esteemed by man. All His qualities were agreeable in the eye of God, so that He could be sealed, and He was appreciated by the children of wisdom.

Christ is wisdom for us from above, applied by the power of the Spirit, so that we appreciate Himself. That is the beginning, and then, by the Spirit, we are formed in Him, and, as we are formed in Him, we get a greater appreciation of Him. We become marked and characterised by the wisdom which is from above. It is wisdom which is characteristic of, and pervades the new man, which never could be found in a man of the world. People may look at you with amazement, and they cannot understand you, nor can you be appreciated at all by them. The Spirit still works here with unwearied patience. He is forming believers according to Christ, and as Christ is formed in us we learn to distrust ourselves, and having put on the new man, we prove what characterises the new man. It is created after God in righteousness and holiness of truth.

F. E. R.

# The Faithful Saying.

(TUNE: "Join all the glorious names.")



THE Saviour came to save  
The ruined sons of men ;  
Himself a Ransom gave,  
Triumphant rose again ;—  
Completing all the work of love  
Which drew Him from His Home above.

Thus efforts of our own  
Are needless and in vain ;  
Works never can atone  
For sin, or Heaven gain ;—  
'Tis Christ who saves. 'Tis Christ alone—  
Once on the Cross, now on the Throne.

Sinner, the sinner's place  
In self-abasement take ;  
Own naught can meet your case,  
But grace for Jesus' sake ;—  
Then will His blood your conscience clear,  
Grace free your heart from all its fear.

If you the Saviour trust,  
His Word and Work confess,  
Then prove His grace you must,  
His willingness to bless !—  
He died for you, He lives on high,  
Your soul's deep need can now supply.

To Him faith's hand then lift,  
And from His Treasury,  
With every precious gift  
He'll fill it full and free.  
God's time is now, no more delay,  
Accept His grace while yet you may.



# What is your duty?



ONE morning I read a small tract entitled, "What is your Duty?" It related the visit of a gentleman to a sick soldier who said he was praying to God for salvation and striving to "*do his duty.*"

The visitor replied, "Now, suppose your wife were to offer you a cup of tea, *what* would be your duty?"

"To *take* it from her, surely."

"Do you think that God is offering you anything?"

"Yes; He is offering salvation to all through Jesus Christ."

"What is your duty, then?"

"Ah, sir, I ought to *accept* it," he replied.

"But now suppose further, that instead of taking the cup of tea your wife offered you, you continued asking for it, might she not say, 'How blind you are! Do you not see that I am *offering* it to you?' And has not God much more need to charge you with blindness? You ask Him for what He offers, yet you will not take it. Your duty is to *take* the salvation which God offers you through Christ."

No sooner did I read this than I saw my own position. I had been asking many days for pardon, and I now saw that all I had to do was to trust in Christ for it and it was mine. I at once fell on my knees and accepted by faith the proffered gift. I received the forgiveness I was asking for; I knew in my heart, from God's Word, that I was an accepted child of God, and praised Him for His mercy.

And from that time to the present I have had the assurance of God's pardoning love, and have sought to make known the Saviour I have found so precious.

## “As many as touched.”

“As many as touched were made perfectly whole.”—Matt. xiv. 36.



**I**T was *as many as* touched that received the blessing. Some looked on, some heard, some reasoned, but those who touched were healed.

There is a lesson herein for the seeking soul, which teaches him to get close to Christ. Personal contact with Him is the necessity. It suffices not for the sick man to look at the healing medicine; he must take it, if he would be benefited thereby.

You must come to Christ, not come but a little way towards Him, if you would be healed. The sinner must needs meet the Saviour, his soul must come into contact with Him, and when this is the case, lo, the sinner is “made whole.”

There was no virtue in the touch of these sick persons! Think we, that the finger of a paralysed man had power in it? Or, that in the hand of the leper there was cleansing? Nor is there in us any virtue, or any good thing; the virtue dwells in Jesus.

It was through the touch the blessing was received. The touch was the evidence of faith, faith led to the touch. It was also the sign that the sick needed the healing of the Good Physician. On the one hand, in Jesus there is stored the fulness of grace, and pardon, and cleansing; on the other, in us is the absolute need, and faith puts the empty sinner into communication with the abounding things that there are in Christ.

Many a soul carries its burden to this hour, because there has not been the coming close to Jesus in simple faith. Some are content to hear of His gracious works, others satisfy themselves by looking at Him, as it were, from afar off; but the healed people, the saved people, have been content

with nothing short of getting close to Christ, each one for himself and herself.

“As many as touched Him were made whole!” We do not wonder at this; there is no room for surprise, the only surprise is that so few go to Him. Does it astonish us that we read of a dying thief being saved, or of a blasphemous man, a persecutor and injurious being made a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus? Or that we hear, in our own day, of the vilest and worst being “made whole,” and living no more the life of sin, but living instead the life of faith? Do we lift up our eyes with amazement and say, “How can these things be?” By no means, for Jesus is so wonderful, and His salvation is so complete, and the cleansing efficacy of His once shed blood is so perfect, that we know He can and does heal as many as come to Him.

“Whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch, if it were but the border of His garment.”

What a sight of power and of pity, of grace and misery! The Son of God, who had come from heaven, surrounded with every type of human woe; and as He walks on, His heart moved in tenderness towards all, hundreds of weak hands stretch out, as it were, to touch the very skirts of His garment?

And if our eyes could but see, we should behold in this our gospel day the self-same Jesus, the Son of God, moving amongst the longing and perishing children of men, and we should see weak and helpless hands outstretched to touch Him, and “As many as touch Him are made whole.”

Before the night closes in, and the Lord has passed by to return in mercy no more, oh! stretch out the hand of faith and touch Him.

# To-day.



“**N**O, my child, I cannot go with you to-day. If you had asked me yesterday I might have managed it.”

The large, dark eyes of the little three-year-old son were gravely earnest as he asked in reply :

“Father, *where is yesterday?*”

Willingly would he have recalled it, that he might claim his loving father for the wished-for treat ; but—“Where is yesterday?”

Ah! for how brief a moment was it *to-day*, in our keeping ; and yet each moment it was slipping from our grasp to join that past eternity, which is “still in God’s keeping.”

Have a care how you tread *to-day*. Every step will tell on the sands of time. Have a care how you speak—aye, how you think, how you act, *to-day*. It will also be “yesterday” very, very soon—gone from you for ever, but carrying with it eternal consequences, all to be brought back again and made a living present reality, “when the Lord comes and brings to light the hidden things of darkness and makes manifest the counsels of the heart.”

“*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts,” or how regretfully may you have to look back to a yesterday that you can never again make your own, in the which He called and you refused.



**Rest.**—Some birds rest while upon the wing. Such should be the Christian’s rest on his heavenward way. Ever working, ever going forward, yet ever at rest in the love of Christ.

# “Not I, but Christ.”

IT is instructive to observe how many times “I” or “me” occurs from the fourteenth to the last verses of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

This great chapter of experience opens up to us a view of our hearts, and teaches us what we are.

The experienced physician, gifted with perception, upon hearing some of our symptoms, inquires, “Do you feel this?” or, “Are you subject to that trouble?” And the patient wonders how the physician exposes the very symptoms of which he himself had omitted to speak.

“Am I really a Christian? Could a Christian have such thoughts as I have? I am brighter to-day, but I shall be as despairing as before, to-morrow.” So some poor souls speak. What is the ailment here? The statements are no doubt perfectly just and true, but they are symptoms of a very feeble state of soul, and they all indicate self-occupation. If a man be in pain, the pain necessarily occupies him; but where there is pain, there is a cause producing it. The pain produced by self-occupation is evidence that Christ-occupation is wanting, and the true healthy Christian life—living Christ—“To me to live is Christ”—is not apprehended.

Let us look further into the experience before us. It is evidently that of a true soul, for he cries, “I hate sin; I do not wish to do it.” Dead men do not feel, and when we were dead in trespasses and sin, we did not feel the sinfulness of sin.

A man swimming under water is not sensitive to the weight of the water above him; but let him,

when on land, attempt to carry but a very small part of the water, the weight of which, when in it, he did not feel, and he will be crushed under the load. The sense of the load causes a struggle to be free from the burden, and the struggle to be free from sin is real and earnest, but this struggle is not Christian liberty of soul, it is not heavenly placidity of mind; but it is, instead, a sore and heavy experience.

The heart laid bare before us in our chapter, after a while comes to this remarkable confession: "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not." We see here the good will, the holy desire, but a lack of power. We trace the love of holiness planted within, and we perceive no power to be holy.

The experience is true and honest in the presence of God, for no false refuge is allowed, no weakness is excused—far from it. Nevertheless, the enlightened heart and conscience are at a loss. The soul is nonplussed, mastered, hopeless, and he cries: "I find not the power to live the life I long to live!" Yet this darkness is but that of the hour before the dawn; it is the prelude to the wise and true conclusion of the struggle: "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing."

The experience of I, I, I, me, me, me, is like that of passing through a long and weary tunnel; and when the point, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," is reached, the bend in the tunnel is gained, and in a few moments there will be daylight.

When the believer knows that in him dwelleth no good thing, he has learned that he cannot, in his own strength, do one single thing, or think one

single thought, acceptable to God. It is the lesson of utter weakness, and the utter worthlessness of self.

What, then, shall be done? Instead of self, it shall be Christ; it shall be "not I, but Christ who liveth in me." Christ the power—not myself. Christ, with whom we died. In Christ risen, victory; in Christ on high, power.

(Adapted.)



## THE ONLY TWO RELIGIONS.



"**T**HERE are only *two* religions in the world:  
The **TRUE** and the **FALSE**.

All phases of false religions are alike.  
They all say:

'*Something* in my hand I bring.'

The only difference between them being as to  
*what* the 'something' is.

The **TRUE** religion says:

'*Nothing* in my hand I bring.'"



**Last Words** of a Dying Maori Chief.—He very earnestly bade the people of his tribe heed his words. "My hair is white, and I am old; the yellow leaf is fading away; my strength has left me, and the days of youth are past; soon I shall be gone to the home of God, to dwell in the presence of His Son. I have drunk of the living waters, and I am refreshed. Fill your cups at the same stream."



# A Word to Young Workers.

By Wm. BARKER.

IF I had the ear of my younger brethren in Christ who seek to serve their gracious Master in the ministry of the Word, in Sunday school work, in street preaching, in tract distribution, or in any other form of Christian labour, I would say to them in deep affection, See to it that your service is the outcome of communion with Christ. Rivers of *living* water can only flow from those who go unto Him and drink, and you must go continually. Be careful to suffer nothing to becloud your enjoyment of divine love, for the joy of the Lord is your strength, and seek to realise for yourselves the exceeding preciousness of Christ, so that when you speak of Him it may be out of the fulness of a heart made abundantly happy. It is true the outward form of service may be sustained by the mere energy of nature, and apart from communion with Christ, but then every element will be wanting that makes the service acceptable to Him, and your own souls will be enfeebled and become like withered grass.

And I would further say, Be on your guard against making service your one object. They seldom serve well who do. We have known earnest men who have fallen into this snare. They are never satisfied unless always on the move, and they think little of others who follow not in their steps. Now Martha served much, and found fault with one who seemed to serve less, yet the latter received the Lord's commendation, and Martha missed it. There is a zeal that compasses sea and land, but it is not fed from celestial fires. There is a running to and fro with restless feet, and a doing of this and that which after all may be but the goodness of the flesh which fadeth away. The Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it and it is gone.

Cultivate communion with God, be much in prayer, and study the Word of God that your own soul may be

fed. How shall you feed others else? "It is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith He it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written." In thinking of others, and labouring for their good, God would have us feed for ourselves. We shall soon famish if we do not, and spiritual strength will decline—a keeper of the vineyards of others while our own vineyard will not have been kept.

You will find it a deadening habit to read the Word only to search out something for other people. It is Gibeonitish service. (Joshua ix. 21.) Moreover, what you gather up and set before others will be mere religious information in which there will be no heavenly unction. It differs from the living ministry of the Holy Ghost as chalk from cheese.

Be faithful also in little things; it may be that God will then entrust you with greater matters. We are a little afraid of those who neglect the common-place duties of every-day life for what they are pleased to think and call the work of the Lord. At all events do faithfully and well whatever comes to your hand. In a humble school, far removed from public observation, God is wont to train His servants for their higher mission. Moses was forty years in the back side of the desert, keeping the flocks of his father-in-law, ere he was called to lead out the tribes of Israel from the house of bondage; and David in the wilderness, watching over the few sheep of Jesse, was there prepared for his conflict with Goliath in the valley of Elah. The years thus spent were not wasted years, the fruit of them was seen ever afterwards.

But though I say this, let none hold back from serving Christ under the mistaken plea of youth or inexperience. An infant's hand may plant the acorn that shall yet become a stately oak. It is no uncommon thing for small beginnings to have endings that are by no means small. What know we of Andrew's public preaching? Nothing. But it was he who brought his

brother Simon to Jesus, and Simon's ministry we know was blessed to thousands. A word fervently spoken, a tract discreetly given, may yield abundant fruit if God's blessing go with it. Be it ours to sow the seed in prayerful hope, for who can tell but what the harvest shall be most abundant. "Withhold not thine hand." "Freely ye have received, freely give."



**Settling Accounts.**—The Christian's heart is his purse, and love is his money. He is bidden, "Owe no man anything but love." Let the man who loves you have it back in his own coin; and to him whose purse is empty of love, yet heavy with unkindness, give such abundance of the heavenly coin that he may be shamed into a settlement of his accounts.



**Repentance.**—Repentance is like ploughing—all the ploughing in the world will not produce a crop; but, without the ploughing, the sowing is of little use. We are born again by the incorruptible seed of the Word, but the unbroken heart of the stony ground hearer receives not the gracious seed. In this day of shallow surface work let the evangelist learn the lesson.



**Sweetness.**—Fruit artificially cultivated may, through forcing, bear a beautiful appearance, but without the sun's beams it is vapid, and has an earthy taste. So it is with the Christian, whose soul is not acted upon directly by the Sun of Righteousness. However excellent he may appear as a Christian, yet he lacks divine graciousness. In the sun's beam dwell a property and a power which confer sweetness.



**Over-weighted.**—Bearing a heavy burden upon the back inclines the head earthwards; when the Christian has his face downwards he is allowing himself to carry too many cares. The Lord's promise is to take the care when we give it over to Him; and in exchange for our care to give us His peace.

# The Book of Books.



**I**N the year 1303 a thick darkness had engulfed Christendom. It lay in the midnight shadow of a supreme tyrannical power achieved by battle, bloodshed, and error—Rome. Yet the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the deep.

The Waldensians and Albigenses (perhaps the oldest body of Protesters against submission to Rome), since they crossed the Alps in 1100, had preserved the Word of God in their valleys. The Church of the Alps was the first to possess a translation of the whole of the New Testament in its own—the Romaunt—tongue, the language of the troubadours of the Dark Ages. In the seclusion of their lonely valleys these mountaineers worshipped God in simplicity, and transcribed laboriously the Divine Word. Each manuscript was worth its weight in gold for the time spent upon it. Every copy served hundreds of readers, for, as yet, in the thirteenth century, no printing press had been invented. Quietly the Bible stole its way out of the Swiss valleys into men's hands and hearts, and with it came the first faint streak of dawn. Men's consciences awoke. Men's souls were quickened by the breath of God.

In vain the Pope sent St. Dominic and his band of monks, two and two, to search out heretics, and set a mark on those who were to be burned at the first opportunity. Fruitlessly did he call upon his army to fight these "accursed of God," with the promise of pardon for their sins as the reward of victory. Although sixty thousand in one Albigensian city perished by fire and sword at the command of the Pontiff, so that not a house or

human being remained when the carnage was over; although there were ghastly heaps of dead who had expired under the excruciating tortures of the Inquisition, until it seemed that the true Christian faith itself was well-nigh exterminated, yet the Word of God still lived. It was handed down through the flames, from stake to stake; and we owe, under God, its preservation to those who still persisted in carrying it secretly over Christendom, singing it as troubadours, preaching it as missionaries, living it as Christians.

(*Extract.*)



## *Simplicity.*

"Words easy to be understood."—1 Cor. xiv. 9.



**T**HE best way of making a subject interesting is making it intelligible. Therefore, seek after simplicity. It is one thing to be simple, another to be silly. The noblest subjects may be simply told. The first three verses of the gospel by John are an example of the deepest truths expressed in the simplest words. And here we may say, never let a teacher use words he does not understand, and, if possible, let him not use words and terms his hearers do not understand.

One benefit comes to such as seek to be simple; they learn not to cover their own ignorance by the use of fine phrases, while their hearers find real pleasure in having ministry such as they can partake of brought to them. Old and young like to receive instruction, and, as a general principle, he who best knows his subject is best able to make his subject understood by those to whom he speaks.

# “Think on these Things.”

(PHIL. IV.).



ONE sweet summer's evening a lady and gentleman were standing together in a lovely garden. At their feet spread out a bed of roses in full bloom, filling the calm air with refreshing odour; a little lake, imaging on its surface the surrounding trees and the pale sky, formed the middle ground; and long, low hills melting into the distance seemed to unite earth with Heaven. The gentleman was a visitor, and was waiting for the host.

Presently he arrived. Almost the first words of his visitor, after the usual greeting, were these—“Weeds!” And then ensued a dissertation on weeds—“corrupting everywhere.” The well-ordered rose-bed did not own *many* weeds we can vouch, but the keen eye of the visitor had marked what he saw, and his mind became full of the corruption of weeds. The eye of the amiable host had been trained differently. He looked on the beautiful, and did so because he loved it. And surely to fix one's eye upon a weed in a rose-bed, and to look for weeds in the blaze and perfume of a summer garden, is a sorry occupation.

The little story has a voice to us. “Whatsoever things are lovely, pure, honest, of good report—think on these things.” It is the way of peace for the heart. Train the eye of the heart in looking for Christ in His people. Rejoice in the sunshine of His garden, in the excellence of its perfume, in its varied graces. Where He finds so much to love, so much to please, look not for the weed in the rose-bed.

# WORK.



EVERY convert is designed by God to be a worker, and every convert should find out what his work is, and do it with diligence. Prayer is not work, attending meetings and hearing sermons is not work, reading the Bible is not work. These are necessary to make a worker wise and strong, but they are not work, any more than eating, drinking, and sleeping are. A man who never works becomes idle, selfish, and useless, and often his health suffers; and a Christian who only attends meetings, and reads his Bible now and then, will have little vigour or energy.

There are some spiritual maladies which the Bible, and the hymn-book, and even prayer may not cure. Let the invalid try a little exercise in the open air, go down the street with a handful of tracts, visit a poor neighbour, or carry a message of mercy to a lost soul, and he will find his faith and courage strengthened, and half his ills banished. If no one else is better for such service, the servant will be.

Work is not the first thing, nor the most important thing, but if you would be a strong, hearty Christian, you *must* work. Do something, or you will have neither power nor inclination to do anything; give, or you will soon have nothing to give; speak, or you will soon have nothing to tell. There is some truth in the remark: "Hold forth, and that will help you to hold out."

Do you ever think what a needy place this world is, with its millions who know not God, its sins, its sorrows, and its doom? You must be very dull in eye and heart if you are not sometimes affected by the thought of the whole world lying in wickedness, and guilty before God. Saved yourself, have you no care for the lost? A candle lighted by the Lord, will you not light up another? Yourself in the gospel ship, are you passing with indifference those poor wretches perishing on the raft or

in the waves? Will you save earthly store and treasure and never put forth a hand to save a priceless soul?

The only survivor from the wreck of the *Dunbar* was made a lighthouse keeper on the coast of N.S.W. You are saved to serve; then let your light, dear young believer, lend its friendly ray to show the passage to the Port of Peace.

Young people are warm, active, and enthusiastic. In the work of the Lord they can find a splendid outlet for their energies. In a world where God has ever wrought since man's fall, where Christ laboured until He had finished the work which His Father gave Him to do, where the Holy Spirit is still working in and by the saints of God, where men of flaming zeal have spent their all of comfort, home, and life itself for Christ and souls,—you, dear friend, have your place as a worker to-day. It is your turn to hear the call, "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard."

It is of the first importance that the worker should be *fit* for service. At the bench you pass over the blunt chisel and choose the sharp one, leaving the other till you can restore its edge on the stone. Don't let the Lord have to pass you by like that. Fitness for service is by being in the power of the Holy Spirit, for God's work is always done by God, though He uses His people as instruments, and gives them His Holy Spirit to make them effective. If you are grieving the Spirit you are a blunt chisel, a bow unstrung, an instrument out of tune. Keep yourself, therefore, in spiritual health and tone.

Be right, and be bright, or you will soon grow weary of Christian work, and even a trifling enterprise will prove too difficult for you; and then you will be like a horse turned out to grass, because he is out of condition for use. Take time to be with God. It is there that the workman is fitted, supplied, and directed, his power is maintained, and blessing is assured.

"If I did not keep time sacred for being alone with God," said a worker already quoted in these papers, "in six months one of two things would happen: Either I should become a mere machine, or else I

should give up preaching and go back to the farm."

Next, as a worker take care that you go forth with the equipment of LOVE. How easy service is when love is the motive! Let grateful affection to Christ be the root from which the beautiful flower of your service springs.

"I did it to thank the Lord," said a Chinese who had painted the little mission chapel. It must have been a delightful task.

"Where are you going?" asked a gentleman of a Christian nurse whom he met when yellow fever was raging in the city.

"To the fever hospital."

"I would not go to that place for ten thousand dollars!"

"Nor would I," was the response, "but I gladly go from love to Jesus."

Then, love the objects of your service. How one's heart is touched by the overflowing love of Paul to saints and sinners, Jews and Gentiles! In his tenderness he is exceeded by only One. It was love that made him labour more abundantly than others, and so he was best fitted to write that splendid chapter on love (1 Cor. xiii.) which every worker ought to read once a week. Love the little ones, and you will teach them patiently. Think of the sick, the blind, the ill-treated, the destitute, till you compassionate them, for

"Pity melts the mind to love,"

and love leads to service willing and wise.

Do you ask what shall I do? If you are fit and ready, ask the Lord this question. He will show you your work. Perhaps there are some things you cannot do, such as teaching children; or there are other things which you cannot yet do well, but in which practice may make you useful, such as speaking at a street corner.

It was silly advice to give to a beginner in this service, "Don't preach till you have had more practice." You may lack courage to give away tracts in the street or in the train, but you should persevere in this work,

because the very sense of fear will make you more dependent on the Lord. Trample down your weakness in His strength.

Hospital visiting is excellent work for sympathetic hearts. Cottage visitation is also useful. Go in company with Him who opens and no man shuts. He may open the door, then the ear, and then the heart. If this occurred but once in twenty calls, your labour would be well spent and richly rewarded.

If you love the little ones they will give you plenty to do. Take up one or two neglected boys or girls, win their confidence, and lead their hearts upward to the children's Saviour. Then there are many kind attentions which you may show to the sick and the poor around you. Have you the pen of a ready writer? If so, use it for the Lord. If not, you may acquire it by practice, and there are few better means of serving Christ and souls than letter-writing. A loving appeal to an unsaved acquaintance, a helpful correspondence with a believer in a lonely or difficult place, words of cheer and instruction to a young convert—these are of untold value, and experience leads me to hope that some of my youthful readers will adopt this service as their own special line.

In conclusion, do not attempt too many things. Do one or two things well. Stick tenaciously to any service you have received from the Lord. Leave results to Him. Let your service be a loving obedience to His wishes. "I would rather obey than work miracles," said Luther. Said another, "At the Lord's call I would undertake to govern half-a-dozen worlds, without Him I would not undertake to mind half-a-dozen sheep."

May it be said of you, beloved reader, as of Timothy, "He worketh the work of the Lord," and at that day from the hand of Christ "Every man shall receive his own reward *according to his own labour*." (1 Cor. iii.)

J. N. B.



# A Basket of Summer Fruit.

THERE are nine sorts.

The Lord turns up the leaves of our profession, looking first for the golden fruit of

*Love.*

The tree is barren, the garden is empty, that grows no love. Love, that keeps His commandments. Love, that delights to please Him. Love that turns aside to find its sweetest hour and its fullest joy in His presence. Love to one's neighbour. Can we think more kindly than we used to do; and judge more generously; and help more readily; and speak more gently? Where this fruit flourishes all else will thrive. Where this is lacking, you will show little else but ill-weeds that grow apace.

Then alongside of love is to lie the luscious fruit of *Joy*. No Basket of Fruit is complete or acceptable to our Master without this. His tender heart is grieved when men serve Him in chains like galley-slaves. He does not like to see His sheep hounded into the paths of righteousness, panting and frightened at the watch-dogs. His joy overflows when our joy is full. Brother, do we grow this fruit for our gracious Master? It may sometimes be hidden under thick leaves, but is it there? Do we delight ourselves in the Lord? Surely, we who know Him cannot help growing this fruit! In spite of dreary winter, and bleak winds, and bitter frosts, His sunshine woos from these dull hearts of ours the fruit of joy.

Then comes the dainty fruit, *Peace*. "Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" the quiet calm with which we rest upon His Work. Then there is "The peace of God," and "the peace

of Christ." Peace because the loving Father in heaven bends over us, and with tenderest pity cares for all belonging to us. Peace from *overeagerness* about anything except to please our gracious Lord. Peace that comes from losing the fierceness of our desires, sitting at the Master's feet, free from trouble about "many things." In these times of bustle, and money worship, and furious driving in everything, this Peace is a rare fruit. The tree is a shy bearer; and therefore all the more needs careful cultivation.

Next in the list comes *Long-suffering*; a fruit much harder to cultivate in some soils than others. There is the easy-going man, who can't fret about anything. Untroubled, leisurely taking things as he finds them, and content to leave them much the same; a weed, that for a time looks like patience, grows wild there. And like wild fruit, it loses its size and flavor, and is rightly called *Indolence*. The quick, energetic, fiery man, to whom dawdling is the deadliest of sins, finds it a hard thing to grow Patience. But our loving Master values the fruit according to what it *costs to produce it*. And since He requires it, we must grow it. This good fruit must not be wanting in the basket which we bring to our Heavenly Master.

The next fruit is *Gentleness*. The Lord requires of His disciple that he be a *gentleman*. Not by the laws of hollow etiquette, but by the bonds of Christ's love we are bound to courtesy and gentleness. How else can we be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus? Kind words and kind ways are to be marks of a Christian. Some good people grow like "prickly pears:" very nice if you can only get at them. The goodness inside is half spoiled by the outside roughness and sharpness. There is scarcely a more deplorable waste under the sun than this—to see

good men undoing much of their good by want of gentleness. Sweet-briar Christians—a strange combination of fragrance and thorns. The Master seeks this fruit in us, and always likes to see it plentiful—*Gentleness*.

*Goodness* is the next fruit—*Large-heartedness*. A fine delicious fruit it is. And not only good for its own sake, but for its effect on the garden in which it grows. There are trees that drain the cold and boggy soil; and turn it into genial ground. A wonderful tree is this good-heartedness. No garden will flourish where it does not grow. It is a cure for mildew and for blight; it kills the insects and keeps off the troublesome birds. You may know the garden at once in which this *Large-heartedness* does not flourish. They would keep all, so they can grow nothing. Nothing but a few blossoms now and then, at times of special blessing, and they come to nothing. Joy? no, they can't grow joy; that deadly blight of *selfishness* is over all; and that vile creeper *grumbling* chokes it. They are so afraid of losing what they have, and so eager to get more, that there is no peace in their garden. And so with all the other fruits. Come, brother, is this goodly fruit in the basket that we bring? Is the heart opening more generously as the months go by? Is the purse-string tied tighter? Does the clasp fit more closely, and is it harder to get the purse out than it used to be? Don't bring the Basket of Summer Fruit if *Large-heartedness* be lacking. The rest will not be worth the having.

Then comes *Faith—faithfulness*. The Lord's servant must be *faithful*. The Christian is a true man, and a man of truth. You may rely upon him. He is particular as to his word; and particular in little things as well as great. The Lord must have this fruit, *faithfulness*, that does its duty, whether

it pays or not—faithfulness that won't swerve a hair's-breadth from the right, whether men smile or frown. Do not let that fruit be wanting. There is none like it for glorifying our Lord. Faithfulness that is exact in the farthing as well as in the pounds; that does its duty behind the master's back as well as before his face; that is as careful to be just with the poor neighbour as well as with the rich. If that be wanting, keep the rest. The Lord will not look at them.

*Meekness* is another fruit. Don't spell it with a *W*. Not *weakness*. Some weak people flatter themselves that meekness and weakness are the same. Many strong people think so, too. But meekness is one of the daintiest fruits of the Spirit. And let it be just where the Apostle's hand has placed it, by the side of Faithfulness. I see this Faithfulness stand, like Bunyan's *Great Heart*, with helmet and with sword; his brow knit with rather a stern look and a fire in his eyes, while his right hand grips the sword-hilt. But at his side there standeth his sweet sister *Meekness*, her right hand laid on his shoulder, and at his ear she whispereth: "Gently, brother, gently."

Meekness is to decorate the other fruits in our basket. The Heavenly Bridegroom has a great relish for it; and when all the other fruits are set out with this about them, all is very lovely in His estimation. Let us steadily cultivate this fruit.

Last in the list is *Temperance*. Not in drinking only, but in eating too. Temperance in money-making; Temperance in money-spending; Temperance in money-keeping. We want Temperance in talking, and temperance in dressing. It is a wise and righteous control over one-self in reference to all the things we have to do with. This grace may be ours if we seek it aright. This fruit must be

ours if we would be accepted of the Lord.

A Basket of *Summer Fruit*—*matured* and *ripened*. Do not let us live always in the blossoming stage of of promise. Do not let us have no other experience than that of the cold and showery land where fruits are always green and hard for lack of sun to ripen them. Live in the light. Dwell facing the south country where is the palace of the King. Let the all-wise Husbandman have His own way with us, and we need not fail of fruitfulness.

(Anon.)



## The Seven Churches.



Ephesus, *Desire*, the *Ecclesiastical* Period.

Smyrna, *Myrrh*, the *Suffering* Period.

Pergamos, *Lofty*, the *Worldly* Period.

Thyatira, *Dunghill* or *Cesspool*, the *Papal* Period.

Sardis, *the Escaped* or *Delivered*, the *Protestant* Period.

Philadelphia, *Brotherly love*, the *Remnant* Period.

Laodicea, *Justice for the People*, the *Christless* Period.



## MESSAGE

To one who wrote of the low state of a Meeting.



**T**ELL —, with my love, the low state of others is his opportunity to show the right way; he can be a leader in lowliness and devotedness.

J. B. S.



A Gem.—The glory is not in the work, but in the *doing it for Him*.



# “To Him our weakness clings.”

(GEN. XXXII.).



“**J**ACOB was left alone.” This was the occasion of his greatest blessing, for here he is thoroughly broken down, and receives that wonderful name of Israel.

Notice how a crisis like this is often the moment of richest spiritual blessing. Jacob had just escaped from the clutches of Laban, only apparently to fall into far worse hands—even those of his offended brother Esau, and *God* now seemed against him.

“There wrestled a man with him.” Later on in his history this same Jacob uttered the cry, “All these things are against me.” But in both cases the suffering was the precursor of blessing. The process of breaking us down is often long, but there cannot be real blessing to our souls apart from it.

The experience of God’s children in all ages attests this. Paul is let down in a basket before he is caught up to the third heaven. If God is dealing with us, however painful the process, the blessing is sure to follow, if we only get low enough before Him. It is not great or splendid gifts we need so much as to have the hollow of our thigh touched—to have no confidence in the flesh; for when we are weak, then are we strong.

But we do not like to admit we are weak, and God has to wrestle with us as He did with Jacob; not to prove He is stronger than we are, but to make us conscious of our weakness, and in order that we may lean upon Him for strength.

Jacob continued wrestling until the hollow of his thigh was touched and out of joint. He could then

no longer wrestle, but he could cling, and he did.

It is not now God wrestling with Jacob, but Jacob clinging to God; and this is what it ought to be with all of us.

If we cling to another, it implies that we trust in his strength; if we wrestle, it shows that we have confidence in our own.

Are we clinging or wrestling? Weakness clings, strength wrestles. Which is it with us? Have we learnt how to cling to God? It is in doing so we find blessing. It is one thing for God to lay hold of us, quite another for us to lay hold of Him. Only felt weakness knows how to do that.

“To Him our weakness clings,”

so we sometimes sing.

“Let me go, for the day breaketh.”

Ah, Jacob, you can let go now! The day has come. Is that Jacob's thought? Far from it. “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,” he says. Day must have been very welcome after such a night of travail, but to Jacob God was better than all.

And notice, it is from the very One who has caused Jacob's thigh to be out of joint that he expects the blessing. And he was right. Have we learnt to know God thus—that He only afflicts in order to bless, only weakens to make room for His strength?

Perhaps you have had some affliction. Have you laid hold of God in it, and cried, “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me”? There is blessing behind as there was for Jacob. It was painful to have his thigh out of joint—perhaps more painful to confess what he was; but what a blessing follows! God does not afflict for affliction's sake, but only to prepare the ground for the blessing in store. Are we ready to say to God, “Thou mayest take every-

thing away from me, only give me Thyself? I will not let *thee* go."

And God said, "What is thy name? And he said, Jacob." There must be the fullest confession if we want the blessing. If God is not to have any reserve towards us, we must keep nothing back from Him. He confessed he was Jacob. He confessed, as it were, "I am the supplanter." He learns two lessons here, which we also must learn; his *weakness* and his *sinfulness*.

His weakness was demonstrated by his thigh out of joint, and his sinfulness in that he was a supplanter. And now that these two lessons have been learnt, God can come in and say to him, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel." What a change! But so it is. "He raiseth up the *poor* out of the dust, and lifteth the *needy* out of the dunghill; that He may set him with *princes*, even with the princes of His people" (Ps. cxiii. 7, 8).

Why are we not more blessed?

The simple answer is, "We do not fulfil the conditions; we have not learnt our utter helplessness, come to the end of ourselves." The *poor* and the *needy*; as our Psalm tells us, and those who become weak, like Jacob, are those whom God can make princes.

But there is a further question: "How is this condition to be reached?"

By having to do with God. By getting often into His presence. By seizing every opportunity of being alone with God. By learning that it must be Christ and not self.

And then God interprets the name for him. "For as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." It was his weakness that prevailed, not his strength. Yes, it is our weakness that has power with God. Just as an

infant's cry has power with a mother more than the cry of a strong man.

Why does a mother run so eagerly at the cry of her babe?

It is the cry of helplessness, and until we learn our utter weakness we shall never have power with God.

It was a wonderful name Jacob received. But he was not content, he wanted to know something else. And he said, "Tell me, I pray thee, *thy* name." With Jacob now, the desire is to know God. He is looking away from himself. He is in the presence of God, and all else is forgotten. "I will not let thee go! Tell me thy name."

Once more. "As he passed over Penuel the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh." We must ever keep in the place of weakness, for it is the place of power. Jacob here was like one afterwards who could say, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities." Israel had ever to return to Gilgal. Paul had a thorn in the flesh. We have no resources in ourselves.

Jacob had gained the victory through his dis-jointed thigh. He halted upon his thigh; nevertheless he had prevailed. "The race is not to the *swift*, nor the battle to the *strong*." He had to meet Esau now with a shrunken sinew; but it taught him not to trust in his own natural strength, but in the One who had weakened him and made him strong.

We will now conclude by touching upon the close of his life. We read, "By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff." (Heb. xi.)

It is the only mention of him in this chapter; but he is seen as a worshipper, and his staff denotes his

strangership. With his staff he passed over Jordan at the commencement of his wanderings, and now he is on the verge of the grave, and it is still the staff; but how different, how changed the man who leans upon it! It is the sequel to the hollow of the thigh being touched. The lesson has been learnt. He *leans*. The one who can worship and bless others must himself be dependent.

And can we ever afford to be anything else? To Jacob everything was now a wilderness, for he was outside the promised land. But what a moral grandeur invests this aged pilgrim! He blesses the sons of Joseph, and he worships God.

R. E.



## “Part with Me.”

(JOHN xiii.)



LOVE beaming in His sacred eye,  
 Ere He went forth to bleed and die,  
 With yearning, fond desire;—  
 The Saviour drew around “His own,”  
 That they a little time alone  
 Might from all else retire.

“Clean every whit, ye are,” said He;  
 And so they were; yet did He see  
 The need of their poor feet;  
 And thus constrained, He took and bare  
 The emblems of His love and care,  
 And stooped their need to meet.

Behold Him!—girded with a towel,  
 And bearing water in a bowl,  
 As from that Paschal Board  
 He meekly stoops to each in turn,  
 That each from Him may sweetly learn  
 The grace He *would* afford.

Yes, stoop He did to wash their feet,  
 As though His Work here were complete,  
 And He had really died,—  
 As though in that “large upper room”  
 He were beyond His cross and tomb,  
 And on the other side.

The water which He used there told  
 Of death which round His spirit rolled,  
 To fit and make them clean  
 To have their part with Him in light,  
 'Mid scenes of bliss, far out of sight,  
 Where only He had been.

“Part with Me,” whispered He in love,  
 Seeking to lead their thoughts above  
 Where He was soon to go;—  
 That thus in heart they might be near  
 The One whom they had loved so dear—  
 The One who loved them so.

But, ah, that part was hidden then,  
 E'en from Faith's clear and searching ken,  
 For He was still below;  
 They saw Him serve, with wondering eyes,  
 Their Master clad in lowly guise,  
 But more they could not know!\*

\* Verse 7.

Hence little did their hearts respond—  
 So dull, although so true and fond—  
     Poor hearts, they clung to earth.  
 But still, in love and patient grace,  
 He told them of that heavenly place,  
     And all its glorious worth.

How slow were they ; how slow are we,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, to follow Thee,  
     As risen from the dead.  
 Yet sure if we would have our part  
 With Thee, and reach Thee where Thou art,  
     Thy path here we must tread.

That path leads down into Thy grave !  
 Back, Nature shrinks ; 'twill never brave  
     Reproach and loss and shame.  
 Yet, drawn by Thee, we follow still.  
 Thy work in us Thou wilt fulfil,  
     Thy love our all must claim.

To Thee we yield our pilgrim feet  
 The subjects of Thy service sweet,  
     What grace that Thou should'st deign  
 To free us now from earthly dross,  
 To count, for Thee, all gain as loss—  
     For thee all loss as gain.

Dead to the world, we seek to show  
 The power of heavenly life below—  
     On—up—we follow Thee.  
 Part with Thee *here!* Part with Thee *there!*  
 Reproach, reward—both would we share,  
     And Thine forever be.

S. J. B. C.



## ✧ Following. ✧



**A** SHORT time ago, a gentleman, followed by a rough-looking dog, got upon a tram-car in one of the streets of Edinburgh.

The dog, looking up at its master, still followed the car in the midst of many difficulties and obstacles.

Soon another dog came up, evidently bent on a quarrel. Afterwards another, yet more determined—then a third and a fourth—but of them *all* he took no notice, and just continued quietly to follow his master—only following and looking up.

At our last glimpse of our friend he was simply following.

What a lesson he has taught us! His one object was to follow his master, and this he did, undeterred by busy streets or vexatious pursuers!

J. H. J—G.



# What Love it was.

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WHAT love it was that brought Thee down,  
Down to the depths in which I lay,  
That made Thee leave Thy glory-throne,  
And take to Thee a form of clay ;  
Yet lower still to death to go,  
That I might never judgment know.

My place is now in Thee above,  
By virtue of Thy precious blood,  
Before Thy Father's face in love,  
Made now my Father and my God.  
Oh ! that my feeble voice might swell  
The praise of Him who loves so well.

'Tis love that cannot be explained,  
It is too wonderful, too vast,  
The heart of God alone contained,  
Such thoughts divine in ages past.  
But oh ! I know it rests on me,  
And will throughout Eternity.

Oh ! fill me, Lord, yet more and more,  
So that my heart e'en here below,  
May from Thy love's rich, boundless store,  
Be satisfied and overflow :—  
Full with the blessing Thou hast given,  
The foretaste now of what makes heaven.



**O**H how great is thy goodness,  
which thou hast laid up for  
them that fear thee; which thou  
hast wrought for them that trust  
in thee before the sons of men !  
Thou shalt hide them in the secret  
of thy presence from the pride of  
man: thou shalt keep them secretly  
in a pavilion from the strife of  
tongues. (Psa. xxxi. 19, 20.)





“Compel them to come in.”



“**W**E shall do it, my lads! Give way, all together.”

The speaker, commander of the Coast-guard on the coast of Northern Ireland, was acting coxswain to a lifeboat as he spoke. It was during some memorable gales in 1855, when the crew had been out several times, only to see three vessels dashed to pieces before their eyes.

This night the old-fashioned, flat-bottomed, irreversible craft was gradually drawing near a large ship that lay lurching on the rocks. It was a foreign boat. They could tell that by the cut of her jib and the rigging of her yards. Furthermore, they distinguished a Russian national flag flying at her mast-head.

“We shall do it, my lads! Now, all together.”

For a moment, the lifeboat plunged into a trough of clear green water, then she rested on the top of a foam-crowned billow, for all the world like some big sea-bird. During that instant a line whistled over the spars and was caught.

“Make it firm,” shouted the commander through his trumpet. “We shall save you all.”

A strange scene followed.

At this time, the terrible Crimean war was raging between England and Russia, and that shipwrecked crew fancied our sailors were come to make them prisoners. To the amazement of the would-be rescuers, one on board who spoke English shouted to them to keep off.

“We have come to *save* you,” called Captain White, in response to the figures that waved him back.” “No, no! keep away!” came an answer over the howling wind and tempest.

“We have come to save you. We will not hurt you,” was the cry, a second time.

But again came an agonised reply: “No, no; keep away!”

There was not a moment to be lost. The Russian vessel was fast breaking up, and might go to pieces at any moment.

“*Now or never!* Come on, my gallant lads, and compel them to come in,” said the coxswain, leaping on board the doomed ship, followed by several of his dauntless men. Then the Russian captain was seized and secured, fourteen of his crew in like-manner being forced into the life-boat.

Back to their harbour, leaving the ship on that terrible Scarrs Rock, went the lifeboat, and as she neared the shore shouts from a thousand men and women assembled there welcomed her. Instead of finding themselves prisoners in a foreign land, the Russian sailors were kindly and carefully housed, fed, clothed, and finally sent back to their own country without charge. Their salvation was both *full and free*.

We marvel at the ingratitude and stupidity of the Russian crew. At the risk of their lives our life-boatmen had gone to their rescue, and the foreigners were *afraid* to be saved.

But are not many just as ungrateful and just as stupid? Well for them that the Captain of their salvation *compels* them to come in. Then, when they find themselves safe they marvel at the delay they made, and thank Him who heeded not their wishes, but compelled them to come to Him.

Sorrow, joy, disappointment, bereavements, losses

of health or means may be the cords with which He binds us and carries us to shore. Shall we mind the means when we find ourselves lovingly received by the blessed *Saviour* of the lost, but who, in order to save us, has first to give us to realise this solemn fact, and in doing so what resistance of His grace is often manifested on our part!

Reader, the lifeboat of the salvation of God has come out to the doomed wreck of this present evil world. You are on that wreck still, if unsaved, and it is going to pieces fast beneath the waves of death and judgment. Will you, then, *submit* now to the righteousness of God that binds you fast in repentance as if for the judgment you deserve, while in reality it is but to show you *mercy*—free, full, pitying mercy, in which God delights, and according to which He *saves us*?

*Anon.*



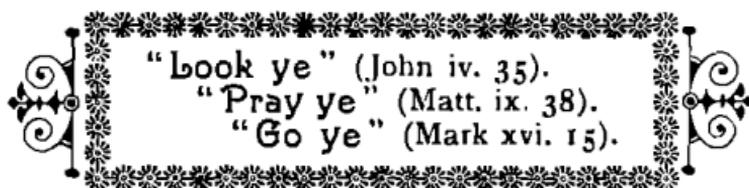
**Sheltered.**—It is said that the villages at the foot of the Alps are never struck by lightning. The great mountain peaks thrust themselves far up into the storm clouds and receive the electric bolts, while below, the peasants hear the thunder and receive the refreshing showers. Even so did Jesus take to Himself the bolt of God's wrath against sin, that upon all those who take shelter under Him may fall the showers of blessings.



**Company.**—"It is best to be with those in time that we hope to be with in Eternity."



**The Evangelist's three-fold word from the Master.**



# *Eternity—Where?*



EVERY second, every movement of the heart, every beat of the pulse, every breath we draw, every tick of the tireless clock witnesses an immortal soul depart this life.

Every minute, as the second hand turns in its course around the space on the dial-plate allotted to its circuit and testifies that sixty seconds are past and gone forever, witnesses the solemn procession of more than sixty souls leaving this earth, and through the struggles of death entering into eternity.

Every hour, as the minute hand describes a circle round the dial-plate, upwards of four thousand people leave the habitable earth, and enter the unseen world, never to return till the resurrection of the dead.

Every day of twenty-four hours a multitude of men, women and children, comprising an army of about ninety thousand people, leave this world, where they were born and where they lived. They pass through the gates of death, wade through the dark waters and enter the next world, there to abide forever.

Weigh well in your mind, dear reader, these facts of vital importance. Let them exercise your conscience, yea, let them reach your heart, and, as I ask a solemn question, be prepared to answer. If you should join that number who will pass away this day, this hour, yea, the very next moment, **WHERE WOULD YOU SPEND ETERNITY?** Upon what shore would you land? What would be the name of your eternal abiding place?

Would it be heaven, with Christ the Saviour, who died to save sinners,—or hell, with the devil and his angels, and all who, born in sin, refused to repent and believe the gospel, and who turned everyone to

his own way? O friend, as you read these lines, let Eternity be to you a subject of intense importance. Time is short, and life uncertain. I urge you then to settle TO-DAY this question, if it is not yet settled. Be not careless. Be not deceived. Your everlasting blessing and happiness, or your eternal shame and misery, hang in the balance. God calls TO-DAY.—Eternity—Where? A. E. B.



## ✻ FOUR STAGES. ✻

**T**HERE are four stages of progress from spiritual pain to peace. I see a man walking along a country road, alone, shivering in the cold, muttering to himself in bitterness of soul, "Who will show us any good?"

This is *Unbelief*.

I see him again pausing before a gate, looking toward the lighted windows of a home in the distance, listening to faint sounds of music, wondering, fearing, scarce venturing to hope.

This is *Doubt*.

I see him now coming down the garden path and looking in at the windows; he notes the fire on the hearth, and the well provided table, the dancing and merrymaking in which he has neither part nor lot.

This is *Knowledge*.

I see him once more in his place at the table; there is a ring on his finger, there are shoes on his feet, he is eating of the Father's bread, and drinking of His wine.

This is *Faith*.

The joy of life is not in perceiving things, but is in appropriating them. The comfort of Christianity is not in gazing at objective truth, but in making it ours.

B.

# “Fig Leaves.”



“**H**OW long have you known the Lord?” said a friend of mine, to an old man.

“About three weeks, sir; but I have been for forty years sewing fig leaves together.”

There is a good deal expressed in those few words. Thousands are employed in the same profitless work. Yes; thousands are occupied in the useless business of sewing fig leaves together. The man who is seeking to save his soul by means of rites and ceremonies, ordinances and sacraments, church-going and chapel-going, is just sewing fig leaves together. So, also, the man or woman who is building upon prayers, fastings, and almsdeeds, is sewing fig leaves together.

All these things may be, and many of them really are, very good in their right place. But as a ground for the soul to rest upon for pardon and peace—as a title wherewith to draw nigh to a holy and righteous God—as a foundation on which to build for Eternity, they are, in very truth, but sewing fig leaves together; and all who trust to them will find them to be so when, alas! it will be too late.

But let us turn, for a moment, to the third chapter of Genesis, and look at the first attempt ever made, in this world, to sew fig leaves together. “There is nothing new under the sun,” and we may see in Adam’s apron of fig leaves the very earliest figure which Scripture gives us of man’s righteousness in every shape and form—the very earliest type and illustration of all human effort to cover the sinner’s moral and spiritual nakedness, from the day of man’s fall in the garden of Eden, down to the present moment.

No sooner had man eaten the forbidden fruit, than his eyes were opened. But oh! what an opening! What a discovery! He found out that he was naked. He became possessed of a conscience of good and evil, and this self-same conscience made a coward of him. "The eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked." Sad, sad opening! Sad discovery! They had listened to the serpent, and this was the result. Discovered nakedness! A coward conscience! Up to this, they had lived in happy innocence, blissful ignorance of evil. They knew only good. But, now all was changed. They had gained the knowledge of their own nakedness and lost the true knowledge of God.

And what then? How did they seek to meet their new condition?

"They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons."

Mark this: "They sewed." It was *their* work, not God's. He never set a single stitch in the apron. It was man's work from beginning to end. This stamped its character. It was impossible that the work of a ruined creature could ever lift him out of the ruin into which he had plunged himself.

He might work in the ruin, but he never could work himself out of it. Hence we find that the very moment "they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees of the garden." They dared not trust their fig-leaf apron. It did not even satisfy themselves. How then could it screen them from the searching gaze of a righteous God?

"And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto Him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard

Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked ; and I hid myself." Think of this ! "I was naked." Had he forgotten the apron ? It would seem so. Ah ! it was of no use : indeed, he completely ignored it.

Thus it is ever. All human efforts prove valueless, when the testing-time, the trial-moment, comes. Nothing will stand but God's own work ; and Adam's apron was not that. It was man's work, and not God's ; and we may rest assured that nothing will, nothing can avail—nothing can give peace, but that which is of God. There is not beneath the canopy of heaven, this day, a soul possessing true peace who is resting on, or looking to human efforts of any sort or description. In order to possess true, solid, divine peace, the soul must be resting simply on that which is absolutely and entirely of God.

Now, of this latter we have the earliest figure in the coats of skin which the Lord God made for Adam and his wife. There was this weighty difference between the apron and the coat, that God never set a single stitch in the former ; and man never set a single stitch in the latter. That was wholly of man, and therefore could not avail ; this was wholly of God, and therefore could not do otherwise.

Oh ! that men would but ponder those early lessons of the apron and the coat. They are full of holy instruction for us. We may rest assured that they have a voice for every age, and a special voice for the present moment. Christendom is studded, from one end to the other, with the manufactories of fig-leaf aprons. Millions of hands are employed in the miserable work ; and those aprons may do well enough until that moment arrives when the voice of God must be heard, and their utter worth-

lessness will be found out when it is too late. "I heard thy voice; and I was afraid, because I was naked."

What utterances! The voice of God! Fear! nakedness! Beloved fellow-sinner, we beseech thee to think of those things. Think of them *now*. Say on what art thou leaning? To which art thou trusting? Man's apron or God's coat—which? Oh! which? Do not put this question aside. Look it straight in the face, this living moment. Come to the point now. Thou hast delayed long enough; delay no longer.

Say, then, dear friend, art thou trusting, in any way, to thine own works? or art thou reposing, in perfect confidence upon that precious blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin? Examine thy foundations closely and rigidly. Look well to thy title-deeds. It will be unspeakably awful to find out, when too late, that thou hast been building upon human rubbish, instead of building upon the Rock of ages.

Here is thy ground. God has laid the foundation. He does not ask thee to add to it, but simply to lean upon it; to trust to it; to believe in it. And if thou wilt only believe in Jesus, thou hast the word of Him who cannot lie to assure thee that thou shalt *never* be confounded, world without end.

C. H. M.



**Afflictions' Lessons.**—Many Christians are like drums; they never give forth music till they are beaten. The "sorrowful tree" of India never blossoms in the day time; but half an hour after sunset it is filled with beautiful fragrant blossoms. Some Christians, in the sunshine of prosperity, never seem to prosper; but when the night of affliction comes they "bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." S.

# A THREE-FOLD CHALLENGE.

“Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? . . . Who is he that condemneth? . . . Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . .”—Rom. viii. 33-39.

“**W**HO shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect?”

It matters not who he is, for no charge can be sustained. “The accuser of the brethren” may accuse them, but he finds that every charge he brings has been settled at the Cross, settled—righteously and eternally settled in the death of Christ.

Old Testament saints were justified by faith in view of what Christ *would* do. The blessing was, so to speak, given to them “*on credit*.” But now the work whereby God can righteously justify is an accomplished fact (Rom. iii. 24-26). Someone (J. N. D.) has said, “There is a great deal of difference between a man in prison, with a promise that his debt *would* be paid, and one walking at liberty because it *has been* paid.”

The former is like believers of old, the latter like believers now, who are in the enjoyment of gospel liberty. Their sins are all gone, all atoned for, all swept away and buried in the depths of the ocean of divine righteousness.

“Who is he that condemneth?”

No one can condemn me. Why? Because “it is *God* who justifies” me. Yes, “*God*, the Judge of all,” justifies me. By virtue of what His Son has done, God—even *God* clears me and pronounces me righteous.

Here is a man on his trial. It is a capital offence. The jury retire and then return, and their verdict is “Not Guilty.” The judge forthwith pronounces the man to be righteous, and he goes forth free. Now, who dares to condemn him? The only

one who could righteously condemn him is the one who has righteously justified him.

Thank God, "It is *God* who justifieth." Oh, young convert, let that word arm you against every doubt. Do you sometimes fear that you may at last be condemned? Who do you fear will condemn you—God? How can He? "It is God who justifieth." Lift up your head, then, and challenge the universe;—"Who is he that condemneth?"

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

The question is not who shall separate Christ from *our* love, for that were a very easy thing to do. What a comfort to know that it is not *our* love, but *His* love which saves. Our love is as fickle as the wind, but the love of Christ is strong, constant, and eternal; it is like Himself—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and naught can separate us from it. In the embrace of His love we are secure, and we dare anyone to lose its hold of us.

Said a poor fellow once, "It is no use for me to accept Christ, for I couldn't stick to Him."

"But He will stick to you," was the telling reply.

Yes, "There is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." His arms of love have encircled us, and drawn us to His heart of love, and His voice of love has told out into our ears the gospel of His love; a love which stretches from the confines of that Eternity gone by on to the uttermost limits of that Eternity which is yet to come.

From the dateless, timeless periods,  
He has loved us without cause;  
And for all His blood-bought myriads,  
His is love that knows no pause.  
Matchless Lover!

Changeless as the eternal laws!

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Shall the vicissitudes of this life—"tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness,

or peril, or sword?"

No. Even though we are, as it were, killed all the day long, and regarded like sheep fit only for the shambles, yet "in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." His love nerves us, arms us, and constrains us as His loved ones "to labour and suffer reproach."

At the beginning, the malefactors' cross, the grim headsman's axe, the Numidian lions, and the wild beasts of the Flavian Amphitheatre were all powerless to separate from the love of Christ. Later, the powers of darkness tried the iron boot, the rack, and the green faggot of the martyr's burning pile, but the result was the same. And in our day, in China and elsewhere, hundreds of simple believers have calmly suffered the fiendish torture of "The punishment of a thousand slices," and other hideous deaths for Christ's sake, and have been sustained and made "more than conquerors" by His love.

What is it to be "more than conquerors?"

Well, if a man overthrows and subdues all his foes, he is a conqueror. But if by some means he transforms his foes and makes them his friends, is he not *more* than a conqueror?

This is what the love of Christ does. It enables us to transform untoward circumstances and opposing elements, and even bitter enemies, into instruments of blessing, so that they become subsidiary to us, and we use them for His glory and for our eternal good.

Once more, then, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Shall "death?" No, for He has the keys of death and the grave swung at His girdle.

Shall "life?" No, for He has promised never to leave us nor forsake us.

Shall "*angels*," or "*principalities and powers*?" Let Eph. iii. 10, give the answer. Or, if they be evil dignitaries, then look at Eph. vi. 12, and the climax of the warfare in Rev. xii.

Shall "*things present*," or "*things to come*?" No, for "by the grace of God He tasted death for everything," and everything ere long will be subjugated by Him and to Him and for Him (Heb. ii. 8-10).

Shall "*height or depth*?" No, for none went lower than He did (Eph. iv. 9, 10), and no one is higher than He is (Eph. i. 20-23).

"Shall *any other creature*?" No, for He is Lord of the old creation and Head of the new.

How positive is the beloved Apostle. "I am *persuaded*," says he. Are we as sure? If not, why not? Paul speaks for us as well as for himself! Nothing "is able to separate *us* from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus *our* Lord." The weakest saint, as kept by that love, is as safe as was Paul, and he ought to be as sure.

It is "the love of *Christ*" in v. 35, because the Apostle goes on to detail things which Christ Himself passed through, and which for the most part afflict the *body*.

It is "the love of *God*" in v. 39, because there he speaks rather of spiritual enemies which assail the *soul*.

"The love of *Christ*" suggests His *tenderness* and His priestly support and sympathy.

"The love of *God*" brings with it His divine *power*, which is exercised on our behalf.

It is one and the same love, and filled with it we can enter the lists of heavenly combat, and, putting the trumpet of Scripture to our lips, sound forth the final challenge, "Who *shall*—who *can*—separate us from such love?"

S. J. B. C.

# Bible Study.



**T**HIS is a day when everybody reads, and the quantity of matter provided was never before so great, nor the quality so varied.

A young believer should give attention to reading" (1 Tim. iv. 13), but it is quite as necessary that he should know what to read, and what to reject. I want to urge upon my young friends the regular reading and study of the Bible, for if they find "butter and honey" in the Word of God, they will know how to refuse the evil and to choose the good (Isa. vii.).

What sort of Christian can that lad be who revels in a comic paper, or delights in exciting fictions of crime and wickedness? Such a boy rarely reads his Bible—that is certain.

In the Bible God speaks to you, dear young friend. It is for you "the Word of God." The writers were God's messengers and penmen, but the message is God's own. Two thousand six hundred times the speakers in the Old Testament say "*Thus saith the Lord.*" When you open your Bible, answer with Samuel—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

If you will take the trouble to find the following scriptures, you will see in what high esteem the Word was held by some of the best of God's saints. See Job xxiii. 12, Jer. xv. 16, Psa. xix. 7-11. The wonderful 119th Psalm contains an allusion to the Word of God in every verse except two; and Prov. ii. 1-6 shows the earnest, diligent spirit in which the study of the Word should be conducted. Read 1 Kings xiii., with its nine references to the word and mouth of the Lord for a solemn example of the results of disobedience to it.

May the Bible be a precious treasure to you, a daily companion, and a constant study. You have to read other books, and to acquaint yourself with science and technology, that you may be an intelligent worker in the world, but the Bible alone can make you wise unto salvation, and show you how to lay hold on eternal life (1 Tim. vi.). No other book tells how sins are forgiven and a broken heart is healed.

Do not let your Student's Manual, and still less, that worthless story-book, or that frivolous magazine take the place of God's precious volume. Rather let the opposite occur. By degrees let the Bible supplant all other books, until it becomes the one engrossing study.

When Stanley started for the interior of Africa he carried with him a small library of 76 books, which were packed in three parcels, the total weight of which was about 180 pounds. Before he had proceeded 300 miles inland he threw them all away except his Bible and four other favourite volumes. Even these proved inconvenient to carry much farther, and all were at length discarded but the Bible.

Sometimes a believer, as he advances in the knowledge of Christ and the truth, has a similar experience. The world's books and its multitudinous papers become a weariness, and the precious Book of truth excludes them from attention, until at last the Bible student becomes what a saint of God once called himself—"*homo unius libri*"—a man of one book.

I would like my young friends to read the Bible regularly every day. Rise early enough to have a few verses in the morning, and close the day with some sweet thought suggested by the Word. Carry a small pocket Bible or Testament, and employ the vacant moments in the train, or while you are kept

waiting, in reading a verse or two. It is likely that you have a spare hour in the evening now and then. Make it the occasion for a good solid Bible searching. If you take ten minutes every morning, and an hour or so in the evening two or three times a week, your profiting will soon appear. Have method in your Bible reading, or it may be pushed out of the day altogether.

Bring an earnest spirit to this exercise, and, for this reason, do not leave it till you are sleepy, and should be in bed. The Word of God deserves your clearest and readiest powers of mind.

Look into the Word as into a mirror, to see yourself; employ it as a laver to cleanse yourself and your ways; let your Teacher, the Holy Spirit, use it as His text-book for your instruction and guidance. Above all, look for Christ in every page, for in the Bible, as everywhere else, Christ is all.

Sometimes you may see a bank note with its value declared in large letters across the face—"ONE POUND," and then round the margin and all across the paper is engraved in minute type the same words—"One Pound, One Pound."

So Christ is the great subject of the Bible, not of the Gospels only, but of the Epistles, and of the Old Testament, too; everywhere His name may be read. Do not miss it.

Make yourself acquainted with the great doctrines of the Bible. The importance of "doctrine" or teaching is much insisted on by the Holy Spirit in the Epistles to Timothy, as I hope you will discover for yourself by going through them. Spend an evening over this study. See what you can learn from God's Word about forgiveness, justification, faith, life, resurrection, and glory. This sort of study is called *topical*, because some particular topic or subject is selected, and it is most useful and

interesting.

What does the Bible say about Israel, about the Church, about the world? Study such subjects as Grace, Peace, Love, Judgment, Walk and Conversation, Prayer. Trace out "The Kingdom of Heaven" in Matthew; "The World," "Believe," "Sent," "Life," "Love," &c., in John; "The Gospel" in Romans; "Heavenly Places" and "Walk" in Ephesians; "Joy" in Philippians; "Faith," "Doctrine," "Godliness" in Timothy; "Heaven," "Eternal," "Better," in Hebrews; "Suffering" and "Glory" in Peter. In such topical study a concordance will be found of much assistance.

Read the Word to be acquainted with it, and read it all. An experienced teacher recommends a young student to begin at different parts and work straight on, as a railway contractor begins the line at both ends and at various intermediate points. Study it that you may understand it intelligently. Above all, feed upon it by meditation, that your soul may grow.

Have a Bible which you can mark, and in the margin of which you can put your own references and brief, helpful notes, and keep a note-book, in which you enter briefly your own meditations on any Scripture. Sweet reflections given you by the Holy Spirit are too precious to be forgotten and lost; keep them, and share them with others.

Difficulties may be noted in a separate book. State the difficulty on the left-hand page, and wait on the Lord about it. You will get the explanation some day, perhaps in a Bible reading, or in some book or magazine; or, better still, your own further study may supply the answer, which is then in due course recorded on the right-hand page opposite the query.

Do not think it too much trouble to commit pass-

ages and whole chapters to memory. It is easily done, it directs attention to details, it tends to accurate quotation, and it gives splendid food for thought in spare moments. Avail yourself of all the help at hand. No Bible reading is so dull that it yields nothing to an eager, diligent scholar. Keep your ears open, and secure everything that is good.

Above all, open your heart to the Word of God. Do not let it remain in the memory, but let it affect the springs of life. "Thy word," says the Psalmist, "have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee" (Psa. cxix. 11). If the mind and heart are stored with the pure and holy truth of God, evil will have no place, and the issues of life will be gracious words and loving deeds.

J. N. B.



**A Victorious Christ.**—We are, or we ought to be, walking in company with a triumphant Christ, as a triumphant people, and you cannot be in triumph yourself without leading other people into it. Walking in triumph is a blessedly infectious thing, and, on the other hand, getting down under the power of troubles is equally infectious. Nothing will so pull down, make miserable, and blight a soul, as getting under the power of church troubles. When we get thus weighed down we cease to have power over them, and they do not cease to have power over us. But the Christ we are in company with is a victorious Christ; as the hymn says: "Thy life in us each victory gains." It is the life of a victorious Christ that we have.

(THE LATE E. P. CORIN.)



# The Witness of Faith.

(Points of an Address on Heb. xi. 8-22.)



1. The *obedience* of faith when Abraham responded to the call.
2. The *endurance* of faith in verses 9, 10.
3. The *strength* of faith in Sarah, who counted Him faithful who had promised when all hope in nature was dead.
4. The *trial* of faith when Abraham proved God to be what he knew He was—the God of resurrection.
5. The *blessing* of faith in verse 20.
6. The *dependence* and the *worship* of faith in verse 21.
7. The *testimony* and *hope* of faith in verse 22.

4/10/01.

A. S.



## One soweth, another reapeth.



**A** YOUNG Englishman, some fifty years ago, left his home to preach the Gospel in Terra del Fuego. The divine call was clear to him. This was God's appointed task for him.—He spent his limited fortune in fitting out an expedition; only to be repulsed by the natives and driven back a penniless, unsuccessful but resolute man.

He urged his plea and sailed again. He was now permitted to land. He pitched his tent among the people and prepared for work. His companions died and he was driven again by the superstitious natives to the shelter of his boat.

At length, in the shadow of a torn sail, he lay dying. Not a soul had been given for his hire. Was his

life wasted, then? In his last moments he wrote these words, which were found long afterwards :

“My little boat is a very Bethel to my soul. Asleep or awake, I am happier than tongue can tell. I am starving, yet I neither hunger nor thirst. I feed on hidden manna, and drink at the King’s well. I am not disappointed, for I remember this, “One soweth and another reapeth.”

A failure? A wasted life? Nay; let the thousands of converts, who have wept at the grave of *Allen Gardiner* pass their verdict upon it. No life is futile whose strength is spent in pursuance of a divine call.



## “Whose I am, and Whom I serve.”



A
T
 length, on bleak Fuega’s strand,  
 A feeble but confiding band,  
 In all our impotence we stand.  
 Wild scenes and wilder men are here,  
 A moral desert, dark and drear ;  
 But faith descries the harvest near,  
 Nor heeds the toil, nor dreads the foe,  
 Content, where Love calls us to go.

In cloudless skies we ne’er descry,  
 Mercy’s sweet brow enthroned on high—  
 ’Tis brighter when the storm is nigh ;  
 The troubled sea, the desert air,  
 The furnace depth, the lion’s lair,  
 Alike are safe, when Christ is there.  
 In perfect peace the soul shall be  
 Whose hope is stayed, my God, on Thee.

ALLEN GARDINER.

# “Gentleness.”

(Extracts.)

**G**ENTLENESS is the personal pressure that a Christian's life should exert against the life of every other man.

Like the alabaster lamp of the ancients, it not only gives forth light and warmth, but fills the room of life with subtle perfume.

It begins where God's love begins. It is not, however, a separate virtue at all, but rather the manner in which all virtues should speak and act.

As clothing is not the man, but largely reveals him, so gentleness is the moral garment a Christian should wear when mingling in the company of others.

While gentleness is mixed with character, it has more to do with the manner than the matter,—more with the form than with the substance; and its watchword is oftener “How” than “What.”

Gentleness determines the tone in which the truthful word shall be spoken; it fixes the bearing that a courageous heart shall carry, and demands that the vigour of honesty be tempered with sympathy and tact. To do right is good, but to do right in the right way is better.

Like many Christ-like people, Gentleness may be known by the company she keeps. Worldings and weaklings are never in her presence, and the Christ-like and the noble never leave her side. While she is strong, her strength is never loud or vain, always under careful curb and rein. Weakness cannot be gentle even when it tries, just as true gentleness can never be weak.

Each of two men may lift a little child. One is a smith, sturdy and kind, and he fondles the little

one with ease and care; the other is a sick man, just from his bed, and his trembling arm shows an overtaxed strength that pains the man and startles the child. It is the smith, not the invalid, who is gentle.

Gentleness is the sign of completeness and soundness. No piece of machinery will run smoothly unless every part is in place and doing its work. Irregular and noisy action instantly alarms an engineer, and tells him that something is wrong within.

The human body, the most delicate of all mechanism, works without sound or fury, and if, for a moment, the balance is disturbed, the noisy throb of the heart and the tumult in the ears tell us we are sick.

Gentleness has an enthusiasm for trifles. The truly gentle are always watchful of the little neglected places in other lives,—the trivial slights and wayside failures which enter so largely into the sorrows of every soul.

The most beautiful life is lovely in your eyes, chiefly for this interest in trifles. You recall something one did, which no one else thought worth while,—a bunch of flowers, a visit when you were ill, a note when you were pierced and crushed with grief, or a word of warning when you were in danger. But whatever it was, it gave the doer an immortal place in your heart.

And gentleness, perhaps, has won her greatest victories in the house of mourning, and by beds of sickness. The heart which some grief has broken must be approached by the muffled footstep of a gentle comforter, or not at all; for sympathy, to be helpful, must not only be sincere, but must have a velvet touch, softening its voice and hiding its strength.

Great as it is when humanly viewed, the true perfection of gentleness is not fully realised until it is traced to its home in the heart of God.

Gentleness reveals to us some of the most affecting attributes in the Divine character,—His restraint and condescension, and His stooping to do the lowliest things, supplying our countless trivial needs, exalting our valleys of sadness, and levelling our mountains of difficulty.

God's gentleness is His love, extended and applied, spreading itself everywhere, and, like the sun, not only filling the world with its blaze, but even stealing through the cracks of the felon's cell and giving a few beams to him.

When Paul said that "love is kind," he meant gentle; he meant that kindness or gentleness is love in action,—love doing small favours and supplying humble wants.



## Alone with God.



I SEE some who love to hear and read and think and speak of the Lord, who still want one great thing, that is, to be *alone with Him*.

It is the most unspeakable blessing that God has given us, a Person to be the comfort and solace of our hearts, so that at times one can truly say, "Never less alone, than when alone."

I said to —, "Do you go to Him when you do not want anything?" I like the idea of C. H. M's. little child knocking at his father's door, who asked him what he wanted: his answer was, "I want to be with you."

J. B. S.



little boy, he might enjoy the picture, but he would not be likely to understand the object of it; while

THE GOSPELS  
AND THE EPISTLES.

an older and a more intelligent lad would first read the explanation generally given under the picture, and then study the picture.

If we are intelligent Christians we shall read the Epistles, and then we shall read and understand the Gospels in the light of the Epistles.

The disciples had faith in Jesus, but had little understanding, for we read that when Jesus was on earth, two of them asked Him for the two best places in the kingdom (Mark x. 37); and even after He had died and risen, they asked Him, "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts i. 6). Their thoughts never went beyond earth, until they received the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. There is no doubt we can understand now, what to them must have been most difficult, as we read, "They understood not what things they were which He spake unto them" (John x. 6).



In John's Gospel the Brazen Serpent is introduced in chapter iii., and the Springing Well in chapter iv.

If we look at Numbers we see that the Brazen Serpent and the Springing Well were brought in

THE BRAZEN SERPENT  
AND  
THE SPRINGING WELL.

at the end of the wilderness journey (Numbers xxi). John starts with what the Book of Numbers ends with, because of the fact of Christ's rejection; the other Gospels trace the rejection, but John starts with it.

Thus, now the gospel does not come from a humbled Christ, but from a glorified Christ, so it is called "the gospel of the glory."

This is the present testimony which comes from Christ in glory to make us fit for the place where He is, but not to give us blessings connected with the earth. The Christian who knows his calling is the only one who knows how rightly to value God's temporal mercies, for he learns to use them, without abusing them.



On the Tree Jesus took all the judgment of God that His people's sins deserved, so that judgment is a thing of the past. This is an immense point for a person to see. Not only are my sins *forgiven* (that was spoken of in the Old Testament), but my sins are *gone*.

Suppose a mischievous boy going along the street broke your window with a stone. The policeman's hand is upon him; he leads him to you. You have it in your power to forgive him, and you do so, and of course the boy is glad; but every time he goes past your house and sees the broken window, he is reminded of his fault; his fault is not gone until a new pane is put in the window.

SINS FORGIVEN  
AND GONE.

SINS FORGIVEN means that they will never come back to us; sins GONE means that there is no trace of them left. God says of His people, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." What we learn in the death of Jesus is that our sins have gone. They have all been judicially settled according to the balances of the sanctuary. Every trace of the judgment they deserved has been endured and borne by Another.



The gospel is objective, while the effect of the gospel is subjective. If we are real believers, and the Holy Spirit has been working in us, the truth is written on "the fleshy tables of the heart."

Where do we know the truth best? Do we know it only in our Bibles? Or can we say that through grace we know it in our hearts.

The Holy Scriptures have been likened to a seal.

If we press a seal on a hard board, it makes no impression; and the natural heart of man is like the board. If we press it on a piece of india-rubber,

it will leave an impression, but as quickly as it takes the impression it loses it. But if we have a piece of warm sealing-wax, *that* will take the impression and retain it. We read of some who "having heard the word, keep it."

The wax is like the prepared heart—prepared by God. Every right desire of the heart is of the Holy Spirit.

We want preparedness of heart; otherwise, if we are not like the board, we are like the india-rubber, and lose the impression as quickly as it is made. If we were more earnest, and looked to the Lord, we should get the impression and keep it.



We read, "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness (as in Genesis i.) hath shined in *our* hearts" (2 Cor. iv. 6). Notice that it is in the plural. But, then, we must always get clear about the *singular* before we can truly speak in the *plural*. The singular is one—myself. The plural is more than one. The Apostle used the plural,

because he was clear about the singular. But, alas, many now take up the plural, while they are not at all clear about the singular.

Have you learned the singular? If you have learned the singular—"Who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. ii. 20), you will soon find someone else who is also clear about the singular,

and the two make the plural. Then you will be able to sing, "Unto Him that loved *us*, and washed *us* from our sins in His own blood," &c. (Rev. i. 5).



How often we have a nice opportunity to speak of Jesus, but we have nothing to say, nothing to give away. It is a poor man who has nothing to give away; but a believer should not be a poor man in spiritual things, but like a man who is

**SPIRITUAL HELP.** well off, who is always able to give. To give spiritual help is greater than to give temporal help. The more we give away the more opportunities shall we have of giving.

How good it is when one can tell another, "You go to that person, and you will get spiritual help."



God has brought the gospel down to sinners, and is making those who receive it heavenly men, and at the same time pilgrims and strangers on earth.

What is a pilgrim? A person travelling to another country. What is a stranger? A person who does not belong to the country in which he is.

**PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.** That is the true Christian character, and if we have not that character, we are false witnesses, for we live a lie; we are living as those who belong to this world, when we do not.



Dr. G. said—"I say to the sisters, get a couple of fourpenny Testaments, and keep one on your toilet table and one on the kitchen mantelpiece, and while you are dressing or waiting for the kettle to boil, you will get many a sweet crumb from the Lord."

Faith is reckoned for righteousness. What does that mean? Well, if a merchant sends a trader fifty pounds' worth of goods, the trader must send back £50 in money; that is common righteousness. If God gives a man light, and he responds in faith, God reckons that to him as righteousness. Faith is the response or return he makes to the light God gives.



We need more warmth—more divine affection. How is it that God gives us so few babies to mind? Because we are so cold and mechanical. God will only entrust His little ones to those who will nourish and cherish them.



## GROWING OLD.

**T**HEY 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 were not bright with immortality.  
 But, oh! it is not "going down"; 'tis climbing higher, higher,  
 Until we almost see the Home our longing souls desire;  
 For when the natural eye grows dim, it is but dim to earth,  
 While the eye of faith grows keener to see the Saviour's worth.  
 Those bygone days, the days of joy, we wish not back again;  
 Were there not also many days of sorrow and of pain?  
 But in the days awaiting us, the days beyond the tomb,  
 Sorrow shall never find a place, but joy eternal bloom.  
 For though in truth the outward man must perish and decay,  
 The inward man is still renewed by grace from day to day.  
 They who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in the root,  
 E'en in old age shall flourish still, and even bring forth fruit.  
 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 shall still renew their youth."  
 Yes, when the eyes now dimmed by years behold with joy 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 we know the lasting bliss of *never growing old.*

(Communicated by J. G. D.)

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