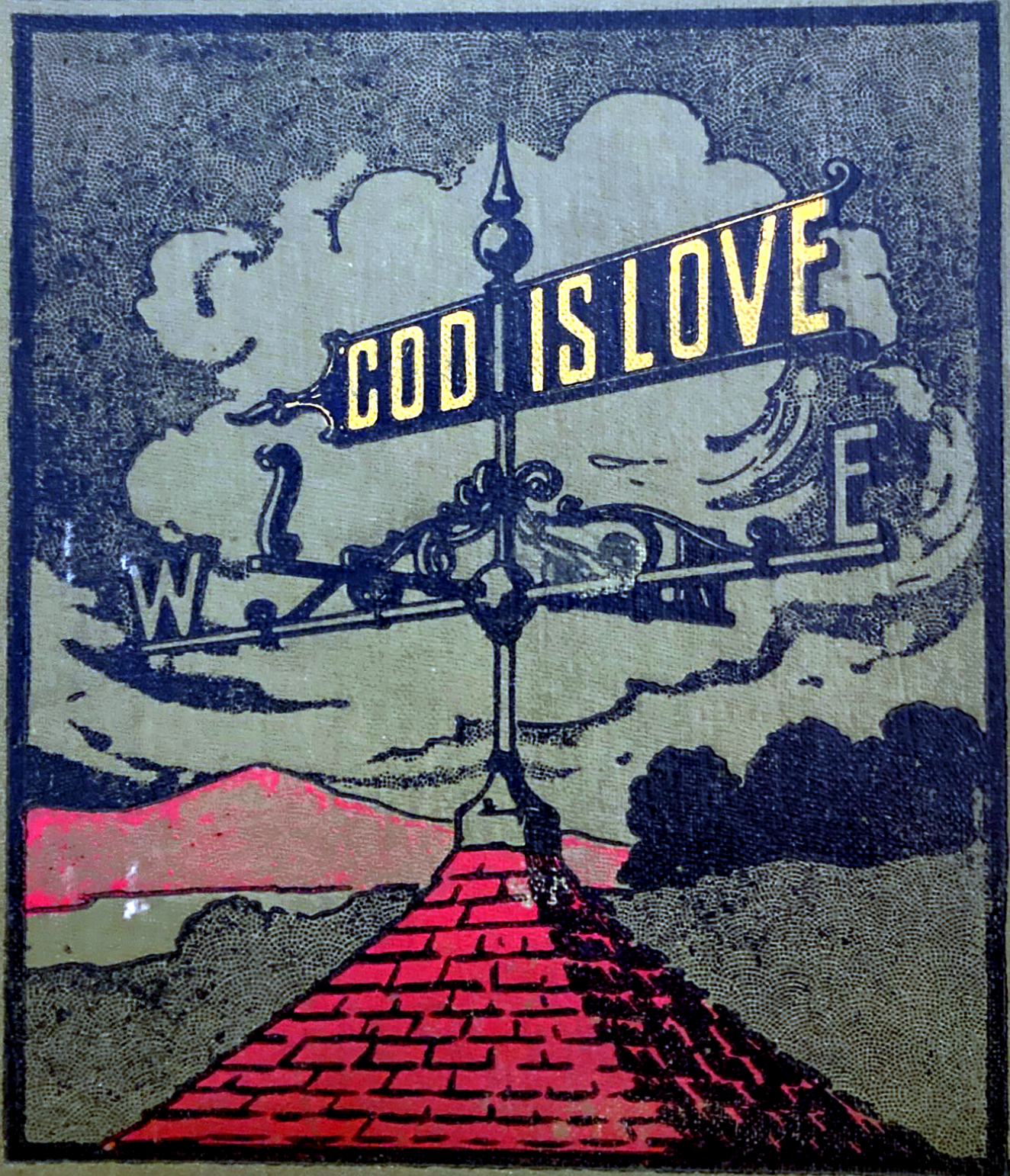


PLENTEQUUS REDEMPTION



"WITH THE LORD THERE IS PLENTEOUS REDEMPTION"

PLENTEOUS REDEMPTION

FOR

THE CHIEF OF SINNERS

A STOREHOUSE OF TRUE STORIES
SHOWING THAT THERE IS
SALVATION FOR WHOSOEVER WILL

EDITED BY

HY. PICKERING

Author of "The Gospel in a Nutshell," "True Adventures
of John Jones," "Real Heroes of To-Day," "How I tried
the 5 C's," etc., etc.



PICKERING & INGLIS LTD.

14 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

229 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool

LONDON	-	-	14 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4
GLASGOW	-	-	229 BOTHWELL STREET, C.2
MANCHESTER	-	-	135 DEANS GATE, 3
EDINBURGH	-	-	29 GEORGE IV BRIDGE, 1
LIVERPOOL	-	-	5 HOPE WAY, 8
NEW YORK	-	-	LOIZEAUX BROS., 19 WEST 21ST ST.
TORONTO	-	-	HONE EVANGEL, 418 CHURCH ST., 2



THE great question in these days of national stringency, when multitudes of both Jews and Gentiles are crying out for help is:

Is there Enough in the Saviour for All?

These numerous tried stories, gathered from the four corners of the world indicate that there is "**Abundance of Mercy**" for "whosoever will" (Rev. 22. 17).

The cry still resounds world wide, although it may not do so very much longer:

"All may live
SINCE CHRIST HAS DIED."

A NEW YEAR AND A NEW LIFE.

HE SAID TO HER: "I NEVER FORGOT YOU BEFORE; NOW YOU MAY ASK WHAT YOU LIKE, AND I WILL GIVE IT TO YOU." SHE QUIETLY AND EARNESTLY SAID: "COME WITH ME TO THE WATCH-MEETING TO-NIGHT."



SETTING OUT ON THE NEW YEAR.

"Come with me to the watch meeting," said she; "that will be my present." "Oh, no," he said, "I cannot do that; ask for some other present." But she was firm and reminded him of his promise.

A NEW YEAR AND A NEW LIFE.



A YOUNG English woman married a man in the Government service. She loved her Church (the Church of England), and was regular in attendance; otherwise she was of the world, and did as the world did. Her husband was a light-hearted young man, who smoked, drank, and gambled, like other young men of his set. As the years went on, he was promoted in service, had large responsibilities, but he became a hardened gambler and swearer—the leader of a circle who boasted that they could individually drink a bottle of whisky and be nothing the worse of it.

As the husband went deeper into sin, his wife, through anxiety on his account, became deeply anxious about her soul, and as a lost, guilty sinner (Rom. 3. 9-19) cast herself and all her burdens on the Saviour, and became a patient, tender wife, with one purpose—to bring her husband to Christ. For thirteen years she prayed with never-failing faith that the Lord would convert her husband. Every Sunday she would ask him to accompany her to church, and he as often refused. He would sometimes say: "If you will go with me once to the theatre, the circus, the ball, or some other worldly place, I will go forty times to church with you." Her invariable reply was: "Much as I long to have you with me, I could not bring reproach on my Saviour by going once with you where He could not be."

A few years ago, on the last Sunday of the year, she repeated her invitation, when he laughingly said: "You have not converted me yet, old woman." She immediately threw her arms around his neck, and said: "No, and I never can; but the Lord Jesus Christ can convert you, George," whilst she felt more and more cast upon the Lord, risen from the dead, and "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). From that time he became very uneasy, but more determined to resist his wife's entreaties.

On New Year's Eve he went with some of his companions to dinner. After the dinner, he went home to

A New Year and a New Life.

take his usual New Year's presents to his wife and children. When he was distributing the gifts he found that for the first time since he was married he had forgotten a present for his wife. He was utterly at a loss to account for this, and said to her: "I never forgot you before; now you may ask *what you like*, and I will give it to you." She quietly and earnestly said: "Come with me to the watch-meeting



"A REPRESENTATION OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS."

to-night—that will be my present." "Oh, no," he said, "I cannot do that; ask for some present." But she was firm, and reminded him of his promise.

He left the family board, and when the time came for his wife to go to the meeting, she waited for him. The children said: "Do you think father will go with us?" "Yes," she said; "your father never broke a promise to me." He had returned, and overhearing this remark, it made him feel very uneasy. When they started he went

with them, to the great joy of his wife. At the church door he turned and left them, intending to go back to his companions and cards, but something impelled him to return to his home.

There were pictures hanging on his walls, pictures he had often reversed; but now, before he could do so, his eye fell on *a representation of Christ on the Cross*. It attracted him, it smote him to the heart. The words which his devoted wife had so often read in his hearing came fresh to his memory: "He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him. . . . But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and *with His stripes we are healed*" (Isa. 53. 3-5). The past, with a wasted life; the future, with an awful Eternity rolled in like billows on his soul. Here in this One Who was despised, rejected, wounded, bruised, appeared *the only hope* of true peace now, and true joy hereafter.

He looked and looked until it seemed to him as if it were Christ Himself hanging on the Cross, and He said to him, "I DIED FOR THEE." "*For me, Lord?*" the wondering man replied, and then and there, in soul agony, he called on the Saviour to save him, to put away from him for ever the taste for liquor and the desire for all sin. Like "the chief of sinners" he "fell to the earth" (Acts 9. 4), and upon his knees in his own house, with no one near but God, he acknowledged his "manifold transgressions and mighty sins" (Amos 5. 12), accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as His own and only Saviour. He believed on Him "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4. 25), and rose from his knees, a free man, with Christ as his Saviour and his almighty deliverer.

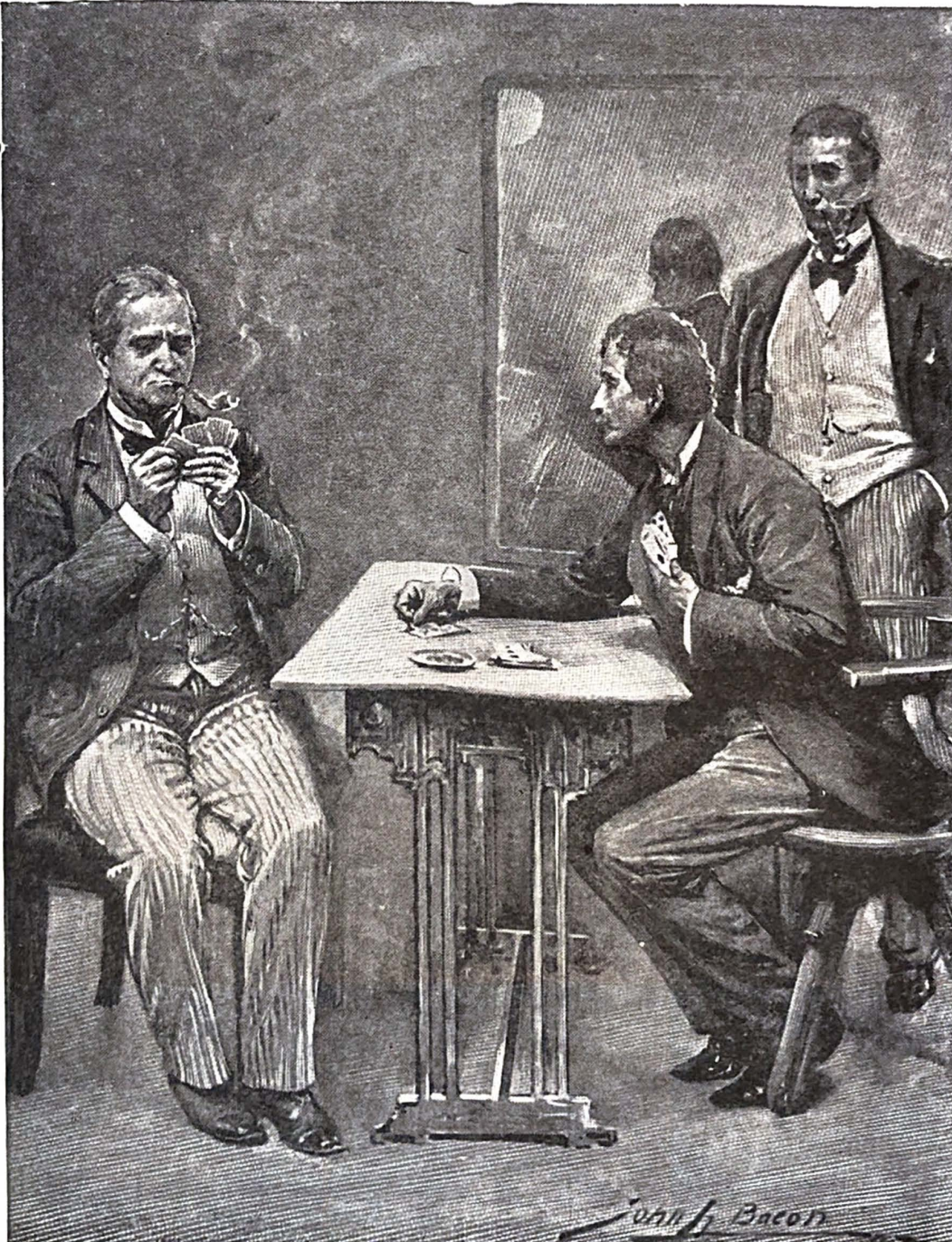
He went directly to the meeting, and startled the midnight service by crying out, "*Praise God, I am saved.*"

That very night he wrote cheques paying off all his gambling debts, and ceased playing cards. He never tasted liquor again, and he who had smoked twenty cigars a day never smoked another. His deliverance was complete. The Gospel demonstrated itself in his case, as in the case of myriads more, to be "*the power of God unto*

A New Year and a New Life.

salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16), from sin, lusts, passions, and Satan.

On that memorable New Year's Eve, the occasion of his new birth, he went to his old companions and told them what the Lord Jesus had done for him. They thought he was joking, and laughed at him. They tempted him to their utmost to drink with them, and when he was firm



"INTENDING TO GO BACK TO HIS CARD COMPANIONS."

A New Year and a New Life.

they emptied their glasses over him, and he walked out wet with the liquor, and they followed him home with ribald songs and jeers.

And now he who had been a slave of Satan, and a leader in sin, has a new Master that had rescued him, and his whole soul is filled with love and devotion to Him. From



"HE WENT TO HIS OLD COMPANIONS AND TOLD HIS STORY."

day to day he preaches in halls, on the streets, everywhere, telling of the love and power of the Lord Jesus to save. Eight out of twenty boon companions have been saved.

Surely if God can save a drinking, swearing, smoking, gambling sinner of the deepest dye, and make him a "new creature" in Christ, he can save *anyone*, even *you*. Burdened, weary, sin-sick soul, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and obtain eternal life. P.G.

A GERMAN STATUE OF A BRITISH ADMIRAL.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE is perhaps the best known of the band of daring sailors that performed such exploits in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He contributed to the deliverance of this country from a foreign yoke by the skilful manner in which he led the ships under his command against the so-called "invincible" Armada of Spain.

A grateful country holds the name of Drake in high honour. But it comes as a surprise to learn that a statue



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

of the famous sailor stands in the market place of Offen-burg, a town in Germany. It is not, however, in the character of a British admiral that Sir Francis Drake is thus honoured in Germany. For besides his brilliant deeds as a sailor, it was he who introduced that useful article of food, the potato, into Europe. The statue at Offen-burg represents the admiral in this character, holding in his right hand a map of South America and in the left a potato plant, with some fine tubers attached.

A very similar thing has happened with reference to

A German Statue of a British Admiral.

One infinitely greater than Sir Francis Drake. I mean the Lord Jesus Christ. No mightier victory has ever been won than that which He achieved against the powers of darkness. Alone He entered the conflict, and alone secured the triumph. None can share with Him the glory of that victory, but millions shall share for ever in the happiness that is the result of it.

The battle was fought, the work was done for us. The Saviour came from Heaven for the express purpose of seeking and saving the lost. In order to accomplish this He had to shed His blood to make atonement for sins. This He did, and in doing it won His mighty triumph, and gained for Himself the right to be our Saviour, our Redeemer.

For this we honour and love Him. We think with grateful hearts of the heavy ransom price which He paid on our behalf, and of how He wrought deliverance for us at the cost of such suffering, and of his life. We who trust in Him as our Saviour acknowledge that we owe our salvation wholly to the fact that He stood as our Substitute, and endured, for love of us, the frightful penalty that we had incurred.

As our Helper, our Guide, our great Example, we seek to honour Him. But foremost of all we bear His Name inscribed upon our hearts as our SAVIOUR, the One who bled to deliver us, who laid down His life to procure our salvation. Do you honour Him thus? You admire His life and teachings, maybe, but can you speak of Him as your Saviour?

Men may rightly show gratitude to Drake for bringing the useful potato to their knowledge, but what are potatoes compared with national safety and deliverance? In the same way men may rightly admire the Lord Jesus Christ for the benefits brought to the world by His life and teachings, but all this avails nothing unless we have Him as our Saviour, and have been personally set free by His grace and power from the iron bondage of sin.

"Christ died for our sins" (1 Cor. 15. 3). "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory!" (Rev. 1. 5, 6). Have *you* trusted that Saviour yet? "Come *now*." H.P.B.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 18.



MESSRS. CHARLES AND GEORGE JORDAN (standing); MR. JOSEPH JORDAN (seated).

TESTIMONY OF J. W. JORDAN, Greenwich.

Charles Jordan, the eldest of the three brothers, was converted when 18. An architect in business. Ever had an evangelical interest. Died Dec. 15, 1930, aged 90 years.

George S. Jordan, second of the brothers, was saved for over 60 years, bore a bright testimony. Died March 11, 1931, aged 88.

Joseph W. Jordan, the youngest brother, is still with us and able to be at meetings occasionally. He has written his testimony for the *Herald*. He is evidently about 86.

The Dairyman's Daughter can still be had for 2d., or 5 for 1/ post free.

I DESIRE in this paper to give an account of how the Lord, 72 years ago, gave me the joy of knowing my sins forgiven, and being in possession of everlasting life, which is the free gift of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I was brought up in the Church of England, and when 14 years old, a godly aunt came on a visit to us, and brought me a little gift, which was a book called, "Leigh Richmond's Annals of the Poor." In this was given an account of the conversion of *Little Jane* and also *The Dairyman's Daughter*. The reading of these made a great impression upon me, and turned my thoughts Heavenward; but at the time I had no assurance of salvation.

When I was 18 years of age a godly minister came to Greenwich and preached the Gospel. This helped much; also I was led to take up work at the West Greenwich Ragged School, and in entering upon this, I had to read and study my Bible; with the result that I soon became acquainted with our Lord's teaching in John 5. 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent me *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

Here I found two very precious things that through faith in God *I possessed Eternal Life* according to the unalterable word of the Lord Jesus "*hath* everlasting life," not "shall have," or obtain it by degrees, but even now and upon the authority of the Son of God, he hath, possesses, and eternal life is his. The other precious thing is: "*shall not* come into condemnation," or judgment. The acceptance, therefore, of this portion of the Lord leads the soul to be "born again" according to our Lord's teaching to Nicodemus in John 3. 3, 7.

Since I believed 72 years ago, I have never once had a

single doubt as to whether my sins were forgiven or my soul was saved, for the simple reason that I have rested entirely upon the Word of God, and if I were not to believe it, I should make God a liar.

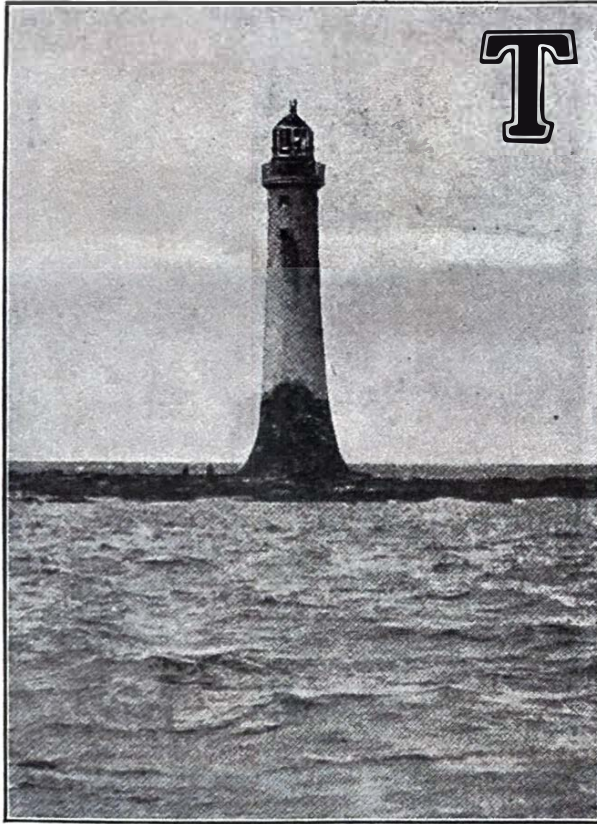
However, some might say in reply to this: "And what about John 17. 3: "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee," etc. Would not this passage show that you cannot be sure of possessing Eternal Life unless you know God? To render this passage in that form would be to make our Lord Jesus contradict Himself in John 5. 24. Such would be a terrible mistake. On the other hand, the meaning of this passage is, "That this is life eternal," namely, that God has given to us eternal life that we might know Him. Without that Eternal Life it would be impossible for us to know God and Christ, Who being the revealer of God according to Matthew 7. 27, and having revealed to the believer the forgiveness of sins and the possession of Eternal Life, He will go on in the work of the revelation of the Father throughout eternity; because God is infinite and without measure or end.

In my conversion I further learned from 1 John 5. 13: "That ye may know ye have Eternal Life." This verifies our Lord's Word in John 5. 24, "*hath* everlasting life." In 1 John 5. 11 we are told that Eternal Life is Christ, so that to possess Eternal Life is to possess Christ in the heart; not some theory or idea, but a living, precious Redeemer abiding in the heart of the believer. Further, in 1 John 5. 10 it is stated that the believer hath the witness within him which is the Holy Spirit. So that there are two unalterable evidences in true conversion which are the witness of the Holy Spirit, and John 5. 24, "He that heareth My WORD." Thus the witness and the Word of God make the believer's conversion absolute and perfect.

It is like the two trumpets that Moses in Numbers 10 was commanded to make out of one piece of silver, the trumpet of the Spirit and the trumpet of the Word, giving forth the same sound in the declaration of the will of God concerning redemption through the Blood as signified in the silver; and salvation through the Word of God that liveth and abideth for ever.

J.W.J.

THE STORY OF THE "SKEGNESS."



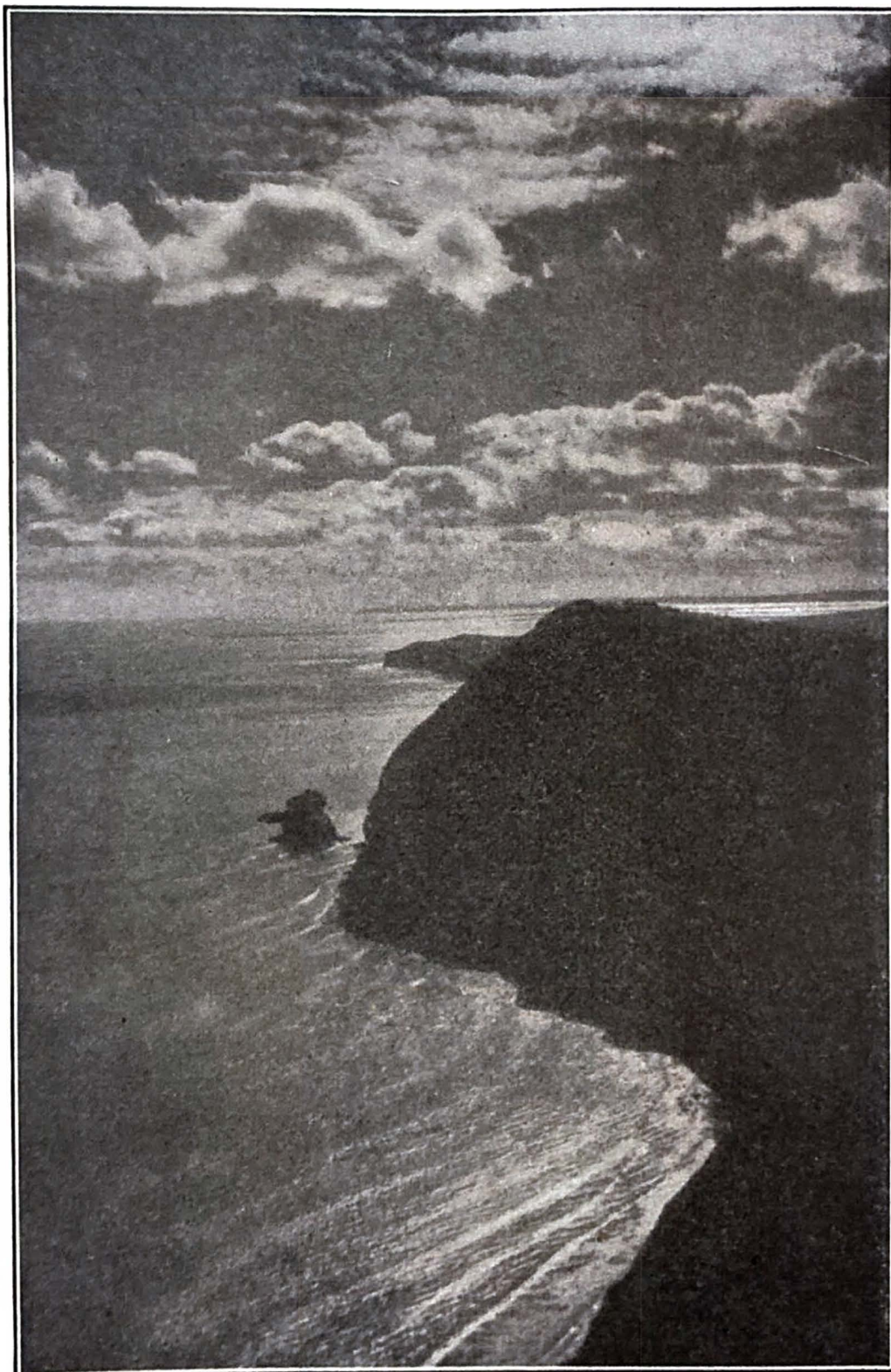
THE weather was very stormy, and the wind blowing a gale, as a steam trawler was trying to make headway along the Yorkshire coast. She carried a full load of fish, and was manned by eleven hands. Engine trouble had greatly hampered her movements for a day or two, and during the evening of September 24, 1935, she had been blown out of her course towards the treacherous rocks below Spee on the Cliffs. The skipper, who was a young

man of 28 years had sent out wireless messages asking his position and had received offers of help, which he declined. Not being well acquainted with the East coast he did not realise how great was his danger, and when told by wireless that he was in a bad place, again refused offers of help. Suddenly, however, about eleven o'clock p.m., the wind veered a little and made his danger greater than ever.

"*Skegness calling all stations,*" was suddenly heard over the wireless, and three life-boats went out to render what assistance they might. By this time, however, the storm had increased to such violence, that not one of them could get near to the wreck, which, by then, had been dashed on to the rocks. Men from the Coast-guard Station on the cliff brought a searchlight, and life-saving apparatus to the edge of the cliff, which, at this point is 400 feet high. From there they could just see the men huddled together in the wheelhouse and the great waves dashing over the ship with tremendous fury. They fired their line hoping to establish contact, but the wind, which was due East, blew it back every time.

Lost with All Hands on Board.

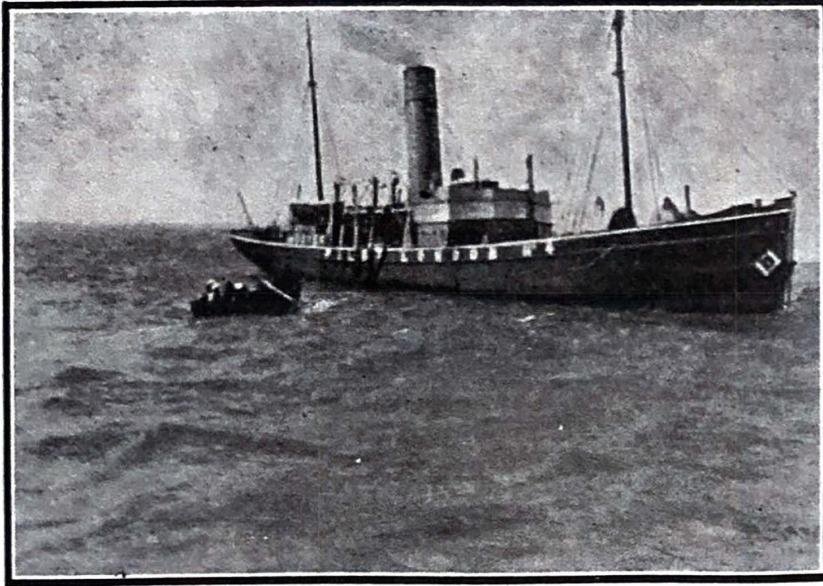
Until four o'clock in the morning the sailors' cries for help could be heard. Crying when it was not humanly possible to bring them the succour they needed! Brave men in the life-boats were risking their lives going through



Photo—B. W. Fleming,

A ROUGH SEA ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

The Loss of the "Skegness," Steam Trawler.



"IF ONLY THE WEATHER HAD BEEN LIKE THIS."

mountainous seas in a vain attempt to save them. Equally brave men on the cliff top were making every possible effort, in spite of the terrible danger of being hur-

led over into the sea. All to no avail.

When the dawn appeared at last, it was found that all hands had perished. Eleven precious souls launched into eternity, and why? In the first place, they did not realise how great their danger was. There are multitudes of people who are totally ignorant of the fact that—every moment they stay away from Christ, thinking that all is well, they are in danger of being lost for ever. If still unsaved, think, as you continue this article, how terrible it will be to spend Eternity away from God and joy, in the place of the lost.

The unfortunate men of my story had help and salvation offered them, but they thought they could save themselves. Perhaps, you too think that your own efforts will be quite sufficient for your salvation. Allow me to assure you, that there is only ONE Who can save you, and that ONE is JESUS. He not only braved the storm of judgment for you, but died on the Cross, and bore the penalty that you deserve, so that now, by trusting Him alone, and accepting Him as your personal Saviour you can be fully saved.

Christ the Saviour is near you to-day, and is saying in loving tones, "Come unto Me," and "him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (Matt. 11. 28).

Remember, "Now, is the accepted time, and now is the day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

P.L.

A GREAT DISASTER.

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

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

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

THE PERFECT WORKMAN AND THE PERFECT WORK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WORST SIN in the BEST STENOGRAPHER.

ONE AFTERNOON, A STENOGRAPHER, WHO WAS A STRANGER TO ME,
TELEPHONED MY OFFICE REQUESTING AN INTERVIEW
AT FIVE O'CLOCK, WHICH WAS GRANTED.



"SHE WAS QUITE EFFICIENT IN ALL HER SERVICE."

She seemed especially fitted for this type of work. She was pleasant in her manner, and quite efficient in all her service.

THE WORST SIN in the BEST STENOGRAPHER.

THREE physicians occupied a suite of rooms in a great office building devoted to the medical profession. Of all the stenographers who had served these men, none had given such satisfactory service as Miss N. B—, who seemed especially fitted for this type of work. She was pleasant in her manner, and quite efficient in all her service.

One afternoon, this stenographer, who was a stranger to me, telephoned my office requesting an interview at five o'clock which was granted. She arrived promptly and came into the office. Seeing that she was greatly agitated about something, and not knowing that she was working in a doctor's office, I asked her whether she wanted to see me as a physician or as a minister. "As a minister," she said, "for I work in a doctor's office."

I asked her to tell me the condition of her soul, and what her particular trouble was. "I am a terrible sinner," she replied; "no one knows it but God and me. It is making me most wretched; in fact, so much so that I fear my mind will give way under the strain. It is such a horrible sin, that I cannot tell even you what it is. I know that God will never forgive me for it, and I am not seeking that; I know there is no remedy. I only want you to tell me whether there is any way that I can get relief for my mind and heart now. I simply cannot endure this agony any longer."

Such a case as this had never before come to my attention. I asked her to kneel with me while we prayed together for wisdom and light. While I was praying, the Holy Spirit put it into my heart to find for her those Scriptures which assure us that ALL sins may be washed away under the Blood. I found a number of such passages, but before giving them to her, pleaded for more information concerning her case. She steadfastly refused to tell, but assured me that no other human being was involved in the sin, that she had sinned only against Jesus, and no one else.

We turned to the Scriptures; such as Colossians 2. 13, 14; Isaiah 44. 22; Isaiah 53. 5, 6. None of these gave her any help or relief.

Again I urged her to tell me the character of the sin. I assured her, that as a doctor, I could not help my

The Worst Sin in the Best Stenographer.

patients until I knew the symptoms and could find the seat of the disease. The fireman would not be content with throwing water on smoke. He must find the fire before he could put it out. Thus, I encouraged her, for it was quite evident that her sin was not one that was



Fox Photo.

"THE DOCTORS HAD QUITE A NUMBER OF STENOGRAPHERS."

common among men, but was of some peculiar character which needed special Scripture passages for solving.

Supper time having arrived, the gong sounded calling us to the table, but I requested that supper be reserved for a while, because the situation was too acute to leave just at this juncture; the contact was too vital. Continuing with her, I said: "I really think we should not talk

Saved from Sin and the Power of Satan.

any longer unless you are willing to tell me your need, in order that I may bring to you God's Word which will meet that need." She then laid aside her reserve, and told a most remarkable story of her attitude towards the person of Christ. It was the most unusual and peculiar attitude I have ever heard from any human lips. It would have been unbelievable, were it not that it came from the lips of one having had that experience.

"This is none other than a demon, Miss B——. No other power on earth would put such thoughts into your mind. The Devil hates Christ and would like to keep you from trusting Him; therefore he has given you this strange attitude. The Lord Jesus is the only One who can conquer Satan. He will give you the victory just now, if you will trust Him."

We turned to Acts 13. 38, 39 and read this passage, in which the Holy Spirit has recorded: "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins and by Him all that believe ARE justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." Her attention was called to the word "ALL" in this verse. The first "all" included herself; the second "all" included her sins. We read the verse over several times, while I pressed upon her these two words: "are" and "all."

It was seven o'clock before her heart yielded and her mind accepted the statement of God's Word concerning that word "all." Finally she yielded. "It doesn't seem possible to me," she said, "but since God has said it, I must believe that it is so. What wonderful grace upon His part that He should make such a provision for one so utterly wicked!" "Will you tell the Lord Jesus that you believe Him?" I inquired. "If you trust Him just now, you should tell Him so, then He will give you His peace and the assurance that all the sins are blotted out." She readily agreed, and as we knelt together beside the wicker chair, she poured out her heart in gratitude to the One who would blot out such terrible sins.

Bring Him YOUR sins, my friend, whatever they are and however many they are. Christ will pardon. W.L.W.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 19.

Last month we gave the Story of the veteran, J. W. JORDAN, nearing 90. This month we give the testimony of what may be called a stripling, for Christ satisfies old and young, in any place, in any land, just as they are.

THE TESTIMONY OF ROY W. PARTRIDGE.

I WAS blessed with Christian parents, and from infancy I was taught to daily read my Bible and to say my prayers. But, alas, although I was brought up in this



ROY W. PARTRIDGE, TORBAY COURT, PAIGNTON.

Christian atmosphere, I was conscious of the fact that all those things, good as they were, *would not get me into Heaven*. I confess that often times I was terribly worried about my soul, although this was never made known.

The Testimony of Roy W. Partridge, Paignton.

Romans 3. 23 says, "For *all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and to this I knew I was no exception. I was quite sure that I was a sinner, and that I needed salvation, insomuch that many a night I would have no sleep, but would just toss and turn, worrying about my sins. I was also aware that, should the Lord Jesus have returned at that time to take His people to be with Himself, I should have been *left behind* to spend an Eternity without Him.

It was not until 1933 that I was really "Born again" (John 3. 3). On Monday evening, 10th April, a friend and I were out walking together; after discussing various subjects, we were brought face to face with the matter of our soul's eternal welfare. That night I was under deep conviction of sin such as cannot be explained. I remember it as though it were yesterday, and I am quite sure that at that time God was working in me. After a fairly long discussion on these eternal matters, we each returned to our separate homes.

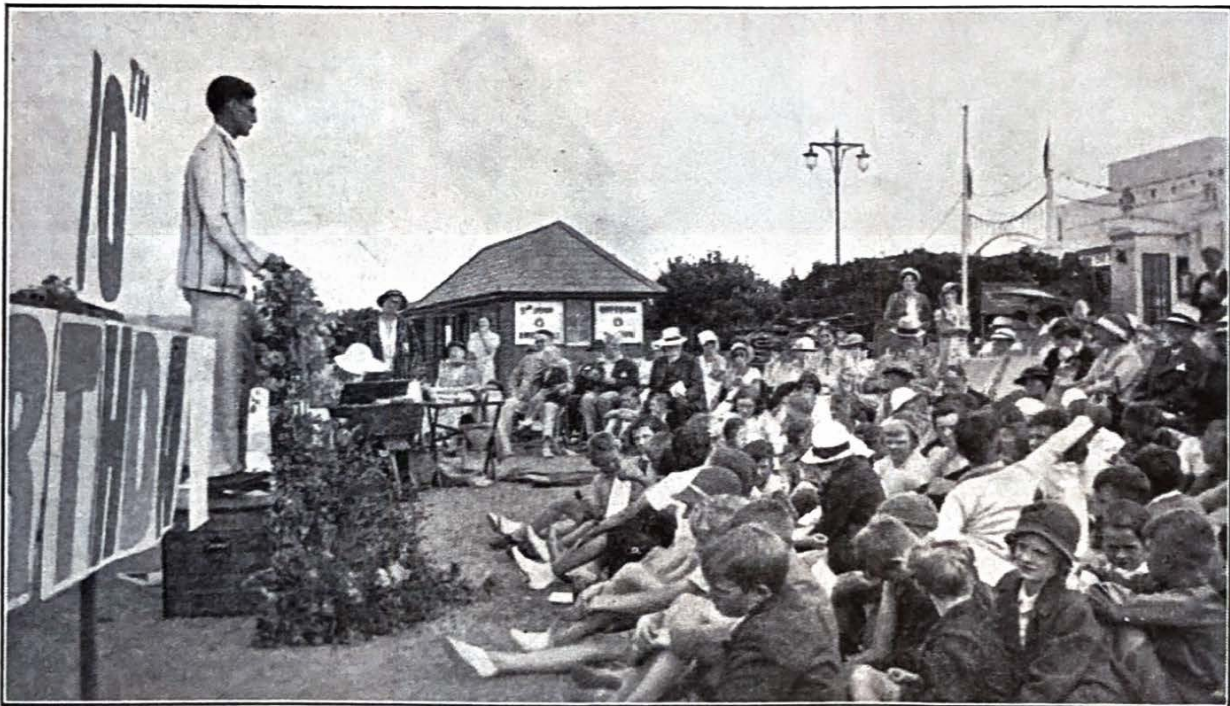
As was our usual custom before retiring to rest for the night, we read, round the fireside, a portion from God's Holy Book. We at that time were reading through the book of the Revelation, the portion for that night being Revelation 20. I listened with keen interest (more than I had done on nights prior to this occasion). Presently my dear mother, who was reading the portion of Scripture, came to the last verse of the chapter (verse 15): "*And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire.*" I can tell you it went home to my heart like a nail in a sure place. It was undoubtedly as an arrow from God's Quiver. It was the commencement of the verse that struck me mostly, and I could not get those words out of my mind, "*And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life,*" the more I thought on these things, the more confident I was that my name was not recorded in that Book. I was perfectly sure that the names of my mother, father, and sisters were, but yet *not mine*. It honestly terrorised me.

Well, this was the climax; I saw then in the quietness of my bedroom, as never I had seen before, that God Himself loved *me* to that extent that He gave His only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to suffer and to die on Cal-

The Testimony of Roy W. Partridge, Paignton.

vary's tree *for my sins*. "He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities, the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I *was* healed." So there and then, at 10.30 on Monday night, the 10th April, 1933, I knelt down by my bedside and accepted the salvation He offered me, and thanked Him for dying *for me*; also I asked Him to take complete control of my life, that I might be used during my lifetime in service for Him, my Master.

From that time onward I had no doubt about my name



A CHILDREN'S MEETING ON THE SHORE AT PAIGNTON.

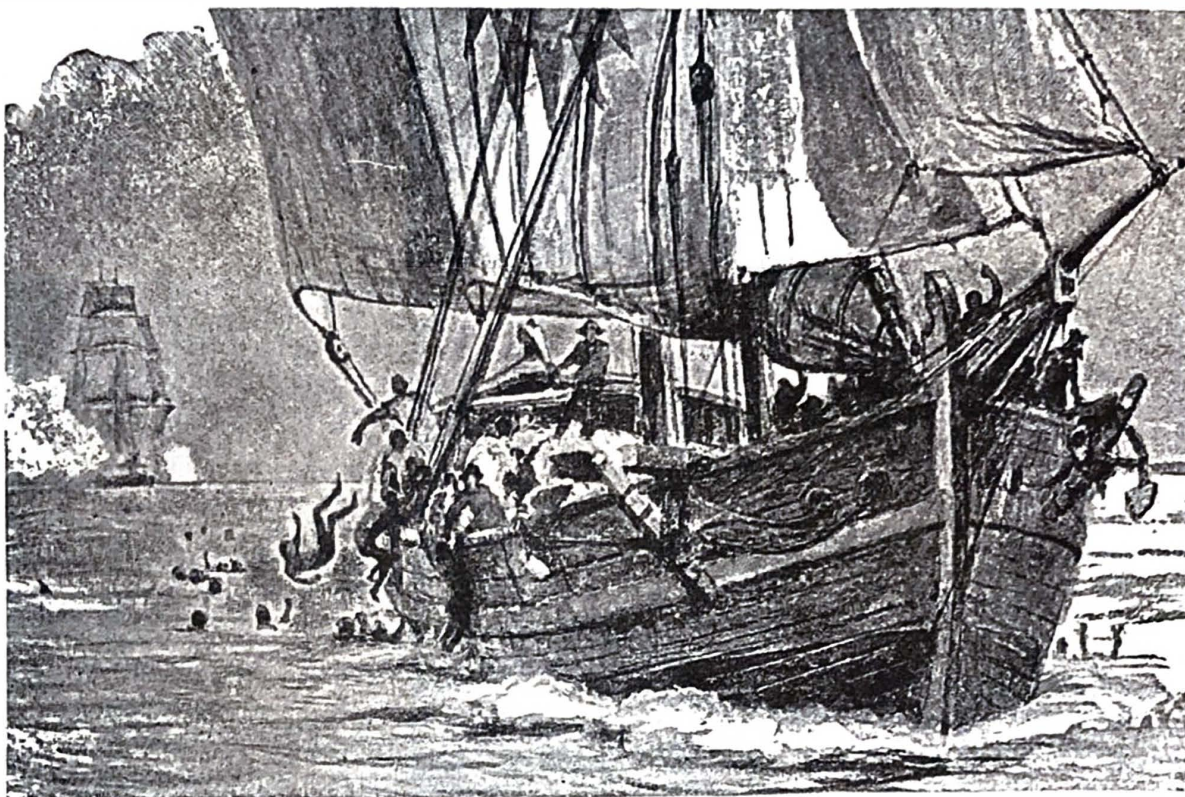
being in the Book of Life, for I know it is there never to be erased.

Are you still going on day by day heedless as to your soul's Eternal destiny, for you have a soul within you which has to last as long as God Himself lasts, and that for all Eternity, which will never end? You will either have to spend Eternity in His presence, or to be for ever banished from His sight.

This salvation is offered you as it was offered me. Why not trust the Lord Jesus Christ as *your* Saviour to-day, and have the joy, peace, and satisfaction which Christ alone can give.

R.W.P.

IT WON'T SINK.



A SIMILAR CASE WHERE NATIVES WERE THROWN OVERBOARD.

THE following interesting incident was told by a sailor who had been a smuggler.

"One day there was a revenue cutter heading straight for us, and we had on board a cargo of tobacco. We knew that if we were caught every man of us would go to jail, the ship would be sunk, and the tobacco confiscated. So we pitched the stuff overboard as fast as we could. When this was done the captain sent up the cabin boy to report the approach of the cutter. In an instant he was downstairs again, his face as white as a sheet, and gasping for breath. 'What is it?' said the captain. 'The tobacco is overboard, but it won't sink,' said the boy. Yes, there was the tobacco floating all around the ship proclaiming our guilt."

Oh, how like sin which cannot be hid, nor will it sink and be lost from the sight of God. Hence the great necessity for the sinner to experience the cleansing power of the precious Blood of Christ, by which sin has been put away from the face of God, and therefore He can righteously forgive and cleanse "all who believe" in His beloved Son. Believe in Christ *now* and be saved. S.L.

THE RESCUE OF THREE BATHERS.

ON the afternoon of 15th Sept., 1935, two men and a girl went bathing in the bay at Port William, Wigtownshire, in a very heavy surf. They kept in the broken water close inshore, but they were swept off their feet by a much larger wave, and carried out by the undertow. Although they were strong swimmers, they were helpless in the rough seas. Their cries were heard, and it was seen that they were being carried towards the



FISHERMEN'S BOATS SETTING OUT FOR THE FISHING SPOT.

How Three Bathers were Rescued.

rocky headland on the east of the bay. Fishermen were summoned, and tried first to reach them with ropes from the headland, but among the rocks this was found to be impossible, and the bathers were signalled to keep out.

The fishermen's boats were on the far side of the other promontory of the bay, and the sea was too rough for it to be possible to row round; but eight men, fishermen and visitors, carried a lobster boat across the promontory. It was a fairly heavy boat, 16 feet 9 inches by 5 feet, and it had to be carried for a quarter of a mile. Meanwhile one fisherman remained on the top of the headland to keep the bathers in sight. The boat was then launched with two of the fishermen on board, John Moreland and Joseph Maguire. A very heavy surf was breaking fifty yards from the shore, and the south-west wind, blowing against the tide, had raised a rough sea. The girl was quickly seen and rescued. She was conscious and wanted the fishermen to rescue her brother first. Then the boat, directed by the man on the headland, went in search of the two men. By this time they had drifted some distance away. The first to be found was only half conscious. He could do nothing to help himself, but the two fishermen succeeded with great difficulty in dragging him into the boat by his hair.

The second man had now disappeared, but the fishermen rowed in the direction in which he had last been seen, and came upon him floating unconscious with his head under water. It was only the good fortune that he and the boat were in the trough of a wave at the same moment that enabled the fishermen to find him. He, too, with great difficulty, was dragged on board by the hair. He had then been in the sea nearly an hour, and after he had been brought ashore, it needed two hours of artificial respiration to bring him back to consciousness.

The two fishermen, already half exhausted by the work of carrying the boat overland, ran a great risk of being themselves capsized and drowned while they were struggling to drag two unconscious men on board in the rough sea.

Silver watches, letters of thanks, were duly awarded to the rescuers by that noble Institution, "The Royal National Lifeboat Institution."

How Three Bathers were Rescued.

Did you ever read a better story of Salvation than that which you have just read?

They were simply in for a bathe, were caught by the undertow, and were being carried out to death. Surely the "undertow" of sin has caught us all, some more, some less, but "*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23).

They were unable to help themselves, and unless helped by others, would soon have been lost altogether. Same with us, but there is a Saviour who is mighty to save—JESUS (Acts 4. 12).

They were saved at the risk of other lives. You can be saved *now* through another's life given for you, the Word of God assures us that Christ Jesus "*bare our sins in His own body on the Tree*" (1 Peter 2. 24), and each one who believes can say: "*He was wounded for my transgressions . . . and by His stripes I am made whole.*"

Will you here and now, as one lost and undone, take the Lord Jesus Christ to be your own Saviour? Do it *now* and happy be.

T-L-B.

DEFILED YET CLEANSED!

YOU WILL NEVER GET TO HEAVEN UNLESS YOU ARE
CLEANSED FROM YOUR SINS, FOR OF HEAVEN IT IS
DECLARED:

"And there shall in no wise enter into it (Heaven) any thing
that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination,
or maketh a lie" (Rev. 21. 27).

But YOU may be cleansed even now for

"The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL
SIN" (1 John 1. 7).

"Apart from the shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22).

"Who are these which are arrayed in white robes (in Heaven)?
and whence came they? . . . These are they which . . . washed their
robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Therefore
are they before the Throne" (Rev. 7. 13-15).

No Blood—No Forgiveness—No Heaven

Are YOU Washed in the Blood of the Lamb ?

Scripture Tracts, No. 15. Same size as *Herald*. 6d. per 100 (post free, 7d.)

"ANNIE OF THE BOW."

WHILE distributing Gospel literature, including copies of the *Herald of Salvation* containing the story of "the Craigellachie Blacksmith and the Tramp," in the charming valley of the Spey, we came across this wonderful nonagenarian (92), and heard from her own lips the remarkable story of her conversion and consecration to the work for which she will be remembered by many as long as they live.

We were very greatly impressed by that story, and all the more so as it was the last occasion on which she told it. Although in her usual health and as lively in mood and clear in mind as ever, she was taken suddenly ill the following day and passed into the presence of Him Who had done so great things for her. Believing that her story will also greatly interest the readers of the *Herald* we now record it for their blessing.

ANNIE G. was the child of God-fearing parents, and was brought up in an atmosphere of strict religious discipline, perhaps more common a century ago than to-day. The effect of this discipline was seen in the outward good behaviour of Annie, but this did not satisfy the heart of the bright young girl. When about sixteen years of age it was suggested to her she should join the Church and so become a communicant at the Lord's Table. She felt this was a very solemn step to take and searched herself carefully to see whether she was a fit person to do this. *She decided she was not, and drew back.* The Minister called and assured her she was quite fit, and urged that it was *the right thing for the daughter of an elder* (which her father was) to join the Church.

Annie, however, felt that was no sound reason why she could go to the Lord's Table, for her father, much as he loved her, could not answer for her sins which were now troubling her. She was convinced the Lord's Table was *only for the Lord's People*, and that it would be nothing but presumption for her, in her present state, to be there—indeed she felt she would only be eating and drinking "judgment to herself."

It had got abroad that Annie had declined to be a communicant, and not a few of the congregation had interested themselves in her case. One, a young woman like herself who had recently joined the Church, approached

"Annie of the Bow" Declines to be a Communicant.

Annie and pressed her to join, saying it would be very helpful to her in obtaining a good situation. That to Annie seemed a most despicable reason for taking a place at the Lord's Table.

During this time, Annie, while attending dutifully to her earthly calling, was earnestly by prayer and other means seeking to get right with God, but the problem seemed to get beyond her comprehension, how she, a guilty sinner as she knew and felt she was, could be at peace with a righteous and sin-hating God.

At last, like the prodigal, she became desperate in her



WRITING OUT THE STORY OF "ANNIE OF THE BOW."

"Annie of the Bow" Accepts Christ as Saviour.

spiritual destitution, and is it not the cry of the destitute (Psa. 102. 17) that the Lord regards? It was so here. In an agony of distress she cried to the Lord (she was now about nineteen years of age) and, true to Himself, He responded to that penitent call, and revealed to the seeking soul the Lord Jesus dying for her sins upon the Cross of Calvary. *What a sight*—the sinless One dying under the judgment of God for *her* sins! She rose from her knees a new creature in Christ Jesus, filled with peace and joy in believing. The change was so remarkable that she felt the only proper place for her now was Heaven.



"ANNIE OF THE BOW" STARTS A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

How wonderful and *complete* is God's salvation, for the Blood of Christ not only gives the believer the right of access into the very presence of God but he is also given a new nature capable of enjoying that presence.

Annie now longed to be there, but God saves the sinner to serve Him here as well as to dwell with Him there, and after praying one day she heard a very distinct voice say in a loving but imperative tone: "I have a work for you to do." So very distinct was the voice that Annie, thinking it was someone calling to her from the other room, went there, but not a creature was seen near the place. Now convinced this was no other than a direct and divine call to work for the Lord, she pondered in her heart what

"Annie of the Bow" Starts a Sunday School.

the work could be. She had not long to wait. There were in the district many children to whom she could make known the way of life, and she determined to invite a few to a Sunday School in a room at her house the following Lord's Day. She made, as she thought, all necessary preparation for the start, including the memorising of an opening prayer. Seventeen children assembled, and, after getting them to shut their eyes and clasp their hands, she was to repeat her memorised prayer, but, to her dismay, not a word would come! To the consternation of the children, she darted into the next



room, and again in desperation fell on her knees, pleading this time not deliverance from *sin* but from *self*. Once more she got the ever attentive ear of the loving Father in Heaven, rose from her knees in a sweet calm, and conducted her school with the greatest of ease and joy. That this was the work to which the Lord had so signally called her was soon demonstrated in the attendance increasing to about 60 scholars.

As was to be expected, many were blessed in the school, and when the writer saw Miss G. the day before her Home-call, she said she had letters from practically all over the world from old scholars or their descendants, tracing their spiritual blessings to the Sunday School at "The Bow," the name of the shop adjoining the house where Annie lived. Miss G. was popularly known as "Annie of the Bow," not only for her successful Sunday School work, but for many more true Christian services by which she being dead yet speaketh.

A.I.

"GOD has no difficulty in saving sinners, but He has great difficulty in getting them to admit they are sinners."

THE SHUT DOOR.

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

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

WHAT NANSEN FOUND.

THE FOLLOWING DAY HE MADE ANOTHER ATTEMPT, THIS TIME WITH A LONGER LINE; BUT AGAIN HE FAILED. AGAIN HE WROTE DOWN THE DATE AND LENGTH OF LINE WITH THE SAME ENTRY UNDERNEATH: "DEEPER THAN THAT."

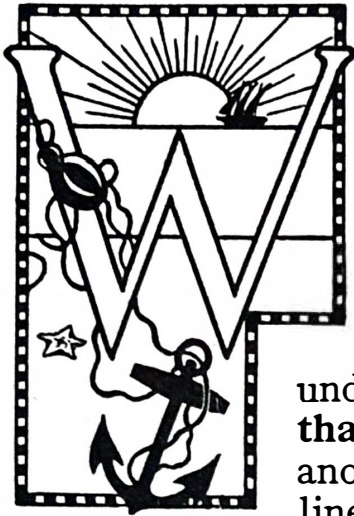


Specially Drawn for *Herald*.

THREE TIMES HE WROTE: "DEEPER THAN THAT!"

"Again he wrote in his book the date, length of line, and underneath these same telling words: 'Deeper than that'."

WHAT NANSEN FOUND.



HEN Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, was trying to discover the North Pole, he found himself in very deep water. Time and again he endeavoured to take a sounding, but the line was always too short.

The first time he tried without success; so he took his book, recorded the date and length of line, then underneath these words he wrote: "**Deeper than that.**" The following day he made another attempt, this time with a longer line; but again he failed. Again he wrote down the date and length of line with the the same entry underneath: "**Deeper than that.**"

Determined not to be defeated, he made still another attempt, this time with all the rope that could be found aboard joined into one line. Down it went through the waters to a great depth, but still without touching bottom. It was beyond his power to measure. Again he wrote in his book the date, length of line, and underneath these same telling words: "**Deeper than that.**"

When reading God's precious Word one finds the same unfathomable depths and especially when we read of God's love to the sinful sons of men. John the Apostle with his mind and heart set on Calvary's Cross writes thus: "GOD IS LOVE. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him" (1 John 4. 8, 9). Again we read: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

Try and imagine *why* God should love you and you find yourself in the depths which know no sounding. Think how *intensely* He has loved, even to giving of His Son to die as your Sin-bearer, and again one is utterly lost. We write beneath that Cross, "**Unfathomable Love.**"

Have you ever realised that you have been selected by God Himself as the object of His affection? He thought of you when the Saviour hung yonder in death. If God

could go that length in demonstrating how much He loved you, how immeasurably deep must that love be?

Why did God manifest His love for you? It was to rescue you from the awful judgment, the Lake of Fire for ever (Rev. 20. 15), the calamity which must befall the unbeliever if he dies in his sins. But Christ went into the fire of Divine judgment. He bore the sinner's penalty (1 Peter 2. 24) because God could not forget one sin until it had been righteously punished and put away (Rom. 8. 3).

Has Christ done so? Thank God He has; and in that one sacrifice there is enough efficacy to purge away your every sin and the sins of the entire world if they believe on Christ.

Listen to the inspired Words of truth. "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all sin*" (1 John 1. 7). *Once* in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself . . . Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of *many*" (Heb. 9. 26, 28). "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the *sin of the world*" (John 1. 29).

There is enough in Christ and His finished work to meet *your* need, no matter how deep down in sin you may be. There is no case too hard for the Saviour.

He *loves* you, loves you now and will love you on until you draw your last breath. His is the only love which never changes and never ends because love is His very nature.

What is your attitude going to be to such love? That is the most vital question anyone can face and upon which your Eternal destiny hangs. If you believe that love and trust in the Saviour and what He did for you at the Cross, God says you "shall not perish but have Everlasting Life" (John 3. 16).

But suppose you reject that love, what then? What do we think of a son who tramples his mother's love underfoot? There is no word to express his sin. And what shall we say of the one who tramples underfoot the love of God. Such a sin is surely the highest form of man's rebellion. Allow the warm rays of God's wonderful love to melt your heart so that you may say with the Apostle Paul: "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). G. A. NEILSON.

The Better way

THE Better Way about the Way to Heaven and the Saviour. Millions have proved it so by personal experience. Not one who has really tried it has been disappointed throughout the ages. It has stood all the tests which have been applied to it.

It gives assurance about the Eternal Future. Apart from the Word of God no one can be sure about the after-life. We can only reason and guess, hope or fear. Christ came from the unseen world, and knows all about it. For those who trust Him it is better on before, and they know it.

It meets the needs of our truest life. We have bodies, but we are souls. Whether religious or otherwise, we need the forgiveness of sins. Jesus cancels past guilt and gives peace to the conscience.

We need a new start. The new life that Christ gives brings new hope and enthusiasm for the highest.

We need power over sin. The Lord Jesus frees as He rules. We need rest for the mind. Christ, the Truth, both satisfies and stimulates the seeker after truth. We need a Cause to serve. The only Cause worthy of our best is the Kingdom of God.

To those who know Christ, life is no longer the aimless wandering of a truant, but a God-appointed mission, an imperial enterprise for the King of kings. They have found a way of life, and it works.

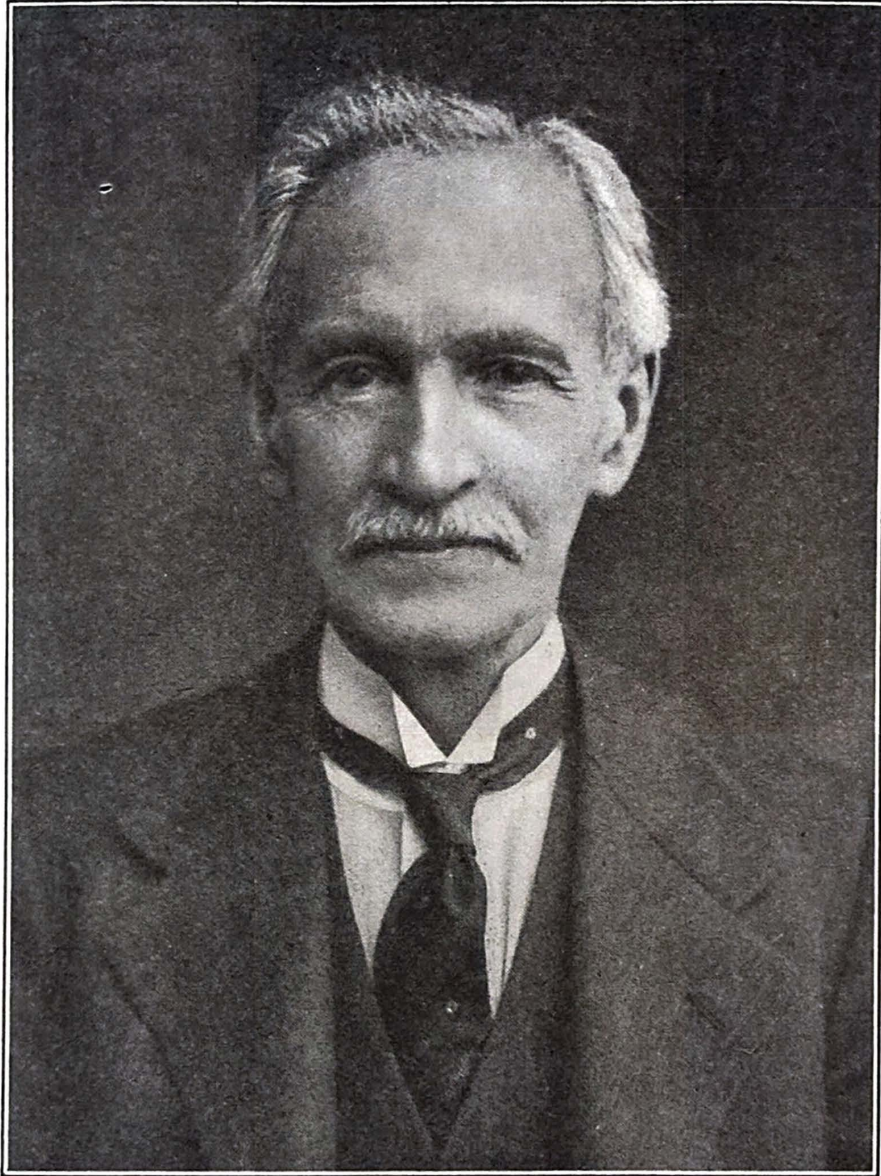
It will be a wonderful moment in your life when you become acquainted with Jesus Christ for the first time. You may do it now.

God makes you an amazing offer. Do you want God's gift? You cannot have it apart from Christ. Do you want it enough to be willing to receive Him?

E. ADAMS.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 20.



R. B. CALDER, LONDON.

TESTIMONY OF R. B. CALDER, London.

BROUGHT up in Dingwall, in the Scottish Highlands, by a God-fearing widowed mother who was left with a family of four boys and two girls of whom I was the second eldest and seven years of age at father's death.

I attended Sunday School and Church twice each Lord's Day. The years passed and I became a Pupil Teacher, after which I left home early in 1874 to attend the Free Church Training College for Teachers, Glasgow.

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY visited Glasgow about that time and I heard Mr. Moody in a large church in the west end of the city. Evangelistic services were new and strange to me coming from the far North, and I was not much impressed by the address; what struck me was to see our Principal MORRISON there. At our morning Bible Lesson which all the Students, men and women attended, Mr. Morrison who always himself took the Scripture Lesson, remarked: "*What is the power that accompanies these two Americans*, just the same as that of which we are reading in the Acts of the Apostles."

The next time I heard Mr. Moody was at his farewell meeting at the KIBBLE CRYSTAL PALACE, in Botanic Gardens, Glasgow. He came along in a four-wheeler, but the crowd was so dense, some twenty thousand or more, that he could scarcely get on, and calling to the driver to stop—just where I stood—he mounted to the top of the vehicle, and preached from Psalm 40. 2: "*He brought me up out of an horrible pit, set my feet upon a rock; He put a new song in my mouth.*" Several times he reiterated the words: "*He did it all,*" HE DID IT ALL." On the conclusion of his address he invited any who were anxious about the salvation of their souls to come into the Palace, and those who responded, of whom I was one, soon filled the place. I came away unsaved, but now for the first time desperately concerned for my soul's salvation. When I lay down at night I thought *if I died before the morning I should wake up in Hell.*

One Saturday afternoon I had gone for a walk to a Park in the south-east of Glasgow, and on returning was invited into a Gospel meeting in a room filled with earnest men and women. At the close a young man spoke to me with tears and prayed. On the margin of a leaf of his Bible he pointed to a red spot and asked what I saw there. I answered: "A red spot." Said he: "*I wrote the word sin there and covered it with a drop of my blood.*"

Evangelistic services were being held in the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and I attended them. One Sunday night on the close of the service, a gentleman came and asked me if I were saved. I replied: "No, but I want to be." He took out his Bible and endeavoured to make the way of salvation plain, especially opening up John 3. 16.

Why do you Believe in this Piece of Paper?

He took a Scottish pound note and laying it on his Bible said: "*Why do you believe that this piece of paper is worth twenty shillings?*" I replied: "It has the promise and signature of the Bank." Then said he: "Take God at His Word," and kneeling with me, prayed, "O Lord, give *Thy servant* light." In my heart I said: "I am *not God's servant*," but instantly almost before the sentence could be completed, *the light shone in*, and I knew I was saved. I remembered the words: "Whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," and I took God at His Word. On rising, my friend said: "I think you see it." "Yes," I answered, "It is *only to believe*." "Only to believe," said he, and we parted never again to meet here below.

I hurried home, passing quickly by the young men at the door on the watch for anxious ones, eager to read the Word of God by myself.

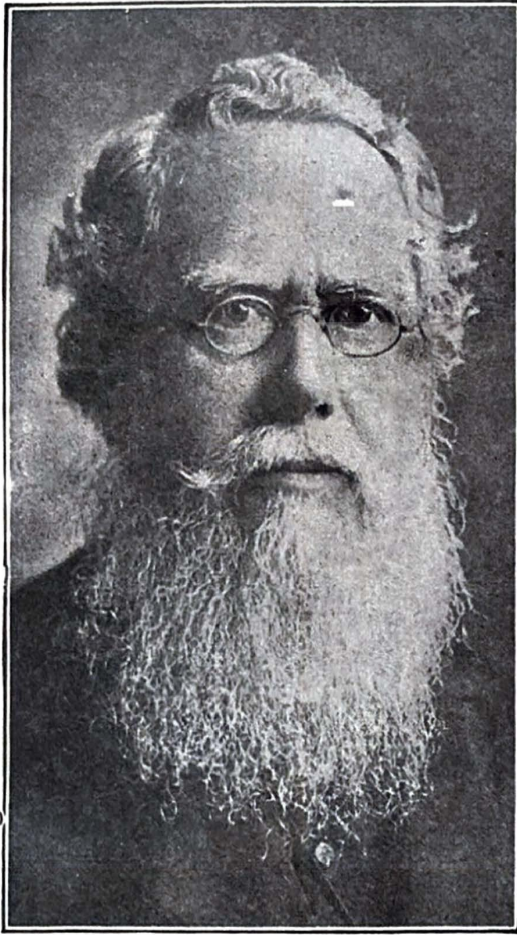
On entering my room I found a visitor there, it was my enemy Satan, and he fired his arrow: "Oh, you think you are saved, you have to be 'born again' before you are saved." Putting my Bible on the table, and opening it, just where it fell open, I read the words: "*Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God*" (1 John 5. 1) The glory of God filled my heart, and my adversary disappeared. *I knew I was saved*, that my sins were forgiven, that I was now a child of God, that I had Everlasting Life and that my Saviour the Lord Jesus was present with me.

SIXTY YEARS have passed since that happy night and He is with me still; and although feeble has been my love for Him and unprofitable my service He says: "I will never leave thee, no never, never forsake thee" (Heb. 13. 5). "I will come again and receive you unto Myself" (John 14. 3). R. B. CALDER (now over 80 years of age).

"BEHOLD HIM—TRUST HIM."

WE have heard of people being counselled to "try Christ." But that seems to imply that there is a possibility of Christ failing to satisfy. Now, we don't say, "Try Christ." We say, "Behold Him—trust Him." And we have no fear as to the issue. No one ever regretted coming to the Son of God.

A MISSIONARY'S CONVERSION.



J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

THE founder of the China Inland Mission, HUDSON TAYLOR, had the great privilege of being brought up in a Christian home, but he was not saved until his seventeenth year. For a time he was somewhat miserable and anxiously exercised about his soul's salvation, and one day while looking in his father's library for a book, and being unable to find one to suit him, he took from a basket of pamphlets a tract, his intention being to read the article and stop doing so when it became "prosy." But in that tract there was one wonderful statement which struck him very forcibly. It was, "*The Finished Work of Christ.*" "If the

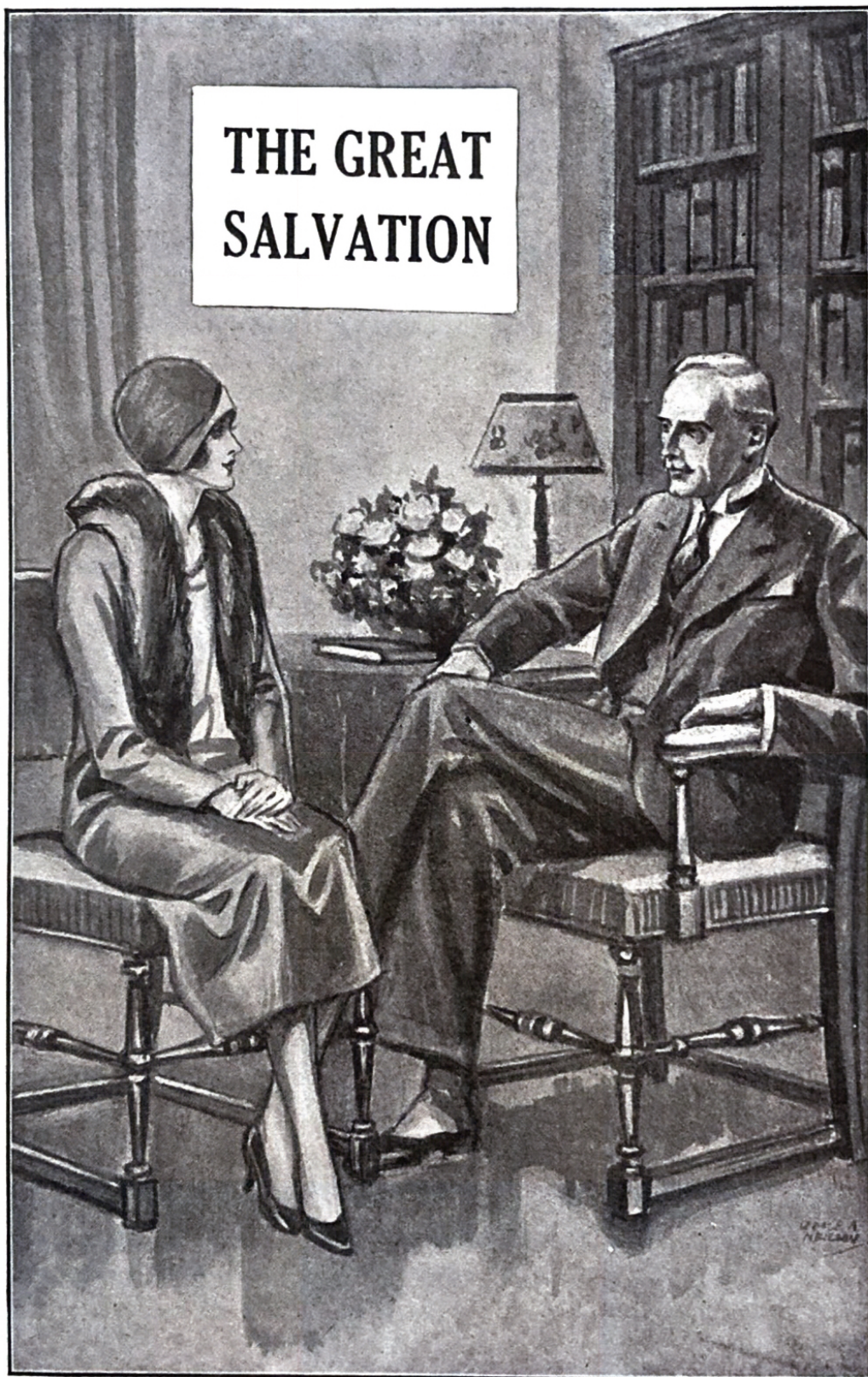
whole work were finished, and the whole debt were paid, what is there left for me to do?" was the question he put to himself, and then he answered his own query thus: "There is nothing in the world to be done, but to fall down on one's knees and accepting this Saviour and His salvation, praise Him for evermore." He at once knelt down and thanked God for His great gift. This blessed finished work which saved Hudson Taylor can have the same effect upon the reader—if still unsaved—if you do as he did, accept the Saviour and His salvation. Will you? Are you saved by the Saviour's finished, faultless work?

S. LAVERY.

FIRM BELIEVERS BY AND BY.

SCEPTICS and infidels will become firm enough believers by and by—when it is *too late*. A death-bed, or even a storm at sea, will often cause them to call loudly on the God whose existence they denied.

HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF WE NEGLECT?



LOOK FOR A MOMENT OR TWO AT THE GREAT SALVATION.

HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?

By HERBERT LOCKYER, the well-known Evangelist and Author.

IN connection with this old-time message. There is the *great salvation*; and then the *great sin*, negligence, and then the *great subject*: "How shall we escape?" (Hebrews 2. 3). Let us look at these for a moment or two.

The Great Salvation.

God's salvation has been aptly described as a "great salvation," and its greatness can be proved in many directions.

First of all, it is a great salvation because of **its Divine Author**. Salvation was no afterthought on the part of God; the Cross was not an unpremeditated plan on the part of the Almighty to meet a crisis. The Lamb was slain from before the foundation of the world.

It is likewise great because **of the price that was paid** to procure it, for this salvation has come down to us procured by the Blood of the Redeemer. Therefore you cannot lightly despise this salvation since the Lord Jesus made it possible by His tears and anguish and bloody sweat and sacrifice. Salvation is indeed the greatest work of God.

And then this is fitly termed, "the great salvation," because of its **simplicity**. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Isa. 35. 8). We rejoice in the simplicity of the Gospel that we have to present, and it is over its simplicity that so many seem to stumble. All that you have to do in order to experience deliverance from the penalty and tyranny of sin is simply to, by faith, receive the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John 1. 12).

Then again, the greatness of this salvation can be seen in its **freeness**. It is offered to you without money and without price. Nothing to pay. The greatest boons of life are free. We pay nothing for the air we breathe and the water we drink, and the sunshine we bask in, and here is God's most remarkable production offered to us gratis. Nothing to do, nothing to pay, and here again we find so many despising this great salvation because of its freeness.

It is likewise a great salvation because of **the blessings it bestows**. Think of all that is wrapped up in this

wonderful salvation. There is deliverance—emancipation from sin—and that deliverance can be yours here and now simply by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. Come as you are in your need, recognising that you cannot purchase this salvation; take it as a gift from the hand of God, and you can here and now have the assurance that you are saved.

And this salvation is also great because it is **incomparable**. It stands alone. God has no other way by which He can save men and women from their sin. Therefore, if you remain out of Christ and linger and perish in your sin, then you die a doomed soul, for there is "none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12).

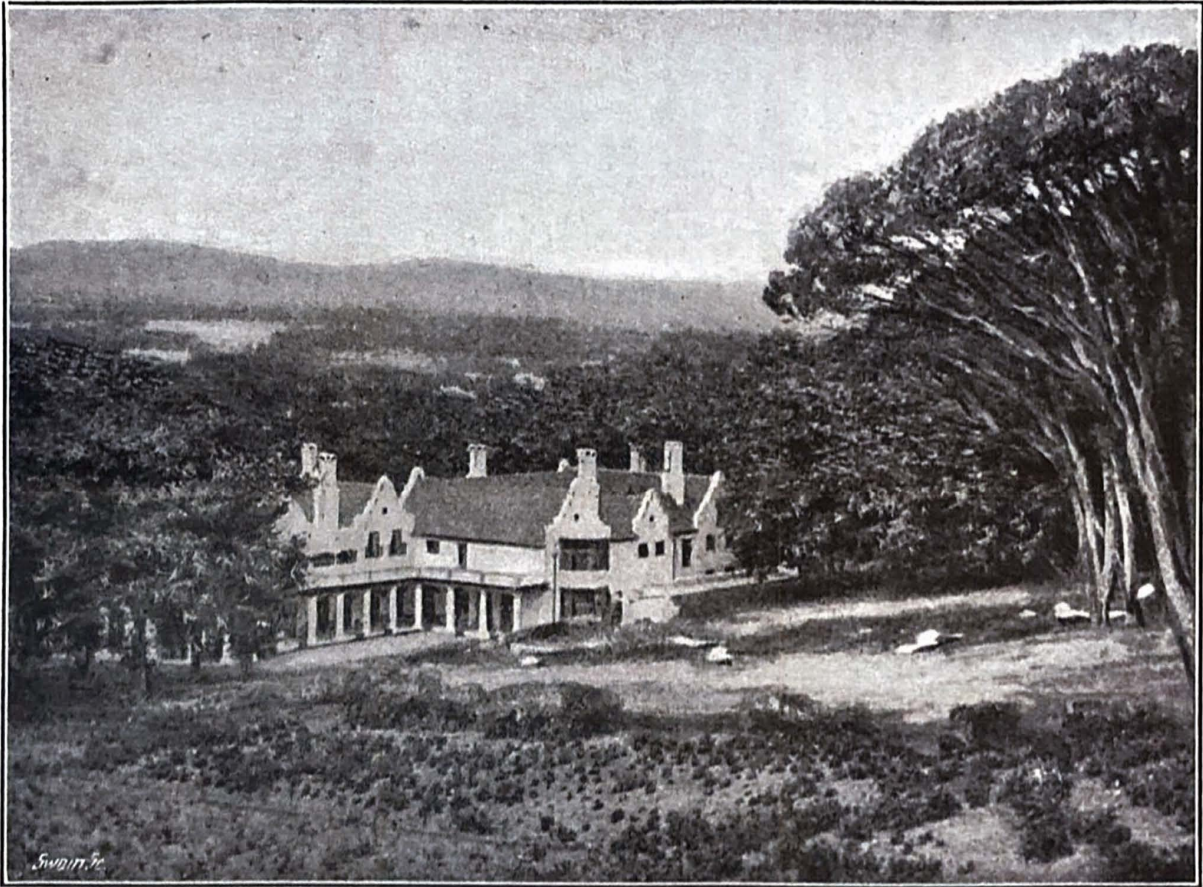
The Great Sin. "How shall we escape, if we neglect?" So negligence is the great condemning sin. There is no need for a person to be guilty of any outrageous sin; to act as a blatant profligate, to pick up God's mercy and fling it back into His face, to abuse preachers and churches and Christians. The verse does not read: "How shall we escape, if we *reject*?" but "How shall we escape if we *neglect*?" If I asked you to set down on paper what you believe is the greatest sin, we should have a variety of answers. Some would speak of drunkenness, others would mark down gambling, others would refer to gross immorality, others to increasing worldliness, some to religious hypocrisy; but when the day breaks and the shadows flee away, and men stand before the judgment bar of God, they will not be judged and condemned because they were drunkards or gamblers or immoral persons; **the one great condemning sin will be negligence**; for a man becomes a drunkard because in the first place he neglects God's great salvation. Negligence then is the tap root of all sin. What must I do to be saved? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). What must I do to be lost? Do nothing. The word "neglect" means "to recognise and yet leave alone," and I fear that that brands so many in these days.

Acceptance spells bliss to old or young, rich or poor, it's bliss to all. *Negligence* spells ruin in every realm of life. Which are *you* choosing?

NOT "DOING," BUT "DONE."

ON the 15th March, 1904, His Excellency the Governor of Cape Colony turned the first sod of the Rhodes' Recreation Ground, which was presented by the late Cecil Rhodes to the suburbs of Cape Town, and paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Rhodes' memory. According to a South African daily paper, he said:

"Mr. Rhodes was a man who *did* things. He was a *doer* and a *maker*, a man who so used his great wealth that when



GROOT SCHOOR, THE HOME OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES, SOUTH AFRICA.

he died he was heartily mourned by thousands—he had almost said hundreds of thousands—of his fellow subjects. For the enjoyment of his fellow-countrymen, he preserved the slopes of the mountain, clad in their sylvan beauty, and it was for their use even while he lived. *He was dead*, and the ground was for their use for ever. By his tragic end they could realise the impotence of man, however wealthy or powerful, to do in his short life what he would have wished to do. His last words had been, '*So little done, so much to do.*'"

Everything has been done—Nothing to Do.

So these were the last words of the man who *did* things. His day of "doing" ended for ever. Its sun went down, and the great empire-builder was left with so little done, and so much to do. His was not a finished work. Listen once more. You may be a "doer" and a "maker," but your doings and makings will never take you to Heaven. To build empires is not easy; but *it is easier to build an empire than to save a soul.*

JESUS, the Son of God, has stooped from Heaven. He bared His arm to do salvation's work, and upon the Cross that work was *done*. Ere He died He could utter the shout of victory, and cry, "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30). Thus your salvation depends, not upon your *doing*, but upon your resting in faith upon that which He has *done*.

This, thank God, throws open the door of Heaven to every one. If "doing" were the way, then perhaps a select few of superior activity and energy might flatter themselves on their chances of Heaven; the rest of us would be doomed to despair.

The finished work of Christ makes your salvation a possibility, for "to him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Turn to Him in faith this very hour, make His finished work your resting-place, then the burden of your sins will roll away; peace will take possession of your heart, and you will be able to say: "Everything has been *done*, so that, for my salvation, nothing remains for me to *do*."

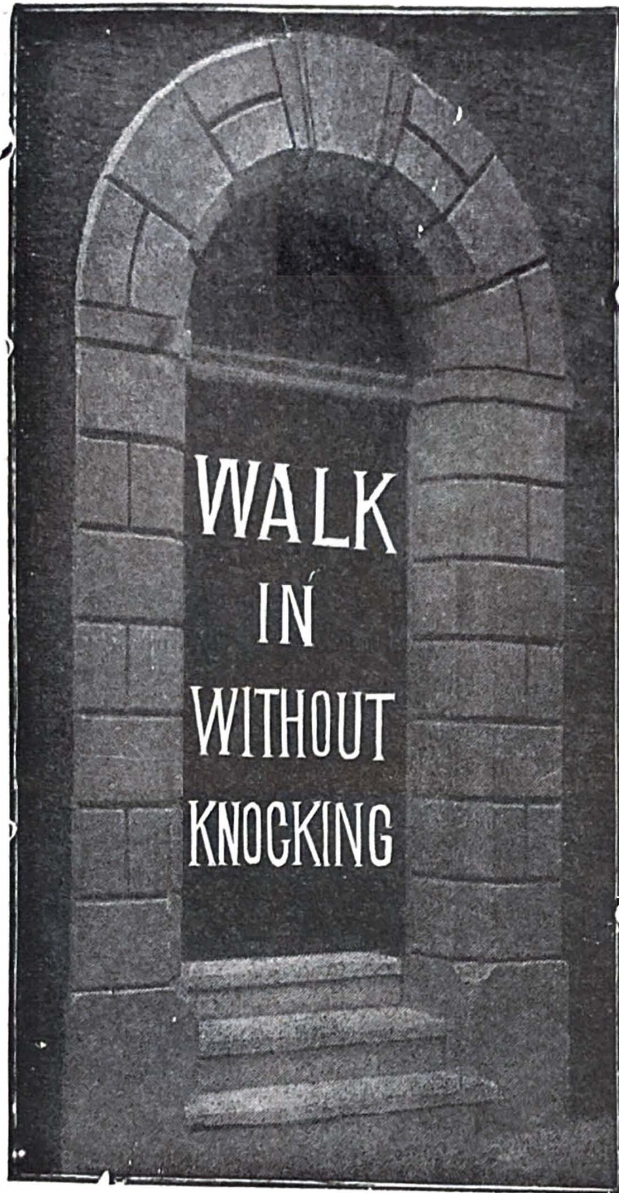
F.B.H.

COMES BY HEARING.

FAITH comes by hearing. Be clear as to this, that it is through the hearing and believing of God's Glad Tidings that you enter into rest concerning your sins. The Gospel tells you that God has provided a Saviour for *you*—a Saviour who has suffered that you might not suffer—who has died that you might not die. Through that JESUS is proclaimed a free and eternal salvation. You may refuse to trust Him, and so perish eternally. Nevertheless the "good tidings" are for *you*. Then believe the good news—believe Him of whom they tell—and you shall at once enter upon the possession of eternal life.

W.S.

"WALK IN WITHOUT KNOCKING."



"WALK in without knocking" Such is the notice that appears on an office door in the city of Oakland, California. The announcement seems to us to be an apt illustration of the blessed truth that the door of mercy is open for every one, and all who will may enter. At the Fall, communion with God was broken. Adam and Eve, on account of their disobedience, were thrust out of Eden, a flaming sword being placed at the entrance of the garden "to keep the way of the tree of life."

"How can a guilty sinner enter into the presence of a righteous and holy God?" is the question that has agitated the minds of

men and women. Hundred of thousands of sheep and bullocks have been slain; rivers of sacrificial blood have flowed; but "it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats could take away sins" (Heb. 10. 4). Nineteen hundred years ago the Lord Jesus on Calvary's Cross offered Himself as a sacrifice to God. When the triumphant cry escaped His lips: "It is finished" (John 19. 30), and He bowed His head and gave up His Spirit, the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, showing that the way into the holiest was opened. On account of the "finished work of Christ," Divine justice is fully satisfied, and God can righteously justify ungodly

The Door Stands "Wide Open"—Enter in!

sinners who believe on Him. The door of Mercy is open wide, and all are invited without qualification or preparation to enter. "I am the Door," said the Saviour; "by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10. 9). Numbers who reject the dogma of salvation by works, prayers, or ordinances, have never *entered* the "Door." Has the reader entered? An antediluvian might have looked into Noah's ark without entering. Whether he was three paces from the ark or three miles, if on the *outside*, when the door was shut, he perished. You may believe that Christ is a Saviour, a great Saviour, an all Sufficient Saviour, and an only Saviour, and perish in your sins. Only those who have accepted Him as their *personal* Saviour—those who have entered "the Door" by simple faith—are delivered from the wrath and judgment.

"Walk in without knocking" was an encouragement to the business people of Oakland to enter the office door without delay. Thank God, unconverted persons don't require to "wait" or "knock" at the door of mercy. It does not stand "ajar;" it is wide open, and all are urged to enter.

One may ask, "Does it not say, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?'" (Matt. 7. 7). True; but to whom was the exhortation addressed? To saved or unsaved; to "children of wrath" or children of God? The words were spoken to Christ's "disciples," to those whom He spoke of as "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world" (Matt. 5. 13, 14). It is the duty of all men to pray; but though this is so, salvation is not promised to those who "knock," "ask," or "seek" for it.

"Now the Door is open, enter while you may."

"*Strive* to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are" (Luke 13. 24, 25). The Lord Jesus is now seated at the "right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. 1. 3). His longsuffering is salvation to the perishing. A.M.

SALVATION IN THE CHURCH OR IN CHRIST?

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR, Rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, was burned at the stake in his own parish in February, 1555. A little before he was transported from London to Hadleigh, Bishop Bonner visited him in his prison, and said: "I wish you would remember yourself, and turn to your holy mother Church." To this Taylor promptly replied: "I wish you and your fellows would turn to Christ."

Such a conversation raises a question of vital importance to us all. Is Salvation found in the Church or in Christ? Can the Church even contribute in the smallest degree to the Salvation of men's souls, or are men absolutely shut up to Christ alone? The question is being more than ever discussed around us, and obviously none dare treat it as a thing of indifference. Eternal issues are at stake.

First of all: What is the Church? How does Scripture define it? The Church, in one aspect, is the sum total of all who have believed the Gospel since the Holy Ghost descended from Heaven upon the Day of Pentecost, and in another aspect it is the aggregate of all believers on earth at any given time. All believers, whether Jews or Gentiles, stand united to the living Christ, and form "the Church which is His Body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all" (Eph. 1. 23). How can the Church save men's souls? Its individual members can speak of the wonders of Divine grace, and can recommend to others the precious Saviour in whom they have put their trust, but beyond this the Church is absolutely without power.

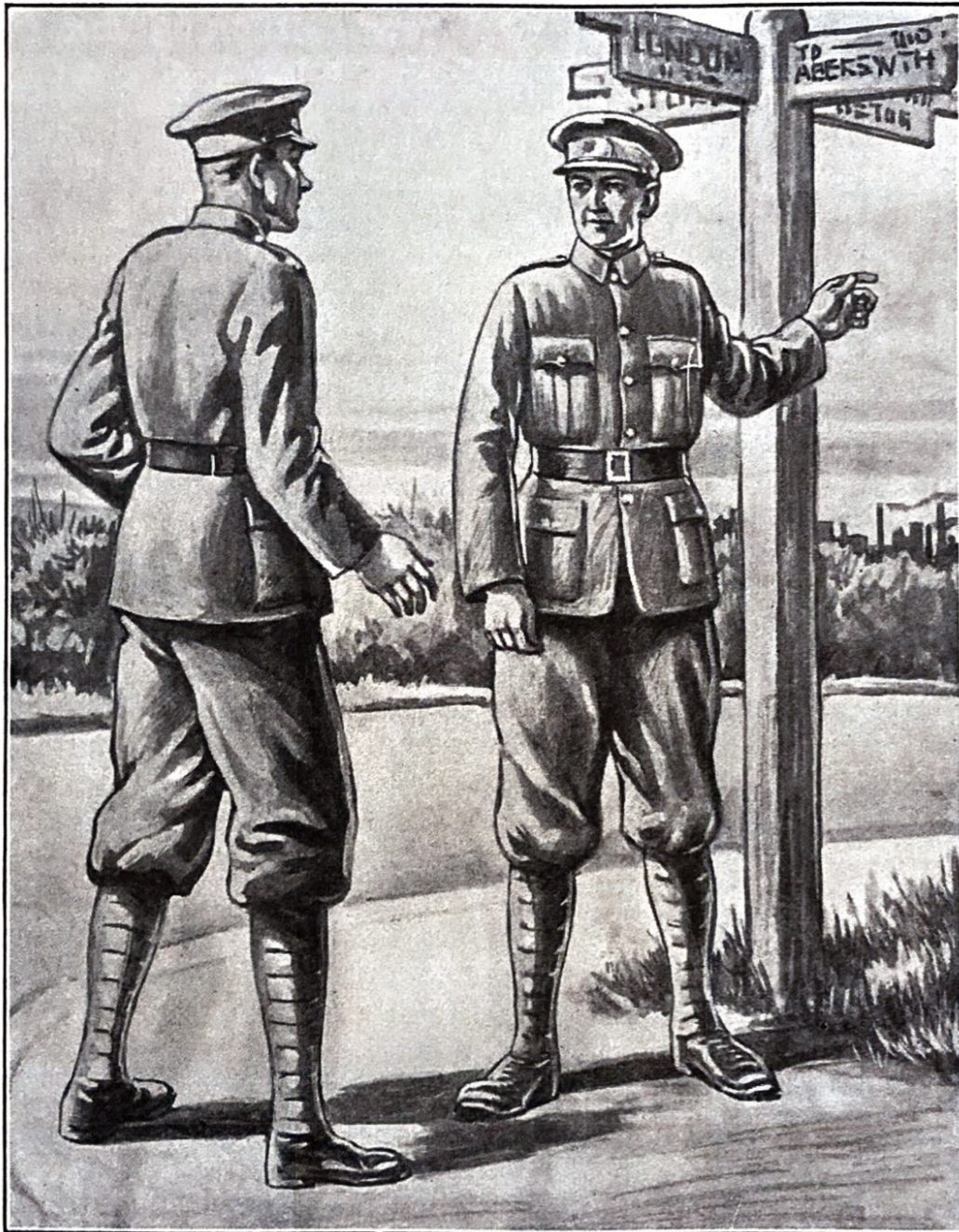
Long ago Peter addressed a company of "rulers and elders" concerning the Lord Jesus thus: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). To religious leaders, and to all others, the same decided testimony must be rendered to-day. "It is *Christ* that died; yea, rather, that is risen again." (1 Cor. 15. 34). It is *Christ* who says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

Reader, we point you to Christ. Listen to the counsel of the martyred Rowland Taylor, borne down to us through the centuries: "I wish you and your fellows would turn to Christ." To this we add our own hearty Amen. W.W.F.

TWO SOLDIERS AT THE CROSS ROADS.

"I'M GOING THIS WAY," SAID HE, "YOU CAN PLEASE YOURSELF."

THUS THEY PARTED: AND IN MORE SENSES THAN ONE.



Specially Drawn for Herald.

THE STORY OF A TRAGEDY AND A TRIUMPH.

"When Barnsley took that sudden turn to the left and went down to the town, it was the first step down the 'slippery slope' of self-indulgence."

E

TWO SOLDIERS AT THE CROSS ROADS.

"I'M going this way—you can please yourself, my boy. I joined the army to get away from apron strings. If you want to spend your evenings playing dominoes and tiddly-winks with the Soldiers' Home ladies—well, run along and enjoy yourself like a good boy; I'm fed up with it."

The scene was at the Cross Roads, not far from the barrack gates. They were two young soldiers who had been close chums from their recruit days; decent, clean-living young fellows they were, and in their leisure hours were rarely seen apart. But on this particular evening, as they made their way townwards, an unusual silence had taken the place of the familiar light-hearted talk. Something had happened. During the day they had discussed a change of programme, but failed to agree. Now, on reaching the cross roads, instead of making tracks for the Soldiers' Home as usual, one turned sharply left, as if on parade.

"I'm going this way," said he, "you can please yourself." Thus they parted: and in more senses than one.

I knew them well. There was something about them that appealed to one. They were noted for their smart appearance, a credit to their regiment and an example to their comrades. And yet they differed one from the other in many ways. The taller of the two, Mallison by name, as frank and strong in temperament as he was physically robust—a splendid specimen of British youth. Barnsley, while equally attractive was of a livelier disposition; impatient of routine and subject to sudden moods. Now and then, like the others, they had indulged in soldiers' tiffs, trifling and unimportant, and soon forgotten. But this time it was different—and they knew it. The old friendship was severed, and from that night they went their separate ways. The trooping season brought the final separation when Mallison found himself on board the Trooper among a draft bound for India. What follows is **the Story of a Tragedy and a Triumph**. When Barnsley took that sudden turn to the left and went down to the town, it was the first step down the "slippery slope" of self-indulgence.

The wisest man who ever lived wrote something which

Two Soldiers at the Cross Roads.

he considered so important that he repeated it. This is what he wrote: "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." You'll find it in Proverbs 14. 12, and 16. 25.

It *seemed* all right to Barnsley when he started out on his own way that night; and he afterwards boasted of the grand time he had had "down town," plenty of life and gaiety—no more apron strings for him!

But it was not long before he found that there are worse fetters than apron strings. Linking up with his "down town" companions, he had to share in their nightly programme—reluctantly at first, and against his better judgment; but, step by step, he was led on to an utterly reckless life, until gripped by the twin demons of drink and gambling, and his enfeebled will thrown on the neck of Passion, he became a pitiful and helpless slave, bound hand and foot by degrading habits, drifting rapidly towards the Niagara of ultimate disaster.

I recall the pain with which I read his last letter. It told of disgrace and punishment, of robbery and desertion. "They will not catch me this time," the letter ended, "I have been a fool and must pay the price. When I have posted this I shall make a hole in the water." And he did! A one-time splendid youth—now a hopeless suicide!

Solomon was right. The way may *seem* right, but it is the *end* that matters.

In contrast to this appalling tragedy follows now the Triumph of his early companion. It was in the Soldiers' Home that Mallison was led to see the folly and peril of living only for Self. Again and again he tried to mend his ways, but found only failure and disappointment. Fresh resolutions issued in fresh defeats. The new leaves he turned were speedily soiled. It was not until he had discovered his utter helplessness that he cast himself and his sin upon the mercy of God. Resting only on the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose death on the Cross of Calvary atoned for the sin of the whole world, and therefore for his, he entered into the joy of Salvation, and revelled in the glad sense of Pardon, Sonship, Security and Eternal Life. It was so wonderful—so satisfying—that he was impelled to tell others about it, and by his

Two Soldiers at the Cross Roads.

testimony and life he led many of his comrades to the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was during his soldiering in India that he became deeply impressed with the appalling need—the poverty, ignorance, and pitiful superstition of its teeming millions; and on completing his service he determined to give himself to missionary work. To-day, after more than twenty-five years, he is the head of a mission working among the outcasts of a remote district, and is finding the joy of his life in his loved task. Many of his early converts are now Evangelists and so the blessing spreads.

Think back to the night when at the cross roads two soldier lads parted company, one going down, down, down sin's perilous path—the way that *seemed* all right, but ended in the ways of Death—passing into Eternity a hopeless suicide! The other, accepting Christ as his Saviour pressing on to live only for Him, and in His service finding a joy and satisfaction of which the world knows nothing.

“Them that honour Me, I will honour,” says the Word, and in India to-day God is still honouring him in winning multitudes of outcasts for his Lord. His latest letter tells of continued blessing and prosperity, and he is finding life gloriously worth living! This reminds us that while it is true that “there is a way that *seemeth* right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death,” it is also true that “the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord, and He delighteth in his way” (Prov. 37. 2, 3).

Which way are you going? Is it the “down town” way—the way of Self and Sin that leads to failure, Shame and Death? Or is it the way of the Cross that leads to Pardon, Peace, Victory, and Eternal Life? The way that is profitable for the life that now is and that which is to come (1 Tim. 4. 8).

The only safe, glad, triumphant way is the way of Salvation through faith in Jesus Christ; and He is saying to you: “Follow Me” (John 1. 43); “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life” (John 14. 6); “Come unto Me” (Matt. 11. 28); “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out” (John 6. 37). *Then why not come NOW?*

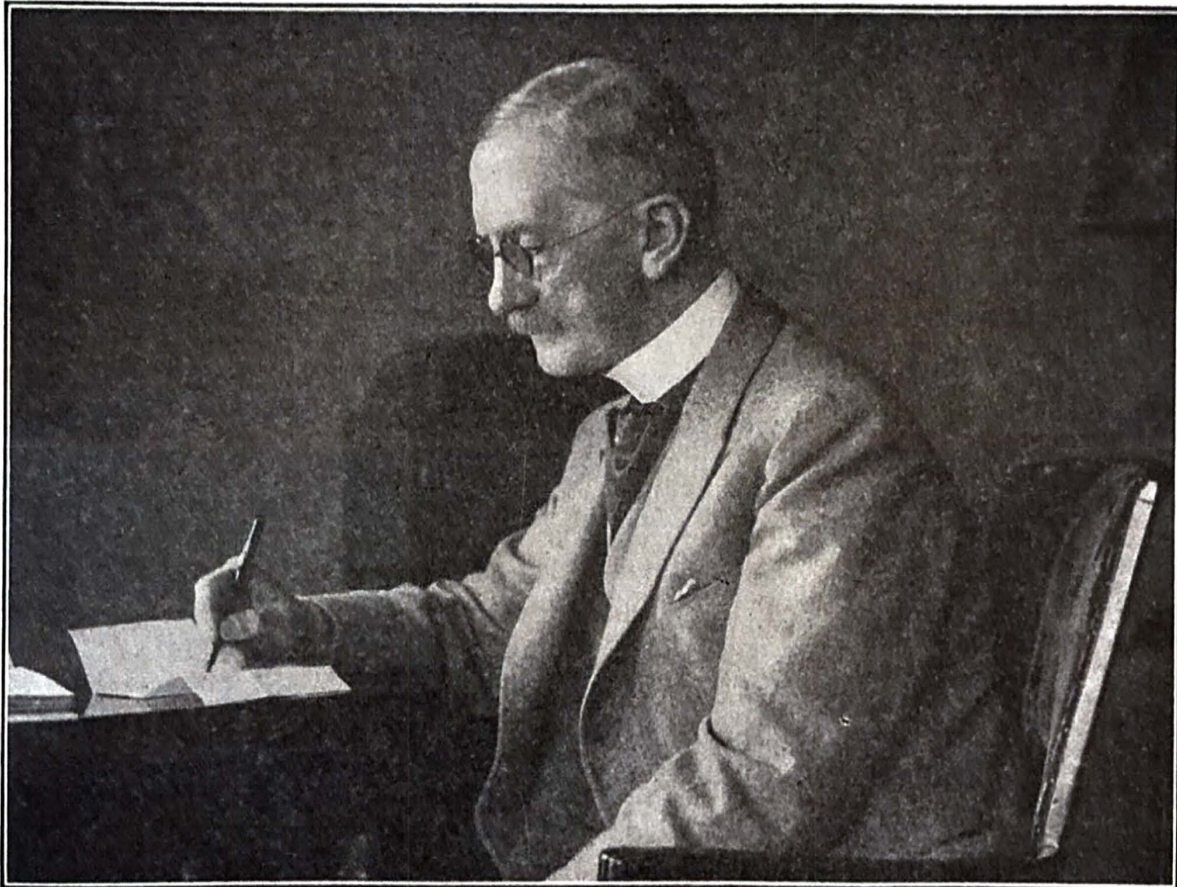
S. E. BURROW.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 21.

TESTIMONY OF F. W. PITT, of A.T.P.M.

WHEN we speak of being converted we generally refer to that vital moment when on our part we decided for Christ and when on God's part we were "born again" (John 3. 3, 7). In that Happy Day that fixed my choice I was conscious of the change that came to me as I realised



F. W. PITT, ADVENT TESTIMONY SECRETARY, AT HIS DESK.

that I had "sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23) and that "God who is rich in mercy" (Eph. 2. 4) justified me freely by His Grace through the Redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 3. 24).

From that hour, now more than sixty years ago, I have been a child of God, born again of incorruptible seed by the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter 1. 23).

How it all came about is still very clear in my memory. *It was in the year 1872.* I had from infancy grown up in

Christian surroundings attending with my parents Salem Chapel in Bristol during the marvellous ministry of GEORGE MULLER and HENRY CRAIK. Sundays and week-days our family attended the services. It was an integral part of our life. But I never had the slightest suspicion that anything was necessary before I could claim to be a Christian or that I needed salvation.

But there came to Bristol a young man named SOMERSET GARDINER, recently delivered from the bondage of Popery, who gathered a number of young men around him and sought to win souls for Christ. I did not attend any of Mr. Gardiner's meetings, but my two elder brothers did, and both confessed Christ *and were baptised* at Bethesda. From them I heard of the devotion and emotion of this little band of workers. They had all-night meetings for prayer and seemed to live for nothing else but to serve the Lord.

But I took it all for granted and received no impression until one night while we were sitting at the supper table my eldest brother came into the room looking very serious and touching me on the shoulder beckoned me to follow him. Surprised and afraid I obediently went upstairs to the top of our house wondering what was the matter. We went into my brother's bedroom, he shut the door and plainly told me that I was a sinner and if I died unsaved I should go to Hell. I literally trembled with fear at the prospect of such a terrible fate. I was told I could be saved *then and there* if I would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Did I hesitate or ask questions; I certainly did not. With *Hell* on one side and *Christ* on the other I CHOSE CHRIST. "Do you really believe on Him?" my brother then asked. "I do," I replied. "Then let us kneel down," which we did, and my brother prayed so fervently, and pictured the horrors of the lost so vividly, that I would have done anything and believed anything to be sure I was saved.

I knew little or nothing of "God's plan of Salvation." Fear was the impulse that compelled me, doubtless by the Spirit of God to accept from Christ what He alone can give.

Not long after my conversion when attending the Sunday Morning Service at Alma Road Chapel, Clifton,

"I was now Quite Certain that I was Saved."

Mr. BENJAMIN PERRY made an appeal after the breaking of bread urging the children of believing parents to accept the Saviour, or if they had already done so to apply for Baptism and Church Membership. This invitation seemed to be intended for me, and it made me so uncomfortable and anxious that I feared if I did not join the Church I might be eventually reckoned amongst the unsaved. Consequently on the following Tuesday I overcame my nervousness and faced the elders of the Church in the vestry at Bethesda as a candidate for Baptism and Church Membership.

The interview, followed by several others, convinced me that I was as ignorant of Christian doctrine as a pagan but though the elders were evidently of the same opinion they recommended me for acceptance on the ground that *I was quite certain that I was accepted in the beloved Son of God.*

The result was that early in the year 1873 I was baptised and received into the Church at Bethesda.

I thank God, never once have I doubted my Salvation, since that awful interview with my brother on the very verge of Hell and outer darkness.

GOING TO HEAVEN.

PEOPLE talk strangely of going to Heaven when they die; but what gratification could it afford a man whose enjoyments are of a sensuous or sensual nature—who has no pleasure but in the acquisition of worldly objects, or the gratification of brutal appetites? You hope to go to Heaven! I hope you will—but unless your heart be sanctified, what were Heaven to you? A vacuum, an abhorrent vacuum. The day that took you there would end all enjoyment; and throw you, a castaway, on a solitude more lonely than a desert island. Neither angels nor saints would seek your company; nor would you seek theirs. Unable to join in their hallowed employments, to sympathise with, or even to understand their holy joys, you would feel more desolate in Heaven than we have felt in the heart of a great city, amid crowds who spoke a language which we did not understand, and who were alien alike in dress and manners, in language, blood, and faith.

DR. GUTHRIE.

PLEASURES NOW OR FOR EVERMORE?



CROWDS SEEKING PLEASURE.

PLEASURES on earth? Yes, yes, there are pleasures here. They are varied and numerous. Human beings must have something to engage and gratify the ceaseless craving of the heart. All such pleasures one knows too well *are short lived*.

A calm reflection upon things as they are found in this world convinces the wise man that they are a necessity. Those who seek and provide them would tell you frankly that life is not worth living without them. But I would earnestly say to all such that worldly joys are uncertain and unsatisfying. Death will come uninvited and snatch them away for ever.

I have often heard the remark: "Well, I had nothing to do with my entrance into the world, I could not prevent it, and what is the world for, if we are not to enjoy it? We might as well be out of it if we are not going with its fashions and doings."

I used to think myself once upon a time that such reasoning was commendable. The god of this world had blinded my eyes, and I was in total spiritual darkness, in ignorance of the true and living God, and of anything beyond this life. What an awakening it was when God showed me myself, revealed His love in the gift of His Son, and won my heart for Him.

E. E.

"MOTHER DIED TO SAVE YOU."

"Suddenly the cry of fire rung from stem to stern, and it was found that the noble vessel was fast becoming a prey to the flames."



"EVERYTHING WAS DONE TO SAVE THE SHIP, BUT ALL UNAVAILING."

"MOTHER DIED TO SAVE YOU."

MANY years ago a vessel was on a voyage to California. On board were a goodly number of emigrants going to the gold diggings; and in the hold of the ship was a lot of gunpowder, which was intended to be used for blasting purposes. One morning, when the ship had just rounded Cape Horn, and was entering the South Pacific, and when all the emigrants were looking forward to a speedy termination of the voyage, suddenly the cry of fire rung from stem to stern, and it was found that the noble vessel was fast becoming a prey to the flames. Everything was done to save the ship, but all efforts proved to be unavailing. So the boats were lowered, and were soon crowded with passengers. But as they rowed away from the burning ship, to the dismay of all, a woman ran up the cabin stairs with a little boy in her arms. She beckoned for one of the boats to return, and as it came alongside one of the sailors said: "There is only *room for one* of you, and that is at my feet; we are sorry for it, missus, but if we took in both the boat would sink."

There stood the weeping mother, clasping her boy in her arms. "Come, missus," said the sailor, "there's not a moment to be lost; the fire will soon be at the powder!" The poor woman looked at her darling boy for the last time, and kissed him. Then, handing him down to the sailor, she said: "*Good-bye, Johnny; when you get to California, tell your father that mother died to save you.*"

The above anecdote is but a faint picture of the love which He has shown who was born at Bethlehem, brought up at Nazareth, and died at Calvary. Sin has been dealt with, and judged in the person of Jesus. God's righteous claims have been met by His Son. The debt we owed has been paid. *Another has become our substitute.* The Holy God is now satisfied, and the work of Christ so completed, that you need not shed a tear, nor breathe a prayer; but while you read this take what God is offering you, thank Him for it, and then you may say:

"There is no condemnation,	The torment and the fire
There is no Hell for me;	My eyes shall never see."

But put not off this great salvation; for if you do you will find out presently that He Who was willing to save you will then come forth to judge you.

How a Mother Died to save her Boy.

God has spared you to the present time. He has given you unnumbered privileges; He has strewn your pathway with blessings; He has striven with you by His Spirit; He has spoken to you by His Word; He has warned and invited you by His servants; and do you still reject Him? Take heed, or an *everlasting* Hell will be your portion for ever!

"Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18). God grant it may never be your experience!

CHARLES INGLIS.

"YET THERE IS ROOM."

YET there is room. Yes, room for you—even you. But room for you *where*? Room in the boundless love of God—it encircles you—it embraces you. Room in the outstretched arms of His mercy. Room for you at the Cross where Jesus died. Room in that loving heart that was broken there for you. Room at the fountain of living waters. Room at the feast of fat things stored up in Christ. Room in the banqueting house, beneath that banner which is love. Room by the green pastures and the still waters. Room at the table spread in the wilderness. Room in the goodly land of the promises. Room in the kingdom of God's dear Son. Room in yon Heaven of light. Room in the Paradise of God.

But, mark the words of the text, "*Yet there is room.*" That little word "yet" speaks only for the present moment. *There will not be always room.* There is no promise of room for to-morrow. Yea, it may be that to-morrow's sun for thee shall never rise. What then? If unsaved, you must perish Eternally. Terrible, but true. Yet there was abundant room for you. The door stood open wide. *But you refuse to enter.* O what remorse shall seize upon you in that day, if it should be your hapless lot to stand *outside the door.* To hear the dread sentence, without one ray of hope to lighten up the eternal gloom! "Too late, too late; ye cannot enter now." What terrible infatuation has seized upon your soul that you will not come in *now*? Surely this day is not to mark another day's dark rejection of the Son of God. Who you are, we know not. But, if out of Christ, our message is still, "*Yet there is room.*"

ONE SIN.

"HAVE you been to hear the gentleman who is preaching at the Shaftesbury Hall?" asked the shopkeeper. "No," answered the customer, "I haven't even heard about it."

"He preaches after church hours, at eight o'clock on Sunday," said the shopkeeper, "and if I were you I would go." "Well, I think I'll go next Sunday on my way home from church," replied the other.

Accordingly, next Sunday found her in the hall, indifferent, perhaps at first; curious later on; and ere the speaker closed his address, listening as if her life depended on his words. The subject was the inevitable effect of sin; *one sin* shut Adam out of Paradise, *one sin* shut Moses out of Canaan, and *one sin* must shut the sinner out for ever from the Paradise of God and the Heavenly Jerusalem; for "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth" (Rev. 21. 27). Thus, *one sin* involved eternal separation from a holy, sin-hating God.

ONE SIN. And she had committed thousands *One sin*. And she was conscious that, that very day, nay, that very hour she had sinned. *One sin*. Then the gates of Heaven were shut upon her—and an agony of dread shook her frame. And now the preacher was about to close. He had told the consequences of *one sin*; he had told, too, of a Saviour's love—a love which led Him to seek and save those who were lost; a love which led Him to Calvary's Cross to take the sinners' place and to suffer in his stead. And now as he closed he called the very walls to witness that he was guiltless of his hearer's blood, that he had set before them the way of death and the way of life, and had warned them to flee from the wrath to come" (Luke 3. 7).

She sat as one transfixed, as indeed she was; for is not the Word of God "living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit?" (Heb. 4. 11).

But what shall she do? How her heart throbbed. Surely, she thought, the people on the next chairs must hear it beat. She felt as if she must choke. But listen,

“One Sin”—Guilty of “All.”

the preacher is giving out a hymn; but what use could that be to her? Sing? Yes, those who were shut in by that “wall great and high” might sing; but she was shut out—there could be no mercy for a sinner like her. But listen, the first verse of the hymn is being read:

“Come, thou weary, Jesus calls thee
To His *wounded side*;
Come to Me, saith He, and ever
Safe abide.”

Yes, she was weary and heavy laden—and hopeless, too. But why hopeless? Was this not an invitation to every one? Was it, could it be, to her? Certainly she was *weary* of sin, and the world, and the offer was to all, to *her*. And now the concluding verse:

“Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
Is thy soul distressed?
Take His offer; *wait no longer*,
Be at rest.”

She feels that the crisis in her life has come; she feels that it must be now, or it may be never; and how pleadingly the lines of the hymn break on her ear:

“Take His offer; *wait no longer*,
Be at rest.”

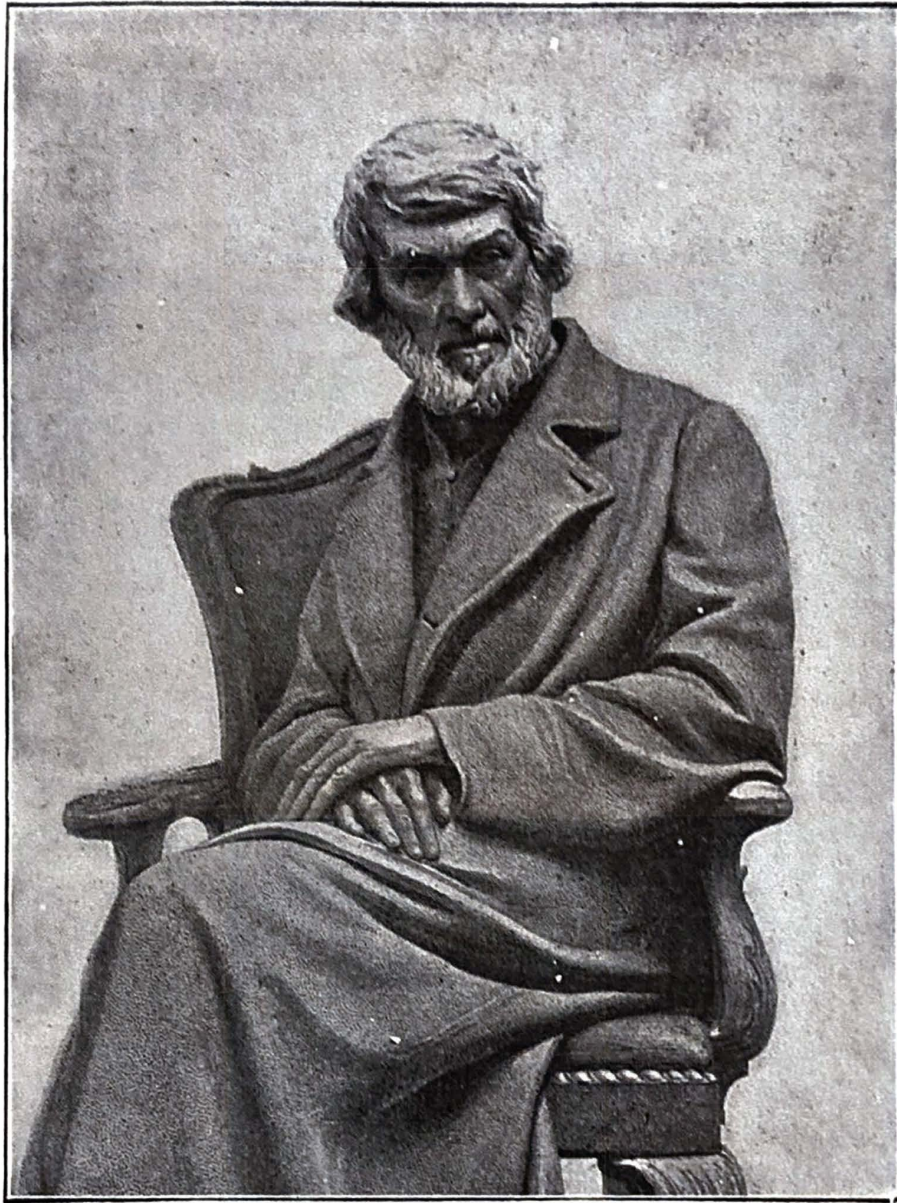
Yes, she will take it, and take it now; she will come to Jesus with all her load of guilt. Did He not bid her come? Does He not receive sinners? And in an instant, as she came, the load dropped off, the weariness was gone, and joy unutterable and full of glory took its place.

The preacher had left the town, and was carrying the Gospel message elsewhere, when one day, just before preaching, he received a letter from our friend. “I have heard you are preaching at B——,” she wrote, “and I want to ask you a favour, and it is this: Tell the people of my conversion, and tell them that *one sin* will for ever shut them out from God; and then give out my hymn—I always call it my hymn now.”

So the preacher took it as a message from God, and told the story as it has been told to you to-day. May you, if unsaved, find in it His message, that one sin unatoned for must for ever close the gates of Heaven to you. But you can accept Him now, and be safe now, safe for ever more! *Will you?*

J.F.

"THOMAS CARLYLE PASSENGER TO — " "



THOMAS CARLYLE, THE SEER OF ECCLEFECHAN.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the seer of Ecclefechan, of whom his biographer said: "As a master of the graphic in style he has no rival and no second," had a peculiar habit, which he fortunately could afford. He frequently got his luggage together, drove to the station, and the porter was surprised to find the luggage labelled, "Thomas Carlyle, passenger to ———." He only made up his mind what was to be the destination of the journey when he stood at the booking office window and applied for his ticket.

Some may think this not only peculiar, but a little

silly and amusing, and one which all could not afford to experiment with. Carlyle had this fancy, could, and did, carry it out, and no harm was done.

Yet there are hundreds, if not thousands, who do the same *spiritually*. Ask them, "WHITHER BOUND?" to a Heaven of glory or to a Hell of woe. They reply, "Don't know," which is just another way of writing, "Passenger to —."

This is clear, the *believer* on the Lord Jesus Christ is travelling Home to Heaven above; whilst the *unbeliever* is in danger of everlasting woe (John 3. 36; Matt. 25. 46).

The great question is: Where do you stand to-day? Where will you be in Eternity? WHERE? HyP.

POPULAR DELUSIONS, No. 1.

THERE are some very popular Delusions which sadly need to be explained and exploded. Let me name a few, and speak freely because there are many who want to *be* right and *do* right.

I. That there is no need to worry about THE NEXT LIFE.

Ministers differ, religious people are not aggressive on this point; others are indifferent, why should you bother? Yet at times you realise that you are a creature born for Eternity! You would like to be on the safe side. You would really like to *know*.

The only Safe Guide is the Word of God. It says: "Oh that men were wise . . . that they would consider *their latter end*" (Deut. 32. 29). It says there shall be a Resurrection, that "*all that are in the graves*" shall hear the Voice of Christ and "come forth" (John 5. 28, 29). The Saviour Himself said of men in *the future* that some would go into "Life Eternal" and some into "Everlasting Punishment" (Matt. 25. 46) they exist apart, and for ever. It declares: "Ye may *know* that ye have Eternal Life" here and now (1 John 5. 13). If you know you are a sinner, and put your trust in the Saviour, the moment you find Him, you will *know* that you are a sinner saved by grace, ready for Eternity. None perish that Him trust. Trust Christ *now*, and happy be.

REMEMBER your interest in and acceptance or rejection of the Lord Jesus *here* decides your destiny *hereafter*.

HyP.

"GOD IS SATISFIED, AND YOU ARE NOT."

ARE you a sinner?" inquired a Christian worker of one who was awakened about the salvation of her soul. "I am a worse sinner than anyone I know, for I have made a profession, and I am not really converted."

Mrs. B——, seeing that conviction of sin had been produced by the Holy Spirit, sought to point the seeker to Christ and the work He accomplished at Calvary. The following is the substance of the conversation: "Did Jesus on the Cross do enough to satisfy God's justice on account of your sin?" "Oh, I have not repented enough." "I did not ask anything about your repentance. I asked you if Christ had satisfied God's justice for you?" "I don't feel I love Him as I ought." "I did not ask anything about your love to Him. I asked if you thought Christ had satisfied God's justice for you?" "I fear I have not the right kind of faith." "Three times over I have asked you a question about the Lord Jesus, and you have always told me something about yourself. Once more let me ask. Has Christ satisfied God's justice for your sins?" "Why, yes, of course He has." "Then God is satisfied, and you are not."

The arrow was carried home in power. In a moment the anxious inquirer ceased thinking of what she had done, felt, or experienced, and gazing by faith on the Saviour she apprehended what the Lord Jesus Christ did and suffered for her, exclaiming: "O God, have mercy on me for not appreciating what Jesus did for me!"

Ponder the question proposed by Mrs. B——: "Has Christ satisfied God's justice for your sins?" If He did not do it at Calvary it can never be done, and if it was not done then it is impossible for God to save you, for He has declared: "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 27). The "good news" of the Gospel of the grace of God is this—"Christ died for our sins, was buried, and rose again the third day" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4). God is satisfied for every sin you have committed, or may commit, on account of Christ's perfect atonement. The "sin question" has been eternally settled. God has proved His satisfaction with what Christ did for us by raising Him from the dead and seating Him at His right hand.

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

A.M.

SHOT AT THREE TIMES—YET LIVED ON.

CHARLES, WHO NOBLY STOOD HIS GROUND, WAS SINGLED OUT BY THE INDIAN CHIEF, AND FELL, SEVERELY WOUNDED; WHILE THE INDIANS, RUSHING INTO THE MELEE, BEGAN TO STRIP THE DEAD AND SCALP THE DYING.



"THE TRIGGER WAS PULLED THREE TIMES—YET FAILED."

Michigan John loaded his rifle, and when the signal was given, presented it at his victim. The trigger was pulled—but *the powder flashed in the pan.*

SHOT AT THREE TIMES—YET LIVED ON.

ABOUT the year 1780, when Great Britain and America were fighting the War of Independence, CHARLES GRANT was offered a commission in the 42nd Regiment, left home and sailed for New York intending to join the other British soldiers. The regiment arrived safely at New York. As soon as they had recovered from the voyage, they were ordered to march into the interior *to join their brethren in arms*, as the officer commanding the troops in that particular part of the country understood that the Americans had prevailed upon a tribe of Indians from Lake Michigan to aid them against the British.

The chief of this tribe had become well known to the Americans, as he and his followers were in the habit of visiting the frontiers yearly, to exchange their furs, fish, and other products of the country, for fire-arms, powder and shot, which were most useful to them, so that the Americans found it no difficult matter to engage Michigan John and his tribe as an ally in the war; and John, who was a man of no common mind, not only picked up sufficient of the English language to make himself intelligible, but he had a powerful mind and ruled over his tribe with despotic sway. The Indians, who were well acquainted with every foot of the country, were found by the Americans to be invaluable; and *an ambuscade was placed* to entrap the 42nd ere it could reach its destination. They were only too successful, for in marching through a wood the soldiers were attacked suddenly and taken at a disadvantage. From behind the trees, the deadly rifle laid low many a poor fellow.

The Americans, helping the Indians, being aware that the loss of their officers would render the men a more easy conquest, took aim accordingly. Charles, who nobly stood his ground, *was singled out by the Indian chief*, and fell, severely wounded; while the Indians, rushing into the *melee*, began to strip the dead and scalp the dying.

Michigan John, who had perceived from his dress that Charles was an officer, advanced to where he lay, raised his head by the long hair, lifted the deadly tomahawk, and, whirling it round, was on the point of scalping his victim, when *Charles moved one of his arms*, as if to put his hand upon the wound; and Michigan John, finding he still breathed, spared his life.

Summoning four of his tribe, he ordered them hastily to cut down some branches from the trees, and make a sort of litter. A bandage was tied over the wound; he was placed in the litter, and by night fall the party were on their way to Lake Michigan, laden with the booty which the Americans and they had divided. Some days elapsed ere they reached their home. The poor captive was so weak and exhausted by the loss of blood that he could scarcely make the smallest exertion, and it required all the care of the Indian chief to keep him alive. Herbs were gathered and applied to his wound, so that he gradually recovered; and in the midst of such kind-hearted savages he felt very grateful, but above all to the chief.

One may, therefore, imagine his horror and dismay when John informed him that his life was only preserved *that he might be offered to the spirits of those who had been killed on the day of the battle!* To have met with death in the field would have been little compared with the fate that awaited him; and his entreaties that the chief would at once put an end to his life were not listened to. John replied that it was the custom of the tribe, and that he ought not to have invaded the land of the red men; and Charles, perceiving that there existed not the smallest chance of escape for him, endeavoured to prepare his mind for the trial that awaited him; so he employed many hours of the day, and the silent watches of the night, in praying for fortitude and strength to die as a Christian, from the only source at which it can be found.

With a composure of manner and appearance which even to himself appeared somewhat unnatural, Charles saw the preparations that were taking place, and was relieved in a great measure by learning that he was not to be put to torture, but that *he was to be shot*—a favour that he did not expect. His manly bearing and amiable manners had softened the heart of old John, who would gaze, with a steadfast and thoughtful look, when in a corner of the wigwam he saw the young white-skin speaking to the Great Spirit, and heard the earnest petitions of the young soldier for his mother, and for forgiveness of his own sins. *And old John felt how proud he would have been of such a son to succeed him as chief of the Michigans.*

At length, Charles having recovered, a day was fixed, and the whole tribe were assembled in their war-dresses, the women and children shouting and singing the death-song, as John, accompanied by his captive, appeared. The chief made a short palaver to his followers, and they all followed their leader to a wood that adjoined the encampment. Here a tree was selected for the purpose, and *Charles was placed against it*, John having granted him the favour that he should not be bound nor his eyes covered, as he said he was not afraid to look death in the face, and hoped that the Indian would take so sure an aim as to be fatal at the moment.

John loaded his rifle, and when the signal was given, presented it at his victim. The trigger was pulled—but *the powder flashed in the pan*. With an impatient air, John examined his rifle, put in fresh powder, and again presented. Again was *the attempt unsuccessful*. A third time would surely finish the affair, for the flint was sharpened, and fresh priming put in the pan. *The rifle again missed fire*.

Anxiety, doubt, and consternation sat upon every face, as the chief looked round upon his tribe. As if struck by the thought of the moment, he raised his gun in his hand, and fired into the air, when *it exploded with a tremendous noise*, as the Indians gave vent to outcries and shouts of surprise.

After a pause of a few minutes, silence being restored, the chief addressed them: "My children, it's of *no use to kill this white-skin; he is protected by the Great Spirit*. When did you see the gun of Michigan John miss fire? The Great Spirit says 'No.' Listen, my children: I have no son, and this young white-skin shall become as one to your father. When I am old, and go to the land of my fathers, he shall be your chief. We shall teach him to hunt and to fish, and he will be as the son of the red man."

This address was received with joyful acclamations; and Charles, like one in a dream, was carried back to the wigwam upon the shoulders of Indians, who, leaving him to the care of his adopted father, spent the day in mirth and dancing. The ceremony concluded by his having the name John bestowed upon him.

Years after he arranged that a party of the natives should accompany him to Charleston to sell some of the skins which they had accumulated. Here he was recognised as a missing British officer, ordered to join his regiment, and finally landed once more on British soil.

What tragic moments these must have been as he was placed against the tree and Michigan John pulled the trigger three times. Without doubt God, or as the Indians claimed the Great Spirit had delivered him, for at the fourth time, when pointed into space, the gun exploded. Can you imagine your feelings had you gone through this ordeal? Would you like Charles have been "not afraid to die," and meet God, or would you have trembled at the thought? Fortunately Charles Grant in his younger days had accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour so was not afraid to die. If you are wise and have not already done so—*do it now*.

Then the noble speech of Michigan John in accepting the rebel and making him a son is just what God is waiting to do with all rebels. All who lay down the arms of rebellion, accept Christ as Saviour and Lord can at once say: "To as many as received Christ to them gave He power to *become sons of God*, even to them that *believe* on His Name" (John 1. 12).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt *be saved*" (Acts 16. 31). Do so *now* and you will never, never regret it.

HyP.

THE SAVIOUR REFUSED.

HEARING the blessed Gospel message for the first time, a poor woman in the Philippine Islands was being exhorted and pleaded upon to acknowledge her sin and accept the Saviour. She refused with these words: "I cannot do it; it is too good to be true, or they would have told me so long ago." How sad! Do not be like this poor woman, who would not accept the Good News, nor the One of Whom the news was about, even the One concerning Whom it is written: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation—(*i.e.*, full reception) that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15).

S.L.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 22.

THE TESTIMONY OF THOMAS MUIR.

I HAD the advantage of being the child of Christian parents, and look back on the fact that ours was a home where there was regular family prayer. Care was taken, too, by our parents that we, as young people, should be in the way of regularly hearing the Gospel preached, and of coming under Gospel influences in every possible way.

When I was growing up into years of understanding, the first visit to this country of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY took place, and a Revival movement swept over England, Scotland, and Ireland. I remember being present at one of Mr. Moody's early meetings in Glasgow. I was also kept in touch with a number of the Evangelistic efforts which were soon after started in all parts of the city. So I was familiar with the Message of Salvation from my early days, and I was not indifferent to it.

But I owe it to my mother's memory to testify that she was the first to press home on me personally **my need of a Saviour**, and that she pleaded with me to give my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. We were a family of six, so she was a very busy woman; but she found time for quiet, loving talks with me, sometimes just after I had gone to bed, and she made good use of it. She was well read in the Scriptures, and wise in the application of them to personal circumstances. These talks were spread over my school years, and I remember that I became more and more impressed with the love of Christ for me as an individual.

The Superintendent of the Sunday School I attended was a man who was keen to be witnessing for the Master. He had been deeply touched by the news of the Revival which came to the North of Ireland in 1859, and gave up his employment to take part in it; and to the end of his days the fire of the Revival spirit remained in him. As a result, he gathered round him a band of like-minded teachers, so that the school became a real centre of effort for the conversion of children, and the teaching was on the simplest Gospel lines.

This will show how well I was surrounded by prayerful influences; but my mind goes back to my mother's talks,

The Testimony of Thomas Muir.

as laying the foundation on which others could build. I believed afterwards that what delayed me in coming consciously to the point of decision was the lack of such a deep sense of sin as would have made me urgent. Study



THOMAS MUIR.

later of the teaching about the work of the Holy Spirit, in individual cases, showed me how He had been using various influences to make my need of salvation plain to me, and to lead me into the true light and into the liberty of the children of God.

The crowning of the Lord's leading in my life came in

The Testimony of Thomas Muir.

my sixteenth year, one Sunday, when I was listening to a real Gospel sermon. I was following the appeals that were being made for hearers to accept the Saviour's loving call, when there came into my mind the thought that I had already done this. I was led on to see that I had really passed the point of decision in my experience, and *I thanked the Lord for what He had done for me.*

Afterwards, when dealing with those who had been seekers for some time, but had no assurance, no joy, I have asked some if they had said: "Thank you," to the Lord Jesus, and in different cases spiritual light came in this way.

I had much to learn about the Christian life, and many speakers and writers have helped me. But I say: "God bless Christian parents, and give them sanctified wisdom in the exercise of their great privileges and opportunities." I think mothers often have most openings for quiet talks, but in our case the two were working and praying with one purpose in view. Your children will know that you are seeking their conversion, and the Holy Spirit will be working in them to show them the Way. May the young people grow up to praise the Lord for you!

Teachers and others will join you in prayer for your families, but those outside your home circle have other claims equally pressing. Your own are likely to be the prayers that will avail much in their working (Jas. 5. 16, R.V.).

The children must be brought to the point of personally seeking, but they can be surrounded by an atmosphere that will make coming to the Saviour much simpler than it might otherwise be. Parents, rejoice that the Lord is seeking your dear ones, and that He is seeking them through you!

T.M.

You need not seek a sign from Heaven, in order to have assurance of salvation. No new revelation is needed. God has already spoken. He has declared His love. He has provided everything that is needful for the sinner's cleansing and deliverance. All things are now ready. You are not called upon to wait for a voice from Heaven. Assurance of salvation springs from *simply believing what God says about Jesus*. Believe now and live. W.S.

"I'M NOT THAT CLASS."

SOME time later while in hospital with a chill, he saw the same missionary coming round the ward, so when he reached his bedside the lad asked him: "Is the word 'Escape' in the Bible?"



"SEEKING TO HELP THE SICK, THE WOUNDED, AND THE DYING."

"I'M NOT THAT CLASS."

"NO, thank you," he said, "you can keep your tracts for those that need them, I don't belong to that class!" And refusing the Testament the missionary had offered him, the soldier lad went on his way.

It was but a few days after that this same lad, who was in training for the front during the course of the Great War, went into a neighbouring town. In walking down one of the streets he saw a crowd around a preacher, and purposely skirted the crowd to avoid hearing any of "the religious stuff" that he hated. However, just one word fell on his ear, the word "*Escape*," and do what he would, he could not get rid of it. It haunted him day and night, everywhere he went that word "*Escape*," "ESCAPE," kept ringing through his mind.

Some time later while in hospital with a chill, he saw the same missionary coming round the ward, so when he reached his bedside the lad asked him: "**Is the word 'Escape' in the Bible?**" "Oh, yes," came the ready reply, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3). And he preached Christ to this now aroused and anxious soul, telling him of the one way of escape from the death-sentence hanging over him, through the death of Another, the Saviour whose atoning Blood is the only remedy for sin and its guilt.

A week or two afterwards when the missionary again visited the hospital the lad said: "Isn't it a good thing I have *escaped*!" His hearer thought he meant that he had escaped going to the front as he was so much worse. But no, the lad was now dying of pleurisy, and he knew it; also he knew something else, *that he was safe for time and Eternity*.

No longer could he say, nor did he want to say: "I'm not that class," for in accepting Christ as his personal Saviour, he had proved Him to be that Friend of sinners, who in saving a soul, lifts him right out of the lost class into the class of the saved. "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to *save* that which was *lost*!" (Luke 19. 10). and one little, *living* word had done it!

Which class are you travelling to Eternity in? Have you made the great escape also; will you meet God, the Judge of all, with a clean sheet, as the soldier-lad will,

or are you still where he was in the grip of Satan, chained within his prison-house of sin?

What does that word "*Escape*" mean to you, does it set the joy-bells of Eternity ringing in your heart, or does it sound the deathknell of Everlasting doom to your soul? For the text from which it is taken embodies a searching question: **"How shall we escape if we neglect (not reject) so great salvation?"**

For instance, if you fell overboard and I threw you a life-belt, whether you *rejected* it by pushing it from you, or only *neglected* to take hold of it—the result would be the same. In due course you'd go down. And the Gospel message is God's life-belt for you and me.

Listen to the terrible answer which God gives to His own question: "For if they escaped not who refused him (Moses) that spake on earth, *much more shall we not escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from Heaven!*" (Heb. 12. 25).

Escape now, friend, don't put it off as the Devil would have you, to a more convenient season, don't go down to a living death. For delay is fearfully dangerous, as the following incident shows.

One winter's day a block of ice on which lay the carcase of a sheep came floating down the Niagara some distance above the Falls. An eagle spying the ready-laid meal swooped down upon the ice and intent on satisfying its fierce hunger, seemed to forget all else. Meanwhile the ice with its strange freight was moving faster and faster as the river neared its mighty plunge. Still the eagle continued on its perch, what did he care for Niagara or its thundering Falls? All he had to do was to spread his great wings, and one swoop will lift him into mid-air clear of all danger. Why hurry?

And now the edge of the cataract which marks the limit of safety is reached, so at last he stretches his wings for flight. But the spectators are thrilled to see that the eagle does not rise, for unknown to him his talons are *frozen hard into the frozen sheep*, and his fate is sealed! His struggles to escape are in vain, held by a death-weight of which he was unconscious until too late, he is swept over the abyss to his fate.

Again I say it, my friend, don't delay. "Now is the

accepted time!" Delay becomes a disease. Perhaps you say: "I'll wait a bit and think it over." But are you quite sure that God will always wait for you. Listen to His solemn warning: "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that *without remedy!*" (Proverbs 29. 1).

Capt. E. G. CARRE.

TOO LATE!

SOME time ago a lady in Scotland became very much concerned as to her soul's salvation, so much so that one night she was so troubled that sleep left her eyes and she walked up and down the floor in great distress of mind. Then she sat down and wrote in her diary: "Next week I will attend to the salvation of my soul," and she then retired and slept soundly. The next day saw her in scenes of sin and pleasure. The day following she was taken seriously ill, and very soon became delirious. Just before her death the delirium left her mind long enough for her to say: "**I am one week too late; I am lost.**" Thus she was one week too late. Oh, how sad!

.

A YOUNG lady in New York was at a revival meeting with her parents. An aunt who was burdened for the girl in question, going to her, earnestly pleaded with her to come at once and accept the Saviour, but she refused. The meeting over she started home with her parents, and when they were a short distance from the church, the team became frightened and overturned the sleigh. The young lady was violently thrown against a telegraph pole and instantly killed. **Thus she was an hour too late!**

My dear reader, see to it that you do not procrastinate as did these ladies, but decide for the Saviour just now, even as you are and where you are, for

"Come home, oh! come!

For soon 'twill be too late!"

Your wise course is to come *now*, and come as YOU are.

N-B.

ALWAYS call things by their right names "Waiting on God's time" to be saved, is just another name for taking the devil's time, and losing your soul.

N-B.

ALL IS NOW READY!



"WITH NO TOOL BUT A NAIL, HE ESCAPED."

IT is related of a captive in an Austrian prison, that, with no tool but a nail, he wrought night and day for twelve weary months to mine its solid walls. Agitated by alternate hope and fear he at length accomplished his task; and then on a dark, blustering night, by means of a rope that he had twisted he swung himself over the

wall, and was free.

What will a man not do and dare for life and liberty? But for eternal life—for the blessed liberty of sons of God—there are no such dangers to be encountered, no such hardships to be borne, no months of weary waiting. That eternal life which God is waiting to bestow, is without money and without price (Isa. 55. 1). It is a free gift (Rom. 5. 18); and it is for whosoever believeth on the Son (John 3. 16). You are not called upon to make a pilgrimage to any spot of earth, or to endure any hardships in order to become a possessor of this Eternal Life. **The great pilgrimage has already been made; for the Son of God has come from Heaven to earth.** The suffering has already been endured; for that same Jesus has suffered, the Just for the unjust that He might bring

us to God (1 Peter 3. 18). You need not wait months or even hours; for all things are *now* ready (Luke 14. 17). The Holy Spirit saith *to-day* (Heb. 3. 7). But, perhaps you say, there *are* dangers to face, and hardships to be borne. You say you will have to meet the scorn of the world, and the frown of unconverted friends. **But surely you do not for a moment reckon these as hardships. Put them in the scales with your soul, and ask yourself the question:** "What shall the *smile* of the world and the favour of unconverted friends profit me if I lose my soul?" How terrible to think that men dread more the worldling's scorn than they fear the wrath of a sin-hating God! Let no such considerations avail with you even for a moment. Weighed in the scales of the sanctuary they are altogether lighter than vanity. The gift of God is eternal life (Rom. 6. 23); and they are free indeed whom the Son makes free (John 8. 36). Sinner, wilt thou come?
W. SHAW.

POPULAR DELUSIONS, No. 2.

II. One of the most popular delusions is that at my BAPTISM I WAS MADE "A CHILD OF GOD," and am therefore all right.

And you have some ground for this fallacy for both Prayer Book and Catechisms teach this in as plain words as are in the English Language. Hundreds of fond mothers have rushed to minister or workers to have their dying babies "christened," believing that otherwise they might be excluded from the Kingdom.

One fact alone proves the error of such a theory. The jails, prisons, penitentiaries, and such like in our land are filled with persons who have been duly "christened" without any effect on this life, how then on that which is to come? Think of this sad fact!

Rest assured that neither "sprinkling" with a few drops as a babe, nor immersion in "much water" in baptistery, river, or lake, has the slightest *merit* as to Eternal Salvation.

REMEMBER, Salvation is by *Blood* not *water*, and unless *you* are "washed" and "made white" in the Blood of the Lamb (Rev. 7. 14) you will be in the Lake of *Fire*!

HYP.

STICK TO THE CROSS.

WHEN you have been travelling by train with a return ticket, have you ever given up the wrong half on the outward journey? I am afraid *I* have many a time. The two halves are so much alike—there is only the difference in the order of the names of the places to and from, and if the light is not very good it is easy to make the mistake. And then you hear the ticket collector calling after you: "Wrong half; other half, please," and you feel a bit stupid for your blunder.

One ticket collector got over the difficulty in a very simple way. He noticed that on the return half there was a cross over it (I believe that is still so on some railways), and so as the passenger came up to the barrier, he would call out: "*Stick to the cross! Stick to the cross!*"

I am sure the man had no idea of giving out a text or preaching a sermon, and yet he was doing so all unconsciously. What a fine text for all of us to hear and remember.

Stick to the Cross! That is our banner, our ensign as soldiers of the Cross. Of course there is nothing in the Cross itself, it is a symbol and a sign. It is what the Cross *stands* for which matters. Just as the Union Jack is just a bit of silk or canvas with red, white and blue colours, nothing in itself, but it stands for our country and all that is dear to us in our nation, and brave men have laid down their lives to save the flag of Britain—or rather what the flag represents.

So the Cross stands for what Jesus did for us—His sacrifice, His love, His victory. His death upon the Cross means for all who believe the forgiveness of our sins, pardon, peace, Eternal Life.

If we are soldiers of His Cross we must "stick to the Cross" and fight bravely under that banner and never be ashamed of it. Of course it doesn't matter about using the sign, carrying it about with us or wearing it. We need to have it in our *hearts*. The spirit of the Cross must be the spirit of our lives.

It will often mean for us giving up something we should dearly like, or bearing the laughter and jeers of others; it means a real, stiff battle. But we must "*Stick to the Cross*" if we are going to be true to our Leader, Jesus, and in the end it will bring us joy, peace, and victory. F.W.R.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

A CERTAIN American periodical recently contained the following touching incident: "During the Civil War in the United States of America, one of the Southern cities was occupied by Federal troops, an officer of which was there assassinated. On the ground that the city was responsible for the lives of his officers, the commander arrested ten of the principal citizens, and condemned them to be shot. One of them was a highly respected man, father of a large family, and could ill be spared. Whereupon a young man, not related to the family, came forward and insisted upon being taken in his stead as a less valuable life. In spite of the elder's objection this substitution was carried out and the younger died instead."

This was a noble act, surely. The young man gave his best possession—his life for the friend whom he esteemed. His act reached the measure of self-sacrifice which is described in John 15. 13—words which give us the farthest limit of human affection: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But have you ever pondered on the great contrast of Divine love? Think of these words: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Behold that scene of over 1800 years ago, outside the gates of Jerusalem. See that suffering, bleeding, dying form hanging on the middle of three crosses! Who is He? None less than the Son of God who in that body which was "prepared" for Him, "suffered for sins (1 Peter 3. 18), the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

O, what a manifestation of the love of God the Father, and God the Son, for poor, guilty, Hell-deserving sinners! For remember this, in *your* present condition, if you have not been saved, with all your sins upon you, you are in a terribly dangerous position in view of Eternity.

God's mighty love has provided salvation for you. O, will you not, *even now*, poor, guilty one, open your heart to the wonderful love message: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Take it in by simple faith, and you will be saved for all eternity. Reject His offer, and you will surely be a sharer in the woes of the lake of fire! J.M.

THE WIDOW'S WISDOM.

"AND MRS. G., DO YOU REALLY MEAN TO SAY THAT, DESPITE ALL YOUR RELIGIOUS UPBRINGING, YOUR EARNEST ENDEAVOURS, YOUR CHURCH ATTENDANCE AND THE LIKE, YOU DO NOT KNOW THE SAVIOUR YET?"



Drawn for this Number.

THE WIDOW'S WISDOM.

"Your dear mother is sure of Heaven because she is *depending on the merits of the Saviour and His precious Blood*; but what are you resting on?"

THE WIDOW'S WISDOM.

THE church bells were ringing out their usual ten o'clock chimes one evening in a small Ayrshire town not very long ago. Just then a very important event was taking place in a near-by house.

There lay a small, elderly woman, with a very peaceful countenance, "awaiting her time," until the Lord she loved called her from her sickness and pain to the glad, glory land above.

By the bedside sat her widowed daughter, with her thoughts far away; while her tear-dimmed eyes told their own sad story.

It had been the habit of the writer to visit frequently about this time at night, as friends had generally left by then and the house was absolutely quiet, save for a few whispers. God's Word was opened and a few cheering passages read to the dying saint, whose thirst for Heavenly things was very strong. Then, turning to the daughter, an interesting conversation ensued. After talking about the mother's condition and her glad hope, a question was asked which brought things to a crisis.

"And Mrs. G., do you really mean to say that, despite all your religious upbringing, your earnest endeavours, your church attendance and the like, *you do not know the Saviour yet?*"

The only answer was a slight shake of the head; while she kept gazing into space.

"Don't you think it is time you were thinking seriously about these things? Here is your dear mother" (and here the writer cast his eyes over towards the mother, who was praying for her daughter) "she is all right, going Home to Heaven, and you are not saved. *You will never see her again.* What a terrible separation! It will be good-bye *for ever*, for, if you die as you are, unsaved and unforgiven, you will die in your sins to be judged in your sins, and meet the fearful wrath of God against sin at His Great White Throne. It is too terrible to contemplate, and it need not be.

"Your dear mother is sure of Heaven because she is *depending on the merits of the Saviour and His precious Blood*; but what are you resting on? Your own religious life, with all your earnest efforts to please God can never purchase an entrance into Heaven or blot out one sin.

The Widow's Wisdom—Three Months.

You need a Saviour. The past is black and you cannot change it; the future lies before you and the bar of God, Sin must be got rid of down here."

Tears flowed freely as she sat and listened most attentively, while God was working with her.

"Would you not like to know your mother's Saviour?"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed with a sigh.

"But *when* would you like to trust Him?"

"O—not just yet," she replied slowly.

"And how long would you like to put it off?" to which no answer came.

"Suppose you waited three months?"

"*Three months!*" she said excitedly, "I couldn't wait all that time. *Something might happen.*"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. G., something *might* happen to you, and you might be cut off without another warning or opportunity. Don't you think it is nothing less than an insult to God to put the matter off as you are doing?"

It seemed as if God's arrows of conviction had reached her conscience at last; for she was thoroughly aroused.

"Would you put it off for *two* months, then?"

Again she wiped the tears from her eyes before replying; while the battle raged within. Two powers were striving for the throne of her heart. It seemed as though she heard the very Devil hissing: "Put it off," while the tender pleadings of the Saviour became stronger and stronger.

"I can't wait two months," was the answer, mingled with a sob.

"Mrs. G., before we kneel in prayer, will you give me your hand and tell me you will trust the Saviour NOW?"

A few seconds hesitation and then, to our great delight, she held out her hand and declared her acceptance of the Saviour that very moment. What a thrill of joy it was to her dear mother to witness such a scene and hear her glad confession of Christ. It was the answer to the prayer of many years, long delayed, but now abundantly and gloriously answered.

It was then that the ten o'clock bells began to ring, and to us that night they seemed like the echo of the Heavenly bells ringing out their joyful peals at the news of another lost one sought and found; for "There is joy

The Widow's Wisdom—One or the Other.

in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15. 10).

Perhaps you are in the same position as this widow, resting on human merits, prayers, or "a good life" instead of depending wholly on the substitutionary sacrifice of the Saviour. You cannot possibly rest on both. It must be the *one or the other*. Which is it to be? "All have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23) and the sinner cannot present a blameless life to God to purchase eternal blessedness. Sin will bring you to judgment and eternal separation from God. Are you prepared to do what his dear woman did, this very moment trust alone in the all-sufficient work and worth of the Lord Jesus Christ?

One of the most terrible and fatal sins which so many are guilty of to-day is this one of delaying their decision for Christ, putting off until a more convenient season their acceptance of the Saviour when the Scripture warns so plainly against it. "How shall we escape *if we neglect* so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3).

Lovingly God yearns over you and points you to the Cross: "See, My beloved Son, dying as the guilty sinners' Substitute, dying for you." The nailed, pierced hands are stretched out invitingly to you as His sweet Word falls on your ears again: "COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST" (Matt. 11. 28). "To-day," he says in Heb. 3. 7, etc., to make it more urgent, "NOW is the accepted time, behold NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Decide for Christ at once with a definite act of will, and say with all your heart:

"I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for *me*;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood
From sin to make me free."

Make the Saviour your own this very moment before you are tempted to delay still further, lest you find yourself drawn down to Hell by the chains of procrastination.

G. A. NEILSON.

GOD SAVES UNGODLY SINNERS FOR
NOTHING—"FREELY" (Romans 3. 24).

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 23.

HOW I BECAME HEIR TO A FORTUNE.

By Dr. THOMAS COCHRANE

(Formerly Medical Advisor to the Chinese Government.)
President, Mildmay Movement.



DR. THOMAS COCHRANE.

GREAT wealth! How men long for it, work for it, cheat for it, live for it, die for it. But most men would like to fall heir to it! They dream of all the things they would like to do with it. Some have the most praiseworthy ideas of what it would enable them to do.

We all know how, in the morning, when we are just awaking, before we are quite conscious, we sometimes feel an unac-

countable depression and we, in our half-conscious state, wonder what occurred the day before to make us sad. On the other hand, we occasionally experience an unaccountable pleasure, and we begin groping for an explanation from the happenings of the day before. Well, one morning, about fifty-five years ago, I was passing through this waking-dream stage, and I was so elated that I thought that someone had left me a fortune. I had never felt so light-hearted in my life. I felt exactly like what most people imagine that they would feel if they were suddenly transported on a magic carpet to a place where they would be completely segregated from the ills of life, in a land of perpetual sunshine and fragrant flowers and the choicest of food and perfect health: where they could be care-free and assured of eternal life and bliss. Some such Utopia has been man's quest all down the ages.

The Testimony of Dr. Thomas Cochrane, Mildmay.

When I awoke completely my joy knew no bounds. I had become heir to immense wealth and it was on this wise. For some time before this wonderful experience I had been in a very miserable state of mind, not because I had any physical ailment, or was in poverty or want, or lacked friends and companions, or any of the ordinary joys of life, but because I became increasingly conscious of the fact that I, the "me" that never dies, was in danger of eternal damnation.

I know that I am using an unpleasant expression, but it was an unpleasant experience, which, nevertheless, I would to God others might pass through. People are too polite nowadays to use language of this kind. It jars. But justice demands that those who have sinned, and who will not accept the tremendous sacrifice that God in Christ made for sin upon the Cross, be condemned to separation from love and peace and joy, to the outer darkness when the door shall be shut: awful thought!

Well, as I have indicated, I was in abject misery when, the night before my morning of bliss, I went into the Town Hall, in my native place, to hear a world-famous evangelist. As I walked into the hall I was repeatedly saying to myself: "What must I do to be saved?" and a voice seemed to be saying: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and I was making answer: "But what is to 'believe'?"

There are those who hope that one day we shall be able to speak to the inhabitants of far distant planets and they to us, but a greater miracle than that actually happens now. We are able to speak to the God who made all the planets and the innumerable worlds of limitless space and to hear Him speaking to us. I heard Him that night, for, as I was repeating and repeating the question and the answer already mentioned, the man I had come to hear rose on the platform and said: "There is someone here I can imagine who is in distress and who is crying: 'What must I do to be saved'" and is not clear as to the meaning of the answer: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' and is saying to himself, 'but what is it to "believe"?' He then went on to say: "Suppose that you were ill and you were told of a physician who had treated many cases similar to yours and had

The Testimony of Dr. Thomas Cochrane, Mildmay.

never lost a patient, you would call him in, would you not? And when he came, your belief, or, in other words, your trust in him, if absolute, would deliver you from fear and bring you peace. Or suppose that you were engaged in a law-suit and you believed in, had perfect faith in, trusted completely, an advocate who had won every similar suit, you would enjoy the relief that comes from a sense of safety. Believe thus on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician, *the* Advocate, who has satisfied divine justice, and you shall be saved." I listened to these illustrations of what "believe" means, and realised that Jesus had paid my debt, that He had suffered for me, "the Just for the unjust" (1 Peter 3. 18). I threw myself into His arms, and my heart sang: "Safe in the arms of Jesus." I experienced the "peace that passeth understanding," and the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

When I awoke next morning, not only did this joy thrill me again, but I realised that I had become an heir of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ (Romans 8. 17) that I possessed "all things" (2 Cor. 6. 10).

"Loved with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know,
Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so.
Oh, this full and perfect peace!
Oh, this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease,
I am His, and He is mine."

A multi-millionaire cannot supply all his needs: exhaustless material wealth could never satisfy his deepest needs. But my God has supplied all my needs (Phil. 4. 19), and the riches to which I have fallen heir are as exhaustless as the universe.

Since that night I have passed through many experiences. Scientific study has only served to confirm my faith. Life in other lands, contact with men of all races, and a study of all religions and all the vicissitudes of an eventful life, have proved that nothing can separate me from the love of Christ (Romans 8. 38-39), or steal my birthright, and I know that I have eternal life and possess "all things."

THE WASHERMAN AND HIS CLEANSING.

IN India the man who washes the clothes gathered from his many customers is called a *dhobi*. He goes and collects the dirty linen and carries it away in a box or bundle to the river side or other prepared place where he proceeds to bang them upon the stones in order to cleanse them.

One such *dhobi* had made up his mind to go to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, on the banks of the River Ganges. By bathing in the waters of the holy river he hoped he would rid himself of his burden of sin.

As he walked along, bearing on his back his box in which were soiled garments, he began to think, and to talk aloud to himself. "*Dhobi* has sinful heart, going to River Ganges, washing outside, heart inside coming clean. Ah! *dirty clothes inside "dhobi's" box, washing box outside, clothes inside coming clean.*"

This seemed quite logical, and so when he reached the banks of the river he proceeds to act upon it. First he went down into the river, bathed himself, and then came up clean. Then he took down his box into the river and washed it outside, and then brought it up on to the bank. Opening the lid, he began to lift out the clothes one by one, but, alas, each garment was still dirty!

He then began to think again, "*Dhobi* washing outside of box, clothes inside not coming clean. *Dhobi* washing body outside, heart not coming clean!" Having arrived at this conclusion, he found out a Christian friend, from whom he learned of Him Who could cleanse a man from sin by the precious Blood shed on Calvary.

How many are like the poor *dhobi*, thinking it possible to cleanse the springs of life from sin by outward washing, purifications, and good works! But, alas! the external acts do not affect the inner life. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and cannot be cleansed of its impurity by man's own efforts.

Like the *dhobi*, you must learn that something above and beyond what man can do is necessary. The work of the Lord Jesus upon the Cross was necessary to provide a way by which sin could be atoned for, and the sinner be cleansed from his sin. Will you accept God's gift now, and be saved and satisfied for ever?

w.w.

THE SEVEN CLASSES OF PERSONS— WHICH ARE YOU IN?

LOOKING around the world, we notice seven classes of men and women. I wonder in which class *you* are. Read and see.

I. **The Infidel**, or what the Bible calls, “the scoffer” (2 Peter 3. 3), the out-and-out disbeliever in the Bible, in God, in Christ, and in Salvation. To him these are only the imaginations of the goody-goody. Man is only



Seven Classes of Persons—Which are you in?

material, and when he dies that is the end of him, the final of everything, for there is no resurrection, no judgment bar, no avenging God, no squaring of accounts, no retribution, and no Eternity. His motto is: "*For we are but of yesterday and know nothing*" (Job 8. 9). There are not a great many of this kind, some carry out the doctrine and are depraved, many are about the average.

2. **The Careless**, a fairly common class, a creed something like that the Whitechapel man told "General" BOOTH: "Me and my good wife never believes nothing." He has no special views concerning "this life or the life to come," takes life as it comes, sails through life as easily as he can. Eats, drinks, smokes, talks, goes to a game or the theatre occasionally. Is not generally vicious. His idea in general is: "*Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die*" (1 Cor. 15. 32). He hopes that all will be right by and by. A fairly numerous class.

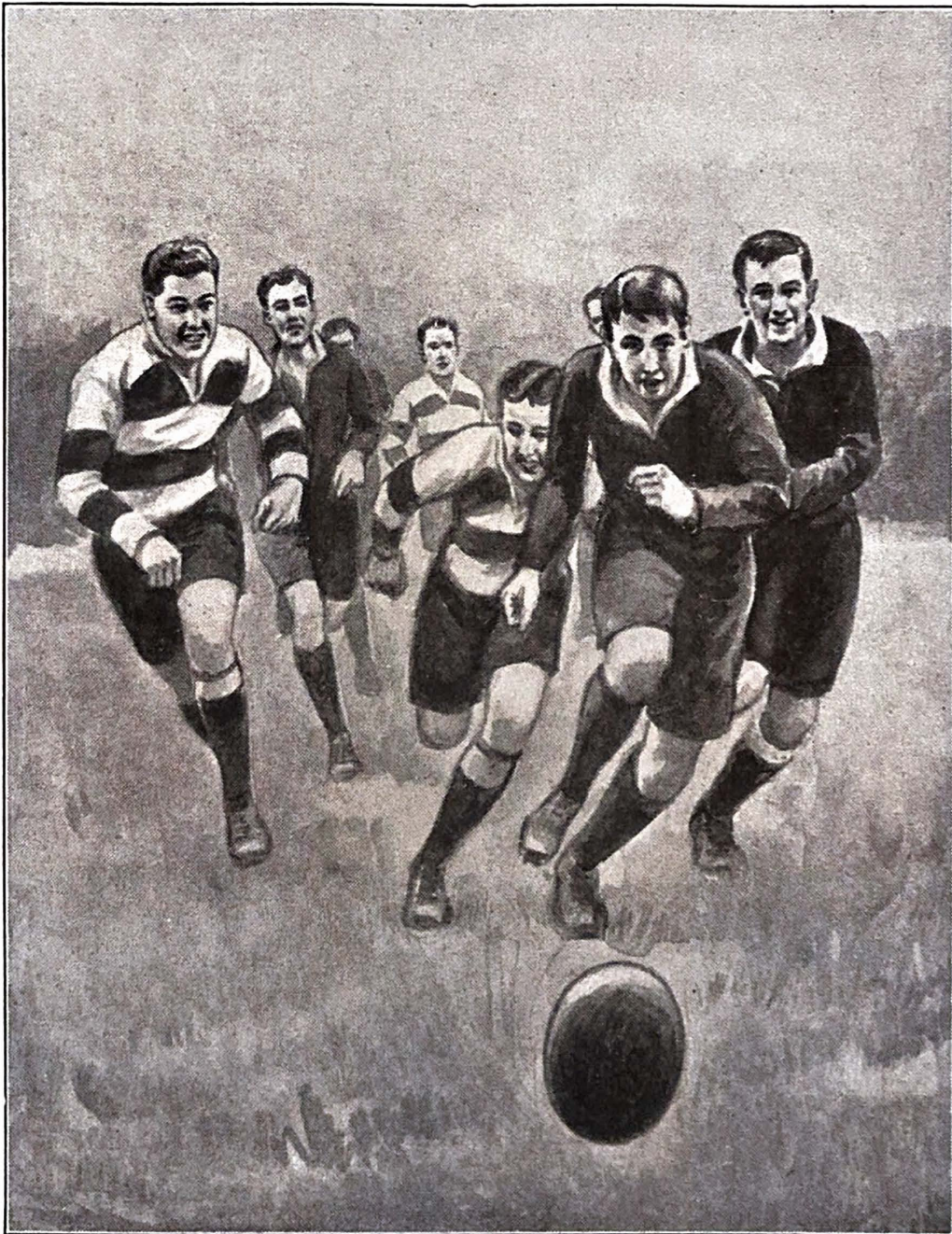
3. **The Ordinary**, or what might be termed the common man, with no thought of "cheap and nasty" about it. Very common amongst us to-day. The hale, hearty, friendly good neighbour, much interested in all things pertaining to "this life," little, if any, interest in "the life to come." Was taken to church when christened, has been there at a few weddings and a number of funerals. No special regard for churches, clergy, or religious people, though voices little against them. Lives a decent life, takes a glass occasionally, smokes moderately, takes little interest in sports or amusements, goes at odd times, keeps friendly with all, troubles his head little about the "here-after." His motto is: "*Let your moderation be known unto all men*" (Phil. 4. 5). He lives peacefully, dies peacefully, is remembered, and has gone—but where? Alas, he abounds.

4. **The Well-meaning** man or woman. Interested in things of home, the world at large, the Church, and in things general. Takes the usual share in events as they occur, goes to religious or missionary meetings now and then, or when specially invited. Willing to talk about the Church or Meeting, and about preachers. Knows little about Christ, Salvation, or Heaven. Is good, kind, gentle, and seeks to live a straight life, hoping God will accept him at last, as he believes that "*God is Love*"

Seven Classes of Persons—Which are you in?

(1 John 4. 16), and as he had done nothing extraordinarily wrong, has every hope that "all will be well."

5. The Religious Person, of which there are great numbers, some with "a little religion," some with "a cloak of religion," some sincerely religious, without Christ. The class varies so much that it is hard to describe. Many have great zeal for our Church, our Chapel, or meeting place, our minister or pastor, our method of



GOES TO A GAME OR THE CINEMA OCCASIONALLY.

Seven Classes of Persons—Which are you in?

worship, being and living a religious life. But ask: "Are you *saved*?" (Acts 16. 31); "Are you 'born again'?" (John 3. 5); "Are you personally acquainted with Christ?" (John 17. 3); "Do you know *your* sins forgiven?" (1 John 2. 12), and such plain things, of which all should be able to give a "good report" (Phil. 4. 8). His text is: "*Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man*" (Eccles. 12. 13). He is indefinite as to the Gospel, Salvation, the Blood of Christ, Heaven and Hell. Churches and chapels are largely filled with this class—strong on religion, weak on Christ. It is one of the most dangerous classes to be in, for there are thousands of respectable religious people who are "religiously going to Hell!" My soul, if thou art in this class, rest not till "Christ is thy centre—thy Saviour, Lord and Master." In Him, and in Him alone is Salvation and Eternal Bliss (read Acts 4. 12).

6. The Superior Person, generally listed among "the better class," or west-end folks. Would not willingly be entered in any of the classes already named, has distinct views about the world, religion, the future, and other things, although it would be hard at times to tell what these views were. Feels inclined to say with the dying Countess: "Rather than be saved as the dying thief, I'd be lost." Dislikes that text: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons" (Acts 10. 24), or that in Psalm 119. 117: "I will have respect unto the lowly;" but likes 1 Peter 2. 17: "*Honour all men . . . Fear God, honour the King.*" Counts on God treating him in the future according to the position, dignity, and influence here. Is religious as it suits, but seldom evangelistic. Lives an ordinary "better class" life, dies, is mourned and buried, few asking the question—"Where, oh, where?"

7. The Christian, not one who lives in a Christian country, belongs to a Christian family, as distinct from Jew or Mohammedan, is in communion in a Christian Church, a member of a Christian choir, or community, for all these are but man-made distinctions and count not in the reckoning of God.

Not one who has been christened as a child, baptised as an adult, confirmed at a certain age, takes the sacrament, or is "devout in all his ways," for thousands who claim

Seven Classes of Persons—Which are you in?

all these are still in the "gall of bitterness, the bonds of iniquity" (Acts 8. 22).

But one who has been "born again" (John 3. 3, 7), one who is "washed in the Blood of the Lamb" (Rev. 7. 14), one who is like this, "a child of God *by faith in Christ Jesus*" (Gal. 3. 26), for none are truly "Christians" in the Bible sense, except it is "*by faith in Jesus Christ.*" The "nominal Christian" does not count with God. "Faith in His Son" (Gal. 2. 20) is the only thing which He acknowledges, the only thing which really counts in the Christian life, the only thing which ensures "the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1. 27), the assurance of the pos-



"THE HALE, HEARTY, FRIENDLY GOOD NEIGHBOUR."

Seven Classes of Persons—Which are you in?

session of "Eternal Life" (1 John 5. 13), the only thing which give assurance of "Eternal Glory" (1 Peter 5. 10), which gives the threefold joy of peace in life, joy in death, and glory in Eternity. One of his favourite texts is 1 Tim. 1. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of WHOM I AM CHIEF.*"

Let me urge you, that whatever you do, drop all that is human and unreal, rest not till you rest alone in the "finished" work of Christ, basing all your hope for Heaven in Christ and Him alone, till you can say:

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand." HYP.

POPULAR DELUSIONS, No. 3.

THERE are some very popular Delusions which sadly need to be explained and exploded. Let me name a few, and speak freely because there are many who want to *be* right and *do* right.

III. That Sinners are those who Commit GLARING SINS, such as murderers, gangsters, anarchists, drunkards, harlots, swindlers, burglars, liars, and such like.

These, indeed, are sinners and will realise the truth of the Sacred Word—"Be sure your sin will *find you out*" (Num. 32. 23) either in this life or in the life to come.

But though *you* are miles upon miles from being classified in any of above, *you are a sinner*, and can truthfully say with one of old: "I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Psa. 51. 5). Coming of a fallen stock you are "by *nature* a child of wrath" (Eph. 2. 3) and are included in the sweeping conclusion, "ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23).

Nay, your own conscience, in quiet moments, admits that if you have been preserved from committing *glaring* sins, yet both by nature and practice "you are *guilty* before God" (Rom. 3. 19). Why not admit it and seek Salvation *now*?

REMEMBER men are not sinners because they sin, but **sin because they are sinners**, and that as a "*sinner*" you can be saved and know it even now (2 Cor. 6. 2). Come and welcome to the Saviour. HYP.

"THE PREACHING TREE."

THE tree shown in photo, is surely a wonder. It is a real naturally grown tree in Gib Lane, Blackburn. If the texts had not been painted on it, it could have spoken of the *Three Persons* in the Godhead—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or of the *Three Crosses* on Calvary—two thieves, with Jesus in the midst (John 19. 18).

The texts were painted on the tree by a brother who evidently thought of Calvary. With the two thieves—The SAVED THIEF, in order that none might despair; the LOST THIEF, in order that none might presume. The centre, CHRIST, who said to the penitent thief: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise (Luke 23. 43). Even on the Cross, at the eleventh hour, all he had to do—all he *could* do, was look to Jesus. *He looked and lived*. So may you.

A strange thing is that the centre branch and one of the branches are flourishing, whilst the other branch is decaying. May God bless the PREACHING TREE. PKG.

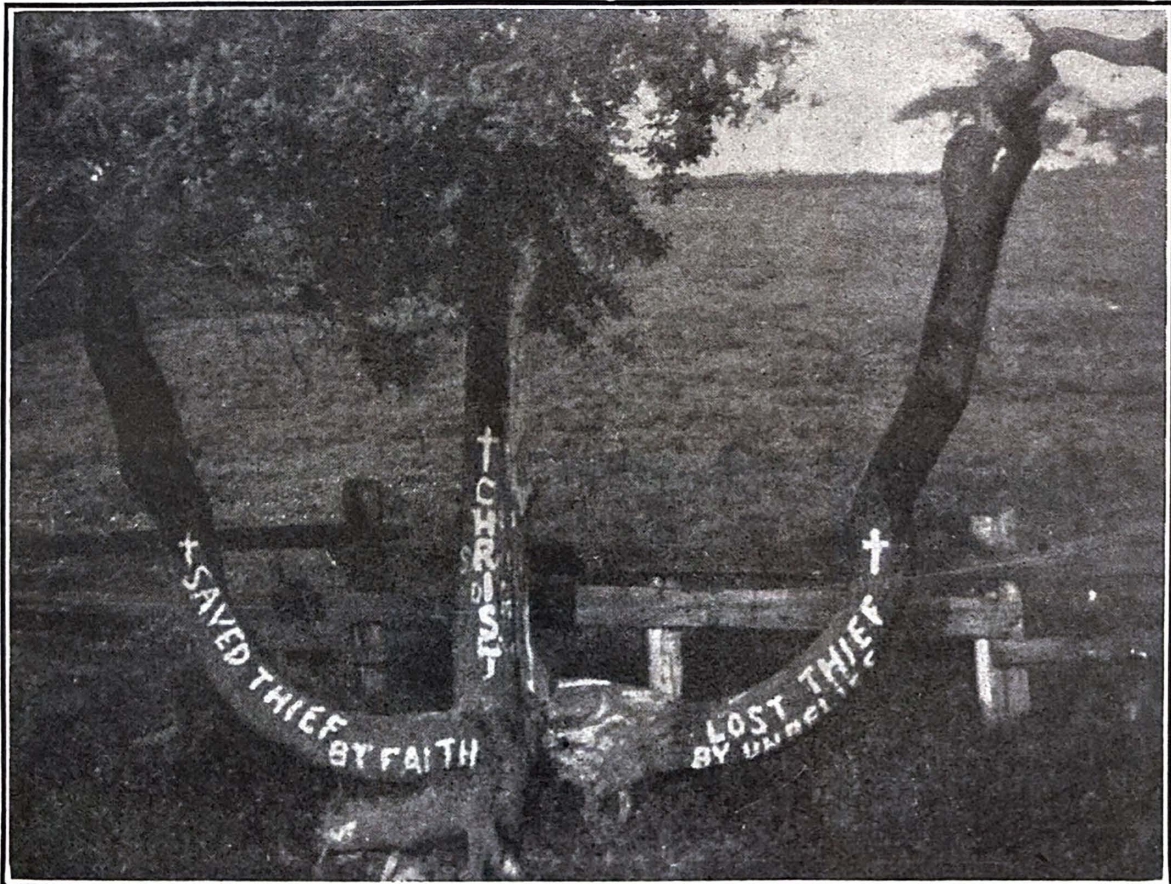


Photo: Joseph Grundy.

TREE IN GIB LANE, BLACKBURN, LANCS.

OVERBOARD!

"**M**AN overboard! Man overboard!" Such was the cry that fell on my ears one fine day as the steamer was leaving the seaport town of Granton. In an instant all was consternation on board—at least among the passengers, of which I was one—for there he was in the water, and unless help reached him, and that quickly, he must perish. A life-buoy was at once thrown out to him, but it fell far short—it could not reach him. What was to be done? Must he perish? The poor fellow is well-nigh insensible, and utterly unable to do anything for himself. But before he sinks to rise no more, a living heart and a living arm are found at his side, and he is gently borne in powerful arms safely on board the steamer, where there is more joy over his rescue than over all on board who needed no rescue. And such a one was I who now speak to you—not that I was so near a watery grave; but I was as near—yea, nearer far—finding myself overwhelmed by the billows of the wrath of God. I was a guilty, Hell-deserving sinner. I discovered that I was unsaved—unsheltered by the Blood that cleanseth from all sin. How could I face death? How could I meet judgment? Where would I spend Eternity? These momentous questions followed me wherever I went. Was there no deliverer? "Do the very best you can; be religious, and amend your ways." Such was the advice I got. But, like the life-buoy, it could not reach my case—it fell far short. What about the sins of the past? What of the dark list of transgressions of which I had been guilty? for God had said: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "O for peace with God," I cried. "O for a deliverer." But deliverance was nigh—had been nigh all the time. Help must come from the outside. And so I was told how One had been found to die for me—how that One, even Jesus the Lord, had come down from the Glory—how the waves and billows of the wrath of God went over Him for sin that He had suffered, the Just for the unjust, to bring me to God, and how that, while we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly. And I believed and trusted Him, had peace through the Blood of the Cross, and since that time He has borne me upward.

What about that souls of yours? The Christ of God died for you. He waits to save. Trust Him *now*. N.B.

MISSED THE TRAIN, BUT CAUGHT A SOUL.

"I AM PASTOR OF THE BETHANY CHURCH IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE STATE, AND ALWAYS REJOICE WHEN I SEE ANOTHER WHO LOVES OUR LORD AND HIS WORD."

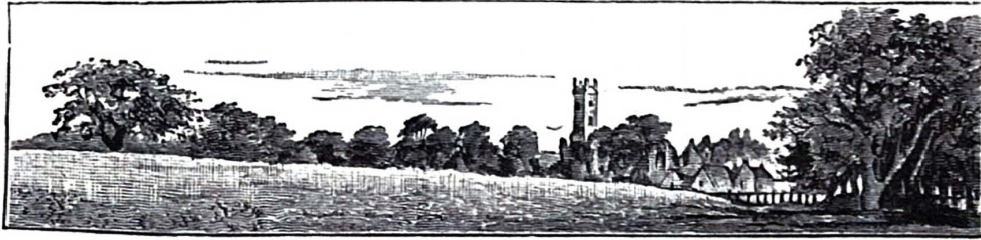


"I FOUND A FRIEND TRAVELLING IN THE SAME DIRECTION."

As we boarded the train, I asked the pastor whether I might come back to his car and visit him with as far as we could go together.

H

MISSED THE TRAIN, BUT CAUGHT A SOUL.



WHILE in the waiting room of the railway station of a great city, waiting for the train to be called, I sat reading my Bible and was deeply engrossed in the subject attracting my attention, and thus failed to notice the approach of a gentleman who appeared to be a prosperous business man. As he sat down beside me, he asked: "Are you a minister? I see you are studying the Scriptures, and this would lead me to believe that you are both a Christian and a servant of God. I am pastor of the Bethany Church in the southern part of the state, and always rejoice when I see another who loves our Lord and His Word."

This was a happy greeting and cheered my heart. During my travels I had not seen a devoted Christian for some time and was happy to make the acquaintance with one who seemed to be out and out for Christ. We talked together over the things of the Lord and especially the subject I had just been studying.

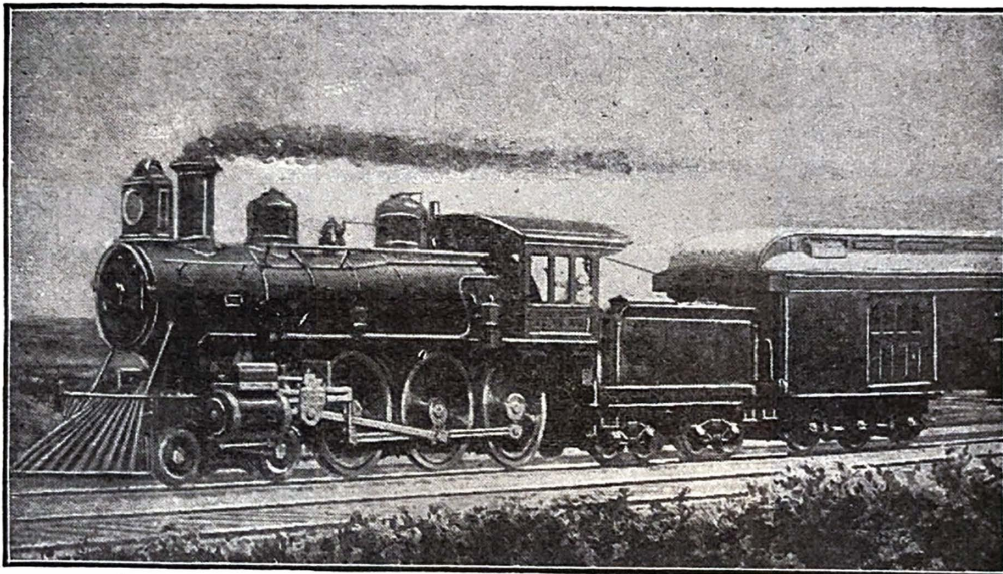
At six o'clock the train made quite a long stop, and the cars seemed to be manœuvred back and forth considerably in the railway yards at that place. Shortly the train started up again and I called the porter to tell him that I did not belong to that car, but that I did belong in the car that was going to the western part of the state and asked if he would kindly let me know in case the train should be broken up and the cars separated. The porter immediately exhibited much concern, and cried out to me quickly: "Boss, dis train was done broke up in dese yards, and your train has done left on de other track. You'd better jump off quick."

I hurriedly said "Good-bye" to my pastor friend, ran to the door, and jumped off in the railway yards, before the train had attained much speed. My hat, overcoat, and baggage were all in the other car, which was already speeding on its journey.

The yard-master saw me leap from the steps of the

Missed the Train—Caught a Soul.

moving train and came walking down the track to ascertain the cause of the trouble. I told him of my predicament, at the same time wondering in my heart what the Lord had for me to do in this peculiar circumstance. I knew quite well that the Lord ordered the steps of His servants, and therefore sought immediately to find some troubled heart to whom the Holy Spirit would bring the Gospel through my lips. The yard-master assured me that he would take care of the matter to my entire satisfaction. He would telegraph along the line, catch the train with a message, and have my possessions properly cared for until I could catch up with them on the next



"IN CASE THE TRAIN SHOULD BE BROKEN UP AND CARS SEPARATED."

train. He also very kindly offered to let me sleep on a cot in his office that night, for the train was due to go through at about 2.30 o'clock in the morning. He did not seem to be interested in spiritual things, although I made an effort to engage him in conversation on that subject.

In the yard-master's office there were many telegraphists, brakemen and other men connected with the work in the yards, but none of these gave a ready ear to my message about Christ, and I found no opening at all for reaching any souls. At seven o'clock, I went out to find a restaurant. The town was very small, not over fifty or seventy-five inhabitants, and the only place to eat was a little lunch counter where the railroad men could get a bite on the run. It was not at all inviting, in fact it

Missed the Train—Caught a Soul.

was difficult for me to eat in the place, but there was no other place to go. I purchased a loaf of bread because it was wrapped in wax paper and therefore sanitary, obtained a bottle of milk which I knew would be clean, and these sufficed for my supper. As soon as I returned to the yard-master's office, I heard the ringing of a church bell and made inquiry of the yard-master as to whether there was a church in the little village.

I found that there was just one church which served the entire community for miles around, and that night was the one night in the month when a service was held there. The Lord had not yet revealed to me why it was my lot to be in that little place under such peculiar circumstances. I kept looking to Him for guidance and asking Him to show me the work He would like to have me to do there.

Having learned the directions to the church, I went over to attend the service. There I found a pastor who had at one time served a church in my own city. We soon were in happy fellowship with each other, and at his request, I took the evening service, giving a message on that wonderful text: "Sir, we would see Jesus." Only about twenty-five people were present at the meeting, but among them was a young lady about twenty-five years of age who seemed unusually interested, and paid close attention to all the message. At the close of the service she came to me weeping, and said: "I have been wanting to see Jesus since I was a little girl. It is not clear to me yet how to find Him. I would like to come to Him and be saved by Him. My prayers seem to reach only to the ceiling of my room. God seems so far away. I cannot find Him. Can you help me?"

I did not wonder now why I had missed the train. My question was answered. Here was a soul in the dark, hundreds of miles from my home and in a little village where she had not much opportunity of learning the Word. The Holy Spirit arranged the missing of that train for the very purpose of permitting this young woman to receive the answer to her prayer for light.

I requested the young lady to sit down with me, while we read together the precious story of God's wonderful love. Isaiah 45. 22 came before us, and we read: "Look

Missed the Train—Caught a Soul.

unto me, and be ye saved.” And so I said unto her: “Look away from yourself, your sins, your fears, and your favours to the Lord Jesus who died for you on Calvary.” With these words I sought to turn her attention to Christ Jesus, God’s only Saviour.

“Will you watch Him there on Calvary, and know that He was dying for you? He was taking your punishment. He gave Himself to save you from being lost. He paid your debt that you might come boldly into the presence of God, knowing that all of your obligations had been fully met. He says to you in Matthew 11. 28: ‘Come unto Me.’ You may come just now, just as you are and where you are. You may accept Him just now by faith, and trust Him fully with the saving of your soul.”

These words did not seem to bring peace to this troubled heart. I therefore sought to change the line of truth a little, and said to her: “When you go to see a doctor is it not because you believe that he is able to meet your need and to cure your disease?”

“Yes,” she said. “Several times I have done that.”

“And when you go to see the dentist is it not because you feel that he is able to stop the pain and repair the tooth?” She nodded her head in reply. “Just so you come to the Lord Jesus Christ, believing that He is able and willing to blot out all of your sins and give you the gift of eternal life. **Will you come to see Him now about this important matter?**”

“I will,” she said. “It is quite clear to me now. I always knew that Christ was the Saviour, but it did not occur to me that I had the privilege of **coming to Him myself and receiving Him for my own Saviour**. I belong to Him now and will be so glad to serve Him with all of my heart.”

Again my heart went out in gratitude to the Holy Spirit for His wonder-working grace, and for the marvellous way in which He had arranged this interesting meeting. I returned to the yard-master’s office, and in the early morning hours continued my journey on the next train that carried me to my destination. Arriving there, I found that my luggage, hat and overcoat had been well cared for, and they were returned in good condition.

Four days after this wonderful event, I began my

Missed the Train—Caught a Soul.

homeward journey, and when we arrived at this little junction point, I stepped off the train to see if I could find the yard-master and to thank him again for his kindness to me on the previous occasion. He was out near the track to meet the train, and when he saw me, came hurrying to greet me. Both his arms were thrown about me in an affectionate embrace. Tears filled his eyes. His heart seemed to overflow with joy. "I have been watching every train since you left, so that I would be sure to see you again," he said: "for although you told me you would return this week, you did not mention the day. I knew you would be glad to hear the story of what happened after you left."

"Tell me," I said, "what the Lord has done."

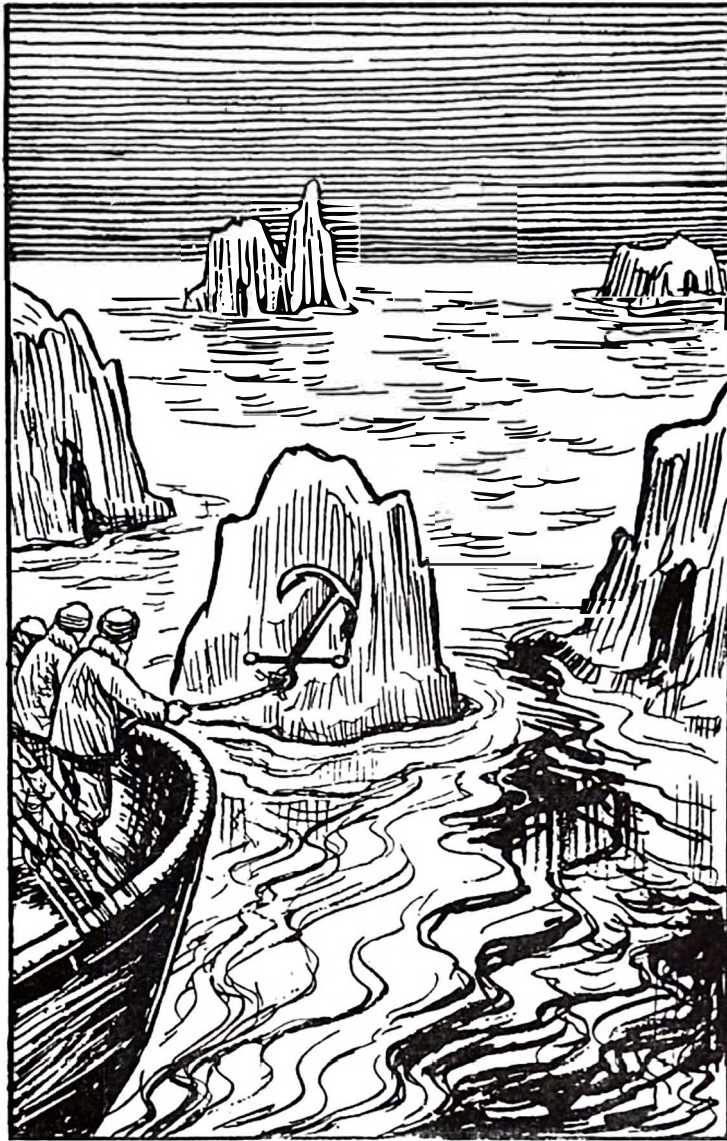
"That is just what I want to do," he said. "The lady who was saved at the church the night you were here is my daughter-in-law. For several years she has bothered us in our home, talking about Jesus, wanting to find God, and often wept as though her heart would break. We had come to the conclusion that she was a little bit crazy about religion, and were afraid she would lose her mind completely. That meeting at the church, however certainly made a new girl out of her. She came home, singing, burst into the room with the exclamation: '**I have found the Lord; I am saved; Christ Jesus has saved me, and my sins are gone. Oh, what peace and joy have filled my heart.**'"

"My wife and I could not sleep that night," he continued "We saw the wonderful change in her heart and knew it was a very real work of grace by God. The next morning we sat down and had her tell us all about the sermon and about your talk with her. She told us how she had been to *see* Jesus, and how He had revealed to her that His death on the Cross paid her debt and blotted out her sins. She made the message so clear to us, that both of us have trusted the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, and we, too, are saved. How I wish you could stay a while and tell us more about this wonderful Saviour."

Just at this point the conductor of the train called out, "All aboard," so I jumped on the steps of the moving train, as he cried out: "Good-bye, doctor; God bless you. Thank God you ever came." DR. W. L. WILSON.

THE ANCHOR HOLDS.

AN arctic explorer finds himself becalmed between two icebergs which are approaching from different directions, and threaten to crush his ship like an empty shell. Escape there seems to be none. The danger is imminent. But suddenly a water-washed berg, moved by some strange current, comes driving up from the southward. It



"PLANT AN ANCHOR ON ITS SLOPES "

nears them; it is passing close by. Their only chance is to plant an anchor on its slope, that thus it may bear them out of their fearful danger. **The anchor is cast. It holds; and the next moment they are following in the wake of their strange tow-horse, saved as by the skin of the teeth.**

And never did men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

How aptly that incident illustrates the case of many, in danger of everlasting destruction. It may be *your* case, yea, it is *your* case, if you have not an anchor within the vail (Heb. 6. 19)—if you have not found

safety in Christ. **You may never be in danger of being crushed to death by two icebergs in a polar sea.** But there is a far greater danger—the danger of being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of God's wrath; for, if out of Christ, the wrath of God abideth on you (John 3. 36); and it is simply a matter of time as to when your doom shall be for ever fixed.

How SOLEMN! But God has provided a great Salvation—a great Deliverer. You need not perish; you need not go down beneath the billows of God's wrath. **A place of safety has been provided; and that is in Christ.** Cast your anchor on Him—lay hold of Him by the hand of faith; and you are safe for Eternity. Then, come what will—let the storm of almighty judgment sweep over the earth—let the heavens be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat—all who are united to Christ by a living faith shall be safe; for their life is hid with Christ in God.

W. SHAW.

POPULAR DELUSIONS, No. 4.

IV. **I am of a Religious family, have always attended a place of worship and seek to do my duty toward GOD AND MY NEIGHBOUR.**

Against such we say not a word, but is there anything definite or vital in any of these? There is such a position as being "*not far* from the Kingdom" yet not being *inside* (Mark 12. 34).

"Being good" and "doing good" are only man's way of Salvation, whereas God says "*Not by works* of righteousness *which we have done*, but according to His MERCY He saves us" (Titus 3. 5), and "By the *deeds of the Law* there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3. 20).

Christ came "*not* to call the Righteous" or religious, but *sinners*" (Matt. 9. 13). "This Man receiveth" not good people, religious men and women, but "*sinners*" (Luke 15. 2).

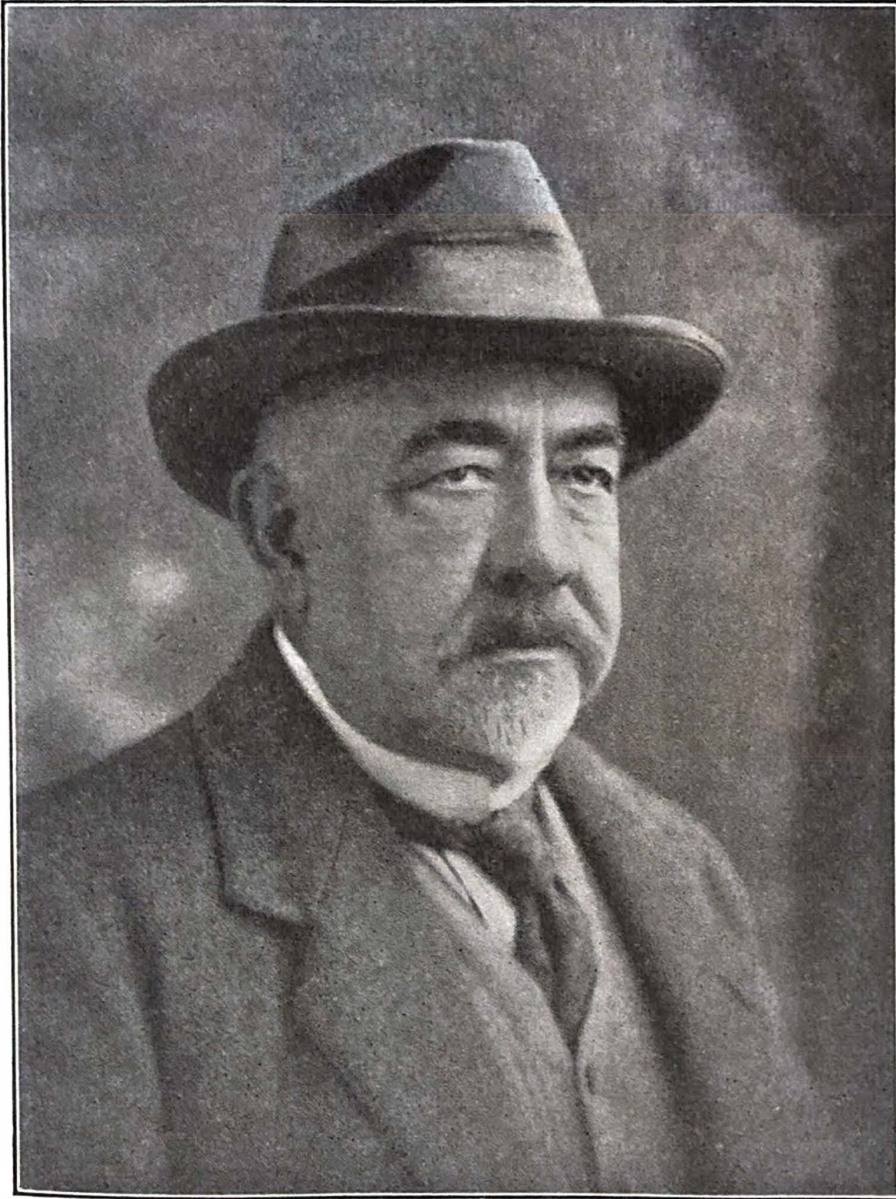
There are thousands who are making the terrible mistake of going religiously down the Broad Road to everlasting woe! *Are you one?*

REMEMBER Religion never did and never will save a soul. *Personal faith in Christ Jesus* alone means Salvation from Hell and woe.

HYP.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 24.



JOHN F. SLATER, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN, WHITLEY BAY.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

WHEN the diamond boom was at its height some sixty years ago, and Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, and others were building up their colossal fortunes, two young men went out from Newcastle-on-Tyne to South Africa to seek success in business. They were JOHN F. SLATER and JACK A., boon companions in worldly pursuits and ungodly pleasures. They did not go to the mines or speculate in diamonds, but established a general store to supply the requirements of new towns which sprang

How a Royal Academy Painter was Saved.

up. They made their headquarters near Grahamstown, but in spite of hard work the traders failed to make good. The two friends therefore decided, after several years of disappointing effort, that there was nothing for it but to close down and return home to England.

Their store consisted of a large hut-like structure of corrugated iron, hung on the inside with yards and yards of white calico. A large heavy counter served by day for the display of goods, and by night for sleeping accommodation on shelves underneath.

There was considerable stock remaining unsold, and arrangements were made to dispose of this by auction. The goods were tied up in bundles and placed on the counter ready, but having a day to wait before the advertised date of sale, the two men decided to go to the race meeting which was being held not far away. Wandering about the racecourse in pessimistic mood they were accosted by a stranger who asked them to accept a Gospel tract, which they did with the usual contempt for such things. Little did they know the power of the written Word. Slater glanced at his tract and saw that it spoke of the end of the world, but that only caused a laugh. "*The end of the world*, indeed——"

After a tiring day the friends returned home and went to bed preparatory to the auction sale next morning. But in the night one of those fearful sub-tropical storms swept down upon the sleepers. The night was brilliant with lightning, not in flashes but in a blaze that seemed as if it would consume the earth. It was as if the world was on fire, and Slater remembered the tract, and thought perhaps the end of the world had really come. Further sleep was out of the question, and the two men lay trembling under the heavy counter, the only place that promised protection from the storm. The wind increased to a mighty roar, and soon the corrugated iron roof and the heavy stones placed upon it for strength, were all swept away. The long wide strips of calico shrieked and waved wildly in the air. The bundles of goods were caught up by the resistless wind and scattered beyond recovery over the veldt. Filled with fear, afraid to speak, one thought alone agitated Slater's mind. It was "the end of the world."

It was not so in the sense he dreaded, but it was in the

How a Royal Academy Painter was Saved.

sense of being the end of the life he had hitherto lived, for Slater then and there resolved to seek the Lord if haply he might find mercy and forgiveness.

Jack A. had no such intentions, and the two friends, when the storm abated in the morning, set out for Grahams-town en route for home. There was no auction, for there was nothing to sell, and crestfallen and ashamed the two men made their way to the coast with only just enough money to pay their passage home.

Reaching England, Slater was under deep conviction of sin, and his sister took him occasionally to a meeting in New Building, Bath Lane, Newcastle. (Built by Mr. Richard Hoyle). One Sunday they went for a change to a very high Church of England. But the ornate service passed. Feeling he was not being helped Slater abruptly left the Church soon after the service began, much to the disgust of his sister. He ran all the way to the Gospel Hall where he was converted that same evening. In after years, when preaching at the same Hall he used to point to the pillar behind which the great decision was made.

Some time later, when my friend Slater had returned to Newcastle, he told this story in the open air to a crowd of rough and dangerous looking men. There was at the time no known result, but thirty years later when I was visiting Mr. Slater in the north he introduced me to a man who said he was converted at that open-air meeting long ago and from being, as he said, the worst man on Tyneside he had now been preaching Christ ever since.

For forty-eight years John F. Slater and I have been fast friends. He never went back from the great decision he made when frightened by fear that it was the end of the world. He has often told me of his failings and his want of faith but he has never wavered in his assurance.

He became famous as an artist and was "hung" at the Royal Academy twenty-nine times. He was held in great esteem in the north and on his 80th birthday last Good Friday appreciative friends presented him with a silver rose bowl, an illuminated album of signatures to an address and a cheque for £100 as a token of esteem and in recognition of his services to art. Less than a month later he was absent from the body and present with the Lord. "Be ye also ready."

F.W.P.

BEHOLD WHAT LOVE!



FOR a good man some would even dare to die (Rom. 5. 7). That is as far as human love can go. A friend has been known to die for a friend. But God's love to the sinner takes a far wider sweep. It is not hard to love the lovely and the lovable. But God's love stands out in clear contrast to all human love, in this, that His love has gone

forth to the unlovely and unloving—even to His *enemies*. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Sinner, that takes you in. Christ-rejecter though you be, God's love has reached *you*. He has thought of *you*; He has planned and provided for *you*. Christ died for the ungodly (Rom. 5. 6). Think of it. Such is the love of God. Whether you believe it or not, the great truth remains, that God loves *you*. Yet—strange as it may seem—that love will not prevent your perishing eternally, if you reject Christ. Great love has provided a great salvation. If you neglect so great salvation, you must perish. T-E.

HAVE YOU ————— ?

THE congregation was dispersing from the plain little church on one of the rugged islands of the Scottish Hebrides, and as friends and neighbours met and chatted the air became filled with cheerful words and pleasant laughter. The church had been crowded to the full, the congregation having come from all around to hear the new minister. Some had tramped o'er the hills, others had ferried across the dark waters of the loch, while many had come by pony or on foot through the glen. All were anxious to hear and to judge the preacher and his preaching. Mr. Vivyan, the laird who lived in the magnificent old castle nearby, had occupied his pew with stately dignity and listened most intently to the sermon. Now with a curt nod to those around he entered the waiting carriage and quickly drove off.

But that lovely summer evening he was troubled and restless, so quitting the castle and passing through the

Have You—————?

deep shades of his wooded demesne, he crossed the broad waste of heather and reached the jagged rocks on which the mighty Atlantic Ocean dashed so often its fury and force. Hour after hour Charles Vivyan lingered there, with the words of the preacher's text ringing through his brain. How strange that words so well known as those



of the third verse of John 3 should suddenly raise a tempest in his soul. Not that the preacher's discourse had been an impassioned and eloquent appeal to the emotions. Nay, it was a very quiet discourse he had listened to—a scholar-like composition, its theology clear, its argument potent, its reasoning convincing.

What was it then that so stirred Charles Vivyan? The text was old and familiar, perhaps old-fashioned. Yes, but the *meaning* was new and the application personal—too personal for Charles Vivyan. "Verily, verily, I say unto you," read the text, and "*you*" certainly meant Charles Vivyan. And if the word *you* referred to him, the remainder of the text referred to him also. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). What did it mean to be "born again"? Had he been "born again"? That was the poser! The minister, of course, would be "born again;" but was he—Charles Vivyan? How clearly, how convincingly Mr. Urquhart had proved the necessity of being "born again," and it must be essential for him. Mr. Urquhart said it was a complete change, a very real change, a new state of things. Well, he had never experienced such a change, but who had? Surely, however, someone had experienced this wonderful transition, someone had known and actually felt the renewing grace of God, and really passed into a state different from fallen nature. "I should like to see a practical example in real life," he said half aloud to himself as he turned his steps homeward. "Ah, yes," he continued, "I will invite good Mr. Urquhart to dinner. A conversation with him will help me."

Next day Mr. Urquhart was greatly surprised to receive a note from the laird containing a pressing invitation to dine with him at the castle on Tuesday evening if possible. But the postscript was even more surprising. It read thus: "I have to apologise for offering you only my own company; but I am anxious for an opportunity of talking to you alone on a subject which greatly disturbs my mind."

When Tuesday came, and the two men had been left to themselves after dinner, the laird said: "The subject of your sermon, Mr. Urquhart, has occupied my mind ever since, and I would feel greatly obliged if you would

help me on the matter. Is the new birth, which last Sunday you so clearly demonstrated to be essential to salvation, a *real* and practical thing? Is it a mere theory—a theological dream, or is it a *real* and *actual* change for good in a man's life?" "Can you doubt it, Mr. Vivyan?" said Mr. Urquhart somewhat surprised. "The phrase 'born again' means 'born from above.' No mere outward reformation ever gave a man the spiritual perception necessary to 'see the Kingdom of God.' In order to obtain that spiritual perception he must be 'born from above,' or 'born again,' and that, I may say, is a complete transition from one state of existence to that of another. In fact so great is the transition that it is referred to as being from 'darkness to light' (Acts 26. 18), and from death unto life' (John 5. 24). It is resurrection to the soul from spiritual death just as real as resurrection would be to the body from natural death."

"Is it then a genuine transformation which the soul undergoes while in this world?" asked Mr. Vivyan.

"Unquestionably," replied Mr. Urquhart.

"How then does it take place? You see," said Mr. Vivyan, with intense earnestness, "eternity is at stake, and I am groping in darkness, and can see no light. Tell me, I implore, *who* has known this wondrous change? *Who* has been 'born again?' Mr. Urquhart, may I ask, 'Have you——?'"

Ere that evening closed these two men had courageously faced the question of how they stood, weak sinful men, in the searching light that came from the throne of a holy God "that hath no pleasure in wickedness, and hateth all workers of iniquity" (Psa. 5. 4, 5). They definitely settled the matter of their souls' eternal welfare, they made sure that by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and accepting Him as their Saviour, they were genuinely "born again," for "whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (1 John 5. 1); being "born again . . . by the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter 1. 23).

And the same question which these two men had to face confronts us also. There is no escape from it. Have I been "born again"? Have you——? Settle the matter now for time and eternity.

H.O.S.

THE THREE GOLD RINGS.

WHEN I was stationed at Bermuda a draft of young soldiers was sent out to join my regiment. Amongst them was a smart corporal of good appearance and courteous manners. The colour-sergeant of the company to which he was posted had married a few years previously at Gibraltar a respectable young woman of that place, her mother being an Italian. Prior to the regiment leaving Gibraltar the mother gave her daughter three old-fashioned gold rings, which were valuable as heirlooms, as well as for their antique design. Shortly after the corporal joined the company one of the rings was lost; a few months elapsed, then another; and soon after the last disappeared. The corporal had frequent recourse to the quarters of the colour-sergeant, but every one thought him such a nice fellow that not a shadow of suspicion was cast upon him. Not long after the disappearance of the third ring, the corporal went to bathe in a quiet spot in the island. He did not return; search was made, and he was found drowned. He had become entangled among some fishing-lines which he could not have noticed when entering the water. On his effects being examined, a small parcel of old calico was found in his knapsack, and very carefully wrapped therein were the three gold rings!

Now, nothing but sheer covetousness could have induced this man to take them; and though he had done the wrong, he acted in a most plausible manner, offering sympathy to the owners for their loss, and appeared to manifest much interest in their hoped-for recovery. Surely his conscience must have smitten him, smooth as were his manners! It is written: "There is nothing hid that shall not be known." It was God's purpose, no doubt, that this matter should be brought to light in the way it was, and we place the record before our readers by way of warning. We may be able to deceive one another, but God we cannot deceive. "There is not a thought in our hearts but, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether." Is there a secret sin wrapped up in your heart that you could almost wish even the eye of the Lord could not discern? How futile! He searches the heart, and tries the reins, and knows the inward thoughts of man, and in His own way He will bring to light every secret, however hidden it may be. Acknowledge your guilt, accept Jesus as your Saviour, and be right with God. v.

HIS BROTHER CHARLIE.

"JACK! HAVE YOU SAVED HIM?" "YES!" CAME BACK THE STENTORIAN TRIUMPHANT CRY; "AND TELL MY MOTHER IT IS MY BROTHER CHARLIE!"



"A FISHING SMACK WAS LYING HANDY."

The fishing smack *Highland Lass* was lying handy, and soon a chosen crew was selected from the many fisher men, only too anxious to be allowed to go on an errand of mercy.

HIS BROTHER CHARLIE.



HOPE and haste were the order of the day at the usually quiet little harbour of Leamouth. The wind had risen to gale force and a wild sea was running outside. Rockets had been observed near the dreadful Forlorn Rocks, while the booming of the gun could be faintly heard. Plainly a ship was in distress, and badly in need of help, and as the news got around among the inhabitants anxiety could be seen on every countenance—they all

knew what it meant to be told that a ship was on the dreadful Forlorn Rocks. But while there is life there is hope, and as they knew there were yet some aboard the sinking ship, so also they knew that there was yet another opportunity for daring deeds by daring men.

The fishing smack *Highland Lass* was lying handy, and soon a chosen crew was selected from the many fishermen, only too anxious to be allowed to go on an errand of mercy, even though it meant risk and danger, and perhaps death itself. It did not take long for the little craft to clear the harbour, and many were the anxious eyes that watched from points of vantage her progress through the rough waters till she was lost to sight. Then the people on shore got busy, and active willing hands collected all available and suitable material, and before long a large bonfire was lit to guide the returning smack to the safe waters of the little haven.

For a long time straining eyes were bent seaward over the seething mass of white foaming waters till at last a shout went up. "Hurrah! there she is, Hurrah!" Yes, sure enough, the brave little craft was descried at last, making her way slowly and painfully through the surf towards the haven, and making straight for the cheering light of the welcome bonfire. As she neared the pierhead one voice from the anxious waiting ones roared out: "Have you saved them?" "Yes, we have saved them," came back the faint reply, borne on the incoming blast. "Hurrah!" "Thank God!" "Well done!" and similar cries burst out from the excited crowd. "Yes, all saved

—but one!” came from the skipper’s lips, as the smack reached the quay wall and all thronged around, anxious still to know that all were rescued.

Loving hands saw that those who had been saved were quickly taken off to the various homes to receive the necessary attention, but those last words cast a gloom over the questioners, and quickly the word went round that there was yet one precious life on board.

“Why did you not save him too?” questioned Jack Holker, he of the stentorian voice. “It was no use! He was clinging to the mast—we could not stop—we were too exhausted—we would *all* have perished if we had stayed another five minutes trying to save one man,” was the reply, given as fast as spent breath would allow. “But you will go back surely! Will you not try to rescue him still?” “We have no strength, the gale is too fierce; it’s no use, I tell you; we couldn’t get her through that raging sea again,” was the sad response from the wearied, albeit willing crew.

John Holker threw himself down on the wet shingle, and in a voice that seemed to rise above the whistle of the wind and the roar of the tumbling sea, cried out to God and prayed that He would put it into some hearts to go out and rescue this *one* precious life! The prayer, uttered in such strange circumstances, with an almost awe-struck audience, was finished, and John Holker rose to his feet and declared, “I will go!”

“I’ll go with you, Jack!” “And I!” “Me, too!” And six brave fellows out of the crowd, their honest faces flushed with a courage that had been inspired by that prayer, clustered round Jack Holker, while the flames of the beach fire flickered up, almost as much as to say: “And we will light you back again!”

“Jack!” And almost before Jack could turn, a woman’s arms were thrown round the sturdy fellow’s neck. “Jack, you mustn’t go!” It was his old mother, and as the loving son looked steadily into her tear-dimmed eyes, she broke out: “What shall I do if you perish? You know your father was drowned at sea, and it’s just two years since your brother Charlie left, and we have never heard of him since. No doubt he is lost. Oh, what shall I do if *you* go too?” “Mother, God has put it in my heart

to go, and if I perish, He will take care of you." And brushing away the sorrowful tears, the brave mother drew back amongst the sympathising crowd, and let her boy go.

It was a weary while, but still the crowd on shore waited, and peered through the gloom, trying to catch the first glimpse of the returning boat. Yes! there she was again. Oh, what wild excitement seemed to possess the onlookers. Ah! what worth they attached to that one life. No effort too great in their eyes even to rescue a single mortal from perishing! They could not contain themselves for impatience. "Jack! have you saved him?" "Yes!" came back the stentorian triumphant cry; "and tell my mother it is my brother Charlie!"

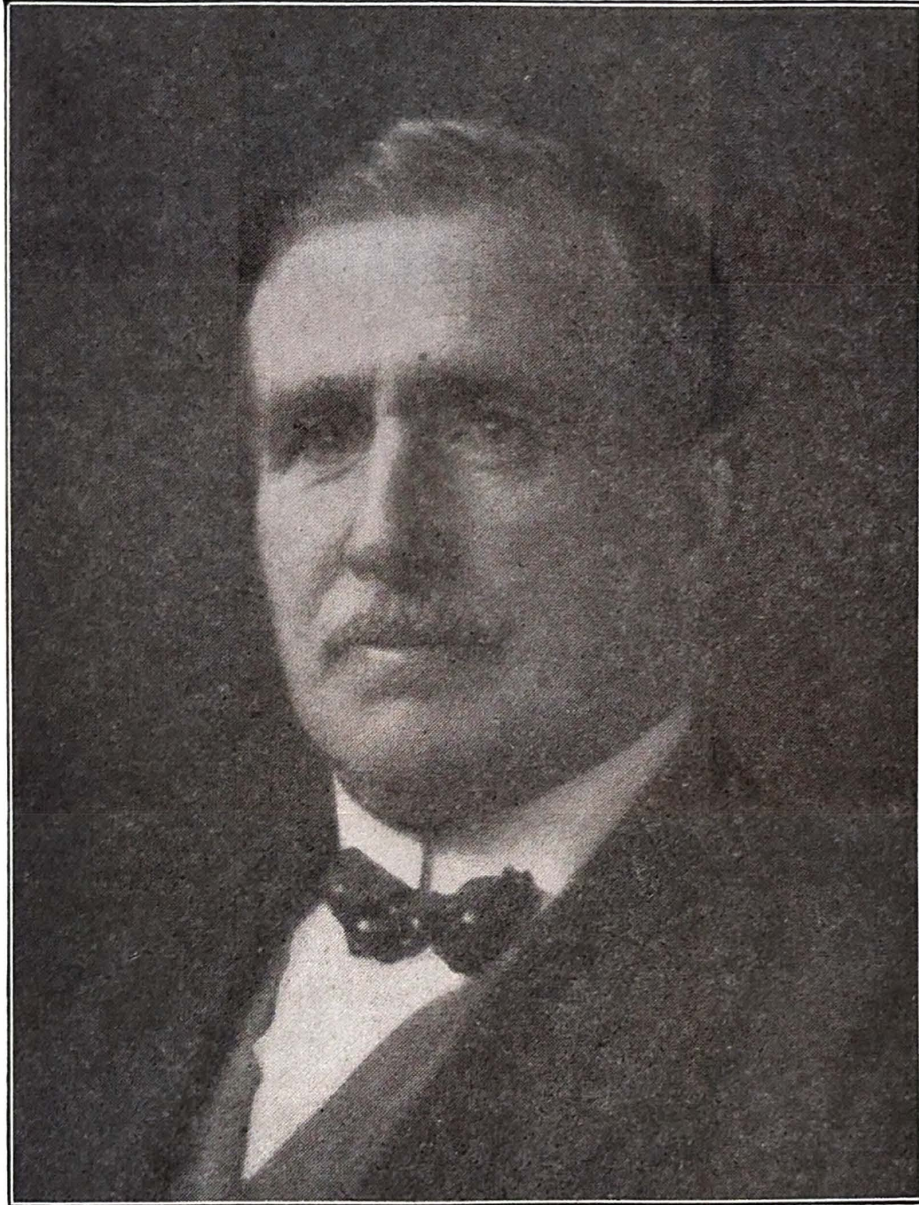
Only one life but it was precious; it was his own brother that he had gone to seek and to save. And has not Jesus, likewise, come to seek and to save you (Luke 19. 10) who are on the dangerous sea of life; His arm outstretched in loving mercy to save you from being engulfed by the dark waves of sin? And you have only to grasp that proffered hand, only to accept Christ, for "by grace are ye saved through faith" (Eph. 2. 8). Christ died to save you from the penalty of your sins, He died that you might live, but you must grasp the hand that will save you. Then, let your cry be: "Lord, save me, I perish!" "and the Lord shall help you, and deliver you, and save you, because you trust in Him" (Psa. 37. 40). H.H.

KNOWING THE LANGUAGE.

AN old writer has said that "they who would enjoy Heaven must have some experimental acquaintance with the language of its inhabitants." But in the case of many, it would seem that they are intending to enjoy Heaven without the slightest attempt to learn the language of Canaan. There, for instance, is a man who tells you he intends to be in Heaven some day. But he has no wish whatever to talk on Heavenly subjects. He enjoys the world and the things of the world. His heart is set upon earthly things. Yet he tells you he has a hope of Heaven. Vain, delusive hope! They that are on their way to Heaven are cultivating an experimental acquaintance with the language and ways of a heavenly people. Is this the case with *you*? Do you know the *language*? W.S.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 25.



DUGALD CAMPBELL, MISSIONARY, PIONEER, AND TRAVELLER.

TESTIMONY OF DUGALD CAMPBELL of Africa.

MY early spiritual impressions were due to the influence of three Christian women. The first goes back to childhood, the second to boyhood, and the third to my youthful years. The first to influence me seriously was my S.S. teacher, Miss Gray, who went as a missionary to China, and gave her life for that land; the second was Miss BESSIE MACLAY, who laboured for years in the Malay Peninsula as a missionary—a devoted and faithful servant of the Lord—who went down in the *Lusitania*

The Testimony of Dugald Campbell of Africa.

during the war; the third, whose gentle influence began from birth, was MY MOTHER, and it was she who eventually prayed me into the Kingdom of God.

Though I was never religious according to the common acceptation of the phrase, the love of Jesus, His grace and winsome life, His moral glory as revealed in the Gospels attracted me; and the story of His sacrificial death for sin and sinners made an impressive appeal. Many a time I longed to be a Christian, a follower and servant of the Saviour. I often hied me to quiet corners to pray. The urge and the impulse of the Gospel, long neglected, began very early in my life.

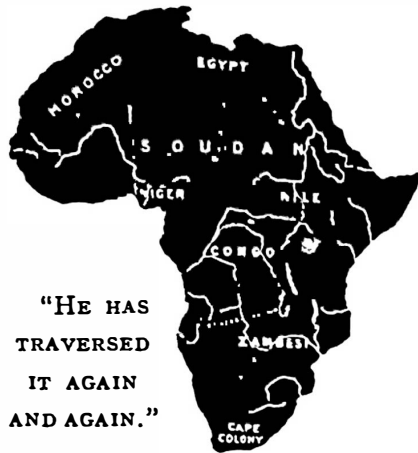
Most of all I thank God for the evening when, in answer to a mother's prayers and in response to her invitation to attend a Gospel service in Marble Hall, Glasgow, one Sunday evening, I was persuaded and went. The shattering of sin's shackles involved a Satanic struggle in which, thanks to the grace of God, the Gospel won, and I was saved for ever.

"Do you want to be saved?" whispered a young man, named Beveridge, at my side. "Yes," I replied without hesitation, "that's why I'm here to-night." He then opened his Bible and read to me portions from the Word of God to assure me of the love of Christ, and God's willingness to save at once. From a child I knew these Scriptures. My difficulty was that of bending my stubborn will, and saying "YES" to Jesus in the words of the hymn:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul.
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole."

The Devil hissed into my ear: "**Don't do it to-night.** You'll lose everything in life worth having if you do. You'll have to part with the world and its pleasures, and life will become a sad song." The Spirit of God whispered: "**Do it to-night.** Now is the accepted time; now is the Day of Salvation. **NOW, OR NEVER.**" The fight was terrible, the struggle severe and the issue I realised was eternal. It was so irrevocable. "He that hath the Son hath life," was the text of the preacher, and it repeated itself in my hearing. **Sitting in that consecrated old building—Marble Hall, Glasgow—about**

The Testimony of Dugald Campbell of Africa.



10 p.m. that night of March 10, 1888, the wind howling and rain pouring outside, I looked away to the Cross, and joy and peace filled my heart. "I'm saved now," I said to the young friend at my side who had interested himself in my salvation. "How do you know?" he asked earnestly. "Jesus died for me," I instantly replied, and together we quietly

thanked God where we sat.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

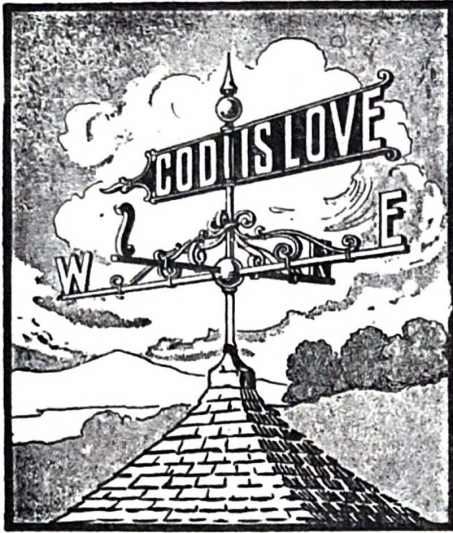
On my way home that night I was accompanied by a friend part of the way, who read to me by lamplight, Romans 10. 9: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved." "Confess Christ to-night," he said, "or the Devil may close your mouth and get the victory." Though I was only 17 years of age, I thank God I confessed Christ that very night, and I have gone on telling of His love and grace and power. I have travelled Africa, explored and penetrated more unreached regions than many, but I would be ashamed to boast in that. I thank God above all, that my name is written in Heaven, and my prayer is: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Accept Christ as your Saviour, and do it now (Acts 16. 31)

DUGALD CAMPBELL.

[I was in Marble Hall that night and saw the whole transaction, and have followed MR. CAMPBELL in all his African travels. MR. CAMPBELL paid four long visits going through Sahara, is now in Africa with a Caravan touring needy parts. —ED.]

It is tidings of *completed redemption* that God has sent to the world. He demands no price: He makes no bargain. The Gospel is the proclamation of good tidings of great joy. It is a declaration of what God has given—not a declaration of what He demands from the sinner.

BE YE ALSO READY.



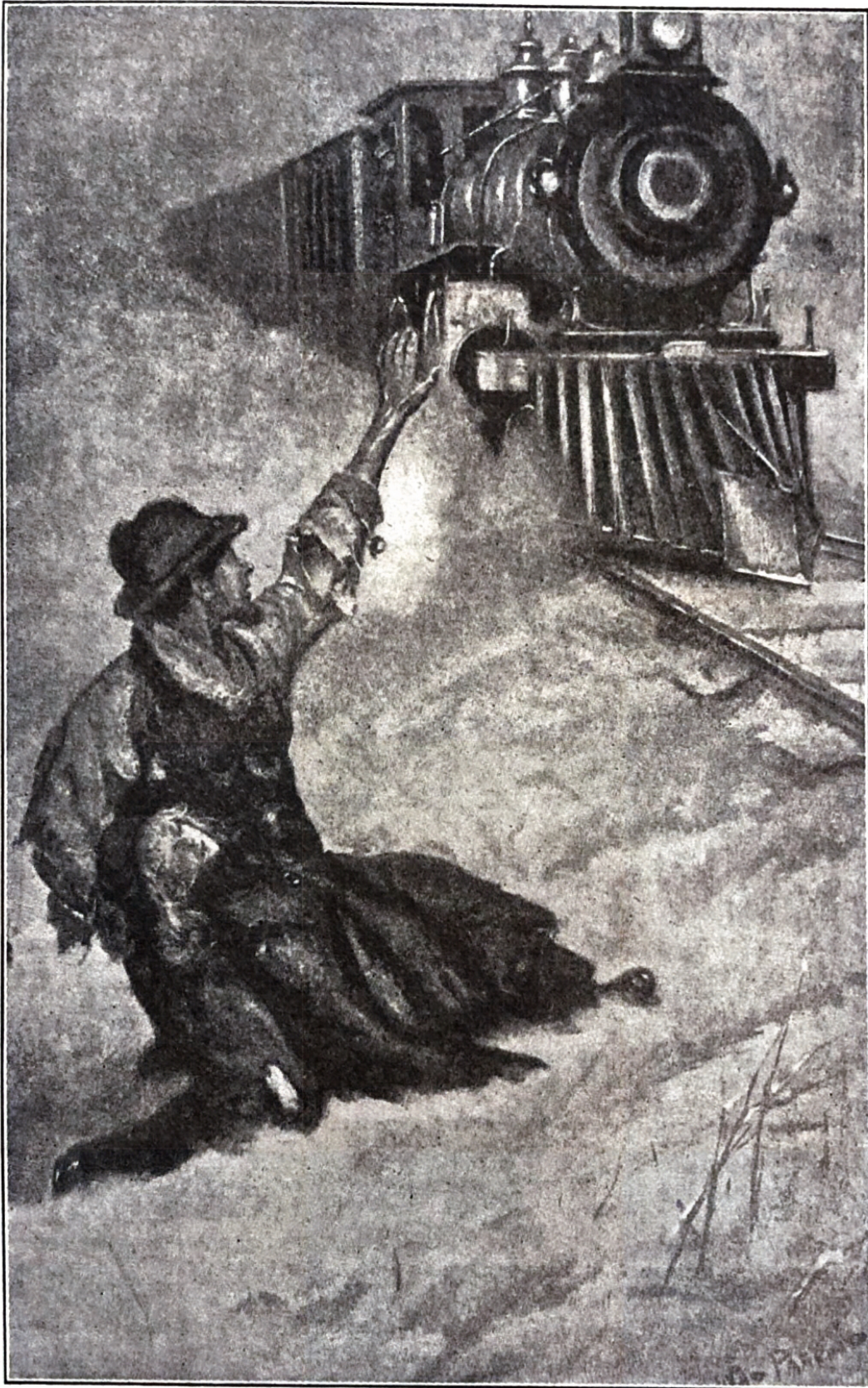
CALAMITY follows hard upon the heels of calamity. Yesterday there came the tidings of terrible floods and loss of life abroad; to-day we hear of a distressing railway accident at home. Many souls have been suddenly ushered into eternity. In many homes there is lamentation and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not. In some cases whole families have been swept away—no survivors being left to mourn the departed dead. In other cases only one has escaped. Yet these desolate ones would have preferred death to this woeful separation from all that they held dear on earth. Truly this is a world of sorrows. These great calamities of bygone months are surely fitted to teach that here there is nothing abiding. Be not satisfied with anything less than the eternal rest which Jesus gives.

HAVE ME EXCUSED.

"I PRAY thee have me excused" (Luke 14. 18). So said one who had been invited to a great supper. And so say many who are invited to the great Gospel Feast which the God of all grace has prepared for a perishing world. "I pray thee have me excused!" The man who spoke these words had his choice. He elected to refuse the invitation. He prayed to be excused; and he *was* excused. Reader, if unsaved, you have been virtually saying unto God, "I pray Thee have me excused." What if God were to *excuse you*? What if your refusal were to be accepted? What if God were to take you at your word? Do you not see how solemn it is to refuse when God is speaking. His gracious invitation has gone forth *to you*. What answer have you given? What answer do you give? Do you pray to be excused? Or do you reply, "*I will go—I will go*"? If you are wise you will without further delay yield to the Call of Christ and accept Him as your Saviour Now.

W.S.

SAVED IN SAVING.



HE MANAGED TO STOP A PASSING TRAIN.

SAVED IN SAVING.

HARRY JOHNSON was a reckless ne'er-do-well, who, after failing to accomplish anything in England, had emigrated to Canada, thinking he would be sure to make his fortune in a new country. He found, however, that there, as here, success is only attained by hard work—and his personal inclinations were not in that direction.

Consequently he went from bad to worse. Whenever he did earn money it was worse than wasted. At last he subsisted by begging his food and sleeping in barns, or even in the open air.

But winter came; and one night, while tramping along the railroad "track," a blizzard overtook him. Weakened by his life, he had apparently no strength with which to face the storm, and presently fell down exhausted in the snow.

Just then he heard the voice of a little child calling: "**Father, is that you?**" He looked around him and presently discovered a golden-haired lassie benumbed and ready to perish in the snow-drifts. He wrapped her in his own ragged coat, and sought through the long hours to keep her alive.

This new-born desire to save another recalled childhood's habit, and he prayed to God for help. While he kept his vigil, he thought on his own life, and there, in that wilderness of wintry white he prayed again, this time not only for the child but for himself also and resolved by God's good grace, that henceforth he would seek Christ and live a new life. It was a night long to be remembered and brought many changes.

In the morning he was able to stop a passing train, and both were taken "on board." The child's father was found frozen to death close to the spot where they had spent the night. Johnson, therefore, had to restore the child to her friends, through whose influence he obtained work, where he met friends who pointed him to the old Gospel, how that Christ had died for him, and by "believing on the Lord Jesus Christ he would be *saved*" (Acts 16. 31). This he gladly did and became "a new creature in Christ Jesus." And now having found the sinner's Saviour he is seeking to save others. Just another example of being saved to reach others. T-M.

SHALL NOT COME INTO CONDEMNATION.



"MY COMPANION ON HIS KNEES PRAYING."

TH A T night I looked through the window of the village school, and saw my old companion, Hugh M'Cree on his knees praying. I can tell you it went to my heart like a sword. It came about in this way.

S o m e strange man had come to the place and was having meetings in the school. Hugh asked me to go; al-

though, like myself, he was a stranger to grace at that time. He had been at a meeting or two, as I afterwards learned, and had been awakened to see his lost condition. I agreed to go; and that night found us sitting in the Gospel meeting. I can remember nothing of what was said, except that line of a hymn,

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

At the close of the meeting I wended my way home; but I observed that Hugh remained behind. I felt that the Lord was indeed passing by; I was convinced of sin.

Passing down the village street, after about an hour had elapsed, I saw that the school was still lighted. **"I wonder what can be going on here, at all,"** I said to myself; **"I must see."** And as I peered in through an unscreened window, there, as I have said, was Hugh on

Shall not Come into Condemnation.

his knees praying. Could it be possible that he was already "in the Kingdom" while I was left a stranger to grace and to God?

The sight was too much for me. I turned away, more deeply than ever convinced that **I must have Christ or perish**. There was no sleep for me that night, You will understand something of this if you have ever been convinced that you are a sinner deserving of Hell. Has it ever come to this with you? *Remember that conviction of sin comes before every true conversion to God.*

That night I sought out my Bible and began to read. I found myself looking over John's first epistle; and I wondered to see the word "*life*" coming up so often. "He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life" (1 John 5. 12). Then I found myself in John's Gospel reading that wonderful passage: "**Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.**"

Next day I set off to find Hugh and see what he had got to say about it. But he was already on the search for me. He met me on the street, and told me at once that he was *saved*, and how it came about. It seemed as if I was to be left to my fate. But there were better things in store for me. My great difficulty had been: "**How am I to be sure that I'll stand? Suppose I were saved, would I continue saved?**" Just at that point the passage in John 5. 24 was brought to my mind with convincing force: "*Shall not come into condemnation.*" God says it. That was sufficient. I believed on the Son of God, and passed from death unto life.

Years have come and gone since then. Yet by His grace I can say: "**I love the Lord to-day—bless His Name!**"

Can *you* tell what the Lord has done for your soul? Is it the case that you have never yet been converted to God? If so, awake ere it be too late. God's only begotten Son has been made a sacrifice for sin. Christ has died for the ungodly; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things. Make haste to be saved. All things are ready. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart. Behold, *now* is the accepted time." W. SHAW.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF BULGARIA.



KING BORIS III OF BULGARIA.

I DO not say that the CROWN PRINCE OF BULGARIA was converted to God. I say that years ago, when quite a child, he was announced by the authorities of Bulgaria to have been "converted." Converted to what? we may well ask. To be truly converted is to turn in faith and repentance to God; to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; to receive the forgiveness of sins; to be cleansed from guilt by His precious Blood.

But what happened in the case of the Crown Prince was as follows. His father, King Ferdinand, before he was called to occupy the throne of Bulgaria, was a Hungarian officer, a Roman Catholic by birth and education.

His subjects, for the most part, belonged to the Eastern "Orthodox" Church, as it is called. To give them pleasure, he arranged for his infant son to be transferred from one communion to the other, from the Roman Catholic Church to the Greek Church. The change was announced in the papers as the "conversion" of the prince. But the prince was but an infant, and the "conversion" was merely nominal, and carried out for State reasons.

Now it cannot be too emphatically stated that this sort of thing is *not conversion, in the Bible sense of the word.*

Read such passages as the following: "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be *converted* unto Thee" (Psa. 51. 13). "Repent ye therefore, and be *converted*, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 2. 19). "Their eyes have they closed, lest they should see with their eyes . . . and should be *converted* and I should heal them" (Acts 28. 27).

Do these texts refer to a mere change of religion, as in the case of the heir to the Bulgarian throne? No, they refer to something infinitely more profound. They relate to a change so vital and radical that it can be produced by no power save that of the Holy Spirit. A man is "born again" (John 3. 3, 7) by this power, and conversion to God is the result. Have *you* been born again? Are *you* a converted man or woman?

I heard lately of a person, who had abandoned Mohammedanism and adopted Christianity, and of others who, ceasing to be Roman Catholics, had become Protestants. It does not follow that they were truly *converted*.

A really converted person has come out into the light and discovered his sinfulness and helplessness. He has been "called . . . out of darkness into God's marvellous light" (1 Peter 2. 9). He has had to do with the Lord Jesus Christ, coming to Him in all his need, and trusting Him as his Saviour. He is one of those of whom it can be said: "Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.

Do not then deem me intrusive, if again I ask you, earnestly and pointedly, *Are you converted?* Have you been "born again" or "born from above." If not you will miss Heaven above where all is love.

H.P.B.

TESTIMONY OF AN ITALIAN SOLDIER.



CAMILLO PACE was born in an Italian village on the Adriatic coast. The district is richly cultivated, and young Camillo was sent to a college to study agriculture. Here he drank in the infidel teaching of his professors, which, alas! led him to scepticism.

At the age of twenty, like all young Italians, Camillo had to serve as a soldier, and was sent to Florence. One evening, while strolling along a public thoroughfare, he

noticed a Gospel hall, and over it the welcome words: "FREE ENTRANCE." He entered, and found the audience bowing in prayer, led by a young man of his own age. The power of that prayer laid hold of Camillo, and he realised that God, whose existence he had doubted, of a truth was in the midst of that praying people. He waited until the audience had left the hall, and going to the young man who had just prayed, said: "I should be so thankful if you would tell me how I may know God as you do."

The two youths spent the late hours of that memorable evening together, and as the clock struck twelve Camillo believed on the Lord Jesus Christ who said: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by ME" (John 14. 6), and believing on Him found what he so long had sought for: "Peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 5. 1).

His conversion soon became known among his comrades and superior officers, for Camillo was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, which had been to him "the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. 1. 16). Through the influence of the enemy he was persecuted and removed from Florence, but he preached the Word wherever he went, and was blessed to many.

J.S.A.

SAVED ON THE SPOT.

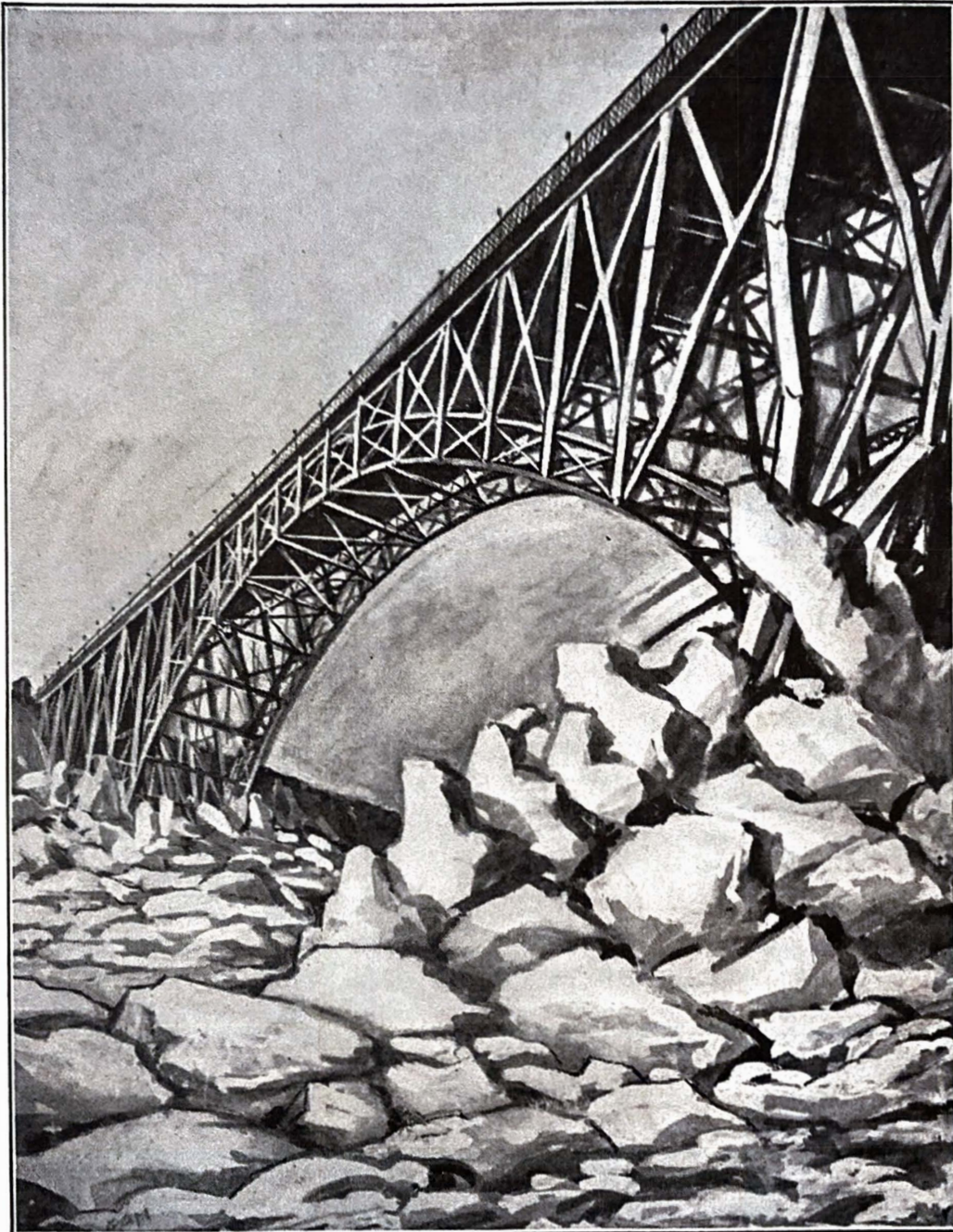
MARY was sent by her unconverted parents to the Sunday School, and was there savingly converted. She went home and told her father and mother what God had done for her soul, and how sweet to her was the Name of Jesus. On hearing her testimony the father was deeply impressed, but he did not show it to the child. He had been smitten by the Lord with conviction of sin, and he could find no rest day or night. He had wandered about till midnight, and felt that he dare not go to bed. He seemed to see the yawning gulf of Hell beneath his feet. He saw that he must meet God the righteous Judge, and he trembled. He came home wringing his hands, and begged his wife to pray for him. She had never prayed for herself, and God made her feel that although she had "said her prayers" often enough, she had never really *prayed*. "I can't pray for you, husband," she said; "but Mary can." "Do you think she can?" said the distressed father; and, going to the peaceful cot, his tears fell on the calm face of the dear little one. "Mary, can you pray for your poor father?" "O yes," she said; and when they raised her out of her bed she lifted up her hands and prayed, "O God, for Christ's sake, save my poor father and mother." That was all. She had prayed all her heart in these few words. The father asked her to read; and, guided by the Spirit of God, she turned to the 3rd of John. The father drank in every word till she came to the 16th verse, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "What!" said the father, "is that in the Bible? Read it again." She read it again, and again, and again, until the father clasped his hands and cried: "O, Mary, that *whosoever* is your poor father." And he believed, and was saved on the spot—saved, not by virtue of anything he did, but by virtue of the dying of Jesus on the Cross.

Unto you, reader, is the word of this salvation sent. You surely see that "*whosoever*" takes you in. Do you shut yourself out?

In the matter of your soul's salvation you cannot be neutral. You must either accept Him or reject Him. Which will it be? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). w.s.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA BRIDGE

"THE BRIDGE! THE BRIDGE! THERE SHE GOES!" IT WAS ALL OVER IN A MATTER OF SECONDS. THE TWO MILLION DOLLAR BRIDGE LAY ON THE ICE-BED OF THE GORGE LIKE A HUGE MYTHICAL CHINESE DRAGON.



Niagara Bridge with Ice piling up against it.

For several weeks, gales, whipping down Lake Erie from the South-West, shot huge ice-fields into the Niagara river to cause the blockade, the worst ice-jam for twenty-nine years. The river rose to forty feet above normal with the ice piled up to seventy feet and more on top.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA BRIDGE.



NIAGARA FALLS.

NIAGARA FALLS has witnessed many a thrilling sight, but never anything to compare with the collapse of the historic Falls View Bridge, sometimes called Honeymoon Bridge, the graceful, steep span across the lower gorge. It was always the most popular, the handiest to get across, and nearest to the Falls, being only about a quarter of a mile distant.

For several weeks, gales, whipping down Lake Erie from the South-West, shot huge ice-fields into the Niagara river to cause the blockade, the worst ice-jam for twenty-nine years. The river rose to forty feet above normal with the ice piled up to seventy feet and more on top.

The terrific pressure on the steel and concrete abutments on both sides, began to be felt, particularly on the American end which dropped six feet. The steel girders began to buckle on the Wednesday, the day before the collapse. One of the two giant steel arches cracked, the snapping of the rivets resembling machine-gun fire. The east end of the bridge sagged perceptibly, and a gap showed itself at the Canadian end. Torn thus from its foundation, the bridge was at the mercy of the mountain of ice.

All that night a group of workmen, comprising a few engineers and a score of labourers, descended the 167 feet deep gorge, working most of the night and right on until two hours before the crash. The engineers emphatically stated that the work of these men, aided by a change of wind, had saved the structure. They had relieved the pressure to some extent, but *they were too late*. Though the heavy support had been moved off its concrete base, and cross-braces of steel were buckled and bent; they thought they could yet save the Bridge from disaster.

At 4.14 on Thursday, 27th January, 1938, without

The Fall of Niagara Bridge.

any advance indication that the collapse was evident, with a strange, terrific noise, the crackling thunder of rending steel, the Bridge crumpled and collapsed like a drunken man. It started at the American end and went down like a V, in a great cloud of snow dust, while thousands gazed at the terrifying sight and shouted: "The Bridge! The Bridge! There she goes!" It was all over in a matter of seconds. The two million dollar Bridge lay on the ice-bed of the gorge like a huge mythical Chinese dragon.

One can never forget the impression made as the writer stood on that bridge at different times and gazed at Niagara's glory.

From such an incident let us glean some helpful lessons.

1. The Power of Sin. How often has the tiny snowflake in all its insignificance changed the histories of men and nations. Witness again Napoleon's tragic retreat from Moscow as illustration of this. The frozen waters have defied all human powers too, and sent the proud "Titanic" to the bottom. These are just little things and yet they seem possessed with tremendous power.

That great avalanche of ice resembles sin in all its terrifying and crushing might, remorseless, unrelenting, devastating. Sin is no light, insignificant thing which can easily be broken and removed. It defies all powers of man to conquer it. It reigns as absolute monarch of men. "Whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin" (John 8. 34). "For there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23); "For the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). These Scriptures amply prove its awful power. It will beat against your soul and carry you down to the Lake of Fire unless you come to the Saviour in time.

How slow man is to accept this truth. He prefers to trust his own judgment and do the best he can to save himself. Were you to spend your whole life in religious exercises these would never save your soul from everlasting ruin. Sin is in our *nature* and therefore everything man does and says is sin-tainted. Rom. 4. 5 and Eph. 2. 8 declare plainly that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast." These brave workmen, though they ran great risks and worked hard, were *too late* to save the Bridge, and so is every sinner who despises the work

The Fall of Niagara Bridge.

of Christ and tries to merit God's favour by his own good efforts. We are more than nineteen hundred years too late for that.

2. The Way of Salvation. Sin had cut us off from God and left a mighty chasm between. Who was able to bridge that gulf and rescue the sinner? Only God could do it. In His holiness He could not associate with sin: in His justice He had to punish sin; yet in His wonderful love He planned a perfect way, whereby sin was fully punished in His beloved Son, when He took the guilty sinner's place under the wrath of God at Calvary. "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). "He died, the Just for (or, in the stead of) the unjust TO BRING US TO GOD" (1 Peter 3. 18). There you have the Bridge of God's Salvation. The work of Christ is all-sufficient for whosoever will. The way back to God is OPEN now. Sin has been righteously dealt with and on the ground of what Christ has done in His death and resurrection on the sinners' behalf, all who depend solely on that perfect work are eternally saved. The Niagara Bridge linked two great countries together: the work of Christ links every believer with the glad glory land above. God accepted that work, and proved it by raising the Saviour from the dead. Sin's power was for ever broken, its penalty borne. Instead of trusting in your poor, faulty efforts to please God and gain His favour, will you not put all your trust, by a definite act of choice, in the One Who died for you. He is your Bridge to God and glory, for no man cometh unto the Father "but by Me" (Christ) (John 14. 6). He is your merit before God, for you can plead none of your own.

God offers you His eternal blessings, forgiveness, acceptance, reconciliation, sonship, eternal life, and the sure prospect of eternal glory with Himself—and all in His beloved Son. Receive Him and all these are yours for evermore.

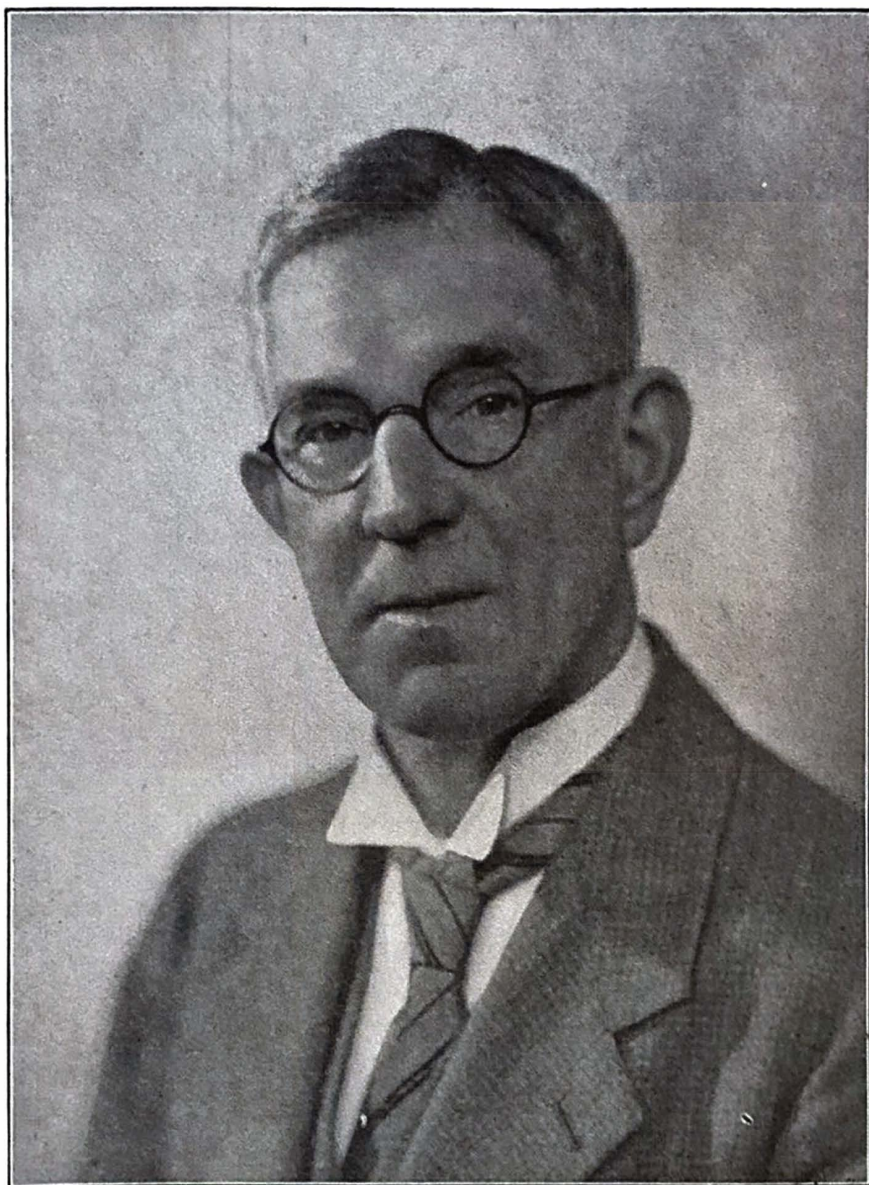
Thank God His Bridge will never collapse, for He saves with everlasting salvation, and keeps with almighty power. Trust Him to-day; trust Him NOW as your personal Saviour and Lord, and confess Him gladly.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

G. A. NEILSON.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 26.



DR. LATIMER J. SHORT, BRISTOL.

HOW I FOUND CHRIST.

THE ancient city of BRISTOL has a long and interesting history as a seaport, dating from long before JOHN CABOT and his son, SEBASTIAN, set out with their crew of Bristol sailors on the eventful voyage which brought us the first news of the great Continent which we now know as America.

Its commercial enterprises have been hardly less useful, for it was in Bristol that Mr. THOMAS BLANKET invented and made the comfortable articles which bear his name.

How I Found Christ.

To this day, business firms with a world-wide reputation have their centre in the ancient City.

Attached to one of these good old firms was a chief accountant who aided the godly managing director in all his schemes for the betterment of the firm's employees, and particularly by conducting a short service every morning in the works. This service was attended and appreciated by about 2,000 men, of all classes and persuasions.

The chief accountant and his like-minded wife—herself a speaker and leader of great acceptance—had a home on one of the “seven hills of Bristol,” where the same happy consistent and aggressive testimony was maintained, and which was then and still remains, a centre of Christian activity.

Two sons shared this sanctified home, and both came under its powerful influence from their earliest days.

I was the younger of these two boys, and “from a child was taught to know the Holy Scriptures” and to join in praise and prayer “unto Him Who loved us.”

I cannot give any date, time, place or even text, as the one which finally denoted that mighty change “from death unto life” which we call conversion, and indeed the sense of sin and need which some have experienced so keenly, came unto me gradually and in later years.

I only know that “as many as received HIM, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name” (John 1. 12), and that this was His own act of infinite grace and love to me, a helpless and unworthy sinner.

When I was about 14 years old, I entered the office of a business firm. The business career was soon exchanged for medical studies, and life opened out in all its glamour and interest.

This, as it so often proves to be, was a time of testing, sometimes drifting, but finally of “making sure,” and in spite of many failures, I proved, as others have done before, that though “I change, HE changes not, His truth, not mine, the tie.”

So on what do I rest for my satisfaction in this life and my hopes for the life to come? Simply on this—that “God hath made HIM (the Lord Jesus) Who knew

How I Found Christ.

no sin, to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in HIM" (2 Cor. 5. 21).

And will this satisfy the demands of a busy man's life in a rushing world? Yes, I have proved it through a busy professional life, and as a Local Government Official.

And will it still satisfy when confronted with disaster and even death?

Well, for the last 27 years my special work has brought me almost continually into the presence of disaster, suffering, and death, and I still know of nothing that can satisfy or meet the most desperate human need except "Jesus and His love." And so I bear witness to His grace.

THE COSTLIEST THING IN THE WORLD.

WHEN D. L. MOODY was in Wales he approached a man who was president of a colliery, about the value of his soul and his acceptance of Christ. The man listened patiently and courteously and said: "It is too cheap. I can't believe it is true. You stand here and tell me I am to be saved by simply accepting what you say is the plan of salvation and Christ as my Saviour. You ask me to do nothing except accept Christ, and that I have all of these things you talk about. It is too cheap. It should cost more than that."

Mr. Moody replied: "Did you go down into the shaft of the colliery to-day?"

"Yes, I did," said the man.

"How far did you go down?"

Oh, several hundred feet."

"How did you go down?" Mr. Moody asked.

"Well, I pushed a button, the lift came up. I pushed another button, and the lift went down."

"That was all you did, just pushed a button?" Mr. Moody asked.

"Certainly," the man replied: "the coal company had spent thousands of pounds to sink the shaft and construct the elevators, but all I did was to push a button."

"That's it exactly," said Mr. Moody. "Salvation has been wrought out at a tremendous price. It is the costliest thing in the world. Yet God offers it to you because of what has been done by His Son—the Lord Jesus Christ."

GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT.



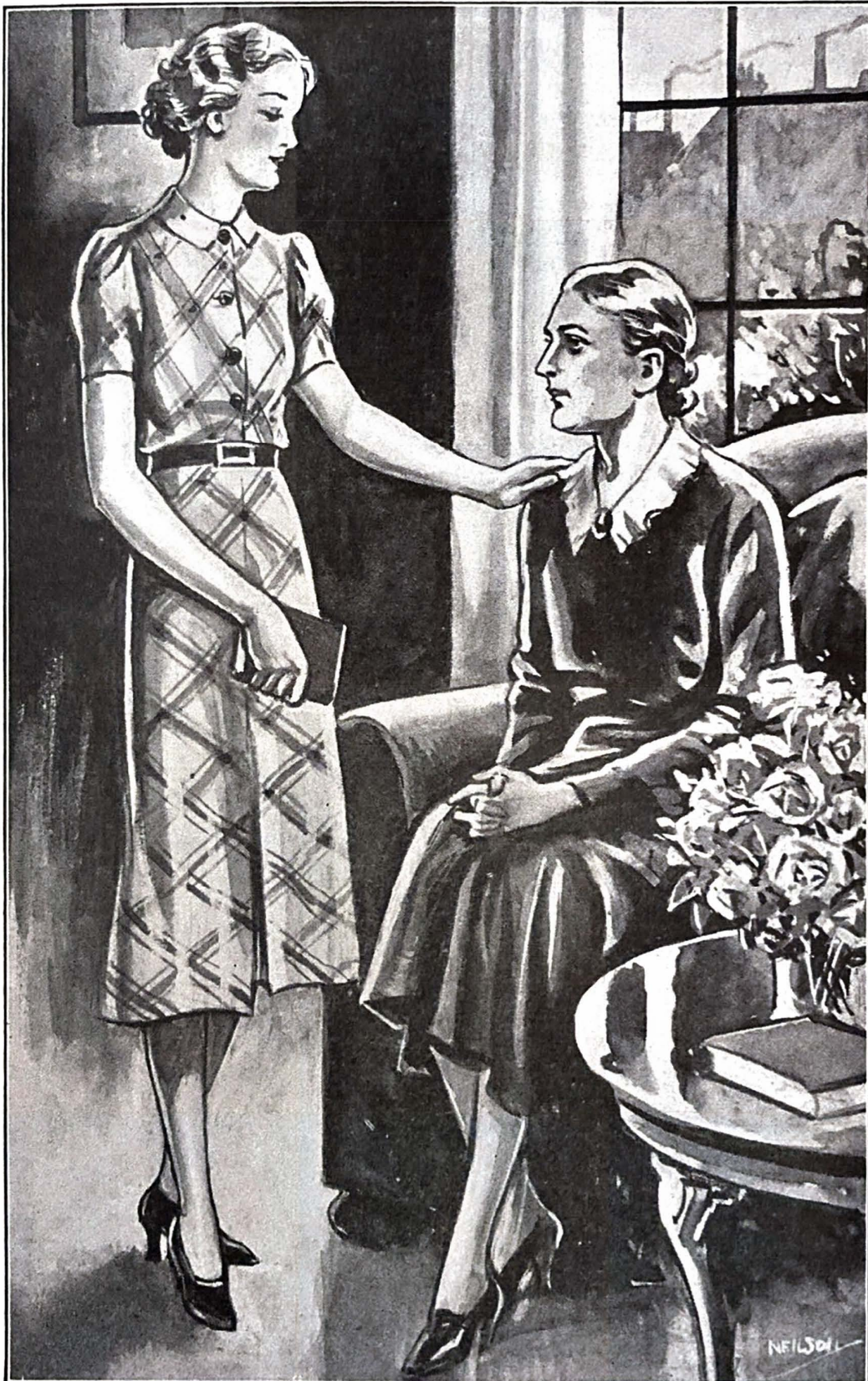
WHAT encouragement there is to come for pardon to a throne of grace! Whatever thy state may be, thou need'st not hold off. Though thy sins be as scarlet, if thou come to Christ, they shall be made "white as wool." The greatest of sinners are invited. Can any sin be so great as to overtop the value of Christ's Blood?

Oh! there is not so much vileness and wretchedness in the sinful heart of man, as there is grace and goodness and virtue in Christ. There is no disease so bad that *He* cannot cure. Let me be as bad as I can be, there is no reason out of the Word of God, why I should not come to Christ for salvation. He puts none back. His proclamation is: "Ho, ever one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price. "Whosoever will, let him come." What would'st thou have more? The invitation cannot be plainer. If then thou art not saved, it is plain thou hast no wish for salvation; for if thou hast a will, thou hast a warrant. Say not, "I would come, if I had so much humiliation and so much faith," for that were to make a bargain with Christ. If God were to say: "You must love Me, and I will pardon you," that were an exchange, not a free gift. Away with such a thought! Whosoever will, let him come. Christ keeps open house. Whosoever comes to Him, He will not shut out. If thou hast a willing heart to come to Him, He has a willing heart to receive thee. If Christ would make thy sins as the latch to open the door, and let Himself in, take care that thou dost not make them a bolt to shut Him out.

But God doth not only give thee leave to come; He commands thee to come. "And this is the commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ" (1 John 3. 23). If a man should say: "May I love my neighbour?" would you not think him a fool? He is commanded to do so. So if a soul say to me: "May I trust in Jesus?" I reply, Thou art commanded to do so. The same commandment that bids thee love thy brother, bids thee believe in *Him*; and more, it is said: "He that believeth not shall be damned."

A.U.

THE TWO LIZZIES—A CONTRAST.



LIZZIE B. AND LIZZIE L. WERE ABERDEEN FACTORY GIRLS.

THE TWO LIZZIES.

LIZZIE B. and Lizzie L. were Aberdeen factory girls, both respectable and religious. At the works where the former was employed, a bill had been handed to her, intimating that "*Two men from America*" would preach in a Music Hall the following Sunday evening. Now the girls had been considering whether they might not improve their positions by emigrating to America, and, hoping they would get some information about their prospective new home, decided to attend the meeting. The place was crowded, both gallery and area, and our two friends found seats in the area, about the seventh row from the platform. To their surprise, the speaker said nothing about America, but, in the course of his opening remarks, suggested to his audience that if there were any among them who *were not sure* they were on their way to Heaven, but did not consider themselves *bad enough* for Hell, the only right thing to do was to conclude they *were on their way to Hell*.

Now it so happened that that was exactly the state of mind of the two girls, and, with the solemn feeling that *they had been discovered*, they were unable to appreciate anything further spoken by the preacher, but sat pondering on their serious position of having, by Church attendances and other religious observances, been simply deceiving themselves and others as to their true condition.

In closing the meeting, the speaker invited any interested about their souls' need to remain for personal help, and our two friends felt they must stay. The speaker was soon by their side, and, after reading to them various Scriptures showing the Way of Salvation, drew their special attention to Rom. 6. 23: "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord," and asked whether they believed the first clause of this verse: "The wages of sin is *death*." To which Lizzie L. replied: "*Yes, but not until to-night*." The preacher then emphasised that while we as sinners had justly earned sin's wages—*death*—God, because of what Christ, as sin-bearer, suffered on the Cross, could and did offer to guilty men and women salvation as a free gift—the gift of God is *Eternal Life*. No light, however dawned that evening upon the *convicted* girls, and both went home miserable.

"I found Out that I was going to Hell"

Lizzie L. should have been at her work at 6 a.m. the following morning, but, having spent a sleepless night thinking over what she had learned, felt unable to start at the usual time, and did not go to work until after the breakfast hour.

On her mother inquiring what was the matter, Lizzie replied: "*I have found out that I am going to Hell,*" to which her mother, though herself still unsaved, made answer: "*You need not go there—the Saviour has died.*" A true Gospel statement, and revealing the solemn fact that one may know theoretically the Way of Salvation without having actually received the Saviour.

Lizzie L. hardly knew how she managed to put in the day's work, and was quite unfit to partake of the midday meal, but instead read some Gospel tracts she had got from one of the preachers the previous evening.

A meeting had been intimated for Monday evening in another place, to which Lizzie L. and her companion willingly went. This evening the address was mainly on the work of Christ on the Cross, when it was made plain from the Scriptures, from which alone we can learn how a sinner can be saved, that all that was needed to bring us nigh to God was accomplished at Calvary, as testified by the Saviour's own words: "*It is finished*" (John 19. 30).

Lizzie L., however, states that no heathen could have been more in the dark regarding the Way of Salvation than she was then. That evening she again laid a weary head on her pillow, but instead of thinking, as on the previous night, about her sins and the doom of the impenitent, she began to ponder on the Cross. Suddenly the whole scene, like a vision, dawned upon her. *The bleeding Victim upon the middle Cross was suffering there for her sins; the penalty due to her—death—was being borne by a sinless Substitute on Whom personally death had no claim; and at last she understood that through Christ Jesus, who thus suffered, God now offered her Eternal Life as a free gift. This gift she there and then received, and peace and joy at once filled her soul.*

In the morning the change was evident to all. To her mother she appealed to receive the gift which had brought such relief and gladness to her. The mother, a good, regular, Church-going woman, was amazed, but confessed

"I was sure of going to Heaven."

she greatly desired to have the same experience. This, too, came about soon, then the father believed, and the trio were now a happy family—all in Christ Jesus.

But what of Lizzie B.? This dear girl went home on that Sunday evening and related to *her* people a discovery similar to that her companion had explained to her folks. But in this case there was not a God-fearing mother in the family to speak of a Saviour. Instead, there was the scoff of the ungodly, to which the poor girl succumbed, her statement to her companion being: "*They laughed me out of it.*" How serious is the position of the Christ rejectors, not only going to Hell, themselves, but dragging others with them.

These particulars were related to the writer by Lizzie L., who made the observation: "I remember the whole thing better than the events of last week," and added: "One thing I was *made sure of* was that I was going to Hell, and that on receiving Christ *I was sure of* going to Heaven, which I have never doubted since that eventful night;" and her whole demeanour and well-known Christian life and testimony fully confirm that statement.

As far as she knows, her friend is still a member of the scoffing world who seem to have laughed her past the Straight Gate and kept her on the broad way which leadeth to destruction. Let me urge the reader to choose Christ to-day!

ALEX. INGRAM.

GOD'S KNOCK.

IF God has been speaking to you through some illness, some family bereavement, or some hardships in your earthly circumstances see that you give ear to His voice. It is God knocking at the door. He wants admission. He desires that Christ should dwell in that heart. It is His will that you should be saved. Therefore He knocks. It may seem as if all things are against you. But, if we are to describe your case in Scriptural language, we must say that it is God's goodness leading you to repentance. Do you refuse to repent?—do you refuse to turn to God? Have a care, lest the hour of your merciful visitation pass by unimproved. The next time God knocks, He may knock louder; and it may be the knock of *judgment* and not of mercy.

W. SHAW.

"BUT I AM NOT THIRSTY."



"A MAN CAN'T DRINK UNLESS HE IS THIRSTY"

WHILE waiting one day at a railway station a few miles distant, I met Dr. Green. The train was almost due; and but a few minutes were at my disposal. I asked him how it fared with his soul for eternity, and I was led to bring that Scripture before him: "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that

heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, Come" (Rev. 22. 17).

But here he interrupted me by saying: "**I am not thirsty—a man can't drink if he is not thirsty**: it is all true what you are saying; but you see I am not thirsty."

I never felt so helpless. It seemed as if there was no reaching him with the truth. Nevertheless, I finished the Scripture: "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17). I had just time to bring a few more Scriptures before him, when the train came in, and we parted.

Years passed away. One Lord's Day evening, it fell to my lot to address a meeting in a small town about twenty miles off. At the close of the meeting, a stranger accosted me at the door, saying that Dr. Green was dying,

But I am not Thirsty.

and specially desired to see me. I hurried on, and in a few minutes I was by the bedside of Dr. Green. Death had evidently marked him out for an early victim. The once powerful arms were thin and wasted now. I saw at a glance that he must soon appear before God. But what of his soul? **Ah, how thirsty he was now. He was eager to drink of the Water of Life.** What a change! Once he could say, with the utmost composure: "But I am not thirsty." *Now* he could only say: "Sit down there and talk to me."

I knew what he meant. He wished me to talk of Christ—to speak to him as I did in the days when he was "not thirsty." "**As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.**" Thus the good news of the Gospel fell upon his ready ear. He drank in every word—he was *so* thirsty. Yes, God had made him thirsty. I left him that night, an earnest seeker after Eternal life. I never saw him again. In a few days I got word that he was rejoicing in the possession of peace with God; and shortly afterwards I learned that his earthly race was run.

God can make you thirsty; but **take heed that the thirst does not come too late.** The Lord can bring you low—He can bring you so low that you will be glad to get someone to talk to you about Christ. But this may never be your privilege. You may be left to your idols. You may be taken away in the midst of your days. You may profess not to be thirsty.

But deep down in that soul is there not an unsatisfied longing—an unrest—a consciousness that you are not ready to meet God? Is there not a dread in your soul as you contemplate the awful future? Ah! you know right well that your place would not be with the Blood-bought throng who surround the Throne! You know right well that Heaven would not be your portion. By your reasoning powers, you may baffle some poor heir of the Kingdom, who would point you to Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. But what wilt thou say when *He* shall punish thee? **What will you say to God when called into eternity to appear before Him?** *To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans 6. 23).

W. SHAW.

"IT IS APPOINTED."



BEWARE OF THE ROCKS.

A YOUNG minister was confronted—as the congregation expected—with an able young sceptic, Bert Olney. At the close of the first service, Olney said: "You did well, but, you know, I don't believe in the infallibility of the Bible."

"**It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment,**" was the young man's calm assertion.

"I can prove to you there is no such thing as a judgment after death," declared the sceptic.

"But men do die," the young pastor declared, "**for it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment**" (Heb. 9. 27).

"But that's no argument," the sceptic protested, "let's get down to business and discuss this matter in regular argument form."

The pastor shook his head. "I am here to preach the Word of God, and not to argue over it."

Olney, annoyed, turned away with the remark: "I don't believe you know enough about the Bible to argue about it."

"Perhaps you are right," was the calm rejoinder, "but please remember this—'**It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment.**'"

The very tree-toads Olney heard on the way home sang the verse; and at the stream he crossed, the frogs seemed to croak: "**Judg-ment, judg-ment, judg-ment.**"

The next morning he called at the parsonage. "I've come to see you about that verse of Scripture you gave me last night," he said. "I've spent a terrible night with those words burning their way into me. I can't get rid of them. Tell me what I must do to be saved. I've got to get rid of this torture."

When he left, he was a child of God through faith in the finished work of Christ. What infidels may say and argue are of no account. The word of God stands. "**It is appointed unto men once to die.**"

T-P.

"NECESSARY AND SUFFICIENT."

A FRIEND of mine was holding evangelistic services in the City of London, Canada. A gentleman, who was exceedingly anxious about his soul attended the meetings. He was afraid that God would cut him down in his sins and thrust him into outer darkness. He sought and obtained an interview with the evangelist. Although he had been a church member for years, he had no conception of God's way of salvation. He imagined that though Christ atoned for the sin of the world, something meritorious must be done by him ere he could obtain God's pardoning mercy. Whilst believing that Christ's work was necessary, he did not understand that it was sufficient to meet all needs. He was shown from various Scriptures the way of peace, but he did not lay hold of the truth that everything required for his salvation was accomplished; that God desired him to believe the "good news," and enter into life and liberty. How many are waiting for feelings, instead of resting on the finished work of Christ? The Gospel of God's grace seemed "too good news to be true." Could it be possible that "everything was fully done?" He supposed, like multitudes in this land, that Christ did His part of the work, and we have to do ours, forgetting or ignoring the fact that the Saviour declared on the Cross of Calvary that the work that saves was "finished" (John 19. 30). Whilst in this state he retired to rest, but not to sleep. The awful danger to which he was exposed was brought before him by the Holy Spirit in mighty power. He knew that if He died in his sins he would be doomed to eternal woe. His mind reverted to the theme of the previous address—God's love to the world.

As he pondered the "wonderful words of life" he became absorbed with God's matchless love, as revealed in the oft quoted but little understood Scripture. Tired in body, "weary and heavy laden" in soul, he bowed in lowly humility before the Lord, and exclaimed: "God gave Christ to die for the sins of the world; He died for *all*, therefore He died for me." In a moment the soul-saving truth burst into his soul, and he found rest, "joy, and peace in believing" (Rom. 15. 13).

Why should you not also enjoy this peace and rest? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and know "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" (Phil. 4. 7). A.M.

PLAYING WITH A COBRA

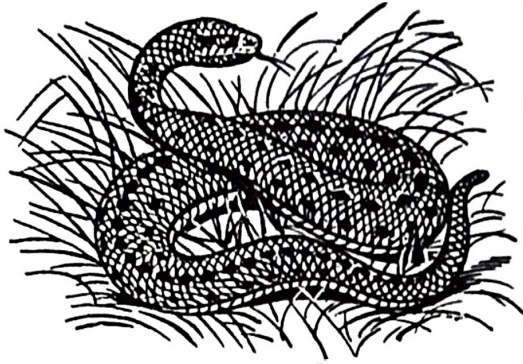
A FEW MINUTES LATER HE CRIED: "NOW FOR THE COBRA." THIS DEADLY SNAKE WAS SOMEWHAT COLD AND LIFELESS, AND THE FOOLISH MAN REVIVED IT BY PUTTING IT NEAR HIS BREAST.



Gurling said, "Now for the Cobra."

For an instant he held it opposite to his face, and, like a flash of lightning, the serpent struck him between the eyes. He yelled for help, but his companion, so overcome with horror, had fled.

PLAYING WITH A COBRA.



ONE of the Keepers of the reptiles in the Zoological Gardens, London, by the name of Gurling, had a thrilling experience. He was about to part with a very dear friend who was going to Australia, and, according to custom, they both

indulged in drinking. The Keeper later returned to his post in an intoxicated condition.

Some months previously he had seen an exhibition of snake-charming, and this was on his poor muddled brain. He thought he could do it too, so, entering the cage he took out a Morocco venom-snake, put it round his neck and body, whirling it around in the process. Happily for him, the snake did not arouse itself to bite. Meanwhile the assistant-keeper came upon the scene and shouted in terror: "Put back that snake!" The drunken keeper only replied: "I'm inspired."

A few minutes later he cried: "Now for the cobra." This deadly snake was somewhat cold and lifeless, and the foolish man revived it by putting it near his breast. It glided downwards until its head appeared below the back of his waistcoat. He seized it by the body, about a foot from the head, and held it lower down with his left hand, intending to hold it by the tail and swing it round his head. For an instant he held it opposite to his face, and, like a flash of lightning, the serpent struck him between the eyes. He yelled for help, but his companion, so overcome with horror, had fled.

When assistance came, the keeper, having restored the cobra to its cage, was sitting on a chair. His first words were: "I'm a dead man." Rushing him to hospital they did all they could for him, but he soon began to lose, first his speech, then his sight, and lastly his hearing. In one short hour, from the time he was bitten, he was breathing his last. There was only a tiny mark on the bridge of his nose, but the poison had spread quickly and with deadly results.

This keeper and his cobra is no isolated case. Men

have been acting like him times without number, and in a far more serious way than he. *When shall we realise the seriousness of sin?* It is played with to-day and instead of being avoided at all costs, it is fondled and indulged in as a sport. The keeper thought to play with the snake, but it played with him. If *you* are playing with sin, remember, sin will play with you as a master until it strikes you with its deadly venom. "Sin is lawlessness" (1 John 3. 4), open rebellion and defiance of God and His authority. The Devil may dress it in all the shining and alluring colours of the serpent, but it will strike you to death unless you turn to Christ and believe on Him as your Saviour for, "The wages of sin is DEATH, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23).

There was no remedy for that poor soul. Thank God there is for you an antidote, a certain cure in the Blood of Christ from the poison of sin, *your* sin. On the Cross of Calvary "He who knew no sin, was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). That means He drew all the poison of sin to Himself, that He took on Him the terrible load of the sins of a guilty world. There God punished sin to the full. The awful condemnation due to the sinner was borne by Him so that we can say triumphantly: "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and *with His stripes we are healed* (Isa. 53. 5). Get hold of that last word, "healed." The deadly venom of sin has gone into Christ and by the judgment being borne by Him the believer can look to the Cross and say: "'There is therefore now *no condemnation*' (Rom. 8. 1); no judgment ahead for me. The dread penalty of sin has been paid in full, and the glorious work of salvation entirely completed to God's entire satisfaction.

Have you got rid of your sins yet? Does the present power of sin not appal you? Does the misery of sin not awaken you? Does the coming judgment of the unbeliever not make you shudder? Alone, condemned, with the books opened, your life record exposed, your rejection of Christ affirmed, with ten thousand oppor-

tunities of salvation flung to the winds as not worthy of the serious attention—then, and only then will you realise the seriousness of sin as the dreaded sentence is carried into execution—"cast into the Lake of Fire" (Rev. 20. 15). Remember, the risk is too terrible, the very possibility of being lost for ever is too dreadful to contemplate. While mercy lingers and the door of salvation is still open, transfer all your confidence to Christ alone and His finished work. Claim Him now as your very own Saviour and confess Him gladly, boldly and openly as your Lord and Master.

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). Receive Him and you receive life eternal. G. A. NEILSON.

POPULAR DELUSIONS, No. 5.

THERE are some very popular Delusions which sadly need to be explained and exploded. Let me name a few and speak freely because there are many who want to *be* right and *do* right.

V. If I miss my chance here is there not to be "A SECOND CHANCE" at some time in the future?

We admit that there are certain American cults which teach that there is "a second chance" and that even some clergymen have declared in favour of "a Larger Hope."

The question is not what some of our fellow men (and these are only men after all) say, but what does the true and tested Guide Book make plain? It certainly makes plain that an opportunity or "golden chance" is given to everyone in this life. The unequivocal invitation is, "*Whosoever* will may come and take of the Water of Life freely" (Rev. 22. 17). It also makes plain that "It is appointed unto men *once to die*, and after this *the Judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27), not another opportunity to believe, or "another chance," but the Day of Reckoning for all past chances and opportunities. Your "chance" is now, for "Behold *now* is the Accepted Time, and behold *now* is the DAY of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

REMEMBER. God who knows "the end from the beginning" (Isa. 46. 10) declares, "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whether *thou* goest" (Eccl. 9. 10). It may be *now* or *never*! HYP.

True Stories of Well-known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 27.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.



HAROLD GERMAN, EVANGELIST.

I WANT to tell you about the most wonderful moment in my life. It is a fact that in the lives of most people there is some outstanding event, an outstanding place, or an outstanding period, and usually with that event, place or period, there are happenings one is not likely to forget.

Some time ago, in an iron foundry in Scotland, half a dozen working men began to talk about *the most happy day* in their experience; the first was a man who had had a hard upbringing he was from a poor home, and had a very bad father. He declared that the most happy day in his life was the day when he left home. Another said it was a sad day for him when he left home, but he really thought the happiest day in his life was the first day he carried home a journeyman's wage, after serving a five years' apprenticeship.

The third man said the happiest day in his life was the day when he became a Freemason. Another bright, interesting fellow said the happiest day in his life was the day he married his wife; it was a day full of interests and excitement.

Then the chief speaker, who had been deeply interested in all that had been said, turned toward another young man who was at the far end of the workshop, and said: "B——, tell us what was the happiest day in your life?"

The Happiest Day of My Life.

To the ears of all came this thrilling answer: "*The happiest day in my life was the day I accepted Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour, and I knew that my many sins were gone for ever.*" How these men listened as B—— told them of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I, too, can say that the most happy day in my life was the day I found Christ and was saved for eternity by the One who came all the way from Heaven to die for the poor, guilty, fallen man. This is how it happened in my case. One Sunday afternoon, as a boy in the Bible class of a Gospel hall in one of the most beautiful valleys of glorious Devon, I listened to a heart-stirring address on "*The Second Coming of Christ.*" I heard that afternoon that the Lord Jesus was coming back again for all who were saved, and they would be with Him for ever. The speaker pressed home the fact that in many homes of that district and throughout the world there would be glad hearts, and there would be sad hearts at Christ's return. Some *glad*, because they were saved, and therefore ready to go to be for ever with the Lord; others *sad*, yes, very sad, because they were not ready and would be left behind.

I knew that day that I was not ready for the Coming of the Lord, and would be left behind should Christ come just then. What a sad heart mine was. Many sleepless nights I experienced wondering if the Lord would come before morning. Often I listened at the keyhole of a bedroom door to hear if other members of the family were still in the house. At times I would hear a cough or a movement which assured me the Lord had not Come, and I felt more easy for a while.

One night I could stand it no longer, and in real soul trouble I got out of bed and fell on my knees, and there asked God to save my soul. *In a very simple way I accepted the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, believing that He died for me, and that He alone could save me.* I got off my knees a sinner saved by grace, for do we not read: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John 1. 12).

I wonder if *you* have received Him yet. If not, why not do it just now? Just where you are, and just as you are, accept God's remedy for your precious soul. Accept the Saviour who died on the Cross and gave Himself for

The Happiest Day of My Life.

you. He said: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). I have proved the glorious truth of this, and for many years have had the unbounded and happy privilege of telling others.

If you are still unsaved, it is because you refuse to come to Him. Be wise and come now. He waits to receive you, He will welcome and save you *now*. HAROLD GERMAN,



THE DYING SON AND THE DISTRESSED MOTHER.

"MOTHER! MY SINS!"

A YOUNG man lay dying; his life had been what man would call good, but before God we know there is none good. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 12). "There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 33), and so our friend found out when he came to die.

"Mother! my sins! What shall I do about my sins?"

"My son," said the mother, "you have nothing to trouble about, why be uneasy? I am sure you may make yourself quite happy; you have always been a good son,

and never done any harm." What a false lullaby! What a rotten foundation for a dying man!

A lady friend called one day, and hearing of the young man's anxiety, begged to be allowed to speak to him, as she wished to tell him of that precious Blood which cleanseth from all sin, and can give the sinner a title to Heaven; of the Rock on which a dying man may safely plant his feet, and with which the sandy foundation of his morality, or so-called good deeds, will not bear comparison; but she was not allowed to see him. "I will not have him disturbed," said the foolish mother; so, disappointed, she left the house.

Meeting a Christian friend on her way home, and desiring to leave no stone unturned for his eternal peace and safety; thinking, too, that this one might succeed in obtaining an interview where she had failed, she begged him to call and seek one, which he did, but it was too late. No sooner had he entered the house than the young man passed away.

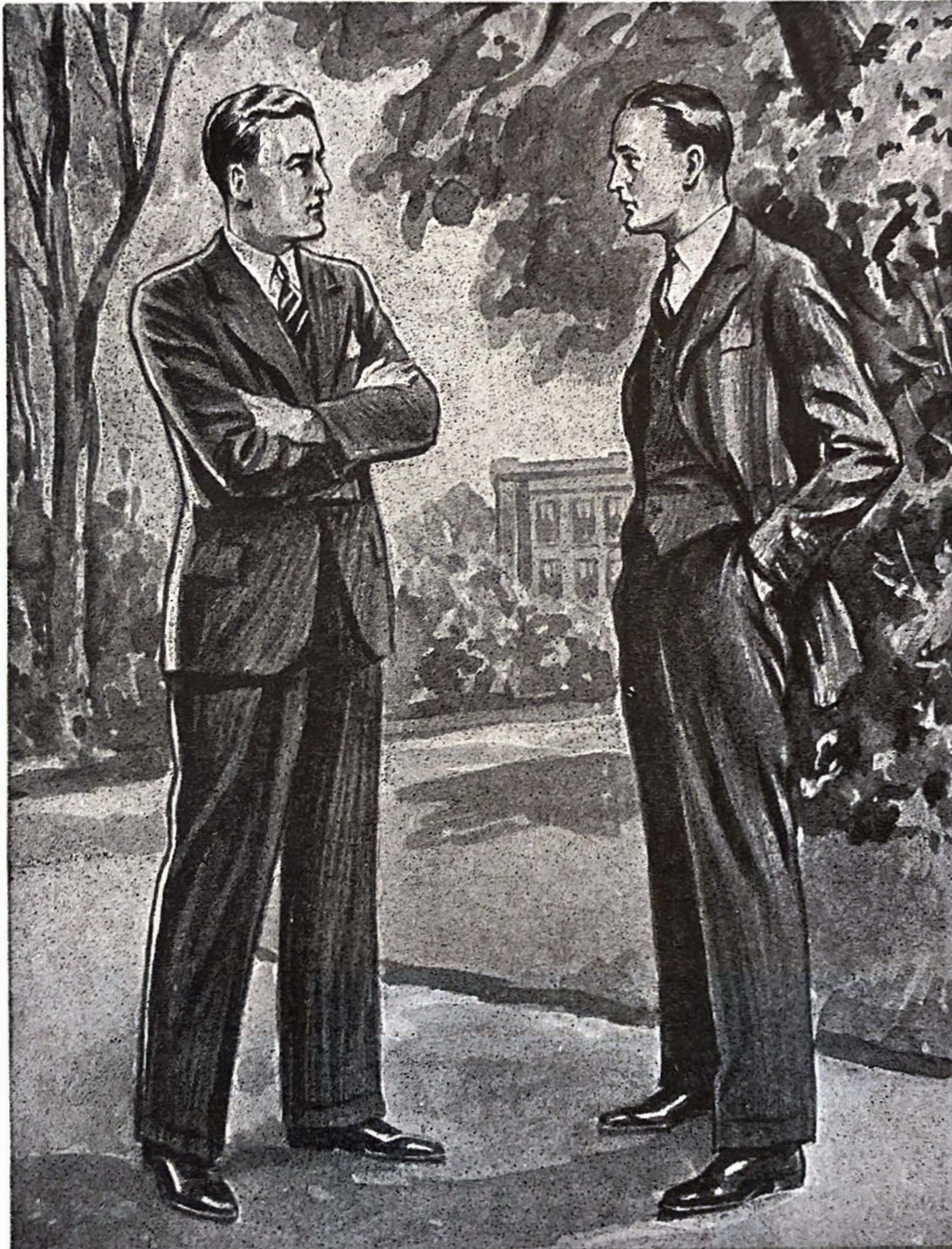
Whether or not he had looked away from himself to the Saviour who had been crucified for him, and is risen again, I cannot tell, but one thing I know, it is a solemn thing to trifle with the things of Eternity, or to put them off to a dying bed—a fatal and dangerous thing to trust in a good moral life; and if this is your only hope for acceptance before God, you will find that it fails you, and is unworthy of your confidence at the hour of death. If you trust in yourself, you will find that you are miserably deceived. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6).

Your life may have been morally good, you may have committed no gross sins, as was the case with the subject of our story, but when "weighed in the balances" you, like him, will be "found wanting." There are sins you have forgotten—"The thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. 24. 9). "All unrighteousness is sin" (1 John 5. 17). "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good, and sinneth not" (1 Kings 8. 46). And nothing but that precious Blood which was shed on Calvary can cleanse those sins away. The Word says, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin (1 John 1. 7). Let Him cleanse you *now*."

E.H.G.

A SCEPTIC IN A CORNER.

NOT long ago I was having a rather earnest conversation with a friend of mine of sceptical tendencies. He is a man not unknown to the world of science and literature. In answer to some appeal I made to the Scripture, he turned upon me and said, "But you must not quote the Bible as an *authority*, for the question turns finally upon the authority of the Bible itself; that, in fact, is the main question in controversy. You



CONVERSATION BETWEEN A CHRISTIAN AND A SCEPTIC.

Are you acquainted with the Multiplication Table?

cannot expect intelligent men of to-day to accept as authoritative the teachings of books whose very authors are unknown." My friend was a skilled mathematician. I remarked to him:

"My friend, you doubt the authority of the five books of Moses because, you say, it is not certain that Moses wrote them; and so of other books of the Bible, because it is said, their authorship is not known. You hesitate to accept Isaiah's prophecy because you say, the other half of it was written by some unknown writer. May I ask you if you ever happened to come across a little mathematical treatise or work known in my boyhood days as the Multiplication Table?"

My friend smiled and replied, "Yes, I am acquainted with the Multiplication Table."

I said, "Well, my friend, is the Multiplication Table an authority with mathematicians?"

To which he replied, "Most certainly."

I remarked to him in a very sweet and low tone of voice, "Do you happen to know who the author of the Multiplication Table is?" In a moment he frankly confessed his ignorance; upon which I ventured to remark, "Then I suppose, as a matter of fact, being a scientific man and a conscientious sceptic, you never use the Multiplication Table?"

"Ah, well," he replied, "we know that the Multiplication Table is a true and reliable authority in matters mathematical because it works well and truly. It proves itself to be true by work."

"Then, my friend," I replied, "leaving on one side all those hair-splitting questions of academic science and criticism, shall we not be allowed to say that we know that the Bible is a work of absolute authority in religion and morals—whether we know its human authors or not—because *it works well in its own sphere*, just as the Multiplication Table works well and truly in its sphere?"

The Bible not only works well as a whole, but it works with as sure and certain infallibility in the sphere to which it belongs as the Multiplication Table does in its sphere. In the sphere of human salvation it works well and has worked well ever since it came into man's possession. Millions have been *saved* and blest. Why not *you*? G.F.P.

NO ONE TO KNOW IT.



"AND PEOPLE NOT KNOW ABOUT IT!"

BUT tell me this; could I not be saved well enough without making a great ado about it, or folk knowing about it?"

"Now, Mrs. Esther, it is a very bad sign to hear you asking a question of that kind. Don't you know that that very question is part of the stock-in-trade of every unsaved man and woman who would like to make

themselves believe they are going to Heaven. **It is true you might be saved without making a great ado about it**—without sending a public proclamation round the town that you were saved; but, rest assured of this, if you were saved, people would know about it. People not know about it! Why should that be? **If any piece of good fortune happens to anyone how soon people round about know it.** And do you, for a moment, suppose you are going to come into a Kingdom and be made an heir of glory without people knowing you are anything the richer? Just think of it; **going down to Hell yesterday, weighed down with guilt and sin; to-day, pardoned, saved, on the road to Heaven, with eternal life now and eternal glory in store, and the Lord Jesus the chiefest among ten thousand, and all His love and all**

His riches, yours, and people not know of it! Oh, no. *It is too good news to be kept a secret; far too good news.* Just look over the Acts of the Apostles and see how often Paul tells of his conversion. He kept it no secret. Then there's the man whom the Lord Jesus told to go home and tell what great things the Lord had done for him (Mark 5. 19). And there is the poor man who made such an ado in the Temple, "walking, and leaping, and praising God," after he had been saved and cured (Acts 3. 8); and the Woman of Sychar, who alarmed the whole city after she was saved (John 4. 29); and Matthew, the Publican who had a great feast in his own house on the occasion of his conversion (Luke 5. 29); and Lydia, who opened her house to God's servants whenever she was brought to Jesus (Acts 16. 15). And then, does not the Lord Himself say, Ye are the light of the world; let your light shine! **He expressly says you are not to keep it hid. Indeed you cannot keep it hid, as is clear from our Lord's words, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid" (Matt. 5. 14).**

When you are *in Christ*—old things are passed away, and all things become new (2 Cor. 5. 17)—people take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus (Acts 4. 13). Your very life, then, will be a witness against the unsaved; and your walk and conversation may be the means of winning souls to Jesus (1 Peter 3. 1). So, Mrs. Esther, don't try to get into Heaven by a back door—there is none.

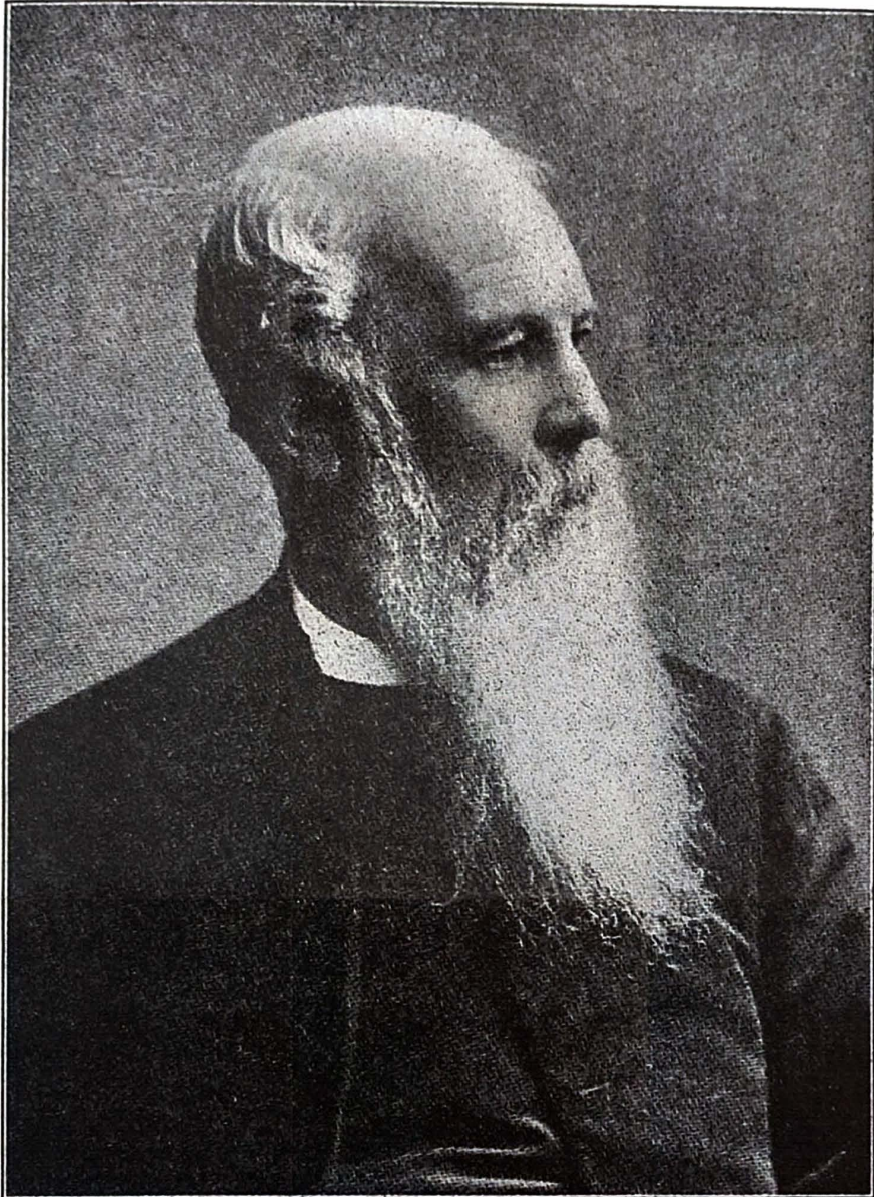
The Bible says that, after you believe unto righteousness, confession is made unto salvation (Rom. 10. 10). When you are converted, you will be saying in the language of Scripture: "Come and hear, and all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul" (Psa. 66. 16).

W. SHAW.

The Best Gift Ever Given

"The wages of sin is death; but the GIFT of God is ETERNAL LIFE through Jesus Christ our Lord (Romans 6. 23). WILL YOU ACCEPT IT?"

ARE YOU BORN AGAIN?



C. J. RYLE, FIRST BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

THIS is one of the most important questions anyone can be asked. Jesus Christ says: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

It is not enough to reply: "You have been baptised, and go to church, and you suppose you are." Thousands of baptised people have none of the marks and signs of being born again which the Scriptures have given us.

Would you like to know the marks and signs of being born again? Give me your attention and I will show them to you out of the First Epistle of St. John.

Are You Born Again?

First of all: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin"; and again: "Whosoever is born of God sinneth not" (1 John 3. 9; 5. 18).

A man born again, or regenerated, *does not commit sin as a habit*. He no longer sins with his heart, and will, and whole inclination, as an unregenerate man does. There was probably a time when he did not think whether his actions were sinful or not, and never felt grieved after doing evil.

In one word, sin no longer pleases him, nor is even a matter of indifference: it has become the abominable thing which he hates. He cannot prevent it dwelling within him. If he said he had no sin, there would be no truth in him (1 John 1. 8). But he can say that he cordially abhors it, and the great desire of his soul is not to commit sin at all.

Secondly, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God" (1 John 5. 1).

A man born again, or regenerated, *believes that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour by whom his soul can be pardoned*; that He is the Divine Person appointed by God the Father for this very purpose, and that beside Him there is no Saviour at all. In himself he sees nothing but unworthiness, but in Christ he sees ground for the fullest confidence, and trusting in Him, he believes that his sins are all forgiven. He believes that for the sake of Christ's finished work and death upon the Cross he is reckoned righteous in God's sight, and may look forward to death and judgment without alarm. Ask him whether he will rest his hopes of eternal life on his own goodness, his own amendments, his prayers, his almsgiving, or his church—and see what he will reply. Ask him whether he will give up Christ, and place his confidence in any other way of salvation. Depend upon it, he would say, that though he does feel weak and bad, *he would not give up Christ for all the world*. Depend upon it, he would say he found a preciousness in Christ, a suitableness to his own soul in Christ, that he found nowhere else, and that he must cling to Him.

Thirdly, "Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him" (1 John 2. 29). The man born again, or regenerate, is *a righteous man*. He endeavours to

live according to God's will, to do things that please God, to avoid things that God hates. His aim and desire is to love God with heart and soul, and mind and strength, and to love his neighbour as himself. His wish is to be continually looking to Christ as his Example as well as his Saviour, and to show himself Christ's friend, by doing whatsoever Christ commands. No doubt he is not perfect: none will tell you that sooner than himself. He groans under the burden of indwelling corruption cleaving to him, he finds an evil principle within him constantly warring against grace, and trying to draw him away from God; but he does not consent to it, though he cannot prevent its presence. In spite of all shortcomings, the average bent and bias of his own is holy, his doings holy, his tastes holy, and his habits holy. In spite of all his swerving and turning aside, like a ship beating up against a contrary wind, the general course of his life is in one direction—towards God and for God. And though he may sometimes feel so low that he questions whether he is a Christian at all, he will generally be able to say, with old John Newton: "I am not what I ought to be, I am not what I want to be, I am not what I hope to be in another world; but still I am not what I once used to be, and by the grace of God I am what I am."

Now, what shall we say to these things? What they can say who hold that Regeneration is only an admission to outward Church privileges, I am sure I do not know. For myself, I say boldly, I can come only to one conclusion. That conclusion is, that those persons only *are born again* who have these marks about them, and that all *men and women* who have not these marks, *are not born again*. And I firmly believe that this is the conclusion to which the Apostle wishes us to come. *Have you these marks?* ARE YOU BORN AGAIN? J. C. RYLE.

The Best News Ever Heard.

"GOD commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet SINNERS, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).

HAVE YOU EVER THANKED HIM?

WHAT A STRANGE WISH!

AT the age of twelve I wished I had never been born. My health was good, my mind was sound, my parents were Christians, my surroundings were conducive to happiness, yet such was my desire. The reason was this—upon my heart there had been written as with a pen of steel three great facts. (1) I was a guilty and condemned sinner, knowing that (2) I needed to be “born again” to obtain an entrance into the Kingdom of God; and (3) the Lord Jesus might come at any time and I would be eternally separated from my loved ones. What I was, where I was going, and what would take place at Christ’s coming were the truths that caused my unhappiness.

Yet ere I entered my teens everything was changed. Instead of wishing I had never been born, I was glad that ever I was born; nay more, I was rejoicing in being “born again” (John 3. 3, 7). What produced this great change? The Cross of Christ. “Christ crucified.” What has it done for me? It has given me joy and peace and perfect acceptance with God. Once the crucifixion was a story without a meaning to me. Ten years ago I understood that it was for my sins Christ bled, and suffered, and died. I deserved eternal banishment from God on account of my sins, but Jesus died for me. I was under the curse of the law, having broken it, but the Lord Jesus who was nailed to the tree was made a curse for me (Gal. 3. 13).

Judgment for me is passed once and for ever; my curse is removed, and now I can say I am happy, pardoned, justified, free, saved by my blessed Redeemer.

Let me ask, “What is the Cross of Christ to you?” Do you say “It was a terrible tragedy; it often moves me to tears.” Is that all that it is to you? What will that do for you when you stand before the great white throne to give an account to the Judge for the sins of your lifetime?

Perhaps God’s remedy for your sin-diseased soul is nothing in your estimation! Ere that day is ushered in, and the door of mercy is closed for ever, look away to Calvary, and as a wrath-deserving sinner believe that Jesus died for you, and God’s Word declares, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life” (John 3. 36).

The Lord Jesus says, “Behold I come quickly?” If He were to come at this moment and find you unsaved you would be eternally lost.

D.M.

THE HOUSE OF DECISION—10 Downing Street.

PROBABLY AT NO PLACE IN THE WORLD HAVE MORE IMPORTANT DECISIONS, AFFECTING NOT ONLY THE BRITISH NATION, BUT THE WORLD, BEEN MADE THAN AT 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE, NO. 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON.
Photo: Stone.

"The residence of the British Prime Minister. Cabinet Meetings and other important gatherings of the British leaders are held there."

THE HOUSE OF DECISION—10 Downing St.



KING GEORGE VI.

PROBABLY at no place in the world have more important *decisions*, affecting not only the British nation, but the world, been made than at 10 DOWNING STREET, London, the residence of the British Prime Minister. Cabinet Meetings and other important gatherings of the British leaders are held there.

One most important decision was made there recently: "Shall we or shall we not, join France, and go to the help of the Czechoslavs, in case of an onslaught by Germany?" According to that decision what terrible consequences hang thereon.

A large room, a few known and trusted British leaders, a consultation, a *decision*, and the die is cast. Now it is not our intention to express a judgment as to the rights or wrongs of the cause for that decision, although we are naturally inclined to do so. Nor is it within the province of this paper to enter a political squabble. Our province is to use the point of "*decision*," a fixing of the mind, a conclusion of the weighty consideration of the intelligence, a determination founded on facts.

Such is the matter we press upon you. You have often had thoughts about your future, the future of your fellows, the hereafter of your race. Have you come to any decision concerning same? The *facts* are: (1) That you are a sinner, for "all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23); (2) That as a sinner you cannot save yourself, for "by the deeds of the law (or good works) shall no flesh be justified in God's sight" (Rom. 3. 20). (3) Only through Christ and His precious Blood is there any hope of salvation and eternal glory, for "without the shedding of blood there is *no remission*" (Heb. 9. 22). (4) You must decide and put your faith in the Blood of Jesus—or, reject Him and His precious Blood, and run the risk of being outside the door of Heaven for ever, for in Heaven *every one* declares of Christ: "Thou art worthy . . . for Thou *was slain*, and has

The Place of Decision.

redeemed us to God by THY BLOOD" (Rev. 5. 9).

Now, you may not be at No. 10, or even in Downing St., or even in London, but you can make any home, any room, "the place of decision," for "if *thou* shalt confess with *thy* mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in *thine* heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou* shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). As simple as that? Certainly, for faith is the mighty fact that leads to the great change in life called "conversion" or the "New Birth" (John 3. 3, 7). The cry is "DECIDE NOW!" HyP.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

PRAYER ABOUT EVERYTHING.

I FEEL permitted to offer up my prayers for everything that concerns me, and I am inclined to imagine that there are no little things with God. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the folding and packing of a blossom, in the curious aqueducts by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of a world, and in the laws by which the planets move.

I understand literally the injunction: "In everything make your requests known to God"; and I can but notice how amply these prayers have been met.—*Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.*

CAN YOU LIVE A STRAIGHT LIFE?

RELIGION is all right for those who can't live straight without it." Some say it; many think it. "I don't go to church, chapel, or mission hall, but I'm just as good as those who do." That is the spoken or unspoken creed of multitudes.

But what about those who can't live straight? Time after time they have tried to lift themselves by their own efforts, and time after time they have failed, until heart and hope have sunk down baffled and exhausted.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Said one who had sunk very low indeed: "I'm at my wits' end." "God lives there," was the reply. God is offering you, at this moment, both pardon and power—pardon for the past, and power to enable you to live the rest of your life not only decently and respectably, but in a manner pleasing to God. Thousands have proved the saving and keeping power of Christ. Venture to Him, and you, too, will prove that He can save both the soul and the life.

"But," you say, "I can live a straight life by myself." Quite likely. In this land of Bibles and Christian influences many are able to live decent, respectable lives without the Gospel.

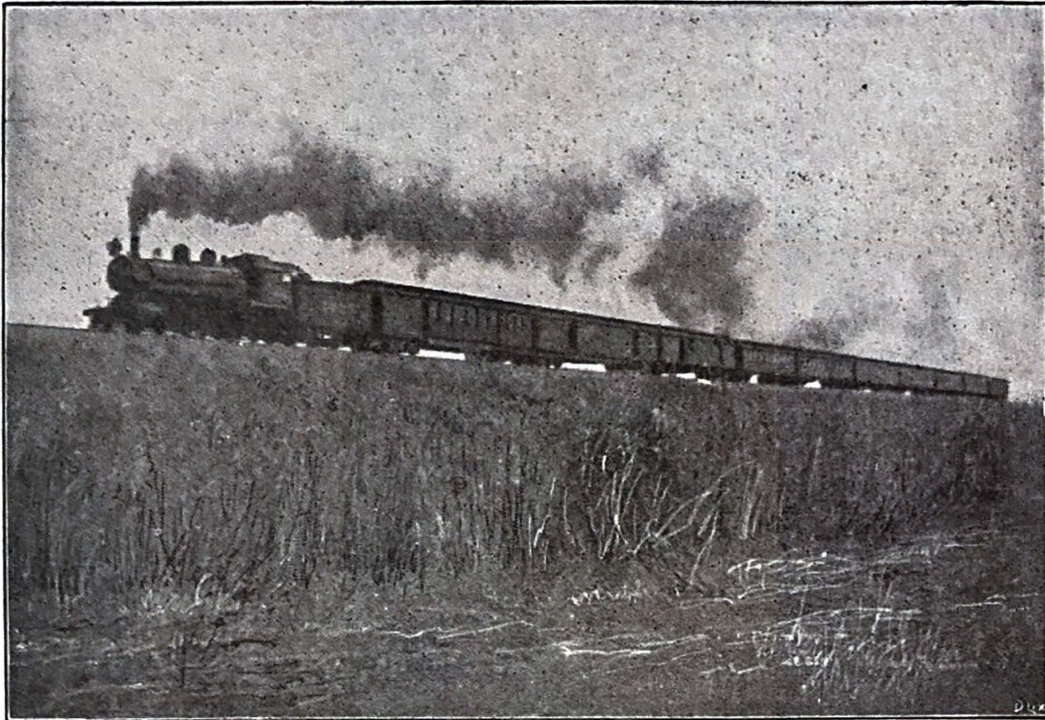
"But what about your sins?" a man was asked. "I can't bother about that," he answered. The fact is, and he was unwilling to face it, that a decent life cannot put anyone into right relations with God, nor blot out a single sin. Until we trust Christ we are not right with God and are under His displeasure.

Whether respectable or not, you need Christ—and He wants you. If you know you are ungodly and lost, then you are the very one He is seeking, for He came into the world to save sinners. If you believe in what is good and true, then you ought to be among the first to commit yourself to Christ and follow Him, for He is the supremely Good and True.

And whoever you are, Christ is waiting for your decision. You cannot evade it, you *must* decide. E. ADAMS.

HE never repented his choice who made his choice of Christ. Many, to-day, are bitterly mourning that they refused to hear His voice.

THE WRONG TRAIN AND THE RIGHT REMEDY.



A TRAIN RUNNING AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

WE were once going from Chicago to New York via Detroit, over the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk roads. It was a through train, making but few stops. We had left Detroit, and were over on the Canadian side, when the conductor came through the train taking up tickets. A man just opposite us handed his ticket to the conductor. The conductor looked at it and said, "Man, you are on the wrong train. Your ticket reads Grand Rapids, and here you are going in the wrong direction altogether, over in Canada." Of course, the man got excited and would scarcely believe the conductor. In fact, he got quite angry, and wanted to argue with him about it: he felt so sure that he was right. Finally he said to the conductor, "Well, what shall I do?" The conductor said, "Get off the train at the next stop, at Chatham, take the train back to Detroit, and get the right train for Grand Rapids."

The man had ridden perhaps forty miles without a thought that he was on the wrong train, and yet he was going in the wrong direction all the time.

The Word of God tells us that "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death."

The Wrong Train and the Right Remedy.

Lots of people tell us that it does not make any difference what we believe so long as we are sincere about it. What nonsense! If you are on the wrong train, my friend, you will never reach the right destination, no matter how sincere you may be, unless you change and get on the right train. General Grant said, "Be sure you're right, and then go ahead."

Well, neighbour, let us stop a moment and ask whether you are on the right train, and heading for God's heavenly destination. If not, don't let the Devil fool you into thinking that you will somehow turn up all right in Glory if you are only sincere about it. No, you won't! *Sincerity never got any man to Heaven.* Don't forget this. You must be on the right train.

We think we hear a crowd shouting out, "Oh, I am all right, I am a Roman Catholic, I am an Episcopalian, I am a Methodist, I am a Presbyterian, I am a Baptist. I am all right sure, see, I've got Mrs. Eddy's Guide Book and Key to the Scriptures; and still another, "I am a Unitarian, and know it all," and so on all along the line.

Well, let me say, it doesn't matter who you are, or what you are. You may belong to any church you like, and yet miss Heaven at last. Salvation is not vested in any church.

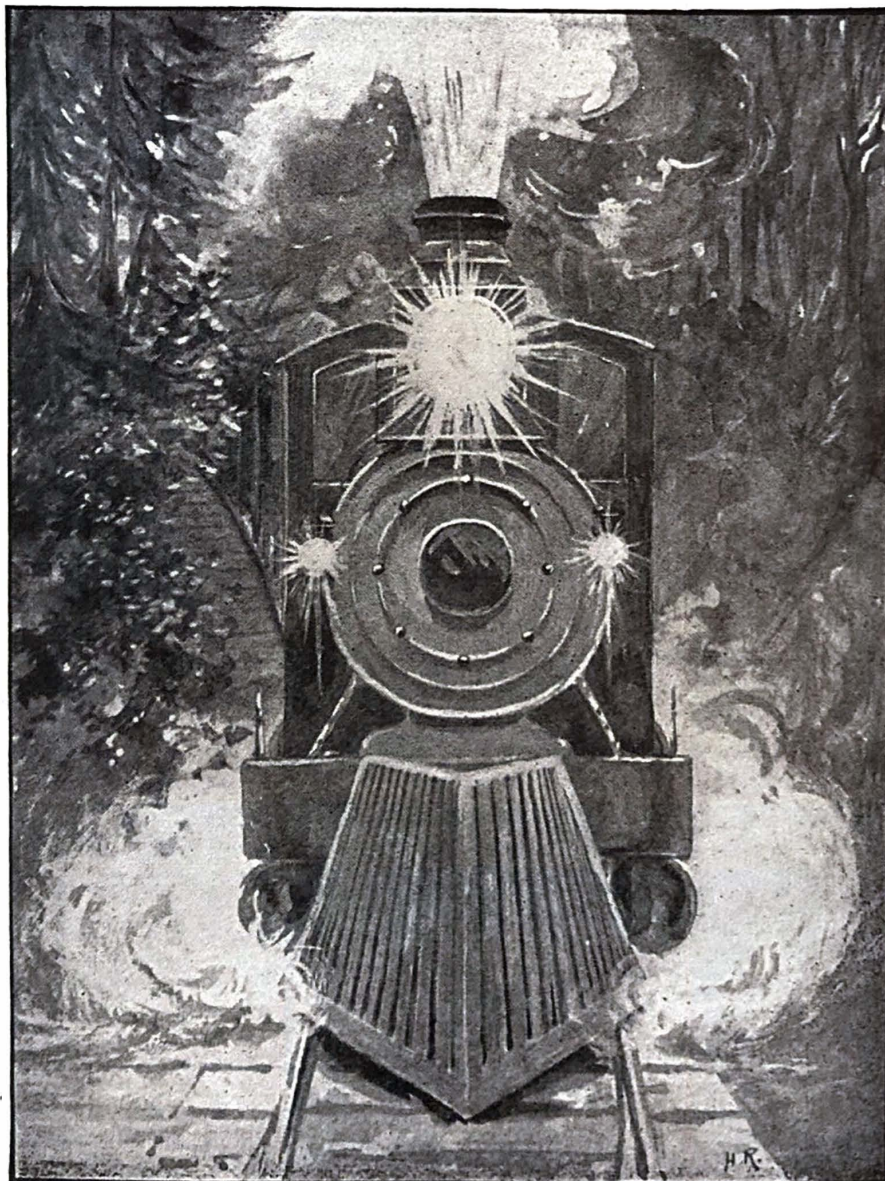
Salvation is in a Person, and that Person is the Risen Son of God, who died for lost sinners at Calvary, rose again from the dead the third day, went back to Heaven, and will be back again, first to catch His people up into the air to meet Him, and then later come back to the earth "with them" and "with all His holy angels" to judge the nations, and set up His Millennial Kingdom here upon earth, with every foe beneath His pierced feet. Read Psalm 2.

All God's Heaven bound trains start from Calvary, and Calvary is the *only* station at which guilty sinners are ever taken on board. And don't forget that the full fare *must* be paid before you start—you don't pay bit by bit as you go along.

Some people you know have an idea that we get to Heaven on the instalment plan, paying a little here and a little there, or something of that kind, but God's Salvation Special is not run on that basis at all. The full fare

The Wrong Train and the Right Remedy.

must be all paid down in one lump sum before you can even get on the train. When you have done this, or some One else has done it for you (and Jesus alone can do that), all you have to do is to step on board and sit down quietly in your seat and the train will do the rest. You won't have to get out every little while to give the train a shove or boost; not at all. God's salvation train needs no human assistance of any kind. When you are on the train you do not have to worry at all—no trouble about having to pay over again, or make an extra contribution to help out, not a bit of it. The fact is, if you don't have a through



AN AMERICAN EXPRESS AT FULL SPEED

The Wrong Train and the Right Remedy.

ticket all paid for right to the journey's end, you can't get on this train at all; it carries through passengers only.

When we stepped on to God's Salvation train many years ago at *Calvary* station there was given to us a *Through Ticket*, all paid for, and it was given to us by none other than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. He saw what a fix we were in—He knew at a glance that we were up against it, and "broke" absolutely, so He took pity on us and handed us a first-class ticket, and all we had to do was to humbly admit that we had nothing to pay with, and were therefore willing to own up to our bankruptcy, and thank Him for His great kindness in furnishing us a through ticket free of charge, red all over and blood bought. And do you know, we have still got our ticket, and are still on God's train, travelling along, from Guilt to Glory, and with plenty of provisions to meet our need day by day on the way.

"By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). W.S.M.

HOW CAN I?

A YOUNG man who had lived a "fast" life, was at length aroused to concern about his soul. On being shown the freeness and simplicity of the Gospel, and the great love of Christ, he said: "How can I offer Him a withered flower?" His life had been spent—yea, wasted—in the service of the Devil and the world.

The bloom of his life had passed away. He had given to self and the world, the vigour of his days; and now it seemed as if he were bringing the dregs to Christ. Yet even that young man was saved. We mention this as a word of encouragement—not encouragement to remain in sin, but encouragement to flee to Christ *now*. It is the fewer number that thus turn, after a life spent in the gratification of fleshly desire. It is true that the thief on the cross was saved. But as an old writer says: "One was *saved*: we there learn that no one must despair. But one was *lost*; and we have there the warning that no one must presume." God is now calling on you to turn. See that you refuse not Him that speaketh from Heaven. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." W. SHAW.

True Stories of Well-Known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 27.



BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH
Late Chaplain-General to His Majesty's Forces.

BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH tells the story of his conversion thus: "Sixty-two years ago, I had reached the age of twelve, and as we often sang that hymn, 'There is a City Bright, closed are its gates to sin,' the Spirit of God revealed to me that I had a sinful nature. I realised that unless I could have that nature dealt with, though I was only a boy not yet twelve, I could never enter in. Yes, the Spirit of God gave me such a conviction of sin.

"I said my prayers, I did all the exercises of a well-

trained Christian boy, but in my heart of hearts *I knew not the Lord*, and He knew it, too, as I went to Him night after night with a sad heart, and many prayers. And one summer's evening I was reading my Bible, and I came across that text: 'If ye ask anything in My Name I will do it' (John 14. 14), and I said: 'If it is possible for a boy to know that his sins are forgiven, oh Lord, answer my prayer!' And the Lord Jesus came, and gave me the realisation that *His death on the Cross was for the whole world and for me*. My sins were washed away, and I have never lost the consciousness from that day, sixty-two years ago. And forty-two years ago there came a call to the Mission field."

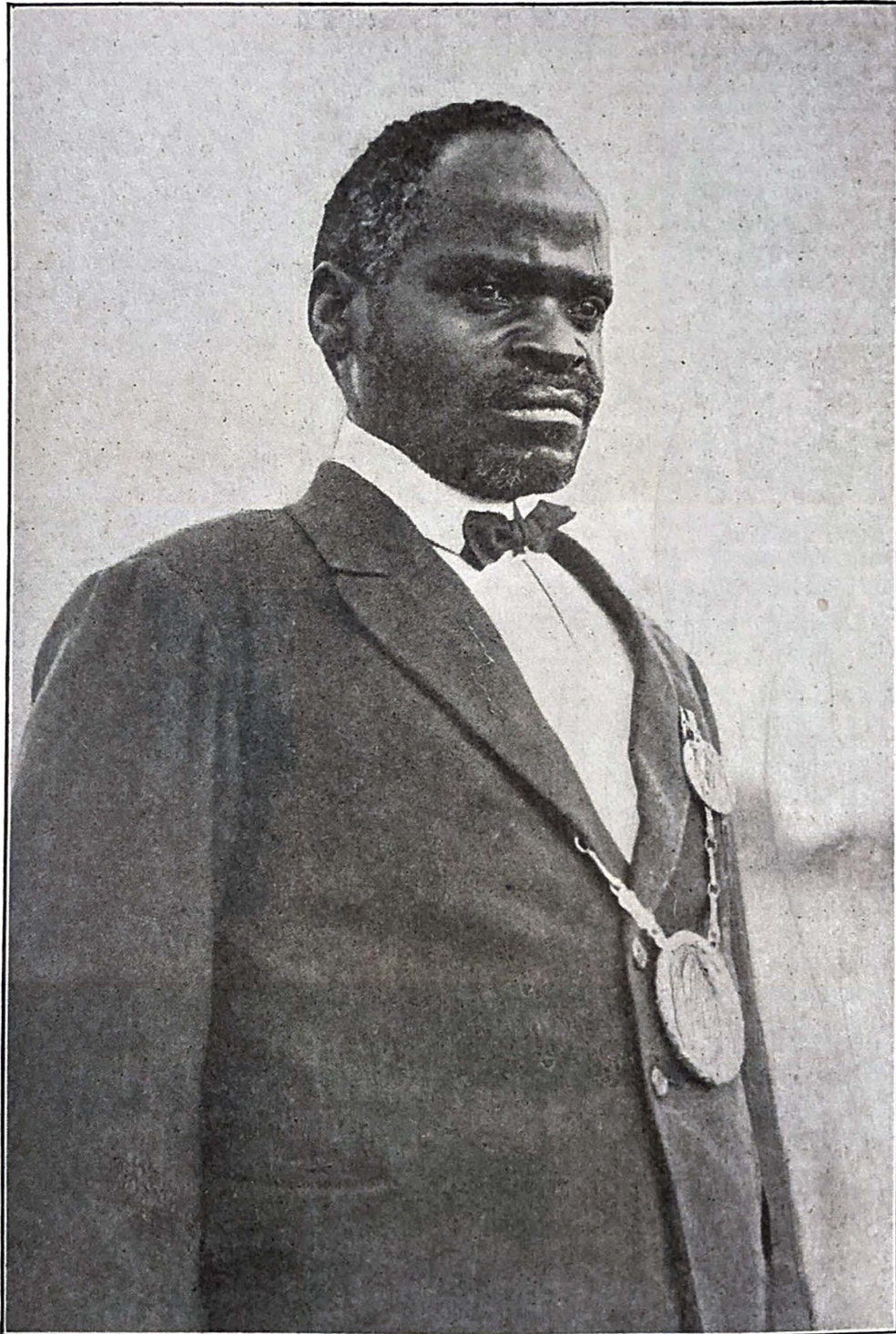
In 1896 he became chaplain to the British Forces which went to Ashanti. Here he became acquainted with Prince Henry of Battenburg. During the Prince's illness he was with him, later bringing his body to the coast. He had to deliver the Prince's last message to Queen Victoria. He was next offered the post of Chaplain-General to the Forces, which he held for 24 years.

It was a blessing that such a stalwart was in charge of the 3000 or 4000 chaplains during the Great War. Commander Salwey, a friend of his, tells how he used to try the applicants for chaplaincy. "Well, my man, you are appointed, and at the front here is a man brought in with only a few hours to live. What would you tell him?" "To pray, read the prayer book, etc." "But he has only a few hours to live? Pass out this door." After several such, another was asked the same question: "I would say, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shall be saved.'" "That's better"—another door. And so with dozens. The *converted* chaplain was the man wanted.

In 1925 he retired, and spent his last 13 years in many and varied forms of Evangelistic work. Whilst travelling for the Moody Centenary Movement, he was laid aside with pneumonia at San Francisco. He went on to Australia in December, and was returning when he died suddenly at sea on board the steamer *Orion*, in May, 1938, and was buried at sea, awaiting that Day when "the sea shall give up the dead which are in it" (Rev. 20. 13). May each reader be as ready as "Everybody's Bishop" to meet death, judgment, and Eternity. T.E.

" . . . AFTER MANY DAYS."

Tells how a Chief in Africa was converted, burnt his fetishes, and gave a clear testimony. A word for those who are thinking of accepting Christ. Black and white alike need Christ, and alike are welcomed and saved.



A NATIVE AFRICAN CHIEF IN EUROPEAN CLOTHES.

". . . AFTER MANY DAYS."

THIS story centres around the village of Kalundu and the village mission school. It's not a big village, but of sufficient size to warrant a school and an evangelist-teacher. It's in a quiet spot, a mile away from an Assembly.

The quietness was disturbed one night, and the whole village was aroused to weep for their chief who had passed away at midnight. The weeping continued all next day. At the funeral in the evening an opportunity was given for a Gospel message.

A few months passed, then the elders of the village gathered to appoint the new chief. The old chief's son, a mere boy, was chosen to rule with the help and advice of the village elders. This did not interfere with his schooling, for he attended regularly and heard the Word of God each day.

I was privileged to be at the inheriting ceremony, which took place some weeks later in the centre of the village. The new young chief sat on a stool, and the three wives of the old chief sat near. The belongings of the old chief were brought out of the hut, they consisted of a gun, spears, bow and arrows, and the Yeke rod of copper which all Yeke chiefs possess. There was also a basket of horns, animals' teeth, dried beetles, bones, etc. These made up the chief's fetishes. All were inherited by the new chief. The ceremony, which was long, was of the usual order, consisting chiefly in giving advice and telling the chief what was expected of him. An opportunity was given me at the close to say a few words for the Master.

A great crowd had gathered, not specially for the ceremony, but for the beer which is always in abundance on an occasion like this, and the dancing which takes place at night. That was in 1927.

The young chief has been a regular gatherer at the Gospel meetings, and with his Testament always followed the reading intently. In 1937 his young wife, who had also been taught in the Mission school, confessed Christ. The Holy Spirit had been working in the hearts of a few in the village, for on the 18th April, 1938, two wives of the old chief Kalundu were converted. One is the mother of the evangelist-teacher who is working in that village. It gave the teacher much joy to see his mother take her stand for Christ.

"After Many Days"—A Chief's Story



ANOTHER NATIVE HEADMAN

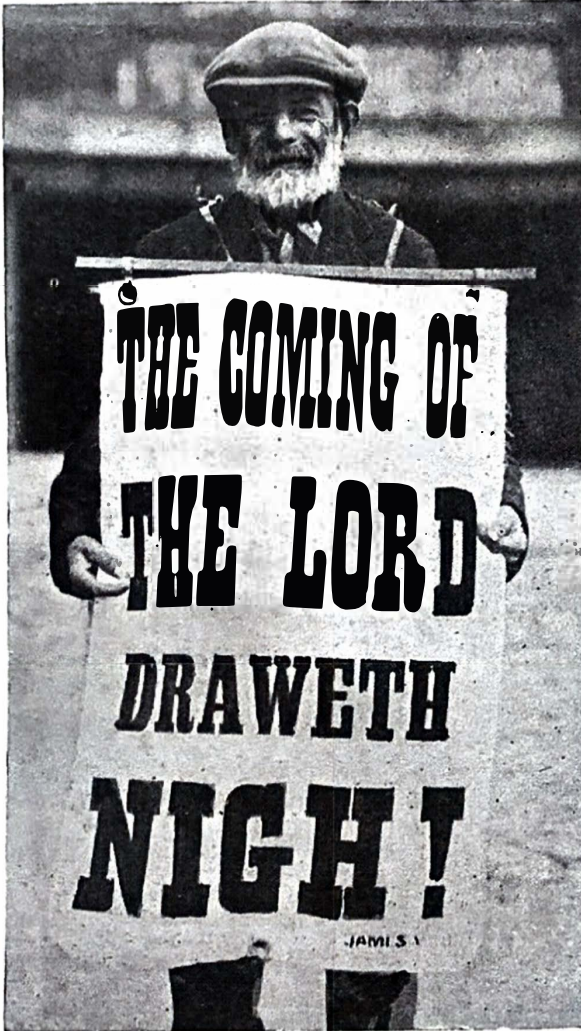
The young chief became more interested, and on March 20th of this year he gave his Testament to the elder in the nearby Assembly, and requested him to mark passages which would help him to see clearly the way of salvation. This was done, and the Christians immediately got to prayer. God answered, for two weeks later, on May 3rd, he gathered in the Assembly at Chikove's village, and after the meeting he told all

that he had decided for Christ.

On the following Lord's day I visited the Assembly, and the young chief asked me if I would visit him at his village, as he wanted to talk over some matters, so I went on the following Tuesday. He was sitting on his veranda when I arrived, his elders were with him and a number of his people. After a time of talking he got up, went inside his hut, and came out with a basket of fetishes, and the Yeke rod, the things I had seen at the inheriting ceremony. Then he addressed the company and said: "You all know that I have believed and am now trusting God. The things in the basket are known to you all, I have no use for them now. I have found a better way in Christ, and my journey through life is with Him, my Saviour. I propose to burn the basket and all that's in it." He sat down. There was silence for a time, then one of the elders said: "Do as you like with them." So the burning took place just outside the village. A very happy time was spent. A. J. ELLIS, Bonkeya, Congo Belge.

THE LONDON SANDWICHMEN.

AMONG the many activities of the London City Mission is that of seeking to reach the men who carry the advertising boards in the streets. Here is a recent account of an interview.



I OFTEN meet an army of sandwichmen, ninety per cent. of whom live in the lowest of common lodging houses. They are a motley multitude, men broken in the battle of life, social "throw-outs," so-called, with here and there a "fallen-star." They carry boards front and back, and often above their heads, tramping the gutters of crowded thoroughfares, receiving half-a-crown for a six-hour day. It is not easy to preach to men who are hungry and ill-clad, without some tangible evidence of Christian love, but this is not always easy.

I find them on the whole good listeners. The words printed on the boards often suggest a conversation—"Be prepared," "The Journey's End," to wit. The work has its element of surprise. One man showed a beaming face despite the melancholy drip, drip, of a wet afternoon. Instantly I recognised him as a drink victim to whom I had ministered the Word of life a week or two before with apparently good results. "What makes you look so happy?" he was asked. "Why, sir," came the answer, quick and bright, "the Lord Jesus is with me and I cannot help being happy." And that on two-and-sixpence a day! How real is the Lord and His salvation to these poor people!

The London Sandwichmen.

The men are generally down at heel and in derelict condition. I dare not speak of them as "human waste," since they are men for whom Christ died. But what faith is needed to see even potential sainthood in the sandwichmen and newsvendors of the city! Thank God for the vision! May it materialise in His good time so that from street corners, and amid the clatter and hubbub of the market, souls may be reached and renewed by the power of God.

W.C.

THE FAVOURITE GOSPEL PAPER



THE *Herald of Salvation* was commenced as far back as 1879 by RICE T. HOPKINS, an earnest Christian worker. Continued by him for a few years, then for a few more years by HY. PICKERING. It was taken in hand by that great-hearted Evangelist, ALEXANDER MARSHALL, on his return from Canada to this country and edited by him for some 20 years, till he died in 1928, then by JOHN GRAY, a partner in the firm, till he died in 1936, and now is again in the hands of HyP.

The aim from the first was to keep clear of all Sects and other Church difficulties, and to avoid all disputed points, but to present in all its clearness *the Gospel of the Grace of God*, ever setting forth

Man's utter Ruin, *emphasising the need of the New Birth*, the Simplicity of Salvation by Faith, the Finished Work of the Lord Jesus, and the Possession of Eternal Life by all who believe.

The Lord has wonderfully blessed this clear-ring testimony these many years, in causing numbers to "consider their latter end," leading many into the Light, helping others out of difficulties, and assuring dear believers of their Eternal Salvation. For all of which we praise God and take courage to press forward on the same lines.

DEFINITE CONVERSIONS, under the blessing of God, have been recorded through reading this magazine in **Orkney, Edinburgh, Glenluce, Andover, Armagh, Tipperary, Bolton, Workington, Bristol, Guildford, Toronto, Chicago, Dunedin, Liverpool, Glasgow, etc.** Its pages shall continue to be filled with definite Testimonies of conversions, incidents, and papers seeking to answer the most important Question—"What must I do to be saved?"

"I DO NOT FEAR DEATH. "

DEATH, which we ALL dread." No, not "All!" One who has seen and accepted God's way of salvation, does not dread death. I do not fear death. Often I wake in the night and think of it, look forward to it, with a thrill of joyful expectation and anticipation. Why?

Now, how has this come to be with me, for it was not always thus? I know as well as anyone what it is to "dread death," and to put away the thought of its absolute certainty, because I dare not look it in the face. There was a time when I saw clearly I could not save myself—that I deserved Hell in many ways, but in one most of all: that I owed the whole love of my heart to God, and had not given it to Him; that the Lord Jesus had so loved me as to die for me, and yet I, unmindful of it, had treated Him with daily, hourly ingratitude. I saw the sinfulness of my heart and life. I could not make my heart better. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4). So unless sin is taken away my soul must die and go to Hell.

Where, then, was my hope? In the same Word of God, 1 John 5. 10, it is written: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness of himself," and John 3. 36: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Believe what? That He must keep His word and punish sin, and that He has punished it in the Person of Jesus, our Substitute, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24).

If the Lord Jesus has paid any ransom, and borne the punishment of my sins, I only simply accept this, and believe Him, and it is all a true and real transaction. It is no theorising, but acting. And I did this, I believed it, and cast myself, utterly hopeless and helpless and lost in myself, and the feet of Jesus, and took Him at His word, and accepted what He had done for me. What was the result? Joy, peace in believing, and a happy, full trust in Him, which death cannot touch. Now it is a reality of realities to me; it is so intertwined with my life that I know nothing could separate me from His love. I could not do without Jesus. I cannot and I do not live without Him. It is a new and different life; and the life and light which takes away all fear of death is what I want others to have and enjoy.

F.R.H.

THE WRONG ADDRESS, BUT THE RIGHT
PERSONS.

IT IS EVIDENT THAT I DOUBTLESS SECURED THE WRONG ADDRESS OF MY FRIEND, AND I SHALL LEAVE. I TRUST YOU WILL PARDON ME FOR INTRUDING."



"IT WAS QUITE EVIDENT THAT I WAS IN THE WRONG HOUSE."

"Picking up the Bible, carefully and prayerfully, I inquired: 'Do you read this Book, Mrs. Johnson, and do you love it?' At once all three of them became deeply interested."

THE WRONG ADDRESS, BUT THE RIGHT PERSONS.

THE train had just entered the boundary limits of a great city, when the porter aroused me from my deep sleep and informed me that we would soon be in the depot. Because I intended spending only a day in that city, I checked my luggage at the station, took my sample case, and went at once to the office of my customer. At four o'clock, after completing our business transactions together, I left him and started back to the station. Because I had been deprived of my morning period of meditation, this lack of spiritual food and preparation caused me to feel not only heavy of heart, but disappointment filled my soul as I walked down the street.

A large hotel was located on that street. Entering, I went up to the mezzanine floor where I sought to be alone with the Lord. I confessed to Him my failure that day, my neglect of prayer, and also my omission to read the Scriptures. I then asked Him whether in His infinite grace He would not find some way to give a message through my lips to some troubled heart in that strange city. Having waited on the Lord a while, I felt convinced that He would find some work to do through me that evening.

About 5.30, while sitting in the coffee shop, the Lord reminded me that there abode in that city the son of a friend of mine who lived out West. I knew that this son was not saved, and at once accepted it as from the Lord that I should visit this young man and give him the Gospel. Obtaining a telephone book, I soon found his address and decided to call at his home. Arriving there, I found a duplex building with his name on a plate by the door leading upstairs. I rang the bell which opened the door, permitting me to enter the hall. At the top of the stairs stood a young woman who inquired what I wanted. I was not surprised to see a young woman, for I had been told that my young friend had recently been married.

"Is this where Charlie Johnson lives?" I asked. "I am a friend of his and came to visit him."

"Yes, come right up," she invited, very courteously.

As I reached the top of the stairs, she escorted me into a very attractive living room, nicely furnished, but

The Wrong Address, but the Right Persons.

dimly lighted. On the opposite side of the room, stood a lady and a gentleman whom she introduced to me as the sister and brother-in-law of Mr. Johnson. Taking my overcoat and hat, I was invited to be seated, whereupon I inquired whether or not Charlie was at home.

My heart was impressed with the opportunity presented



Photo: S. Sykes.
WELSH PREACHERS AT KESWICK.

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE
CONVENTION OF 1938.

of giving the Gospel, and I was much in prayer that the Holy Spirit would give the right words and would guide in the conversation. In reply to my inquiry, Mrs. Johnson said: "I am sorry, but Charlie is not home; he is working nights now."

"How splendid that is," I said. "His business must have increased greatly since he has found it necessary to put on both a day and a night shift."

She looked quite surprised upon hearing this, and said: "Charlie is not in business; he is an engineer, and just

The Wrong Address, but the Right Persons.

now is working on a night shift at the city water-works."

"Is not his father a merchant in Loganville?" I asked.

"Why, no," she said, "his father is a carpenter and lives in Jackson. I married him there."

A look of astonishment came over all our faces, for it was quite evident that I was in the wrong house. "I cannot understand this," I said, "for Charlie's father told me that he was engaged in manufacturing small motors for washing machines, and that he was doing quite well at the business. It is evident that I doubtless secured the wrong address of my friend, and I shall leave. I trust you will pardon me for intruding and I am sorry if your evening's visit has been interrupted by my coming."

Mrs. Johnson smiled, while all three of them arose to bid me good-bye. "I believe I know what your trouble is, doctor," she said. "There is another Charlie Johnson who lives at this same number, and on this same street, but he lives on the east side of the town and we are on the west side. His home is just forty blocks straight east of us on this very street. I know that his father lives in Logansville, for we get his mail frequently and I have noticed the postmark on the envelope."

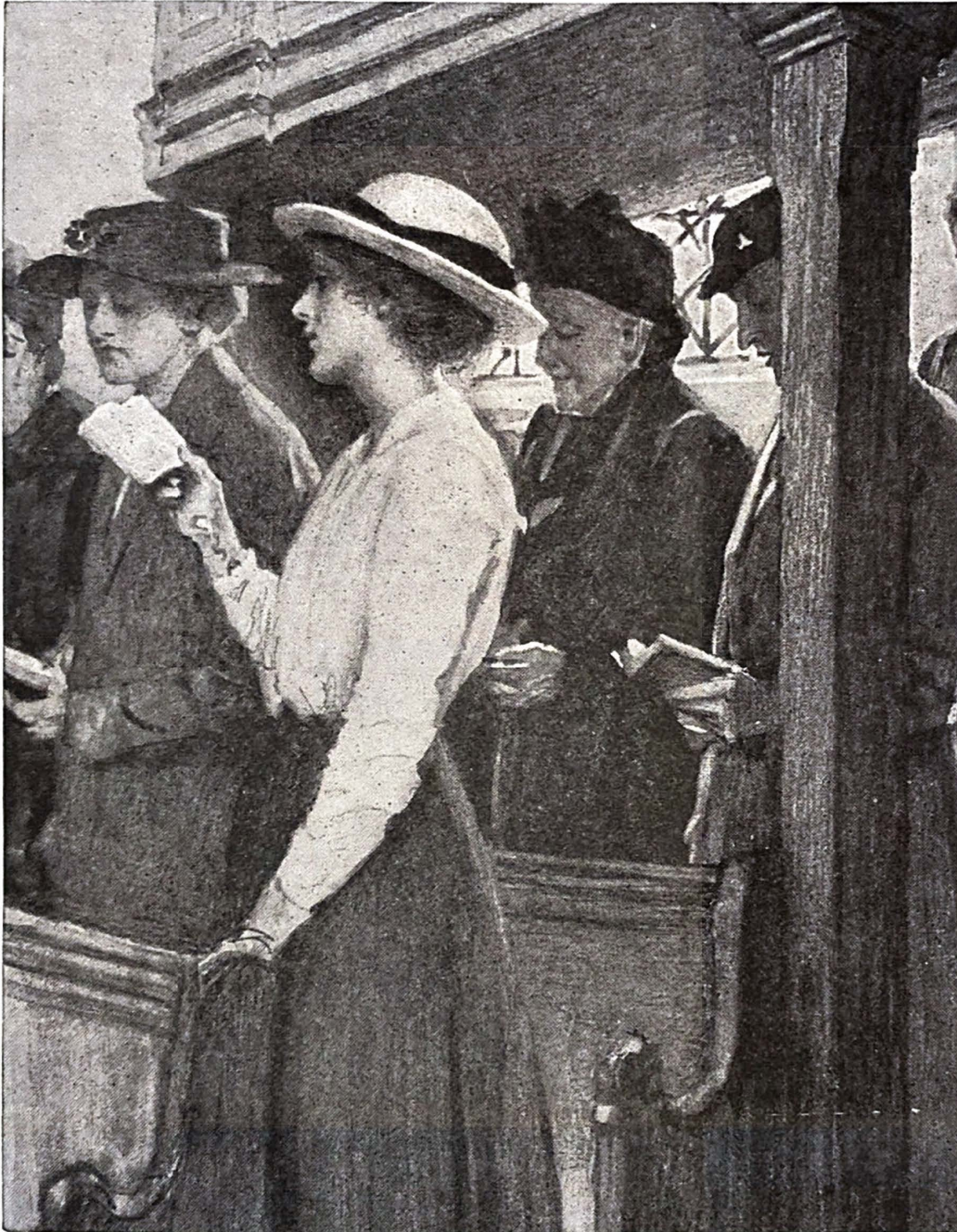
This peculiar coincidence caused my heart to cry out to God, for I felt that this visit was planned by the Lord. Many thoughts were going through my mind while putting on my overcoat. Approaching the centre of the room to bid good-bye to the sister and her husband, I observed, lying on the centre table, a well-worn Bible with dog-eared corners. I knew that dog-ears on books could not be purchased at the bookstore. These come only by long and frequent usage. Picking up the Bible, carefully and prayerfully, I inquired: "Do you read this Book, Mrs. Johnson, and do you love it?" At once all three of them became deeply interested. They looked at each other with astonishment, and then at me, as though their minds were stirred to ask some important question. "Yes," she answered quickly and firmly. "We love that Book in this home."

"Have you found out from its pages how you may be saved and know it?" I inquired.

By this time the hearts of these friends were so stirred that they could not restrain their tears. They looked at

The Wrong Address, but the Right Persons.

each other in such a peculiar way that I sensed immediately that some strange thing was transpiring with which I was not familiar. After she regained control of her



"ALL SUMMER LONG WE HAVE BEEN TO SERVICES"

feelings, Mrs. Johnson asked: "Do you understand that Bible? Can you tell us how we may be saved?"

"Yes, indeed, that is my principal business in life," I assured her. "I would be so glad if I could help you with it."

The Wrong Address, but the Right Persons.

She urged me to remove my overcoat again, and to be seated. We now drew up our chairs near the table, were comfortably seated, when Mrs. Johnson said: "Dr. Wilson, when you rang the door-bell, we three were on our knees praying that God would send someone to show us the way of salvation. We have been meeting here every Friday night to pray for help. All summer long we have gone to services here and there, and have heard some wonderful messages. Somehow none of these sermons have helped us. What we want to know is how to get rid of our sins and to obtain eternal life. We know that Jesus does it, but how does He do it? Can you answer that question?"

It was not difficult to see that the blessed Lord of the harvest had answered my prayer, and led me to the very place where the Lord Jesus was working and wanted to enter in. Each one obtained a Bible, while I took mine from my pocket, and we all turned to Luke 19. 10. There we found the statement of the Lord Jesus, saying: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

"It is you three that He came to save," I continued. "Your heart should be very glad indeed to know that God saw your need and provided for you a Saviour who is both able and willing to save. Will you let Him save you to-night?"

Their faces now were aglow with anticipation. They were drinking in every word, and reading the message for themselves out of their own Bibles. Mrs. Johnson then asked: "But how does He save anyone, doctor? That is exactly what we want to know."

Turning to 1 Peter 3. 18, we read aloud: "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "By suffering for you," I explained to them, "He took the punishment for your sin, He took the whipping you should have had. God made Him suffer for your sins, that you might trust Him with the saving of your soul, and enjoy God's favour and forgiveness." If you here and now believe in your heart that Christ died for you, you will be saved and satisfied. There and then each believed and was saved. He is able. Trust Him now.

DR. WALTER L. WILSON.

True Stories of Well-Known Men.

We give these just as the workers kindly supplied them, feeling assured that they will be read with interest, and show the varied workings of the Holy Spirit.—No. 28

AN ABERDONIAN'S CONVERSION.



ALEXANDER PHILIP, ABERDEEN.

I HAD the unspeakable privilege of being brought up in a Christian home. My parents were both believers in Christ, and sought to instruct me from my earliest days regarding my state before God as a sinner, and the necessity of receiving Christ by faith, as the one Who satisfied God's requirements by His sacrifice on Calvary, and who

alone could meet my need as a guilty sinner.

I also attended Sunday School in Victoria Hall, all Gospel meetings, and other meetings where the Lord's servants proclaimed the Word of God. I can remember being greatly interested in spiritual things at the age of 7. This interest deepened as I grew older, and reached a climax when I was 16 years of age. In the autumn of the year 1910, W. J. Meneely, an evangelist from Ireland, who had been greatly used of God to the salvation of many around Aberdeenshire, was conducting open-air meetings, preaching from a caravan at the corner of Hadden Street, Aberdeen.

True Story of an Aberdonian's Conversion.

I attended these services frequently, and one night after going home from the meeting, being under deep conviction of sin, I had a strong desire to have the assurance of God's salvation. I cannot tell one word of the message given that night, but two texts of Scripture were coming before me continually, namely, Romans 3. 23, and Acts 16. 31. I acknowledged before God that I was included in the "all" of Romans 3. 23, and confessed that as a guilty sinner I deserved to be cast into the Lake of Fire (Rev. 20. 15). I had been fully acquainted with such Scriptures as John 3. 16; John 5. 24; Rom. 10. 9; Isa. 53, etc., but the Spirit of God used Acts 16. 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," to convince me of the fact that faith in Christ alone would bring salvation.

Before retiring to rest that night, I thought of the possibility of being called away from this scene before morning, and also the possibility that the Lord might come to receive from the world His own (John 14. 1-4 and 1 Thess. 4. 13-18), and I knew I was not ready for either.

In my distress of soul I kneeled at my bedside and said from my heart:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,	There is none in Heaven
Trust Thee with my soul:	Or on earth like Thee:
Guilty, lost, and helpless.	Thou hast died for sinners—
Thou canst make me whole.	Therefore, Lord, for me."

I looked away by faith to Christ Who died for my sins on Calvary's Tree, and believed that God had raised Him for my justification (Rom. 4. 25). The result was that an unsurpassed peace filled my soul (Rom. 5. 1). I rested on the finished Work of Christ for me, and on His unfailing promises, and can now testify to the saving and satisfying power of Christ.

Since that happy day I can truthfully sing:

'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine."
Happy day! Happy Day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

What a wonderful change the grace of God can accomplish in a moment of time. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

A.P.

THE PENNY-FARTHING CYCLE MAN.



Fox Photos.

THE PENNY-FARTHING BICYCLE MAN.

THE PENNY-FARTHING CYCLE MAN.



I REMEMBER well the first "bone-shaker" that came along the Main North Road. It was all of wood, and of course no rubber tyres. People came from farms and villages and used to stand by the roadside to see the novelty—a man really riding a bicycle.

Then came the "Penny-Farthing," the large front wheel representing the penny and the small wheel, the farthing. It was difficult to mount at first, and if you came off it was serious. An old man near London continues to ride a "Penny-Farthing" bike to-day. Next came the "Safety," with two even wheels and a chain drive, followed by a solid rubber, then the pneumatic tyre. Various improvements and gadgets have been added.

What may come next? Some sensational change or improvement, and man proceeding at great rapidity.

Cycles have been progressive, quite different to the way to Heaven. Since the Saviour died there has been the one and only WAY. "Neither is there salvation in any other . . . for there is none other Name (but JESUS) given under Heaven" (Acts 4. 12). Whatever may change, God's salvation changeth not. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). HYP.

THE HALF NOT TOLD.

THERE is one thing that you may be assured of, and that is: "The half hath not been told." The excellencies of Christ have been extolled now for more than eighteen hundred years; and yet the half has not been told. To tell of His love is like trying to work out some inexhaustible mine of wealth, that seems only to display the greater riches the deeper you go down. Yes, His riches are unsearchable, and His love passeth knowledge. The finite mind has never comprehended His great heart of love. Human eloquence has utterly failed to tell forth the glories of His person, and the beauties of His character; simply because there is so much to tell. Yea, Eternity will be too short to tell out all the wondrous story! After ages have passed away, the half will not be told! Wonderful Saviour! O how sweet to be able to say, "He is mine!" Can *you* say it?

w.s.

JUST IN TIME.



"I'LL PAY THE DEBT"

AT a railway station, some twenty miles along the line, a train was waiting ready to start, when two men came upon the platform. A glance sufficed to show that the one was a prisoner, and the other, although in ordinary attire, an officer of the law. After they were seated, and when everything was in readiness for leaving, the whistle sound-

ing, the train commenced to move away. **At this moment a woman rushed into the station crying: "I'll pay the debt—I'll pay the debt."** In an instant a carriage door was opened, and the man, a minute before in the stern grasp of the law, was allowed to walk away at perfect liberty! The circumstances were peculiar and interesting; and, passing as they did almost with the speed of thought, they impressed me in a peculiar way.

While rejoicing heartily with the poor man who had made such a narrow escape, I could not help being struck with the incident in a much higher sense.

You sympathise with that poor man. Had you been there you would have been glad to see him escaping, or rather walking boldly away, out of the clutches of the law; and perhaps you would have said: "I'm glad I'm not a

prisoner." But is it really the case that you are not a prisoner? **Have you yet been released from the chains with which every unsaved soul is bound?**—for God's Word declares that they are *led captive by Satan*.

Well, if you have never yet entered into the liberty of the children of God, you are yet in chains. But you say you do not feel them. This only makes your case worse. What more pitiable than a willing bondage!

How far sunk one must be who is a slave and feels not the degrading yoke of slavery! That poor man knew he was in the hands of the law, and, if no one came between him and the law, he knew he must meet its punishment. Nor did he seem to think he was being treated too harshly in being dragged away from all he held dear. No doubt he felt it keenly; but then he knew he *deserved it*. He was getting *justice*.

Would that every sinner realised this! **Well, the time was just up when a voice is heard: "I'll pay the debt." It reaches the prisoner's ear. How his heart would leap with joy as he heard it!**

How like a voice that has reached not a few among us: "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a Ransom" (Job 33. 24). "Return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. 44. 22). In a moment he is free. He looks about him without a fear, as if he had paid the debt *out of his own pocket*; and yet he *has not paid a farthing*. This is just the way sinners are saved.

Law and justices condemn, but mercy saves us. This mercy is not "general mercy," but mercy flowing through the atoning Blood of Christ. **Poor sinners have "nothing to pay"; for Jesus has paid it all.** He came "to *redeem* them that were under the law" (Gal. 4. 5); "to *give* His life a ransom for many" (Matt. 20. 28); to suffer, "the *Just for the unjust*, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18).

Through trusting in Him the vilest sinner receives a full pardon (Acts 13. 39); and is free from the law as quickly as that unfortunate man of whom I have been speaking.

What a blessed salvation, and all for nothing!—without money and without price! Reader, have you heard the voice of Jesus yet? Answer to yourself. W. SHAW.

THE NATURAL MAN.



THE expression: "**The natural man**" is found in 1 Corinthians 2. 14, where the condition is contrasted with "he that is spiritual" (verse 15). The "natural man" means what he is by nature, *i.e.*, his sinful state. What this is is made clear in Ephesians 2. 1-3, where such are described as "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind," and as "children of wrath."

How this dreadful state came about is told us in Genesis 3, and we read in Romans 5. 16 that it was "by one that sinned," and in verses 18 and 19 that by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, and judgment and condemnation came upon all: "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (ch. 3. 23).

Now in actual fact this means that the statements often made by unconverted men about themselves are quite wrong. Some say: "*I am all right as I am.*" This we have seen cannot be true. If we believed it we should disbelieve God's Holy Word, and we dare not do that. Others say: "*I am as good as you.*" But this does not get over the trouble; for the guilt remains. If men are as good as one another, they are also as bad as one another, for "all have sinned."

Scripture is very clear as to universal guilt which "came upon all men to condemnation." The WISEST MAN who ever lived (other than Christ) said: "There is no man that sinneth not" (1 Kings 8. 46). JOB, the man whose wonderful patience under suffering is commended as an example for us (James 5. 11), said: "Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth" (Job 40. 4); also, ISAIAH, the prophet who spoke so much of the Lord Who was to come, "The Prince of Peace," said of himself, as he saw a vision of God: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." And DAVID said: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Psa. 51. 5).

We thus have the clearest possible proof that all are "guilty before God" (Rom. 3. 19, *A.V. margin*: "subject to the judgment of God"). No room is left for pleas or

excuses. There is no redeeming feature as to our natural condition before God. Our very best things are described as "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6).

There are some who will try to answer this by saying: "*I always try my best,*" but as we see from the Scriptures, this is not of God. At its highest it would only be our good works. Good works can never save from sin, or put one soul right with God. We can easily see this in Romans 4. 4, 5 and Ephesians 2. 8, 9. Others will say: "*I have always been a Christian,*" or, "*I live a decent life,*" or, "*I know I'm not as good as I ought to be, but God is merciful.*" These are vain excuses, utterly at variance with the statement of God in His Word.

Guilty before God by nature, condemned before Him for our own evil thoughts, words and deeds, which have indeed set a terrible seal to our guilt in His holy sight, we are indeed convicted of sin, "vessels of wrath fitted to destruction," and in great need of a Saviour. But, though God has concluded "all in unbelief," He has "mercy upon all" (Rom. 11. 32). No wonder then that we read the pæan of praise (verse 33), "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" The Saviour has come, and all who believe on Him know the forgiveness of sin—no longer to be "the natural man," but "he that is spiritual," through God's amazing grace.

Here is joyful news! Repentant sinners coming to Christ may be gloriously and eternally saved. Have YOU received Him as YOUR Saviour? If not, will you do so *now*? If you have, does that which is Spiritual dominate your life?

H. G. HOWELL.

THE LAST MESSAGE

from the Throne of Glory to YOU.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, COME; and let him that heareth say, COME; and let him that is athirst, COME; and WHOSOEVER will, let him take the Water of Life freely" (Rev. 22. 17).

I CANNOT, BUT HE CAN.

1. I CANNOT get rid of my sins; but HE CAN blot them out. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for My own sake" (Isa. 43. 25).

2. I CANNOT see it; but HE CAN open my eyes. "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind" (Psa. 146. 8).

3. I CANNOT save myself; but HE CAN save me. "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8).

4. I CANNOT hold on; but HE CAN hold me. "And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John 10. 28). "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1. 12).

5. I CANNOT resist temptation; but HE CAN help me. "He is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. 2. 18). "Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24).

N-B.

GET READY FOR NEXT YEAR.

For 1939 we purpose continuing the **Personal Testimonies** of well-known men, usually written by themselves, thus giving variety of form, yet telling of the one and only Saviour. We purpose also inserting monthly, one

Well-known Story, which has been tried and proved in the matter of Salvation. The **original sketches** will also be continued, and other matter make the *Herald of Salvation* ever attractive as a House to House paper for Homes around the Hall, a useful Visitor to Infirmaries and Hospitals, and all Institutions, a good Personal Salvation Message, and useful for all who need the Way of Life made plain and practical.

The **Localised Rates** are low and carry a full list of all the Meetings in the district around the Hall, as well as containing the True Message of Life.

There are few papers that give 16 pages of clear type Messages for One Halfpenny, and this is only done with a circulation of over 60,000 monthly and the aid of workers, friends, artists, and all combined.

Kindly assist in any way you can in making known such a worthy monthly, and ever remember ROBERT MCCHEYNE's motto:

"Oh, if one soul from Anworth,
Meet me at God's right hand,
My Heaven will be two Heavens
In Immanuel's Land."

Correspondence, questions, or any further information concerning the *Herald* cheerfully supplied.



A WORSHIPPER, BUT NOT CONVERTED.

YOU may have heard of a certain man who went up to Jerusalem "to worship." We read of him in Acts 8. 27. But the remarkable thing about him is this—he had never undergone the great change of conversion to God; yet he took the place of a worshipper. In other words, he had never been reconciled to God; yet he would fain pass himself off as a worshipper of God. Did his professed worship not bring him nearer to God? It did not; for God Himself has said in His Word that "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11. 6).

What, then, is to be done? you say. If taking up your position as a worshipper does no good, what course should you follow? You should at once follow the course which God has laid down, and take up your position as a sinner—a lost and undone sinner before God. That is the first thing. It is simply impossible for you to be a worshipper until you have first taken your place as a guilty and undone sinner, and have been reconciled to God through receiving his Son, Jesus Christ the Lord. Until you are reconciled and saved, you are dead in sins; and the dead cannot praise God. No worship can ascend from an unrenewed heart. The question of sin must first be settled; then you can take up the question of worship. Have you faced the question of your sins? Is that a settled question with you? If not, then on the authority of God's Word we declare that acceptable worship is an impossibility in your case. Before there can be acceptable worship you must first be an accepted worshipper. And there is only one way of being accepted, namely, through your acceptance of Christ as the God-appointed Sacrifice for sin. Then, but not till then, you shall be a worshipper. Then you shall be able to praise God, because you shall have something to praise Him for. After you have received Jesus as your Saviour you shall be able to praise God for redemption through the blood, and the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace (Eph. 1. 7). You shall be able to praise Him for eternal life as a present possession (John 6. 47), and, in a word, for all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ (Eph. 1. 3). What a wonderful salvation! There is surely little wonder that God calls it a "great salvation." Is this great salvation yours? This is the most momentous of all questions for you. w.s.