

*“Run, Speak to this  
Young Man”*



## “RUN, SPEAK TO THIS YOUNG MAN”

So spake an ancient prophet (Zech. 2 : 4). But what was the message? Why the haste? There was good news for down-trodden Jerusalem, and God would have her know it. Though her sins had made her desolate, though her enemies had stripped and spoiled her, though to outward appearance all looked dark and hopeless, God had a bright future for her when she repented of her iniquity, and mourned for her sins.

But it is not a question of Jerusalem to-day. It is YOUR SOUL that God is seeking to reach and bless. With this in view, we have two pictures to bring before you—a hopeless prodigal’s warning, a repenting prodigal’s welcome. We ask you quietly and seriously to read them both through.

### A HOPELESS PRODIGAL’S WARNING.

An extract from *The Times* of August 25th, 1890, has been sent to us. It runs thus :—

“ A black felt hat and several articles of

clothing were discovered on Sunday afternoon on the bank of the Thames near Isleworth, together with the following letter, written in a good bold hand: ' Good-bye to friends and enemies. I have come to the end of my journey at last, and life has no further charms for me. Before I go let me give one word of warning, especially to young men. Avoid betting and the racecourse as you would avoid poison. Four years ago I was a rich man, possessed of something like £20,000 from one source alone. My fortune reverted to me suddenly, and I lost my head over so much gold, and immediately launched into a fast life. The company of bad women (how horribly bad some of them are!) and low and illiterate men was my delight almost as soon as I set foot in London, coming straight from the peaceful village of Upwey, in Dorsetshire, where I had resided for years amid good surroundings. My gay companions quickly introduced me to the gambling table and the turf. Intoxicated with pleasure, I did not consider for one moment whither they were leading me. Every race meeting I attended, and seldom won, as the result of my friends' (?) advice. There are thousands

of low, cunning blackguards frequenting the racecourse who live upon the stupidity of men like myself. They live to lie and cheat and blaspheme, utterly regardless of a hereafter. I have lunched with princes, dukes and lords, and have assisted to swell their ill-gotten gains. The racecourse is a veritable hell upon earth, and betting is England's curse, and will ruin her in the end. I am about to do as scores of others in their desperation have done before me. Poverty and starvation have taken the place of affluence and comfort. My friends have forsaken me, and life is no longer worth living. Please communicate with ———, Durden Street, Bristol. He knows all. When I am picked up, perhaps ——— and his pals [here the name of a well-known sporting man is mentioned] will subscribe towards giving poor Jack Scrivner a decent burial. Farewell.' ”

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### A REPENTANT PRODIGAL'S WELCOME.

“ A certain man had two sons : and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the

younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

“And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

“I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

“And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on

him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet : and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat, and be merry : for this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry," Luke 15 : 11-24.

Who that had tasted the sweetness of such a gracious welcome would not gladly have run to that young man, " poor Jack Scrivner " (as, sad and lonely and heart-sick with disappointment, he penned his " farewell "), and told him of the love of God and the work of Christ. He had tried the world and found it vanity. His life was blighted, his friends had forsaken him, his once abundant resources were at an end, and in his estimation life was " no longer worth living." What a dark outlook was left! " End your misery," whispered the evil one! Alas! he listened, and the dark suggestion was followed by darker deed.

Poor Jack Scrivner is no more, but, unconverted young man, *you* are still here, and we earnestly warn you of your danger. You *may* love the world, but be assured the world does not love you. *All it wants you for is what it can get out of you.* Take

this to heart in time, and trust such a world no longer. It may be your money, perhaps your patronage, or it may only want your song, your bet, or your joke ; but the moment you can give no more to it, the sooner you are gone the better. It will coldly call you "only a pauper," and if, for decency's sake, it give you a pauper's pittance, it will begrudge even this.

But, oh, what a giver is our God! What a Saviour!

“ Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare.  
This is Thy grand prerogative :  
And none can in that honour share.  
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ? ”

Will you, then, not come to Him repenting of your sins? Will you not accept the outstretched hand of mercy? Will you not trust the precious, all-cleansing blood of His own provided sacrifice? He will surely welcome you, eternally save you. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," Luke 15 : 10.

“ Let the wicked forsake his way, and

the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will

“ ABUNDANTLY PARDON ”

(Isaiah 55 : 7). May you not only feel the burden of sin, but rejoice in the boon of forgiveness this very day.

GEO. CUTTING.

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