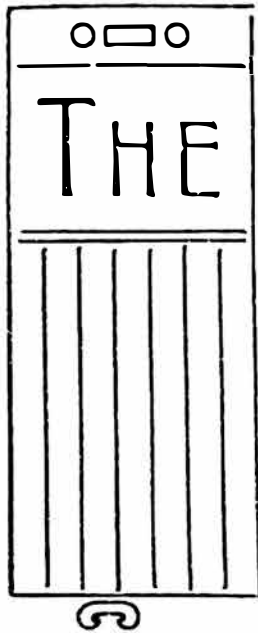


POCKET EDITION.



JOURNEY AND ITS END

COMPILED BY
A. J. POLLOCK.

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232nd THOUSAND

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THE JOURNEY AND ITS END



WE are all journeying. The rich man rolling along in his carriage; the beggar hobbling on his stick; the old man "peeping for his grave"; the child bounding to his play; the soldier in the trench; the sailor on the battleship; **ALL** are traveling, but whither?

What will the end be? is the question asked in all things. Ten thousandfold more serious does the question become when it relates to eternity and its solemn issues. And it becomes still more serious when we consider that none of us know when the end of that journey—the journey to **ETERNITY**—will be reached.

A case in point is the tube accident, which happened in Paris some years ago. Little did eighty-six of the passengers on that ill-fated train know that it was to be their last ride, and that it was a journey, not to their homes in the suburbs, but

A JOURNEY TO DEATH AND ETERNITY!

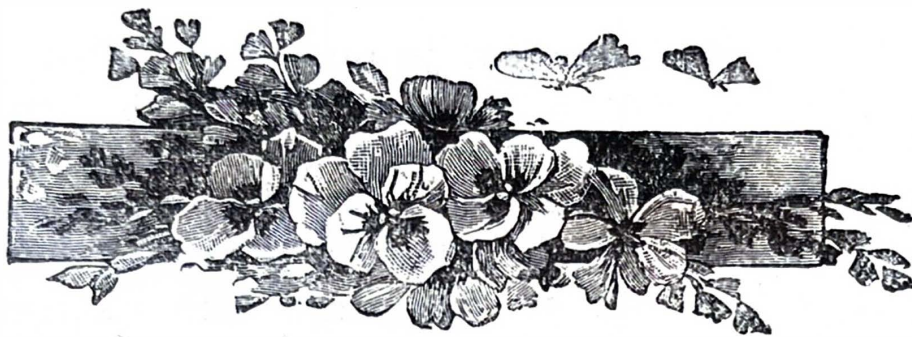
You may be with them before to-morrow's sun sets in the west.

Are you ready?

The end must come, whether it be to-day, next year, or fifty years hence, but come it must.

Are you ready?

Where will **YOU** spend Eternity?



THE ANT-LION.

I was going into a deep forest alone on foot, with my blanket, food, and cooking utensils on my back. The day was very hot, and I sat down to rest. Every leaf was still, and the only sound was the distant murmur of a water-fall away in the forest.

Very soon I noticed something that caused the sand to fly up not far from where I was sitting, and after a few moments I satisfied myself as to what it was.

It was a small insect that had burrowed down into the sand, and with its tail or some other apparatus, I could not see exactly, he was throwing up the sand thick and fast.

How it flew ! In a very few moments he had a hole about the diameter, and twice the depth of a large coffee-cup. The sand was dry in a few moments, and of course would very readily roll down into the centre. I

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had read of this creature, but had never seen one before. He was a little dark-looking fellow, and now he put himself into the very centre of his den, burying himself completely out of sight, except his horn, as it appeared sticking like a rusty needle out of the sand.

This was the ant-lion, and soon I had a specimen of his skill and power. A little red ant came running along seeking her food in her usual busy way. So she climbed up on the rim of this sandy cup, and peeped over to investigate. Presently, suspecting danger, she turned to scramble off. Alas ! it was too late ; the sand rolled from under her feet, and down she went to the bottom ; when in an instant that little black horn opened like a pair of shears, and ' clip,' the poor ant had lost a leg. And now the poor thing struggles to climb up, but one leg is gone, and she finds it hard work.

The little monster does not move or show himself. He knows what he is about. The ant has got almost to the top and liberty when the sand slips, and down she goes. ' Clip ' go the shears, and another leg is gone. She struggles hard to rise, but she gets up but a little way before she slips again, and a third leg is off. She now gives up the

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struggle, and the lion devours her in a few minutes, and then with a flip of his tail throws the skin of the ant entirely out of the cup, and the trap is now set for another victim. A fly crept down to see what was smelling so good, when 'clip,' he had but one wing, and here was the second course.

I found several such dens with the skins of the dead all around, but the inside looked pure and clean. There was no lion in sight, but the destroyer was there. The dead were pushed out of sight.

O ant-lion, you are a preacher to me ! I now see how it is the feet of the sinner slide as they walk over sandy places. They go to the hotel. It is all fair and inviting. But 'clip,' they are crippled. They will soon roll back and take another glass, and every time the destroyer cripples them. They go to places of sin, to the ball, the opera, the billiard table, the racecourse, and know not that the dead are there. Ah ! every fall makes the next easier, and the probability of escape less and less.

O ant-lion ! I wish all could see thee, and learn from thee, so cunning and blood-thirsty, so cruel to thy victims, and withal so remorseless, so like the devil—that roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

"What more do you Want?"



A COACHMAN, whom I met in the Channel Islands the other day, told me how he got peace with God. For years his wife, who is a Christian, took him here and there to hear the Gospel preached. He knew the plan of salvation well, and became increasingly anxious to have peace with God, yet never seemed to get any further than desire.

"About three months ago," he said, "I stopped behind at the close of a Gospel meeting, and told the preacher what I wanted."

The preacher said to him, "Did the Lord Jesus die for you?"

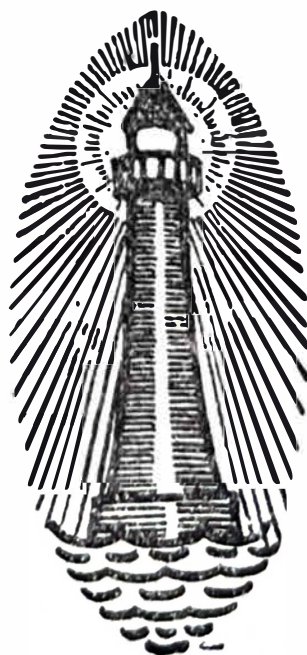
"Yes, I believe that," he answered.

"And was He raised for you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What more do you want?" was the preacher's earnest question.

At once the scales fell from his eyes, he appropriated to himself the blessing by faith, and he went away rejoicing in salvation. The Lord Jesus had died for him, and was raised for him; what more did he want? Surely nothing! And what more do you want, anxious reader. And what more can you have? Surely nothing.



WON by the WORD.



MARTIN LUTHER, THE MONK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD, A.D. 1510.

Nearly four centuries ago, a poor monk, bowed down with a sense of sin, might have been seen painfully climbing upon his knees the twenty-eight steps of the Santa Scala at Rome. Many a time the words of the "Absolvo te" (*I forgive thee*) had been pronounced in his ears, but coming only from the lips of a fellow-sinner, they brought no ease to his conscience.

Suddenly, a sentence from God's Word, "**The just shall live by faith**" (*Rom. 1. 17.*) flashed upon his mind, and Martin Luther rose from his knees a justified and forgiven man. Faith is the way of life.



JOHN CALVIN, THE MAN THAT TURNED THE POPE OUT OF GENEVA, A.D. 1526.

Amid the motley crowd of priests, soldiers, and citizens that gathered around a stake in Paris was a young scholar. The demeanour of the dying martyrs made a deep impression upon him. "These men have a peace which

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I do not possess," said he, "and they derive it from the Bible."

He began to search it, and pangs of terror took hold of him as he learned from it his vileness. He read on, and his wounded heart found calm in the sweet words, "**With His stripes we are healed**" (*Isaiah* 53. 5.)

"His cross has borne my curse!" he exclaimed, "His death has atoned for me. With his stripes I am healed."

* * * * *

WILLIAM COWPER, THE POET OF THE GOSPEL, A.D. 1763.

Leaving Westminster School "with no more religion than the satchel on his back," broken down in fortune and depressed in mind, Cowper arrived in the old city of St. Albans. Here the "sense of guilt and the burden of unpardoned sin" laid hold of him.

In this state he opened a Bible, and the first verse he read was this: "**Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood**" (*Rom.* 3. 25).

"Immediately," he says, "I saw the sufficiency of the atonement Christ had made, my pardon sealed in His blood. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel."

Thus the author of the hymn beginning,

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"There is a fountain filled with blood," and many other hymns and poems, was saved.

* * * * *

HEDLEY VICARS, THE CHRISTIAN
CAPTAIN, A.D. 1851.

A British officer sat in the room of a friend, awaiting his return. Hardly knowing how to spend the time, he turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table.

The words caught his eye : "**The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin**" (*John* 1. 7), and they enabled him to find what he had long desired, "Peace with God."

From that time the name of Hedley Vicars became fragrant amid scenes of war and peace, and through his testimony many others were brought to the Saviour.

* * * * *

RICHARD WEAVER, THE COLLIER-
EVANGELIST, A.D. 1852.

In his early days, when he was known by the epithet of "Undaunted Dick," a miner knelt in prayer. He was to have fought with a man that day, but he met with a more terrible adversary. His body trembled from head to foot whilst the struggle lasted between the power of darkness and the power of light. In desperate fear of hell, the golden text of the Gospel, *John* iii. 16, crossed his mind.

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“ Well, ” he said, “ if ‘ **God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,** ’ that surely means me. ” There and then Richard Weaver passed from death unto life.

* * * * *

W. P. LOCKHART, THE LIVERPOOL
“ YOUNG MEN’S PREACHER, ” A.D. 1855.

With thoughts centred, not on buying and selling, but on the momentous matter of his soul’s salvation, the young Liverpool merchant walked along the banks of the Menai Straits. He longed to obtain forgiveness, and asked himself the question, “ How can it be obtained ? ”

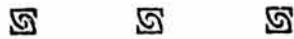
With as much force and distinctness as if he had heard a voice from heaven, the words, “ **It is finished** ” (*John* 19. 30) flashed into his mind.

At once he saw what the work of Christ had accomplished, and by faith he obtained peace with God.

Reader, has the testimony of God’s Word any weight with you ? It speaks of a finished work, free salvation, the joy of the saved.

Are these things nothing to you ? They are all yours for the taking.

Where is Happiness to be Found?



NOT IN INFIDELITY. Voltaire was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He wrote—

“I wish I had never been born.”

NOT IN PLEASURE. Byron lived a life of pleasure, if anyone did. He wrote—

*“The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.”*

NOT IN MONEY. Gould, the American millionaire, had plenty of that. When dying, he said—

*“I suppose I am the most
miserable devil on earth.”*

NOT IN POSITION AND FAME. Beaconsfield enjoyed more than his share of both. He wrote—

*“Youth is a mistake, manhood a
struggle, old age a regret.”*

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NOT IN MILITARY GLORY. Alexander the Great conquered the known world in his day. Having done so, he wept in his tent, because he said—

“There are no more worlds to conquer.”

One and all they confirm Solomon's verdict—

“All is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

(Ecc. 2. 17).

* * * * *

Where then is it to be found?

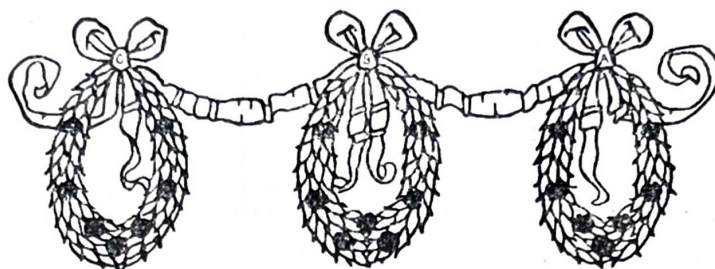
Jesus said, “I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you”
(Jno. 15 22). The answer is simple—

IN CHRIST ALONE.

Taste for yourself, and you will say—

*“None other Name for me,
There's love and light, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus found in Thee.”*





Does Death in Battle Win Heaven?



Alas ! there are preachers of foremost rank in the religious world, who have been to the front, and told the brave soldiers in the trenches, that if they fall in battle, their heroism will win them heaven.

Never was there a more cruel lie coined in hell than this. It has been made to do service among the heathen for centuries. Moham-medans are promised a sensual paradise as the reward for laying down their lives in battle. Heathen generally have this idea.

Thank God, such a pagan idea has been kept out of so-called Christian lands till the present war. But, alas ! what a horrible stoop from the simplicity and purity of the gospel it is that it should now be preached to brave men about

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to face the enemy, or whispered to dying heroes on the battlefield, or in the hospital.

No wonder a well-known clergyman described this idea as

“PAGANISM REVIVED.”

Nurse Cavell, when awaiting her martyrdom in Brussels at the hands of the Germans, said to the British chaplain, “I know patriotism is NOT enough.” Surely her death was as courageous and heroic as that of any soldier, but she knew that only faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour could save her. In that trust she passed away, thank God.

No ; it is not the death of the soldier for his country, wonderful as that is, that can save him, but the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for the sinner that can save.


“Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved ” (*Acts* 16. 31). That is

THE ONLY WAY.





How an Infidel was Saved!

OME years ago, a tall, smartly-dressed, intelligent-looking young fellow might have been seen, for several evenings in succession, sitting amongst several hundred men in a restaurant beneath the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

A fortnight's Gospel mission was in progress. It was my happy work to conduct the services, and one evening he followed the preaching with more than ordinary earnestness.

At the close of the meeting he came forward to me, and said, "I should like to have a little talk with you to-night, sir, if I may?"

"I am anxious, sir," said he, "to get a few questions cleared up to-night if you can help me!" There was a ring of earnestness and sincerity about him which at once struck me.

"I might as well tell you, sir," he continued, "I am an infidel! I have learnt all my infidelity from the Hyde Park preachers,—indeed, I may say I am now one of them myself; but I have come to the conclusion that

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we are all of us pure theorists, and I don't think any of us get any real satisfaction out of our theories—at least *I* don't, *that's certain*.

“How I came into these meetings at all I can hardly say, beyond this,” said he, producing a card of invitation to the meetings. “In an aimless, indifferent sort of way I strolled in the other night, but I at once found myself in an atmosphere to which I was altogether unaccustomed.

“I became interested as the meeting proceeded, and began to feel that there was considerable force in what was said, and I came to the conclusion that you at any rate seemed to possess what I desired, but knew nothing about—*satisfaction!*”

Continuing his remarks, he said, “Well, I am afraid I am pretty much in the same place to-night where that young man was of whom you spoke this evening, who could not see the necessity for Christ or His death.

“*I* have begun to realize somewhat of my responsibility to God, but I don't seem to see what actual necessity there is for Christ to die for me. Would you mind repeating what you said to him?”

I replied, “My object was to show him that apart from Christ and His atoning death his case was hopeless. Let me put it to *you* now. Suppose, by way of illustration, I owe your firm £5000, and I am totally unable to meet even a fraction of it! Now if they cannot afford to relieve me from my liabilities and I cannot meet their righteous demands, what is to save me from bankruptcy and ruin?”

“Nothing,” said he, “absolutely nothing, unless *some one* comes forward——”

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"Excuse my interruption," I said, "but you must please not introduce any third party into this business—the question is altogether between your firm and me."

"Well, but," said he, "if you are to be saved from 'going down,' some one must come to the rescue!"

"No," I repeated, "you *must not* introduce *any one*."

"Then in that case," said he, "your case is hopeless!"

"That is identically your own position before God to-night!" I remarked. "As a sinner, God has passed upon you the solemn sentence of death, as being His righteous judgment against sin: 'So death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned' (Rom. v. 12).

"This sentence has never been revoked, has no equivalent, and knows no commutation.

"Nothing can substitute death! Neither repentance, reformation, tears, nor prayers, or all put together could be accepted by God in lieu of death.

"*Behind you lies a history that you cannot alter, upon you lies a sentence you cannot evade; therefore, if some one is not found to step in between you and your sentence, your case is hopeless too!*

"Who could be found to do this? If a substitute is to be found, it must be one upon whom death has no claim! The whole of Adam's fallen race could not furnish such an one.

"Listen to the heaven-sent message! Oh, what music to a sinner's ears! 'Deliver him from going down to the pit: I *have found a ransom*' (Job. xxxiii. 24).

"Who is this that has been found to stand in the

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breach? There is 'one mediator between God and men, *the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all*' (1 Tim. 2. 5).

"Thus it was in love divine, Jesus—the sinless Son of God—left the throne of glory for the shameful Cross, that He might die for sinners.

"What a hum of satisfaction would fill the court if a judge, after imposing the heaviest fine the law would permit upon some guilty offender, should thereupon step down from the bench, and fill in a cheque for the full amount, thus at his own expense meeting the claims of the law he had just administered.

"Would he not thereby at once put the delinquent as righteously beyond the claims of justice as if he had never been guilty at all?

"What would you have to say of the God who could righteously pass the sentence of death upon us as sinners—and did—and then in the person of His own Son—*God* manifest in flesh—leave His throne, and at His own infinite personal cost meet that sentence in laying down His life for us? Is not He to be trusted? Would you not say, What a blessed combination of love and justice!"

"Yes, indeed," said he, "that helps me a good deal; but somehow I do not seem to be able to get the benefit of it for myself! Ought I now to ask Jesus to intercede for me?"

"No," I said, "that is not the way! Let us return to the old illustration. Suppose you had stepped in between your firm and me, and charging yourself with my liability, had offered to your firm that which *they*

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had accepted as a full settlement of all their claims on me. Should I need to go to you after that, and ask you to use your good offices, and intercede with your firm for me ? ”

“ Oh ! no,” replied he. “ I can see there is no need for that ; if the thing is *settled*, *it is settled*, and there is an end of it.”

“ Well, now,” I said, “ that is exactly the position of things. The offering needed to make an atonement for sin has been made to God in the death of Christ—and better still, it has been accepted and witnessed to in the resurrection, and as a result God sends the joyous message of salvation and peace into this world.”

Turning to my Bible, I pointed out to him those golden words, “ BE IT KNOWN unto you, therefore . . . that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things ” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). I shall never forget the effect of those words upon him !

“ Oh ! do let me look at that,” said he, taking out his pocket-book to make a note of the place. “ I’ve never seen anything so clear as that ! ” and as he looked the fountains broke up, and the tears fell hot and fast on the back of my hand as I held the Bible for him to read.

Those were grateful drops, reader, more refreshing to heaven even than to me ! I did not wipe them off, I assure you !

“ Oh, that’s fine ! ” said he.

Just to test him, I said, “ What is fine ? ”

“ Why, look there,” he said. “ ‘ All that believe are justified ! ’ ”

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“ But what has that to do with you ? ” I asked.

“ Do with me ? ” he said in joyful surprise, “ *Why I am there !* ” and overcome by emotion, he pointed out the words, “ *All that believe are justified !* ”

The thirsty ground never more readily drank in the welcome shower than that thirsty soul drank in the Water of Life that night.

He took his place there and then in the happy circle of “ *All that believe,* ” and went home with the God-given assurance that he was *cleared from all things !*

Cannot you do the same ?



The Blood = Marked Door.



DURING a cruel and bloody war, a commander took an oath in the presence of his troops that he would slaughter the entire population of a certain town, and in due course the bloodhounds of war were let loose on the defenceless people.

Now it so happened that a fugitive, seeking for a shelter, saw a sight which was the indirect means of saving both his own life and the lives of others. He spied a number of soldiers as they broke into a house, the inmates of which they put to the sword. But on leaving it, they fastened up the place again, and one of them, dipping a cloth into a pool of blood, splashed it on the door, as token to any, who might follow, of what had taken place inside.

Quick as his feet could carry him, the poor fugitive sped away to a large house in the centre of the town, where a number of his friends were concealed, and breathlessly told them what he had seen. At once it flashed upon them

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how to act. A goat was in the yard. Immediately it was killed, and its blood sprinkled on the door. Scarcely could they close the door again when a band of soldiers rushed into the street, and began to slay right and left. But when they came to the blood-marked door they made no attempt to enter! The sword—so they thought—had already entered therein and performed its work. Thus, whilst the many around were slain, all within the blood-sprinkled door were saved.

The Gospel part of our story is not hard to detect. Feeble and imperfect the illustration is, yet it reminds us of those soul-saving words of God,

**“When I see the blood,
I will pass over you”** (*Exod. 12. 13*).

Yes, “Christ our passover,” is indeed “sacrificed for us” (*1 Cor. 5. 7*), and every true believer in Him knows that what has stayed the sword of divine judgment is His sheltering blood.

Reader, hast **thou** believed God's word about the blood? Hast **thou** dipped the hyssop of thy faith in the blood? Hast **thou** sprinkled thy heart's door with the blood? “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth . . . from ALL SIN” (*1 John 1. 7*).

NO MORE ! NO MORE !

I 'LL give you a piece of good news to-day,
My sins are remembered no more !*

For Jesus has taken them all away,
My sins are remembered no more !

As far as the East is away from the West,†
My sins are remembered no more !

And now my soul is at perfect rest,
My sins are remembered no more !

My transgressions were many ; my soul was
black,

My sins are remembered no more !
For God has cast them behind His back,‡
My sins are remembered no more !

You may search the depths of the deep, deep sea,||
My sins are remembered no more !

At the Judgment throne or Eternity,
My sins are remembered no more !

Let MEN remember and foes accuse,
My sins are remembered no more !
If God forgets, THEY may say what they choose,
My sins are remembered no more !

They are forgiven, forgotten, and cleansed, and
My sins are remembered no more ! [gone,
They are atoned for and covered by God's dear
My sins are remembered no more ! [Son,

* Heb. 10. 17. † Psalm 103. 12. ‡ Isaiah 38. 17.

|| Micah 7. 19.

Is Jesus, God the Son ?



THIS question is the supreme test to-day. It is not sufficient to ask, Is Jesus, the Son of God ? for it is common now-a-days to teach that Shakespeare, Byron, Charles Bradlaugh, Colonel Ingersoll, the drunkard reeling out of the public house, the murderer in the condemned cell, are all sons of God. Such a statement is as false as it is blasphemous.

But ask a plain **YES** or **NO** to this question,

IS JESUS, GOD THE SON ?

If the answer is **NO**, give a very wide berth to the religion that can so reply. Rest assured it is of the devil, however specious and plausible its teachings.

Let the following scriptures speak for themselves on this point.

" The Word was God " (John 1. 1).

" All things were made by Him " (John 1. 3).

" The Word was made flesh " (John 1. 14).

" John bare witness of Him . . . and bare record that this is the Son of God " (John 1. 15, 34).

Let these scriptures shatter for ever the lie that Jesus is not God the Son. Here it tells us the Word—a Divine Person—was God, and the Creator of everything. That being the case He could never cease to be God. Next, we are told that this Divine and Glorious Person became a man—Jesus, the Son of God. No wonder His very name carries this thought. The name, Jesus, means Jehovah Saviour, and Jehovah is God. More than seven centuries before His virgin birth His name was given, EMMANUEL (God with us).

Let us answer like Thomas of old, as he found himself in the presence of the risen Saviour,

" My Lord and MY GOD " (John 20. 28).



The Blood.

(A CONVERTED JEW'S TESTIMONY.)

HE said : " This is the Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here, I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses ; you will eat the ' motash ' [unleavened wafers] and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud ; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything, but that which Jehovah required first of all. He did not say, ' When I see the leaven put away ' ; or, ' When I see you eat the motash or the lamb, or go to the synagogue,' but His word was,

**' When I see The Blood
I will pass over you '**

(*Exodus* 12. 13.)

Ah ! my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have blood, *blood* ! BLOOD ! ! BLOOD ! ! ! "

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As he repeated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his black eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him.

“ BLOOD ! ” That is an awful word, for one who reveres the ancient oracle, and yet has no sacrifice. Turn where he will in the Book the blood meets him, but let him seek as he may he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows : “ I was born in Palestine, nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. I early attended the synagogue, and learned Hebrew from the Rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older and studied the Law more intently, I was struck by the place the blood had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up.

“ Again and again I read Ex. xii. and Lev. xvi. and xvii., and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great Day of Atonement, and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears : ‘ IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL ! ’ I knew I had broken the Law. I needed atonement. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it ; but it was to be made by blood, *and there was no blood !*

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“ In my distress, at last, I opened my heart to a learned and venerable Rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deut. xii. and Lev. xvii., was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was why there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great Day of Atonement. Now we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instruction, and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of the fathers.

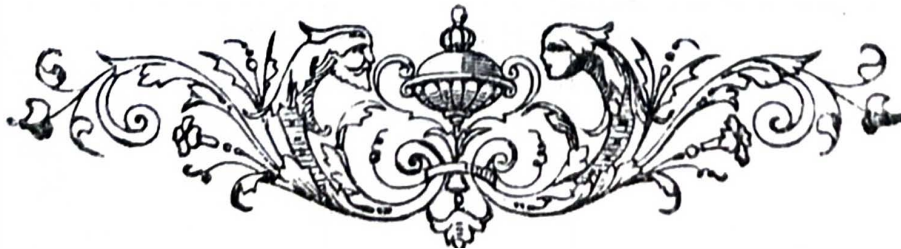
“ I tried to be satisfied but could not. Something seemed to say that the Law was unaltered, even though our temple was destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. *Then we were left without an atonement at all?*

“ This thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted many other Rabbis. I had but one question : *Where could I find the atonement?*

“ I was over thirty years old when I left Palestine, and came to Constantinople, with my still unanswered question ever before my mind, and my soul exceedingly troubled about my sins.

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“ One night I was walking down one of the narrow streets of the city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat, I heard a man say, ‘ The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.’ (*John* 1. 7). It was my first introduction to Christianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that ‘ without shedding of blood is no remission ’ (*Heb.* 9. 22) ; but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of *Isaiah* liii. ; this was the Divine Sufferer of *Ps.* xxii. Ah ! my brethren, I had found out the blood of the atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament, and see how all the shadows of the Law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile.”





A Contrast.

No. 1—THE INFIDEL—

“I wish I had never been born.”



THE learned and courted infidel, the “brilliant Frenchman,” Voltaire (born 1694 ; died 1778), has left us his view of life in the following words :—

“In man there is more wretchedness than in all animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative ; other animals have it not. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains carcasses rather than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and *I wish I had never been born.*”



A Contrast.

No. 2—THE BELIEVER—

“Blessed be God that
ever I was born.”



DEATH is the severest test to which any man can be put. If Christianity is false, its falsehood would be proclaimed then, if ever. But, on the contrary, it is then that it shines in all its real lustre, whereas infidelity makes an uncommonly poor show.

When the good Thomas Halyburton was about to die, he said :—“I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be meet to praise Him for ever. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in view of death itself ! What a mercy that, having the use of my reason, I can declare His goodness to my soul ! I bless His name ; I have found Him, and die rejoicing in Him. *Blessed be God that ever I was born.*”

READER, which can YOU say ?



The Moth Collector.



SPENDING a short holiday near the Needles, Isle of Wight, I was much interested in an account of how a certain nocturnal moth was caught by a London entomologist.

This gentleman made a special journey to Freshwater to collect some specimens of a species, which is said to be found in no other part of the British Isles except the South Downs near the Needles.

Shortly after sunset he proceeded along the top of the cliff, armed with a pot of syrup and a brush, and whenever he came to a thistle, he just daubed it slightly with the syrup and passed on.

About midnight he returned along the

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same path, but this time provided with a lantern, and as he stepped from thistle to thistle, his innocent victims were found clustering round the syrup, and fell, an easy prey, into the collector's hands.

What a solemn picture, I thought, of

HOW SATAN DUPES HIS VICTIMS !

He, too, stalks through the land with his pot of syrup, daubing the pleasures of sin with a delusive sweetness, and soon after, his victims, intoxicated with the poisoned draught, and hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, lose all consciousness of their terrible danger.

You, my unsaved reader, are like the nocturnal moth ; you love darkness rather than light, and hate to be exposed to the searching rays that radiate from God's holy Word, because it tells you that your deeds are evil.

The evening of life comes on ; the darkness thickens round the soul. Sin, the sweet morsel upon which you have fed so long, is dragging you down into a lost eternity. At

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length a light shines upon you, poor deluded worldling. It is but the lantern of

THE GRIM COLLECTOR—DEATH—

who steps from thistle to thistle, fit emblems of the curse, and lays his cruel hand upon his victims. The light that dazzles and affrights them is not from Christ in glory, for upon Him their back is turned ; it is but the reflection of the lurid flames of hell, the conscience awakened all too late, the danger perceived when escape is for ever impossible !

Oh ! my friend, do turn away from the pleasures of sin, which satisfy but for a moment and then leave an aching void behind, and fix your gaze upon the blessed Son of God, who can meet your every need.

You want to taste of life !

He bids you come to Him, and life eternal will be your portion.

You must have pleasure, you say ?

At His right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Does your poor heart crave rest ?

Listen, then, to His tender words :

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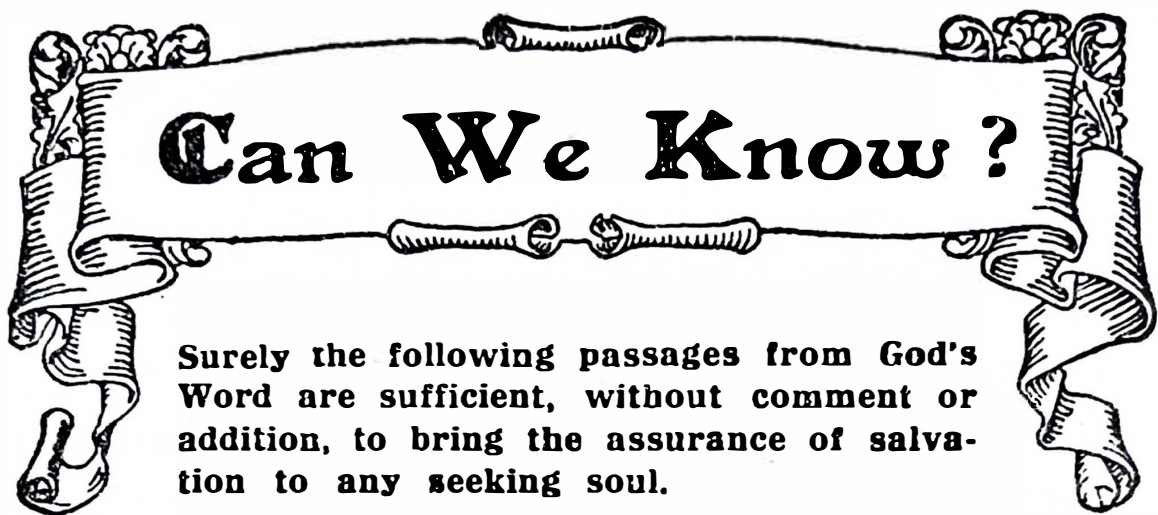
**“COME UNTO ME, AND I WILL GIVE
YOU REST.”**

But mark ! Before peace of conscience and rest of heart can be yours, it is necessary that you should have pardon for your many sins, and this, too, is only to be obtained at the feet of the One, who shed His precious blood on Calvary's cross in order that a full and free forgiveness might be proclaimed to YOU.

**“ Be it known unto YOU . . . that
through this MAN [Jesus] is preached
unto you the forgiveness of sins ; and
BY HIM all that believe are justified
from all things ”** (*Acts* 13. 38, 39).

Instead of the poisoned sweets of Satan's pleasures, may you taste the unending joys of the Father's house !





"BE IT KNOWN unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man [Jesus] 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" (*Acts* 13. 38, 39).

"To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (*Acts* 10. 43).

"To declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (*Rom.* 3. 26).

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

“Therefore being justified by faith, we HAVE peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. 5. 1).

“There is therefore NOW no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus” (Rom. 8. 1).

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH EVER-LASTING LIFE, and SHALL NOT COME into condemnation: but IS PASSED from death unto life”

(John 5. 24).

“These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God; that ye may KNOW that ye HAVE eternal life” (1 John 5. 13).



Cripple Tom . and his Texts.

IN one of the miserable East London homes, in a dark, wretched room at the top of the house, lay a cripple boy. He had lain there for over two years, greatly neglected and comparatively unknown. When quite young his parents had died, leaving him to the tender mercies of an aged relative.

Born a cripple, he had always been a sufferer ; but, as long as he was able, he had swept a crossing on his crutches, or gone short errands to earn a few pence. But soon after his parents' death the boy had to take to his bed. Very ungraciously the old woman allowed him to occupy the top room in her house, which room he never left again.

His mother had taught him to read and write ; but, not knowing the truth herself, she had never

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told him of "Jesus and His love." Sometimes, however, on a snowy night when the wind was blowing hard and cold, the lad had crept into the Mission Hall not far distant, merely for the sake of getting a warm by the comfortable stove. Numb with cold, and weary in body, he took little heed of what he had heard on those nights ; but now, lying alone day after day, there came into his mind the memory of it, and by degrees he was possessed with a great longing to know more about the things of God, and to have a Bible of his own. He knew that it was from the Bible that the speakers had gathered their knowledge, but that was all. So, summoning up courage, he one day consulted Granny about it.

His only encouragement in that direction was a laugh. "Bibles weren't in her line ! What did a lad like him want with Bibles ? " So the matter dropped for a time, but the lad's desire to possess one did not grow less.

One day, however, up the creaking stairs came noisy, boisterous Jack Lee, the only friend the cripple had in the world.

" Hurrah ! hurrah ! Got a new berth ! Off north to-morrow ! Come to say Good-bye, Tom, " he cried, all excitement, seating himself on the bed, and wiping the perspiration from his brow.

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

“ But i’ve got a real beauty present for you, my lad,” taking from his pocket something wrapped in a greasy bit of brown paper.

Tom raised himself on his elbows, not at all gladdened by the news he had heard.

“ A bright new shilling for you, Tom, lad. And you’re not to spend it till yer wants suffin real particular.”

“ Oh, Jack ! you’re good, but I want something now very particular.”

“ Yer do ? what’s he ? ”

“ I WANT A BIBLE.”

“ A Bible ! Well, I never ! Spending all that on a Bible, when I had to scrape months and months to save it in coppers.”

“ Don’t be angry, Jack,” said the cripple boy. “ I do so want a Bible. Please get it, Jack—now—this very evening, at Fisher’s, afore the shop closes. Granny never would ; she’d spend it in gin, if I let it get into her hands.”

“ What can yer want with a Bible, Tom, lad ? Only scholars understands them there things,” he answered rather crossly.

“ Maybe so, Jack, but I’m hankering after one.”

“ Very well, lad, then I’ll go, but I knows nought about Bible buyin’.”

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“Fisher has ’em at a shilling, for I saw ’em marked in the window when I used to go by.”

Jack descended the stairs less rapidly than he had mounted them. But he got over his disappointment before he returned with a beautiful shilling Bible. “Fisher says I couldn’t leave you a better friend, Tom, lad, the shilling couldn’t be vested better ; and, says he, ‘It may be worth a thousan’ pounds to the lad.’ So ’pears there’s suffin as we ought to know about.”

Tom’s joy and gratitude were unbounded. “I know it, Jack. I know it ! ” hugging the Book to his breast. “I’m happy now. Oh ! how kind you were to save that shilling.” So Tom got his Bible, and valued it, and read it.

Do you ?—you, reader—man, woman, boy, girl,—do you value and read the Book of God ? If so, you will find out what Cripple Tom discovered. And what was that ? He found out he was a sinner—lost, and in need of a Saviour, and he found that Saviour in Jesus. He trusted Him, confessed Him, loved Him, and was filled with a great longing to do something for Him. But what could he do ? Tied to a bed of sickness, it seemed as if he could do nothing but lie still and suffer. But love is quick to discover ways of serving its

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

object, and so, looking to God for guidance and strength, the little helpless cripple said :—

“ It won’t do to keep all this blessed news to myself ” ; so he thought and thought, until at last a simple work was decided on for the Master. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper, and wrote out different texts, which he would fold, pray over, and then drop into the noisy street below, directed—

“ To the PASSER-BY—
Please Read.”

He hoped that by this means someone might hear of Jesus and His salvation.

Generally his texts were simple Gospel ones, but sometimes he wrote a text, which had been given him by the Lord for his own soul. This service of love, faithfully rendered, went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep, and immediately afterwards a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad’s bedside.

“ So you are the lad, who drops texts from the window, are you ? ” he asked kindly.

“ Yes,” said Tom, brightening up. “ Have yer beard as someone has got hold of one ? ”

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“Plenty, lad, plenty ! I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul. I have been a Christian for some years, but lately I got cold in soul, and God used your text, and spoke to me by it.”

“I can believe in God’s Word doing anything, sir,” said the lad humbly.

“And I am come,” said the gentleman, “to thank you personally.”

“Not me, sir ! I only does the writin’ ; He does the blessin’.”

“And you are happy in this work for Christ ? ” said the visitor.

“Couldn’t be happier, sir. I don’t think nothin’ of the pain in my back, for shan’t I be glad when I sees Him, to tell Him that, as soon as I knowed about Him and His great love, I did all as I could to serve Him ? I suppose you get lots of chances, don’t yer, sir ? ”

“Ah ! lad, but I have neglected them ; but, God helping me, I mean to begin afresh. At home in the country I have a sick lad dying. I came to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye, he said, ‘ Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus ’ ; and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day too, until the evening when I was passing down this street your text fell

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on my hat. I opened it and read, 'I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day : the night cometh, when no man can work.' (John 9. 4.) It seemed like a command from heaven."

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face. "It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much."

"Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad."

"That warn't hard, sir. I jest had a talk with Granny, and offered to give up my ha'porth of milk she gives me most days, if she would buy me paper instead. You know, sir, it can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as have lots to give Him, sir ? "

The visitor sighed. "Ah ! lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to Him, and who have time, talents, and money, and yield little or nothing to Him.

"THEY DON'T KNOW HIM, SIR.

Knowin' is lovin', and lovin' and tryin' to please Him is doin'. It ain't love without."

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“ You are right, Tom. But now about yourself. How would you like to end your days in one of those homes for cripple lads, where you would be nursed and cared for, and where you would see the trees and flowers, and hear the birds sing? I could get you into one not far from my home if you liked, Tom.”

The weary lad looked wistfully into the man's kindly face, and after a few moments' silence, answered : “ Thank'ee, sir ; I've heard tell of 'em afore, but I ain't anxious to die easy when He died hard. I might get taken up with them things a bit too much, and I'd rather be a-lookin' at Him, and a-carryin' on this 'ere work till He come to fetch me.”

“ Well, my lad, then I will see that you have proper food and all the paper you need while you live. I will settle it with one of the Bible-women. Now, laddie, before I go I want you to pray aloud for me.”

There was a bright light on the poor, pale, upturned face, as he said in a tone of the deepest reverence : “ Lord Jesus, I know you're a-listenin', and I'm much obliged to You for sending this gentleman here to cheer me in my work. Now, Lord Jesus, he's a bit troubled about not havin' lived for Thee in past days, will You help

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him to see that there's nothin' left undone in the comin' days? and please, Lord, make him go straight away and tell them other rich men of Thy love. Now, Lord Jesus, please bless this kind friend, all roads and always. I ask this for Thy name's sake." "Amen," said the deep-toned voice.

Then the gentleman rose, and said farewell. Before leaving London he made every arrangement for the lad to be cared for, and then with a gladder heart he went back to his beautiful country home, and lived for Christ. As soon as he could he built a Gospel Hall on his own grounds, and preached Jesus to the villagers, and told them of his second conversion through the cripple boy and his text, many being led to Christ.

News of the dying lad reached them from time to time through the Bible-woman, but it was not till winter had set in, and the snow had fallen and covered the earth with its crystal whiteness, that they heard that the dear lad had

GONE TO BE WITH JESUS.

The same post brought a parcel which contained Tom's much-prized and much-used Bible. What a precious relic was that marked Bible in that beautiful home! for when the cripple boy's friend

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lent it to his youngest son to read, the careful marking, the short simple prayers written by the cripple lad on the margin, and the dying wish on the fly-leaf, written about a week before his death, that "this Holy Book may be as great a friend to someone else as it has been to me," made such a deep impression on the youth that he got converted, and gave himself to the Lord, and later on to mission work in foreign fields; and out in Central Africa he has shown that worn-out Bible to many a native Christian when telling them about Cripple Tom and his texts.

Reader, young or old, have you learned to know the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour? If not, He waits to be gracious—to be to you, little child, and to you, grown-up man and woman, all that He was to Cripple Tom.

If you do know Him, are you seeking to serve Him?

If a dying lad, in suffering and destitution, could joyfully deny the little sip of milk, which cooled his parched lips, and partly fed his weary body, surely it is possible for us to suffer a little, deny ourselves a little, and work a little for the blessed Saviour, who has loved us, and given Himself for us.

How will You Die?



WILMOT, an infidel, died in 1680. He laid his emaciated hand on the Bible, and exclaimed solemnly and with energy, "The only objection against this book is—a bad life."

Voltaire, the famous infidel, the tool and plaything of Frederick the Great, died in 1778, alternating praying and blaspheming, and crying, "O Christ! O Jesus Christ!"

How different was Charles Wesley's end, who died ten years later. His last words were, "I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness; satisfied — satisfied — SATISFIED."

“It is Finished!”



R. CHALMERS had been visiting a woman who was anxious and troubled about her soul.

Her constant cry was, “Oh, tell me what can I do! What can I do to be saved?”

Again and again, he told of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and how He had cried on the cross,

“IT IS FINISHED!”

It seemed, however, to be all in vain, for still the same earnest cry fell from her lips, “Oh! tell me, what must I do to be saved?”

At length the Doctor said :
“Then would you like the Lord Jesus to come from heaven again, and to suffer upon the cross for your sins? He has been there, He has done the work, and He has cried, ‘It is finished!’”

The spell was broken. The anxious one looked off from herself, and anything she could do, to the Risen Saviour, and to that glorious, all-sufficient work, which He had done, and at once entered into rest of soul.



You may be Saved.

WHY? *BECAUSE JESUS HAS DIED AND RISEN AGAIN.* Upon this ground you may be saved, and upon no other. If you are to be saved, your sin's heavy load *must* be removed. If sin's heavy load must be removed, sin's penalty *must* be borne. If sin's penalty must be borne, then Jesus *must* die; for sin's penalty is death. You could not bear that, you would miserably perish. Said the apostle: "Your sins are forgiven you"—not for your work's sake—not for your morality's sake—but "for His Name's sake" (1 *John* 2. 12).

WHERE? The answer is simple. *ANYWHERE.* Mercy flows to-day—not through some shrine in a holy city, nor through the finger tips of some holy hands, but from a victorious and ascended Christ in heaven. He is accessible anywhere. Touch Him, in other words, believe on Him, and you shall be saved.

HOW? *BY FAITH*, and by faith alone. Scripture is conclusive upon this point. Salvation is not by works, nor by faith and works combined, but by faith alone. "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (*Eph.* 2. 9).

WHEN? There is but one wise answer: *NOW.* Beware lest you lose your soul over the little question when! "Behold—*NOW* is the day of salvation" (2 *Cor.* 6. 2). Come to Jesus—**JUST NOW.**

“Why won't you let us alone?”



FOUR of us were travelling on a steamer in the West Highlands of Scotland. At the stern of the boat a lady was feeding the seagulls, which followed in its wake. One of our number gave her a gospel booklet, and one also to her husband by her side. Presently she threw it overboard, and the gentleman followed her example. We expostulated with them, saying that the booklets spoke of the Lord Jesus, and we pointed out to them what a solemn thing it was so to act.

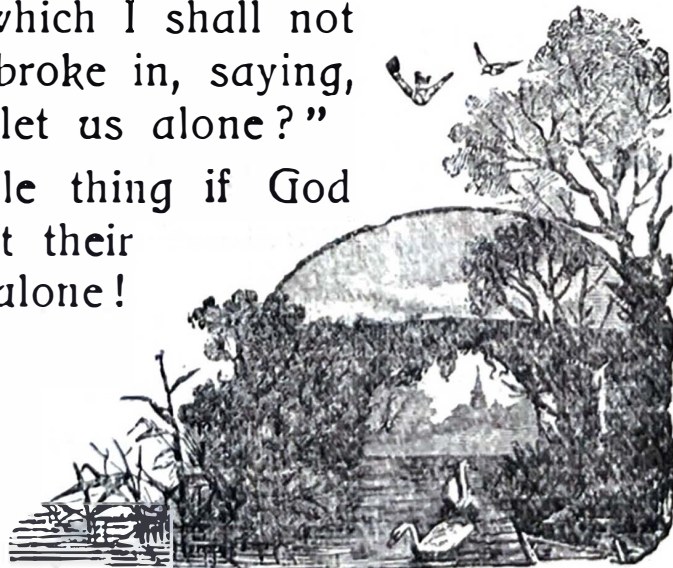
“Oh! I only wanted to see how the gulls would like it,” said the lady.

“But you will have to answer for this act one day,” we replied.

Her husband, with face turned white with rage, and with a look which I shall not soon forget, here broke in, saying, “Why won't you let us alone?”

What a terrible thing if God had taken them at their word, and let them alone!

And, friend, if God were to let you alone what would be the consequence?





The Dying Soldier.



THE battle was at its height. A thick cloud of smoke hung like a funeral pall over the contending armies. The roar of artillery was perfectly deafening. The day wore away, and the evening drew on. As the cool night wind blew over the battlefield, and the golden glow yet lingered in the west, the air was filled with the groans of the wounded and dying.

As departing souls were passing into eternity, and many a wounded soldier was praying for death to call him away, a small party of men were picking their way amidst the weltering heap of corpses. The burden, which they were carrying, was a

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

wounded comrade. "Put me down," said he ; "do not take the trouble to carry me farther. I am dying, comrades ! Hark ! the bugle sounds the charge ; put me down." Unwillingly they did so, and returned to the ranks. A few minutes, which must have seemed hours to the sufferer, passed, and an officer came that way, and seeing the poor fellow, he stopped and said kindly, "Can I do anything for you ? "

"Nothing, thank you, sir," said the poor sufferer, striving to raise his hand to the salute.

"Shall I get you a little water ? " continued the kind-hearted officer, touched more than he liked to show.

"No, thank you, sir ; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you ? Shall I write to your friends, or send any message to tell them of your death ? "

The tears stood in the soldier's eyes. "I have no friends, sir, that you can write to. And yet there is one thing for which I should be much obliged. In my knapsack here, sir, under my head, you will find a Testament. Will you open it at the 14th chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace' ? Will you read it ? "

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The officer stooped down, and with trembling fingers opened the knapsack. He took out the well-worn Testament and searched for the chapter. His eye lighted on the verse. He glanced at the dying man ; the light of faith and hope gleamed in that upturned face. The officer turned aside to hide a tear. That bright hope, which buoyed up the soldier, reminded him of the last moments of his own mother. He looked again at the verse ; it was the very one which her dying lips had repeated—and here, amidst the roar of artillery and the din of war, he must read those solemn words. He steadied his voice, and read :

“PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY
PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU : NOT AS
THE WORLD GIVETH, GIVE I UNTO
YOU. LET NOT YOUR HEART BE
TROUBLED, NEITHER LET IT BE
AFRAID.”

The reading of that verse scarcely occupied a minute of time ; yet the thoughts of both reader and listener roved over years long passed away. The dying soldier was far from the battlefield, and again in the little village where he had passed his boyhood. How well he could remember his dear

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pastor, long gone to that home to which he was following him. Soon the soldier would meet his friend in heaven, and would be able to tell him how he—the roughest and wildest boy in the village, over whom that pastor had shed many a tear, and for whom he had often prayed—had been brought by the Good Shepherd into the true fold. Such was the picture which filled the soldier's soul as he looked back. As he looked forward, the glory dazzled him ; bright angels seemed pressing around him ; Jesus looking down ; the battlefield seemed far away, as the loving voice he knew so well—that of his Saviour and his God—whispered, “**COME UP HITHER.**”

And what of the officer ? The words of Jesus rang from his lips—those lips which had not read a verse from the Word of God for many a long year, and he thought of that mother, whose hope had been in the Lord, and whose death he could never forget. He remembered the long course of years since—how the memory of her counsel had faded away, how he had joined in the laugh and sneer against the Word of God, which he now held in his hand, and had often declared “that soldiers had nothing to do with religion ; no time to attend to their souls ”—and yet here was he, on the battlefield, with the despised New Testament

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

in his hand, reading to a dying man. What would his gay and infidel companions say could they see him thus? A feeling of shame filled his soul and burnt in his cheek. But it passed away as he looked on the dying man, and saw that his heart was full, not of a "fearful looking for of judgment," but of "joy and peace in believing."

"How strange it is," thought he, "there must be something which I do not know in a religion like this." The officer, as he looked again on the radiant face, thought, "Well, a religion which can make a man smile joy as he lies on the cold ground on a battlefield in the agonies of death, is a religion worth having."

The dying man raised himself on his elbow, and gazed at the officer as if reading his thoughts. "Thank you, sir," said he.

**"I HAVE THAT PEACE ; I AM GOING TO
THAT SAVIOUR.**

God is with me. I want no more. Keep it, sir," he continued, his voice sinking so low that his listener had to bend down his ear to his lip, "keep the Testament ; it led me to Jesus, it will lead you." The spasm of death caught his voice, and fluttered across his face, and he fell heavily back into a pool of blood.

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The young officer placed the book in his breast pocket as he hastened to rejoin his regiment. "If I am spared," said he, "I will know this peace for myself."

The soldier was safe in Christ, and so now is the officer. A small gravestone stands on the battle-field, with the name and regiment of a private soldier. It was put up by an officer high in command, who keeps that grave sacredly, and on it are carved the words,

“ HE ASKED LIFE OF THEE, AND
THOU GAVEST IT HIM, EVEN LENGTH
OF DAYS FOR EVER AND EVER.”





GOD'S GIFT.



GOD'S GIFT IS CHRIST HIMSELF.

“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).

GOD'S GIFT IS LIVING WATER THROUGH CHRIST.

“If thou knewest the **GIFT** of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink: thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water ” (*John* 4. 10).

GOD'S GIFT IS ETERNAL LIFE.

“The wages of sin is death; but the **GIFT** of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord ” (*Rom.* 6. 23).

GOD'S GIFT IS FAITH.

“ By grace are ye saved through faith ;
and that not of yourselves ; it is the GIFT
of God ” (*Eph.* 2. 8).

GOD'S GIFT IS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“ They which receive abundance of
grace, and of the GIFT of righteousness,
shall reign in life by One, Jesus Christ ”
(*Rom.* 5. 17).

GOD'S GIFT IS THE HOLY GHOST.

“ Repent, and be baptized every one
of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the
remission of sins, and ye shall receive the
GIFT of the Holy Ghost ” (*Acts* 2. 38).

* * *

Reader, there is only one of two things you
can do with a GIFT—accept it or reject it. It
is impossible to buy it, or else it would be a pur-
chase ; to earn it, or else it would be your due.
There is only one God-honouring course you can
take, that is, **RECEIVE** it. Accept then God's gift
in simple faith, and the blessings of the Gospel are
yours. All God's gifts are in His blessed Son.
It is impossible to receive one without Him.
Receive Him, and you receive all.

The Biggest Fool in the Village.



A PRIZE was once offered in a certain village for the biggest fool that could be found in it. Search was made, and a sick man was discovered, who refused to tell his doctor the truth as to the symptoms of his disease. The judges were unanimous in awarding the prize to him, and I am sure had we been there we should have agreed with their verdict.

Such a fool as this I have not met in my day. As a rule people are ready enough to tell the whole truth to their doctor, if by so doing they can help him to diagnose their case

correctly and prescribe an effectual remedy ; but I have met people who have been guilty of folly of a far worse character. There are thousands of **soul-diseased sinners**, who refuse altogether to acknowledge the truth about themselves. Are you one of them ?



Nothing to do.

"I HAVE heard them say in the village, that you preach that we don't need to pray for salvation."

The speaker was a young lady, who had remained behind after a Gospel address, to be spoken to personally about her soul's salvation. Earnest and sincere she was, for whilst her language indicated surprise and astonishment at such preaching, her manner was one of deep anxiety. Tears were freely coursing their way down her cheeks.

I replied, "You see this Bible in my hand. It was given to me by a dear friend. It is a valuable book. Probably it was the most expensive he could buy. Supposing, when he offered it to me as a free gift, I fell upon my knees, and earnestly prayed him to give it to me, in language like this: 'Oh! Mr. So-and-so, do give me that Bible; I know it is far too good for me, and I am not worthy of it; but do give it to me, and I will try to merit it!'"

"And when again he pressed upon me the gift, suppose I burst into tears, and still more earnestly pleaded for the Bible, what would you think of such strange conduct as that?"

The young lady replied, "I would think you were mad; or that you were insulting him."

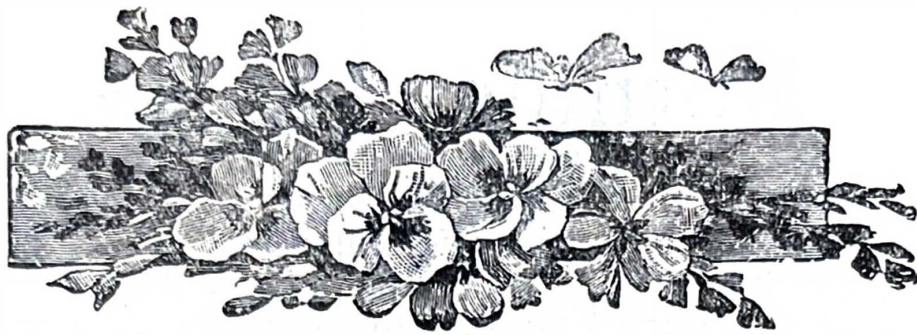
"Exactly," I replied, "and that is the way many people are doing with God, when they earnestly pray month after month for salvation. They don't mean to insult God, but nevertheless that is what they are doing.

'THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE,'

'WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE,'

are the Gospel terms."

In words something like these, we talked her difficulty over, and the result was, thank God, that her eyes were opened, and she accepted salvation as a free gift from the hand of God that very evening.



He's Altogether Lovely.



Have you heard the angels' story of a Saviour
come to earth ?

How the shepherds saw the glory of the infant
Jesus' birth,

When the bright light shone around them, they
obeyed the heavenly call,

And in swaddling clothes they found Him, 'midst
the cattle in the stall ?

Have you heard the Master weeping o'er the sinful
hearts of men,

With a love that knows no sleeping, calling loudly
unto them ?

As the hen beneath her feathers soothes the little
ones' alarms,

So Jesus runs and gathers all who want Him to
His arms.

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Did you never hear how Jesus gave to wearied
hearts sweet rest ?

How He cured from all diseases those who came to
Him opprest ?

The poor dying thief He pardoned, and the woman
at the well,

For no matter how sin-hardened—Oh ! His love
can break the spell !

Have you been to sad Gethsemane, and viewed that
prostrate form

Of Jesus with the enemy bowed down beneath the
storm ?

Have you seen those blood-drops falling ? heard
that agonizing groan,

As He prayed, His Father calling, “ Not My will,
but Thine be done ” ?

Have you felt in Calvary’s fountain the deep
drawing of His love,

When He died on yonder mountain, your Redeemer
from above ?

There’s forgiveness in His precious blood, forgive-
ness in His prayer ;

There’s forgiveness through our pardoning God—
forgiveness free as air !

**“ If only I were one
of His Sheep.”**

A DEAR girl on a bed of sickness was most anxious to be saved. A friend, knowing her distress, sent her a scripture text card through the post. Slowly she read :

“ I give unto them [My Sheep] eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand ” (John 10. 28).

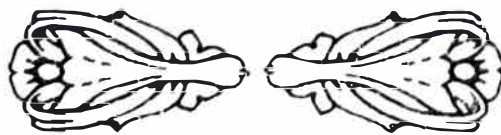
As she sank back on the pillow, she said, “ If only I were one of His sheep I should be happy.” However, as the card fell on the coverlet, it turned over, and displayed a

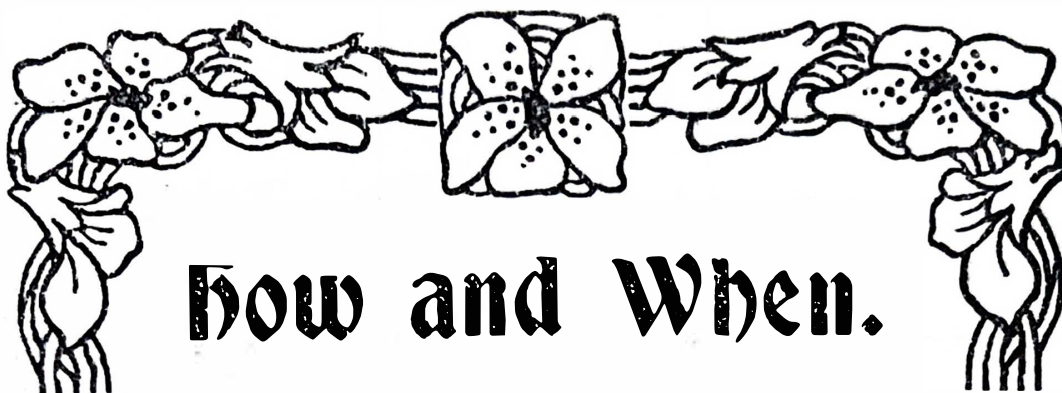
text on the other side. Taking it again she read :

*“ This is a faithful saying,
and worthy of all acceptance,
that Christ Jesus came into
the world to save sinners ”*

(1 Tim. 1. 15).

“ Oh ! ” she said as this glorious Gospel verse enlightened her soul, “ if I’m not a sheep, I’m a sinner, and Christ Jesus came to save sinners.” There she trusted Him, there He received her, and putting her upon His strong shoulders, she learned that the blessed Saviour of sinners is the Shepherd of the sheep, and in perfect safety He keeps all whom He saves.





How and When.

"Whose heart the Lord openeth" (*Acts* 16. 14).

* * *

YOU ask me how I came to Christ ?
I do not know.

There came a yearning for Him in my heart
So long ago.

I found earth's flowers would fade and die,—
I wept for something that would satisfy ;
And then—and then somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my heart to Him in prayer.

I do not know—I cannot tell you—how,
I only know He is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I came to Christ ?
I cannot tell.

The day, or just the hour I do not now
Remember well.

It must have been when I was all alone,
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin,
I think—I think 'twas then I let Him in.
I do not know—I cannot tell you—when
I only know He is so dear since then !

“Every knee shall Bow.”

(Rom. 14. 11.)

CHARLES LAMB, the sceptical poet, was telling what he should do if the world's greatest men suddenly came into the room. Among others Shakespeare was named.

"Ah! we should all rise, and uncover, if Shakespeare came in."

“And Christ?”

With a hushed voice, he stuttered out, "You see, we should all kneel."

He spoke the truth for once.



The Track of a God.

*“HOW do you know there is a God?”
said a scorner to an Arab whom
he found praying at the door of his tent*

“How do I know that it was a man and not a camel that went past my tent last night?” replied the Arab. “I know him by his tracks.” And pointing over into the crimson west, where the sun was setting in a sea of crimson fire, he said,

"THERE IS THE TRACK OF A GOD."



JOYFUL JOE :

Or, THE CROSS— THE SETTLEMENT OF SIN.

BUT if you were to die to-night where would you go to ? ” said I to him.

“ To heaven, I hope ? ” was his reply.

“ But why do you hope to go there ? Many won’t. In what do you differ from others, that entitles you to that hope ? ”

“ Well, I do all I can that’s good, and I try to live the best way that I can, and I believe in God, and I hope I’ll go to heaven when I die.”

“ Yes, all very good ; but you know ‘ the devils believe and tremble,’ and they are none the better for it.”

“ True ” he said, rather staggered at the idea, and struck with the possibility of his ground not being altogether so firm as he had thought it was. “ But,” he added, after a little pause, “ the devils

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believe and tremble.; they do not believe and serve.”

“ Well, and do you believe and serve ? ”

“ I do.”

“ You serve God ? How long have you served God ? ”

“ Oh ! this long time ! ”

“ How long ? ”

“ These many years now.”

“ How many ? ”

“ Oh ! a good many—perhaps a dozen or thirteen.”

“ But have you ever been converted ? ”

“ Well, I can't say as to that, exactly, but I have served God now these many years ; that I'm sure of.”

“ But Judas Iscariot served also. The Lord Jesus chose him as an apostle ; and sent him out to preach the Gospel, and to cure diseases, and do many similar things along with the other apostles ; and we know that he was a traitor after all, and has gone to hell.”

“ Oh ! I hope not. I hope no person has gone there, nor ever will go there. That's an awful place, and it's an awful thing to say of anyone. I would not say that of anyone. I hope God is too good to send anyone there. Oh ! no ; I wouldn't say that of anyone.”

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“ But do you believe there is such a place as ‘ everlasting burnings ? ’ ”

After a pause he replied thoughtfully, “ Yes, I do ; for the Book says it ; and if I did not believe in ‘ everlasting fire,’ I could not believe in ‘ everlasting life,’ for it is the same Book that tells me of the one that tells me of the other also. I must believe it.”

“ Well, and if you had your deserts, which would be your proper portion, eternal life or eternal judgment ? ”

“ Eternal judgment ; I know that, if I had my deserts, for there’s not a wickeder living man in the town than I have been.”

“ And how then are you to escape it, if you deserve it ? How do you expect to get to heaven ? ”

“ Well, I just do the best I can, and pray to God, and believe, and hope He will have mercy on me when I die, and overlook my sins.”

“ That He won’t. He couldn’t do it,” I replied.

Looking at me with a mixture of amazement, curiosity, and contempt at my ignorance, he replied in a most cynical tone, “ Then there’s no salvation for me.”

“ No,” I calmly said, “ not in that way.”

“ Then how am I to get it ? Let me hear your way.”

“ Now,” I said, “ look here ; suppose you owed a bill, say £10, at a place of business, and you

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could not pay it. And suppose there were different partners in the firm ; we will call them, for example, Mr. William and Mr. Henry, etc. Now, if you went in one day to make known your poverty, and found Mr. William making up the books, and he said to you, ‘ Well, Joe, I know you are a poor man, and cannot pay the money ; I will overlook your account in the book, and not charge you with it.’ Would that not make you very happy ? Would you not come away in great peace, and tell the wife that it was all right ~~now~~ that Mr. William had overlooked your account, and you need not pay the money ? ”

“ I would, to be sure.”

“ Now, suppose next day you met one of the other partners, Mr. Henry, say, and he said, ‘ Joe, you owe us £10 ’ ; you would say, ‘ Yes, but Mr. William has overlooked the account, and I haven’t to pay it.’ ‘ Oh ! but,’ says Mr. Henry, ‘ Mr. William has no power to do any such thing ; he is but one of the firm, and *the firm* demands it, so get ready to pay or go to prison,’ where would your peace be then ? ”

“ I confess it would be gone in a moment.”

“ To be sure it would. But suppose, instead of that, Mr. William had said, ‘ Joe, you are poor and cannot pay ; I will pay for you,’ and he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out £10, and popped it into the till for you, and said, ‘ There, Joe, the money is paid ; I will give you a receipt,

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and put *paid* to your name in the book ' ; would you then be afraid to meet the rest of the firm, with the receipt in your pocket ? ”

“ No ; that I would not.”

“ Well now, Joe, God could not *overlook* your sin. His righteousness demanded the payment of the debt ; but what justice demanded grace provided ; and in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, God has shown how ‘ He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth on Jesus.’ The Cross is not the *overlooking*, but the *settlement of sin*. The debt is paid, and ‘ being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ ” (*Rom. 5 1.*)

“ Bold shall I stand at that great day,
For who aught to my soul shall lay ;
While by Thy blood absolved I am
From sin’s tremendous curse and fear.”

Thus I went on to tell him the story of the Cross, and as I looked up, I saw his hand stealing over the bed to get his handkerchief to wipe away the big tear-drops that were rolling down his cheeks, as he was trying to stifle his emotion. Perceiving that I had noticed him, he said in a broken voice, “ You must really excuse me, sir, for I cannot help it ; but there’s something in that that touches me. I haven’t grit* any this many a long year, for my heart is as hard as a stone,

* Wept.

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but somehow that touches me, and I cannot help it,” and then he fairly broke out—“ I see it all ; well, I was blind, but the Cross settled it, and it is not overlooked but settled. I thank God, I thank Christ, I thank you, sir. Oh ! but there are many blind that do not see the way, and those that teach them are as blind as themselves. No one ever told me that before, and I never heard it. Oh ! I am thankful that I lived till to-day, for if I had died yesterday I would have been lost, for I was on the wrong road, and many hundreds beside me, but now I see that the Cross has settled it all. Thank God ! Thank God ! I’m not afraid to die now,” and he sobbed right out.

His joy was so manifest and abiding that one of my daughters called him “ Joyful Joe,” and the name stuck to him.

Reader, are you *joyful*, knowing that the Cross has settled all the claims of justice, and that all that is left for you to do is to “ believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ” ?

(*Acts* 16. 31).



The Blood of Jesus.

* * * * *

THERE IS NO FORGIVENESS WITHOUT IT.

“Without shedding of *blood* is no remission” (*Heb.* 9. 22).

IT SATISFIES THE HOLY CLAIMS OF GOD.

“When I see the *blood*, I will pass over you” (*Exod.* 12. 13).

IT MAKETH ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL.

“It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul” (*Lev.* 17. 11).

IT REDEEMS THE BELIEVER.

“Redeemed—with the precious *blood* of Christ” (*1 Peter* 18. 19).

IT CLEANSSES FROM ALL SIN.

“The *blood* of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin” (*1 John* 1. 9).

IT JUSTIFIES THE BELIEVER.

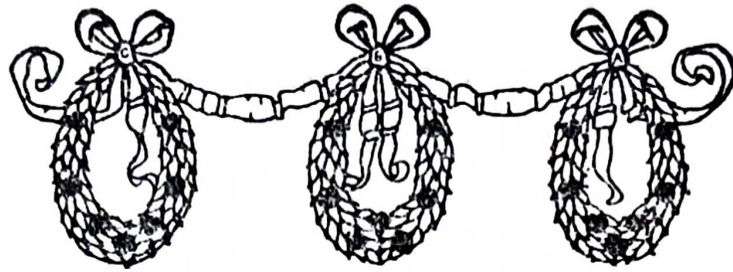
“Being now justified by his *blood*”
(*Rom.* 5. 9).

IT HAS MADE PEACE.

“Having made peace through the *blood* of His cross” (*Col.* 1. 20).

IT BRINGS THE BELIEVER NIGH TO GOD.

“Now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the *blood* of Christ” (*Eph.* 2. 13).



The Cottage Floor,

and Why it was Never Scrubbed.



DURING a visit in 1904 to a rather remote part of the Transvaal, I was lodging at a small house on the veldt.

On retiring to rest at night, I could not help noticing the extremely dirty state of the bedroom floor. It looked as if it had not been cleaned for months. I determined that the following day I would call the landlady's attention to it, and ask her to have it scrubbed.

The next morning, however, I saw what had escaped my notice the evening before. The floor was of such a nature that no scrubbing could possibly make it any cleaner. It was made of big clods of dirt, dried and hardened in the sun, and trodden down till a solid surface was formed, as level and smooth as any ordinary floor.

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Of course I gave up my idea of asking the landlady to scrub it. The more such a floor were scrubbed the worse it would become. No amount of soap and water would do it any good.

Will you be surprised, reader, if I tell you that that bedroom floor aptly sets forth your condition in the sight of God ?

I wonder if *you* are prepared to acknowledge that in God's sight you are so bad, so unclean, so corrupt, that you can no more improve yourself, or do anything to amend your condition, than the bedroom floor in the house on the veldt could be made clean by scrubbing it ?

This is a truth that many are very slow to learn. They labour under the delusion that if only they try hard enough, and persevere long enough, they can make themselves more fit for God's presence. They might as well imagine that if only they could get a good scrubbing-brush, and plenty of soap and water, they would at last succeed in improving the condition of the bedroom floor.

Multitudes of men and women are engaged in a hopeless task of this sort, and many are the various kinds of scrubbing-brushes that they use.

There is, for instance, the scrubbing-brush of **Self-Restraint**. Have you not sometimes used this brush ? You have tried to control your temper, and put a curb upon your unruly tongue. You have kept a strict watch over your actions,

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and have endeavoured to restrain your passions. In this way you have been scrubbing away at the dirty floor. But you have utterly failed to effect any real improvement. You are as far from God as ever. Your heart is just as bad as it was when you began.

Perhaps it is the scrubbing-brush of **Moral Living** that you are trying. You do not swear or cheat, or get drunk. No impure speech ever soils your lips. You never do anything that men would call wicked. But all this makes no difference in your condition before God. Your moral living has not changed the evil character of your heart.

Some try the scrubbing-brush of **Education**. But education never yet changed a sinner into a child of God. A man may have passed through all the standards of the elementary schools ; he may go successfully through a college course, and may learn all that the leading universities of Europe can teach him ; but he is still a guilty, unclean sinner. In his heart of hearts he hates God, and loves sin just as much as the most depraved man on earth.

A young lady, cultured, refined, and admired by a large circle of acquaintances, became anxious about her soul. The Holy Spirit was dealing with her, and one day she was heard to sigh :—

“ I don't want to say it, but it seems to me that I hate God.”

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She was discovering that, though refined, amiable, and well educated, she was just as bad, just as much a lover of sin and a hater of God, as a coarse, disagreeable, ignorant person is.

Many fancy that where other scrubbing-brushes fail, the brush of **Religion** will succeed. So they read their Bibles and say their prayers. They are regular attendants at Church, and take the sacrament at every opportunity. Perhaps they sing in the choir. They may become district visitors or Sunday-school teachers. But all this leaves their carnal nature unchanged. Their religious garb serves but to cover up the uncleanness within.

If the scrubbing-brush of Religion could make any one clean, it should have made Saul of Tarsus so. Zealous beyond all his contemporaries, rigid in his observance of ceremonies and ordinances, devoted in his obedience to the priests, he might well have claimed to be the most religious man of his day.

But all the while there raged in his heart a bitter hatred against Christ. When at last his eyes were opened, and he found how terribly mistaken he had been, he confessed that he was the chief of sinners. In spite of all his religiousness he had to acknowledge,

“In me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing” (*Rom. 7. 18*).

Do not, then, make a scrubbing-brush of

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religion. Not that I would say a word against *real* religion. It is a grand thing. I am sorry for the man who has none of it. But religion, of itself, can never make the sinner clean. It can never wash away his sin. Yet it is a thing greatly to be desired.

But if neither self-restraint, nor moral living, nor education, nor religion, nor any other scrubbing-brush of a similar kind can make you clean, there is One who can. The **LORD JESUS CHRIST** is the only Saviour. There is power in His precious blood to wash all your foul stains away.

“**Ye must be born again,**” are the words that confront every Christless soul. They were addressed to a most religious man. And they are as true to-day as ever. What *you* need, reader, is to be born again. Nothing short of that will do.

But *you* cannot bring about this new birth. What, then, must you do ?

First of all, lay aside every scrubbing-brush ! Give up all hope of improving the state of the dirty bedroom floor. In other words, own your exceeding sinfulness. Bow in self-loathing at the Saviour's feet. Pass sentence upon yourself sternly and unsparingly.

Then look away from yourself altogether. Christ stands ready to save. His love is infinite. His blood can cleanse from all sin.

Put your whole trust in Him. Let your plea

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be the merits of His blood. If you want something to say, say :—

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

Be sure that your faith rests wholly and undividedly upon Him.

**“ Whosoever believeth on Him
shall not be ashamed ”**

(Rom. 10. 11).

So great in God's sight is the value of the blood which Jesus shed, that He counts clear of every charge the sinner who believes.

The dirty floor is cleansed, as it were, by its being made anew.

The corrupt state of fallen man received its condemnation in the cross of Christ. A new state, a new life, a new position belongs to the believer. He becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus.

No scrubbing-brush is needed. Trust in the Saviour, and you will be pardoned, washed, justified, saved.

**“ The blood of Jesus Christ His
Son cleanseth us from all sin ”**

(1 John 1. 7).



God's Eye is upon you.

* * *

A CHRISTLESS professor of religion in America once wrote to a celebrated actor saying he would like to see him perform in a certain play, if there was a side door in the theatre through which he could pass without being seen.

The actor's reply was a remarkable one. "Sir," he wrote, "there is no door into my theatre through which God cannot see."

So, sinner, you will find that there is no place where your hand can hide your sins. In God's book they are recorded. His eye has been upon you throughout guilty years gone by. No secret has escaped His notice.



ONLY TWO.

ONLY TWO WAYS. So the Bible tells us—one broad, the other narrow ; one leading to destruction, the other to life. Many tread the one ; few the other. Reader, which is **your** way ? They are well defined. “ Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. . . . Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it ’ ’ (*Matt.* 7. 13, 14).

ONLY TWO CLASSES. Many sub-classes, no doubt, in **men's** sight, but only two in **God's** sight. The difference between them is very plain. “ He that believeth on Him [the only begotten Son of God] is NOT CONDEMNED ; but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY ’ ’ (*John* 3. 18). The former class is on the narrow road ; the latter, on the broad. To which do **you** belong ?

ONLY TWO SIDES. Which are **you** on ? Christ says : “ He that is not with Me is against Me ’ ’ (*Matt.* 12. 30). The old cry of “ Christ or Barabbas ? ’ ’ has not died down yet. Its terms may alter, but its meaning is ever the same. Christ or the world ? Christ or self ? This world

or the world to come? The issue is very plain. Which side are you on?

ONLY TWO DEATHS. The death of the righteous and the death of the wicked. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" (*Rev.* 14. 13). "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked" (*Ezekiel* 33. 11). The brightest spot in this world is the death-bed of a triumphant Christian; the saddest sight is that of a sinner passing into the gloom of an eternal night, without the shelter of the precious blood. If the Lord does not come, one of these two deaths will be yours. Which would it be, if you were to die this moment?

ONLY TWO PLACES—Heaven and hell—in eternity. To which are you travelling? Time carries you swiftly on. Once you cross Time's boundary, "the great gulf fixed" is set up for ever, and then mistakes are irrevocable and indifference fatal. Heaven will be the home of the ransomed of the Lord, of those who have trusted Christ and received Him as their Saviour. This alone is their title. Alas! the unbeliever seals his own doom. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (*Psalms* 9. 17).

God says I am Saved

By an Old Physician.



NOT long since, I was asked to visit a young girl about seventeen years of age, who had injured herself, and was thought to be dying. I had known her for some time, and was aware that she was very delicate, but, on calling, learned that she had fallen out of bed, and had received an injury to the back of her head which, it was judged, would eventually prove fatal. Being under the care of another surgeon, I had nothing to do with her treatment ; so, after making a few inquiries as to her bodily suffering, which was great (especially when moved by others, for she was almost completely paralyzed), I began to speak to her about the state of her soul.

“ Are you quite happy ? ” I said.

“ No, sir.”

“ Why ? Are you not saved ? ”

“ I am not sure.”

“ But why are you not sure ? Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ ? ”

“ Yes, but I don't FEEL saved.”

“ Do you feel LOST ? ”

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“ Yes, I do, ” and she now began to weep.

“ Why do you know you are lost ? ”

“ Because I am a sinner, and God’s Word says so. ”

“ Then you believe His Word, do you ? ”

“ Oh ! yes, sir ; indeed I do. ”

“ Well, then, His Word says, ‘ Look unto Me and be ye saved ’ (*Isaiah* 45. 22). Do you believe that ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ But are you looking to Jesus ? in other words, trusting in, or believing on Jesus ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; but I don’t FEEL as I should like to. ”

“ Granted ; but does it say, ‘ Look unto Me, and FEEL saved ? ’ ”

“ No. ”

“ What then ? ”

“ Be ye saved. ”

“ What ? ”

“ Be ye saved. ”

“ When is that, to-day or to-morrow ? ”

“ When I LOOK. ”

“ But are you looking ? ”

“ Yes, I am really looking to Jesus. ”

“ Then, are you saved ? ”

She paused a moment, and then firmly replied, “ I don’t FEEL it, but GOD SAYS I AM SAVED. I see it now. ”

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The next moment her eye lit up, and her pallid face told the tale of a new spring of joy having been opened to her.

“ Well, ” I said, “ if any one were to come in, and ask you now if you were saved, what would you say ? ”

“ I would say ‘ Yes. ’ ”

“ And if they asked you how you knew it and were sure of it, what would you say ? ”

“ I would say that I do believe in Jesus, and God says in His Word that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but HAVE everlasting life ; and though I don’t FEEL it, I do believe what God says. ”

“ Then you rest your soul on Jesus and on God’s Word ? ”

“ Yes, sir, I do ; and I could die happy now. I’d like to go at once to Jesus. ”

“ You have no fears ? ”

“ No, none. ”

“ No doubts ? ”

“ No ; why should I ? I see it all clearly. I’m only a poor sinner—and JESUS DIED FOR ME—and I BELIEVE in Him—AND GOD SAYS I AM SAVED, and SO I KNOW I am. ”

Reader, what about you ? Do you know that you are saved ?

The Lord is Coming!



WHEN? It may be to-day! The Word of God does not tell us; but we read that “the coming of the Lord draweth NIGH” (*James* 5. 8), and again :—“Surely I come QUICKLY” (*Rev.* 22. 20).

WHY? In order to take His blood-bought ones, dead and living, to be where He is. Hence we read that “the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, . . . and so shall we ever be with the Lord” (*1 Thess.* 4. 16, 17). And again,—“I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also” (*John* 14. 3). Notice, the word “ye” excludes mere professors such as the “Foolish Virgins” of Matthew 25.

HOW? “The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God” (*1 Thess.* 4. 16). “Behold, I come quickly” (*Rev.* 3. 11). Thus he comes in Person—“the Lord Himself.” He does not send an angel. He who ascended is the same as He who returns.

WHERE? The meeting-place shall be in the air, and not on earth. The Lord shall descend; they shall “be caught up . . . to meet the Lord in the air.” Such is the appointed trysting-place.

WHITHER? To the Father’s House on high, the heavenly Home of the children of God, to the prepared mansion above, and the joys of the eternal presence of the Lord (*see John* 14. 1-3). Then He shall see the fruit of His agony on Calvary, and Divine love shall have its glorious consummation. How blessed is the prospect!



Counterfeits.

"Did you ever see a counterfeit five pound note?"

"Yes."

"Why was it counterfeited?"

"Because it was worth counterfeiting."

"Was the five pound note to blame?"

"No."

* * * *

"Do people counterfeit scraps of brown paper?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because they are not worth counterfeiting."

* * * *

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes; lots."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because he was worth counterfeiting."

"Was he to blame?"

"No."

* * * *

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"No; never."

"Why? you ask."

The answer is obvious.

The Unwelcome Visitor.

“ **W**HAT is your business ? ”

“ Oh ! it is just to speak a little about the soul and its eternal interests. But I see you are busy.”

“ Well, yes, I am, very.”

The preacher put out his hand to say “ Goodbye,” and drawing close to the astonished man, whispered solemnly in his ear—

“ Suppose I had been Death ? ”

The Lord will Provide.



In some way or other
The Lord will provide:
It may not be **MY** way,
It may not be **THY** way,
But yet in **HIS OWN** way
The Lord will provide.

The Five go Together.

“ 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.”

(John 5. 24.)

IN this verse we have five precious things.
Please to take particular notice of them :—

JOHN 5. 24.

1	2	3	4	5
HEARETH	BELIEVETH	HATH	SHALL NOT	IS

And mark, THE FIVE GO TOGETHER :
you cannot have TWO and leave THREE,
or THREE and leave TWO.

THEY GO ALL TOGETHER.

God says, “ Here, poor anxious souls, here is a bundle of blessings for you.”

Now, just read the verse again, and be sure you don't miss anything out of the bundle.

But I think I hear some anxious soul saying, “ Oh ! yes, I know all that ; I've read that verse over and over again ; but

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still I'm no better—it's no use going over it any more, I don't feel that I'm saved ! ''

“ I'm very thankful, indeed, for that.”

“ Thankful, Sir, because I can't say ' I'm saved ' ? ''

“ No ! but thankful you can't FEEL saved. You see, you are trying to put into the bundle what God leaves out, and leaving out what God puts in. FEELING SAVED is not in the whole verse. ' Faith cometh by hearing ' (*Rom* 10. 17), and, in this verse,

The Lord puts HEARING first ;

then BELIEVING ;

then HATH ;

then SHALL NOT ;

then IS.

You want to leave out the BELIEVING, and substitute FEELING.

“ So I am thankful, as I said before, that you don't FEEL SAVED ; for if you were to get some nice FEELINGS, you would run away with the idea that you were saved, and if asked, ' Are you saved ? ' you would reply, ' Yes.' ' How do you know ? ' ' Well, I've felt a change, and I'm very happy.’

“ Then the first time the dark clouds

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sailed across you sky your feelings would go, and then you would have lost your Saviour. Thus you would make a Saviour of your FEELINGS instead of CHRIST. Now, please don't put in what God leaves out, and don't say you know all about it, for I'm sure you don't know these five precious things that are linked together.

LET US LOOK AT THE VERSE CLOSELY.

“ Well, look here, have you ‘ heard ’ the Word ? ”

“ Yes, I have.”

“ And believed on Him that sent Him ? ”

“ Yes, I do believe.”

“ Well, now, please, tell me what you believe ? ”

“ I believe that God sent Jesus to take my place, and He died for me, and I accept Him as my own personal Saviour.”

“ Do you ? ”

“ Yes, I do.”

“ Now, you are sure you do ? ”

“ Quite sure.”

“ Then you have HEARD ? ”

“ Yes, I have.”

“ And you BELIEVE ? ”

“ Yes, I do.”

“ Then, what is the third thing ? ”

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“ ‘HATH everlasting life.’ ”

“ Then, have you got everlasting life ? ”

“ Ah ! well, but you see that’s just what I cannot say ; if I could only feel sure about that point I should be all right. ”

“ Well, what do you think would make you feel sure ? ”

“ I scarcely know. ”

“ Look here, supposing you owed the rent of a house and couldn’t pay it, and I go and pay every farthing of it, and bring you the receipt. What would make you sure as to the rent being paid ? ”

“ Oh ! the receipt, of course. ”

“ Quite so, and you would FEEL happy because you KNEW your rent was paid, and should the landlord again demand the rent, you would not speak to him of your feelings, but produce the receipt. And God is holding out His receipt to you, and you are shutting your eyes to it, and wanting to FEEL it, instead of reading and believing it.

“ You have HEARD ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ You BELIEVE ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ Then God says, you HAVE, not you HOPE to get. ‘HATH everlasting life’ is His word, and that is not all ; you ‘SHALL

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

NOT come into condemnation ' or judgment. That has all fallen on Jesus, and the believer is in Him, and ' there is therefore NOW NO CONDEMNATION to them which are IN Christ Jesus ' (*Rom.* 8. 1).

" You will never stand before The Great White Throne to be judged for your sins ; all your judgment was borne by Jesus on the Cross, and He has so settled that question, that God has raised Him from the dead.

The Lord Jesus in the glory is the proof that the debt is paid, and thus you can never come into judgment, for your sins are all gone.

" But that is not all, even, for we get another thing, ' IS passed from death unto life.' You were in a state of death, ' dead in trespasses and sins ' (*Eph.* 2. 1). But now you ARE passed from death unto life ; not WILL do so by and by, but, ' IS passed.' How glorious ! Quickened together, raised up together, made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus (*Eph.* 2. 5, 6). What a bundle of blessings, and any poor sinner that has HEARD and BELIEVED, gets the other three also, for they all go together.

" Now, anxious one, would you like the five ? "

" Yes, indeed, I would. "

" Will you take them ? "

" Yes, I will. "

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"Then, here they are for you :—

" 'HEARETH My Word.' Have you heard ? "

" Yes, I have. "

" 'BELIEVETH on Him that sent Me.' Do you believe ? "

" Yes, I do. "

" 'HATH everlasting life.' Have you it ? "

" Yes, I see I have. "

" 'SHALL NOT come into condemnation.' Will you be condemned ? "

" No, I am sure I shall not ; I see it now. "

" 'IS passed from death unto life.' Are you thus passed ? "

" Yes, I see I am. "

" Then you take the five in all together . "

" I do. "

" And you are saved ? "

" Yes. "

" When ? "

" Now. "

" How do you know ? "

" God says so in that verse. "

" And you are now perfectly satisfied with His word ? "

" Yes, indeed I am. "

" Well,

' WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH ON HIM
SHALL NOT BE ASHAMED ' " (Rom 10 11).

That Little Word "Alone."



IN 1540, in the heat of the Reformation controversies, Joachim II., Elector of Brandenburg, said to his ambassadors, who were about to proceed to a religious disputation at Worms, "See that you bring back that little word 'Alone': do not dare to return without it." Both parties were prepared to confess that salvation was to be received "through faith in Christ Jesus," but the Reformers added the little word "alone"—

**Salvation "through faith in
Jesus Christ ALONE."**

And so this word became the pivot of the contendings of the Reformation period.

It may be that round this "little word" the conflict between the Spirit and our own self-righteousness is being urged. We are willing, perhaps, to trust Christ, if we may add to that reliance a trust in ourselves, in our good works or in our religious emotions. But this cannot be. Christ's merits stand alone. Calvary is God's eternal witness to our ruin, as well as to the only provision of His grace for our salvation.

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

The WHOSOEVER of Guilt.



“WHOSOEVER shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all” (*James 2. 10*).

The WHOSOEVER of Forgiveness.



“To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name WHOSOEVER believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins”

(*Acts 10. 43*).

The WHOSOEVER of Eternal Life.



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

The WHOSOEVER of Condemnation.



“And WHOSOEVER was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire”

(*Rev. 20. 15*).

A SHARK STORY.



A LITTLE over a century ago, when pirates roamed over the seas between the Southern States and the Spanish Main, the brig "Nancy" was pursued by His Majesty's Ship "Sparrow." She was strongly suspected of being engaged in illicit trade and piracy, but, when captured, not a scrap of incriminating evidence could be found among her papers. It was thought that she would have to be released, but the question was referred to the authorities at Kingston, Jamaica, into which port she was brought.

Meanwhile, another vessel, a tender of His Majesty's Ship "Abergavenny," had been cruising in the same waters. One day, off the coast of Hayti, the officer in charge noticed a dead bullock surrounded by sharks. He gave orders for the bullock to be towed alongside the boat, and by this means the men succeeded in catching one of the sharks. It proved to be an unusually large one, and when opened, a parcel of papers,* tied round with string, was discovered in its stomach.

* NOTE.—The papers referred to in the narrative given above, which were taken from the shark's stomach, are to be seen to this day in a glass frame in the "Institute of Jamaica," in the city of Kingston. The head of the identical shark, which swallowed the papers, is in the "United Service Museum," London.

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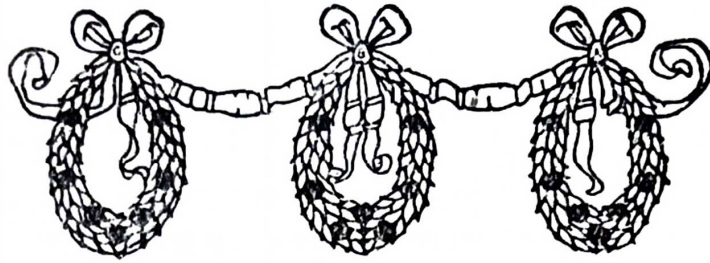
These papers were found to relate to the doings of a ship called the "Nancy," and thinking that they might serve a useful purpose, the officer preserved them until he reached Kingston, which was his next port of call, arriving there just as the case of the "Nancy" came before the authorities.

Imagine the consternation of the "Nancy's" captain and crew, when jubilant at the prospect of release, they were suddenly confronted by papers containing indisputable evidence of their misdeeds, papers which they had thrown overboard when pursued by the ship of war, and which they fancied were buried in the depths of the sea.

Imagine, likewise, your consternation, my unsaved reader, when sins, committed long ago and clean forgotten, as well as sins concealed but unforgotten, *find you out* and confront you!

Does not the thought of it beget within you the desire to flee for refuge to the Saviour? The sins of those who trust in Him will never confront them thus. They will never be charged to their account. God has not only forgiven them, but has declared that He will *remember them no more*. They were laid upon the Saviour. He was confronted with them, and willingly took them and answered for them beneath the rod of a sin-hating God.

But for those who "neglect so great salvation," what remains? Exposure, discovery, confusion of face, judgment, wrath, the lake of fire!



“The Blood of Jesus can do all.”

(Translated from the French).



IN 1864, there was sent to the tribunal of Alar del Rey a chest, containing the lifeless body of a man, a well-known citizen of that town, who had suddenly disappeared.

Search brought about the arrest of two women on suspicion of having murdered him. At the trial they confessed, and were condemned to death.

I was among the priests designated to assist those unfortunate women in their last days, and I had to pass two nights and a day in the chapel, which receives all those condemned to death. Thence comes the Spanish expression, “Enter into chapel,” which announces to the culprits the fate awaiting them.

One of these women was specially confided to

my care. Her despair was painful to witness. The thought of death, and the prospect of meeting God without having the means of *redeeming* her crime by some good works, tortured her frightfully.

In vain did I speak of the confession she had just made, of the cruel death by which she was about to expiate her offence, and specially of the absolution she would receive from my mouth ; all that brought only a fleeting look of alleviation on her agonized face, and she ceased not to wring her hands, repeating :—

“ Who can tell me *that is sufficient* to obtain my pardon ? . . . Oh ! what can I do to obtain pardon, miserable and lost as I am ? ”

Time passed ; the night was coming to a close, and the morrow’s sun would shine on the poor creature’s lifeless body. I had done all I could think of to console her, and felt terribly the insufficiency of human words in presence of such anguish. At last, and without then understanding the full force of my words, I said, “ *But the blood of Christ ought to count for something !* ”

“ Ah ! ” said she, seizing with the avidity of a drowning man the cord I held out to her. “ Yes. the blood of Christ ought to count for something ! ”

“ Not only,” replied I, “ can that blood do

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something, but it can do *all*, for the blood of Jesus, the Son of God, *cleanseth us from all sin.*”

“Is that true?” she said.

“Yes,” was my response; “the Apostle John affirms it in the name of God!”

“Oh! why did you not tell me *that sooner?*” said the poor woman; and I was surprised at the expression of calm on her pale face.

After a minute’s silence, she replied:

“The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; but what must I do that it may wash away *mine also?*”

“My daughter,” replied I, “look to Jesus on the cross, and pronounce the words breathed from His Divine lips with His last sigh: ‘Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit’! Jesus died thus; you must so die, and none will be able to snatch you from God’s hand.”

She threw herself on the damp flags of the sombre chapel, repeating:—

“Pardon, through the blood of Jesus, which purifies! Receive my spirit, O Lord!”

Some time after, I was with her beside the fatal gibbet; the terrors of judgment to come again seized her.

“But I have sinned, and I am about to appear before God! Oh! what will become of me?”

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“Dear friend,” said I, “you can do nothing, but *the blood of Jesus can do all.*”

And, as if this assurance revived her courage, she ceased not to murmur :

“The blood of Jesus has washed away my sin ; I commend my spirit into His hands.”

A few minutes after, human justice was satisfied.

In 1889, crossing one of the principal streets of Madrid, I was accosted by a stranger, who, with a bow and some friendly words, handed me a little book. I asked of what it spoke ; he replied : “Of the precious blood of Christ !” and moved rapidly away. As I observed its title, *Certainly for You also there is a Saviour !* someone said to me :

“Are you not aware that that is a Protestant book, and that you risk excommunication if you are found reading it ?”

Alarmed by these words, and little desirous of becoming a victim of the Holy Office, I tore its pages and scattered them afar. I continued my way with the sense of relief a man experiences on being delivered from some evil ready to overwhelm him. But though satisfied with the turn of this little adventure, the grave, gentle voice of the stranger still resounded in my ears. Those words, “the blood of Christ,” had awakened old

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memories. All the details of a sombre story of crime, judgment, and the gallows passed vividly before me ; at last they drew from me the question, “ Since this woman was consoled by the assurance of the virtue of Christ’s blood, *why* have you torn the book that recalled that truth ? ”

I retraced my steps, but the leaves had been scattered by the wind. I found only a little fragment of the red cover, and I re-read with emotion the title,

Certainly for You also there is a Saviour !

And continuing my serious reflections, “ In short,” said I to myself, “ did you deceive that woman on the threshold of eternity in giving her the hope of pardon in the shed blood ? Your words, were they, then, mere commonplace consolation, memories of cold and barren studies, and to which in reality you yourself attached no importance ? And yet that word comforted her in the dark passage, with eyes towards the invisible world, and, as on the threshold of eternity, she again called them to Jesus, and commended her spirit into His hands. And would this cry remain unanswered ? And would the flames of hell give a cruel denial to that bright faith, to that simple trust ? No, no ; that is impossible.

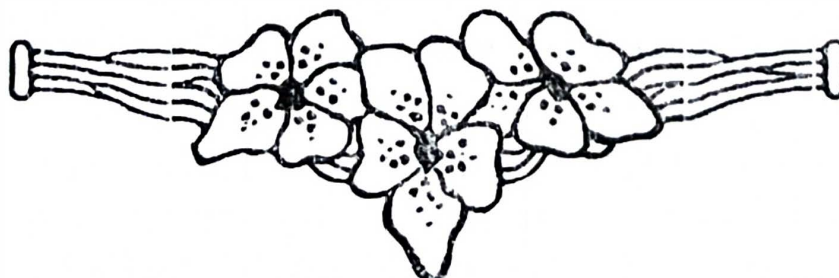
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that cannot be, that Word is true ! But if so, why do you repulse it for yourself, and seek your own pardon by other practices, and by other means ? ”

I could not turn away my spirit from that serious consideration, and the words of the little tract resounded unceasingly in my ears until, a few weeks later, I repaired to a Protestant chapel, when the preacher's text was : “ *The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin* ” (1 John 1. 7).

My conversion dates from that day, and those words, which formerly my lips alone addressed to the poor condemned one, have, by the grace of God, become the foundation of my joyous hope, and, I dare to say, of a calm and deep assurance.

“ Until I saw the blood, 'twas hell my soul was fearing,
And dark and dreary in my eyes the future was
appearing ;
But when I saw the blood, and looked on Him who
shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once, and I with trans-
port read it.”





COMING TO-MORROW.

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

It was night. The stars were glittering down, but the same sense of hushed expectancy pervaded everything. There seemed to be nothing doing,

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and each person looked wistfully on his neighbour, as if to say, "Have you heard?"

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

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

"What joy!" I cried.

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

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in a parlour of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a frail, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was in all its appointments a witness of boundless wealth. Gold, and silver, and gems, and foreign furniture, and costly pictures, and articles of *vertu*—everything that money could buy—were heaped together. The man seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and spoke:—

"I don't know, wife, how you feel, but I don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts

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a stop to everything that I know anything about."

"Oh! John," said the woman, turning towards him a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "how can you say so?"

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

"Well, Mary, it's the truth. I don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish He would put it off! What does He want of me? I'd be willing to make over—well, three millions to found a hospital, if He'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, I'D GIVE THREE MILLIONS TO BUY OFF TO-MORROW."

"He is my best Friend!"

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

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

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

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

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

* * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * *

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

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

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

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

There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room, who whispered,

“ FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.”

“ I'm sure I don't know what that can mean ”

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said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder ;
“ it seems rather fearful.”

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

“ It is bliss to be with Him,” said the poor
woman. “ Oh ! I have so longed for it.”

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

* * * *

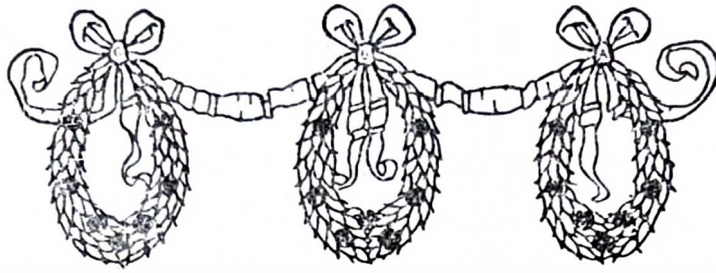
“ Yet a little while, and He that shall come will
come, and will not tarry ” (*Heb.* 10. 37). *Are you
ready ?*

Reader, prepare—“ prepare to meet thy God.”
Believe and be saved, for “ he that believeth not
shall be damned ” (*Mark* 16. 16).

“ The Son of Man cometh at
an hour when ye think not.”

(*Luke* 12. 40).





What is Meant by Believing ?

FRIEND, there are multitudes of people, who believe all ABOUT Christ and the Gospel, but who have never believed ON or IN the Lord Jesus Christ.

Whatever do you mean ? Surely you are splitting hairs.

On the contrary, the difference is most important. Let me illustrate my meaning.

A medical friend of the writer's visited Mount Vernon, in the United States, the old home and burial place of General Washington. He got into conversation with an old coloured man, who had been a slave in the Washington family. The dear old man was a Christian,

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and in the course of conversation he put the matter very forcibly. He said, "There are a mighty lot of professors in America, Sir, but if you were to cut off their heads there would be nothing left." This was his graphic way of explaining that with such there was nothing in the **heart**, no real conversion, no real believing to the saving of the soul.

Let me further illustrate my meaning. Suppose I am walking with a friend down one of the principal streets of a large city. My friend says to me, "Do you see that large house at the corner with the brass plate?" I answer, "Yes." "Well, that is where the great heart specialist of the city lives. Indeed, patients come from all parts of the country to consult him. He is a most successful man."

Just as my friend tells me about this celebrated physician, he comes out of his house, and steps into his carriage, and I am privileged to see him. His face and whole look bear out my friend's remarks. Intellectuality and kindness mark his appearance.

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But my heart happens to be as sound as a bell. I believe all my friend has told me ABOUT the doctor, but the information is of no importance to me, for I don't need his services.

But suppose a few weeks after the conversation I am stricken down with sudden heart-seizure. I immediately think of the doctor, send for him, put my case unreservedly into his hands, and, with the blessing of God, recover. I now **know** the doctor, **know** his skill, and when I speak of him I do so with warmth, for I am grateful to him for his attention. In short, I have believed ON and IN the doctor—before, I only believed **about** him.

Or again, suppose you and I are walking by the seashore one beautiful summer day. We see the lifeboat lying on the sands. We admire its strength, its elegance, its adaptability for saving life. In short, we believe all ABOUT it. But we are in no need of the lifeboat at the moment. Our feet are on the sands. We are in no danger of drowning.

But in six months, suppose we are on the

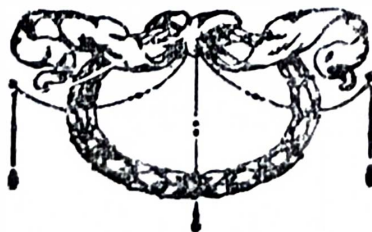
THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

deck of a sinking steamer, and our only hope of rescue from a watery grave lies in the lifeboat. With what different feelings we watch the brave men propelling it through the angry sea. With what relief we drop into it, and are saved. We believe not only ABOUT it, but ON and IN it.

Now EVERY sinner is in need of Christ ; ALL are stricken down with the terrible disease of sin. Friend, have YOU ever come as a needy sinner to Christ, and received Him as your personal Saviour ? Have you received from Him salvation ? If you have not, I don't care what you may believe ABOUT Him, you have never believed ON or IN Him, you have never believed to the saving of the soul. See to it that YOU

“Believe ON the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved”

(Acts 16. 31).



There is a God.

THERE is a God, all nature cries,
I see it painted on the skies,
I see it in the flow'ring spring,
I hear it when the birdlings sing,
I see it in the flowing main,
I see it on the fruitful plain,
I see it stamped on hail and snow,
I see it where the streamlets flow,
I see it in the clouds that soar,
I hear it when the thunders roar,
I see it when the morning shines,
I see it when the day declines,
I see it in the mountain's height,
I see it in the smallest mite,
I see it everywhere abroad,
I feel—I know, there is a God.

* * * * *

FORGIVEN.

In the Evergreen Cemetery near New York
there stands a gravestone. Upon it is carved
one solitary but charming word—"FORGIVEN."
No name, no date, nothing but the one word
is to be seen.

Could as much be truthfully engraved on
YOUR gravestone?



“ But I Don't
FEEL Saved ! ”

HOW often does this sentence fall from the lips
of the anxious sinner, or trembling believer.
It is used wrongly in *two* ways.

* * * *

First, many want to *feel* saved, BEFORE they
are saved. They want to *feel* saved BEFORE
they have received the Lord Jesus Christ as their
personal Saviour.

A lady, who was making this mistake, invited a
well-known preacher to tea. When she handed
him a cup of tea, he made no attempt to take
it, but said, “ I don't *feel* as if I had had a cup
of tea ! ”

She thought his conduct very strange, but good
breeding prevented her expressing her surprise.

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She again said, "Here is a cup of tea for you, Mr. H——."

He replied again, "But I don't *feel* it."

The lady began to be alarmed at his strange conduct, and said to him, "But Mr. H——, you cannot *feel* that you have had a cup of tea until you have *received* it. Take it, drink it down, and then you will feel you have had a cup of tea."

He then explained his conduct. He replied, "And how can you *feel* saved, until you have *received* salvation? Receive Christ, and then you may *know* you are saved."

The lady saw her mistake. In homely language she had been putting the cart before the horse, she had been confounding cause and effect. In Divine things she had been acting in such a way that when the preacher acted thus in human things she thought him, till he explained himself, to be going out of his mind. The preacher's remarkable way of showing up her folly led her to abandon it. She trusted the Lord Jesus Christ, and then *knew* she was saved.

Reader, is this lady's case like your own? Behold your folly. The way of blessing is not *FEEL saved and believe*, but *believe and BE saved*.



THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

Then again, many, who have believed on the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour, are not sure of their salvation, because, as they say, “ They don’t *feel* saved.”

Such make the mistake of not seeing that the believing sinner is saved by *faith*.

Feelings are *internal*, changing oftentimes with the weather, the state of one’s health, the circumstances of the hour, affected by the teaching we receive, and a thousand and one things.

Faith is like an anchor ; laying hold upon an object *outside* of itself altogether, even the Lord Jesus as Saviour.

Feelings are unreliable.

Faith is reliable.

Feelings are variable.

Faith is stable.

Who would think of dropping an anchor *inside* the hold of a vessel. What folly such a proceeding would be. No ; an anchor is always cast *outside* the vessel.

We have something far, far better than our changing feelings as the assurance of salvation when we believe, and that is the imperishable, unchanging Word of God.

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

I remember an evangelist in a Gospel tent at Malvern over twenty years ago, quoting John v. 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.”

He pointed out how “ *Verily, verily* ” meant, “ *Truly, truly*,”—“ *Surely, surely*,” and explained that this *double* assurance came from the Lord’s own lips.

He then testified that he had heard Christ’s words, and believed on Him that sent Him, and that as a consequence he had everlasting life, would not come into judgment, and was passed from death unto life.

He pointed out it was the assurance of *faith*, and that God never puts before the believing sinner the assurance of *feeling*. He then declared that if he never *felt* saved, he would cling to God’s Word, and the assurance it gave ; that if he never *felt* saved from that hour till he got to glory, when he could not help feeling, he would

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

never doubt his soul's salvation ; that it was a matter of *faith*, not feeling.

What a happy trust ! What a God-honouring use he made of God's Word ! Was he right or wrong ? Assuredly he was right.

Can you not say the same, doubting believer ? Take the Lord's own "*Verily, verily,*" and act upon it.

* * * *

I remember once quoting 1 John v. 13 in a Gospel meeting in Sunderland.

“ These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God ; that ye may KNOW that ye HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.”

A tall merchant—nicknamed “ Long John ”—and his handsome wife were at the Gospel service that night.

I illustrated the text thus. Suppose when you come down to breakfast to-morrow you find the postman has left a letter. You take it up to see if it is yours, and you are arrested by the strange wording on the envelope :—

“ Unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God.”

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

I asked, if that happened, could my hearers honestly open the letter as addressed to them.

The merchant's wife responded in her own mind, "Yes, I could."

I then went on, "Now, if you can open the envelope, will you believe the letter inside? Remember it is from God. It admits of no mistake. It is making God a liar to doubt it. Just previous to the verse we read it says, 'He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar' (1 John 5, 10). How serious! How solemn!"

The merchant's wife again responded in her own mind,

"Yes, I will believe the letter. It comes from God. It must be true."

We opened the letter, and read it,

"That ye may KNOW that ye HAVE eternal life."

There and then the lady entered into the assurance that eternal life was hers. But notice, **it** did not say.

"That ye may FEEL that ye HAVE eternal life."

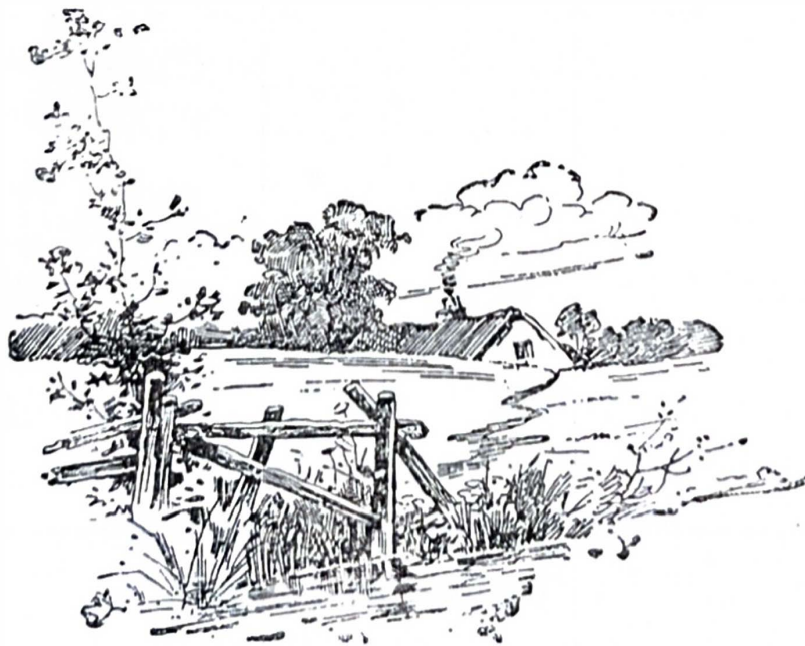
This is the devil's gospel, calculated to keep

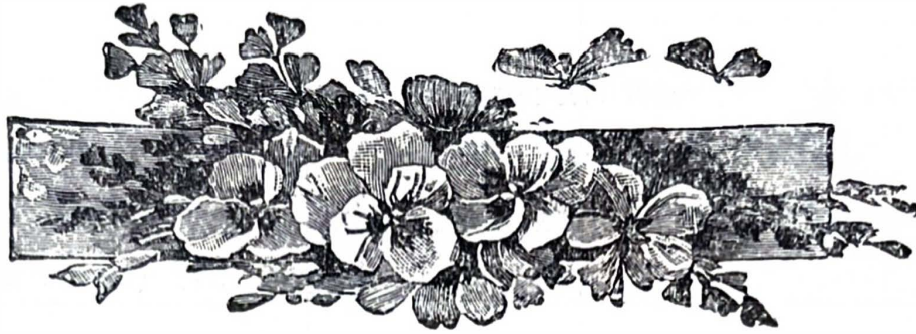
THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

you in doubt and distress. Take God's own word as it stands. There is no presumption in that. the presumption lies the other way, that is in doubting it. "Let God be true, but every man a liar" (*Rom. 3. 4*).

Thus, and thus only, will you get assurance. God will not let you make a Saviour of your *feelings*.

Remember you will never enjoy assurance and peace so long as you look to your feelings as the ground of peace.





A Word to Backsliders.



THERE are two classes of backsliders, well illustrated by the Apostles Judas and Peter.

Judas made a great profession without an atom of reality in it, and consequently an awful exposure took place. There are many degrees of likeness found to him, but they all agree in this—

PROFESSION WITHOUT REALITY.

I would shrink from instituting a full parallel with many, for there are thousands, alas! who are deceiving themselves as well as others, many who imagine that they are on the road to heaven, when they are on the road to hell. Many honestly believe that observances of religion and blameless life will save their souls. Awful delusion!

Now the sooner such backslide from a false profession the better. Indeed such are more honest without any profession at all.

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

A girl came to me weeping one day, and said,
I'm the leading singer in the chapel choir, and
have passed as a Christian for eleven years ; but
since your meetings,

I HAVE FOUND OUT THAT I AM ONLY A SHAM.

WHAT AM I TO DO ? "

I told her she might as well drop her mask,
give up her false profession, for sooner or later
God would take it from her, turn to Christ in
reality and be saved. Thank God, she did so, and
is now a rejoicing Christian.

But there is the backslider like Peter Do I
address one such ? Peter was a true man, loved
his Lord, and found backsliding a painful course,
and recovered himself by repentance and confes-
sion. You remember when you were converted,
when you were happy.

WHAT HAS CAUSED YOUR BACKSLIDING ?

Intemperance, love of the world, love of money,
sin allowed unjudged ? The Lord desires your
recovery. His everlasting love is set upon you.
He will never give you up. He died for you.
You are His, and His for ever. He looked on
Peter, He looks on you : He sought Peter's
recovery, He seeks yours.

You are dishonouring Him and grieving His

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

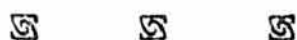
heart by staying away. What has He done that He deserves such treatment at your hands? The longer you stay away the harder will it be to retrace your steps. Get into the Lord's presence, make a full confession of your sin and folly, and get right with Him. He will give you strength, and show you what to do. But it must be His strength, for there is no strength in yourself. You have found this out, surely.

“Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. Know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God ” (*Jer. 2. 19*).

“Return, ye backsliding children, I will heal your backslidings ” (*Jer. 3. 22*).

“Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them UNTO THE END ” (*John 13. 1*).





MANY years ago, when the Turks ravaged the South of Europe, and threatened to conquer Germany, a young Christian was carried captive to the fortress of Belgrade. The governor, knowing that his prisoner was a brave and good officer, offered him rewards and honours if he would turn Mahometan. "I would not desert my earthly king to be made your sultan," answered the youth ; "think you, then, I would desert the Lord of Heaven, who died for me, to embrace a false faith ? Forsake Christ !—not if I were to be flayed alive."

"Ha !" said the governor, "you speak proudly, young man. Perhaps this spirit may yet be brought down."

"I speak not from pride, but from faith," the Christian replied ; "the faith which Christ gave, and which Christ will maintain. The religion of Christ is humble, but it is firm."

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“ We will try if it cannot be shaken,” said the governor.

Every cruelty almost that could be practised was made use of. It would hardly be possible to tell all the cruel sufferings laid upon him ; but instead of embracing the religion of Mahomet he went on constantly telling his persecutor of the excellence of Christ, and showing him how he was sustained and comforted by His blessed power.

The Turk thought that to degrade a man of his rank to the level of beasts of burden would crush his spirit ; so he was harnessed with the oxen, and dragged the plough with them. But in answer to all the revilings and questionings of his tyrant, he replied : “ If you knew the doctrine of Christ, you would not act thus. It bids men to love even their enemies ; and for sinners Christ died.” But the Turk was hardened more and more. He had set his heart on the accomplishment of his purpose. Suffering, toil, hunger, and uncleanness were destroying his poor captive, when the friends of the young officer formed a plan for his deliverance.

A Turkish ambassador had been sent by his governor on a mission of importance. The friends of the Christian nobleman watched his return, waylaid him, surprised and scattered his guards, and seized his person. They shed no blood and took no booty, but carried the ambassador away, and kept him safely. A ransom was offered by the Sultan, but it was refused ; a larger

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ransom was refused, and then the captors were asked what ransom they would accept. They offered to exchange the ambassador for the young officer, who was held captive in Belgrade. The Turkish government thought the terms very easy, and ordered the young noble to be released. The cruel governor was obliged to convey him to the frontier, where the prisoners were exchanged.

Rich and poor rejoiced at his return, for he was much loved. But how changed was his appearance ! His cheeks were pale and hollow, and his frame all worn and wasted. He had suffered for Christ's sake.

He spent two happy years serving God, and having the good report of all men, when war came again, and Belgrade was taken from the Turks. The governor was a prisoner. Perhaps he had been thinking of getting back his former captive, but to his horror he learned that he was to be delivered into the custody of his young Christian adversary, whom he had yoked with oxen to the plough.

The young officer had distinguished himself in the siege, and for his sole reward and prize he had asked the disposal of the governor's person. Knowing how cruelly he had been treated, the leaders of the army supposed that a desire for vengeance was his object.

The former governor was confined in the fortress. but was not thrust into the inner dungeon.

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When the young nobleman went to see his captive, he found him sitting with his arms folded, and a stern expression on his countenance, as if he expected the worst, and was ready to meet it.

“Do your worst !” he cried. “I am in your power, but I will obey the law of our prophet.”

“And I,” replied the Christian, “will obey the law of my Lord, which is—‘Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.’ Your life and liberty are in my power, and as His servant I restore them to you.”

The Turk thought it was on condition of his becoming a Christian.

“The doctrine of Christ is one of *love*,” said the young nobleman ; “no Christian must persecute anyone into his religion. I offer you life and liberty, just as Christ offers us salvation—freely ; they are yours.”

The Turk looked at him earnestly. “Do I understand,” said he, “that you would give me life and liberty ? Do you recollect me ? Do you remember your sufferings ? ”

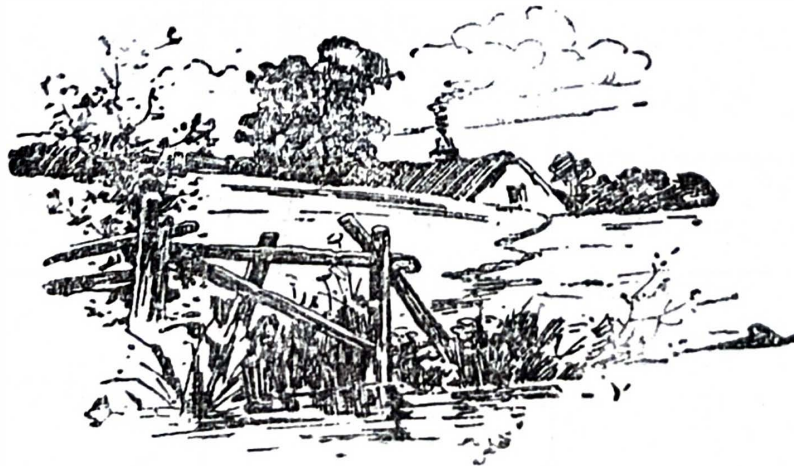
“Yes ; but Christ’s law is love, His doctrine is mercy, and His precept is forgiveness. Come, you are free ! ”

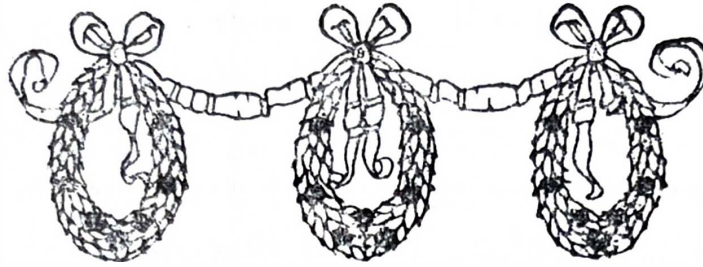
“It is too late !” cried the Turk. “The religion of Christ is the religion of God ; there is

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no other religion of love and forgiveness. But I expected evil for evil, and cruelty for cruelty ; and to save myself from your vengeance I have taken poison. It is certain, but very slow in its effect. I would spend the time that remains in learning more of the religion, which has made you act as you have done, and to bear what you have borne ; it must be divine.”

The distressed, yet happy Christian, had his former enemy removed to his own abode, and used the remaining time in preaching unto him Jesus. The result is known only to God ; but it is recorded in the annals of the time and country that the dying Turk requested to be baptized, professing the faith of Christ, which once he had despised.





The Lord will Provide.



"**N**O," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man. You can get someone else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"You think, then, there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls his 'home.' But I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes, he did."

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“ And you caved in, likely ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ What in creation did you do ? ”

“ I believe I shed a few tears.”

“ The old fellow begged you hard, you say ? ”

“ No. I didn’t say so—he didn’t speak a word to *me*.”

“ Well, may I ask whom did he address in your hearing ? ”

“ God.”

“ He took to praying, did he ? ”

“ Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easy enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me ; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cosy sitting-room, and there on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady, who looked for all the world just like my mother did the last time I saw her on earth

“ Well, I was on the point of knocking again, when she said ‘ Come, father, now begin ; I am all ready.’ Down on his knees by her side went the old white-haired man—still older than his wife, I should judge—and I couldn’t have knocked then for the life of me.

“ Well, he began. First he reminded God that

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they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they should not rebel against His will. Of course it was going to be hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless ; and oh, how different it might have been if only one of the boys had been spared !

“ Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlid, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could ever be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated !

“ But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the good Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their little house, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from, if it could be consistent with God’s will.

“ And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. At last he prayed for God’s blessing on those about to demand justice.”

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Then the lawyer continued, more slowly than ever: "And—I—believe I had rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than stain my hands and heart with the blood of such a persecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat that prayer. I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desires to Him. But, of all the pleading I ever heard, that moved me most.

"You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I am sure I don't know; but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, uneasily, "I wish you hadn't told me about the old man's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring. I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell me about it. I wish you had not heard a word about it, and another time I would not listen to petitions not intended for your ears."

The lawyer smiled.

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“My dear fellow,” he said, “you are wrong again. It *was* intended for *my* ears, and *yours*, too; God intended it. I remember my old mother used to sing—

*‘God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.’ ”*

“Well, my mother used to sing it, too,” said the client, and he twisted the claim paper in his fingers.

Then, after a pause, he went on, “You can call in the morning, if you like, and—well, tell ‘mother and him’ the claim has been met.”

“*In a mysterious way,*” added the lawyer.

TIRED, TROUBLED CHILD OF GOD, CAN YOU
NOT TRUST YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER? HE LOVES.
HE KNOWS. HE CARES.



“ What think ye of Christ ? ”

YOUTH.

Too happy to think—there's time enough sure ;

MANHOOD.

Too busy to think—of gold I want more ;

PRIME.

Too anxious to think—toil, worry, and fret ;

DECLINING YEARS.

Too aged to think—old hearts harder get ;

DYING BED.

Too ill now to think—weak, suffering and lone ;

DEATH.

'Tis too late to think—the spirit has flown.

ETERNITY.

FOR EVER TO THINK. God's mercy is past,
And I into hell am righteously cast
To weep o'er my doom, which for ever must last.



When will you

Decide for Christ ?

“WILL YOU DECIDE NOW ? ” was the question I put to an elderly man ; but no answer followed. His head was bowed in thought. I waited, and still waited, but no reply came.

“ WHEN WILL YOU DECIDE ? ” was my next interrogation ; but yet no response.

“ WILL YOU DECIDE TWENTY YEARS HENCE ? ” Twenty years, twenty years, and the man already old !

“ No,” said he ; **“ it is not likely that I shall live twenty years ! ”**

“ THEN WILL YOU DECIDE TEN YEARS HENCE ? ”

“ No,” said he ; **“ I dare not put it off ten years.”**

“ THEN WILL YOU DECIDE FIVE YEARS HENCE ? ”

“ No,” he replied ; **“ I dare not delay for five years.”**

“ THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS TIME NEXT YEAR ? ”

THE JOURNEY AND ITS END

“ No,” said he ; “ I might die before next year.”

“ THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS DAY NEXT MONTH ? ”

His answer was delayed.

It may be that the devil suggested that four weeks would soon roll round, and that he might safely wait that length of time ; but at last, after mature consideration, he said—

“ No, I should not wait a month.”

“ THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS DAY NEXT WEEK ? ”

Again he said “ No.”

“ THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS TIME TO-MORROW ? ”

To-morrow, so near at hand ! To-morrow, only a few hours away ! To-morrow ! “ No,” said the old man. “ I ought to decide now ! ”

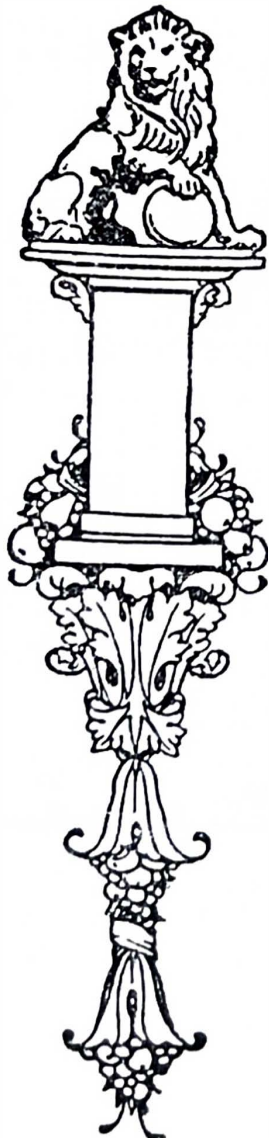
WHY NOW ? Age, wisdom, conscience, time, eternity, Scripture furnish the reason why. Their combined and unanimous, their long, and loud, and only cry is NOW ! NOW ! NOW !

Undecided reader, say when shall it be ? When ? It may be NOW or NEVER. God places a period before you. He says, “ NOW is the day of Salvation ” ; nay more, He says, “ NOW is the accepted time ” DECIDE FOR CHRIST NOW !

God is Not Mocked.



A NOTORIOUS infidel had a considerable following in a certain town. He was one of the braggart



stamp, and seemed to revel in his outpourings of blasphemy against God. One day, in the height of his folly, he challenged God, if such a Being existed, to fight him in a certain wood.

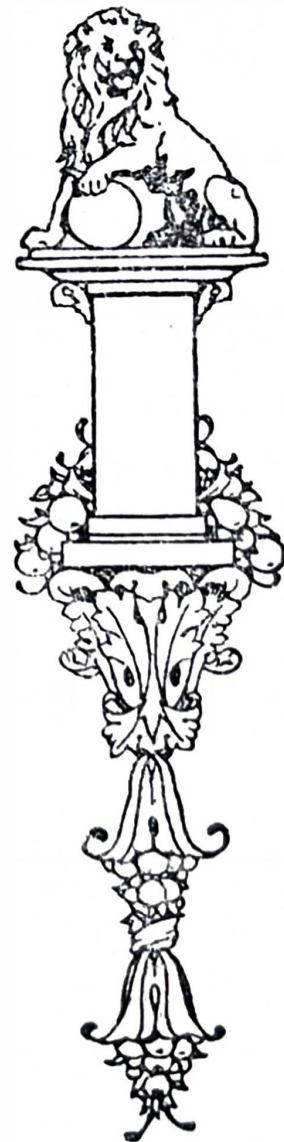
The day came, and he went defiantly to the wood, stayed a certain time, and returned home again apparently all right, and no doubt jubilant of his seeming success.

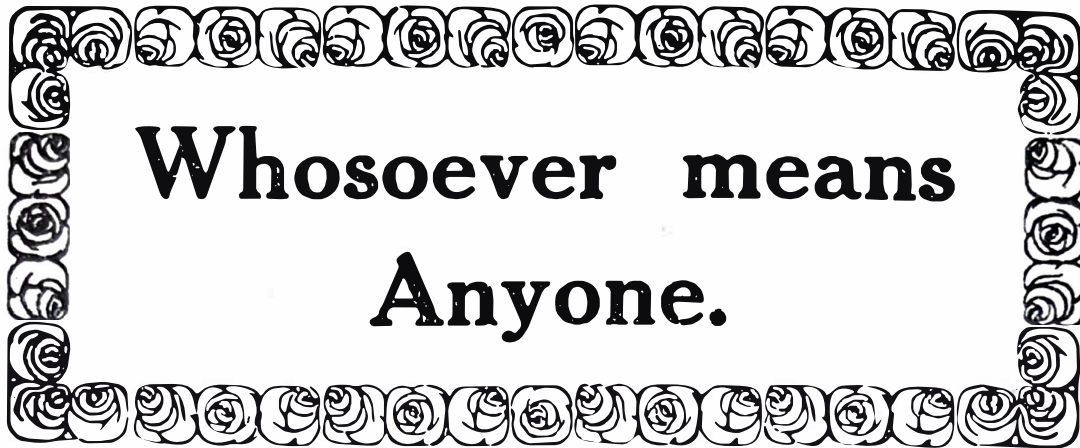
But when in the wood there had alighted on his eyelid a tiny midge, which he brushed away, paying no attention to it. At night it swelled up, and blood poisoning setting in, he died.

“The fool hath saith in his heart, There is no God.” God sent one of His tiniest insects, and the boasting braggart fell before it.



NOTE.—*This remarkable and striking incident is vouched for as strictly accurate. The compiler of this volume holds information as to the place and time of its occurrence, and there are witnesses of it alive to this day. It is worthy of being pondered over, especially in the fact that a long-suffering God did not strike the blasphemer dead upon the spot, but gave him four days' warning, and space for repentance.*





Whosoever means Anyone.

WHOSOEVER means anyone. Now just let us read John iii. 16 together, and change the word whosoever: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that anyone who believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." How strange that more souls do not take advantage of this message of mercy and receive eternal life! It is without money and without price—free—for anyone. Reader, if unsaved, do you take it, and take it now.

A TRUE INCIDENT WELL ILLUSTRATES THIS.

An old woman was dying, she had but a brief time to live. By her bedside sat a little girl reading the Scriptures to her. She was reading this chapter (John iii.), and had reached verse 16, when the poor old woman's attention was arrested by the word, "whosoever." She stopped the child, and

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asked her what “whosoever” meant. The child did not know. “Then,” said the woman, “run as quickly as you can, and ask the first person you meet.”

The girl put down the Bible, and ran away to enquire the meaning of the word, “whosoever.”

She stopped the first person she met, and said, “If you please, Sir, can you tell me the meaning of the word, ‘whosoever’?”

“Oh! yes, my little girl,” replied the gentleman, “it just means anybody that likes.”

She thanked him, and ran back to the old woman.

As soon as she reached the bedside the poor dying creature raised her fast-closing eyes, and said, “Oh! have you found out yet?”

“Yes,” replied the girl. “I met a gentleman, who said it just means anybody that likes.”

“Thank God!” she replied, as she put her thin hands together, and looked up to heaven, “Thank God then, I like, I like!”

And soon after she breathed her last, and without doubt passed away to be with Him who had been set before her as the object of faith.

Allow me, dear reader, to draw your attention to this remarkable verse, and also to divide it for you. Please to notice the two sides:—

GOD'S SIDE.

**“God so LOVED
the world, that
He GAVE His only-
begotten Son,”**

YOUR SIDE.

**“That whoso-
ever BELIEVETH
in Him should not
perish, but HAVE
everlasting life.”**

Remark, the loving and giving are God's side ;
the believing and having are your side.

Now do not follow the bad example of so many.
They are trying to change sides with God ; trying
to do the loving and giving, and wanting Him to
do the believing and having ; that is, they are
trying to love God and trying to serve God ; then
they hope He will believe in their earnestness, and
receive their good works, and give them eternal
life on account of it all.

No, my friend, no. You are all wrong. You
must keep your own side of the line, or you will
never get the blessing. God has loved you, and
given His Son for you ; that is His part. Now do
you really believe in Him with your heart ? If
so, then God says you shall not perish, and that
you have—now—here in this world—everlasting
life.

**“He that believeth on the Son
HATH everlasting life”** (*John 3. 36*).

Out of his own Mouth.



AMID the loud applause of a crowded audience, an infidel lecturer was labouring to prove the folly of believing in a living God.

When an opportunity was given for discussion, a man stepped forward, and narrated how he had once witnessed from a river's bank, a boat borne down the current towards a dangerous rapid. In it was a man struggling to make the shore.

All his efforts failing, frantically he cast away the oar, and cried to God for mercy. Marvellously he was rescued from the very brink of death.

Imagine the confusion of the infidel when the finger of the speaker was pointed at him, and amid breathless silence he said, "And that was the man, who is now before you, attempting to prove that there is neither God nor eternity, neither judgment to come nor the need of salvation.

The pretended infidel withdrew, while in solemn silence the audience dispersed.

"SUPPOSE IT'S TRUE AFTER ALL."

TWO friends were talking on religious topics.

They discussed the question of punishment for sin in a future life.

They settled to their own satisfaction that there was none.

They decided that hell was a myth.

They argued that God was a God of love, and could not consign His creatures to hell and punishment.

The conversation dropped, when a Christian, who had been a silent listener to the discussion, said, "*Suppose it's true after all.*"

The words seemed to cut the air, and fall on the ears of the other two with crushing force. The power of God seemed behind them, as it ever is behind the truth. Solemn silence reigned for many minutes. God had spoken.

Suppose it's true after all that God must punish sin? How would *you* stand before Him? What could you say to Him? How would you fare before the Judge?

Suppose it's true after all that hell is a reality? A sceptic sneeringly asked, "*Where is Hell?*" The ready and true answer came, "*At the end of a Christ-*

rejecting life." Let me ask you, what lies at the end of the path you are now treading?

Suppose it's true after all that the Lord Jesus is the only Saviour, and His death the only means by which you can be fitted for God's presence. What if you neglect *Him*?

"What think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of Him."

Suppose it's true after all that the much-despised blood of Jesus is the only thing that can cleanse you from your sins. Has it cleansed you, or are you still in your sins going on at a frightful pace to a lost eternity?

Suppose it's true after all, as Scripture states, that salvation is not of works. What is all your church-going, Sunday-school teaching, teetotalism, and the like, if you rely upon any or all these as good works to save you or help to save you? Worse than useless. A fatal mistake, if persisted in.

Suppose it's true after all. Ah! if it were all untrue, the believer has the best of it in this world, and is no worse off in the next. But if it is true after all, how terrible will be your doom if you die in your sins.

Suppose it IS True after all.



YOU are a young convert. You have come to Christ, and have been saved by Him. God knows this, and you know it ; but God wants you to let others know it. He wants you to own that you belong to Christ. This is what is meant by “ confession.”

Take your stand for Christ !

Wherever you may be, in the barracks or trenches, on the battleship, in the office or at the bench, and above all at home, take your stand for Christ at once. Keep close enough to Him to be at a long distance from an evil man, a foolish jest or a wicked story. From the side of Christ down to the company of fools who make a mock at sin (*Prov. 14. 9*) is a deep descent indeed, and you will find the return difficult and sorrowful.

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Be careful what you laugh at. Christ, the living Bread, which came down from Heaven, is your daily food (*read John 6.*). Do not let the ungodly suppose that you have a relish for unholy talk. If Christ is your life, then say with Paul : "To me to live is Christ."

Next, confess Christ with your lips.

"What's your name, Doctor?"

It was on the battle-field. A soldier lay bleeding to death. Seeing a surgeon passing near, he faintly called, "Doctor, please." The surgeon dismounted, attended to the man, gave all possible relief, and ordered him to be conveyed at once to the hospital.

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

"Oh! no matter."

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

Surely that was becoming gratitude, and do you not think the Lord Jesus deserves as much from you? Does He not say to you as He did to another, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the

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Lord hath done for thee '' (*Mark* 5. 19). Tell it out, dear young believer. It will strengthen you. It will be a safeguard to you. It is more likely you will stand firm if you openly confess the name of Christ.

Is confession easy?

No, it is not. And it becomes no easier because it is postponed. To-day you may confess Christ with blushes and awkwardness, with blunders and stammering lips. Never mind ; better to confess Christ so than be silent. To-morrow it will be much easier, and soon you may be so strong in His strength that you cannot help saying with the Psalmist—"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul '' (*Psalms* 66. 16).

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

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tender boys and girls have their record on its pages.

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

Do not be a coward, but follow in the track of such brave confessors, who are passing Heavenward, led by Christ Himself. You have countless blessings, may you not miss this one :

**"Blessed is he, whosoever shall
shall not be offended in Me"**

(Matt. 11. 6).

**"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).*



ETERNITY.

*Lines written on an old
clock tower in a village in
Buckinghamshire.*

TIME'S on the wing—how
swift he speeds his way,
Hast'ning to sink in one eter-
nal day;

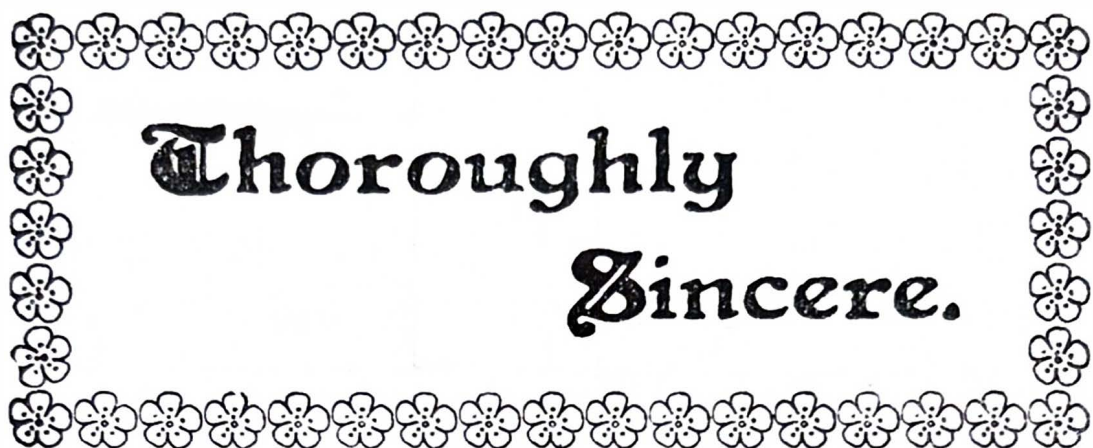
Pause, passing trav'ler—
what *thy* destiny

When death unveils its vast
eternity?

Live then to Christ—in Christ
eternal gain;

No Christ, no hope, but ever-
lasting pain.





Thoroughly Sincere.

MANY people, when spoken to about their soul's relationship to God, and of the importance of being "prepared" to meet Him, say, "We don't think it matters much what religion a man professes, so long as he is thoroughly sincere!" This, however, is a fearful mistake. No one acts on that principle in regard to earthly things. If he did, the greatest fool would tell him of his folly.

Just let us test the sincerity of such a notion. Your child is taken very ill, and you want to fetch the doctor. Every moment is of consequence; you can't stop to put on your top coat, but snatch up your hat, and start off at a run.

You know the name of the street he lives in, but you have no idea where it is situated.

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Never mind that, make up for it by sincerity, run all the harder.

“ Stop, friend, stop ! ” cries out a neighbour, who knows your errand, “ you’re going the wrong way.”

“ I can’t stop,” you reply, “ I’m in too great a hurry.”

“ But your hurry is all lost time, you are getting further and further off.”

“ Never mind, I’m thoroughly sincere, look how hard I’m running.”

But you never reach the doctor, and your child dies.

**Friend, sincerity on the wrong
road means travelling the faster
to eternal destruction !**

“ Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God ” (John 3. 3.)

“ Christ Jesus came into the world to SAVE sinners ” (1 Tim. 1. 15).

“ He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life ” (John 3. 36).



A Personal Matter.



"CHRISTIANITY," said Martin Luther,
"is a religion of personal pronouns."
How true this is!

It is not, **We** are all sinners, but—

I am a sinner.

It is not, Jesus is a Saviour, but—

Jesus is MY Saviour.

If you have not made it a **personal** matter like this, my reader, you are not saved.

A young man in the West Indies once said to me, "I believe all you say, and I like your meetings, but I am not saved. How is it?"

I replied "Have you ever got into the presence of God and said, 'O God, if there were not another sinner on earth, I am one, and, as a sinner, I claim Christ as **my** Saviour, even though every other sinner refuses Him?'"

"Well," he said, "it is your very personal way of putting it that I do not like."

Ah! this was the secret. He had missed the blessing, because he refused to make it a personal matter.

Reader, have **you** made it a personal matter yet?

The Thief of Eternity.

SUCH is procrastination.

An American preacher relates the following illustration of this: A bright boy heard and was deeply impressed by the text, "My son, give Me thine heart." Satan whispered, "Time enough yet," and he put it off.

Ten years later a brilliant collegian heard the same text under circumstances which seemed to make that the time of his salvation. Again the tempter whispered successfully, "Time enough yet."

Twenty years later a statesman listened to the same text from the lips of an aged bishop, and felt it was a message for him. This time the tempter said, "Visit foreign countries before you decide."

A traveller in Paris was stricken with cholera. But his greatest suffering was agony of soul because he was not prepared to die. His last words were,

"TOO LATE."

The boy, the collegian, the statesman, and the traveller were one.



**“I should so love to lay my Crown
at His Feet.”**

ONE of the chaplains of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, had been preaching on the Second Coming of the Lord, and afterwards, in conversation with the preacher, the Queen exclaimed: “Oh! how I wish that the Lord would come in my lifetime!”

“Why,” asked the chaplain, “does your Majesty feel this very earnest desire?”

The Queen replied with quivering lips, and her whole countenance lighted up by deep emotion—

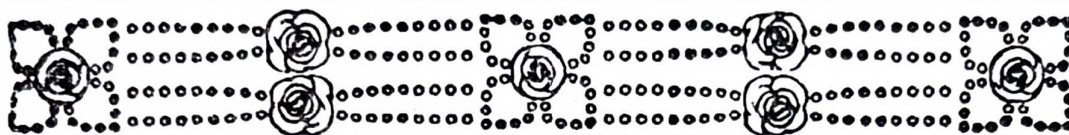
“I should so love to lay my crown at His feet.”



TO-MORROW.

**I HAVE nothing to do with to-morrow,
My Saviour will make that His care;
Should He fill it with trouble and sorrow,
He'll help me to suffer and bear.**

**I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
Its burdens then why should I share?
Its grace and its faith I can't borrow,
Then why should I borrow its care?**



He's Left All.

* * *

TWO friends met on the street.

They had just heard of the sudden death of a mutual acquaintance, possessed of much of this world's goods.

"What has he left?" enquired one.

"He's left ALL," was the abrupt and unexpected reply.

Yes; and when you come to die, my unconverted reader, YOU will leave all— your friends, your home, your pleasures, your money, your all.

But stay, there is one thing, my unsaved friend, you would give worlds to be able to leave behind, but you cannot—YOUR SINS, unless you come to the Lord, and experience the cleansing value of the precious blood of Christ.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth . . . from ALL sin."

(1 John 1. 7).

Forgiveness.

1. It is SECURED for us by the blood of Christ.
2. It is RECEIVED by us through faith.
3. It is ASSURED to us by the Word of God.

How simple, how encouraging, how graciously lovely, are these closing invitations to the thirsty on the closing pages of Holy Writ !

“ I WILL GIVE ”—“ FREELY.”

“ I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely ” (Rev. 21. 6).

“ LET HIM TAKE ”—“ FREELY.”

“ And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely ” (Rev. 22. 17).

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