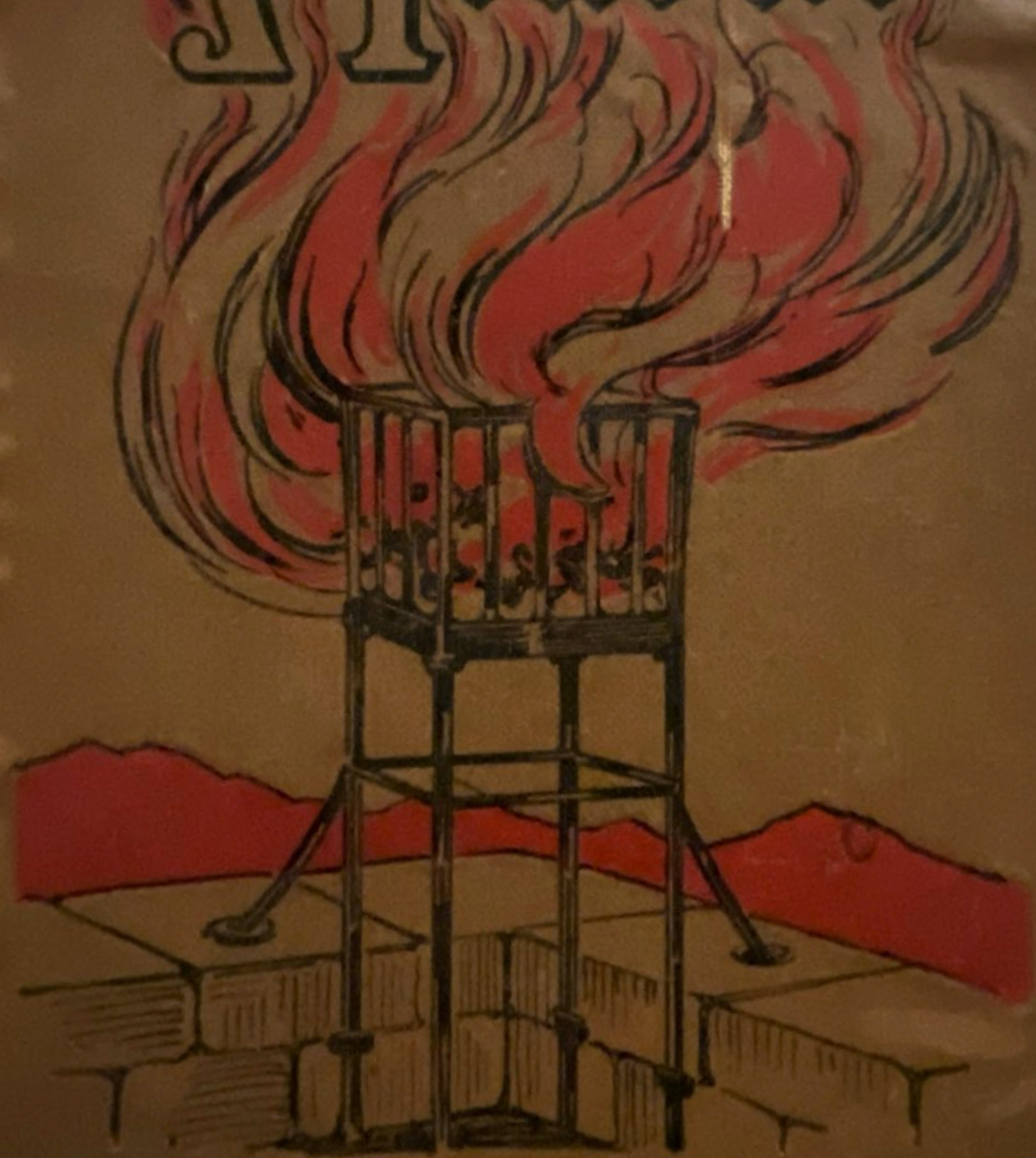


Spread the Alarm



*With the Editor's
Best Wishes*

SPREAD THE ALARM

OR

CLARION CALLS TO SEEK THE LORD

COMPILED BY

JOHN GRAY

Editor, "The Believer's Pathway," etc.



PICKERING & INGLIS

14 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

229 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

29 GEORGE IV BRIDGE, EDINBURGH

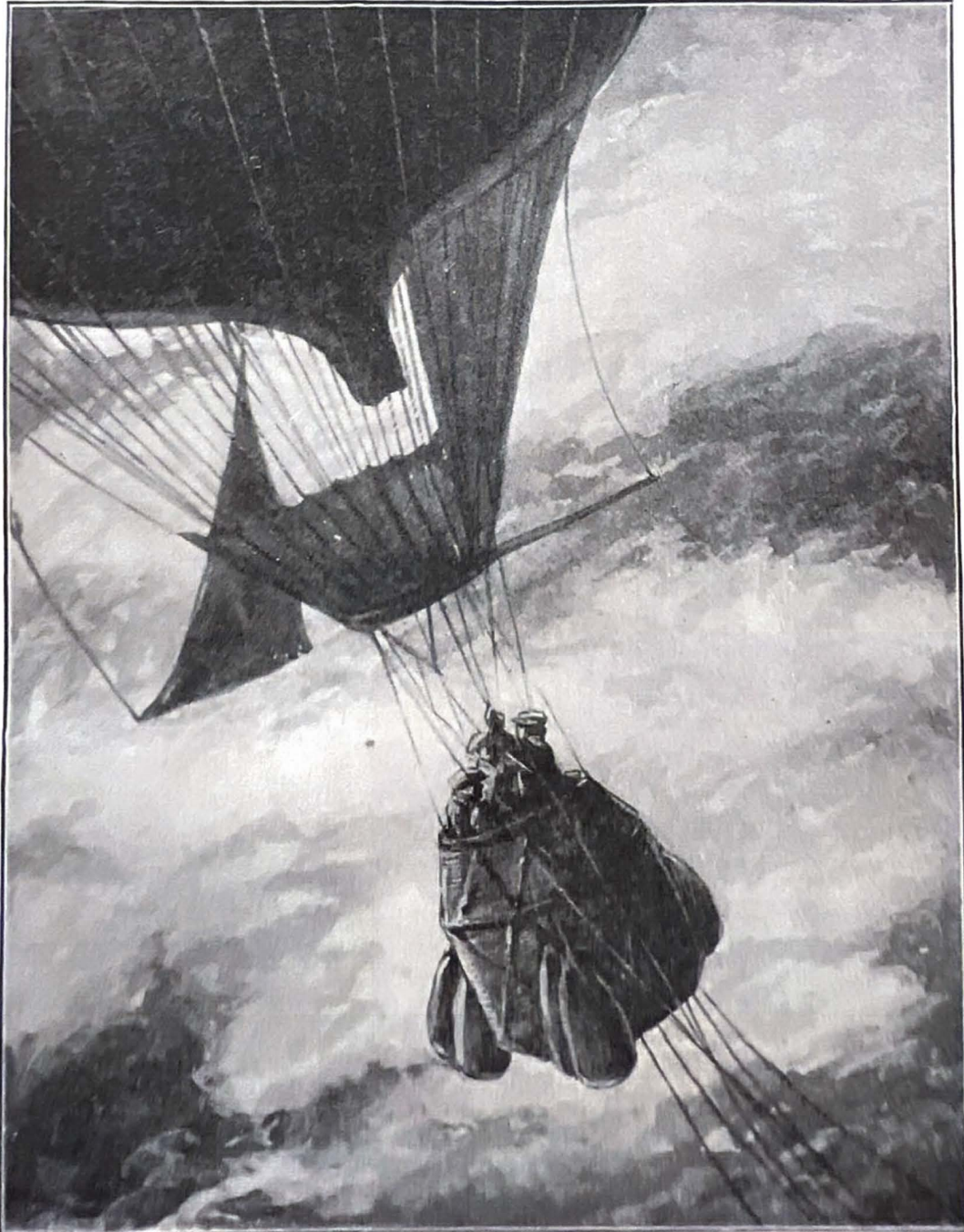
H.54.32

Made and Printed in Great Britain

A TRAGIC FLIGHT

— OR, —

THE AVIATOR WHO, WITH HIS TWO COMPANIONS, LOST THEIR LIVES IN AN ATTEMPT TO DEFY THE ARCTIC AND REACH THE NORTH POLE.



A PRIMITIVE DIRIGIBLE BALLOON.

"A harpoon and three rifles bore mute testimony to the little band's struggle for existence."

A TRAGIC FLIGHT.

JULY, 11th, 1897, was the date of a note from Salomon-August Andree brought back to civilization by a carrier-pigeon. With two companions he had set out from Danes Island, Spitzbergen, in his primitive dirigible balloon—a huge bag, with sails and ropes to guide it. He was to defy the Arctic and if possible reach the North Pole. But the message, which reported a “good journey northward,” was to be his last, and for thirty-three years nothing more was known of him. Then, quite unexpectedly, a scientific expedition, on what is known as White Island, came across the bodies of the three men, frozen and still well preserved, together with scientific instruments and remnants of what had been their last camp. A harpoon and three rifles bore mute testimony to the little band’s struggle for existence, while the remains of a polar bear suggested that they had probably lived for a time on its flesh.

The tragedy of the explorers’ desperate plight can readily be imagined. Such refuge as could be found amid the ridges and gullies of a broken ice-field could be of but short duration. Strength, severely tested, at last would give way under the strain of privation and suffering. Help was not to be had. Had the Radio existed then, Andree could have called ships to his aid, but as it was, confronted with insurmountable difficulties, he could only seek a sheltered spot and wait for help—the help that never came.

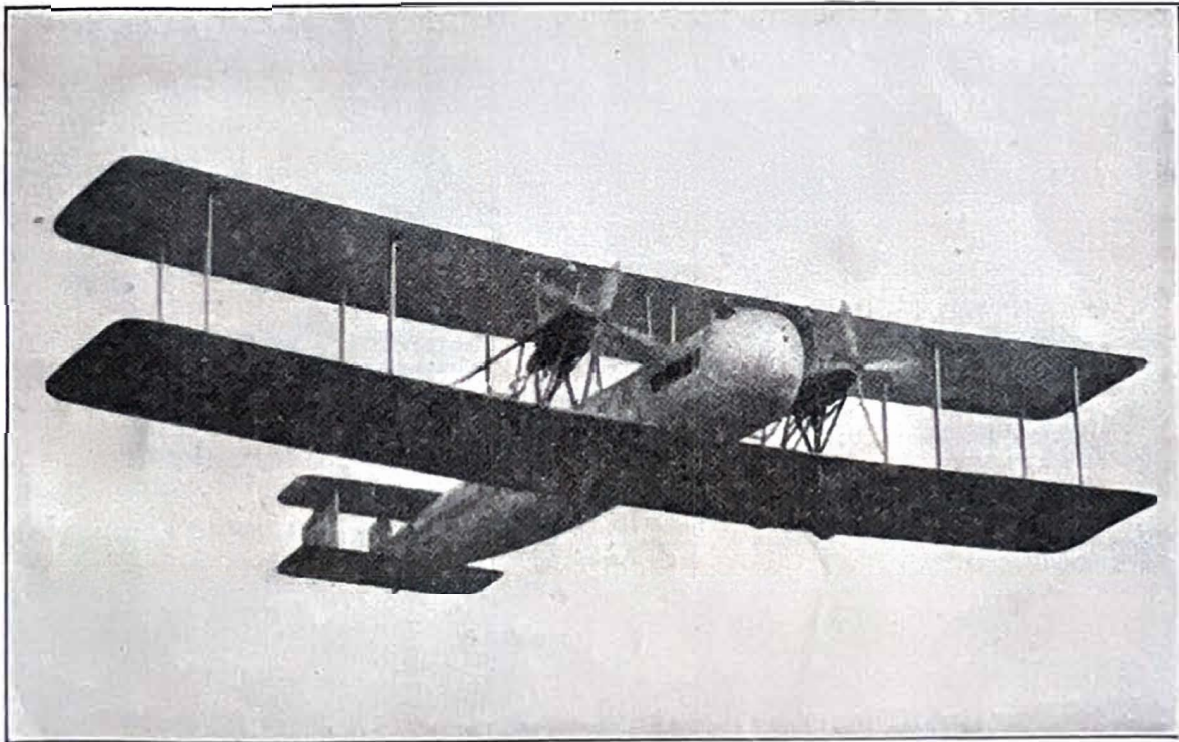
We wonder whether, when the explorers found themselves without shelter, without strength, and without help, they were able to look upward in confidence and say, “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear” (Psa. 46). It is a Christian’s joy to be able to say this. And only those can truly say it who know that they “have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. 5. 1). Have you this peace, reader? Could you, had you been in Andree’s place, face to face with certain death, have accepted it calmly, knowing that, for you, it would have meant “to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better?” Or would you have found yourself utterly without consolation, without refuge and without help, and have passed from this scene into eternal despair?

A Tragic Flight.

Remember, your turn is coming. You may avoid courting death as Andree did, but it will come!

By your sins you have incurred the wrath of a holy God. By your carelessness you have so far forfeited His mercy. By putting off still further the matter of your salvation, you may ensure your doom. Will you not pause, as you read this, and consider well where you stand?

God desires that you should be saved. He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9). The Son of God, the Lord



A MODERN AEROPLANE.

Jesus Christ, "came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). He was made "sin for us . . . that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). On Calvary's Cross He bore what your sins and mine deserved, that we might be spared an eternity of torment and share His glory. He longs at this moment to become your Saviour. Will you not accept Him? Will you not simply cast yourself, believingly, upon Him? If you do so, you, too, will know God as your refuge, strength, and help, and in the face of eternity itself will be able to say, "Therefore will we not fear."

F.W.S.

IN THE DARK.

“WHAT the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over” is a good old-fashioned proverb, and sound common sense. If it is true of material things, how much more of spiritual! We all know ourselves to be sinners, in an abstract way, but because we do not know how sinful we are, we go on our way placidly, careless of what God thinks of us: and what shall the end be?

On board one of the old sailing ships many years ago there was a cabin boy who was as impudent a young rascal as ever walked. He “sauced” the sailors and officers alike, showing not a trace of respect even for the captain himself. The men kicked and cuffed him, the officers had him rope’s-ended, but all to no purpose. One day, when he had been more exasperating than ever, he insulted the captain to his face. The latter was at his wits’ end to know how to deal with him; but the mate said: “Leave him to me, sir; I will try a new plan with him.” The mate ordered the hatches to be opened and lowered the boy down into the hold. “Stay there,” he said, “till you beg the captain’s pardon!” The smell of the bilge-water was vile, but the boy remained defiant. In two or three hours’ time the mate reappeared, opened the hatch, and shouted: “Now will you beg the captain’s pardon?” “No, I won’t,” growled the boy; “I’m glad I said it!”

“Whatever are we to do with the boy?” said the mate to himself. Then, turning to a sailor, he said, “Fetch me a lantern!” The lantern was lowered down into the hold and the boy was recommended to have a look at his hitherto unseen companions. Half-a-dozen rats scampered away over his feet; some giant cockroaches hurried off out of the light. Black, slimy things glistened all around him; and there seemed to be a collection of all the most loathsome things he had ever dreamed of. A wild yell came out of the hold. “Fetch me out of this, sir,” shrieked the boy. “I’ll never be rude again!” “Will you beg the captain’s pardon?” “Yes, sir, that I will!” And from that day it needed only a hint of the black hold and its occupants to keep the boy as docile and respectful as one could wish.

You smile, perhaps, yet the thoughts of your heart and mine are like the contents of that black hold, “deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.” The trouble is,

In the Dark.

that perhaps you have not yet realised how bad they are in God's sight. But when the light of God's Holy Word shines into your heart, you will exclaim with Paul, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?" Perhaps you feel with Solomon that you have learned to know the "plague of your own heart?" Then you surely long for a deliverer! Just as that boy needed to receive help



AN OLD SAILING SHIP.

from above, so do you and I. All must be done for us if we are to be drawn up out of our surroundings into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God. Ordinances and ceremonies will not avail to do it: the social uplift, education, moral advancement will never bring you one inch nearer to God. You need to be born of God: and that takes place the moment you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ who died for sinners on Calvary. Now is the time to claim Him as your Saviour.

R.W.C.

PARABLE OF THE SWAN AND CRANE.

ONE sunny day by a river bank, a crane was busily engaged searching for his next meal. His long neck was continually plunging into the waters and his head disappeared time and again. So engrossed was he that he never observed a great white bird descending from the cloudless sky. Nearer and nearer to earth she came, then with a graceful swoop she landed beside the crane on the placid waters. It was none other than the swan, come on a very important mission indeed; that of seeking to describe the glories of heaven to her friend the crane, and by every power urging her to rise above earthly things and enjoy a heavenly home.

With bewilderment and wonder the crane actually deigned to look up from the waters and stop his search for a few brief moments. Soon he questioned his friend who had shown such an interest in him. "Who are you?" he inquired. "Don't you recognise me, your old friend, the swan?" "Where did you come from?" "From yonder heaven," replied the swan, turning her head upwards. "Heaven?" questioned the crane, "and where is that?"

With amazement and pity the swan eyed her poor ignorant friend, then again resumed the conversation. "Heaven is up there, beyond the sky, beyond the stars, beyond the sun." "And what sort of place is it?" With an air of extreme delight the opportunity was seized, the message was told: "Heaven is the most wonderful place possible! Is is the place where night is never known, where no spot or stain are ever seen. It is the golden city of the Great King, with palaces and mansions innumerable. Yes, and yonder flows the most beautiful river of all. Its waters are as crystal; upon its banks grow continually the most beautiful trees. Oh, could I but tell thee all! Come with me and let us enjoy its glories together."

With keen eye the swan watched for any sign of interest on the part of her friend. She was nearly struck dumb with amazement at the utter indifference. Not the slightest evidence of any desire was shown. The message was all in vain, and the reason was not far to seek.

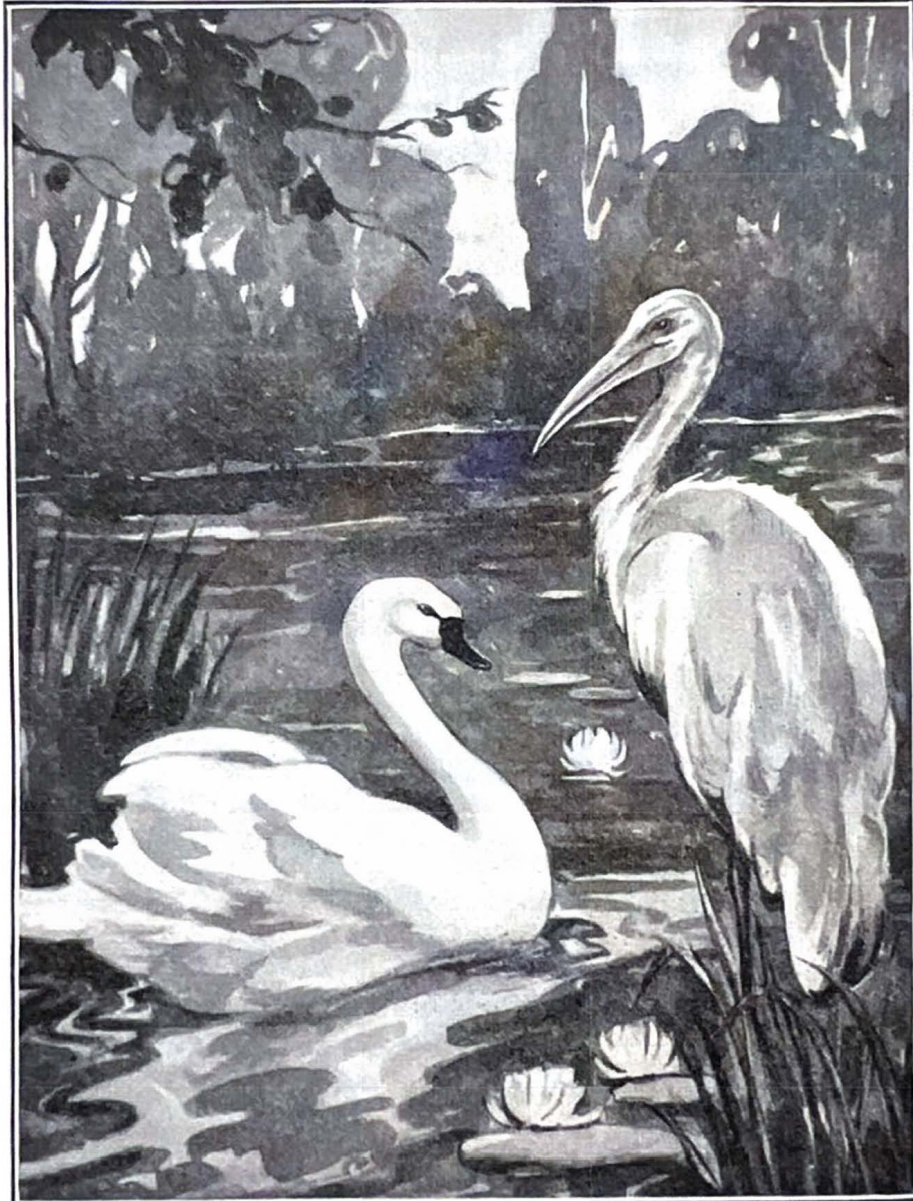
After a prolonged silence another question was put to the swan: "Tell me, are there any snails in Heaven?"

"Snails! snails!" replied the swan with indignation. "Why, of course not!"

Parable of the Swan and the Crane.

Then with a toss of the head the crane gave his last retort before he resumed his search afresh amid the slimy waters: "You can keep your heaven, I want snails!"

Such is the parable, now let me give you the interpre-



THE SWAN AND THE CRANE.

tation. The swan is the person who knows his sins forgiven by virtue of the finished work of Christ on the Cross, for "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). "He was wounded for our transgressions" (Isa. 53. 5). "He was made sin for us" (2 Cor. 5. 21). "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). The Blood

Parable of the Swan and the Crane.

of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). To such sins judgment is for ever past, because fully borne by God's beloved Son in infinite love. To him who believeth on the Son is everlasting life now, the gates of the Celestial City are open and he can sing: "I have a home above, from sin and sorrow free."

The crane is the person who knows none of these things, he lives only for the present, and is entirely engrossed in merely earthly pursuits. No thought of Christ, of Heaven, of sin, of judgment of God's love, ever perturb him. Eternal things are excluded.

It may perchance be that you are selling your very soul for little or nothing, things which will crumble into dust. Though it were possible to be given the entire world in exchange for the soul, such would be an act of utter madness. Remember Judas!

Here then the swan's parable, listen to the music of the heavenly home, for all can sing up there. "They sung a new song . . . Worthy is the Lamb that was slain" (Rev. 5. 12). The work is done, Heaven's gates are open, the Saviour beckons you homeward and assures you of a glad welcome and an eternal home.

"Too long the path of sin I've trod,
Now I'm coming home."

ONE WAY.

THERE is only one way of salvation. You can go to London by different railway tracks, and you can sail to America by different lines of steamers; but you can only enter into life by one gate, and the death of our Lord Jesus Christ is that one gate of life.

It is not a question of *opinion*: it is a question of *revelation*. What saith the Scripture? must ever be the foundation of faith. If God said in His Word that there were two ways, or six ways, or a dozen ways, then it would be right to believe that there were more than one, but Jesus says, "I am *the* Door," therefore there is only one door; and Jesus says, "I am *the* Way," therefore there is only one way. The Apostle Peter's message to the rulers and elders of the Jews was: "There is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12).

A BUSINESS MAN'S TESTIMONY.

WILLIAM ATKINSON, one of the best known potato merchants in the South-west of Scotland, passed to his reward on Wednesday, 4th November, 1931, at his home in Prestwick, Ayrshire, and his mortal remains were laid to rest in the cemetery there on Saturday, 7th.



WILLIAM ATKINSON.

Mr. Atkinson was a Christian gentleman of sterling integrity, who carried his principles into every department of life—family, social, and commercial. Even in the transaction of his business he never missed an opportunity of speaking a word for his Master whom he loved and served. Many a commercial man has heard the

A Business Man's Testimony.

Gospel from William Atkinson's lips, told in his own quiet way.

He was born in Ballantrae, in 1853, and commenced life humbly as a ploughman, but in the year 1884 he started out on what turned out to be a successful business career. He tells the story of his conversion in his own language as follows:

"In the life of a ploughman, Nature is his greatest teacher. Nothing will steal away the heart like living creatures, that can be petted and worshipped more so than the golden calf. A ploughman takes his name from the plough, so that is the insignia of his profession. For the perfecting of his work there are competitions arranged annually in which the writer was often a competitor, and when he carried off the prize one time the height of his ambition was reached. Most ploughmen are members of Churches, as I was for eleven years, and thought I had an established religion. But a servant of the Lord came to the village near to hold Gospel Meetings, and my master, being a Christian, invited me to the Meetings. I went to the Meetings and got interested in them. I saw the preacher was in earnest, and one night when preparing for the meeting my master said to me I should wait in till the after meeting. I said I would gladly do so if I thought the man would do me any good. That night as the preacher spoke of what a portion was his as a Christian, what joy he had, and that he did not want to keep it to himself, I thought for the first time in my life he had something I had not got. My religion would make no one happy, I was trying to *do* and be saved, and to keep *the law* and be happy. I thought I would wait and see what the after meeting was. The last man I would have asked to speak on this subject came to me. I thought my life as good as his. He opened my Bible at John 3. 16. I read the verse. He asked me if I believed that. I said 'I always believed it.' 'Well,' said he, 'you are saved.' 'Oh, no,' said I, 'I am not saved.' He said, 'You don't believe it, then.' I said I did. 'Well,' said he, 'you must either be telling a lie, or God has told one. You say you believe and have not eternal life; God says if you believe you have. Who is telling the lie?' I said, 'God could not lie.' Then I saw there was a link awanting somewhere. The conversation

A Business Man's Testimony.

ended there that night, but I began to strive to enter in at the 'strait gate.' I wanted to feel saved, and the more I looked for feeling the worse I got. Eleven years a member of a Church, saying my prayers every night, and all for nothing. I could not believe it. But if any one knew they were saved and sure of Heaven, I wanted to know it too. I had fears by day and great awakenings at night. One night I had an awful dream, all my past life rose up before me, and at the end I landed in Hell, and, oh, what



PLOUGHING THE FIELDS.

horrors filled my soul. I longed to die, but could not; I would have given a thousand worlds to die.

"When I awoke I thanked God I was not in Hell, and was more impressed than ever. I was weak for several days after this dream. Others thought I was saved, and I tried to keep up a profession before Christians, while in secret I cried to God to let me feel saved. For six weeks this lasted, but at the end of six weeks I resolved to go to no more meetings, and to pray no more, as there was no salvation for me.

A Business Man's Testimony.

"You can imagine what state I had reached to abandon the hope of ever being in Heaven. I went to bed, but no sleep would come. God was coming very near; I could feel His Spirit convincing of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; but, like Jacob, I tried to wrestle on till morning light (Gen. 32. 24). At two o'clock in the morning I said, 'I will not lie here till I go to Hell.' I arose and began to dress to go to the Evangelist, who was staying about a mile away, but wondered what he would say coming at such an hour. I then thought of my master, he being a Christian could help me, but I stood. The words of Jesus, 'Come unto Me,' flashed in upon my mind, and I said, 'Lord Jesus, I come to Thee,' and in a moment I passed from death unto life. I said, 'Christ for me.' In the joy that filled my soul I broke out with the verse of that hymn:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by His love o'er shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

"The words were like twopence of coppers thrown into an empty box. They went to the bottom of my heart. My bed-fellow was fast asleep, and I in the same bed, having passed from death to life, was singing 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' Friend, what do you think of John 3. 16? Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? If not, do it now. Many years have passed since I trusted the Saviour, but my song still is:

I love the Lord to-day, praise His name.

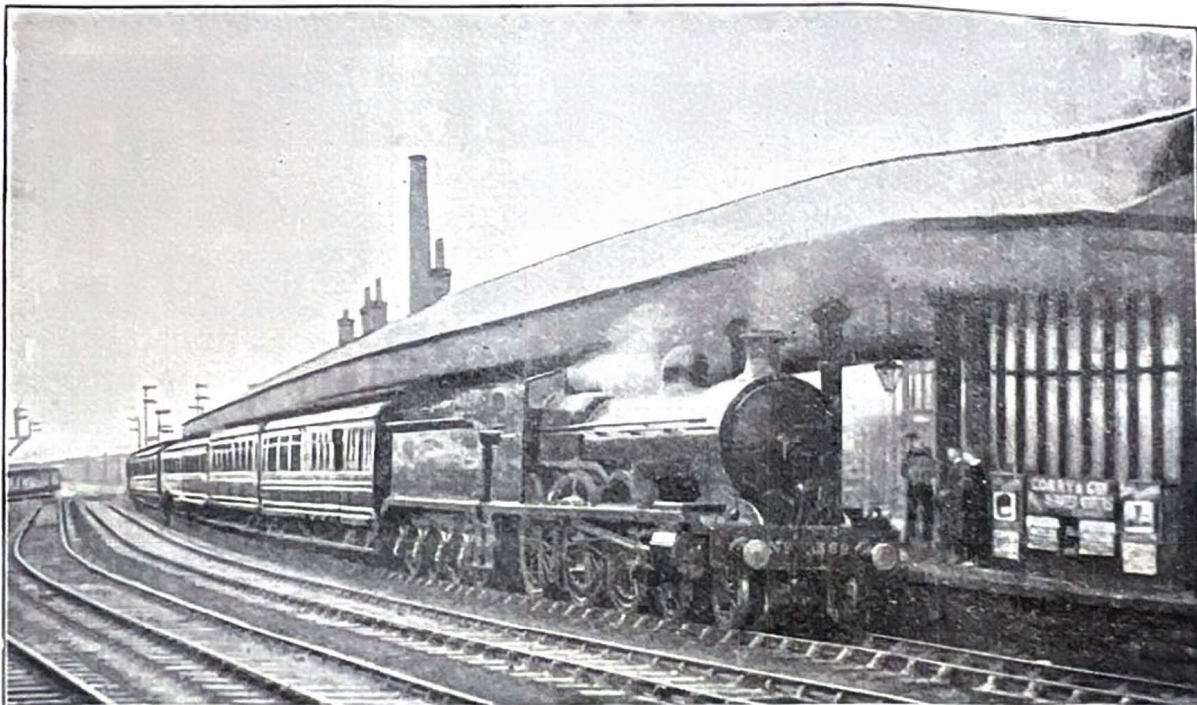
"'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death' (Prov. 14. 12)."

SAVING FAITH.

IT is not the quantity of your faith that saves. A single drop of water is just as true water as the whole ocean. A spark of fire is as true fire as a big blaze. A little faith is as true faith as the greatest. Besides, faith is only as the instrument. Salvation is in the Saviour that faith lays hold of—*He saves*. It is not the spoon that fills the stomach, but what is in the spoon.

THE RAILWAYMAN'S BURDEN.

AS I walked leisurely through a village in Surrey, giving away Gospel booklets and looking out for an opportunity of speaking a word for my Master, I noticed a railway porter carrying a huge box, which he took into a house nearby. I lingered in the vicinity until he came out, and as he was passing me I remarked: "That was a hefty load you have just disposed of." "Yes, indeed," he replied; "in fact I was the only man on the station who could tackle it, and I am quite glad to have it off my shoulders."



RAILWAY EXPRESS AT STATION.

"I wonder," said I, "if you have got rid of another burden, which you must have carried sometime—the burden of sin, I mean." "Yes, indeed I have," he replied, with a bright smile. "I lost that burden three years ago."

"I am delighted to hear that. Would you mind telling me how it happened?" "I will do so with pleasure. It is a story I am never tired of telling," and as I accompanied him back to the station this is the story I heard.

"You must know, sir, I was not a bad-living man. I kept clear of the public house, and I tried to bring up my children decently. But I had no use for what I called religion. I thought it was all very well for women and

The Railwayman's Burden.

children, but no good for men. Now there was a lady who used to visit the railway station and bring us Gospel magazines. We liked her because she gave herself no airs, and made us feel that she really cared for us, and wanted to help us. So I always took the books, but never read them, I just passed them on to the children to amuse themselves with.

"About that time I had an accident; my foot was badly crushed, and I had to keep to my bed for some weeks. Having nothing else to do, I got hold of some of those Gospel papers, which I had despised, and read them. Then a wonderful thing happened. Through those little books God spoke to my soul. I found out that I was a sinner, travelling the broad road that leads to destruction. I was very miserable, and did not know what to do. One of my mates called to see me, and I told him what had happened, and how wretched I was. 'Well,' said he, 'the best thing to be done is to ask the lady to come and see you. If her books have made you miserable, perhaps she may be able to tell you something to make you happy.'

"As soon as possible he sought her out, and very soon after she was seated at my bedside. When I told her how miserable I had become through reading her books, she smiled happily, saying, 'I am so glad.' This astonished me very much, but she explained to me that it was the Spirit of God that had opened my eyes to see that I was a lost sinner. Then she told me the story of Jesus, making it so simple, just as if she was talking to a little child. She told me how He had come all the way from Heaven to the Cross of Calvary to die for me, to bear my sins in His Own Body on the tree. I cannot repeat all her conversation, but as she unfolded the wonderful story of the life and death of the Saviour, I there and then trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ, and committed my soul to His keeping.

"That, sir," said he, looking at me again with his bright smile, "is how I lost the burden of my sins. It happened three years ago, and I have been rejoicing in my Saviour ever since."

Should this story meet the eye of anyone, who, like the railway porter, is troubled about the question of sins, it is my great joy to tell you that through the perfect all-

The Railwayman's Burden.

sufficient sacrifice of the Lord Jesus upon the Cross, God is able to offer full and free forgiveness to all men, and this forgiveness becomes yours the moment you accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour. Will you prayerfully consider the following Scriptures:

"Be it known unto you . . . that through this Man (Christ Jesus) is proclaimed unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

"In whom we have redemption, through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace."

"I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the Blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

"My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows." S.H.P.

HE DIED FOR ME.

HE died for me—the Saviour died,
He on the Cross was crucified,
My soul to save from endless woe,
And riches of His grace to show.

He died for me, when far from God,
The dark and downward path I trod;
A slave to sin, by Satan led,
And to my need and danger dead.

He died for me, O wondrous grace,
That brought me to the hallowed place,
Where guilty souls and Jesus meet
Before Jehovah's Mercy Seat.

He died for me—'tis all I need,
Sufficient is His death indeed;
I trust no more in what I am,
But in God's precious, spotless Lamb.

He died for you as well as me—
O sinner, come and taste and see.
He waits both grace and power to give;
Hear now His call—your soul shall live.

BURIED IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.

THE last victim of the terrible disaster to the Liverpool-Southport electric express train was buried at Southport Cemetery. This was Miss E. A. P——, aged 27, who was to have been married on Saturday at Christ Church, where the first part of the funeral service was held. The unfortunate young lady was buried in the wedding gown intended for her nuptials. On her finger was her engagement ring, and round her neck was hung the wedding ring. As befitting the sad occasion, the interment was carried out amid profoundly affecting scenes, and we are sure nothing but sincerest sympathy was felt by all for her betrothed and for her broken-hearted relatives.

Such and similar tragic events being recorded in the newspapers day by day afford an overwhelming argument for circulating the message of salvation, raising the warning cry, and urging on old and young the absolute necessity of having the great question of the salvation of the soul settled without a moment's delay. Preparations may be made for the nuptial day, the holiday, the birthday, and other great events of life, but first and foremost preparation should be made for the Judgment Day. Others may be reached, this must be. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27). As to the religious convictions or eternal destiny of this esteemed young lady so suddenly cut off we have not one word to say. As to the future of the living reader we make bold to declare that *unless you are "born again"* you will neither "see" nor "enter" the Kingdom of God (John 3. 3, 5), and as an unconverted sinner by night or day, at home or abroad, you are "condemned already" (John 3. 18), and "in danger of eternal damnation" (Mark 3. 29). Let the sudden Home-call of so many of your fellowmen urge you to "*flee* from the wrath to come," to the outstretched arms of the Son of God Who loved you and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20), and Whose voice still cried, "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Millions have accepted Him as their own personal Saviour, and have found "joy unspeakable" in life, "peace which passeth all understanding" in death, and an eternal weight of glory hereafter. Do not delay, but trust Christ to-day and be saved, sure, and satisfied, both now and for all eternity.

THE "HUMAN FLY"

— OR, —

THE MAN WHO ATTEMPTED THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE.



ASCENDING STEP BY STEP.

"The man was a fool to risk his life for a wager; to expose himself to instant death for dollars and publicity."

THE "HUMAN FLY."

A HUGE crowd began to gather in a busy business section of Los Angeles, that great city in Southern California. The interest was at fever-heat; the air was electric. Thousands crowded together around a huge sky-scraper, a large department store building. They had learned of the attempt that was to be made to climb up the face of this great edifice by a "human fly" at a given hour, and there they were in surging masses to behold that mere speck of a man attempting the seemingly impossible.

At last he arrived, and after a careful survey, began to ascend slowly step by step. Higher and higher he mounted, from cornice to window, a projecting brick here and there, onward he went with success, while the crowd below was spell-bound. He was still moving as they gazed upward, then suddenly he stopped. He had reached to within a few feet of the top, and was taking another survey before he finished. To right and left he turned his head with hesitation; then was observed to raise his arm feeling for something on which to lean. A coloured projection was reached for, but was beyond him, so with an extra spring he managed to grasp it. He had ventured all his weight, only to find to his horror that he had been deceived. Hardly had he seized it, when, to the utter amazement of the horrified crowd, his body crashed to immediate death in the street below.

As the crowd gathered around his remains, they found out the sad secret, for in his hand was found—a *spider's web*! He had mistaken it for a solid piece of masonry, and found it to be but the silken threads of a spider!

You perhaps say with the majority: "The man was a fool," and he was, without a doubt. A fool to risk his life for a wager, to expose himself to instant death for dollars and publicity. But, my reader, ask yourself seriously if you, too, are not playing the same game. "What do you mean?" you ask.

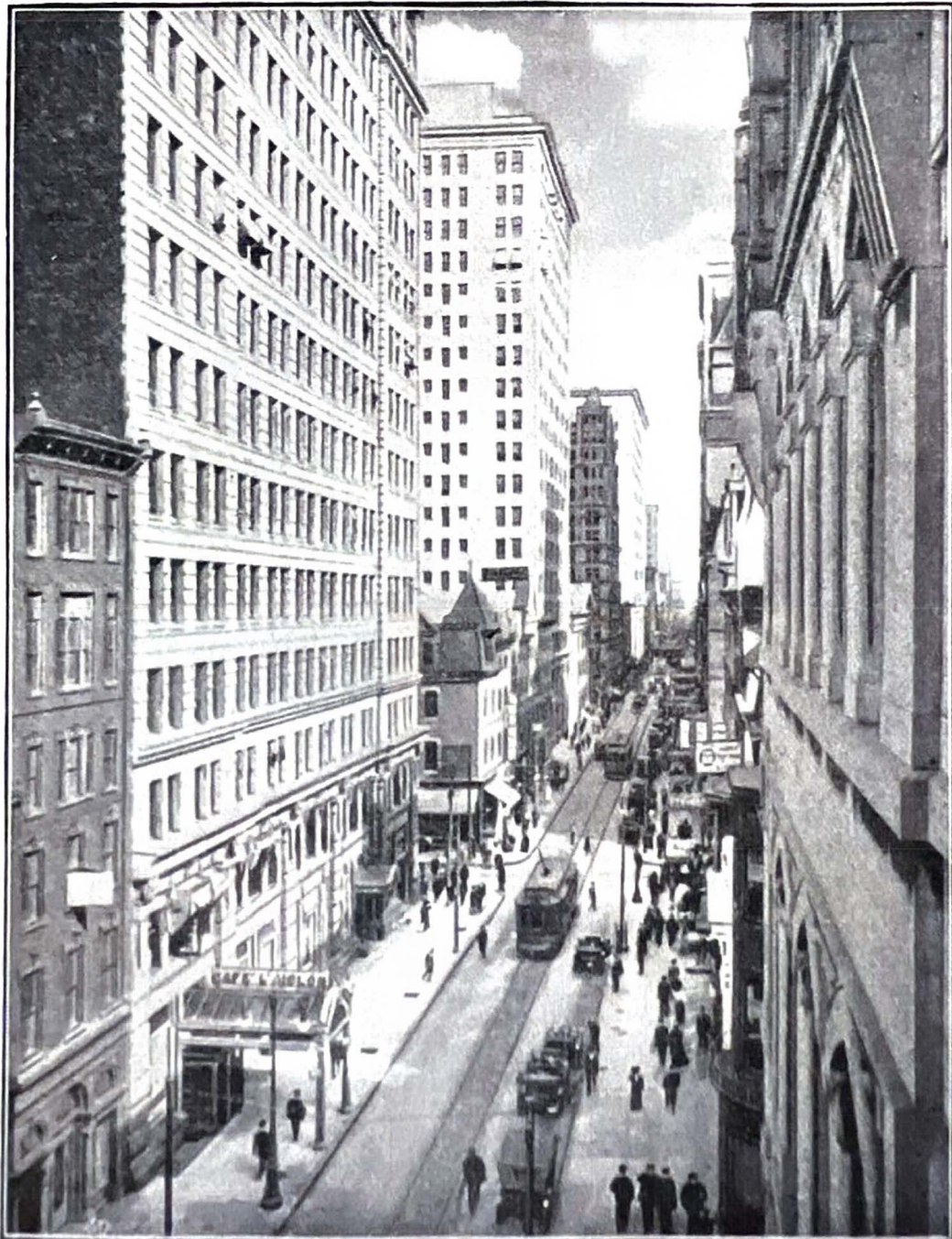
What that man did with his life, thousands are doing to-day with their lives and souls, too, literally playing with them and bartering them for the merest trifle of earth.

Let me read to you this searching verse from God's Book: "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lost his own soul? Or what shall a man

The "Human Fly."

give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8. 36, 37). In a word, you would be an eternal fool, an eternal loser, exposing yourself to the judgment of God due to your sins, when you might have enjoyed eternal gain. To one God had to say: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee" (Luke 12. 20).

Does the thought of meeting an infinitely Holy God



AMERICAN SKYSCRAPERS.

EAST CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The "Human Fly."

never trouble you? the fact of hearing your sins' awful record? The withering sentence and the eternal consequences? Oh! my friend, don't play the fool, the game is a losing one; it will cost you far too dearly, dearer than all of earth could provide.

I fancy I hear you say: "Then what must I do to be saved?" Listen again to the voice of the Lord Himself in His Word: "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15).

*"All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid,
All who believe in Him, the Lord hath said,
Hath everlasting life."*

Acknowledge your guilt, look away to Calvary, see the mighty debt paid in full, death's power for ever annulled, Hell's power for ever broken, Heaven's gates swung widely open and the One who loved you unto death beckoning you to Himself now. Oh, haste to His outstretched arms as He lovingly calls: "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28), and "him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37).

"But how can I be *sure* that I'm a Christian, that my sins are forgiven?" you again inquire. The same faithful and unerring guide, the Word of God, assures us beyond a shadow of a doubt: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake" (1 John 2. 12). "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). The Blood makes the believer as safe as God can make him; the Word makes him as sure as God can make him.

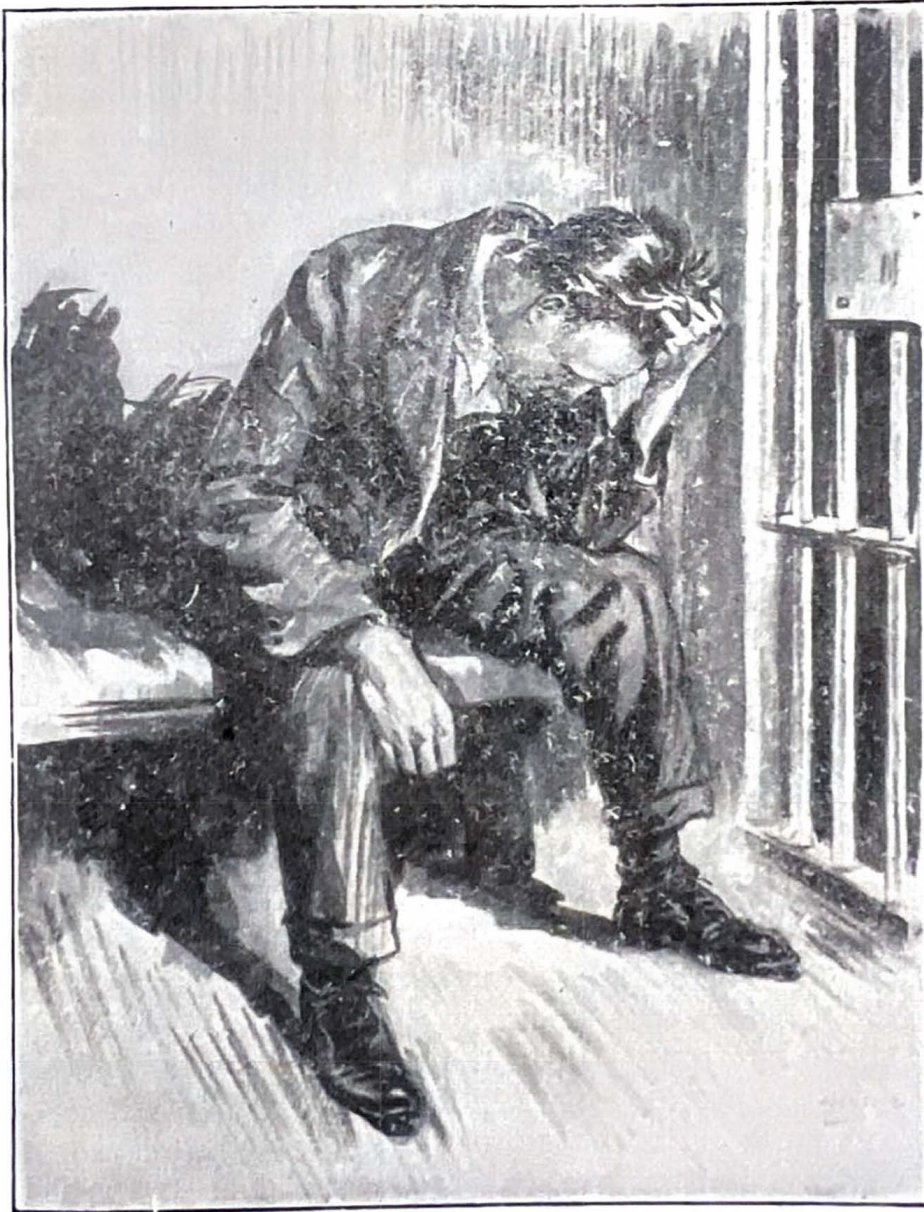
Without further delay, without waiting for a more convenient season, for favourable feelings or fitness, trust Christ as you are, and prove the joy of sins's forgiven.

"Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psa. 32. 1). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

G.A.N.

"A FOOL THERE WAS."

A NEWSPAPER item recently appeared with the above heading. It told of a man, once fairly wealthy, who became entangled in the meshes of liquor and lust, and, like the prodigal of old, "wasted his substance in riotous



BROODING OVER HIS FOLLY.

living." His fortune was soon gone, his reputation likewise, and his friends one by one deserted him. His family pleaded with him, but to no purpose. He could not (or would not) see his folly. At last a fateful moment found him at the old haunts. He craved indulgence of his appetites, but it could only be had at a price—and he did

"A Fool There Was."

not have the price. Enraged and desperate, he turned on a woman companion and shot her, killing her on the spot. He then turned the weapon on himself, only to find it empty. He fled, but was soon captured. And now, too late, he mournfully brooded over his tragic folly, and the consequences of that folly which he had yet to face. "A fool there was."

This paper may fall into the hands of someone in the early stages of a career something like this man's. If so, we urge you to consider well your condition and destiny. Sin has its temporary pleasures, but its fruit is bitter—eternally bitter. "The wages of sin is death."

But perhaps you are not given to open vice or abandonment. Your case is more like that of another man, whose story appears in the New Testament, and who represents a class very numerous to-day. This man was thrifty and what people call "far-seeing." He was a farmer and his crops were so plentiful that he had difficulty in storing them. So he decided to pull down his barns and build greater, thus providing ample room for all. And now hear him: "I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." "But God said unto him, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" Like the other man, his thoughts were only of present things—of either it could have been said truly: "God is not in all his thoughts" (Luke 12. 20; Psa. 10. 4). One sought illicit pleasure, the other sought wealth and ease. Both lost all that they had, including their souls. And "what shall it profit a man," said the Lord Jesus Christ, "if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Now, reader, what of yourself? Your present pursuits will one day be brought to a close. You may prefer to forget it—or even refuse to believe it—but it is a fact that all that occupies you now must one day give place to the joys of Heaven or the pains of Hell. Be wise: pause and ask yourself, in all seriousness: "What am I doing, and whither am I bound? Am I spending my life to no purpose here, to find myself at last ruined for ever and doomed to endless misery and despair? Am I earning for myself the terrible epithet "A fool there was"?

"A Fool There Was."

No life is truly worth living that is lived in estrangement from God. And none can face the eternal future with warranted confidence who does not know the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Life that is life indeed, and the prospect of eternal joy, are the possession only of those who truly know Him. Will you not come to Him to-day? He died to redeem you. He lives to bless you. He waits to welcome you. Why continue in indifference and sin, when His plea to you is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" (Matt. 11. 28). He is ever as good as His Word. Millions have trusted Him and can testify that when all else had failed to yield solid peace, lasting joy, and positive assurance of eternal well-being, these were obtained immediately upon their receiving Christ. They are all in Him. Apart from Him there is neither true blessing here, nor happiness hereafter. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John 1. 12).

F.W.S.

NOT GOING THE SAME WAY.

A PROFESSED infidel on board a packet-ship was troubling all around him with his peculiar beliefs, broaching the subject as often as he could get any one to listen to him. He did not believe in God and in a future state—not he! But by and by a terrible storm arose, and it seemed as if all must be drowned. There was much consternation on board, but no one was so greatly frightened as the professed infidel. In his extremity he sought out Dr. Wotherspoon, a minister of Christ who happened to be on board, and who in his cabin was calm and collected in the midst of danger. "Oh, Dr. Wotherspoon," he said, "we're all going; we have but a short time to stay. How the vessel rocks! We're all going; don't you think we are, doctor?" The doctor turned solemnly to the poor man and replied: "No doubt we are all going; but you and I don't go the same way." What a contrast between the faith of the minister and the bravado of the infidel. There is nothing like the brink of Eternity for testing a man's infidelity. There are no unbelievers in a lost eternity: they have become believers when it was too late,

W.S.

THE GREATEST OF ALL SECRETS.



THERE is possibly no greater inventor on the face of the earth to-day than Edison, and possibly no greater genius has ever set foot on this planet. His discoveries and inventions have surpassed anything the world has ever known.

Questioned as to prayer, he said he wasn't able to believe that the Supreme Intelligence hears and answers prayer. "Law," he said, "holds everything

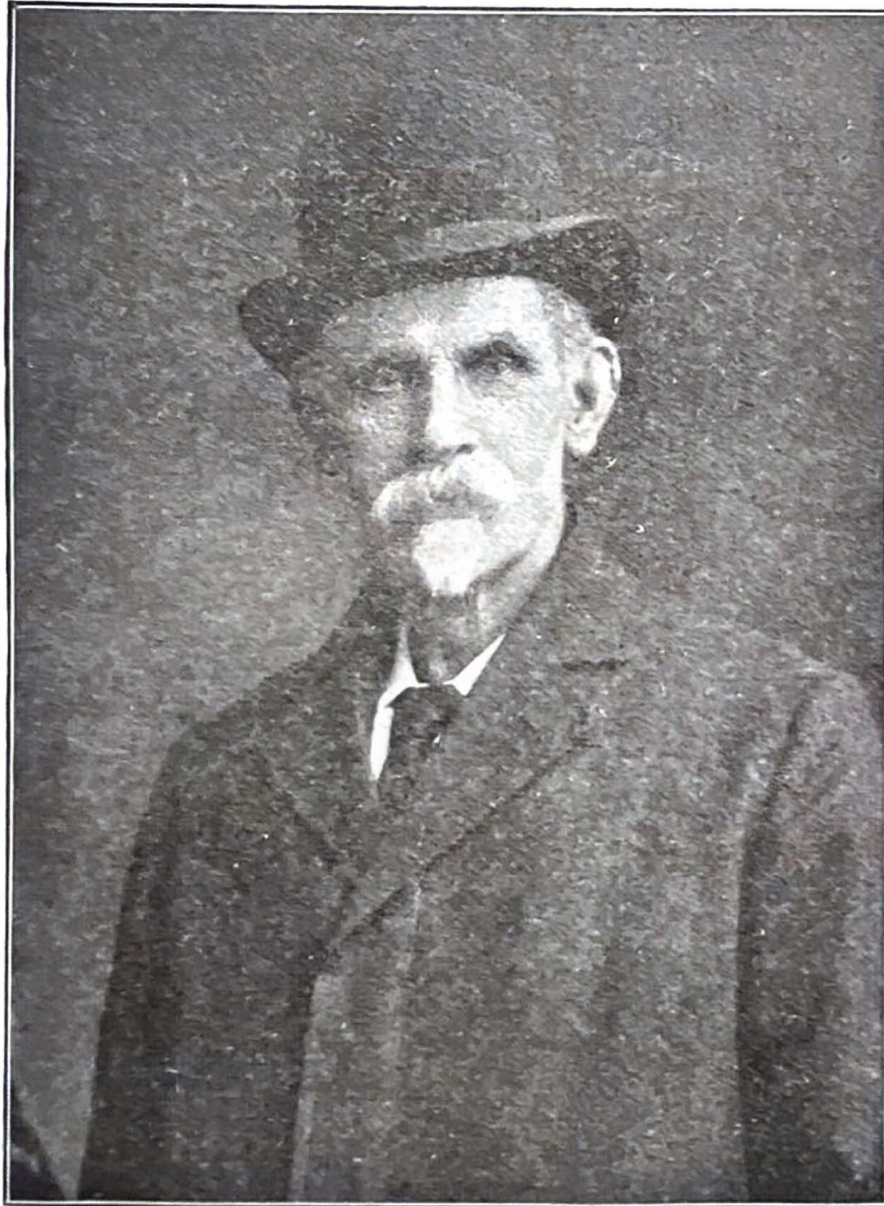
in its grip like a vice. If we obey the laws that rule the world, we will be happy; and if we don't, we are liable to get hurt." Asked as to the future life, he replied: "I don't know anything about this life, to say nothing of the life hereafter. I know something about steam and electricity, but why we came here, and where we are going to, is beyond my ken."

If this great inventor is correctly reported, it shows afresh that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2. 14). A man may be deeply versed in Nature, know a great deal about steam and electricity, and have other secrets at his finger ends to which multitudes are strangers, but there is a secret called the secret of the Lord (Psa. 25. 14), to which many wise and learned men are strangers. With this secret many poor and uneducated people are happily acquainted, and full well they know that there is a God who hears and answers prayer, and full well also they know where they are going when this life is over, for their faith is centred in Him who has said: "I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14. 3); "and where I am, there shall also My servant be" (John 12. 26).

J.C.

WELL-LIVING, BUT UNCONVERTED.

INSPECTOR William Aitken, Greenock, usually called the Railway Poet, saw the light of day in the village of Sorn, Ayrshire, 81 years ago. After leaving the village school he learned the trade of shoemaking, but finding the work uncongenial, he, when quite



INSPECTOR WILLIAM AITKEN, GREENOCK.

young, joined the service of the late Glasgow and South Western Railway, and at the early age of 22 years he was appointed to the responsible position of Inspector of the Glasgow and Greenock Section, a post which he ably filled until he retired in 1923. When a little over thirty years of age he definitely accepted Jesus Christ as his

Saviour and Lord, and ever afterwards his influence on and off duty was ever for God and the lasting good of his fellowmen. A poet of no mean order, he has written several volumes of poems and readings, which give evidence of a cultured mind and a sympathetic heart, combined with a little kindly humour. Mr. Aitken's call, which took place on Saturday, 27th October, 1931, was somewhat unexpected, as he had been moving about as usual on the precious day. Absent from the body, our brother is now present with his Lord, whom he loved and served. The story of how he was led to trust the Saviour from his own pen is interesting, and we trust may be blessed of God to our many readers.

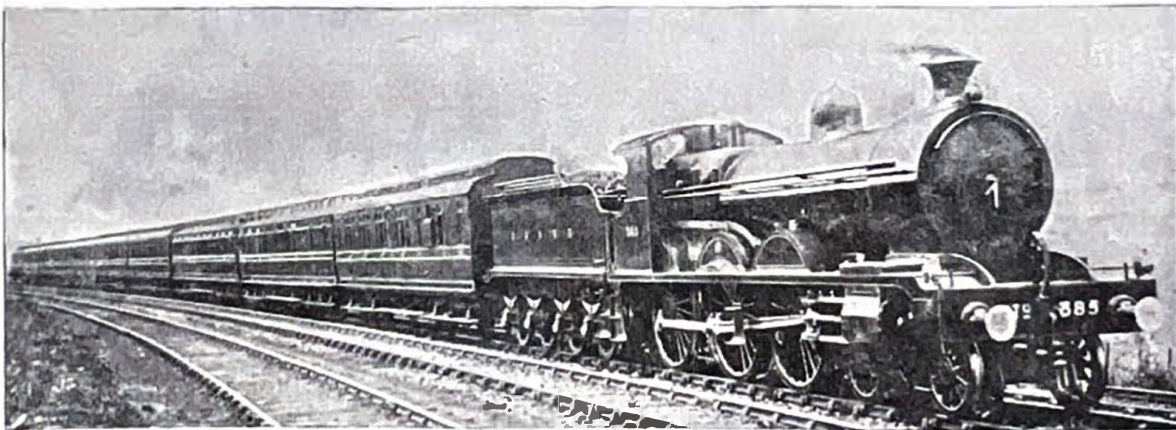
"Up till a certain period of my life's history I had much of religion, but none of Christ. In 1859, when only in my eighth year, I can well remember the revival wave that stirred up, as none has ever done since, the sleepy little villages in the West of Scotland where my boyhood's years were spent. I was impressed, no doubt, along with many others at the time, and attended the little cottage and kitchen meetings regularly. Even yet I can call to mind many of the new revival hymns that were given us to repeat. As years wore on these early impressions gradually wore off, and for twenty-five years I had no great desire for spiritual things. Not that I did not believe in a future state, that there was 'a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun' I had no doubt whatever. The difficulty was I had no real sense of my spiritual need. I had never almost tasted strong drink. I had attended the Sunday School, the Bible Class, and the Minister's Class, in regular succession, and had had my name placed on the communion roll of the church to which my parents belonged, at quite an early age. Well-doing and well-living in so far as the world could judge, but in God's sight 'a child of wrath, even as others.'

In later years I became more thoughtful, but in no way anxious. I had, in fact, so little interest in Gospel matters that when Messrs. Moody and Sankey visited Glasgow in 1873, I had not even the curiosity to go round the corner of a night to hear the singing, although the meetings were being held in the church which I attended. Ten years later I was awakened, not through any meetings or preacher,

Well-Living but Unconverted.

but through the simple testimony of a humble fellow-toiler on the railway over which it was my duty to travel. This dear soul had been made 'a new creature in Christ Jesus' only a short time previous; changed from a rough, rollicking, drinking railway worker, into a meek and humble follower of the despised Nazarene. Travelling in the van with him, he had the courage boldly to confess Christ, and speak an earnest and humble word for his Master, urging me as best as he could to come to Him for salvation and cleansing.

"I argued—or rather tried to argue—the matter, but one or two (the dear fellow had only one or two) plain, pointed texts smashed all my arguments in pieces. I believe I could have quoted chapters from the Bible for



A FORMER G. & S. W. RAILWAY TRAIN.

every verse he quoted; but the Spirit of God made his words sharper than any two-edged sword, while my feeble chatter was of 'the earth, earthy.' One text he used with effect was Romans 3. 22. 23: 'For there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'

"Though sensible from that hour of my need, it was some time before I entered into, and was assured of, my safety. God's way seemed far too easy a way to get rid of my sinful past. 'Simply trusting,' I thought, was all too good to be true. I had thought, like Naaman, that some great thing must occur. I tried to feel it; I tried to do it; I tried to see it; but all to no purpose: and it was only when I gave up trying to do, trying to see, and trying to feel, and when I simply trusted Jesus, that I was able to say: 'Now I know.'"

SELLING HIS SOUL FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

IN the North of England, many years ago, near Whitehaven, lived a poor man, and also an eccentric but successful preacher, named Hudson Cassim. One Sunday as the latter rode by to preach, he saw this poor man cutting peat. Riding straight up to him he said: "So I see you are one of those sensible men that don't bother your head about whether it is Sunday or Monday, when you have a bit of work to do." "Well, you see, sir," replied the man, "when we've got to work for other people six days in the week, one don't get a chance of doing nothing for oneself, without one finds a bit of time on Sunday." "I see, I see, my lad. I thought you were a sensible sort of fellow as soon as I clapped my eyes on you. Now, I don't suppose that you do much in the praying line, do you?" "Well, no, sir, that's not very much in my way; I can't say as I troubles my head much about that." "I thought not; you are much too sensible a man for that kind of thing. Now tell me," he continued, taking a bright half-crown out of his pocket, "would you like to earn this half-crown pretty cheap? Because you can, if you will."

"Yes, sir," said the man, looking very astonished. "I'm a poor man, and if I can earn a half-crown, as you say, cheap, why, I'm your man." "All right! Well, now, I'll give you this half-crown if you promise me that you will never pray again. You see you never do, so it won't make any difference to you, and when you go home to-day, you will have a bright new half-crown in your pocket, and all for doing just the same as you have been doing." "Well, sir," said the amazed countryman, "I think I may as well get hold of that half-crown. I don't mind if I do."

"Oh, no, that won't do," said the stranger. "You must make me the promise, and shake hands upon it that you'll never pray again as long as you live." "All right," said the godless sinner, "I'll promise. Hand us the cash."

And so the terrible compact was made and the mysterious stranger rode away, leaving him with half a crown in his pocket, and an arrow of conviction in his heart. "I met a ruin 'un on the moor to-day," remarked the man to his wife, as he lit his pipe after dinner and tried to

Selling His Soul for Half-a-Crown.

settle down in the chimney corner for a comfortable smoke, but feeling very uncomfortable all the time. "A chap came riding up to me; says he, 'Do you ever say your prayers?' Well, I told him I didn't do much in that line. 'I thought not,' says he: 'you looked to me a sensible fellow, so soon as I set eyes on you,' and with that he whipped a half-crown out of his pocket. 'There!' says he, 'you shall have that half-crown, if you'll solemnly



"RIDING STRAIGHT UP TO HIM."

promise that you will never pray again so long as you live."

"Name o' wonder!" exclaimed his wife, "I never heard the like of you in all my days. Offered ye a half-crown to promise that you would never pray no more! Whoever were he? But ye never took it, John?" "Took it! To be sure I did. If the fellow was silly enough to part with his money, do you think I was going to throw half a crown away when I had a chance of earning

Selling His Soul for Half-a-Crown.

it so easy like?" "Bless me, John; ye don't mean to tell me, ye took it? Why! whoever would he be? What did he look like? How were he dressed?" "Well, he were a tall, gaunt-looking man, and he weren't particularly handsome. He were dressed in black and were on a black horse."

The woman gave a scream of horror. "Jack," she cried, the'st sold theesel' to the Devil, body and soul! Lord, have mercy on us, our John has been and sold hisself to the Devil for half a crown!" John felt rather awkward in the chimney corner pulling away at his pipe, but getting very little comfort out of it, while his wife kept on wailing and lamenting over his terrible position. "Can't ye see for yourself," she reasoned, "there's never a being in this wide world, however wicked he were, would give ye half a crown to promise never to pray in all your life, without it were the Devil Himself." There was no resisting the fervour of this logic, and presently John began to feel almost as his wife. "John," said she, "you're a lost soul, if you don't break that there promise, and the sooner ye do it the better. I'll just call in our next door neighbour, and he'll make a bit of prayer here this very day, for fear ye'll be found dead in your bed the first thing to-morrow morning." John murmured his consent, and within a few hours of the making of that wicked compact upon the moor, a Christian was praying earnestly in John's house while John himself cried to God for mercy and pardon on his soul.

Whoever the mysterious person was there seemed no doubt but that John's wife was right. In making that terrible promise he had unquestionably sold himself to the Devil for half a crown. But John's strange bargain led to his conversion, for he confessed his sin to God, and found forgiveness, for "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Soon after this, tidings reached the village that there was a wonderful preacher in Whitehaven, who was stirring the whole place. Full of his new-found joy, John trudged in to attend one of these services, and anxious to see as well as hear all, he got a seat in front of the gallery, and there he sat, all eyes and ears, waiting for the great preacher to appear. Hudson Cassim mounted the pulpit, when, entirely

forgetting himself, John shouted out: "Yonder's the man that got me to sell my soul to the Devil for a half a crown, but praise the Lord, I didn't keep to the bargain!" "Ah, my lad!" exclaimed the preacher, with amused satisfaction "so you are there at last, are you? I have been on the lookout for you this long time. I thought that half-crown was bound to rise in your throat before long."

Many, however, do very much the same in practice, if not in promise, who are not so strongly stirred as poor John was when he saw the enormity of his sin and came as a penitent to the feet of Jesus.

FREE PARDON.

"**H**OW shall I know I am pardoned?" Just by believing God's Word; and observe this, if you really confess your sins before God, and plead the Name of Jesus for your pardon, and do not believe that God pardons you, you make God a liar, as is testified" (1 John 5. 10).

"But I want to feel that I am pardoned."

"And so you will the moment you believe God's Word."

"But I feel it hard to believe this in reference to myself." "Very probably. But if so, realise it as your sin, for unbelief is a sin; confess this also before God, and ask for the Holy Spirit to work faith in you, and to increase your faith, until you are filled with all joy and peace in believing. You must look away from yourself entirely, and pay as little attention to yourself as possible, and look only and altogether to Jesus, Who says: "Look unto Me and be ye saved." Remember, it is not what you do, but what Jesus has done; it is not what you feel, but what Jesus has suffered that procures your pardon, and all you have to do is to credit God's Word, put your trust in the finished work of Christ, confess your sins before God, and you are pardoned instantly and for ever. This is the Gospel: that on account of what Jesus has done and suffered, God offers a full, free, and everlasting pardon to every sinner to whom His message of mercy comes; and every one, be he who he will, or what he will, is pardoned the moment he accepts it and places his confidence in Christ alone; so that if you renounce everything of your own, and venture on Christ alone, God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

J.S.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BEFORE we accept Jesus as our own Saviour, our religion is a melancholy one. For many years I had just enough religion to make me miserable; now I know Jesus as my Saviour, and having Him I am indeed happy. I wonder what your religion does for you, reader.

A man I had met several times had always a gloomy countenance. Upon one occasion I accosted him with these words: "Not many years ago, I had enough religion to make me miserable, but not enough to make me happy; may I inquire how it is with you?"

"That is my case exactly," he answered, startled into the confession by my own former experience being so like his own.

On another occasion, soon after my conversion, a friend called upon me, and clasping me in her arms, exclaimed, "Something has taken ten years from your face since I last saw you!"

"Oh," I replied, "the years from my face are as nothing to the burden Jesus has taken from my heart."

Thus, our countenance is at times an index of the condition of the heart. Many faces I have looked upon, since my own conversion, bear traces of the burden "grievous to be borne" upon the heart, and I have felt keenly for them; while others, though furrowed and wrinkled with age, have borne a bright and glowing testimony to the peace within.

I cannot look into your face, but I long to know if the burden is still resting upon your heart, or if you know Him "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." The apostle adds, "By Whose stripes ye werè healed" (1 Peter 2. 24). Do you know the deep meaning of these wonderful words: "By His stripes I am healed?" Do you say, "He died for me; He poured out His soul unto death for me?"

By believing the Gospel of God's matchless grace you will obtain a free and full forgiveness of all your sins. As you are and where you are, believe on Christ and be saved for eternity.

Whatever your past experience has been, accept Christ now, and in the future you will have enough "religion" to make you happy in all conditions, and under all circumstances.

M.A.W.

"WALK IN WITHOUT KNOCKING;"

— OR, —

THE INVITING ANNOUNCEMENT ON AN OFFICE DOOR IN THE CITY
OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.



BROADWAY, OAKLAND, CAL., U.S.A.

"The door of mercy is open wide, and all are invited without
qualification or preparation to enter "

"WALK IN WITHOUT KNOCKING."

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

"How can a guilty sinner enter into the presence of a righteous and holy God?" is the question that has agitated the minds of men and women. Hundreds of thousands of sheep and bullocks have been slain; rivers of sacrificial blood have flowed; but "it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats could take away sins" (Heb. 10. 4). Eighteen hundred years ago the Lord Jesus on Calvary's Cross offered Himself as a sacrifice to God. When the triumphant cry escaped His lips: "It is finished" (John 19. 30), and He bowed His head and gave up His Spirit, the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, showing that the way into the holiest was opened. On account of the "finished work of Christ," Divine justice is fully satisfied, and God can righteously justify ungodly sinners who believe on Him. The door of mercy is open wide, and all are invited without qualification or preparation to enter. "I am the Door," said the Saviour; "by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10. 9). Numbers who reject the dogma of salvation by works, prayers, or ordinances, have never *entered* the "Door." Has the reader entered? An antediluvian might have looked into Noah's ark without entering. Whether he was three paces from the ark or three miles, if on the *outside* when the door was shut, he perished. You may believe that Christ is a Saviour, a great Saviour, an all-sufficient Saviour, and an only Saviour, and perish in your sins. Only those who have accepted Him as their *personal* Saviour—those who have entered "the Door" by simple faith—are delivered from wrath and judgment.

"Walk in without knocking" was an encouragement to the business people of Oakland to enter the office door without delay. Thank God, unconverted persons don't

Walk in Without Knocking.

require to "wait" or "knock" at the door of mercy. It does not stand "ajar;" it is open wide, and all are urged to enter.

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

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

"*Strive* to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are" (Luke 13. 24, 25).

There is no time to lose. The "Master of the house" may "rise up" at any moment. The Lord Jesus is now seated at "the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. 1. 3). His longsuffering is salvation to the perishing. Why not enter into life, and light, and happiness by believing on Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you? A.M.

MAN'S HIGHEST JOY.

THERE is no man so pure
That he dare stand
In merit of his own
Before God's Throne.

There is no man so vile
But that the Blood of Christ
Can cleanse his guilty soul,
And make him whole.

A rebel thus by grace
Becomes a willing slave,
And finds his highest joy
In God's employ. W. R. MOORE.

ELOQUENCE.

THE most magnificent sentence in the English language according to a number of critics, is the following from the concluding paragraph of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World": "O eloquent, just and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, 'Hic Jacet.'"

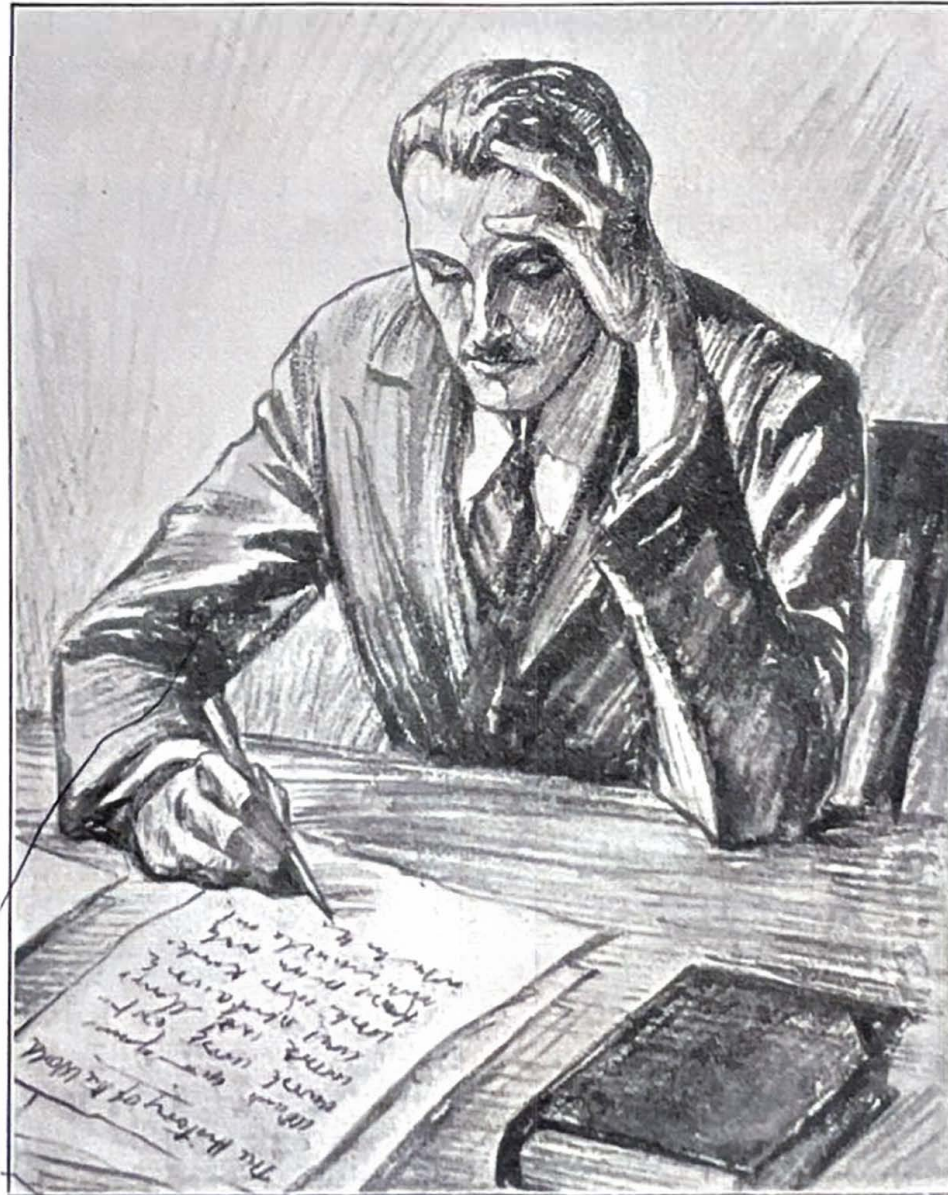
Much has been eloquently said that was not true, but here is a sentence which is eloquent *because* it is true. For Death knows no favourites. The most brilliant, as well as the most illiterate, must own his sway. The bravest, just as the coward, cannot resist his advance. Even those at whose feet multitudes have cringed in terror are powerless in his presence. Financial prestige, popular favour, physical strength, intellectual subtlety, resolution of mind, and every other form of present advantage, become so many spiders' webs at his approach. Not one of them, nor all of them together, can stay the agonies of dissolving nature, nor obtain one minute's respite when he appears to claim his victim.

But, though it be accompanied with every visible horror, the full solemnity of death does not consist in its closing the present scene. It opens *another* scene. The great "For Ever" begins—but where? The soul continues its existence; the shock of death does not annihilate it. But what will be its condition? Hear the dread answer, unconverted one. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." And for you this will mean "the Lake of Fire" eternally (Heb. 9. 27; Rev. 20. 15).

A hundred or more persons have died since you began to read this article. You have no assurance that you yourself will not be among the next hundred. You treat this fact lightly, but the tragic truth remains unchanged, while the Enemy of souls chuckles at your indifference. What folly it is to jest with Death! For Death is no phantom—Hell is no mere superstition—Eternity is no myth! "What enchantment hath held me? In what

Eloquence.

delirium hath my life been passed? What have I been doing while . . . the stars in their courses have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition? I have pursued the shadows and entertained myself with dreams. . . . It is not giving up my breath . . . it is the



"SO WROTE A DYING NOBLEMAN."

terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities . . . start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstrations. My conscience now awakened feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied . . ." So wrote

a dying nobleman. May God cause you, reader, to awake to the reality of these things—and that at once, lest it be too late. It is a dreadful thing to die unprepared, and awaken in torments that never shall have an end.

But eloquence is not confined to one subject, There is a message of hope for you, and this is expressed in another “magnificent sentence,” which we are glad to place before you: “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).

Surely you will agree that this sentence has charms altogether lacking in the one first quoted. What a majestic utterance it is! How rich the provision for perishing men of which it tells! God gave His Son—gave Him to the death of Calvary, where He

“Yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the life-gate, that all may go in.”

Because of this, life—eternal life—is now within your reach. God’s love embraces “the world,” of which you most certainly form a part. “Whosoever believeth in Him” simply means that *you* need not perish, richly though you deserve to, but may *this moment*, if you will but exercise faith in God’s dear Son, have everlasting life. Delay then no longer! Receive Christ at once! “For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. 6. 23).

F.W.S.

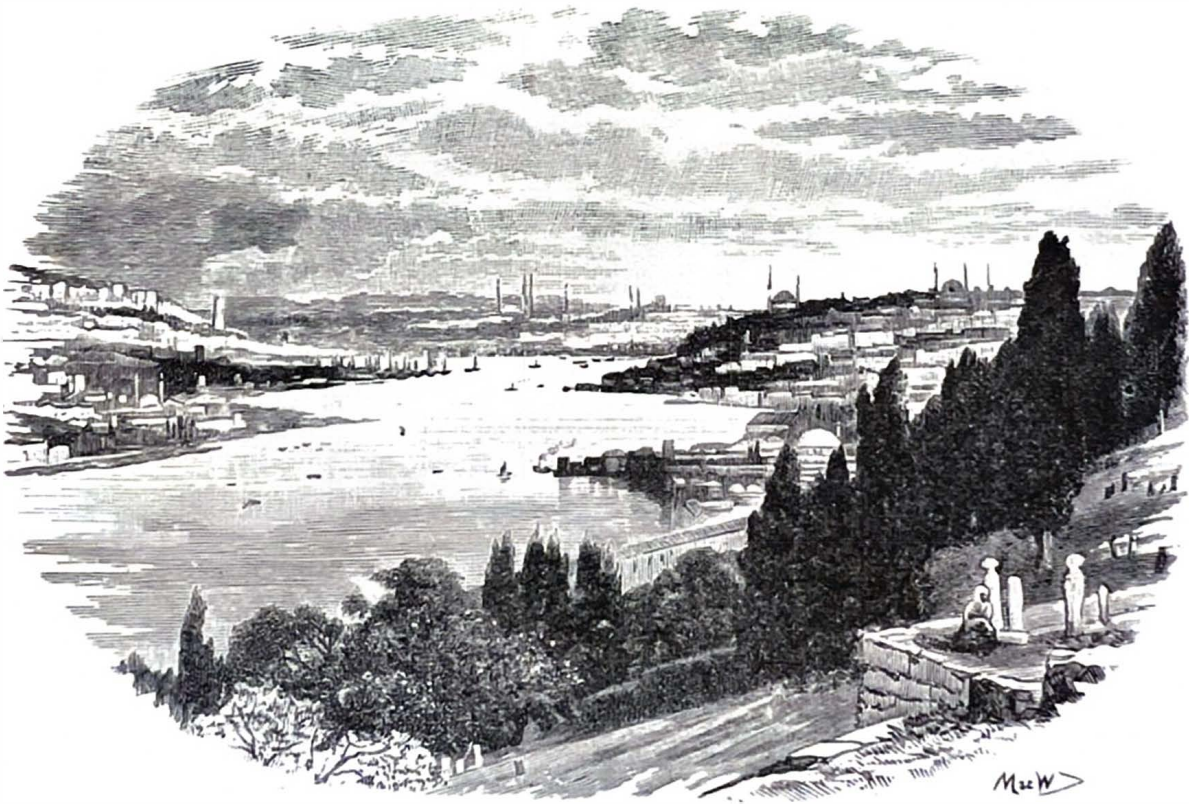
THE STUBBORN ENGINE.

WHILE my ship was lying in Constantinople the master of another steamer came to me to ask help to extricate his ship out of a present difficulty. He told me they were due to sail by 2 p.m. (and it was then 12 noon), but that something extraordinary had happened to the engines. Everything in the engine-room and boilers was in perfect order, steam up, etc., but the engines would not budge, would not move. What made it worse, the engineers were all supposed to be capable men, sober and intelligent. But in spite of that the engines positively refused to revolve. It seemed inexplicable. In such a case I suggested asking advice from our chief, who, when approached, at once promised

The Stubborn Engine.

to go and see what could be done. Our chief was a very clever engineer, and often his advice was sought in engineering difficulties, and I felt sure he would find out what was wrong with my friend's engine.

Arrived on board he at once went below, saw that everything was *apparently* in order, but its refusal to move proved that it was only *apparently*. The visiting chief questioned the other: "Had he done this?" "Had he examined that?" "Had he tested the other?" etc., etc. Yes, all had been done, nothing seemed to have



CONSTANTINOPLE.

been neglected, still the engines stuck. Then said our chief, "Have you examined the pumps?" "No," replied the other, "I thought there could be nothing there to cause the trouble." "Well," said our chief, "get the covers off." "But that's unnecessary," said the engineer, "they wouldn't affect the engines." "Nevertheless," returned our man, "we'll see." Very soon the covers were unscrewed, and when removed, disclosed that all within was smashed. After that—the found out cause—the engines revolved and the vessel proceeded.

The Stubborn Engine.

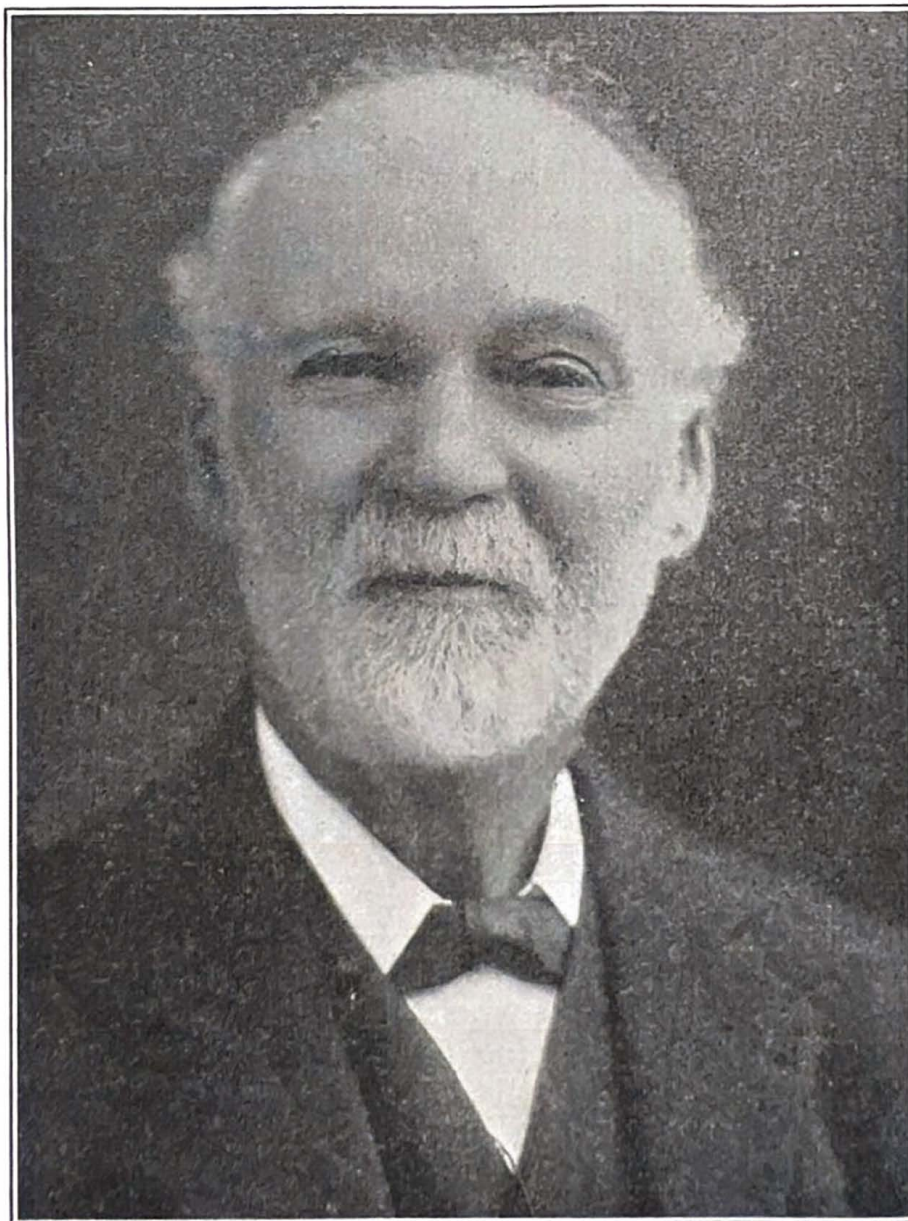
The incident served to show me a man who knew what was wrong and was able to *put his finger on the spot*. Nicodemus came to talk of wonderful things, miracles, etc., but the Lord put His finger on the spot: "He must be born again." Nicodemus argued, but argument was swept away with, "Except a man be born again he cannot enter (nor see) the Kingdom of Heaven." The woman at the well came to talk religion and folklore, but the Lord put His finger on the spot when he said, "Go, call thy husband." A life of sin was revealed by that masterly flash. She needed *living water*—and she got it! People prate "religion," and don't want to talk about sin. A man called on me lately and began to enunciate all sorts of problems, figures, and dates from Daniel's prophecy. When an opportunity came, I asked, "Have you been born again?" He could not answer the question, it made him very uncomfortable. He floundered, and tried to evade it, but I pointed out that as he was without the new birth, he could not understand the spiritual truths of God. I had touched the spot and exposed his terrible lack (1 Cor. 2). He was still unforgiven, and what good could abstruse arithmetic, or metaphysical deductions do for him? Men and women don't like that stubborn, uncompromising dictum of God: "Ye must be born again." The human race is dead, but Christ is willing to give it life—but only on the basis of faith!

A man called on me to try and sell literature of a very doubtful kind. The salesman waxed very eloquent over the contents of his books, one of which, he said, if I read it, would save me from reading the Bible—as if that joy was drudgery! While he was taking a breath, I asked if he had ever been "born again." The question struck him like a blow. He was sorely hit. At last he stammered, "I've been christened and confirmed and—and joined the church." "And all this time ignoring the Lord's unequivocal dictum, 'Ye must be born again!'"

"I don't understand," he said, "what a 'new birth' means." "Then," I returned, "don't go on selling questionable religious books till you are 'born again.' You'll never be in Heaven without that new birth, and this is how it is received, 'Whoso believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God' (1 John 5. 1)." E.C.Q.

A SCOTS VETERAN'S TESTIMONY.

I WAS born 79 years ago in Grangemouth, on Firth of Forth, and I was "born again" 63 years ago in the same street. I can point out the spot in that old school-room where I passed from death unto life through the knowledge of Christ as my Saviour.



SAMUEL CUPPLES.

I possessed the priceless privilege of Christian parents who had family worship in the home; but although brought up in religious surroundings I was conscious from earliest days that I was a lost sinner. Even as a boy I was somewhat religiously inclined, and well do I remember how I prayed daily, being under the impression that sal-

A Scots Veteran's Testimony.

vation came in answer to prayer and was the reward of good behaviour and a religious life. Thus I continued living a highly moral life, reading my Bible and confining my general reading to those books recommended by my father. I was regular in my attendance at Church on Sundays, and even in the old "Fast Days" such was my devotion to religion, that instead of going trips as many others did on that day, I would be found in my place in the family church pew attending Divine service.

The death of a school companion made a deep impression on me, when I was probably about 13 years of age. While the coffin was being carried out I wept bitterly, and I remember saying to myself: "If that had been me instead of Charlie, my soul would have been lost." God's Spirit thus kept the knowledge of my lost sinnership before me, and I never ceased praying that God would save me. I spoke to no one for help, not even my godly father, who seemed to think, perhaps from my apparent earnestness in living a good life, that I must be all right.

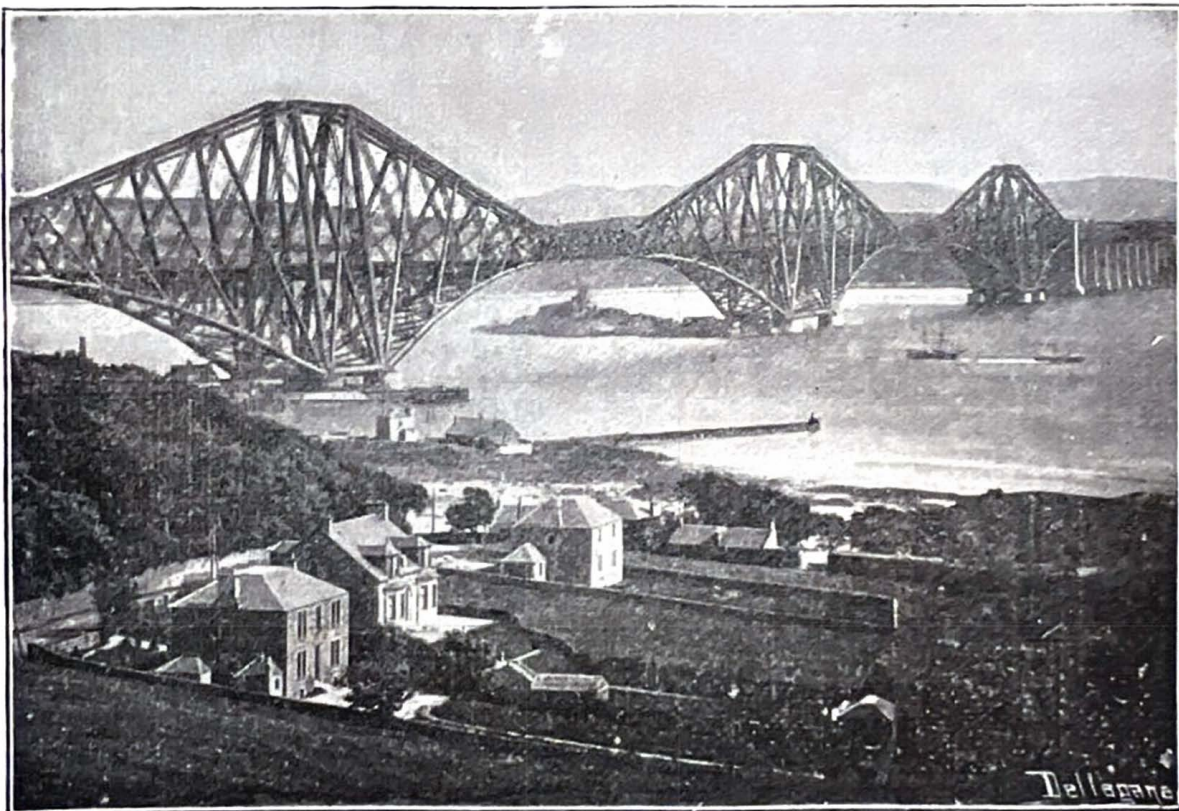
In passing, let me say that it is a deadly mistake for Christians from any pretext whatever, to refrain from speaking to parents or their families about their soul's salvation. In Scotland this feeling of backwardness is very common and is most dangerous. The Lord, I believe, is preparing soil in men's hearts for the Word, and many around us are ever troubled about eternal realities, so that Sunday School teachers and Christians generally should be exercised to take every opportunity to speak directly God's message.

I was blessedly saved when 16 years of age. Special Gospel meetings were being held in the Zetland School, Grangemouth, and I gladly welcomed the opportunity of help being at hand. The preacher, the late Mr. Robert Paterson, Glasgow, came to me as I sat waiting behind at the second meeting. Doubtless seeing anxiety pictured in my face, his question was, "What is troubling you?" I replied, "It was my sin." He then said: "If I can show you that your sins are all taken away, will you believe it?" I said, "Oh, yes, that is what I want to know."

There was no beating about the bush. Here was a sad weary soul seeking deliverance, and an earnest worker giving help. He turned me to Isaiah 53. 5, 6. Then the

A Scots Veteran's Testimony.

last clause he re-read, putting in the personal pronoun: "The Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) *my* iniquity." Turning me then to John 1. 29, I read: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." He explained I was one of "the world" for whom Christ died, and asked me again to read with the personal pronoun, "which taketh away *my* sin." He explained to me that the Cross of Christ atoned for and puts away all sin, and if you believe it, he said, Christ becomes your Saviour.



FORTH BRIDGE, FIRTH OF FORTH.

The next moment I gladly responded, saying: "Oh, yes, I see it now. I take Christ to be my Saviour;" and, oh, the blessed change! I had gone into that schoolroom anxious and miserable, I left it with the joy of God's salvation filling my soul.

Hurrying home and opening the door, I shouted to my father, who was sitting at the fireside: "Oh, father, I have got saved to-night," and began to tell him how the blessed change had come. My dear father was greatly overcome, tears of joy filled his eyes as he

A Scots Veteran's Testimony.

sobbed out again and again: "Oh, Samuel, I'm so glad."

Some converts keep from telling their companions and friends, which is a mistake, and robs them of the joy that comes from confessing Christ. I at once literally blazed the good news abroad. This immediately rid me of undesirable companions that might have hindered, and threw me into close association with the Lord's people. Next night I was at the Prayer and Open-air meetings, and by the help of God went straight on for Christ.

Some 30 young men of us were saved at this Mission, and we then formed the Y.M.C.A., which in those days was entirely a spiritual organisation, and I became the first secretary. Then some of us formed the Sunday Forenoon Children's Mission, of which I also became the first secretary. Thus my early Christian life became filled with active service for God.

My article is already too long, but allow me to say how very thankful I am that I was blessedly saved when I was young, as it kept me from such snares as drinking, smoking, dancing, theatre-going, and other worldly amusements. Being busy in the Lord's work, I never felt the slightest desire for such things. My advice to young Christians would be, Get occupied with the Sunday School and other Christian work, and be "Always abounding in the work of the Lord" (1 Cor. 15. 58).

SAMUEL CUPPLES.

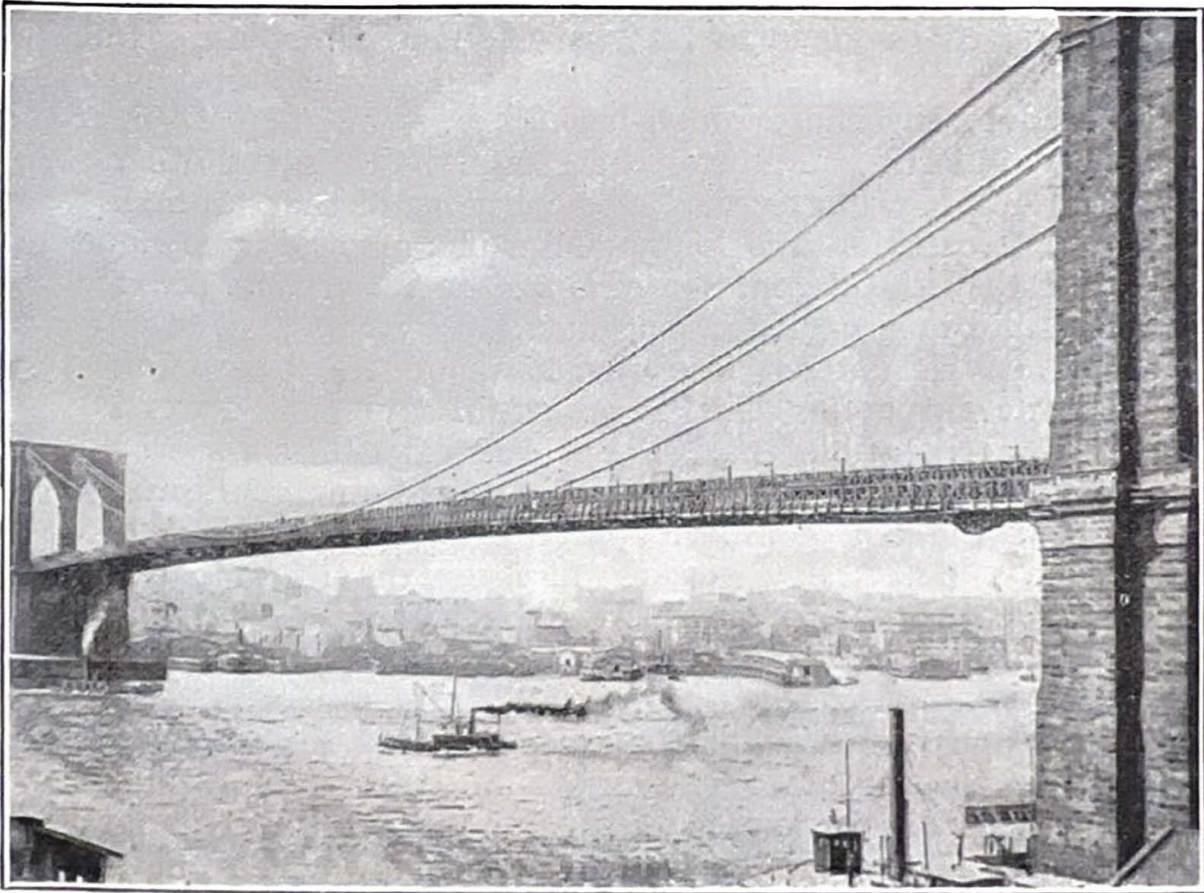
A LIFE OF FULL LIBERTY.

NEVER, never can a sinner in his sins, as he is, enter God's presence, save for the display of Divine justice against those sins. We may draw near, and are invited by God to draw near, and in mercy to find the perfection of Christ upon our behalf. You have seen Christ upon the Cross; the righteousness of God there making Him sin for us—Him, the spotless victim, Who knew no sin. Do you believe? Faith is not a dead thing! If you believe you are not busied with "dead works;" the Blood of Christ has purged your conscience, it has cleansed you from the dead works, from officiating priests, from sacramental purifications. You are serving the living and true God in the liberty of His Spirit. H.F.W.

HE SAVED OTHERS.

UNDER the arresting headlines: "SAVED OTHERS, but now himself totally blind," a British newspaper relates the following touching story:

"After having saved the sight of hundreds of his patients during his career as an eye specialist in New York, Dr. —, of Middlebury, is now totally blind. Dr. — lost his sight in a motor car accident, when his car overturned in a ditch. Pieces of the windscreen entered his eyes,



BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

and doctors state that there is no chance of his ever recovering his sight."

No one can read this incident without feeling pity for and sympathy with the busy and skilful man who was thus suddenly bereft of the faculty which enabled him to render service to so many of his fellowmen, and to wish for him all the compensations which nature can provide in such circumstances.

While we read, do we pause to consider that similar words were used on another occasion? And in this case

He Saved Others.

they had in them not the pathos of genuine sympathy, but the cruelty and bitterness of a taunt. A young man, born of a peasant parent, who had spent His early life in a carpenter's shop, had given three and a half years of His perfect manhood to teaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, who had fed the hungry, healed the sick, spoken freedom to demon-possessed men and women, had unloosed the tongues of the dumb, and unstopped the ears of the deaf; who had given sight to the blind, and raised the dead to life, was delivered for envy, and condemned to the cruellest of death. When He hung nailed to the rude, rough-hewn beams of a cross, men sneered at Him, and uttered the taunt: "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." The cruelty of that taunt lay in its truth, for this lowly "Man of Sorrows" was none other than the eternal Son of God, the Word Who became flesh and tabernacled among men.

When He entered into our manhood He did so for a definite purpose. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). And if sinners are to be saved, the Son could not save Himself. God's Word declares that the wages of sin is death (Rom. 6. 23), that death hath passed upon all men, because "all have sinned" (Rom. 5. 12), that without shedding of blood there is no remission (Heb. 9. 22). If therefore men are to escape from the penalty of sin, God Himself must supply the ransom. The sinner and the Saviour cannot both escape. In love to us the Son of God gave His back to the smiters, His cheek to them that plucked out the hairs. We are told that: "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way; but the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). In thus giving Himself freely on our account, the Lord Jesus Christ has satisfied the claims of a holy God against sin, and has fully vindicated His righteousness, with the result that the sinner may now through the grace of God find pardon and righteousness in our Lord Jesus Christ.

The poor surgeon's accident has meant the cessation of his activities, and he now suffers from the blindness which he did so much to cure, but when the Lord Jesus spared not Himself, but went into death, He did so in

He Saved Others.

order to triumph over it. He is now risen, and in the might of His resurrection power is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. He is the Divine Healer Who alone can cure the sin-sick soul of the malady and madness of sin, and through Him repentance and remission of sins is preached to all men.

His suffering and death, instead of ending His usefulness, have made Him available to all who call upon Him, and even while you read this you may know His cleansing and healing power in your own life. If you are a sinner, suffering under the bondage of sin, with an uneasy conscience, living under the fear of impending judgment, and if you have never known His forgiving mercy, that may well be your condition, then listen to the words of the Saviour: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." He saved not Himself in order to accomplish your salvation. This salvation has been provided for you at infinite cost, and it is offered freely in Christ Jesus. Receive the message in simple faith, and on the authority of God Who cannot lie, you will be saved. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him" (John 3. 36). J.H.

LIFE.

MEDICAL men cannot tell you what life is. They can tell you that life is the opposite of death, which is much the same as saying that day is the opposite of night

Likewise with Spiritual life. No one can explain it, but all who possess it can rejoice in it; and the possession of it is obtained by faith in Jesus Christ. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent" (John 17. 3). Again, the Lord Jesus spoke these words: "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life." Is this life yours? (John 5. 24).

THE GOOD BLACK DOCTOR.

DR. C. J. DAVIS, or "The Good Black Doctor," as he was more familiarly called, was one day travelling from Charing Cross Station by the express to Folkestone. His companions in the compartment were a bright-faced, middle-aged lady, her husband, and two other ladies.

The train started, and the doctor, donning a travelling cap, leaned back apparently asleep. In a few minutes he heard the lady opposite say in an undertone to her husband: "Dear me, John, what a handsome black man that is. He must be one of the Indian princes over for the Exhibition. Oh, how sad to think of him being a heathen and knowing nothing about God and Heaven! Fancy him bowing down to idols! I would give anything to speak his language."

Now came the opportunity for which the black doctor had been silently praying, and, sitting up, he said in good English, "Can you tell me, madam, *how I can get to Heaven?*" "Well, you must be good, read your Bible, pray to God, and attend to Christian duties, and then you may get to Heaven," replied the lady. "But can I be certain that is the right way?" queried the black doctor. "Oh, yes, quite certain, for the Bible says so." The doctor produced his New Testament, and there she tried to find portions of Scripture to back up her statements concerning the way to Heaven, but could find none. Then the good doctor opened it at John 3. 16: "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," and showed her that instead of getting to Heaven by being good, doing good, and outward observances, as she had told him, God's Word said it was *by believing in His only begotten Son*. Instead of her way of DO, the Bible way was DONE; that all who, realising themselves to be sinners, looked to the sin-atonement sacrifice of the Son of God on Calvary were saved.

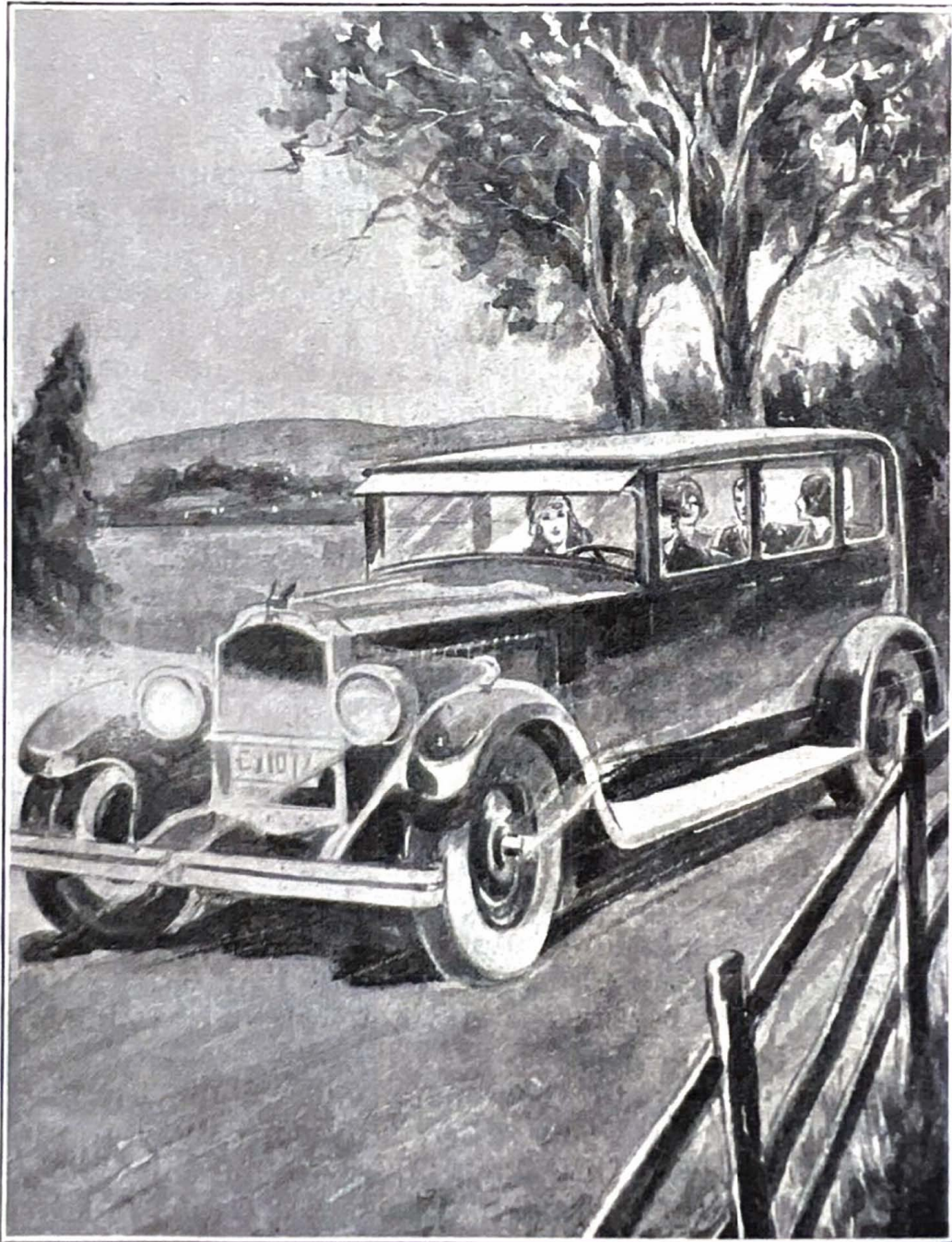
Thus the supposed poor, dark heathen was able to set before the supposed enlightened white passengers the true way to Heaven.

On the pier at Folkestone the younger lady touched his arm and said she would like to thank him for explaining the way of salvation as she had seen that all was *done*, had believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. hyp.

MISTAKEN;

— OR, —

THE OCCUPANTS OF A MOTOR CAR, WHO ON THEIR WAY HOME-
WARD, MISTOOK THE TURNING AND RAN HEADLONG INTO
THE WATERS OF THE MOIRA RIVER.



A CAR FULL OF YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

"No doubt they were sincere and thought they were on the
right way and would soon be home, but——

MISTAKEN.

A TAXI drove up at the door of a house about four o'clock in the morning. Everything was dark and still as a gentleman jumped in beside the driver, and waved "Good-bye" to his friends. The car then made its way in the direction of the station at Belleville, Ontario, in time for the early morning express from Montreal for Toronto.

"Did you hear what happened around here last night?" asked the chauffeur.

"Anything exciting?"

"Too much so, I think. A car full of young men and women fell into the river. It appears that they had been in the country attending a relative's funeral, and had left rather late. They belonged to the States, and were making their homeward journey at a good speed. All went well until they reached here. They did not seem to know their whereabouts too well, and the streets were deserted. They evidently mistook the turning, and landed headlong in the waters of the Moira River down beside the water front at the Bay of Quinte. One of the occupants happened to be near to an open window, and was thrown out, but managed to save himself. Alas for the others! They were caught like rats in a trap. It surely is an awful business. Pity their poor parents. I suppose the whole thing was simply neglect of care in driving. The young chap must have mistaken the lights."

The news left one almost speechless, and in a few moments reflections filled the mind as the train rolled westward at full speed. One could not help thinking it *might* not have happened, and *would not* have happened, if only they had slowed down and made sure of their whereabouts at the corner. No doubt they were sincere and thought they were on the right way and would soon be home, but——.

Fellow-traveller to that same and certain Eternity, allow me to address you with kindly entreaty, but with extreme urgency. These happenings are but "the knocking of the nail-pierced hand" at our heart's door, sacred entreaties of wondrous love seeking to arouse, arrest, awaken. You have heard the Good Shepherd's call time and again, calling His lost sheep; but, it may be, you have heard but never answered, never responded to

the many appeals. Through sickness, through loss of money, loss of situation, loss of relatives, and many other means you have heard the knocking, as He says so beautifully: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me" (Rev. 3. 20).

Let us learn once and for all by our own failures and by the failures of others, lessons salutary and beneficial for all time and eternity; lessons of first importance, upon which everything else depends. Are these the only mistaken people? Let conscience answer. Are you, my dear reader, on the sure road for Heaven and Home? Would you have been ready had you been in that company? Let the infallible Word of the living God speak with its accents of certainty. Let it shine as a search-light on our way, and let every other false light of human religions, reasonings, and philosophies go by the board. *We want to be certain* on eternal matters, and God alone is sufficient to enlighten and guide us into the way of peace. What does *He* say, for that is what counts, and that alone. "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6). They are all gone aside, there is none that doeth good, *no, not one* (Psa. 14. 3; Rom. 3. 9-20). We have been misled and mistaken, and without exception are utterly and hopelessly lost, so that if God does not step in and save us, human effort, be it the very best, is utterly useless in the extreme. Let me cite at least three ways by which the enemy is seeking to side-track the sons of men.

Some are mistaken by *sincerity*. "If I am sincere it does not matter what I do and where I go." That is the sentiment of thousands. These dear folks who were drowned give the lie to such a fallacy. Sincerity must have a basis of *truth*, else your soul will be launched into Hell. Sincerity cannot save.

Some are mistaken by *sacraments*. "If I attend to these sacred ordinances, surely that is sufficient for salvation." This is the sentiment of countless more, and yet if any were asked for a single Scripture to prove such, *it could not be found from cover to cover of the Word of God*. The sacrament is only for those who already know their sins forgiven, not in order to have them forgiven (1 Cor. 11. 23, with chapter 1. 2).

A third class are mistaken by *silver*. "If I *pay* so much, surely that is the most one can do." This is possibly the greatest insult of all to Almighty God. He Who has given His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). Though the whole wealth of creation were laid at the Saviour's feet, it could not redeem a single soul, as Peter himself affirms: "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious Blood of Christ" (1 Peter 1. 18-19).

God points us to His beloved Son at Calvary doing *all* the work of salvation, bearing *all* the sinner's judgment, and in virtue of that He beckons us to Himself, to Heaven, and Home. Now, dear, timid soul, I counsel you by the love of God, by the Cross of Christ, by the Word of the living God, by the certainty of the judgment bar of God, if you die in your sins, and by the irretrievable consequences throughout a lost eternity; I counsel you not to be misled a moment longer. Flee to Christ for salvation; flee to the Bible as the only sure ground of assurance. Rest on the Blood of Christ for pardon; accept the sinner's Saviour now (John 1. 12), and you will thank God that you were saved from an eternal mistake. G.A.N.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6).

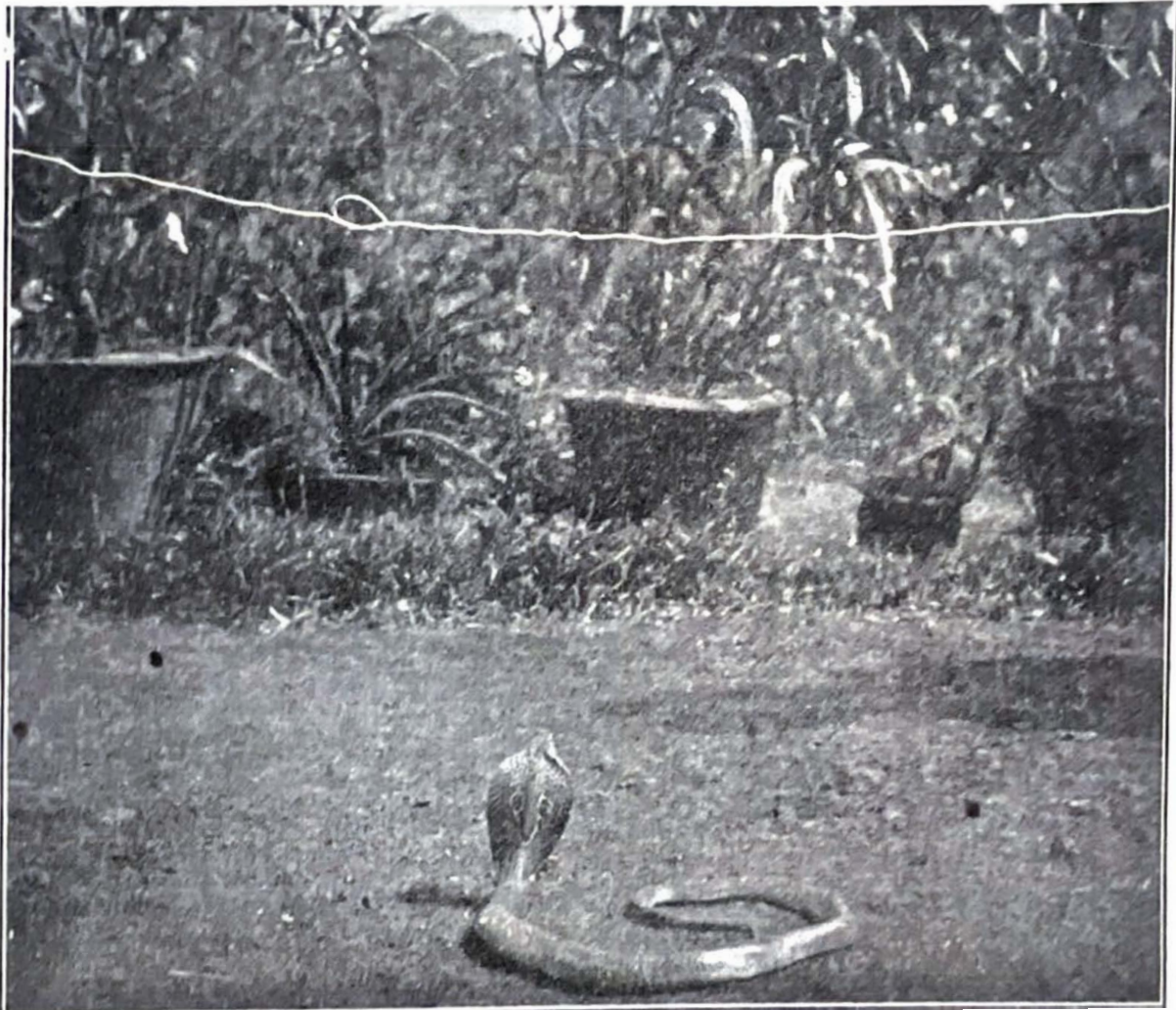
"I AM the Way," so Jesus said,
The only Way to God;
The narrow way which leads to life,
The way the saints have trod.

"I am the Truth," so Jesus said,
God's character portrayed;
A man on earth who unto death
God's perfect will obeyed.

"I am the Life," so Jesus said;
And all who hear His voice,
Arising from the death of sin,
In Him, their life, rejoice." W. R. MOORE.

PEACE INTERRUPTED.

A GENTLEMAN sat in his bungalow in India eating some fruit. A friend entered the room where he was, and took a seat beside him. They had not been long together, when the visitor suddenly ran forward, and seizing the chair on which his host sat, flung it to the other end of the room. He whose peace had been so rudely interrupted rose from the floor, on which he had been



A DEADLY COBRA.

pitched, and inquired for an explanation of such strange conduct. Looking in the direction in which his friend's eyes were fixed, he observed a large cobra. When told that it had been climbing up the chair on which he sat, he comprehended the situation in a moment, and the feeling of irritation and annoyance gave place to that of gratitude, on realising what a dreadful death he had been saved from.

The critical position of the gentleman seems to me to illustrate the spiritual condition of the great mass of man-

kind. He was exposed to great danger. The deadly serpent was getting nearer and nearer him every moment, but he was utterly unconscious of his peril. His ignorance, however, did not alter or affect the fact. His peace was broken in a very unceremonious way; but when made aware of the danger he had been rescued from, his heart was filled with thankfulness.

Perhaps the unsaved reader is unaware of the danger to which he is exposed—a condemned sinner, with the wrath of a holy and just God abiding upon him. You are hastening to certain destruction. Eternal justice is pursuing you. The messenger of death is on your track; the thunder cloud of God's wrath may burst upon your guilty head at any moment, and you will be ushered into an undone eternity.

Many have a sort of peace derived from carelessness and indifference. They admit, in a general way, that the Scriptures are true. They believe that there is a great day of reckoning, and that in their present condition they are unfit to meet God. They are, however, so much occupied in caring for their bodies that they cannot spare time to attend to their souls.

So anxious are they to own treasures on earth that they neglect laying up treasures in Heaven. When spoken to personally of their folly they admit the truth of your remarks, but continue procrastinating. Others have a peace derived from "the general mercy of God." They assert that God is far more merciful than many would lead us to believe; and on looking at themselves, and comparing themselves with others, they imagine they will "stand a good chance" of getting to Heaven at last. They are conscious, they say, of shortcomings, but they "don't pretend to be perfect." Poor souls! They are duped by Satan. It is blessedly true that God is merciful (see Deut. 4. 31; 2 Chron. 30. 9; Neh. 9. 17), but He is also inflexibly righteous, and "will by no means clear the guilty" (Exod. 34. 7). He is a "just God and a Saviour" (Isa. 45. 21). It is as impossible for Him to take a soul to Heaven who despised His Son as it is for Him to lie.

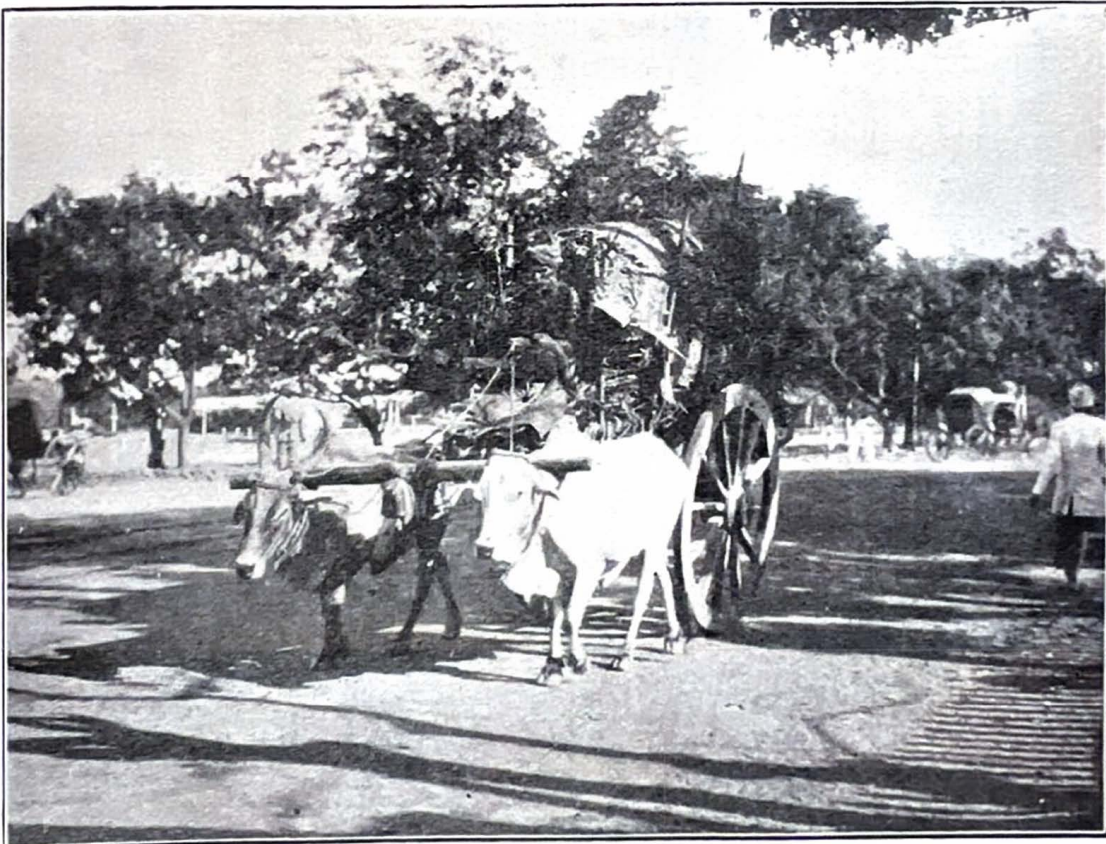
Numbers have a peace derived from the thought that they always believed on the Lord Jesus. They do not (they say), remember a time when they did not love

Peace Interrupted.

the Lord. According to their testimony they were Christians all their days. But there are no such people. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

If you have never been "converted" or "born again," you are at this very moment a "lost" sinner; and continuing in that condition, you will be lost eternally.

If you have not received Christ Jesus in your heart, I earnestly pray that your false peace may be disturbed



A BULLOCK CART ON THE WAY TO MARKET IN INDIA.

What a dreadful thought it is for one to imagine that he is going to Heaven, when he is really on the way to Hell! Do not attempt to "make" your peace with God. This is utterly impossible, for Christ has already done it. "Having made peace through the Blood of His Cross" (Col. 1. 20). Peace is already "made," and it is even now preached to you. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). "Acquaint—now—thyself with Him—and be at peace—thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job 22. 21).

A.M.

THE "GOOD LAD" STUNT.

NOBODY would expect to hear a Tyneside miner express his feelings in the same language as an Oxford professor, and yet he may be quite as sincere and more forceful. I thought this when a man with many marks of his calling on him wanted a talk after a Sunday night meeting in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"I've been trying to be a good lad," he said, "but it's no use." "So you've found that out? I'm very glad to hear it," I replied. "Yes," he said, "I've been trying hard, but I can't do it. The 'good lad' stunt is no use to me." "Well, you can come as a bad lad to the Saviour," I said. "What about trying that?" "That's it, that's what I want," he said, and he said it very eagerly. And so we turned to the Scriptures. Two verses seemed very suitable to his case: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly;" and "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." We found these great sayings in Romans 5, and they suited well the anxious miner, as once they suited me, for he having tried to be a good lad, and having failed, knew that he was "ungodly" and "a sinner."

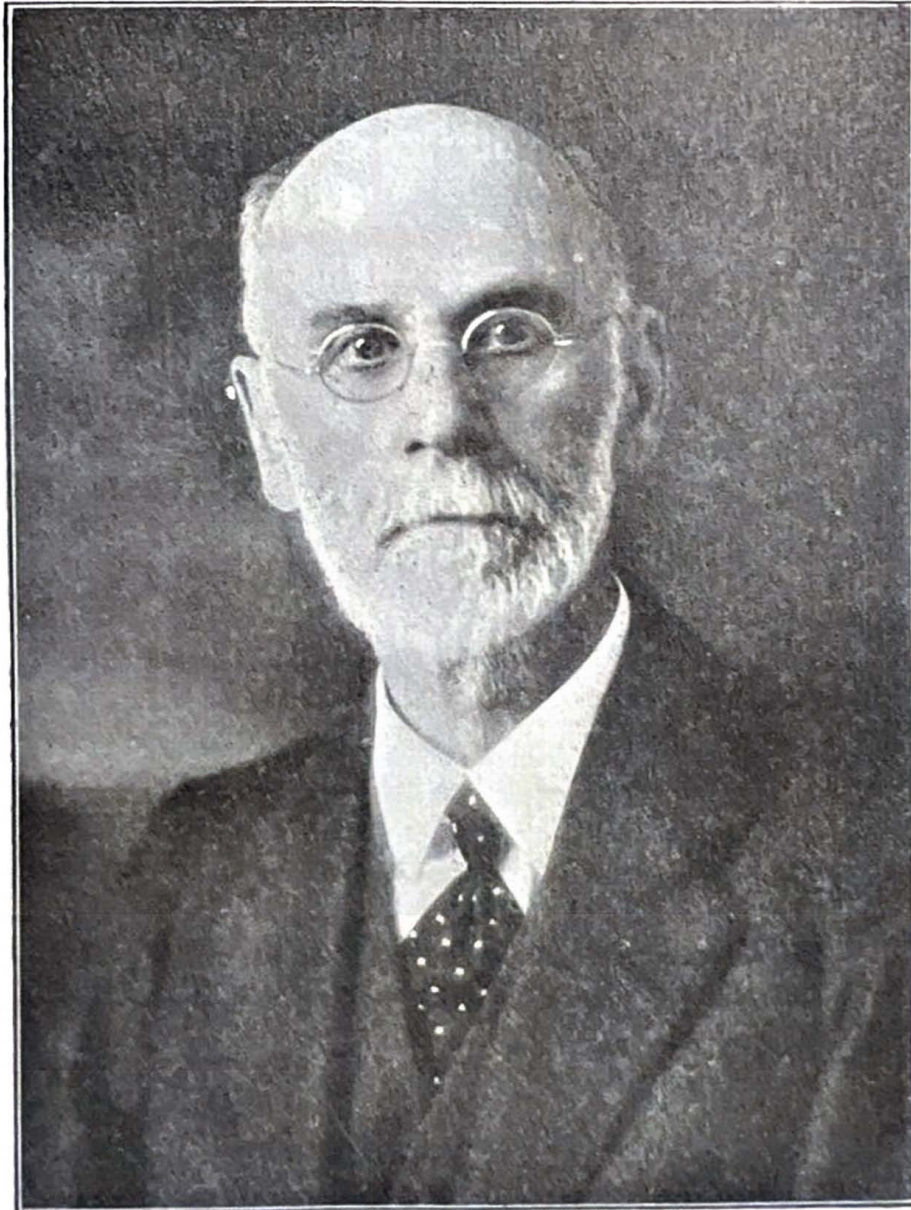
From that wonderful chapter in Romans we turned to Isaiah 53 and read verse 5: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." It was wonderful light for him, and as he realised that the Lord Jesus Christ had suffered and died for him, he said, very quietly yet very earnestly, "CHRIST FOR ME!"

We talked together and prayed together, and he went away rejoicing that salvation is not of works, but all of grace, and that Christ Jesus came into the world not to call and save the righteous, but sinners such as he was.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8). In the matter of salvation God must have the glory and the believing sinner receives the blessing. Are you living in the enjoyment of sins forgiven through faith in Jesus Christ and His atoning work? If not, accept Him now as your own and only Saviour, and enter peace (Rom. 5. 1). J. T. MAWSON.

AN EDITOR'S CONVERSION.

ONE night in England, in the year 1881, the Aurora Borealis was visible—an Arctic light of much splendour. I can recollect the surprise it gave to many, mingled with alarm, who, like myself, had never seen a



FRANKLIN FERGUSON, NEW ZEALAND.

Polar light. I had been taught from a child that Christ was coming again, and as I beheld the illuminated sky, that night how natural that I should conclude that the Lord Whose salvation I had neglected was actually coming now, and these rays of light must be the outshining of the approaching glory of the Coming One. My parents and all converted people taken to be with Him, and myself

with all unsaved souls left behind for eternal judgment! I was gripped with a keen sense of being a lost sinner.

"My conscience owned and felt its guilt,
And plunged me in despair."

There shall come a day when the unconverted will make the startling discovery that they are for ever, and for ever, on the wrong side of Calvary's Cross, with a terrible Hell before them (Psa. 9. 17: Jude 7).

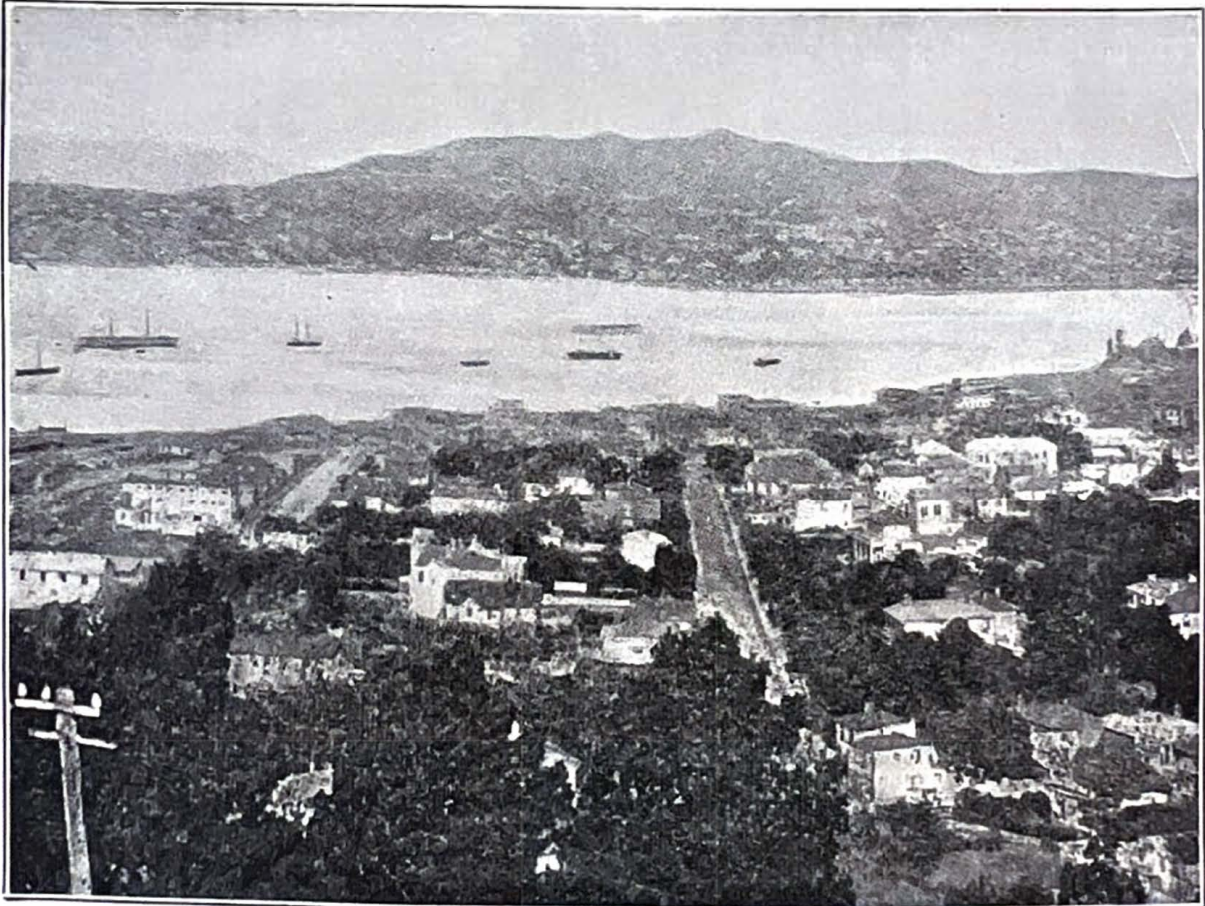
Now that I was thoroughly aroused as to my unpreparedness to meet God, I began to pray and to read the Scriptures; but no ease came to my conscience. I tried to feel sorry for sin, and live better; still my sins were as a load upon me. To pray is right, to read the Bible is good, to feel sorrow for sin is proper, to live right we should; but in order to be saved, God says: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). He does not say: "Pray, read, repent, and live right, and thou shalt be saved." No, it is *believe*.

After about two weeks of soul trouble, there came the morning of October 31, 1881, when I again asked my mother: "What does it mean to *believe*?" repeating to her the words: "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). Having to go that morning on a train journey, walking along some country lanes to the station, I kept repeating: "Believeth! Believeth! Whatever is it to *believe*?" Never having doubted the truth of John 3. 16, I had in that sense always "believed;" yet to the question, "Are you saved?" my answer was "No." Seated in the train, the same perplexing thoughts troubled me. After we left Stockport (a town on the way) I was alone in the carriage, and as we were crossing the viaduct spanning the River Mersey, immediately I passed from death to life.

I could distinctly see it now. Being the person meant by "whosoever," the Son of God had therefore died on the Cross *for me*, bearing my sins. Could I have seen the Saviour led there, been as an eye-witness of the crucifixion, heard His cry, "It is finished" (John 19. 30), would it not have been a simple thing to *believe*? Jesus said to Thomas, the doubting disciple, "Because thou hast seen

An Editor's Conversion.

Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John 20. 29). What remained for me to do? Only to exclaim: "Oh, thank you!" and place my full trust in God's most sure word of promise. This I did: That blessed verse, John 3. 16, pointed me to Christ. I did not merely rest on the verse, but on the One it pointed me to. God, Who could not



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

lie, had said it; the Scriptures, which cannot be broken, had recorded it; the Holy Spirit of Truth had borne witness to it. I had calm, settled peace now, because I had taken the Bible to mean just what it said, nothing less or more. This took place fifty years ago, and the same Saviour whom I trusted as a lad of fifteen has kept me all the years, and will until He comes for me. He is a wonderful Saviour, Who not only saves the guiltiest from the penalty of his sin, but saves him to the uttermost—right to the glory.

FRANKLIN FERGUSON.

THIS LITTLE WORLD OF OURS.

AT one time there was (and in some quarters there still is) a tendency to belittle the planet on which we live. Astronomical discoveries made it seem so small as compared to the vast universe surrounding it. But on no other planet has any evidence of *life* been found. And because the earth is the scene of life and of our own existence, one cannot wonder at the great curiosity as to its origin.

The Bible gives an account of earth's creation, but some prefer to seek a solution elsewhere. The "Nebular Hypothesis" was set afoot, but was discarded because it created difficulties instead of removing them. The "Planetismal" and other theories followed, each in its turn proposing an answer to the "riddle," but none able to maintain its position against advancing knowledge. The doctrine of the "eternity of matter"—so useful as a prop to these theories—had, upon the discovery of radio-activity, also to give way. The Bible account they will not allow, for here they maintain, as one writer chooses to put it, "We stand in the presence of religious faith, and the answer given is wholly outside the realm of scientific test and proof." "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God" (Heb. 11. 3), but faith, evidently, is no part of *some* scientists' equipment, and, unfortunately for them, their own theories crumble one by one before their own "scientific test and proof."

But let no one be deceived into believing that scientists are unanimous on this score. More and more they are adopting the conclusions expressed by Sir H. Jeans, Secretary of the Royal Society, that "everything points with overwhelming force to a definite event, or series of events, of creation at some time or times not infinitely remote. The universe cannot have originated by chance out of its present ingredients, and neither can it have been always the same as now."

Fairly examined, there is *nothing more reasonable or scientific than a direct Creation by a Personal Creator*. Why, then, the persistent attempt to get rid of the idea? Because a creation clearly implies man's accountability to his Creator, and sinful men want nothing to remind them of *that*. Any speculation, therefore, is welcome

This Little World of Ours.

that seems to put God "out of the picture," or as far as possible into the background. Men want to be allowed to fold their arms and think themselves answerable to no superior Power and immune from coming wrath.

But, reader, listen! God will not allow Himself to



THIS WORLD OF OURS.

be so lightly disposed of. No amount of sceptical speculation—even if it can claim the sanction of some great names—will alter the sober fact that all are His creatures, and as such each and every one accountable to Him. And remember, the "accounting" will be on principles, not of human choosing, but of Divine and absolute

"Next, Please."

righteousness. You may cast doubt on His Creatorship, but cannot escape His tribunal. You may flout His claims, but cannot avert His wrath. "Because there is wrath beware, lest He take thee away with a stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18).

Now, there is a way of escape open to you. God loves you, and sent His Son into the world that you might live through Him. He became answerable for your sin, and received the judgment due to it on the Cross. Because of His sacrifice for sin—your—sin—God can now say to you, "Come now, and let us reason together. . . . Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18).

F.W.S.

"NEXT, PLEASE."

A CHRISTIAN gentleman who had occasion to see a doctor about his health was ushered into his waiting-room, where he found the usual collection of people in need of medical help. As last-comer, he took his seat nearest the outer door to await his turn. As the doctor opened the door into the surgery from time to time, saying, "Next, please!" the waiting people moved up one, while later comers joined the bottom end of the queue.

Our friend at last found himself at the head of the line, and while awaiting his turn to enter the surgery, the outer door opened hurriedly and a lady burst into the room, evidently in great distress. Motioned by some to take her place at the end of the queue, and dismayed at the obviously long time she must wait for attention, she addressed herself to our friend at the head of the line. "Oh, if you please, *could* you let me go in next? I am in such distress!" The gentleman without hesitation replied, "Certainly, madam, take my place." At that moment the surgery door opened, and as the doctor cried out, "Next, please!" the lady, with a look of great gratitude to our friend, passed into the surgery.

The gentleman, who had risen to give the lady his seat, turned to resume it, when he found it occupied by the next in the queue, which had moved forward one as the surgery door closed. Before he had time to inquire the reason for this action, someone called out, "You gave the

last one in the row your place; so you must take her's"! "Hear, hear!" came a general murmur. The gentleman stood for a moment nonplussed, endeavouring to grasp the new situation. Then his brow cleared and, as he took the last seat in the line again, he said: "You are quite right; if she took my place, I must take hers!"

Then he turned to the waiting patients and said earnestly: "That is exactly what the Lord Jesus did for me. I deserved to be separated for ever from God on account of my sins. Jesus took my place and bore all my punishment on the Cross. He undertook to be my Substitute. All my guilt and shortcomings were reckoned to Him and He must needs cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But because He took my place, He has given me His! All His excellencies, all His righteousnesses are reckoned to me. In the purpose of God I am now in the place of blessing which He once occupied and now occupies again."

Can you say this? Are you separated from God by your sins? What a solemn thing to die in your sins, for the tender, gracious lips of the Lord Jesus uttered these words, to those who die in their sins: "Whither I go, ye cannot come."

Unless you can find a Substitute to bear your penalty you must yourself suffer the consequences of your sins. Hell is no bogey to frighten children with, but a solemn reality vouched for by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. As the eternal Son of God, who Himself created Hell for the reception of the devil and his angels, He knows, and He longs to save you from this eternal separation from God.

God has provided, at infinite cost to Himself, a Substitute whom He can accept. Christ, out of pure love to your soul, offered Himself; and if you accept His finished work as done for yourself, if you gratefully acknowledge to God that Christ died for you, personally and individually, as if you were the only sinner in the world, then you may claim Him as your Saviour and your Substitute and all your sins shall be forgiven you in that moment. "He was wounded for our (my) transgressions, He was bruised for our (my) iniquities: and with His stripes we are (I am) healed" (Isa. 53. 5).

R.W.C.

WHAT A STRANGE WISH!

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

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

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

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

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

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

D.M.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH

—OR,—

THE ALPINE CLIMBER WHO SAVED HIS LIFE BY CASTING HIMSELF
INTO A RIVER FLOWING UNDER A GLACIER.



PLUNGING INTO THE RIVER.

"Think of this man—only a few minutes before, surrounded by walls and threatened by death, now standing in sunshine and liberty, and that by simply trusting himself to a stream."

THE MOUNTAINEER'S ESCAPE.

SOME time ago there appeared in one of the leading papers of South Africa an interesting article on "Mountaineering in Switzerland." An experienced Alpine climber related to a party of tourists at the Cape some thrilling adventures in which he and his friends were personally concerned.

One of these was about an able mountaineer of much experience, who was well acquainted with the dangerous icy passes and treacherous holes and crevasses with which the glaciers abound. He was climbing one of the Alpine mountains alone, without a friend or guide, when by some means he slipped and fell down into a deep crevasse.

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to travel icy mountains alone. But it is far more dangerous to travel the road to eternity alone, without Christ. And in this direction the Word of God gives another solemn warning: "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" (1 Peter 4. 17).

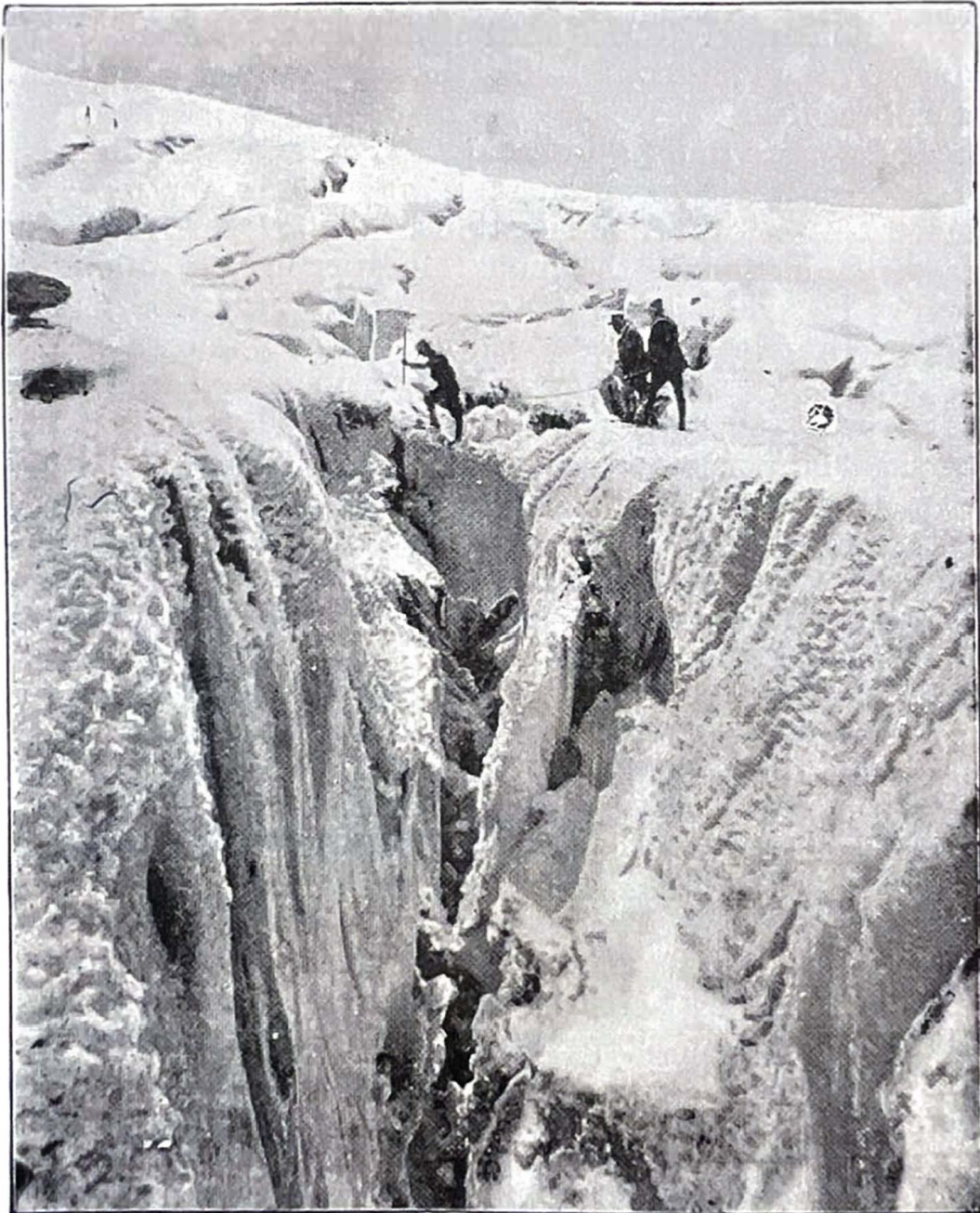
He appeared to be not much the worse for his fall, but what was he to do? Think of his position—around him towered walls of ice, forty or fifty feet high. To climb up was impossible. To cry out was of little use. To wait there was to die. There appeared to be nothing before him but a lingering death from starvation and cold. To die alone, with no friend or helper nigh, away on a lonely glacier, how sad! Have you ever thought, dear reader, what it will mean to die without Christ (1 Thess. 4. 13)?

Now let us first of all see from the Scriptures how the circumstances of the unfortunate traveller seems to fit the sinners' case exactly. Please turn to your Bible and read 2 Samuel 14. 14: "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again." I will leave you to read the next part of the verse for yourself. Also read Romans 3. 19-23 and Psalm 40. 2. Man has fallen into a horrible pit called SIN.

To climb up to God is quite impossible, for in the 3rd chapter of John, verse 13, we hear Christ saying to Nicodemus: "No man hath ascended up to Heaven, but He that came down from Heaven, even the Son of man which is in Heaven." The sinner cannot climb up to Heaven by religious observances or good works, or by anything else that he can do (Rom. 10. 6-9).

The Mountaineer's Escape.

Even poor Jacob could not climb one rung nearer Heaven on the ladder of his dream, but the Lord came down to Jacob (Gen. 28. 12). And in wondrous grace



ALPINE CLIMBERS.

Christ has come down to the sinner, as we read in 1 Tim. 1. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." The Lord Jesus Christ by His atoning death on Calvary's Cross opened a new and living

way, by which the vilest sinner who believes may return to God (Isa. 1. 18).

Now, then, to come to our story. How did this traveller escape from his icy prison? There appeared to be no possible hope of recovery. But as he sat and looked around him he observed at the bottom of the crevasse, a river which ran under the glacier, having formed a natural tunnel for itself.

"If I were to plunge into that river," said he to himself, "I wonder where it would take me!" And the more he thought of it, the more convinced he became that the river running under the mountain was his only hope of escape; he would have to trust himself entirely to that river. In relating the adventure to our tourist friend afterwards, he said: "My mind was made up in a very short time, and, taking a deep breath, I plunged into the stream, and was borne along under the glacier. My head felt as if it would burst in the icy waters, but in a very short space of time, to my intense joy, I was carried out into the sunshine." "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun" (Eccles. 11. 7).

Now just think of this man—only a few minutes before, surrounded by walls and threatened by death, now standing in sunshine and liberty, and that by simply trusting himself to a stream. How great must have been his joy, as he emerged from the darkness of the tunnel—saved from death! His case reminds one of the Israelites at the Red Sea.

Just a few words and my lesson is finished. The sinner has fallen into a place more terrible than a crevasse. He has fallen into sin (Rom. 3. 23). He has fallen into the grip of Satan (Acts 26. 18), and though in his blindness he appears to himself to be not much the worse for his fall, yet the Word of God plainly declares that he is dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2. 1), and on his way to eternal destruction (Rev. 20. 15; Heb. 9. 27). What shall he do? How shall he escape? The fallen Alpine climber in his icy prison was convinced that his only way of escape was in the stream running under the mountain. He decided to trust himself entirely to the stream, and he plunged in, and was carried out into the sunshine. And

The Mountaineer's Escape.

so with you, dear friend, all other ways of escape from death and Hell are cut off. The darkness of Calvary is the only way out into the light. And unless you trust entirely to the finished work of Christ you are bound to perish eternally. It may be you have oftentimes joined in singing the familiar lines:

"Ere since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die,"

without realising their beautiful meaning. In Zechariah 13. 1 we read of a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Believe the good news, dear friend, believe for yourself. Plunge right in by faith, trembling soul. Venture your all on the atoning Blood of Jesus. Take a long look at Him, there on the Cross—bearing your sins, dying for you, the Just for the unjust (1 Peter 3. 18). Hear His heart-breaking cry: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matt. 27. 46). And again hear Him cry with triumphant voice: "It is finished" (John 19. 30). And yet again, look at Him rising from the dead, and seated at the right hand of God, crowned with glory and honour (Heb. 2. 9), with not one sin left upon Him, and you, too, if you believe, shall be brought out into the sunshine and joy of salvation.

H. VINE.

STOPPED BY AN EARWIG.

A REMARKABLE incident occurred on the Hounslow line of the London District Railway on 25th March, 1914. The 12.1 was detained for eight minutes at Heston, and following trains behind, owing to the fact that the signal was against them. Investigation showed that an earwig had caused a short circuit and the electric signal stood at "danger." A common little insect to stop a mighty train and derange a railway service! Yet what common things—a friend's sneer, a companion's taunt, a habit, a custom, a trifle—may cause a soul to miss Eternal Salvation through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and land one in "danger" eternal. Be wise, and see to it that things neither small nor great shall divert you from your foremost duty, the eternal salvation of your soul. Believe and be saved, even NOW.

HYP.

THE WEST INDIAN LADY'S CONVERSION.

"WE are having an open-air meeting this evening near the Post Office; will you come?" It was in one of the smaller West Indian Islands that the question was asked. Two visitors from overseas, one from England and one from Canada, were distributing papers around the town. It was one of these that invited the lady to the open-air meeting, handing her at the same time a *Herald of Salvation*.

"What is the meeting about?" asked the lady.

"It is a Gospel meeting," was the reply. "We are here in your beautiful island for a short visit. Having learned the wonderful secret of peace with God and joy in His salvation, we want to share it with others. So I hope we shall see you at our meeting to-night."

"I don't know about that," said the lady. "I think you are wasting your time. We are all Christians here. I am a member of the Episcopal Church myself; then there are Presbyterians, Methodists, Moravians, and several others."

"Do you really know Christ as your own personal Saviour, ma'am?"

"Oh! I don't profess to be perfect; but I'm as good as most people, and a lot better than some."

"That may be so. If you were perfect you would not need a Saviour. My question was about Christ. The Gospel message is that He died for ungodly sinners, and that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Do you believe in Him in a real and personal way?"

"Well; I can't say. I daresay I'll come and hear you this evening. By the Post Office, did you say?"

"Yes; Mr. M. has kindly given us permission to stand on the steps of his store"

The evening came, and a goodly crowd gathered. Many brought chairs or boxes to sit on. Some had lanterns, and not a few had Bibles and Sankey Hymn-books. After singing:

"Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

One of the visitors prayed. Another hymn was sung:

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee."

The West Indian Lady's Conversion.

Then the young man from Canada read out his text. It was from Romans 3. 22-24. His clear voice rang out in the stillness of the quiet evening hour: "There is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."



LOADING BANANAS AT THE PORT, JAMAICA.

The lady of whom we have spoken was present. She was standing with others at the outskirts of the crowd. The text from the Word of God fell upon her ears with great power. "No difference!" she said to herself; "no difference between me and that girl over there! We all know what kind of a life *she* lives!"

But the preacher explained that it is not a question of morals, of character, of upbringing or of social position.

The West Indian Lady's Conversion.

It is a question of sinnership in the sight of God. There is no difference because all have sinned.

Mrs. — could not but acknowledge the truth of this. She had admitted that she was not perfect. She had sinned; she needed a Saviour. She thought of the services she had attended, the number of times she had taken the Sacrament, the money she had contributed to religious causes. But it gripped her mind that salvation lay in none of these things, but in "the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," and that it may be obtained "freely" by the gift of God's grace.

Before the visitors left the island they saw the lady again.

"I do not feel any different," she said, "I have had no wonderful experience. But I knelt down and just told God that I am a sinner, worse than I had realised, but that I believe His message about Christ, and I put my trust in Him to save me."

"Thank God," said the English visitor, "that is enough. That is what is meant by believing, and 'whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins' (Acts 10. 43); and again, 'by Him all that believe are justified from all things' (Acts 13. 39).

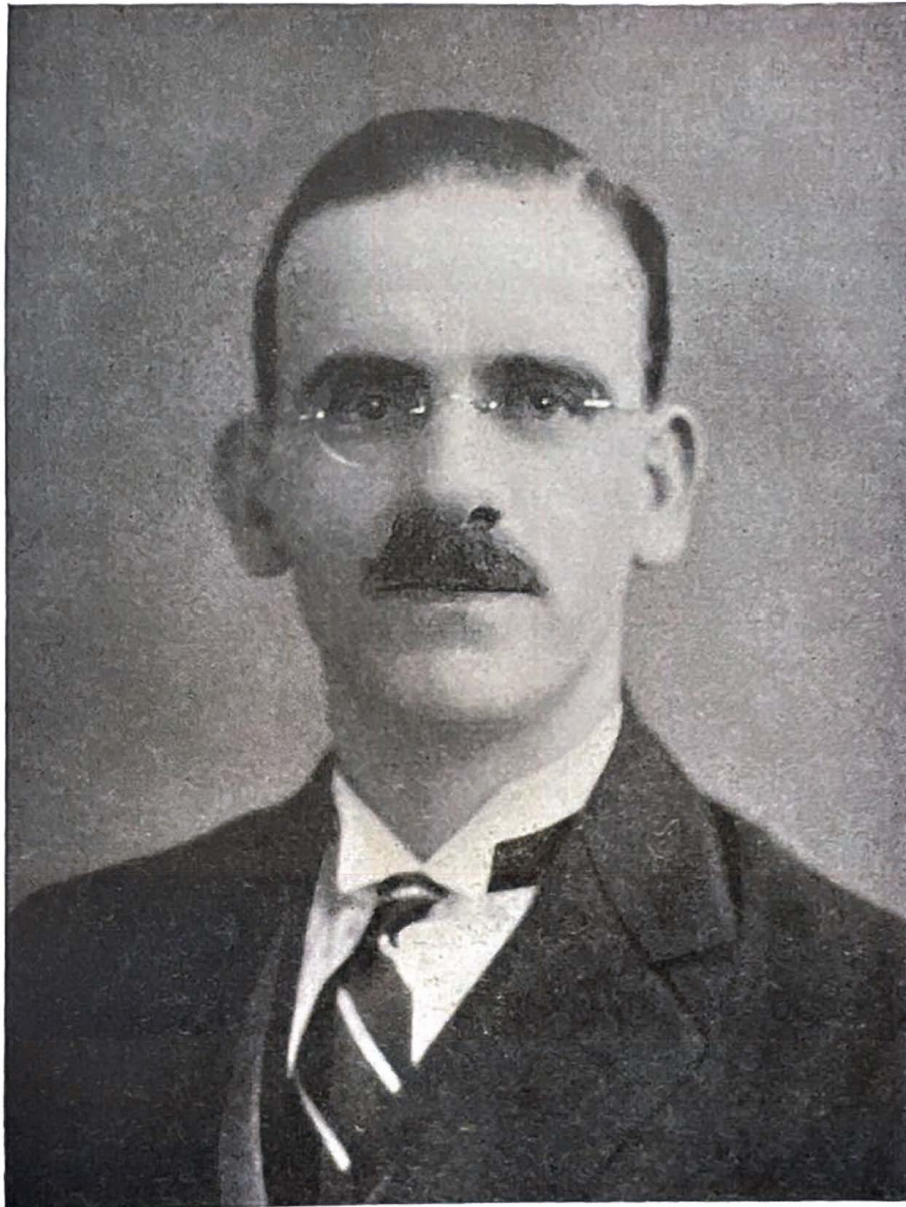
Reader, remember that salvation is a personal matter. Whether you live in a heathen country or a so-called Christian land makes no difference. Church members need salvation equally with those who make no profession. It cannot be won or earned. It is wholly by grace that we are saved, and "grace" means God's unmerited favour. "For by grace are ye saved through faith . . . not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). My unknown friend, is the salvation of God yours? H. P. BARKER.

CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY

COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
Were the whole sky of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

A SOLDIER LAD'S CONVERSION.

WHEN the Great War broke out in 1914, being a member of the Territorial Force, I was immediately called upon for Home Service. My regiment, the 6th Black Watch, was sent to North Queensferry, where we took over the Forth Bridge defences. The war was not



JAMES BARRIE, HAWICK.

long in progress until it became evident that we would not always be used for Home Defence Work. In those early days of the war we were all keen to see service abroad, so that it was with the keenest pleasure that we received the news that we all were to have the opportunity of signing for service abroad. We now settled down to the hard but

A Soldier Lad's Conversion.

healthy training that was to fit us to do our "bit" in the front line. After a few months we were transferred to Dundee to take over the Tay Bridge Defences and perfect our training for service in Flanders.

At this time I was not saved, nor had I during this period made the acquaintance of anyone who was. Never during this time do I remember having any serious thoughts regarding Eternity, and this seemed to be the prevailing spiritual condition of the men among whom I lived and with whom I trained. Our ambition to be in the forefront of the war was soon to be realised. In April of 1915, amid tense excitement, our Commanding Officer intimated to us that he had received official notification that we had been selected for foreign service. This news was received with the greatest possible enthusiasm by all ranks, and we all looked forward now to a soon departure for the fighting line.

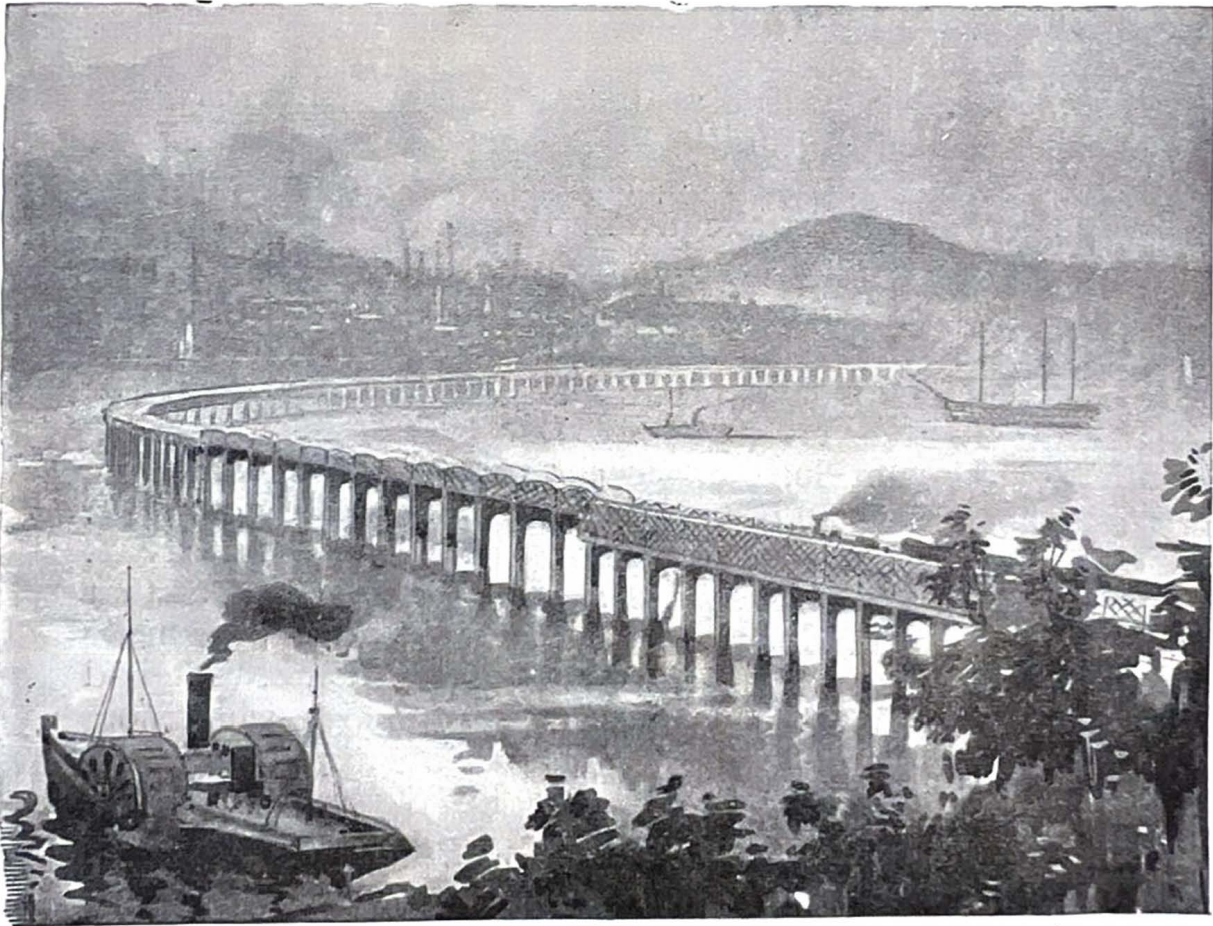
The eventful day arrived, and to the skirl of the bagpipes and the beat of the drums, with the cheers and good wishes of the people ringing in our ears, the Black Watch marched from the Western Barracks, Dundee, to the station, where we entrained for Bedford, where we were to receive our equipment for the Field. Not many days after, we embarked at Dover for France, and on arriving at one of the bases, passed through the usual preliminaries, then began by train and foot to make our way by stages to the firing line. Then one day the news was conveyed to us that in the evening we were going into the line to relieve another regiment. Our goal was at last to be reached, and we all with a certain amount of romance looked forward eagerly to our first experience in the firing line.

That first night is not easily described, nor is it my business to do so here; but this I would say, in spite of the fact that I was now in a position of constant peril from shell and bullet, yet I can never remember having any thought of the possibility of death and what that would mean to me if it should occur. How dark the human mind until awakened by the Spirit of God! The first streaks of dawn began to creep across the eastern sky, slowly the sun began to mount upwards, the darkness of night fled before the rising sun—our first night in the

A Soldier Lad's Conversion.

trenches was past, and our first day began. The first night had produced nothing outstanding, but the dawning of the day was to be a turning point in my life.

Early that day I was wounded in the back of the head by a piece of shrapnel. All I remember was the trench as it were suddenly rising into the air, then voices, "He's wounded in the head." As consciousness returned, I well remember wondering if I was going to die; but God in His



THE OLD TAY BRIDGE, DUNDEE

infinite mercy had ordered it otherwise. Had that wound proved fatal I most certainly would have passed into Eternity unsaved. What a thought! Remember, dear reader, I was not saved. My wound was dressed, and very soon I was on my way to hospital, where I was eventually marked for home. That was indeed a "Red Letter Day" in my experience.

It wasn't long until I found myself in a comfortable hospital in Aberdeen, where, on being discharged, I was

marked unfit for further "Foreign Service." Just at this time a new company was formed, mainly to consist of wounded men returned from the firing line. I was transferred to this company, and despatched to Hawick for duty. The object for which this special company was formed was to trace the movements of Zeppelins when they crossed to this country. It was arranged that we should occupy private billets in our respective districts, and that they should be as conveniently near our post as possible.

This marks a second important stage in my life, and was bringing me nearer the moment when I was to be brought face to face with eternal realities. The woman with whom I was destined to be billeted, and who was to lead me to Christ, was very much opposed to our coming. How she was persuaded to take us in forms a very interesting episode, but would take me beyond the space allotted for this story; so I pass over it. Before leaving headquarters we were warned that we must be on our best behaviour while under this lady's roof, and to be returned would be a crime to be severely punished.

We were not long under her roof until we knew the reason why we had been so severely cautioned by our C.O. She was one of those women who professed to be saved. We were treated like sons; the best food available at that time was procured for us, and in every way we were made as comfortable as though we had been at home. We had a good job, and a good and Godly landlady—what more could men wish for during service in the army? But she wanted us to have something more. We were invited to the meetings, and as it was impossible to refuse one who had been so good to us, we all went. I never remember the service there impressing me.

One night when going on duty, my kind landlady handed me a Gospel tract with the request that I would read it during my spare time. This I did, but do not remember its title or substance. The following evening I was sitting in my room when she came in. Thinking this to be a favourable opportunity to give her the tract back, I handed it to her, thanking her for it. She said, "Did you read it?" I replied, "Yes," just a trifle annoyed to think that she should have thought I wouldn't read it.

Drawing her chair up beside me, she said: "I'm going

to tell you how the Lord saved me." So she began her story. She sketched briefly to me her life, and what particularly led up to her conversion. Briefly, it was this. Invited to a Gospel meeting, she went, at the close of which she found herself unable to leave her seat—the Spirit of God had been dealing with her. A lady spoke to her, and from John three and sixteen sought to show her how she could be saved. Said this soul-winner to her: "There are two words in this verse which you can substitute with your own name: 'world' and 'whosoever.' Now will you put your name in?" She said: "That night I did so, and by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ passed from death to life." And now applying the advice to me she said: "If you do what I did that night so long ago, you can be saved, too." With this parting thrust she left the room; but her words had impressed me more deeply than she probably thought.

She had no sooner left the room than I got down on my knees and read my name into John 3. 16. That night, realising that I was a lost sinner, I made Christ my own personal Saviour, and resting the weight of my soul's salvation on the work He had finished on the Cross, I, too, passed from death unto life.

My lines did not always fall in pleasant places. Soon after this I was once more marked fit for foreign service, and was in due course returned to my regiment. But during those subsequent years of service I found in the Saviour I had trusted "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Unserved reader, make Him your Saviour now!

J. L. BARRIE.

CAN IT BE DONE?

SOCRATES, the Greek philosopher, is credited with this statement: "It may be that God will forgive wilful sin, but I cannot see how He *can*, because I cannot see that He *ought to*." In his estimation it would have been a flat contradiction to the eternal "oughtness" of things if God did not exact the penalty of sin to the full. And so far Socrates was right. The penalty of sin must be borne. The demands of God's holiness are inflexible—they *must* be satisfied. Sin is not a thing that God can treat lightly. To us, accustomed to it and saturated

with it as we are, it may appear trivial. In fact, we are living in days when, in some circles, it is considered a clever thing to sin. But God cannot be careless about sin. It is a challenge to His authority. It is a rebellion against the Divine majesty. It is a direct affront to God's Person. And if Socrates understood, in some measure, the awful character of sin, it is not at all to be wondered at that He despaired of the possibility of forgiveness. Doubtless he longed that it might be forgiven, and in this he is by no means alone. Many have expressed themselves as earnestly desiring that the awful debt might in some way be cancelled. Even Omar Khayam, the Persian astronomer and mystic, who is ordinarily quite careless of moral issues, has this passage in his "Rubayat:":

"Would but some winged angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate;
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate."

And when we turn to the Bible, we find the same longing expressed in words like these: "How should man be just with God. . . . Let Him take away His rod from me, and let not His fear terrify me" (Job 9. 2 and 34).

And why all this anxiety? Because sin is eternal in its consequences—because sin unremoved, unforgiven, must mean eternal judgment upon the sinner.

But must we assume, with Socrates, that sin *cannot* be forgiven? Not at all. That its penalty must be borne is true, but, blessed be God, One has been found to bear it in the sinner's stead. That God's holy demands must be satisfied is true, but the Lord Jesus Christ, in His atoning death on Calvary, has fully satisfied them. God's Holy Throne has been more completely vindicated by the sacrifice of Christ than it would have been if a world of sinners had been sent to Hell for ever. Sin has been judged, but in such a way as to make possible the salvation of the sinner—judged in the Person of a Substitute. Therefore we joyfully pass on the Glad News to any individual who may read these lines, who may have felt the burden of sin crushing him into hopeless despair: "Through this Man (the Lord Jesus Christ) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him, all that believe are justified from all things . . ." (Acts 13. 38-39).

Can it be Done?

And this simply means that if you, reader, will to-day receive the Lord Jesus Christ, God in righteousness (to revert to the language of the ancient philosopher) not only "can" forgive your sins, but He "ought to"—yes,



CAN IT BE DONE?

and He *will* forgive them the moment that you trust His Son.

"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). Make Him your Saviour now by faith in Jesus Christ (Acts 16. 31). F. W. SCHWARTZ.

"I DO NOT FEAR DEATH."

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

Now, how has this come to be with me, for it was not always thus? I know as well as anyone what it is to "dread death," and to put away the thought of its absolute certainty, because I dare not look it in the face. There was a time when I saw clearly I could not save myself—that I deserved Hell in many ways, but in one most of all: that I owed the whole love of my heart to God, and had not given it to Him; that the Lord Jesus had so loved me as to die for me, and yet I, unmindful of it, had treated Him with daily, hourly ingratitude. I saw the sinfulness of my heart and life. I could not make my heart better. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4). So, unless sin is taken away my soul must die and go to Hell.

Where, then, was my hope? In the same Word of God, 1 John 5. 10, it is written, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness of himself," and John 3. 36, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Believe what? That He must keep His word and punish sin, and that He has punished it in the Person of Jesus, our Substitute, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24).

If the Lord Jesus has paid any ransom, and borne the punishment of my sins, I only simply accept this, and believe Him, and it is all a true and real transaction. It is no theorising, but acting. And I did this, I believed it, and cast myself, utterly hopeless and helpless and lost in myself, at the feet of Jesus, and took Him at His word, and accepted what He had done for me. What was the result? Joy, peace in believing, and a happy, full trust in Him, which death cannot touch. Now it is a reality of realities to me; it is so intertwined with my life that I know nothing could separate me from His love. I could not do without Jesus. I cannot and I do not live without Him. It is a new and different life; and the life and light which takes away all fear of death is what I want others to have and enjoy.

F. R. H.

A BUSINESS INTERVIEW

—OR,—

THE BUSINESS MAN, WHO STARTLED HIS CLIENT AT THE CLOSE OF
THE CONSULTATION, BY ASKING HIM HOW LONG HE HAD TO LIVE.



THE TRAFFIC IN CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

"All thoughts of business had now ceased to occupy the minds
of these two men, for they were face to face with eternal issues."

A BUSINESS INTERVIEW.

THE muffled roar of the traffic, accompanied by the shrill blast of motor horns, could be heard in a city office, where a consultation was in progress, a business man having called for advice prior to his departure for the Continent.

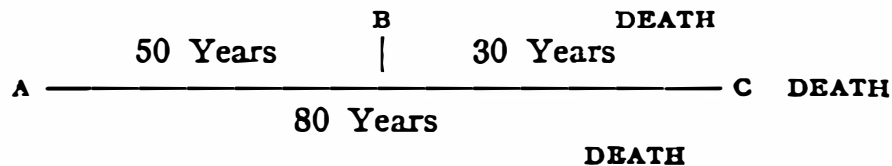
The conversation changed abruptly from business matters, by the adviser turning to his client at the end of the consultation, and remarking: "By the by, how long have you to live?" With a startled expression, the man replied: "I am afraid that I do not know. Can you tell me?"

Somewhat to his astonishment he was informed that information on the subject was available, and that a Death Chart could be prepared at once, provided that two questions were answered.

The questions were: Did he consider himself an average person? And if so, his present age? The first question was answered in the affirmative, and in reply to the second question, the age was given as approximately fifty years.

The client was then told that some three thousand or more years ago, the maximum length of life of the average person was stated to be seventy years, possibly eighty, and that this figure was still accurate for the present purpose; the record referred to being found in the 90th chapter of the Book of Psalms.

Having obtained these particulars, the adviser prepared a Chart of Death by drawing a horizontal line across a plain sheet of paper, thus:



The line A to C represents the maximum length of life of the average person, viz., eighty years. A to B the past life of the client, totalling fifty years. B to C the maximum future period of thirty years, and the end when reached, DEATH. The Chart also provides for the cessation of life through accidents or illness, a moment of time only being required for the individual to step to the right or left of that line to find DEATH awaiting him.

Having explained the Chart, the adviser asked a further question, viz., "Are you prepared to DIE?"

A Business Interview.

All thoughts of business had now ceased to occupy the minds of these two men, for they were face to face with eternal issues. A certain stillness seemed to pervade the office which the noise of the traffic could not disturb, excluding for the time being the outer world and enclosing for a brief interval two human beings who would never meet again (as it afterwards transpired) this side of the border of Death.

The client replied that he had always lived a decent life and was straight in his business, so any sins he had committed he concluded would be overlooked in the Day



"HOW LONG HAVE YOU TO LIVE?"

of Judgment, as God Who was merciful would take his good works into account.

It was pointed out that God was also a holy God, and sin could not be overlooked. In addition, if sins, big or little, were allowed to enter the eternal dwelling-place of the redeemed, those Heavenly regions would likewise become defiled, even as the earth, and sin in all its horror would be present throughout eternity.

Somewhat bewildered, the client asked what he could do in the circumstances, as DIE he must, at some time or another, and without help he could not rid himself of his past sins. With face alight with interest, he was told

that his helpless plight, and that of the whole human race, had been provided for, and that by God Himself, a way whereby sin was not overlooked but righteously dealt with and the sinner granted, also in righteousness, *free* forgiveness.

The Holy Scriptures were quoted, of the Son of God coming to this earth at the beginning of the first century, "to take away," as it is written, "the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). If sinners were to be forgiven in righteousness some one must take the sinner's place and bear the full penalty of sin. These holy records allow fallen men to read of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, and to ponder His unspeakable agony when contemplating the Cross at Calvary. His trial before the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, is described when the verdict is given: "I find no fault in Him." He Who was faultless was, however, scourged and afterwards led away "bearing the cross."

No human mind can conceive or pen express those awful sufferings at Calvary, when He "tasted death for every man." The eyes of men were not allowed to gaze upon that Holy One in those three hours of suffering, for darkness covered the land.

Darkness, however, was soon to be dispelled, for at the ninth hour the astonished multitude standing by the Cross heard those marvellous words which have since penetrated to every quarter of the globe: "It is finished." For having fully completed the work of redemption, the Son of God, after uttering these wondrous words, lifted up His voice in prayer, saying: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit; and having said thus, He gave up the ghost" (Luke 23. 46).

The Cross was now relieved of its burden, for that holy body, now dead, was taken down, wrapped in linen, and laid in a sepulchre, a great stone being rolled against the entrance and sealed, to guard the sacred dead.

Death now appeared to be triumphant, but as the soldiers watched that silent tomb, an angelic being, whose countenance was like lightning, descended from Heaven and rolled away the stone.

Not only were the words, "It is finished," heard on earth, but they reached the Throne of God, and God raised

Him from the dead, henceforth to be an eternal witness that God's holy claims had been fully satisfied.

Throughout the ensuing centuries untold millions have heard and accepted the joyful news of free forgiveness. Turning to the client, the adviser said: "I also am one of the countless company."

The Death Chart provides for death at the end and on either side of the line of life, but there is another exit from this earth not on the chart, and that is upward. For the Lord Jesus is returning, and expectant Christians are awaiting that return with joy.

The Scriptures definitely state that "the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught UP together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17).

At the conclusion of the interview, the client solemnly remarked as he left the office that he was more than glad to have discussed matters of such vital importance. Little, however, did the adviser think at that time how soon the Death Chart would be tested, but such was the case, as the client never returned, for one day without a moment's warning, he dropped DEAD, stepping thereby from the line of life into the realms of Death.

May a Chart of Death be submitted for your consideration, and in view of the indisputable fact that it takes but a moment of time for YOU to step from the line of life into Eternity, may the further question be asked, Are YOU prepared to die?

In God's Book of Life, is YOUR name recorded as one who has accepted the offer of free forgiveness? If not, look to the left or right of YOUR line of life, and utter that one word of acceptance before it is too late. F.G.S.

TRUE LIFE.

DIDST Thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but Thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To Him who gave Himself for me?
Come then, my Master and my God,
Take the dear purchase of Thy Blood.

NO DIFFERENCE.

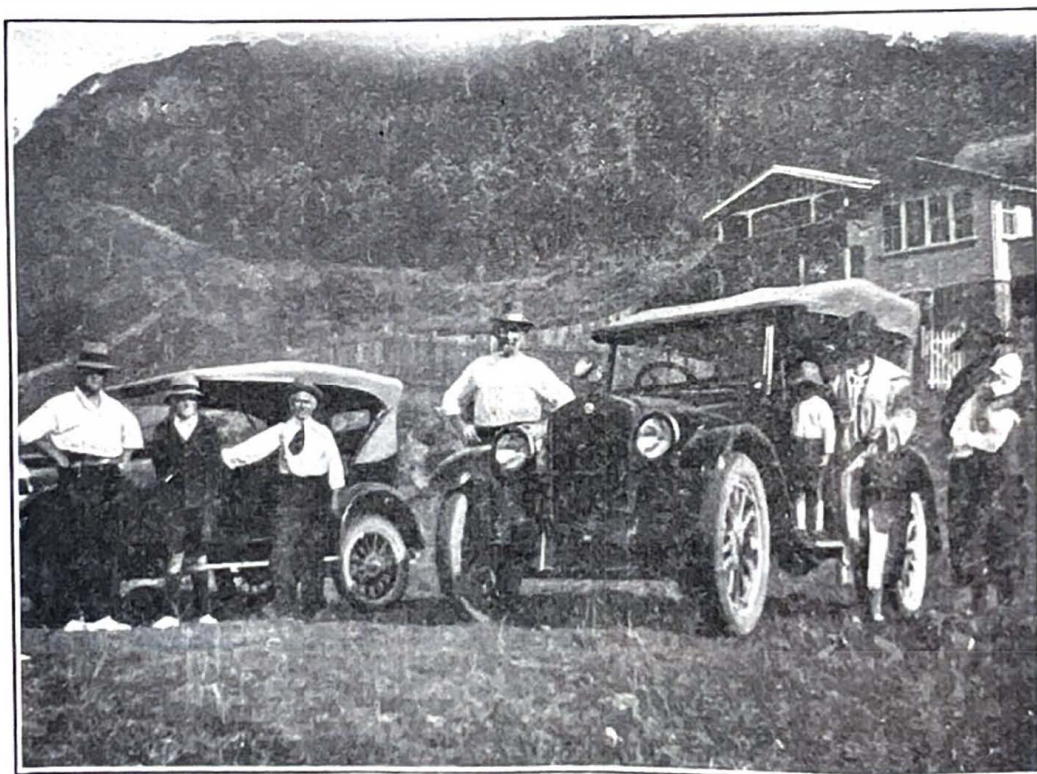
NO difference! How can that be? My friend Mac and I had been addressing lunch-hour open-air meetings for business men in Brisbane, Q., and those who listened to us must have noticed many points of difference between us. He is short, I am not; he is light-hearted and a natural humorist; while some one told me the other day that I was very stern; he is young and fresh and fair; I, like Ephraim in the Prophets, have grey hairs here and there upon me, and I know it. Mac's lungs seem to be of leather, while mine are of frail flesh. He can speak for an hour with a west wind blowing Brisbane dust into his throat, and be as fresh as when he started; twenty minutes is my limit on an open-air platform under the most favourable conditions. Those men who listened to Mac, and many did, heard more than once that before God saved him he was as hard a case as could be met in a day's march. I do not know whether he drank or thieved, he did not say; but he certainly had his fill of the pleasures of the world, which he found, as he often told us, to be only "froth and bubble;" he gambled and swore and served the Devil with a will; and suffered for it, as crowds of others have done.

He was not reared in a Christian home. Indeed, he was the first of his family to be converted, and before that happened he was reduced to "feeding pigs on the Richmond River for ten bob a week and his tucker." I am giving you his own words. I wasn't a bit like that—I am talking about the difference between us. I am forced to do so, in order to bring out the fact that there was "no difference." I was trained in a Christian home. My earliest recollection of my mother, now with Christ in glory, is waking at night to find her kneeling at my bedside, praying to God to save her first-born boy and send him preaching the Gospel world-wide. And God answered her double request, and she lived to see it. When I tried to swear like other lads, the oaths stuck in my throat. I did not gamble and drink, and in my sixteenth year God saved me. I had a varied experience before that happened. For instance, when my conscience began to tell me that I was a sinner, and that some day I must meet God who knew all about me, I began to wish that there was no God; and at that time some one lent me the

No Difference.

"Life of Charles Bradlaugh," the notorious infidel, and I vowed that I would be an infidel, too, and I was one for twenty-four hours. You may say: You did not give it a long trial. No, I did not, but quite long enough, I assure you, for those twenty-four hours were the most wretched of my life. In my sixteenth year I was saved, and I needed the same Saviour to save me then as Mac did at twenty-six.

Now I have come to the point where there is no difference between us. We stand on the same platform here, and it



GOSPEL CARS IN QUEENSLAND.

is the platform upon which every man stands—for all have sinned and all need the same Saviour, and there is only one Saviour—the Lord Jesus Christ. I am ready for your question: How can there be no difference between an outwardly moral and decent fellow, and one whose sins are so evident that they show the fact wherever he goes? Well, take Mac's case and mine. God held me on a short tether; He let Mac have a long rope. But I strained at my tether and he strained at his, and you have strained at yours—and that is where the "no difference" comes in with tremendous force for us all. Do you see it? God

No Difference

held me on a tight rein; Mac's was slacker. But if God had thrown the reins on my neck, and if He had done the same with Mac, it would have been a mad race between us for hell-fire, with the odds on me. We should have taken the broad road at a headlong gallop, and been damned, both of us, long ago. We were alike in that, and you are no different to us. It was God's mercy that has held us back, and it is His mercy that has held you back, and I beg of you to thank Him for it, and count His long-suffering salvation and face the question now of your sins against Him.

If you have not gone the whole way to destruction, or as far as some have, do not think that you are better than they, for there is no difference. Your home training, environment, friendships, and conditions of life have limited you, but you are a sinner, and if a sinner, what's to be done? To turn over a new leaf won't undo the past or change your heart. You need a Saviour, a living, gracious, almighty Saviour. And God has provided such a Saviour for you. In this He has shown His great love to you, for we read: "God commended His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). God has made no difference in this respect. He commends His love to all, and sent His Son for all, and is rich unto all that call upon Him.

It is an old story, and it may not interest you much; perhaps not as much as it used to do; but if you make up to the fact that without this Saviour your soul will be surely lost for ever, then it will command your earnest attention. If you will not have Christ as your Saviour, you must have Him as your Judge, and on that day God will judge the secrets of men by Christ Jesus. It will go hard then with those respectable sinners, who have kept the outside of the cup so clean, but the inside—— Ah, well, they know what the inside is like! The hidden things, buried, as you vainly hope, in oblivion, are coming out for judgment in the day of judgment if they are not obliterated by the Blood of Jesus in the day of salvation. I beg of you to face the matter as Mac did on the Richmond River, N.S.W., and as I did in Bradford, England, and the same Saviour that saved us will save you.

J. T. MAWSON.

A SCHOOLBOY'S CONVERSION.

I HAVE been asked to tell the story of my conversion. There was nothing very noticeable about it, and the only reason that leads me to accede to the request is this fact. The account of a conversion, unmarked by



H. P. BARKER.

any sensational happening, may help to encourage any who doubt the reality of their own conversion because it has been unattended by any remarkable incident.

Along with a cousin a few months younger than myself, I "decided for Christ," and "confessed Christ as my Saviour" at the age of ten. It was at a children's service

A Schoolboy's Conversion.

in a hall at Margate, and a certain amount of pressure was brought to bear upon us by the preacher. To this day I possess a small volume, suitably inscribed, presented to me as a memento of the occasion.

But I seriously question whether anything really took place in my soul at that time. I had no notion of being a sinner in God's sight. Some years passed, and I began to realise something of the sinfulness of my heart. I knew that I was unfit to meet God. Again and again I was powerfully affected by the preaching of my own father, who was an ardent and gifted evangelist. The terms of the Gospel had been familiar to me from early childhood, but my difficulty was as to what believing really meant. Had I not always believed all that I had heard and read in the Bible about the Saviour?

I was nearly sixteen when I began to understand. I was much helped when I read in Romans 4. 16: "It is of faith, that it might be by grace." I said to myself, "It is because God wants to make it easy, not in order to make it difficult, that He has made salvation dependent on faith. Faith, therefore, cannot be anything mysterious. It must be something quite simple."

One day I fixed my attention on John 5. 24. I had heard somebody testify to having "found peace" through that verse. I sat down to examine it, noticing that it consisted of words spoken by the Saviour Himself.

I read: "He that heareth My Word." Now, had I done that? I was not sure, for another verse made it clear that it does not mean merely hearing with the outward ear. To some who had undoubtedly listened with their ears, the Lord said: "Why do ye not understand My speech? Even because ye cannot hear My Word" (John 8. 43). And again, in verse 47 of the same chapter, "He that is of God heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not." Hearing the Word was therefore something more than merely listening to the Gospel being preached.

Leaving that point for the moment, I went on to the next clause: "and believeth on Him that sent Me." I said to myself: "I am sure I believe in God, not merely as the great, omnipotent Ruler of the universe, but as the One who sent His Son." What for? Why, to save sinners, to die for them, and therefore for me!

A Schoolboy's Conversion.

Oh, that glorious moment when my soul laid hold of the fact that God had sent His Son to be my surety and Substitute; that God had loved me, wanted me, and had gone to the lengths of giving up Jesus to die in order to obtain me! I hardly needed the assurance of the next clause: "hath everlasting life." I knew that God had had me, even me, in view when he sent His Son, and that I was for ever His. My heart filled with gratitude to my blessed Saviour.



THE CLOCK TOWER AND SANDS, MARGATE.

I thanked Him for the assuring words, "hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." From that moment I can truly say I have never had a doubt of my salvation. Why should I? I had yet to learn the depravity of my own heart and the incorrigible evil of my old nature, but I learned my lesson in the light of the love that had given its utmost for my sake. I do not say that I was always happy. Sometimes I was utterly miserable at the discovery of my own sinfulness

A Schoolboy's Conversion.

and powerlessness. But I did not and could not doubt the love that had redeemed me, nor the efficacy of the Blood that had spoken to God on my behalf. I had peace with God.

Soon after this an old lady came to stay for a few weeks at our house. One of her first questions to me was: "Have you been baptised?"

I said, "No, I have never thought about it."

"Well," she said, "you are no better than a heathen, and I shall treat you as such."

I think this old lady was very wrong. Baptism was a pet subject with her, but she was very much in the dark as to its import. She even worried my father into having my baby brother and sister immersed. I could not see that in the Scriptures, but I began to search for myself.

I found that the Lord never said anything to people about being baptised, but that He commanded His servants to baptise those who believed the Gospel. I said to the old lady: "I am going to be baptised, not because I am a heathen, but because I am a Christian; not because you say I ought to be, but because I find it in the Bible, particularly in the Acts, that all believers were baptised."

The old lady looked more than she said. When I told my father of my desire, he was extremely pleased, and said: "In a short time I am expecting Mr. B—— (the preacher at the children's service when I "confessed Christ"), and we will get him to baptise you." When Mr. B—— arrived at Penzance, where we lived, the matter was arranged, and in the waters of Mount's Bay I was buried with Christ" according to the teaching of Romans 6. 4.

My baptism was the sequel to my conversion, not a part of it. I had no idea that it would make me a better boy, or give me a better chance of going to Heaven, or be a means of grace to me. Thank God, I had been better instructed than to imagine any such thing. My conversion to God was complete without baptism, and if I had died I should have gone to Heaven.

It was not in order to be a Christian, then, that I wished to be baptised. It was because, by the grace of God, I was one that I desired to declare myself one and to profess discipleship to my Saviour. H. P. BARKER.

A SOLDIER IN INDIA.

I N my young days I was very self-willed and headstrong. So after a few years at school—at which I determined to learn nothing—I found that employers would not put



"I JOINED THE ARMY."

up with my ways. These ways, too, had developed—I could swear, I could drink, I could bet—in fact, I was rapidly becoming a master hand at wickedness. Because of these things jobs became difficult and scarce. So, as

A Soldier in India.

I must live, I did what many a derelict has done before me—I joined the Army. Here I was under a large measure of restraint, which at first was irksome to me, but I soon got used to it. But although there was much strictness demanded in certain things, there was little or no restraint against sin and wickedness. And of this I took full advantage. I don't think it well for any one to boast how wicked he has been, and I am not going to do so here. Suffice it to say that I went so far that I honestly believed I was quite too bad for God or Christ to have anything to do with me. My conscience pricked me many a time. I often felt the surfeit of sin. Sometimes I debated whether life was worth living or not. Without the stimulation of drink I was never happy.

One night I returned to barracks late. I knew I had earned a reprimand, if not more. But at the guardhouse Sergeant S—— was in charge, and he was well known in the regiment as a sincere Christian. He was a Bible man, and we all gave him credit for being very real, no hypocrite. Instead of dealing with me for infringing regimental orders, he told me how I had been sinning against my God and Creator. Though somewhat under the influence of drink I was clearly able to understand all he said, and I answered, "Sergeant, I admit the truth of all you've said to me, but I want to tell you you're just wasting breath talking religion to me—I'm too absolutely far gone for your God, or your religion, or your Christ to help me, or save me, or change me!"

The sergeant stared at me in astonishment. "Man," he cried, "are you *lost*?" "Yes, yes," I replied, "that's it, that's it. I am lost—past all hope, and I know it."

"And don't you know," he returned, "that it says in the Bible that Jesus Christ 'came to seek and to save the lost?'" "No, I don't; never heard of it. And if that's in the Bible, I'd just like you to show it to me."

"Oh, that's easy enough," said the sergeant, "here it is, in the 19th chapter of Luke, verse 10. It's Christ's own words, 'For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' You say you're lost?"

I read the words, I read and re-read them. They seemed to burn into my very soul. Surely they were for me—I'm lost! I know He's been seeking me a long time,

Redemption.

and now—the seeking seems to be for such as me—a lost sinner. “Sergeant, that text’s mine, it’s written for me, specially for me. Sergeant, I’m saved, for Jesus Christ has found me—the *lost* one! Hallelujah! I’m saved!”

Are you saved, my friend? You may be saved now by simple faith in Jesus Christ. He waits to receive and bless you with salvation (John 5. 24). E.C.Q.

REDEMPTION

REDEMPTION to me is the sweetest of themes,
And each day I live more amazing it seems
That God in His mercy His Son should have given,
That I might for ever be with Him in Heaven.

But still, though amazing, ’tis none the less true
That He finished the work and left nothing to do;
And now a free pardon He offers to all
Who upon Him, as sinners, are willing to call.

I came as a sinner, confessing my guilt,
’Twas for me that His Blood was on Calvary spilt;
And now on the truth of His promise I live,
“Unto you who believe, life eternal I’ll give.”

I am redeemed, and I know it full well,
Is the story I love to the world now to tell;
Though sceptics may sneer and declare it absurd,
I still rest secure under sheltering Blood.

Redeemed, not through good works of merit I pled,
Nor yet by a life that was morally led;
Redeemed, not through prayers nor the giving of alms,
Nor yet by the reading or singing of Psalms.

Redeemed, not through formal attendance at Church,
While deep in my heart evil passions did lurch;
Redeemed, but ’twas neither by silver nor gold—
No, not one of these is the way to the Fold.

I am redeemed, oh, how sweet is the thought,
That He, by His Blood, my redemption hath bought,
And although o’er life’s sea on its billows I’m tossed,
God’s Word now assures me I’ll never be lost. R.M.

"THAT IS JUST WHAT I WANT."

A HINDU in India was awakened by the Holy Spirit to see his guilt and danger, but, alas, knew nothing of God's way of forgiveness. He longed to secure it, but was ignorant of the fact that it was obtained through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and through His merits alone. In order to make an atonement for his sins and get rid of its intolerable load he started on a pilgrimage with spikes in his sandals to a distant place. In the course of his journey he reached a mission-station, weary and worn and sad, and sat down under a tree. A Gospel meeting was held that evening, and the anxious inquirer listened with rapt attention. The servant of Christ based his remarks on the familiar but little understood words of 1 John 1. 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The preacher told out tenderly, earnestly, and simply the "old, old story" of God's unmeasured wealth of love to sinners; of His provision for their need in the gift of His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; of His death on Calvary's Cross as an atonement for sin; and by believing the "good news" of the "glad and glorious Gospel" a free, full, and present forgiveness is obtained.

As the Hindu heard the "wonderful words of life" he threw off his spiked sandals, and exclaimed, "This is just what I want! This is just what I want!" Thank God the blood of Jesus Christ has lost none of its cleansing power. It has cleansed the darkest stains of the vilest offenders that ever lived. Whatever the reader is, or has been, it can cleanse every sin he has ever committed. It cleanseth from ALL sin—sins of omission and commission; sins of thought and word and deed.

A special sort of soap is advertised as a "matchless cleanser." It cannot remove or cleanse the stain of sin. "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord God" (Jer. 2. 22).

By simple faith in the blood of Jesus the reader will obtain the free and full forgiveness of his sins, however numerous and aggravated. "In whom we have redemption through His blood the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1. 7). "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

A.M.

THE COMMUNIST'S WARNING

— OR, —

THE ROAD WATCHMAN, WHO, AFTER A NIGHT'S DRINKING, WAS STUNNED BY THE NEWS, CONVEYED BY THE LOCAL POLICEMAN, OF THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE GIRL AS THE RESULT OF A BUS ACCIDENT.



WATCHMAN ON A ROAD.

"It was then I began to reflect, first upon the past, then on the unhappy present, and finally on the uncertain future."

THE COMMUNIST'S AWAKENING.

IT was Sunday afternoon in September, and by a strange coincidence my very birthday anniversary. I was engaged as watchman on a road outside Saltcoats, Ayrshire. The previous day had brought its quota of success for me as a result of horse betting, and in the evening a number of pals had gathered round to divide the spoil, most of which was consumed in drink.

All at once I heard the approach of a car, and I crossed to intercept it, when, to my consternation, a policeman from my home town stepped forward. The only thing I could think of was the previous night's orgy. "What had I done? What mischief had resulted?"

"That you, Charlie?"

"Yes, what's up?"

Slowly he broke the awful news to me of the death of my little girl by a 'bus accident. The result was as a bolt from the blue. I felt stunned. Immediately my heart hardened with intense hatred at this strange providence of God. She had been to me as the very light of my eyes, and now came the inky darkness. Recovering somewhat, I hurriedly left with the policeman, and motored home, extracting all the news I could while we journeyed together. After the funeral I returned to my work, but found my job filled and my services no longer required. This only made my heart harder at such icy coldness instead of receiving some slight sympathy.

It was then I began to reflect, first upon the past, then on the unhappy present, and finally on the uncertain future. My early life in India had been filled with a glamour all its own, which had long since died. I thought of all the political arenas I had entered, of the battles waged and won, of the many scars, of the positions lost in consequence of my strong Socialistic views, as a leader in the Trades Union Movement I had championed that cause time and time again. Now at the end of it all I was left without a job, while the very men I had fought for did not seem to care a straw about me. This last blow accentuated my grief, and bore its fruit in untold bitterness. As I reflected I thought my case hopeless, while my heart became adamant.

Looking back now I discern an overruling Hand in all these strange circumstances of seeming disaster, for they

The Communist's Awakening.

drove me to think of my own need, of the reality of Eternity and of meeting a holy God in my sins. I had even helped to carry on a Socialistic Sunday School, but the awful hollowness and infidelity of it all began to arrest me and make me yearn for something real.

A Socialistic friend suggested our going to hear a very outspoken preacher, a converted Roman Catholic and a Lieutenant-Colonel. We heard him declare boldly of the



SALTCOATS, AYRSHIRE

utter corruption of man at the best, of his utter failure in every age. He likewise showed the "wondrous Cross" as the one and only way of pardon and peace—God's provision for a perishing world (John 3. 16), and that without a prayer, a tear, without a single effort on the part of man, for God had done everything for man's salvation in the Person of His Son, as proved by the Resurrection. All that was required of man was to take God at His word and enter into the good of the work of Christ.

The Communist's Warning.

This was too strong for me. I was not ready to condemn myself as a lost sinner, yet I realised that I was not right with God. However, I was not left long in that state, for another preacher visited the town for several weeks, and to his services we repaired, though much prejudice had first to be overcome. I had detested that place, but now I was prepared to enter, even though it were only to criticise.

It was not long before that prejudice melted further, and while I listened I found myself as in the very presence of God. One thing I did learn, and it was this: If ever I were to see my little girl again, my sins must be forgiven in time, else there would be eternal separation, an unbearable thought to me. This wakened me up at last and drove me to the feet of the Saviour. Discussing the matter with my wife, she readily agreed, for she had known Him as her own Saviour for years. While thus by the fireside musing over these things, I determined that nothing would hinder me any longer from entering into the joy of His salvation. In the quietness of my heart I yielded to Christ in simple faith, and said:

"Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God I come."

I had seen Him bearing my sin's heavy load. The penalty exhausted, I was free for ever from condemnation, forgiven, cleansed, made fit for His presence, and—wonder of wonders—I would never be separated from my child. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37), had been ringing in my heart, and I came. Will you? And we will rejoice together for all eternity! His gracious invitation is couched in the simplest language possible. The words are: "Come unto Me" (Matt. 11. 28). He does not ask that we come to religion or to creeds or ceremonies, but to Himself, the only Saviour of sinners. Is your question, "How do I come?" The answer is, by faith. To come to Jesus is just to receive or believe Him—in other words, to rest my soul for time and eternity on Jesus Christ and His atoning work.

Cease your rebellion, rest upon His perfect and finished work, and receive Him now as your very own Saviour (John 1. 12)

C.P. AND G.A.N.

OLD "BILL."

THE Ward of a London hospital was quiet and peaceful as Nurse A. went her round at 2 a.m., feeling much relieved that all her patients were sleeping comfortably.

Suddenly there appeared an anxious face at the door. It was Nurse L. from the opposite Ward. "I say, Nurse," said she, "could you come over and talk to Old Bill for



IN A LONDON HOSPITAL

a while? He is crying bitterly, and I cannot do anything with him, but I am sure you can."

Old Bill crying! Nurse A. could hardly believe it. What memories she had of him. Her mind quickly travelled to the past three months during which time he had been under her care. Such a difficult patient, such a hard man. What dreadful language he had used while she was dressing his septic foot! One nurse had adorned him in a little red cap, which made him look very conspicuous; but it did

Old Bill.

not change the look of discontentment and hardness on his face. So now he was in trouble and actually crying!

Glancing quickly around the Ward to make sure that all was well, she went over to the next Ward. Straight to Old Bill's bedside she went, and found him sobbing. "What is the matter, Bill?" "Oh, nurse, I am dying. I want to see a minister," said he. "You cannot see a minister just now at 2 a.m." "Oh, but I must. I am dying and I am not ready!" "Listen," said Nurse, "I cannot bring the minister just now, but stop crying, I will be your minister."

He looked at her in astonishment. "What! You, a nurse and a minister, too?" "Yes," said she. "I can tell you just what you want to know. Listen to these words: 'For God so loved Old Bill, that He gave His only begotten Son, that if Old Bill believeth in Him, he should not perish, but have everlasting life'" (John 3. 16).

"Say it again, Nurse," said he. She repeated the same words again, and then left him, while she went to attend to her own patients in the adjoining Ward.

A few minutes passed, and the anxious face of Nurse L. appeared once more at the door. "I say, A., do come again. Old Bill has stopped crying, but there are others in tears now, especially Mr. W. in the next bed."

Nurse A. went again and spoke to Mr. W. "What is the matter?" "Nurse, it has touched all our hearts to hear you tell a man like Old Bill that God loves him. We were all listening, Nurse, and if God loves a man like Old Bill, then He loves me." "Yes," said the nurse. "He loves you and can save you now if you will just trust yourself to Him." After a few more minutes of conversation, she left him to think and to rest on the Word of God.

There were tears in the eyes of both nurses, but Nurse A. rejoiced as she returned to her Ward to think that she had been given such a wonderful opportunity to witness for her Saviour.

Perhaps this was the last opportunity Old Bill had for hearing of the love of God in the Gift of the Lord Jesus Christ to save perishing sinners such as he, as shortly afterwards he had left this scene. We trust Old Bill rested his soul on God's Word, which reads: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). K.A.

A ROYAL FAITH.



KING EDWARD VII.

WHEN King Edward VII was Prince of Wales, he had occasion to visit a large works in which one of the processes employed involved the melting of metal in large cauldrons. The General Manager of the Company who was showing the Prince round the works remarked to him: "If your Royal Highness will first dip your hand in this liquid you may safely plunge it for an instant in the molten metal without

fear of the consequences." The Prince replied immediately: "Do you advise me to do so?" The guide with a full realisation of his responsibility, replied: "Yes, sir, I do." Without a moment's hesitation, the Prince plunged his hand first into the liquid, and then into the molten metal and withdrew it instantaneously without harm. The liquid employed gasefied under the sudden application of heat and formed a cushion between the molten metal and the skin, but not many of us would have been content to perform the experiment on the bare word of another and without having seen the experiment first performed on a third party.

God calls upon each one of us to put our faith in Himself. He cannot lie, so that we may trust His Word implicitly. He loves us devotedly, and will, therefore, not ask us to do that which could harm or bring us other than joy.

"They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true."

The Word states: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own Body on the Tree." Will you not trust Him to-day?

"Venture on Him,
Venture wholly, let no other trust intrude."

You cannot trust the Lord Jesus as your Saviour and at the same time trust to something else for your salvation.

How Burglars were Subdued.

With the Prince of Wales, it had to be all or nothing, and he ventured all on the bare word of another. He had never seen the experiment performed; but you know probably of scores and perhaps hundreds of those who have trusted in the Lord Jesus and are now happily certain that He has made Himself responsible for the burden of their sins which He has borne and put away on Calvary's Cross.

"I put my trust in Thee" (Psa. 25. 20). "Trust ye in the Lord for ever" (Isa. 26. 4). "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. 12. 2).

R.W.C.

HOW BURGLARS WERE SUBDUED.

THE American papers had an interesting paragraph recently about some burglars who broke into a professor's house and stole some valuable articles. Unwittingly, they came into contact with a tube containing radium, and were severely burned in consequence. They were taken to hospital and by a remarkable irony of fate, the only person able to give them relief and to cure them was the very professor, a radium expert, whom they had injured. We can imagine their feelings as they found themselves kindly and sympathetically treated by a man whom they had so ill-treated.

This is a faint picture of the treatment which we have given to our Lord Jesus and which we receive from Him. Wicked hands took and nailed Him to Calvary's Cross. Yet He prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." God abundantly answered that prayer in blessing to them and to their descendants, and the blessing still avails for us to-day. Though we, personally, were not concerned in putting the Lord Jesus to death, our hearts are no better than those of His murderers. The human heart does not love God, but hates Him, and had we been present we should have joined in the cry: "Crucify Him." Yet, the only One able to bring relief and cure to our sin-sick souls is the very One whom we crucified. He is able, and thank God He is willing. Take your place as a guilty sinner and He will pardon your sins, and give you Eternal Life. His Word declares: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Can you say, "Christ died for me"?

R.W.C.

CONVERSION OF A LIVERPOOL BUSINESS MAN

UNTIL I was twenty-two, I lived a careless, happy life. Being blessed with good health, and being fond of physical exercise, I found much to enjoy in living. I also was fond of the theatre, dancing, and the billiard



R. H. PRITCHARD.

room. I had, as a boy, been impressed at times hearing a Miss Geraldine Hooper (afterwards Mrs. Henry Denning) preach the Gospel at Bath. One of my oldest friends was at the time brought to the Lord through her testimony, and after living happily for the Lord Jesus, is with Him now; the early impressions had, however, been like the morning cloud and had passed away, yet I believe that such impressions

Conversion of a Liverpool Business Man.

were not wholly obliterated, and when afterwards I was invited to go to hear Mr. Vicary, of Plymouth, preach at Somerset Hall, Bath, I believe that the fact of having heard previously explained from the Word of God the ruin of man, the provision of God for his need, and the fulness of Christ's salvation, had been a preparation of the soul, so that as, on the memorable night, October 28th, 1880, I sat and heard the message, early memories were revived and brought home to my soul with power by the Holy Spirit—I saw my need as a sinner, and I was made willing to be saved through grace. The subject of Mr. Vicary's address was "Hagar and Ishmael"—the empty bottle and the provision God made, which He also opened Hagar's eyes to see, so that she and her son drank at the well and were saved from perishing (Gen. 21).

I had been seeking my satisfaction from sources which must be exhausted in the ordinary course very soon; I had enjoyed the pleasures of sin, and I felt I needed something more permanent, and as my friend who brought me—God bless him—sat tight at the end of the bench, I could not easily get away, I decided to stay. I was really anxious but as a wounded one would have fluttered away, had he not wisely hindered me. Mr. Vicary came and spoke with me during the prayer meeting. I told him I wanted to be saved, and he asking me if I believed that Christ had died for sinners, pointed out the last verse of the third chapter of John and the first clause: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I read it once or twice, and he then asked me if I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as the One that died for me. I decided that I would then do so, and saw that according to the Word of God I had everlasting life. I did not understand how it could be, but the Scripture was plain before my eyes: "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life," and I could not doubt the statement of truth in God's Word. I have learned a little since of the way of salvation. I knew nothing then but that as a sinner needing to be saved I had believed on Christ, the Son of God, who died for me, and that according to God's Word I had everlasting life and was saved. At times afterwards it seemed too good to be true, and too easy; the Devil tried, not unsuccessfully, to get me into Doubting Castle, but when I learned how fully Christ had

Conversion of a Liverpool Business Man.

satisfied the claims of God against me, I could not but be satisfied also, and my doubts were dispelled.

The reading of the Scriptures gave me a clearer perception of the glorious truths of salvation, redemption and justification; so that, while, after I had trusted Christ I learned more fully what a sinner I was and how utterly unfit for any place but a lost eternity, I learned at the same time that the death of Christ was alone sufficient to meet all my past, present, and future need, or He could not have given me everlasting life, for with everlasting life I must live with Him for ever, and therefore before giving it me, He Himself made me fit for His presence by cleansing all my sins away.

R. H. PRITCHARD.

THE GAMBLER'S RUSE.

IN a prominent place, in the City of Venice, there stand two huge granite columns, with which is associated the following interesting and instructive history.

In 1127 A.D., three columns were brought to the city, but they could not be erected owing to their great weight and height. One was hopelessly lost in the waters of the Grand Canal, and the efforts to land the other two columns resulted in their being buried in the mud. There they were left for over one hundred years.

Now, Nicolo, the President, had a constant passion for gambling, and silently and stealthily, he influenced the Venetians to gamble. Ziani, a Doge or chief magistrate, who governed the Republic at that time, sought to suppress crime, but failed to overcome Nicolo's evil influence.

By the latter's ingenuity and advice, the two columns were raised from the mud and hoisted into position. The authorities were so well pleased that they asked Nicolo to name his reward. Mastered by his passion, Nicolo "claimed the right to set up and keep gaming tables between the two columns now erected." Amazement seized the senators at the idea of such a scandal, for the position where the columns stood was one of the most notable spots in Venice, "the rendezvous of the nobility and grandees." All through the city's history gambling had been strictly forbidden, but they could not refuse Nicolo's request.

A keen-sighted senator suggested that a decree be

The Gambler's Ruse.

passed that, on the very spot where the gamblers should assemble, all public executions should henceforth take place. This was done, and had the desired effect. Men did not wish to play where heads of executed criminals were exposed to view for three days and nights.

No more gambling took place on that spot in "the City on the Waters." The clever plan of the senator succeeded in preventing gambling taking place on that sunny Piazzetta, but it could not cure the gambler of the evil. He would still find elsewhere to play and so pollute others.

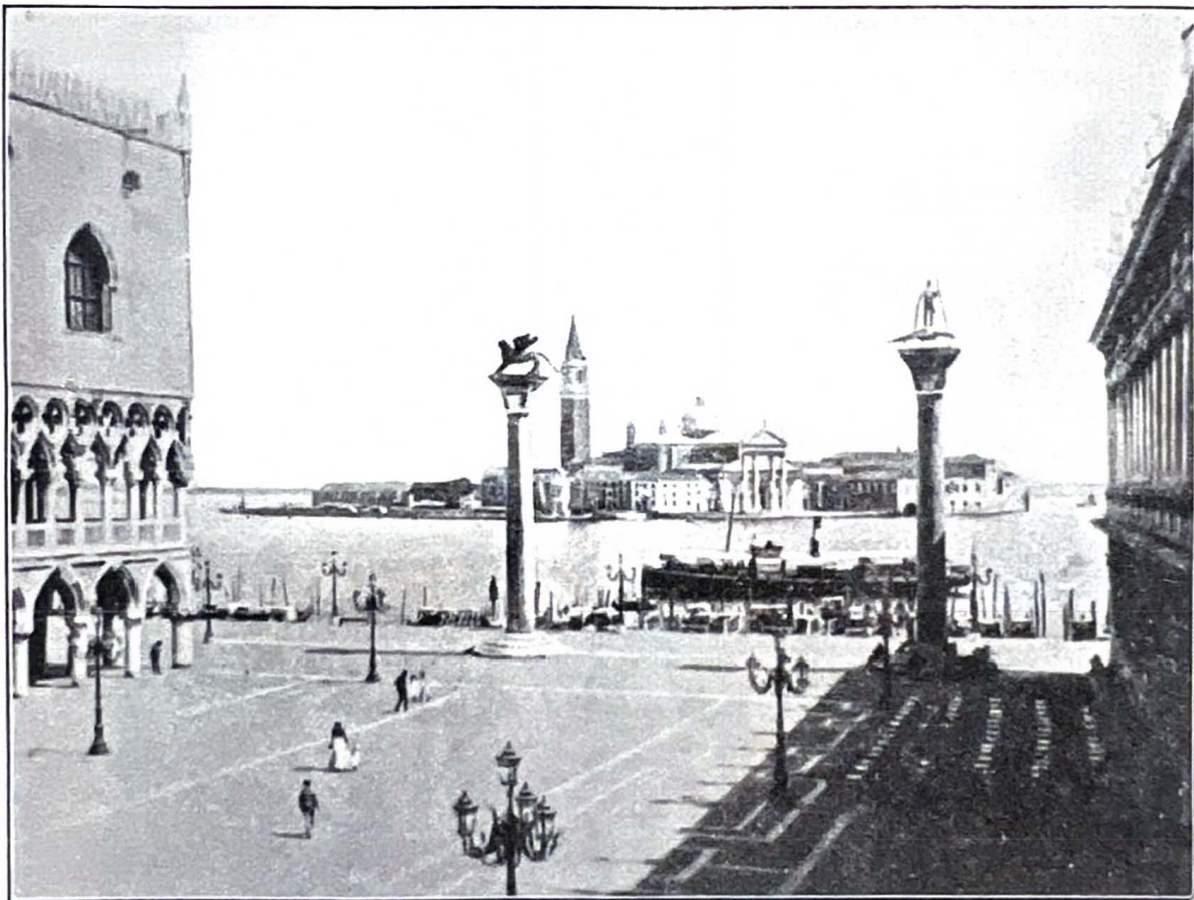
Such is the history connected with these famous columns in the fair city of Venice. An evil such as gambling rapidly spreads, as we have abundant evidence in our own land, where even women and children have been brought under its sway. The strong arm of the law is powerless to suppress the growth of this "distinctive vice of our age," as a statesman termed it. And yet the gambler can be freed. Not by suppression, but by the "expulsive power of a new affection;" even by attachment to the Lord Jesus Christ. He can and does liberate men from this master passion. We have known inveterate gamblers who were set free in a moment! Not by a long and arduous process, or by painful, forceful persuasion, but by a personal application of "the Gospel of Christ . . . the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Faith in a crucified, risen, and glorified Saviour works wonders. We could cite several cases, but let one suffice.

W—— began as a boy to gamble; first with matches; then with half-pence, until finally he played for larger sums, though only an ordinary workman. At times he was "flush of money," at others he was "penniless." The evil gripped his soul, and he felt that he couldn't live without it. Christian relatives prayed for him and besought him to yield to Christ, but he would not.

Gambling was the master passion of his life. At last he was pierced through with many sorrows (1 Tim. 6. 10), he became mentally depressed, a physical wreck, and even meditated suicide. One evening, as he was leaving the house to meet a fellow-gambler, in order to make a match for a large sum, a voice seemed to say to him, "Go back and pray." He obeyed, and fell upon his knees and cried in desperation and repentance: "God be merciful to me a

The Gambler's Ruse.

sinner." A wonderful thing happened. God heard his cry, and he was immediately delivered from the power of his sin. Later that same evening he went to a prayer meeting; the congregation stared at him in amazement, and the minister went forward to speak to him. He told all present that Christ had just saved him. Years have passed, which have proved the reality of that work of God in his soul. As we write, he is an evangelist and has



VENICE, WITH ITS TWO COLUMNS.

had the joy of leading many souls to Christ—and some were gamblers.

Yes, the Lord Jesus is "able also to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. 7. 25). Are you in bondage to gambling or any other form of evil? Have you "tried in vain a thousand ways" to get liberty and peace? Yea, perhaps you have even "tried religion and found nothing in it" (as some tell us). Well, why not truly

The Gambler's Ruse.

repent of your sin and definitely accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour? This is the only way out from bondage into liberty. Put the Lord Jesus to the test. He loves sinners, and even died to save them "from their sins." He seeks to win you by His love; and love for Him breaks the bonds that bind the soul. Attachment to Christ means detachment from evil.

You cannot break from sin to come to Christ; but you can come to Christ and trust Him to set you free. He says: "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." Will you come, and now? He will prove His power to save, keep, and satisfy the trusting soul.

His work on the Cross of Calvary fully atoned for sin; and now He lives to make that work effective in your experience. He awaits your decision; why keep Him knocking at your heart? Let Him in; He will work in you that which is pleasing to God, and for your good always. "Now is the accepted time." To-morrow may be too late.

JOHN W. NEWTON.

"THE MAN HAS ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE"

A FRIEND who was often with Bishop TAYLOR SMITH, the well-known chaplain to the Forces in the Great War, tells how he used to examine the would-be chaplains, desirous of going to the Front. This is the gist of the examinations:

Time being short, a young curate would be ushered into his room. Two or three questions, as to who he was, and what he wanted, then came the pertinent question: "Well, now, suppose you are at the Front, and a very badly wounded soldier is brought in to you, and the doctor advises you that he has only five minutes to live, what would you tell him?" "I would advise him that if he gets better he should attend Church, observe the Lord's Day, take the Sacrament, and endeavour to lead the Christian life." "But, my dear sir, the man has only five minutes to live, and how could he do all that you say." Dismissed.

No. 2 enters. The busy Chaplain-General is needing men of the right stamp, and must make definite decisions, so after a few preliminaries, the same point was reached. "Suppose you go, are busy at the Front, a soldier is brought in, examined by the doctor, declared to be so

"The Man has only Five Minutes to Live."



BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH.

badly wounded that he has but five minutes to prepare. What would you tell him?"

"I would read to him out of the Prayer Book and advise him to pray!" "But, my dear sir," queries the General, "the man has only five minutes to live; there is no time to read and pray?" Pass out.

No. 3 is ushered in, for no time is wasted. The same inquiries, and then to the point. "He has only five minutes to live, what would you do?" "I would say, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16. 31), promptly replies the third. "Right, you'll do; pass out this door," says the General, and the inquiry goes on.

How many were sent out this way or that, we know not. How many were sent to the Front we cannot tell, but we do know that the Chaplain-General had the right point before him and his candidates, and we sincerely trust that many like No. 3 found the way to the sick and suffering and dying men at the Front. And that thousands, in the last brief five minutes of life, heard the Message first given by Paul and Silas in the jail at Philippi, used of God to thousands of prisoners of Satan since, and blessed to many weary and heavy laden sinner soldiers in the terrible battle front. Ever the Divine answer to the question of the hungry soul: "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Just as true at this moment, and as applicable to you, wherever found, as to the jailer, the soldier, and all who have proved its efficacy. Look to the Saviour dying in your room and stead on Calvary, by faith link your arm with that of the chief of sinners, and say with him: "The Son of God who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). Believe on Him and be saved with an Everlasting Salvation. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). *hyp.*

WHERE JOHN 5. 24 SET HIM DOWN.

HE came in from the country to a large central station. One day a copy of the *Railway Signal* was left by some one. He tossed it aside as not being in his line. A little while after another was put in his way, and he began to think a friend was interested in him, and, making inquiries, discovered it was a lady.

He was invited with his better half to a tea meeting for railway men and their wives. The friends were very kind, only he was terribly afraid some one would speak to him personally about salvation. However, they had the good sense not to worry him; they only invited him to the meetings. So he went, but rather cautiously. On the footplate of the engine he knew no fear, but on the threshold of the hall his great dread was that the question would be asked: Are you saved? As no one collared him upon this vital subject, he continued to go.

One Sunday afternoon this frightened character became a subject of the very salvation he dreaded. He hardly knew it at first, "but," said he, "I determined to follow out John 5. 24, and see where it led to." "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."

(1) "He that heareth My Word"—that brought him upon the salvation platform. (2) "And believeth on Him that sent Me"—that put his foot upon the carriage-step. (3) "Hath everlasting life"—that settled Him in a first-class seat. (4) "And shall not come into condemnation"—that shut the door and locked it. (5) "Is passed from death unto life"—that was the journey named upon his ticket.

"I laid hold of that," said he, "and that's where I stand to-day."

Have you ever followed out John 5. 24 and seen where it would lead you? Try the experiment!

"He that heareth My Word"—first step.

"And believeth on Him that sent Me"—second step.

"Hath everlasting life"—third step.

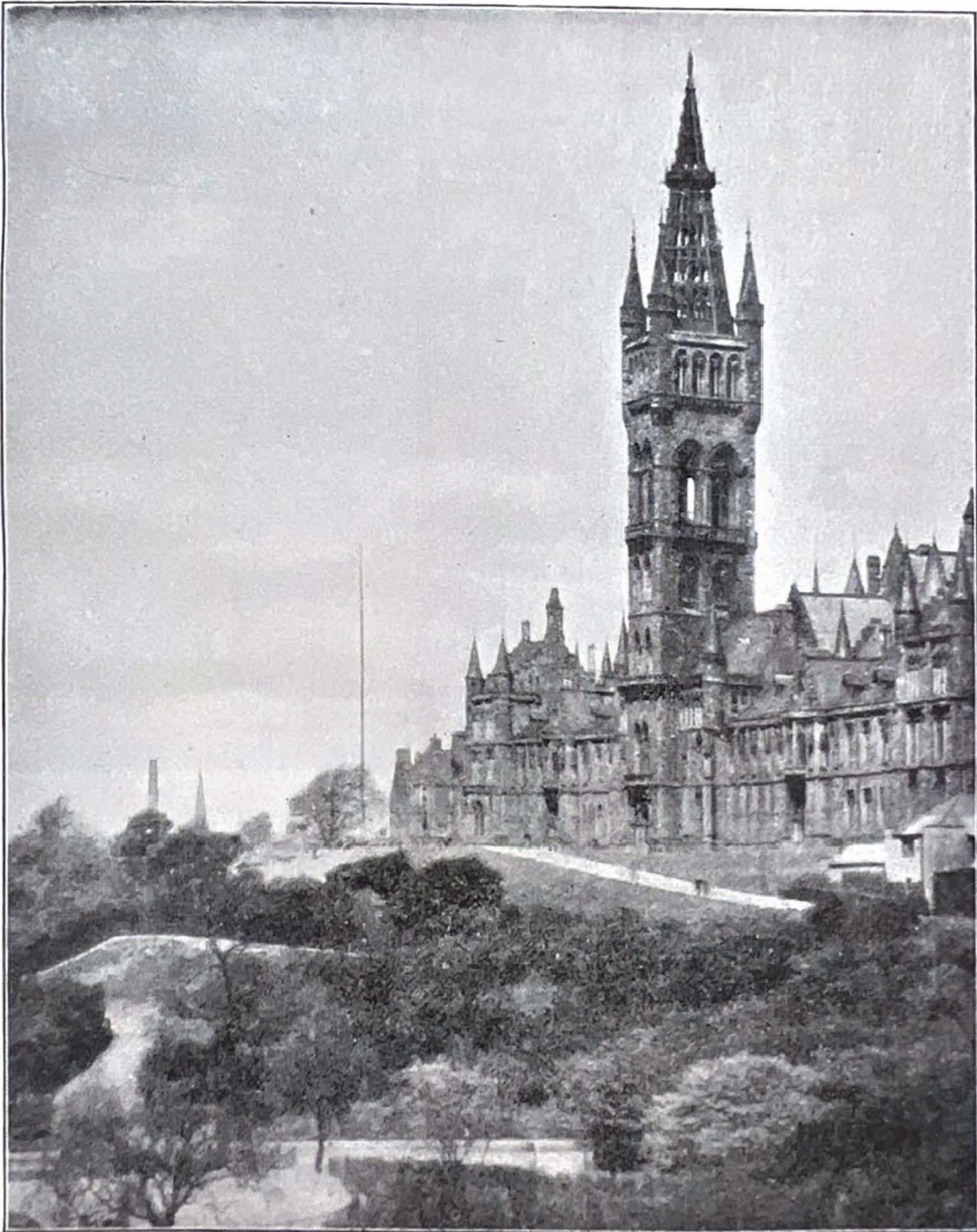
"And shall not come into condemnation"—fourth step.

"But is passed from death unto life"—this is where the verse will land you; where you will never fear being asked the all-important question, "ARE YOU SAVED?" W.L.

THE ISLAND SHELTER

— OR, —

THE PLACE WHERE, IN THE MIDST OF GLASGOW'S CONGESTED STREET TRAFFIC, THERE IS PERFECT SAFETY FOR THE PEDESTRIAN.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

"These pedestrians found in this refuge a ready-made salvation from the destruction which awaited the foolhardy traveller who, regardless of warning, attempted to cross in front of the traffic of the street."

THE ISLAND SHELTER.

SOME of Glasgow's famous and most interesting buildings are situated at the west end of Sauchiehall Street, at the point where that thoroughfare joins another important street, Argyle Street. To the north on the slopes of Kelvingrove is the noble pile of the University, made famous by, among other of its graduates, the names of Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister. Nestling under it, at the edge of Kelvingrove Park, are the Glasgow Art Galleries, and on the Bunhouse Grounds opposite is the Kelvin Hall, which has housed not a few notable exhibitions.

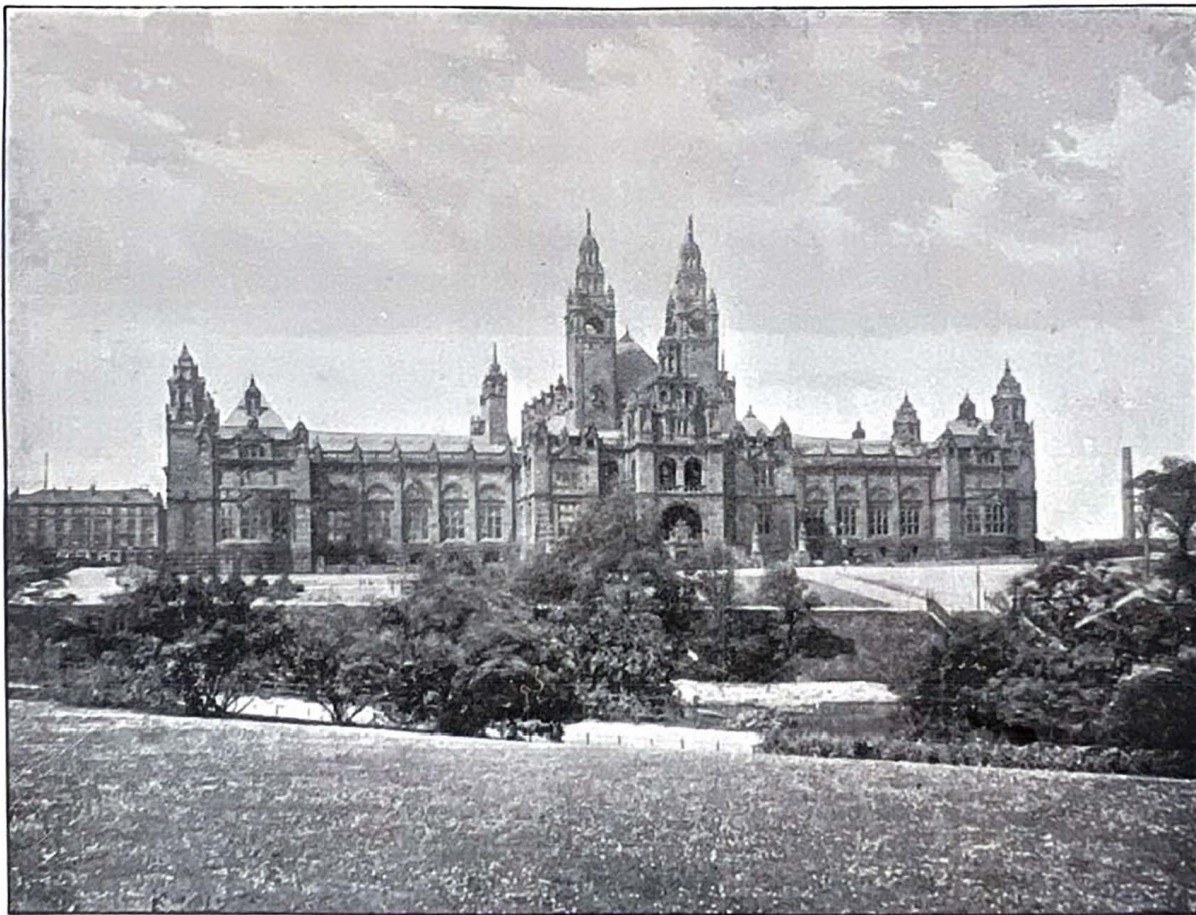
Always a busy junction, it was particularly so on this November Saturday evening. It was closing day at the Motor Show, and vast crowds were passing in and out of the Kelvin Hall. Cars pushing out from parking places in adjacent streets were adding to the congestion of the regular street traffic, which seemed to be endless. Tram cars, motor omnibuses, private cars, and other fast moving vehicles travelled east and west in one constant stream. To attempt to cross the street through these four lines of fast moving traffic looked like courting disaster and the risking of life and limb. But while I watched this bewildering procession my attention was arrested by a company of people who were standing right in the midst of the hurtling terror, apparently at their ease. Before and behind them the vehicles rushed past in opposite directions, and as they did so they seemed to come so near that the pedestrians were in imminent danger of being caught in the maelstrom. But they remained unmoved, and they displayed the symptoms of perfect confidence in their security. Occasionally their number was reduced as a passing tramcar stopped and loaded up, but those who were left were immediately joined by others, who scurried from either side of the street to this place of shelter.

Thoroughly interested, I watched further, and as I did so I discovered that these people were standing on a raised platform, and that on either end of this platform a pole was erected, which had on it a huge red lamp. Then my wonder ceased; this motely company was standing secure on an island refuge in the midst of the busy street.

Herein is a parable of grace and salvation. Those pedestrians found in this refuge a ready-made salvation

The Island Shelter.

from the destruction which awaited the foolhardy traveller who, regardless of warning, attempted to cross in front of the traffic of the street. Further, whatever it may have cost the City to provide it, this shelter was free to all, and on that tiny platform there were no distinctions. The city magnate, the country cousin, the partly tipsy labourer, the aged woman, the west-end lady, the beggar, the timid child—all took advantage of its security. Their outlook



KELVINGROVE PARK AND ART GALLERIES, GLASGOW.

and social condition, even their spiritual state, may have been vastly different, but here they had one need in common, and that need could only be met on the Island Shelter.

The salvation of the sinner, if it is to avail him in his sins, and save him from them, must be accomplished apart from his efforts. However earnest and good they may be, they cannot save a man from the condemnation of guilt, nor can they deliver him from the power of inbred and indwelling sin. Salvation is of the Lord. Man's religion

too often is, "Do the best you can." God's Gospel is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). The work of salvation was accomplished when the Lord upon the Cross said: "It is finished." All we are asked to do is to accept the salvation proffered to us in the Gospel. As the Island Shelter was free to all, so the Gospel blessings are without money and without price. They are not cheap, they are *free to all*. The pardon of sin, the cleansing from its vileness, the assurance of salvation, the peace of God, eternal life, are things which money cannot buy, nor can our good deeds merit them, but they are the gifts of God through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. 6. 23). Further, the island platform put all who stepped on to it to one level. As to our state before God, the Bible tells us "there is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." If this be true, then the king on the throne, and the pauper in the workhouse; the bishop in the palace and the criminal in the prison, the rich and the poor, the moral and the immoral, the religious and the profane—all alike need the mercy and forgiveness of God. The Gospel of the Cross is the great leveller of all the world's distinctions, and of men's pretensions and pride.

My further discovery of the platform and the lamps showed me that those who sought shelter on the platform had a security which was twofold, and which rested on two things. They were protected by the decrees and laws of the city. They were sheltered by the red beacon which twinkled at either end of the platform. And I was reminded that the salvation of the believer rests upon a twofold foundation—on what Christ has done, and on what God has said. He died for our sins according to the Scriptures. He suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. He bore our sins on His own body on the tree. His precious Blood was shed for us. "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." That Blood is the great red beacon which stands between the believing soul and impending judgment. "When I see the blood I will pass over you," is God's word to those who believe in Him. On this firm foundation the penitent sinner can rest. The work of the once-suffering but now exalted Saviour can never fail.

The Island Shelter.

The second is as sure as the first. God is not a man that He should lie. One thing God cannot do, "He cannot lie." His proclamation to mankind is, and His Word is as unchangeable as Himself. "Come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. 1. 18), and "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God and He will abundantly pardon" (Isa. 55. 7).

For a little while I watched this street scene, and noticing the security this shelter afforded, I stepped from the pavement and took my place with the throng on the raised platform, sharing with others the safety it afforded. A simple act of faith brought me into its security.

Ere you lay down this paper, you may in like manner, by the simple act of faith, step out of self and self-reliance, into the Lord Jesus Christ. Not by looking inward to feelings, but by looking outward to Him, and believing His Word, accepting the testimony of God, you may be saved now. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Hear, believe, and live. J.H.

"JOHN THREE AND SIXTEEN DID IT."

THIS remark was made by an intelligent young man in one of our meetings. His testimony was as follows: "I was brought up very religiously, but had taken no notice of the counsel of my father and mother. I went on in my sin and wickedness until one Sunday the Holy Spirit took hold of me and showed me I was a lost sinner. From that night I avoided the subject and kept away from the meetings, thinking I would forget it; but I grew more miserable until I could not rest night nor day. I got angry if anyone spoke to me about my soul, and yet I knew I ought to be saved. One Sunday afternoon I went to a meeting, and there, through the quotation of John 3. 16, I saw that God loved *me*, and had given Jesus to die for *me*; I could not keep it in, but there and then told my friends that John three and sixteen had done it."

Let me ask, Are you saved? If not, why not? If you are not saved, then you are lost; but God would have you to be saved, for "Christ died for the ungodly." G.T.

RELIGION ENOUGH TO HURT.

A LADY said to a Christian gentleman: "I believe you are well acquainted with Mrs. ——. I met her recently at a social entertainment, and I am somewhat curious to know whether she is a religious woman."

"Yes," was the quiet reply, "I have known her for several years, and I am sure she has just *religion enough to hurt*."

The inquirer looked surprised and slowly said, "I am at a loss to understand you. Do you mean that she is not very earnest in her religion? But it is surely a great deal better than she should have even a little religion than none at all."

"On the contrary, it would be far better if she had no religion whatever, for she has only enough to lull her conscience into a profound slumber, and it might be truly said to her, as the Lord Jesus said to the self-righteous Pharisees, 'the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you.' Her whole manner of conversation and life is thoroughly worldly. Her avowed aim is to do as other fashionable ladies do, and you can't get her to express a thought above the theatre, the dance, the latest gossip, or what in her dense stupidity she understands to be culture. Her children are as ignorant of Christ and as indifferent to the Bible as heathen, for they never hear a word that would direct their attention even to a knowledge of God's existence."

"You amaze me by the statement that she is religious at all. I take it for granted that she is not a member of the church."

"Oh, yes, she is a member of the church, and of what its adherents claim to be 'the true church.' Nothing could induce her to hear a man preach who has not been 'ordained,' and she looks upon it as little less than sacrilegious for such a man to 'administer the sacraments.' She goes to church when the weather is pleasant, and when she gets out of bed in time on Sunday morning, and she actually makes a labour of it during Lent, laying up, as she imagines, a stock of merit which she flatters herself will last all the rest of the year. However, she is frank enough to acknowledge that she is glad when Lent is over, so that she and her children may return to their dancing parties with appetites refreshed by their constrained abstinence."

Religion Enough to Hurt.

"Will she express herself at all on the subject of religion, or have you never had an opportunity of conversing with her?"

"The utmost she seems to know or care about is that she



"YOU AMAZE ME."

has been baptised and confirmed, and she is perfectly satisfied with her church, because it lays no arrest whatever upon the sweeping current of her worldliness. She does not read her Bible, and she knows no more of salvation through the death of Christ and by faith in His precious Blood than those who have never heard His Name. It is

unspeakably sad to think that she is a type of many, who are hurrying on to the grave and to eternity under the fatal delusion that they are journeying towards Heaven; and probably they will never be awakened to their true condition until the judgment thunders shall break the spell which Satan has cast upon their souls."

"It is your opinion, then, that if she were to die in her present state she would be lost?"

"I have no opinion about it, but God has declared in no uncertain language: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God' (John 3. 3); 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him' (John 3. 36); 'Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God' (Jas. 4. 4); 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth' (1 Tim. 5. 6); 'I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead' (Rev. 3. 1). Is not this an exact description of the lady you have mentioned, and of many in all the churches?"

"It never occurred to me that such passages as these have any reference to religious people."

"Ah! madam, that is just the mistake multitudes are making. You confound religion with Christ, whereas religion without Christ in the heart is the most hurtful thing a person can possess. It was to religious people the Lord Jesus said, 'How can ye escape the damnation of Hell?' (Matt. 23. 33). It is of religious people He declares that 'when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut the door,' and they begin in terror to clamour for admittance, claiming that they have eaten and drunk in His presence, He will reply: 'I tell you I know you not whence ye are, . . . depart from Me all ye workers of iniquity' (Luke 13. 25-28). It is a picture of religious people in the last days that is sketched in the words that describe so many now, 'Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away' (2 Tim. 3. 4, 5). The Devil delights in such religion, but he hates Christ. Let me beg you above all things to beware of mere religion."

E.H.P.

HOW I RECEIVED THE GOOD NEWS.

I WAS much privileged to be often in contact with those who had believed the Good News that God loves sinners; but my acquaintance with them was of no avail before God, as having Godly parents or living in a



LATE H. A. WALLIS, OF SHETLAND.

Christian country will not secure salvation. "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7).

I was a regular attender at the meeting, where I heard the Gospel of God's grace plainly told out; but I was then a stranger to God's grace—a stranger "from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. 2. 12), hurrying on to Eternity, and if

called away would most surely have gone to Hell. "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God."

Have you ever realised your terrible condition as a guilty sinner at enmity against God, "laden with iniquity?" "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). Such was my condition, and, moreover, I was helpless to save myself; but the Good News is that "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). Many times I had turned a deaf ear to His call, and merited His anger; but God is not willing that any should perish, and this is another call to you, "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel" (Mark 1. 15). God wants you to be saved now; in His love He has given His Son; Christ has died upon the Cross, and whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. *Will you have Christ?*

The night I received Him I was at the Gospel Meeting as usual, and heard one of God's children tell of salvation for the lost, to be obtained by believing in Jesus, and exhorting the people not to delay, lest the present opportunity might be the last. At the close of the meeting one came and spoke to me, telling me of his concern for my soul, and opening his Bible, told me of God's love in providing a Saviour for me, and by simple faith I took God at His word, and passed from death unto life. I could rejoice that Christ had finished the work for me, that He was wounded for *my* transgressions, and suffered the wrath of God against *my* sin. God's righteous claims have been satisfied; the sin question was settled at Calvary, and God now can "be just, and the Justifier of Him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3. 26). I believed the Good News, received Him as my own personal Saviour, and became a child of God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" Will you receive Him? Just as you are, as a sinner in need of mercy, trust Jesus.

Mercy and peace are offered you on a righteous basis, for Jesus took the sinner's place in death. He was "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted" (Isa. 53. 4), that life and forgiveness might flow to us by simple faith. Only trust Him; He will save you now. Do not

How I Received the Good News.

delay; God is waiting to save you. Now is the day of salvation. The door of mercy may soon close. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"



LERWICK, SHETLAND.

Jesus says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. 3. 20). Oh, let Him in to-day.

H.A.W.

MEET THE RIGHT PERSON.

"Mr. E. D——, an ex-soldier, who has been out of work for a long period, has been employed at the Ford Works at Trafford Park, as the result of a chance meeting with Mr. Henry Ford. During his recent visit to Manchester, Mr. Ford went for a stroll through the streets, and was recognised from his photographs by Mr. D——, who spoke to him and told him his story of an unsuccessful search for work. Mr. Ford used the phrase: '*You have started,*' which Mr. D—— took to mean that work would be found for him. He subsequently wrote to Mr. Ford, and called at the Trafford Park works, and was given a job in the wood yard, on which he started on Monday."

THE above paragraph, culled from a Manchester newspaper, is not only interesting in itself, but it serves to illustrate a matter of much greater importance. It brought to me a distinct message. May I share it with the reader?

OUR NEED. Mr. D—— was one of many who, alas, are in dire need to-day. What depths of disappointment were reached in that unsuccessful search for work of his!

Has my reader ever engaged in an unsuccessful search, not for work, but for *rest*? There are moments when the human soul cries out for rest, rest from the torturing voice of conscience, rest from the burden of a lifetime's guilt, rest from the harassing thought: "I must one day meet God."

Some think that if only they can be "good," their search for peace of heart will be successful. Others think they can evade the accusing finger of conscience by leaving themselves no time for thought, so they plunge into a whirl of amusement and pleasure.

But our search for rest can only be successful when we

MEET THE RIGHT PERSON. Henry Ford was the right person in Mr. D——'s case. Possibly no one else in that great city could there and then upon the spot have promised employment. And with reference to the need of our souls, beyond all doubt there is only one Person Who can give us rest. It is the Lord Jesus Christ. None who come to Him are ever sent disappointed away. He proved His willingness to save by dying for ungodly men upon the Cross; He proved His power to save by rising from the tomb and taking His seat upon the Throne in Heaven. To obtain His salvation there must be a personal meeting with Him. Have you ever met Him?

It is not enough to believe certain facts about Him,

Meet the Right Person.

such as that He died for sinners. "Come unto Me," He says. There must be this coming. His invitation is to those that "labour and are heavy laden," weary with disappointment, and staggering under a load of guilt of which they cannot rid themselves. And He couples His gracious invitation with a promise which thousands have found to be true: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."



MISSISSAGA STREET, ORILLIA.

A CHANCE MEETING. If Mr. D—— believes in God, he will probably see His hand in that so-called "chance meeting" with Mr. Ford. And surely God is behind many a "chance meeting" of a different kind. A "chance" word falls upon the ear as one passes a street corner meeting. A "chance" walk brings one in contact with a Christian worker, who leaves a printed message in one's hand. A "chance" shower of rain drives one into the doorway of a hall where the way of salvation is being

Meet the Right Person.

explained. But God is in it all, and by many a "chance" happening He seeks the souls of men.

HOW RECOGNISED. Mr. Ford was recognised by his photographs. Now, in the four Gospels we have four wonderful photographs, so to speak, of the Saviour of men. They are not biographies. They only tell us what He did on about forty selected days out of the thirty-three years which he spent in the world. But they give us a true insight into His character. In Him love, tenderness, holiness, truth, wisdom, and power are all seen in perfection. And all these qualities go hand in hand with an infinite compassion for the sorrows of mankind, and an infinite willingness to forgive and restore.

Can we not recognise Him by these photographs as the One we need—the One Who can fully meet our need? Our reading of the Gospels makes us sure that He will not repel us. They make us certain that He will listen to us, receive us, and save us for all eternity.

TELL YOUR STORY. We are told that this is what Mr. D—— did. He evidently found in Mr. Ford a sympathetic listener. You will find a still more sympathetic Friend in the Saviour. Tell him the story of your sin, and of your disappointments. You cannot tell Him all you have ever done. He knows it; He can tell you this (John 4. 39). But you can confess that you are sinful and wayward, and deserve nothing but judgment at His hand. Tell Him this, "take with you words, and turn to the Lord" (Hosea 14. 2).

THE RESULT. "You have started!" said Mr. Ford, and on further inquiry, Mr. D—— found that indeed he had. You, too, from the moment you turn to the Saviour, will have started on the way to Heaven. Your feet will have been set on the road that leads to eternal happiness. You will have "passed from death unto life."

What makes this possible is the fact that Christ died for ungodly men. Does this word describe you? Lay hold, then, of the fact that His atoning death avails for you. Believing this, turn to Him. Your meeting with Him will be the great crisis of your life, the happiest event that can happen to you. You will be like the great number of people in Acts 11. 21, who not only believed, but who, on believing, turned to the Lord.

A FINAL APPEAL. I am writing these lines at Orillia, Canada, where the late Editor of *The Herald of Salvation* lived for several years. Beloved Alex. Marshall, in season and out, preached the glad tidings which we preach to you by this printed page. Every day while staying in this town we meet men and women who will have cause to thank God throughout eternity for the message of life that reached them through his lips. It has transformed them. Once careless, sinful men and women, they are now happy, Christian people. What has wrought the change? Simply the grand, good news that "Christ died for the ungodly," and now lives to receive and save all who betake themselves to Him.

May we not persuade you to take this step? It means eternal salvation to all who take it. H. P. BARKER.

IS THIS WORLD ALL THAT IS WORTH LIVING FOR?

FOR twenty years I lived for this world, seeking happiness in it, trying hard to satisfy the cravings of my soul with its husks, such as dancing parties, concerts, races, fairs, picnics, games, and amusements of every description.

One day a fellow-workman quietly asked me, "Is this world all that is worth living for?" I ran from his presence as I could not bear to have my peace broken with questions about eternal things, but I could not run from the question. My peace was broken; I saw my lost condition; I was miserable; I resolved to live a different life. But no peace could I find, until one morning, while walking down the street, the line of a hymn came into my mind, "One there is above all others, oh! how He loves." I asked myself, Can it be possible that He loves me? In a moment the answer came from God in the Scripture, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). I said, "Why, that is just me, for I am without strength and ungodly, and if Christ died for such, He died for me." So there and then I trusted Him and was filled with joy and peace in believing. I was eternally saved and abundantly satisfied! Praise the Lord!

J.S.

A WORSHIPPER, BUT NOT CONVERTED.

YOU may have heard of a certain man who went up to Jerusalem "to worship." We read of him in Acts 8. 27. But the remarkable thing about him is this—he had never undergone the great change of conversion to God; yet he took the place of a worshipper. In other words, he had never been reconciled to God; yet he would fain pass himself off as a worshipper of God. Did his professed worship not bring him nearer to God? It did not; for God Himself has said in His Word that "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11. 6).

What, then, is to be done? you say. If taking up your position as a worshipper does no good, what course should you follow? You should at once follow the course which God has laid down, and take up your position as a sinner—a lost and undone sinner before God. That is the first thing. It is simply impossible for you to be a worshipper until you have first taken your place as a guilty and undone sinner, and been reconciled to God through receiving His Son, Jesus Christ the Lord. Until you are reconciled and saved, you are dead in sins; and the dead cannot praise God. No worship can ascend from an unrenewed heart. The question of sin must first be settled; then you can take up the question of worship. Have you faced the question of your sins? Is that a settled question with you? If not, then on the authority of God's Word we declare that acceptable worship is an impossibility in your case. Before there can be acceptable worship you must first be an accepted worshipper. And there is only one way of being accepted, namely, through your acceptance of Christ as the God-appointed Sacrifice for sin. Then, but not till then, you shall be a worshipper. Then you shall be able to praise God, because you shall have something to praise Him for. After you have received Jesus as your Saviour you shall be able to praise God for redemption through the blood, and the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace (Eph. 1. 7). You shall be able to praise Him for eternal life as a present possession (John 6. 47), and, in a word, for all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ (Eph. 1. 3). What a wonderful salvation! There is surely little wonder that God calls it a "great salvation." Is this great salvation yours? This is the most momentous of all questions for you. w.s.

A STORY OF THE SEA;

— OR, —

THE THRILLING ACCOUNT OF HOW THE PORTPATRICK LIFEBOAT
CREW GALLANTLY PLOUGHED THROUGH TURBULENT SEAS IN
THEIR SUCCESSFUL ENDEAVOUR TO SAVE THE LIVES
OF EIGHT SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.



"THE PORTPATRICK LIFEBOAT GET OUT."

"After a twelve-hour journey over about sixty miles of the angriest seas, the Portpatrick lifeboat landed the eight sailors she had so gallantly rescued."

A STORY OF THE SEA.

THE report of a thrilling story of the sea appeared some little time ago in the *Wigtownshire Free Press*. The particulars were something like these. A coastal steamer named the *Camlough*, of 350 tons, sailed out from Belfast for Birkenhead on Tuesday, 19th January, 1932. The weather was mild, the sea was calm, and all portents indicated a good voyage. When about fifteen miles from the Isle of Man, the engines gave out, and the stokehold filling with water, the firemen could not make steam. The result was that the vessel, without steam, became completely helpless. To make conditions worse, the wind rose to a 75-mile-an-hour gale, and for six hours the helpless ship was tossed like a cork on the heavy seas round the Wigtownshire coast. She was steadily driven back until Wednesday forenoon, when another ship named the *Moyalla* was sighted. The *Camlough* sent up distress signals, which were answered by the *Moyalla* and another vessel. The *Moyalla* reached the *Camlough* first. The *Moyalla* endeavoured to take the *Camlough* in tow, but such was the fury of the storm that after six attempts, in which in each case the hawser broke like cotton thread, it seemed as if the *Camlough*, with her brave crew of eight souls, were doomed to certain destruction. A seventh attempt, however, being made, the hawser fortunately held, and the *Camlough* was taken out of the treacherous currents of the Mull of Galloway into the Bay of Luce.

Even then the danger was not averted, as the *Camlough's* anchors dragged, and there was grave danger of the ship being driven on to the rocks at Monreith Bay. The Portpatrick and Donaghadee lifeboats answered the distress signals, the former reaching the *Camlough* first. The story as it appeared in the press of the setting out of the lifeboat from Portpatrick, and its safe return with the eight worn-out and tired marines, is worth recording.

"To the cheers of a large crowd, mingled with the roar of the waves as they dashed against the rocks at the entrance to the harbour, the Portpatrick lifeboat, with her gallant crew, under Coxswain Campbell, set out on her perilous undertaking through the turbulent seas to the rescue of the crew of the *Camlough*. As the lifeboat left the harbour she dipped between the angry waves; then she settled down and ploughed her way down the Irish Channel.

A Story of the Sea.

Off Portlogan exceedingly heavy seas were encountered, but the lifeboat behaved magnificently.

"The Portpatrick lifeboat reached the *Camlough* about 11 o'clock, and less than an hour later the Donaghadee lifeboat arrived. Together they cruised round the helpless ship, seeking an opportunity to get into communication. In the early hours of Thursday morning, the crew of the Portpatrick boat managed to get a line across the *Cam-*



JOHN CAMPBELL (left), of Portpatrick, honoured for gallantry at the R.N.L.I. Annual Meeting, London. *Copyright: Photopress, London.*

lough's bows, but so great was the force of the gale that the rope snapped like thread. Again they tried, and this time the hawser held long enough to allow five of the crew to board her. A heavy wave again parted the line of communication, and many anxious moments passed before the third rope was caught by the remaining three members of the crew. Captain Harvey, true to the traditions of the sea, was the last man to leave the ship.

"After a Herculean struggle against the blinding gale

A Story of the Sea.

and the heavy seas the crew of the *Camlough* were transferred to the smaller vessel. The Portpatrick lifeboat then signalled to the Donaghadee lifeboat and the *Moyalla* that the men were safe, and made to return to Portpatrick, where an anxious crowd awaited her return. Facing the full fury of the storm, the gallant crew in the little ship strove manfully to get the *Camlough* men to safety. At 8 o'clock on Thursday morning the fears of the crowd were allayed, and their prayers answered when the lifeboat was sighted outside the harbour. Conditions were worse than when the boat put out, but Coxswain Campbell guided his trim little craft through the narrow entrance into the safer haven of the small harbour, to the admiration of the people on shore. After a twelve-hour journey over about sixty miles of the angriest seas, the Portpatrick lifeboat landed the eight sailors she had so gallantly rescued."

Our purpose in telling the thrilling story of the bravery of the Portpatrick lifeboat crew is that we may gather a few spiritual lessons therefrom affecting us all. We are all voyagers on the stormy sea of life, and in danger of being submerged in the whirlpool of Divine judgment caused by our sin (James 1. 15).

As in the case of the *Camlough*, so with us. If help is to reach us, it must come from a source outside of ourselves altogether. This is exactly what has taken place. God in marvellous mercy and boundless grace sent His only Son, not merely to risk His life, but to freely *give* it up on the Cross of Calvary in order to bear and remove the judgment due to our sin and guilt. God signified His complete satisfaction with the work of His Son by raising Him from the dead and seating Him at His own right hand; and now we can truthfully sing:

"The storm that bowed His blessed head
Is hushed for ever now,
And peace divine is mine instead
While glory crowns His brow."

Because of what Jesus Christ has done on the Cross, the Good News of deliverance goes forth: "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).

A Story of the Sea.

Whenever the sinner hoists the signal of distress and cries: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner" (Luke 18. 13), immediately the Gospel lifeboat is at his disposal to take all on board who trust the Lord Jesus Christ as their own Saviour, and bring them safely into the haven of eternal life and everlasting peace.

What would you have thought if, after Coxswain Campbell with his excellent crew had risked their lives in facing the surging billows to save their fellows, on reaching the *Camlough*, those storm-tossed seamen who had fought with the elements for 36 hours had preferred to remain on board their ill-fated ship, and had refused to enter the lifeboat? You would have concluded that because of their extreme exposure they had lost their reason. Yet this is really the attitude of many to-day in danger of impending death and judgment. God's salvation is freely offered to them, and they positively refuse to accept. God has said that for all such there can be no escape (Heb. 2. 3).

Enter the Gospel lifeboat now; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16. 31).

One of the rescued seamen from the *Camlough*, on reaching safety, said out of the gratitude of his heart and in profound admiration of the ability of the man who, with his crew, saved them from a watery grave: "The Portpatrick coxswain is the best I have ever seen. The way in which he took the boat into the harbour in the teeth of the gale was marvellous. He is a good man."

As the saved sinner thinks of the awful doom from which, by the grace of God, he has been saved, and the glories of the Heaven to which he is bound, he exultingly ascribes blessing and honour and glory and power to Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever (Rev. 5. 13), and continuing his note of praise he sings: "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

J.G.

PRESENT HAPPINESS.

IF the Gospel contained only the promise of happiness in some future day, it would be scarcely worth proclaiming. But it is God's glad tidings of deliverance *now*, and imparts the *present* experience of redeeming love and almighty power.

W.S.

THE BANQUET OF DEATH.

MANY years ago, in the days of the Napoleonic Wars in Spain, a contingent of weary and travel-stained warriors of the French army might have been seen crossing the plain in the direction of the Spanish town of Figueiras. Soon they arrived under the walls of the monastery attached to the town, and feeling certain of a reception from men so unworldly and neutral as the monks, the General sent an officer to request the prior to furnish his soldiers with such provisions as were necessary to them. The "holy" men received the messenger very warmly.

"Tell the Senor," he replied, "that all we have is at his disposal. I will command the townsfolk to receive the soldiers, and to see that no want of theirs remains unsatisfied. As for my lord and general, himself, and you his noble officers, will feed at my own table, and ourselves will bear to you the savoury "olla podrida," and ham of Estremadura, and naught but the best wine of Xeres shall we offer for your refreshment."

The officer returned to his master, and the prior turned down the long passage, where, summoning a few of his most faithful followers, he withdrew into a private apartment for secret conference. A few minutes elapsed, and once more he reappears, his face white and set, with a small phial in his hand. "Brethren in the Faith, we have sworn by no light vow. Then let us remain true, and may the Holy Virgin bless our enterprise," he murmured, as they parted at the door. "Amen!" answered the friars. Slowly he made his way down to the kitchen. "Carlos!" he said, as he entered, "thou must display the best of thy skill for this evening's repast, for we entertain the French General and his officers. Spare no expense, but mix this with the 'olla,' " and he laid the phial on the table.

The old cook glanced up with question in his eyes. "Do as I bid thee, and I will make it right for thy soul. Only keep thy counsel." And the prior withdrew to meet his guests.

A more magnificent banquet could scarcely have been prepared for a prince, and the softly brilliant lights of the great chandelier illuminated a scene truly worthy of a palace, as the proudly handsome French officers gathered in the vast monastery hall.

A shadow of distrust passed over the General's face;

The Banquet of Death.

then he turned to the prior. "We cannot partake of your kindness without requesting your participation therein, together with two of our brothers here," and he bowed to two of the monks present. "With all pleasure, Senor." The prior's voice was cool and collected, but there passed between him and the monks a look which none understood save themselves. So they seated themselves, and the friars ate and drank copiously, to set the example to the



SELLING SCRIPTURES, RONDA, SPAIN.

French officers, who followed without the least apprehension.

At last the dessert was handed round. Then—and the echoing notes of the trumpet of the Last Judgment could not have surged through that room with an effect more terrible and startling—the prior rose, and calmly announced the fact that a deadly poison had been mixed with the food and wine, adding that they had but an hour to live. For a moment they seemed turned to stone, as

The Banquet of Death.

Death, robed in agony, stared them in the face. Then the army doctors were hastily summoned, but, despite all their care, it was too late. First one face and then another changed colour, as the strong warriors rolled to the floor in the convulsions of death. The air was rent with the groans of the dying, and only the prior, though likewise writhing in agony, seemed to view the end with a satisfied smile. Soon all was still, and the festive scene was transformed into a great and fearful charnel.

Reader, day by day you are feasting at the banquet of Life. Oh! who is serving you, and what is that upon which you feed? Are you feasting on pleasures—the joys of this world, and the fascination of sin? Beware! Beware!! for there is poison in that cup, and he who drinks of it is in danger of the eternal death of woe and torment. Yet, unlike the fate of those French officers of old, there is an escape, for God's own Son has drunk the cup we righteously deserved, and now, whosoever will accept the salvation He offers may sit down with Him at the bridal feast of the Lamb—the eternal feast of joy and love. Will you not come to-day, ere it is too late? F.C.M.

THE RIGHT PASSWORD.

WHEN George Henry Stuart, the President of the Christian Commission which achieved such splendid work for the soldiers during the American War, was passing on one occasion through a part of the camp, a sentry challenged him and demanded the password, which, however, he was unable to give. "It is my duty to shoot you dead, Mr. Stuart, but I know who you are. Go to the General's quarters and get the right password."

Surprised and thankful that he should thus be recognised, Mr. Stuart soon returned with the right word, and was allowed to pass. "Now," he said to the soldier, "you were very properly anxious I should know the correct word; may I ask if you possess the right password for Eternity?" "Yes, sir," replied the man, "I have it." "What is it?" queried Mr. Stuart. "'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin'" (1 John 1. 7); and you, sir, gave me the password in your Sunday School class twenty years ago!" Truly bread cast upon the waters in faith is found "after many days."

M.II.

A GREAT LIFE-CRISIS.

TO be brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ in youth is one of the greatest blessings it is possible to experience. It means a life of joy and usefulness.

I was born in Clapham, a suburb of London, and at



ERNEST BARKER, LONDON.

an early age I became deeply concerned about the future. I frequently lay awake at night wondering how I could be certain of reaching Heaven. I did my best to merit salvation by saying my prayers, and reading my Bible more or less regularly. But, notwithstanding these religious activities, there remained a conscious need in

my soul which demanded satisfaction. How I well remember attending an open-air meeting one Sunday afternoon when, at its close one of God's servants laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, "Young man, are your sins forgiven?" Being unable to say "Yes," and unwilling to say "No," I effected a compromise by replying, "I hope so."

For some years I continued hoping that, somehow or other, all would be well eventually, but as for assurance, I knew nothing about it, simply because I had no personal knowledge of Christ as a Saviour.

During the month of August, 1895, I spent my holiday at Margate in Kent. One memorable Sunday evening I found myself listening to the wonderful message of God's salvation in a building called "The Hall by the Sea." One question which the preacher asked went right home. It was this: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3).

I then saw clearly that if such an offer was neglected, escape was impossible. I also discovered that all my prayers, my religious endeavours, and my good resolutions were altogether unavailing. I further saw that salvation was not by works, but by Grace.

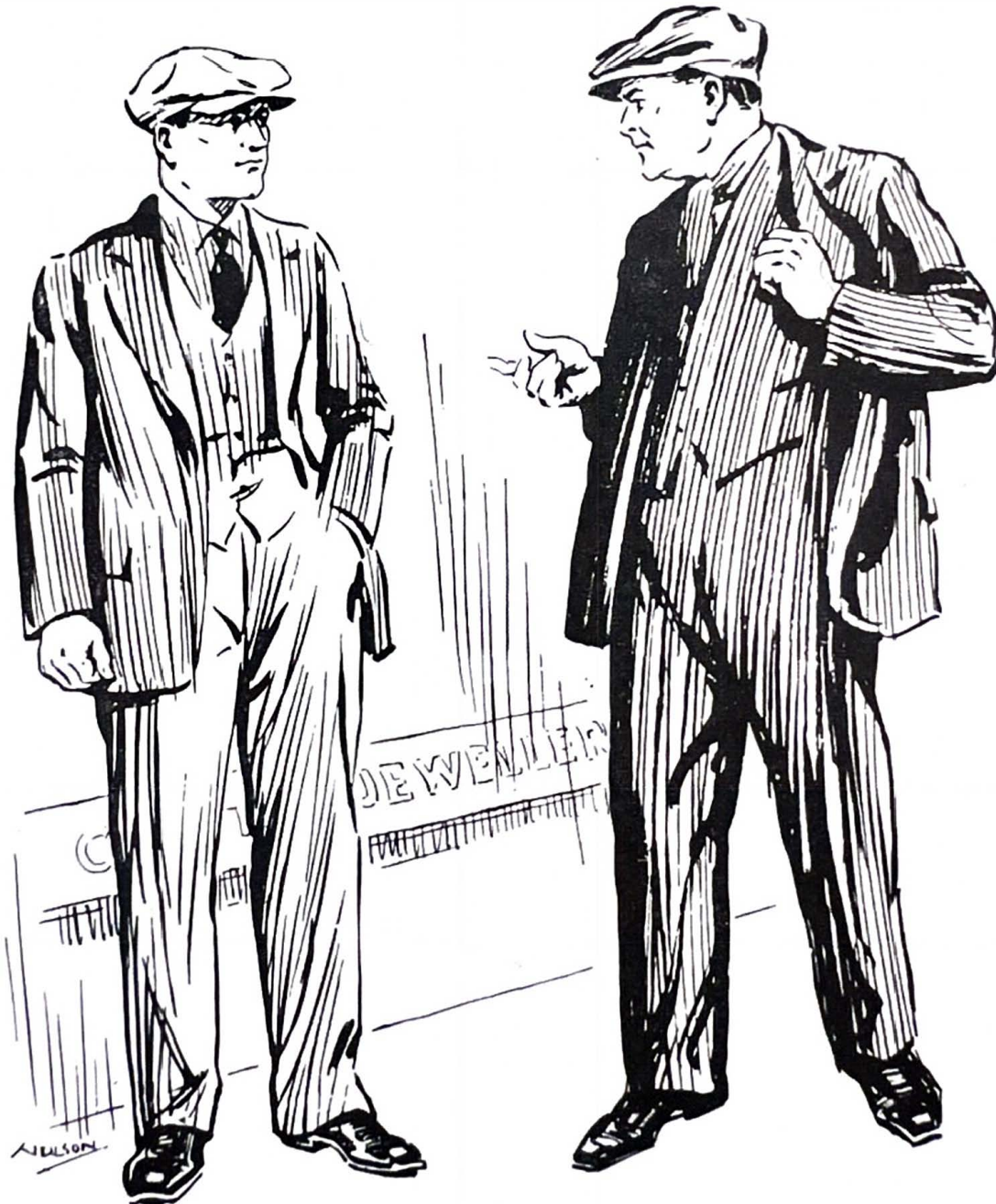
Such love as this I could not despise. Then and there I settled the matter, and gave myself entirely to Him who had so wondrously given Himself for me. By that simple act of faith I at once entered into the joy of God's salvation; my sins were all forgiven; Heaven was assured; I was the happy possessor of eternal life. The blessing for which I would have given anything I had for nothing.

Friend, what is the Lord Jesus Christ to you? This matter of your soul's eternal salvation should come before everything else—before your health, your wealth, your earthly prospects, and all your other personal interests. If you die without believing in the Son of God, all the vast wealth of ten thousand years could not make up for your eternal loss. But if only you will place your entire confidence in Him, you will be as certain of Heaven as though you were there already! Why? Because the Bible says in the simplest language possible: "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23).

ERNEST BARKER.

BELIEVING IN HIS BELIEVING.

Tom—"I will tell you how it took place: Three years ago revival meetings were being held in our village conducted by two earnest preachers. I dropped in to hear them now and again, and I can assure you the addresses were most pointed and searching. I became troubled, and one night



"I WILL TELL YOU HOW IT TOOK PLACE."

I mustered courage and remained for the inquiry meeting. One of the friends came to the place where I sat, and in the course of conversation asked if I would like to be saved. I replied that there was nothing I should like better. He turned to a number of Scriptures, and among others to

that precious portion, John 3. 36: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' I saw that there was only one way of being saved, and that was through simple faith. I there and then believed, and I know from God's Word that I have everlasting life."

Fred—"And would you be afraid to meet God if you were now called into His presence?"

Tom—"Why should I? Is His Word not true? And do I not read that 'Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life?' I know I believe, and I am certain that I am saved."

Fred—"If you were called to meet God, what reason would you give why you should not be punished on account of your numerous sins?"

Tom—"Because I believe, and the Scripture says that if I believe, I am saved."

Fred—"Then you expect to get to Heaven on account of what you have done."

Tom—"I do nothing of the kind. I know I am a poor sinner, but I have complied with the condition, and I am sure I am all right."

Fred—"Suppose that for some serious offence you were brought before a judge, and found guilty by the jury. The judge before passing sentence asks if there is any reason why the law should not take its course, and you reply, 'A very good reason.' If he were to ask what it was, and you said, 'Because I believe in your lordship,' would you be liberated on such a ground?"

Tom—"Certainly not. My believing in the judge would not vindicate the claims of justice."

Fred—"You told me that you would not be afraid of being punished for your sins, and when asked the ground of your confidence, you replied, 'I believe, and God says I am saved.' Will God save you for your believing, or for anything you can do, or have done? If He could do so, why need Christ have died?"

Tom—"You certainly surprise me. I always understood that you preached that men were to be saved for their believing. In fact, one of the charges that people bring against you is, that you have too easy a way of being saved."

Fred—"And you don't know any other reason why the

penalty of God's righteous and holy law should not be executed upon you, than that you believe?"

Tom—"Indeed I don't."

Fred—"Suppose (to pursue the illustration) that the judge sentenced you to a term of imprisonment with the option of paying a large penalty. A rich friend, hearing of your condition, pays the amount in full and hands you the receipt, why, then, would you not be afraid of going to prison? Because you believe in your friend?"

Tom—"Certainly not. My only reason would be, that my friend had paid the penalty."

Fred—"Let me apply the illustration: you and I deserved to die on account of our sins. The Lord Jesus died for us, and paid sin's penalty with His precious Blood. Divine justice is perfectly satisfied, not with our believing, but with what Christ has done for us. He has declared that whosoever believes on Him is pardoned and saved (Acts 10. 43; 13. 38, 39). We are not, however, saved for our believing. If this were so, faith would be our Saviour, and not Christ. "By grace are ye saved through faith' (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Sinners are condemned because they don't believe on Him who settled the sin question at the Cross of Calvary 1900 years ago.

Tom—"I see it! I see it now! Thank God for this conversation. I have been believing in my believing, and not in the Lord Jesus Christ. I see it all now. Jesus has died for me. He has paid the ransom and I am free. Oh, how simple! I wonder I never saw it before."

Fred—"I am truly thankful that the Holy Spirit has revealed to you the soul-saving truth of the Gospel. Very many, I fear, are resting in their believing instead of in what Christ has done and suffered for them. They say that they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but there is little evidence of it in their lives. They have appropriated to themselves passages of Scripture addressed to believers. Where the object of faith is not clearly set forth there is great danger of men and women resting in their 'believing' instead of Christ.

Tom—"Thanks for our conversation. I am going home to tell my friends that I was deceived with a spurious conversion. Let us praise God together for His great love in giving Christ to die for me on Calvary's Cross." A.M.

THE CHANGE NEEDED.

IT is the man, we are told, who "hears Christ's word," and believes that God the Father sent Him to save sinners who has everlasting life. Such hearing, of course, is something more than mere listening. It is hearing as a humble scholar; hearing as an obedient disciple; hearing with faith and love; hearing with a heart ready to do Christ's will: this is the hearing that saves.

Mrs. B—— was in Church one Sunday evening, and while listening to the Gospel message was convicted of sin. The Scripture that was used of God to awaken her to a sense of need was: "For Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation (a repentance) not to be repented of" (2 Cor. 7. 10). She became burdened with a sense of sin and guilt, and felt very miserable. She went to the preacher and made known to him her great need. In reply he said:

"I really do not understand your case, Mrs. B——. You must be overwrought, and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. You are a good, virtuous woman; you regularly attend the House of God and the means of grace, and you observe the Sacraments. I think what you need is a change of air and scenery, and new associations for a time."

He also advised her to go to amusements in order to forget herself for a time. For several weeks she remained under deep conviction of sin. She was convinced that all was not right between her soul and God. Then, suddenly, the burden was lifted, and light and life came into her soul. Now she was free and happy. What was it that had wrought such a wonderful change?

Listen! the light came as she read the very familiar words of the Lord Jesus: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My words, 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).

"Now she is free, there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation,
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation, once for all."

Now she is filled with a joy and peace in believing, and abounding in hope through the power of the Holy Spirit. She is saved to serve; she is seeking souls to win from the deadly power of sin. She is eager to—

The Change Needed.

"Guide their steps aright,
Out of darkness into light."

Jesus said: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8. 12).

"Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see;
The Light of the world is Jesus." W. H. JOHN.



"IN CHURCH ONE SUNDAY EVENING."

WHAT A STRANGE WISH!

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

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

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

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

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

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

D.M.

HAUNTED FOR YEARS;

— OR, —

THE YOUNG MAN WHO, RISKING DETECTION AND DISGRACE, FLUNG
HIS PRINCIPLES TO THE WIND AND BECAME A FORGER
OF CHEQUES.



"A YOUNG MAN SAT AT HIS DESK."

"The Tempter had suggested to him that it would be a simple matter to forge the endorsement of a cheque, and he might be able to escape detection."

HAUNTED FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.

"I WOULD like to have a few words with you in private." It was at the close of a Gospel service in Chicago that a middle-aged woman approached the preacher with this request.

An appointment was made for two o'clock the next day. The preacher, in company with a Christian friend, sat in his room, waiting for the visitor. Presently she appeared. After a few moments' conversation the preacher asked: "Now, what is your trouble?"

"Oh," gasped the woman, "I am a murderess. Fourteen years ago, away in the darkness of a forest, I drove a dagger into a man's throat. I escaped without anybody seeing me. The man was found with the dagger by his side, and everybody thought that he had committed suicide. For two years I remained in that district. No one ever suspected me, but I was wretched.

"At last I came to America, to see if I could find peace here. First I went to New York, and then came to Chicago and I have been here for twelve years, but have not found peace. I often go to the lake and stand on the pier, and look into the dark waters beneath. I would have jumped in if I had not been afraid of what lies beyond death."

Can any one conceive a more terrible state of mind for a person to be in than to be haunted and haunted for fourteen years as this woman was by an accusing conscience? It must have been a veritable hell upon earth.

What was it that had brought her to such a condition? *Her sin*. And "are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" Answer me: Are there no sins of which your conscience accuses you?

"Of course, I am a sinner," perhaps you reply; "we are all sinners. But I have never committed such an awful sin as murder."

But who told you that one sin is more awful in God's sight than another? Men may speak of "little sins," but God does not.

NO SIN IS TRIVIAL OR EXCUSABLE IN HIS EYES.

The smallest bit of wrongdoing is sufficient to exclude a man from His presence for ever. In His sight there is no difference between the religiously brought up sinner who had done nothing grossly and outrageously wrong and

Haunted for Fourteen Years.

the poor woman who drove the dagger into the throat of a fellow-creature.

Do you doubt the truth of this? Then open your Bible and see for yourself. Turn to Romans 3. 22, 23: "There is no difference, for all have sinned." All stand on a common platform before God. If you were as much awake as you should be to the seriousness of sin, your conscience would be as burdened as was that of the murderess. You would be haunted by the fearful knowledge of your guilt. You would be filled with unrest and anxiety.



OPEN-AIR GOSPEL MEETING, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

But there is another sight for the opened eye to gaze upon besides sin in all its ugliness and blackness. There is Jesus, Who willingly became the sin-bearer upon the Cross, and endured the bitter punishment that was our due in order that we might be forgiven. Only by believing in Jesus, and the results of His atoning work, can the accusing conscience be set at rest. Only in this way can salvation and peace be known. Only by this means can the burden of guilt be removed. Only thus can the sins of a lifetime be washed away.

For God is righteous, and "will by no means clear the guilty." If He is to show mercy to guilty men it must be

Haunted for Fourteen Years.

in a way that makes it perfectly plain that He is not indifferent to sin.

A young man sat at his desk in the warden's office at one of the great prisons in the United States. It was his duty to keep the prison accounts and to fill in the cheques for current expenses.

"Shall I, or shall I not?" he asked himself again and again, at the same time twirling his pen between his finger and thumb, as if that would aid him in arriving at a decision.

The question was this. He needed money. Betting and gambling habits had involved him deeply in debt. The Tempter had suggested to him that it would be a simple matter to forge the endorsement of a cheque; and if he also "cooked" the accounts, he might be able to escape detection.

Should he, or should he not? Yes, he would. He would risk detection and disgrace; he would fling his principles to the wind; he would do as others had done. And he did. He became a forger.

At first his crime passed unnoticed. But as the months rolled by, and other cheques were tampered with, suspicions were aroused. An investigation followed, and the young man's crime was revealed. His trial was soon over.

HIS GUILT COULD NOT BE DENIED.

He was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

Now, besides being the warden's clerk, this young man was the warden's *son*, and as such naturally expected that fact to make a great difference in the treatment meted out to him during his prison life; and as he was handed over, with several other prisoners, to the warden's custody, he looked anxiously into his father's face. But there was no sign of recognition there. By his own action the son had placed himself beyond the reach of his father's love. With a wave of his hand the warden turned the file of handcuffed men over to the deputy, who led them away to shave, bathe, and measure them. Within an hour the young man was learning to lock-step with his fellow-prisoners.

His father had been a loving and indulgent parent, and the son expected him to show him favour and leniency.

He forgot that his crime had placed him in a new relation to his father, whose duty to the State required him to treat him as a convict—not as a son.

It is to be feared that many cherish expectations similar to this young man's with regard to their eternal future.

Sinners they are, and they would by no means deny their guilt. But they have heard and read that God is gracious, that His love is great, that judgment is His "strange work," and that He delights in mercy. They assume, therefore, that God will never seriously take them to task, that He will be lenient, and "let them off easy."

The object of this narrative is to show such that they are building upon the sand, basing their hopes upon a false foundation.

It is true that God is gracious. His kindness and love to man have been declared in an unmistakable way in the gift of His own Son; but it is also true that He is holy and just, and that He can never pass over wickedness as if it were of no account. Thanks be unto Him, however, He has found a way whereby He can righteously save sinners. Because of the merits of Jesus' sacrifice, God can extend mercy and forgiveness to sinful men. This is the only channel through which God's mercy flows. Salvation through faith in Christ is free for all. But expectations based upon God's mercy, apart from personal faith in the Saviour, can only end in bitter disappointment. God's love has found a channel in the Cross of Calvary. "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). H.P.B.



PARDONED.

WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus' Cross I trembling came:
Burdened with guilt and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich, atoning Blood.

THE CHANGED CROSSING SWEEPER.

GOD says of Israel: "They got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but Thy right hand and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a *favour* unto them" (Psa. 44. 3). Of us He says: "By *grace* are ye saved." "The *grace* of God that *bringeth* salvation to all men hath appeared" (Titus 2. 11). These and many other passages show how futile are our best efforts to reach Heaven by our own good deeds. It must be God Who *brings* us there, because He has a *favour* towards us, and has shown it by giving His well-beloved Son to die for us.

A Christian nurse was attending upon a Jew who had undergone a slight operation, about which he had been unusually nervous. "Nurse," he said, "it was not because I was afraid to die." "What do you think becomes of you after death?" she asked. "We, the Jews," he said, "believe that if we live good lives, and do all the good we can for others, we shall be united to those we love." Nurse answered, "God says in the Old Testament that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). He looked surprised, and she continued to tell him that she believed in substitution, and felt assured that we could not get to Heaven unless we believed that Christ died for us.

He then told her what had much struck him; that outside his place of business in the city there used to be a ragged, dirty, miserable crossing-sweeper. One day he missed him, and did not see him again for some time, when suddenly he met him, looking quite clean and tidy and happy. He was so surprised and delighted that he could not help stopping to shake hands with him and to inquire the reason of this great change. The crossing-sweeper answered: "It is all because I have Christ in my heart, and no wife and children in the workhouse." Nurse replied: "Do you know of anything else that would change a man's life like that?" The Jew said: "No, but I cannot see it now; I may some day."

The change in the crossing-sweeper was so marked that it had evidently made a great impression on the Jew. It had spoken to him of *Christ*, who "raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory" (1 Sam. 2. 8) "HE is able." E-M.

THE SECRET OF A JOYFUL LIFE.

FOR many years it has been my privilege as a colporteur evangelist to visit the people in their homes, and frequently in mission services to hear striking testimonies of how the Lord met with one and another, and saved them with an everlasting salvation. Recently I heard the following interesting story of a soul's awakening and salvation.

It is of a young girl who went to live for a short time in a Christian home, and the influence of one woman in that home made a great and lasting impression on her life.



THE COLPORTEUR'S VISIT.

"As she read and explained the Scriptures, she made the Book a living Book to me. Her faith in God made her life radiant. It was easy to see that she had joy and peace in believing, and that the peace of God which passeth all understanding garrisoned her heart and mind through Christ Jesus. I was anxious to know the secret of such a joyful life. One morning while reading the Scriptures, and meditating on what I had read, I seemed to be carried away in thought. I was in a beautiful garden, on a well-kept lawn, and just beyond there was foliage and fruit and

The Secret of a Joyful Life.

flowers in abundance. And coming towards me was the Lord Jesus Christ, with hands outstretched, and with the gracious invitation on His lips: 'Come unto me . . . ; and I will give you rest. Ye shall find rest unto your soul' (Matt. 11. 28 to 30).

"I was in deep need of this soul rest at the time, and was about to close in with the offer of salvation. But just then there flashed through my mind: 'You are young and inexperienced, there is time enough for you. You had better put off your decision until you are older, and have seen a little more of life, and made a name, and attained some of the ideals you have set before yourself.' Just then the Holy Spirit brought to my memory the words, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' (Mark 8. 36, 37).

"As I thought of this profit and loss I applied the truth to myself. 'If I gain all the world I have dreamed of, and succeed in life, and attain my wishes, well, what then? It will only be for a little while—the short span of life—and what about the loss? The loss of my soul would be for ever!' This brought me to decision for Christ. 'I am coming, Lord!' I cried, 'coming now to Thee; wash me, cleanse me in the Blood that flowed on Calvary'. And since that happy day:

"I've found a friend in Jesus, He is everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
The 'Lily of the Valley,' in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll,
He's the 'Lily of the Valley,' the 'Bright and Morning Star!'
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!" W. H. JOHN.

THROUGH THE WORK DONE.

"It is finished" (John 19. 30).

IT is not by works;
It is not by tears;

It is not by penance nor pray'rs:

It's through the work DONE

By God's blessed Son,

Salvation to ALL God declares. W.L.

A BELFAST MAN'S CONVERSION.

IT is now almost forty years since, in the city of Belfast, in the North of Ireland, I was brought to the knowledge of my sins forgiven, and my soul saved.

I was the youngest of a large family, and though my parents were not saved in earlier years, impressions were



SAMUEL GILPIN, BELFAST.

made very early upon me through the influence of some of the older members of the family who were saved, when I was a child; and afterwards through the Sunday School. Hence it would be difficult for me to say exactly when I first learned that I needed to be saved if ever I was to be in Heaven. From my earliest days I had thought about

A Belfast Man's Conversion.

my soul and eternity, and intended to be saved some day—perhaps on a death-bed, and giving heed to the Devil's lie, "It is time enough yet," I put this momentous question off from time to time. How many there are still who, like Felix, are doing the same to-day, waiting for a convenient season, forgetting the Spanish proverb that "The road of by and by leads to the town of Never."

There were three things that often gave me concern in my unconverted days. First, the uncertainty of life. I was afraid of death, knowing that had I died as I then was, there was no place for me but Hell. Secondly, I was afraid of the Holy Spirit leaving me, knowing that God had said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. 6. 3), and I knew that He had often striven with me. I can recall distinctly the lines my sister used to quote to me:

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
For glory or despair."

And thirdly, I was afraid of the Lord's coming; the thought of this troubled me more than anything else. Being the last in the home to be saved, I was often afraid the Lord might come during the night and take my loved ones to be with Himself, and I should be left behind for judgment. I had gone to work in a large weaving establishment in the City where a number of Christians were employed, and I can remember well, when at my work, being troubled about the Lord's coming, especially when I missed some of the Lord's people from their accustomed places, thinking perhaps the Lord had come and that I was left behind.

It was in the Autumn of 1892 that Mr. John Ferguson came to the Old Lodge Road Hall to preach the Gospel. The meetings continued for a fortnight, which I attended nightly; and again God spoke to me, but I did not care to remain behind for the usual after-meeting, as I did not like any one to speak to me personally about these things. On the closing night, Mr. Ferguson was assisted in the meeting by Mr. S. Meneely. Both spoke from John 3. 16. I cannot remember much of what was said in the meeting, only that I wanted to be saved. The preachers each spoke to me in the after-meeting, bringing before me several

A Belfast Man's Conversion.

Scriptures, but all seemed dark. How true are the words: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost" (or perishing) (2 Cor. 4. 3). Believing was a difficulty to me, as I thought that I always believed, and yet I could not say that I had everlasting life. I was waiting for feelings to give me the assurance that I had everlasting life.

After I reached home my sister spoke to me and brought the truth before me, set forth in 1 Peter 2. 24, showing me how God had laid my sins on the Lord Jesus when He died on Calvary, but it was not until later in the night, while my brother was speaking to me in my own room, that the truth dawned upon me for the first time, and I saw by faith the Lord Jesus taking my place and dying in my stead. Then the words frequently used by Mr. Ferguson in the course of his speaking came before me, "Jesus in my place," and I saw that God had punished His Son in my stead, and all that I had to do was to take God at His word, and trust the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, and I said, "I will trust Jesus now," and I trusted Him there and then; and I knew that I was saved, not because I felt it, but because God said it in His Word. That was on the 25th September, 1892.

During the years that have intervened, I have known the Lord Jesus not only as one who is able to save, but as one who is able to keep, and able to satisfy every longing desire. Though for a time I was troubled with doubts and fears, it has been a comfort and peace to get back to God and the Word of His grace. At such times one has not infrequently found relief in the words of the hymn:

"Adore Him, adore Him, the glorious work is done,
The Father will not punish me, 'twas laid upon His Son.
'Tis finished,' cried His suffering soul, and I my title see;
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me."

Later on my peace became more settled, as I was enabled to apprehend with greater clearness my standing in grace, according to Romans 5. 2, and to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

Does the reader know his sins forgiven? If not, why not? Get this question settled, that is of such great importance. There is no time to lose, God's time is now. "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

SAMUEL GILPIN.

ONE THING THOU LACKEST.

ON the summit of a hill, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery of Scotland, stands a lofty monument, erected in loving remembrance of one, high in social position, and who had won for himself in the service of his country much of earthly fame. No expense or pains had been spared in the erection of this monument to his memory. The large blocks of granite of which it was built had been brought from a distance of some hundreds of miles, and must have been conveyed to their lofty position with great difficulty and labour. But all these difficulties were at last overcome. Stone by stone that monument was raised until at last the top-stone was placed upon its summit, and there it stood crowning that hill-top, a conspicuous object to the eye for miles around; and there as I looked at the massive structure I thought it might have stood until that day when the mountains shall be removed out of their places, and only those things which cannot be shaken shall remain. But it was not so; its destruction came in a moment.

There was one thing wanting; and what was this? you may ask, reader. A strong iron railing had been erected round its base, built on the solid rock. What could move it? What more was needed? Yes, one thing was lacking yet. My eyes sought in vain for a lightning-conductor.

Many a year it had braved the passing storm, but its destruction came at last. The dark clouds have gathered in the sky; the rolling thunder tells of the approaching storm; on, on it comes, until at last above that spot it has burst in all its fury. Mark that blinding flash from yonder thunder-cloud, that crash, an angry roll, and what has happened? Riven from top well nigh to bottom, stands that monument to human greatness, looking as though another moment and the whole would be a mass of ruins. What has done it? The thunderbolt has struck it. And as I stood and gazed at it, and the large blocks of stone which had been hurled by the shock for over twenty yards, part of the iron railing torn up and thrown to the same distance, and even the immense blocks of granite, of which the base is built, shaken and displaced, the thought of the tremendous power of that lightning-shock almost made me tremble.

Reader, it was a solemn and instructive sight. Will

"One Thing Thou Lackest."

you for a moment, before you lay this paper down, listen to the silent lesson it taught me? One thing was lacking; that one thing was nothing ornamental, in fact to the eye of many it might have been an unsightly object. Perhaps those who erected this monument thought the same; perhaps they thought it so unlikely that what did take place should ever have occurred, that they said, "We will risk it;" and the most essential thing was neglected.



THE COBBLER, THE SUMMIT OF BEN ARTHUR, SCOTLAND.

On the base of that monument were narrated many of the valiant acts of him to whose honour it had been erected, but this did not save it. That which alone could avert the lightning's stroke had been omitted.

Reader, will you permit him who writes these lines to ask you a question? Are you secure from the coming storm of God's wrath? Is one thing wanting in your religious life? That life that has cost you so many years of patient toil, that life that has raised you so far above your fellowmen, that life that bears inscribed upon its

"One Thing Thou Lackest."

pages so many acts of human charity and benevolence, and yet, may it be said of you, as of one of old, "One thing thou lackest?" Is it that in all thy religion thou hast not Christ? and hast never known the power of His precious Blood to save thee from the wrath of God? It may be that Blood is to thee an unsightly object, thou sayest, "I will take my chance." Oh! reader, what madness, what folly. The storm is gathering. The wrath of God will soon burst on thy guilty and Christless soul, and then the greater thy profession the greater thy ruin, and the darker thine eternal state. Then take Christ, who alone can avert from thee the stroke of Divine wrath, and in whom alone thou mayest find a shelter from the storm, for on Him that storm has burst and spent its force. In Him, and Him alone, thou art safe. "Accepted in the Beloved, in whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1. 7).

Dear reader, I beseech you do not cast these thoughts aside, but look the matter plainly in the face, and see if you have Him in whom the world sees no beauty, and of whom it feels not its need, but who to the saved one is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" for without Him you stand each moment in danger of the wrath of God.

J.A.B.

AN UNEXPECTED CONVERSATION.

HAVING spent the week-end in the town of C—, I was making my way home. My luggage was rather heavy, so had arranged for a coach to call at my lodgings to give me a lift to the station. The only other occupant of the coach was a gentleman who by his dress appeared to me to be a traveller, but I was soon to learn that I had made a mistake. As the coach rumbled along the street we passed the home of a woman with whom I was acquainted, who, standing at her door, waved to me as we passed. Her husband being an undertaker by profession, had this fact duly advertised on a plate beside the door. This had attracted the attention of my fellow-traveller, who said: "That's a good person to keep in with," referring, of course, to the undertaker. I replied, "Yes, that's true;" but looking him in the eyes, "when the undertaker has taken my body to the grave, that

An Unexpected Conversation.

won't be the end. I know where I'm going—I'm going to be with Christ—I'm going to Heaven!" Then, turning the matter on him, I asked, "Do you know where you are going?" You can measure my surprise when he replied thus: "I'm a Church of Scotland minister, and I couldn't say that. I can't say that I am saved." What a confession from the lips of one professing to be a light to men who sit in darkness! But isn't this just the confession that men make in general when approached about this important matter. Men tell us that it is presumption to say with assurance that we are saved."

One of the dictionary definitions of this word is: "Confidence grounded on something not proved." Can this matter of being saved be put into this category? Let us put it to the test. There is only one authority on such matters—the Word of God. Well, now, what does the Word of God say about it? The Gospel by Luke gives us the very words of the Lord Jesus (see chap. 19. 10), Who said: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Are we prepared to question His words, which relate to His mission to earth? He came, not to be a moral exemplar, but a Saviour for men. That men might be saved He died the ignominious death of Calvary's Cross, there bore the wrath of God on account of sin, and there made a perfect atonement for sin. He was buried, but on the third day rose again, and after a short interval spent with His own disciples, He returned to the right hand of God. In writing to the Corinthians the Apostle reminds them that this was the Gospel He preached to them, and by which they were saved (1 Cor. 15. 1). And again in writing to the Romans he states in the clearest possible language how we can be saved: "That 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). Surely all this evidence puts such an important matter beyond all controversy, frees it from the charge of presumption, and calls upon you here and now to believe it with all your heart, and become the recipient of eternal life and the knowledge that you are saved. The Word of God says: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). J. L. BARRIE:

"ARE YOU READY?"

"WITH all your church-going and good works, are you sure of going to Heaven?" Such was the question put by a young man to a friend in course of conversation.

"No," was the reply, "I cannot say that I have that assurance." "Well," continued the young man, "though there is nothing in my life that I need wished concealed, yet *that* is not my ground of confidence before God, and if called away this moment I am ready." His ground of confidence was the finished work of Christ—that work accomplished on Calvary, when "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

Shortly after the same young man was in the house of another acquaintance, and the conversation turning on spiritual subjects, he remarked, "If I were to die to-day, I am ready."

Young, strong, and prosperous, death seemed many years distant; with his cup of earthly happiness soon to be filled to the brim, life seemed well worth living; but eternity is always nearer than we think.

There is but a breath between us and death. Just three days after the last recorded conversation he was on the top of a high building in course of erection, and as he and another man were about to lower a plank, referring to what they were doing, he called out, "Are you ready?" when just as the words escaped his lips the masonry on which his foot rested gave way, and he fell to the ground and was killed instantly.

Well for him that he was ready. While he lived it was well for his friends, and especially his widowed mother, that he was moral, industrious, and kind; but it was well for himself in that fatal moment that he was resting on Christ *alone* for salvation. His last words, though uttered concerning the plank about to be lowered, come home with great solemnity to all who may hear of them. Is it not like a question from the tomb? Are you ready? Are you ready to meet God? This is a solemn question, and should not be shelved until a more convenient season.

The Lord Jesus is God's one and only way of salvation. Trust wholly in Him Whose Blood was shed for the remission of sins; in other words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Then you will know the peace and joy of being ready.

A.W.P.S.

"I'VE NEVER DONE ANY ONE ANY HARM"

— OR, —

THE COLOURED PULLMAN CONDUCTOR WHO BOOKED FOR HEAVEN
ON THE GOSPEL TRAIN.



"I'VE NEVER DONE ANY ONE ANY HARM."

"Ah, Massa, I'm all right!" and the dark face was bright and beaming now. "I'm booked for Heaven on the Gospel Train,"

"I'VE NEVER DONE ANY ONE ANY HARM!"

I SUPPOSE he meant it, or he wouldn't have said it; and, of course, I knew just what he wished me to understand—that he'd never deliberately gone out of his way to do any one a bad turn, as far as he knew.

Well, that's something to be able to say, but is it enough? And is it really true in the sight of Him before Whose Judgment Seat we must all appear at the last great assize? For His verdict upon us all, the best and the worst of men, is, "All have sinned"—for to think evil of another, quite apart from any doing, is sin in God's sight.

Now I wonder, my unknown reader, if you have ever comforted your conscience with such a feeble excuse as this, as you, like the rest of us, have thought about your judgment day, that fateful day, when every one of us shall give account of himself to God.

If this is your only plea, believe me, it will not avail, for the Judge's condemnation has gone forth, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Yes, we have inherited from Adam a sinful nature, therefore it is our nature to sin, and the doom of sin is death.

But you say, "Is this just? Here am I doomed to death because of Adam's fault in sinning; how can God blame me for that for which I am not responsible?"

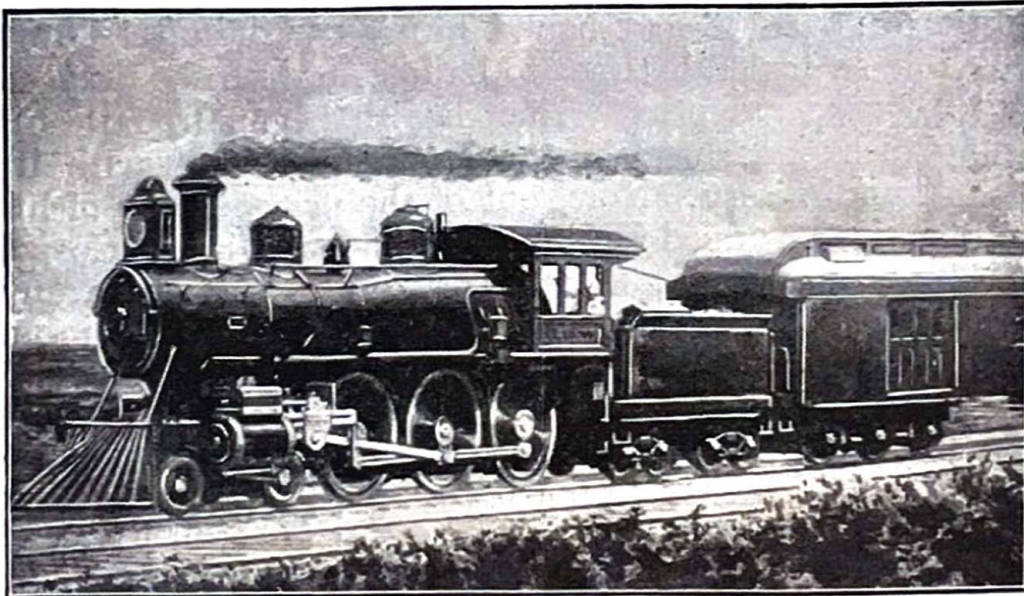
My friend, your contention is a reasonable one, but God is righteous, and therefore just, so He does not blame you for your guilty state, but only for remaining in it. For His death sentence upon sin has been fully satisfied in the death of His Son upon the Cross, where He "laid on Him the iniquity of us all," so that all He now asks of you and me is to believe this glad fact.

"What must I do to be saved?" cried a man in soul agony long centuries ago. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," was the confident reply, and he "rejoiced, believing in God." But if you say, "I cannot believe," just pray God to enable you; and He will. But suppose that you still persist in trying to find your own way to Heaven, what kind of character does God require of you? Nothing short of His own righteousness will satisfy Him, "For He hath made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

A Christian friend of mine was travelling in the States

‘I’ve Never Done Any One Any Harm!’

in a Pullman train, and in the morning on getting up he said to the coloured man who acted as conductor: “Robert, how good have you got to be to go to Heaven?” “Lor’, Massa,” came the reply, “I don’t know. Mighty good, I ’specks.” “Yes, Robert,” my friend asserted, “you’ll have to be as good as the Lord Jesus Christ if you ever enter Heaven’s gates.” “Lor’ sakes, Massa,” exclaimed the conductor, “then I’ll never get there nohow!” “But, Robert,” continued his interrogator, “isn’t this train booked to reach —— (naming a town some miles distant) at a certain time?” “Yes,” he replied, “I’ve got to



AMERICAN PULLMAN TRAIN.

check out there right on the minute.” “Well, then, hadn’t you better get out and run, so as to make sure?” “Why, no, Massa, I’d never get there by my running, but only by stopping on the train.” “Even so, Robert, you’ll never be good enough to get to Heaven by your trying, but only by entering the Gospel train, the free ticket for which is God’s offer to you, for ‘the gift of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord!’”

Some months afterwards they met again. “Ah, Massa, I’m all right!” and the dark face was bright and beaming now. “You done make that so mighty plain to me that now I’m booked for Heaven on the Gospel train.”

Will you do likewise, friend? For God has done all that He can to meet your case. (CAPT.) E. G. CARRE.

A STORY FROM KLANG, FEDERATED MALAY STATES.

IT happened one day in July, 1929, that we were strongly impressed that we should go to the house of a couple who had not long turned to the Lord from idols. We went, and on arrival, were greeted by exclamations of, "Oh, we are glad you've come; we've just been asking the Lord to send you."

The usual Chinese greetings over, explanations commenced. Their neighbour, Mr. Go Koan, a slave to the opium habit, had heard the Gospel and wanted to hear more. Their story was typical. Poor fellow! He had started mildly enough, but had gradually increased the subtle drug till it had bound him as with fetters from which he struggled betimes to be free, only to be dragged back to deeper depths. Then health began to fail, his employment was lost, his poverty came, and, with it, despair and misery. Now, out of the prison house of his own making, he cried for help, and had seen in the Gospel a fresh ray of hope. Welcome light! Was there any wonder that he grasped at it, and that we found him an earnest listener from the start?

Years before, he had heard the Gospel, but his wife had dissuaded him from believing. He was easily dissuaded, for his need had not been felt. Now, loud in her self-condemnation, his wife, too, was ready to listen.

The second time we visited Go Koan, he said, "One thing I can see: that is, if I am to receive the Gospel the opium must go." "Yes," we said, "but in your own strength you cannot do anything. Will you trust in the Lord to save you, give us your smoking outfit complete, and cast yourself wholly on Him?" For a moment he thought, and we prayed. Then he said, "Yes, I will." The whole outfit is now in my study as a souvenir of the occasion of another of the great victories of Christ, through the Gospel; and he has a Bible in exchange.

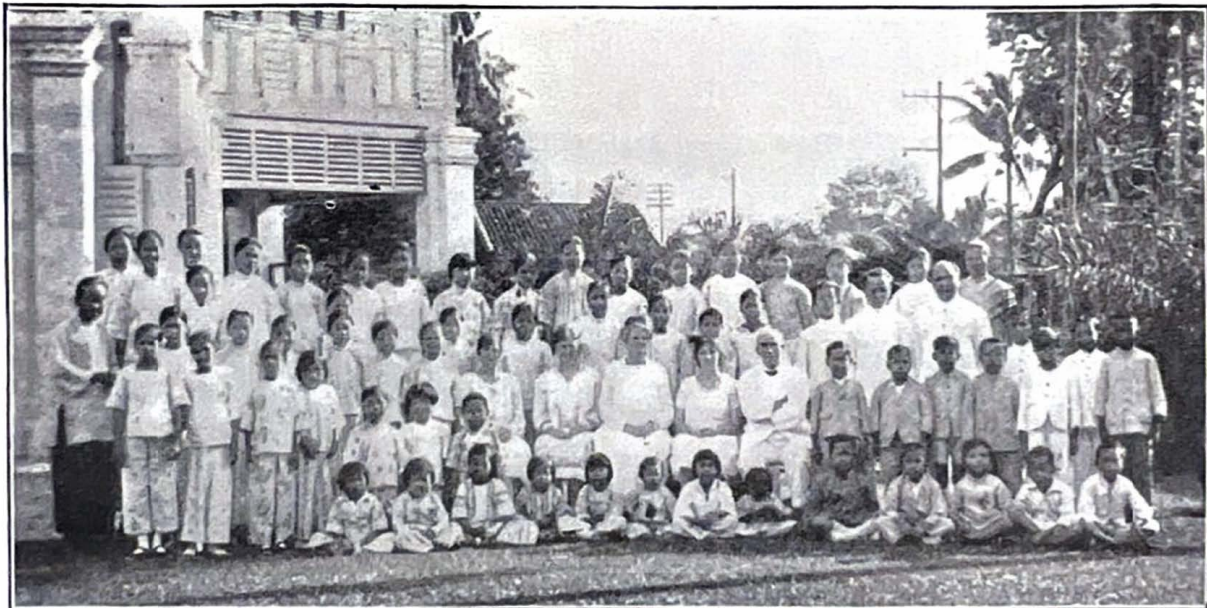
Did he suffer? Yes, he verily did. His lips swelled and cracked, his tongue was swollen and parched, neuralgia tormented him night and day; and added to these, severe abdominal pains coupled with that indescribable and much dreaded craving; his testing was real. Though we had his smoking outfit, there were public opium smoking houses all around to tempt him, but his case had

A Story from Klang.

been truly committed to Christ, and the victory was sure. Never one retrograde step! In his suffering he said: "Reading the Bible and prayer bring me most relief."

After a month or so of this state of mind and body, full deliverance came, and it needed but a few weeks more of the blessing of God and healthy living to make a physical change almost as great as the spiritual, and Go Koan was an upright, open, happy and healthy man.

You might like to ask: How did he go on? It was only a short time and he desired to be baptised, and he, to-



CHILDREN AT ELIM HOME, IPOH, MALAY STATES.

gether with his wife, now happily one with him, made their public avowal of burial of the past and resurrection to new life in Christ.

The next Sunday, Go Koan arrives at the Hall with his neighbour, introducing him as another opium smoker, his friend in the days of sin. Now they are friends and brethren in Christ.

But what of the test of time? A year has passed away, and Go Koan stands with us where he has often stood and witnessed before, on the street corner. A crowd of old friends are listening as he speaks with more reference to his great deliverance than usual. "You know," he says, "what I was, not only an opium smoker, but also addicted to every wickedness. Then, I was Satan's slave, but

A Story from Klang.

Christ has set me free. He has kept me, too, and by His power you see old sins have no hold on me."

Reader, Christ has saved, and He does save men of all nationalities from all kinds of sin, and on one simple condition, viz., that they believe on Him. Satan cannot keep you from God, though fain he would; habit cannot stay the saving hand of the Almighty, the most terrible forms of sin and vice are plucked by Christ as straws, for the Blood has been shed, Calvary's work is finished, and the power of sin and Satan has been broken thereby. There is now one thing, and only one, which can keep you from salvation, with an ensuing life of victory and joy, and the happy assurance of glory at last and for eternity. Well, you may say: What is it? I'll break it down! I'll cast it aside! But wait—will you? It is YOUR WILL.

E.V.B.

LOST IN A CANADIAN FOREST.

STEVE DENOSKI, a Mail carrier for the Ontario Contracting Company's plants, set out from Robinson one December evening to make his round of the lumber camps. The trail was missed, and in order to find it again a short cut was taken. Time passed, but still no trail was discernible. Darkness fell, and still no trace of any footprints. To his horror he discovered that he was describing a semi-circle. He had got on to what the Indians used to call the "death track." The appalling truth at last dawned upon him—he was hopelessly lost, with no food, not even a box of matches. Keep going he must; so in sheer determination to succeed he doggedly ploughed his way through that vast unbroken forest against biting winds and zero frosts.

The next day was but the same routine continued, the vain search for signs of a trail. His body was gradually weakening in resistance, and he became mechanical in his movements. At last a little sleep was obtained by lying down in the snow on the sunny side of a hill; then feeling somewhat refreshed, he pushed on again. As another dreary night fell upon him, his poor legs weakened under the strain and gradually began to lose their sense of feeling. Day succeeded day, night followed night, and all the time hope grew more remote. He had started out on Tuesday,

Lost in a Canadian Forest.

and now it was Friday, but still no hope seemed imminent.

With the dawn of Saturday, Denoski knew this was to be the day when he would either find the trail or a grave. It was life or death; so he braced himself as best he could with his remaining strength. Dragging his weary way,



LOST IN A CANADIAN FOREST.

without any idea of where he was, he still moved on, when, to his great joy, the long-looked-for track lay before him. His heart beat faster, his wan face brightened; he was nerved for the last lap, but no more.

Shortly afterwards he arrived at the Twin Falls Lumber Camp, presenting a most pitiable object indeed, a fearful wreck of what he had been so recently, a splendid type of

Lost in a Canadian Forest.

manhood. No sooner had kind friends gathered to succour than he collapsed entirely, and fell to the ground moaning and muttering. In a few minutes he was rushed off to hospital, and after consultation the doctors decided that the only way to save his life was by amputation of both legs. Despite such a climax, his life was saved. Only his brave spirit of determination saved him from certain death, and only he can adequately express what it meant for him to be lost. Lost! Lost! Lost! Let the words ring themselves into your inmost being until they reach your very soul. Allow this dear man's experience to speak to you of your soul's deep need, lest you should wander on through life in a vain effort to find your way to Heaven and home—and miss it!

Let us look at three things about Steve Denoski, and the first is this: He was a lost man. How easily it was done, without any intention, and how terrible the consequences. God says in Isaiah 53. 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." And again in Romans 3. 12: "They are all gone out of the way." If you, friend, do not know your sins forgiven, you are still lost! lost! lost! The solemn fact is this, if you do not know that you are saved now, you may be sure that you are lost now. It is not a question of perhaps being lost at the last day—it is now!

He was a determined man. Once awakened to the fact of his awful danger, he made this evident that he was in dead earnest to be saved. Are you in earnest, or are you quite satisfied to go on neglecting and rejecting God's salvation? The Lord Jesus said, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," as much as to say, the Enemy will seek to discourage you, hamper and hinder by the ridicule of friends or by open opposition. May God make you determined to get rid of your sins and find in Christ the only Way of salvation.

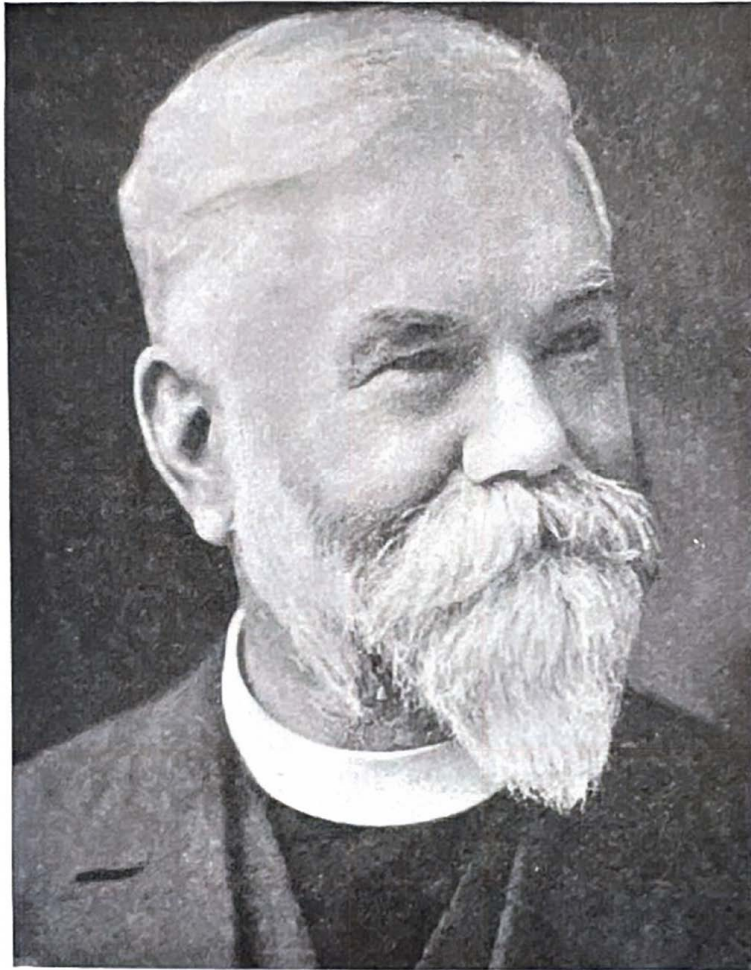
He was a saved man. Again we hear the Lord Jesus say: "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). Look to Calvary, see a perfect Sin-bearer dying in your very place and exhausting God's judgment due to your sins. Confess Him as your Lord and Master, and Romans 10. 9 says: "Thou shalt be saved."

G.A.N.

A BOOKING CLERK'S CONVERSION.

I REMEMBER, it was like this, I was a young fellow, a booking clerk, about 17 or 18 years old. I cannot say I was terribly anxious. That is where some of you make a mistake; you think that unless you are in a terrible state of anxiety about your sins you are not ripe for being saved,

I knew my Bible well, and the Shorter Catechism; I could say it in my sleep—can say it yet. But our Scottish



DR. JOHN McNEILL.

Shorter Catechism is just the Bible boiled down. Justification by faith, effectual calling, the work of Christ, and so forth—I knew it all by heart, and the proof-texts; but I was as blind as a bat to it all; I had no light and no peace. I remember I just wanted to know what it was to be saved; though, as I say, I was not very anxious or in a state about my sins. I knew that I was getting a year older, a year harder and colder, and nearer to sin and wickedness; although I had no outward career of cursing or swearing, or

A Booking Clerk's Conversion.

drinking, or badness. But I was honest enough to feel in my heart that I was not saved in God's sight. It is a great matter when God saves you from being a self-righteous Pharisee, even though as yet true salvation has not come.

I wanted to get into the light, but I never could have stayed to an after-meeting; so I can sympathise with the people who, when a second meeting is mentioned, just bolt as if the police were after them. I was then staying all through the week in the old town of Greenock. Every Saturday night I walked to a quiet village to spend the Sabbath at home with father and mother and the rest of them. I could never have spoken about my soul to the minister. But the minister's son and I were great chums. Although I was only a quarryman's son, my father belonged to the spiritual aristocracy, and it was no degradation for the minister's son and the quarryman's son to "hunt in couples." We used to talk together, as young fellows will talk, about sweethearts and a lot of other things; we also talked about something that was not settled, but we felt the time was ripe for settlement, about becoming a true Christian.

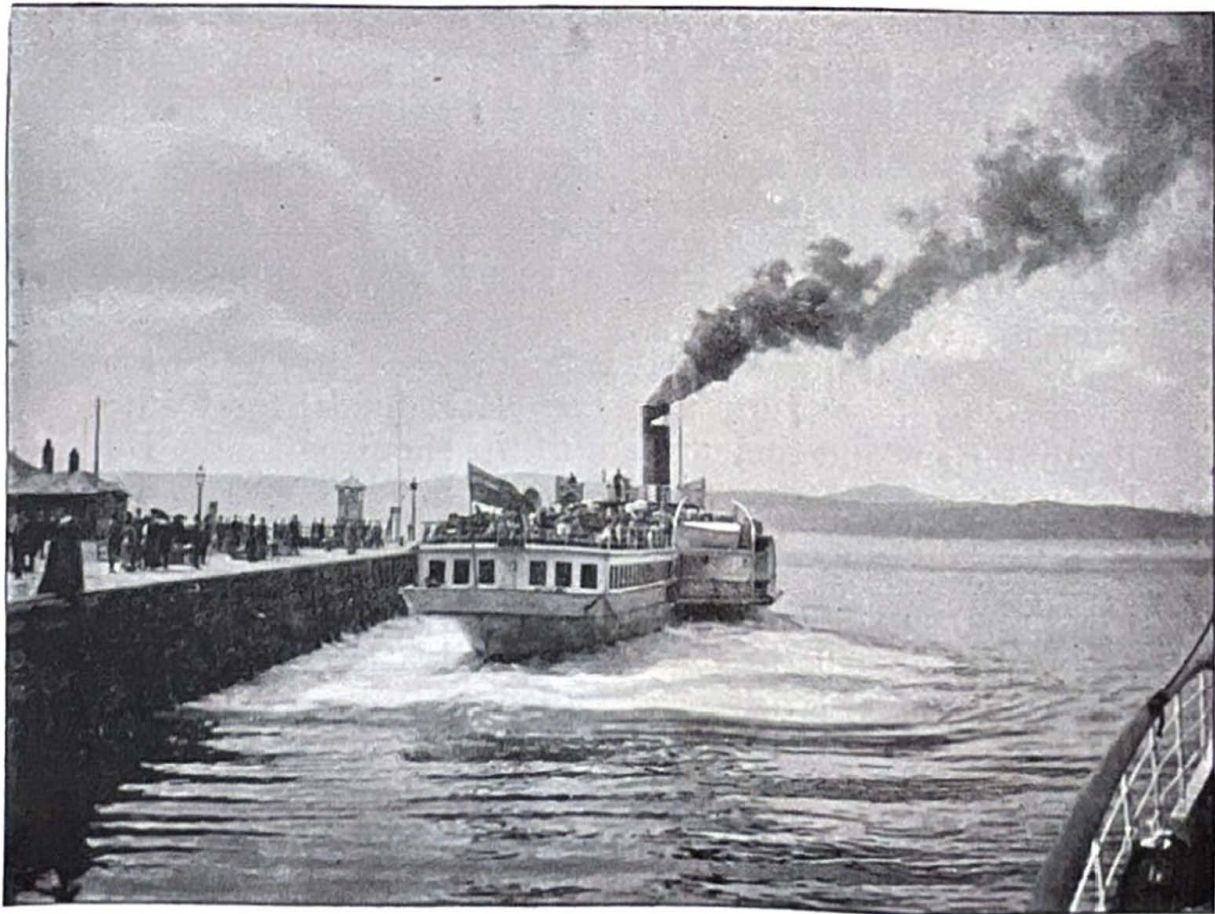
We agreed we would try to find out, and I remember one evening I wrote to my minister from the booking-office. I said something like this: "I cannot say I am greatly anxious, but I do feel I ought to decide. If I do not decide for Christ, the world won't allow me to be half-hearted." And it won't. You will have to decide one way or the other. I was very full of knowledge of the Bible, as I thought, and I thought the difficulty was in the Bible, not in me. So I said to the minister, "I will give you a text (Acts 16. 31) which says 'Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved.' I believe in Jesus Christ. I am no atheist or blasphemer. I believe all about Him, but I do not feel one bit the better for it." And I sent away the letter with the kind of notion that I had given the minister a poser.

Two or three days passed. I remember I was at the booking-office third-class window—I never go to a railway station but I think of it. I was just about flinging up the window to serve tickets for the sugar-brokers' train to Glasgow at 10.30, when the postman came round and gave me a letter. I looked at the letter and saw from the post-

A Booking Clerk's Conversion.

mark that it was from my minister; I knew it was an answer to mine. I tore it open and read something like this, and it was a sort of prophecy:

"My dear John, you will never know, unless you become a minister yourself" (I had no more idea then of such a thing than that lad down there probably has) "how glad I am to get such a frank letter from you about salvation, although you may still be in the dark as yet! I am



PRINCES PIER, GREENOCK.

glad you have fastened on a text. It is a good one, and I will join controversy with you there. You say you believe all about Jesus Christ, but you do not feel a bit the better. Now, I put it in this way: which am I to believe?—you, who, after consulting with your feelings, pronounce your own verdict on yourself and say you cannot be saved because you do not feel any the better? or am I to believe God speaking in His Word and pronouncing His verdict, and saying that if you believe in Christ, as you say you

A Booking Clerk's Conversion.

do, you are saved, and you will be saved for ever and ever?"

This way of putting it, dear friends, may do nothing for you; but to me it was just like lifting a curtain. I saw the whole thing on its human side. It was not feeling—it was believing; trusting Jesus, no matter what I felt or did not feel. And the minister clenched it by saying: "Besides, John, I am surprised that a lad of your education and upbringing should quote the Scripture so badly. It is not 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will never feel a bit the better for it.'" That took me down a great many pegs. Why, I saw that I was not really believing in Christ at all; I was knocking the Bible end-ways. I was believing in myself—in my own heart. And the Scripture says: "He that trusteth in his own heart is a"—philosopher? No—"is a fool." And philosopher often is just fool, writ large.

Do you see it now? That is how it came to me. I had no great feelings; I did not shout Hallelujah! for I am a Presbyterian, and they are not of the shouting kind. But I saw what it is to trust in Jesus and be saved just as you are, immediately, without any feelings up or down. I went out and took a walk along the platform. I thought I would not fling up the ticket-office window just yet. It was my first walk in the light of salvation. And, you know, it made this difference: I had taken that walk along the length of the platform times and times every day, but that morning I remember saying to myself: "Has the place been white-washed?" The very dingy, dirty, smoky old bricks looked whiter; it actually seemed as if there had been a cleaning going on there; it does make a difference!

That is all there was about it. Except this; for we are queer creatures. George, my companion, the minister's son, was also seeking salvation. Mr. Moody came along to Glasgow. George wrote to me and said: "I have been to Moody's meeting, and I am just where I was; I have no light." When I read that from George—would you believe that?—I went back into the dark again. I said to myself, "This cannot be real. There is Geordie, a sharp fellow, and the minister's son; I doubt I am wrong after all." I actually turned away back into the dark out of

A Booking Clerk's Conversion.

sympathy with Geordie. Twenty-four hours later there came another letter from Geordie. Ho! it was nearly fizzling in my fingers. I opened it and read. There had been another meeting. Mr. Moody had pushed the young men up in a corner with a kind of rush and rally, and shut them up to Christ; and Geordie was full of it. "Man John," he said, "don't you see it is not your feelings? It is simply taking Christ at His word."

Next day we met, and George was full of it again. "John, don't you see it?" "Man," said I, "I saw that before you did; but because you could not see it I thought I was wrong." And we rejoiced together. I was telling him about it when I met him lately in Brooklyn, where he lives.

My old minister is gone now. Two years ago the son and I were both back in Scotland. The minister died, and my old companion and I met when laying his father's dust in the grave in the quiet old village. I believe God arranged it so.

Years have passed since then, and all I have been doing has been simply still looking and trusting. I have had feelings and convictions of sin, aye, deeper convictions since I was converted than before.

Now, will you trust Him? Look to Jesus, for He does save. Do not look in a wrong direction. I had one battle—just one—the next morning. I woke up, of course, the same old fellow. I had to go back to the booking-office to meet the other clerks and temptations of different kinds. And I was as cold as ice again, as if I had slept it all off again. I said: "It had been mere excitement. Here you are as flat as a flounder! There is nothing in it." Where I rallied was here. I said to myself in my wretchedness next morning, "Has the Bible altered through the night? Has Acts 16. 31 altered? No! Has the value of the finished work of Christ altered, or the worth of His Blood and righteousness and intercession? No! Then nothing has altered on which you were relying and trusting; it is only your feelings that have altered; you are not saved by that, you are saved through faith in Christ." Get over the bar of feeling and into the harbour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

SAVED THROUGH A TRACT.

FOUR times in jail for drunkenness, and twice separated from my wife, was my testimony before many people on 4th November, 1931, in the Tabernacle Church, before I went into the waters of baptism, thus confessing my faith in the Lord Jesus, and my desire to honour and serve Him.

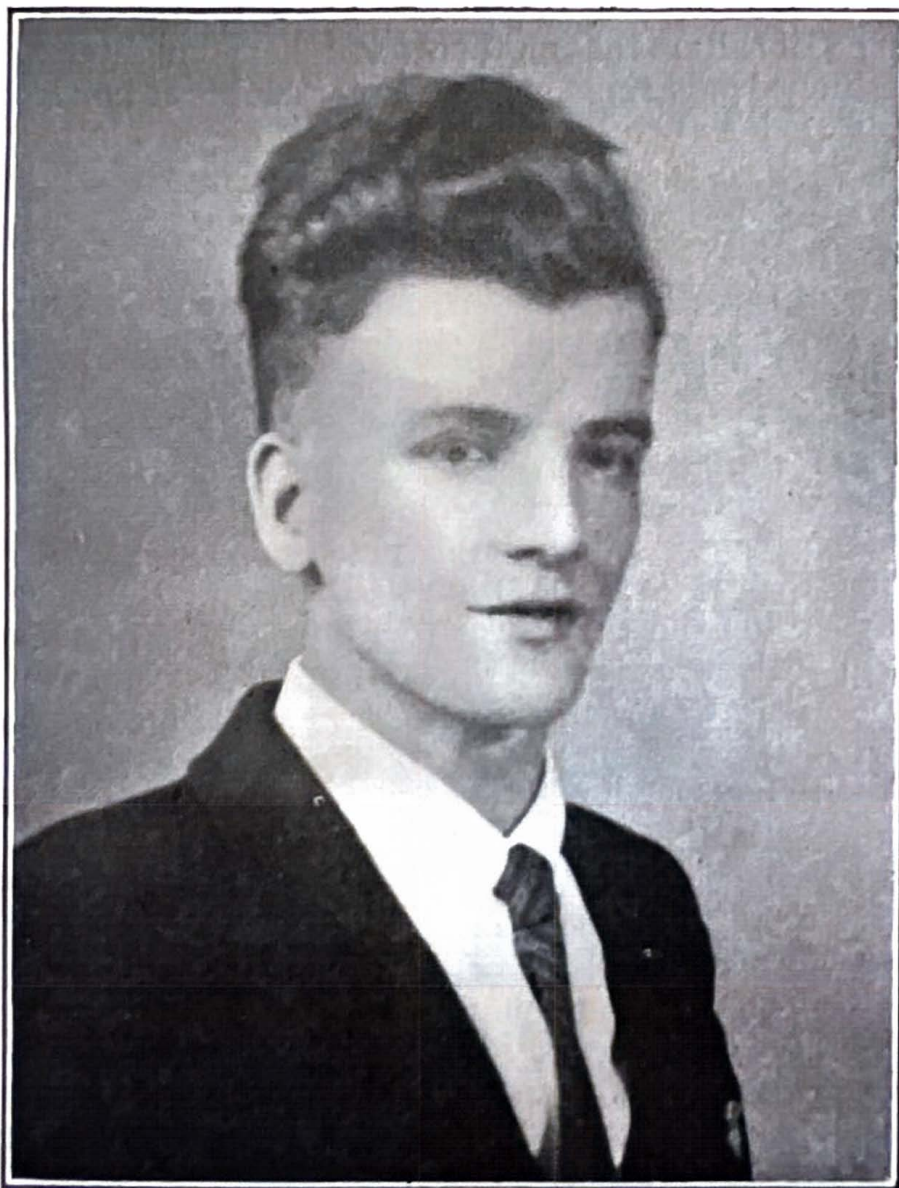
It gives me joy to tell everybody how I was "born again" into the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. On Sunday afternoon, 18th January, 1931, a little tract was put in at the door, and as I read it I knew that God was speaking to me, because it told of how He had marvellously delivered a poor sinner from his habit of drinking, and led him to know His dear Son Jesus Christ. On the bottom of this tract I noticed stamped "Sackville Street Mission," which was just around the next corner from where I live.

Although I had never been in this Mission, I always remember seeing the old sign on the front wall, bearing the words: "Christ's Blood cleanseth from all sin." Well, that same afternoon I said to my wife, "I think I'll go to the little Mission in Sackville Street;" but she only laughed, as I had been drunk the night before, and I was not really sober yet. As the time passed away, there seemed to be two persons speaking to me, one urging me to go, and the other saying, "Don't go." At last I determined not to listen to the one that said "Don't go" (I believe it was Satan); so I went that night, and I remember it as if it were yesterday, for Christ has done so much for me since. Perhaps that enemy of souls is telling you to wait for a while, and may be you will leave it until it is too late. Well, I had no intention of being saved that night, as I went more to hear what the speaker had to say, but God had been speaking to me, and as soon as I got in that door I knew I was a sinner. When I had heard of the wonderful love of Jesus, how He came into the world to save sinners, and died on the Cross for them, I knew in my heart I was a sinner, and oh, how happy I was to know that there was a way in which I could get all my sins washed away by the precious Blood that Jesus shed on Calvary for me and for you.

That night I accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour. I went back home to my wife rejoicing because I was saved, and a new creature in Christ Jesus. My wife

Saved Through a Tract.

could not see the Truth that night as I did, but thank God, He answered my prayers concerning her, and she was saved at the same little Mission as I was on the 8th of February, 1931. I pray to God through Jesus, for all who may read these words, that He will open your eyes that



GEORGE M'KAY.

you may see Jesus, dying on the Cross of Calvary for you. I thank God that His Word came through the reading of that little tract, and may His Word come to you through this one. May God bless you all.

Written by the sinner himself, whom Jesus died to save.

GEORGE M'KAY.

THE THREE GOLD RINGS.

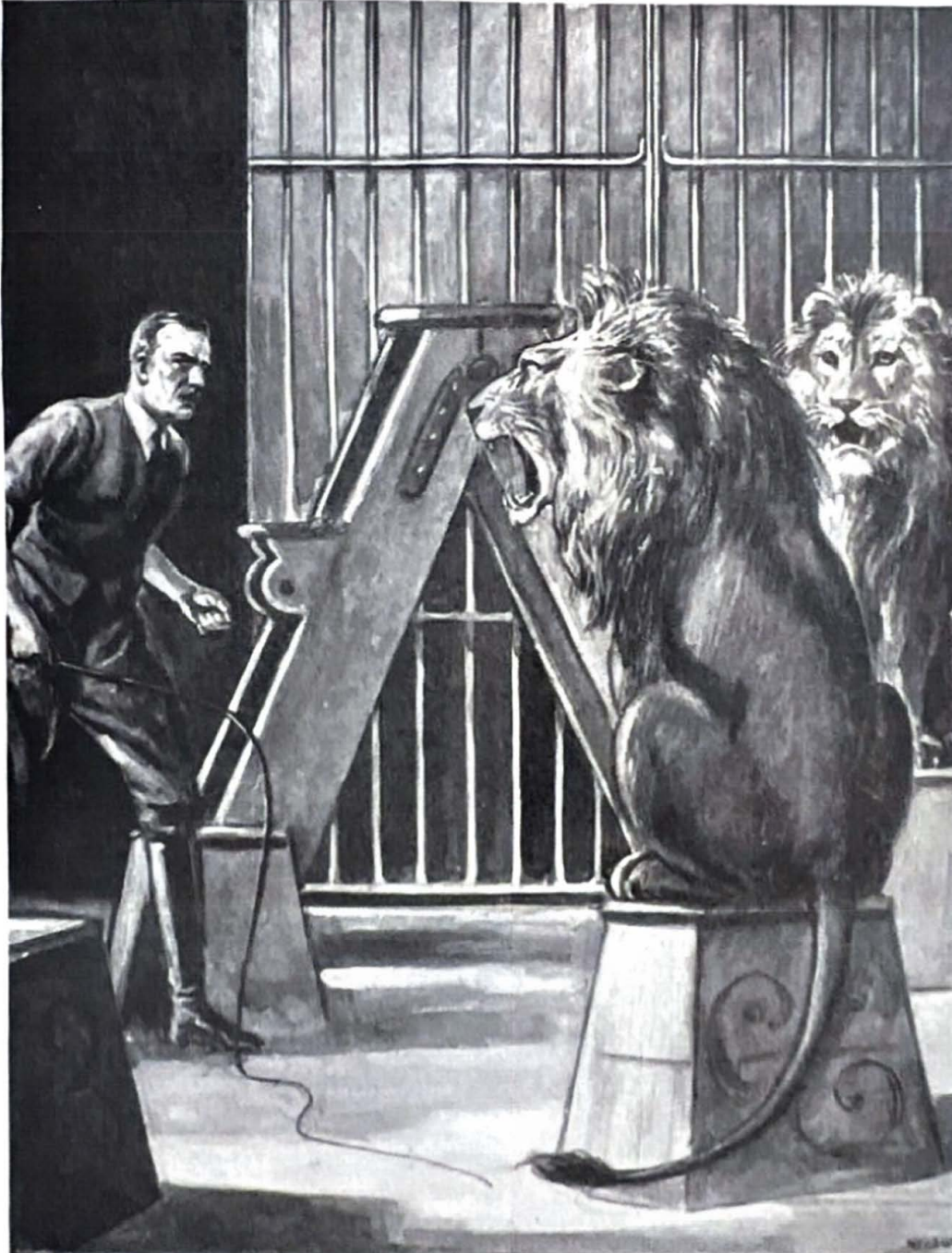
WHEN I was stationed at Bermuda a draft of young soldiers was sent out to join my regiment. Amongst them was a smart corporal of good appearance and courteous manners. The colour-sergeant of the company to which he was posted had married a few years previously at Gibraltar a respectable young woman of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

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

RESCUED FROM THE LION'S GRIP

— OR, —

THE FATHER WHO, IN SUCCEEDING TO SAVE HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE
FROM THE LION'S GRIP, WAS HIMSELF CAUGHT AND MAULED BY
THE ANGRY BRUTE.



"NERO BEGAN TO SNARL."

"They then came to grips, when, after a heroic effort, the poor man was overcome and dashed to the ground under the paws of the monarch, terribly lacerated."

RESCUED FROM THE LION'S GRIP.

MANCHESTER fairground was all agog on Good Friday. Crowds gathered to see for the first time in that city a young girl of nineteen, dancing between two lions in one of the cages. She had performed constantly, and had no sense of fear, no apparent cause of anxiety, not a single lurking suspicion of danger. These two beautiful and stately animals, Nero and Pasha, knew her well, and seemed flattered to have the opportunity of obeying her behests while she danced before them.

Her father, the trainer, was with her in the cage at the time. Her performance was nearly completed, when Nero, without any warning or cause, began to snarl angrily and show his great teeth. In an instant it jumped towards the girl, but was immediately intercepted by her father, while she escaped. He thrust forth his artificial leg to protect himself. For a little while the brute calmed and began to play with this, but gradually became emboldened, especially at the first sight of blood. They then came to grips, when, after a heroic effort, the poor man was overcome and dashed to the ground under the paws of the monarch, terribly lacerated.

The attendants seemed helpless to prevent the trainer from being mauled to death, but thrust poles through the bars to ward off the lion until the proprietor's son entered the cage. He accomplished the seemingly impossible, and at tremendous risk and with great daring he pulled the Captain to safety, Pasha all the while merely watching the affray without taking part.

The most surprising thing of all was that despite what had transpired, the girl resolved to go on with the next performance as if nothing had happened. Two hours later, before a much larger crowd, she again danced in the lions' cage, this time accompanied by her father's rescuer. Alas! for the father. He only lingered a few days. The shock and the awful mauling killed him. At the inquest the familiar verdict was given, "Accidental death."

You perhaps say, "What has that to do with the Gospel or with me in particular?" In a word—everything. Let me explain.

You are in the place of extreme danger, but like the girl she never imagined it possible. She had played with these animals so often that all sense of fear was gone. Are you

Rescued from the Lion's Grip.

playing with sin, that harmless, alluring and tempting thing that is going to destroy your very life and bring you to a Christless Eternity? Sin is a living reality. God calls it "that abominable thing which I hate." Hebrews 3. 13 speaks of "the deceitfulness of sin." In other words, it disguises itself to allure its captives. That very thing



IN THE LION'S GRIP.

you are playing with now is going to play with you, for "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). You have to answer to God for your life (Rom. 14. 12). Are you ready?

You are in the very place where you can be saved. When all without exception had utterly rebelled against God, broken His laws and taken every one his own way (Isa. 53. 6). When we were one and all under the just

judgment of God (John 3. 18), "love found a way." In infinite grace we hear God say: "I will give My beloved Son, judgment will be borne by a perfect Substitute, so that I, whilst infinite in holiness, yet infinite in love and grace, can welcome the fallen sons of men and save them from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21).

That poor, helpless, lacerated man was reached and saved without any effort on his own part, simply relying on the strength of another. Can you not do that? The Lord Jesus has done all the work of our salvation; hence it requires no addition by our prayers, sacrifices, ordinances, money, or anything—all is settled in the death and resurrection of Christ. God looks at you in Him, immediately you rely wholly on His beloved Son. He puts the value of His precious Blood to your credit. You stand as perfect as Christ Himself (Rom. 8. 1).

Will you not yield in simple faith, receive Him into your heart and life, and confess Him as your Lord day by day?

"O Lord I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror."

G. A. N.

CAN A MAN GO TO SEA AND BE A CHRISTIAN?

HE was a beaten man; he looked it and knew it, as he finished off his sorry tale with the words, "So all I've got to say is this, that a man can't go to sea and be a Christian!" Poor old Winter (that's what I'd better call him). We'd never met before, but my heart went out to him as I listened to this ending of a truly pitiful story. It appears that he had returned from a previous voyage to find his wife and little one dead and buried and his home empty. Utterly dazed and bewildered by such a knock-down blow, so-called friends had led him to drown his sorrows in drink. His money spent, he'd gone off on another voyage, but had had a real bad time of it. "When they found out I was religious they made a mark of me; I could have fought them man by man," he said; "but I couldn't tackle the whole lot together, so they led me a dog's life, and I've come to the conclusion that . . ." And so he gave his answer to the question we are discussing.

As he stood before me, so hopeless and helpless, half

Can a Man go to Sea and be a Christian?

muddled with drink, how I longed to lift this defeated soul up into the place of victory whence he'd fallen, and then like a flash there came an answer to my half-uttered prayer for the wisdom I needed. "Tell me, Winter," I said, "did you let them know you were a Christian, or leave



"HE STOOD BEFORE ME."

them to find out?" "Oh, I let them find it out, Captain," he replied. "Well, look here," I continued, "next time try telling them. Fly your colours from the start, for I've proved in my short experience that it works."

Dear fellow, the thought evidently arrested him, and after a further talk we parted. It was some weeks later when a letter from him reached me. "The first thing I

Can a Man go to Sea and be a Christian?

want to do," it read, "is to take back what I said, that a man can't go to sea and be a Christian, for he can! I've followed your advice, and my shipmates respect me, and leave me to go my own way." How true is God to His Word: "Them that honour Me I will honour."

Now, my unknown reader, does not this little tale come as a challenge to you, as you think of the power that God not only offers but gives to those who trust Him for it, to stand alone and live a clean life, even among a crowd of godless shipmates? It may help you if I confess that when the possibility of taking my stand for Christ at sea dawned upon me, I fairly quailed, knowing my own weakness and cowardice, but that I found in the unseen but realised presence of the Saviour ever by my side all the courage I ever needed. And this is the Christian's secret—he is trusting in Christ, not in himself—the secret that enabled me to stand the trials and testings of my last twenty-one years at sea victoriously!

Now I seem to hear you saying: "But is this secret of supernatural power for me?" Let God Himself answer you. "As many (you or me) as received Him (the Lord Jesus Christ), to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." Therefore to believe on the Saviour is to receive Him, and His power into your life. Why not accept His invitation, "Come unto Me," now, and in a personal prayer transaction between yourself and the Saviour make His secret, which is my secret, yours? Then, and then only, can you join with me in saying, "Yes, a man can go to sea and be a Christian," because I'm proving that he can daily in my own life.

There is no walk in life in which it is easy to be a Christian. To become one is so simple that the youngest and the feeblest can be saved by simply accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. And after that, the Christian life is a battle to be fought—but fought in the strength of the Saviour, Who is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." Jesus Christ not only saves from the penalty of sin by His atoning death, but by His intercessory work at God's right hand He delivers from sin's power, and one day soon He will take us from sin's presence to be with Himself for ever. (CAPT.) E. G. CARRE.

CHASING SHADOWS.

I HEARD an open-air preacher declaiming against the pleasures of the world and sin. He declared that those who went after them were "chasing shadows," and he certainly seemed to know what he was talking about, for he told the people who listened to him that he was talking out of his own experience, and that these things had almost destroyed his body and damned his soul. In that same open-air audience was a lady who



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING.

told me she was frankly puzzled. She believed the preacher, but she had a young friend who was filling up her time at dances, races, card parties, and that she had said when talked to about it, "I'm enjoying every moment of my life." She certainly thought that she had got the substance and not the shadows. The lady wasn't able to reconcile the two experiences, and appealed to me for help. There is, of course, the bliss of ignorance, and people who succeed in forgetting God, and their sins, and eternity, may for a while dance through each day, most joyous and gay, but if those words of the wise man came ringing into their souls in the midst of the dance, "Know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. 11. 9), it would take the heart out of the laughter. And God is real, and judgment is certain.

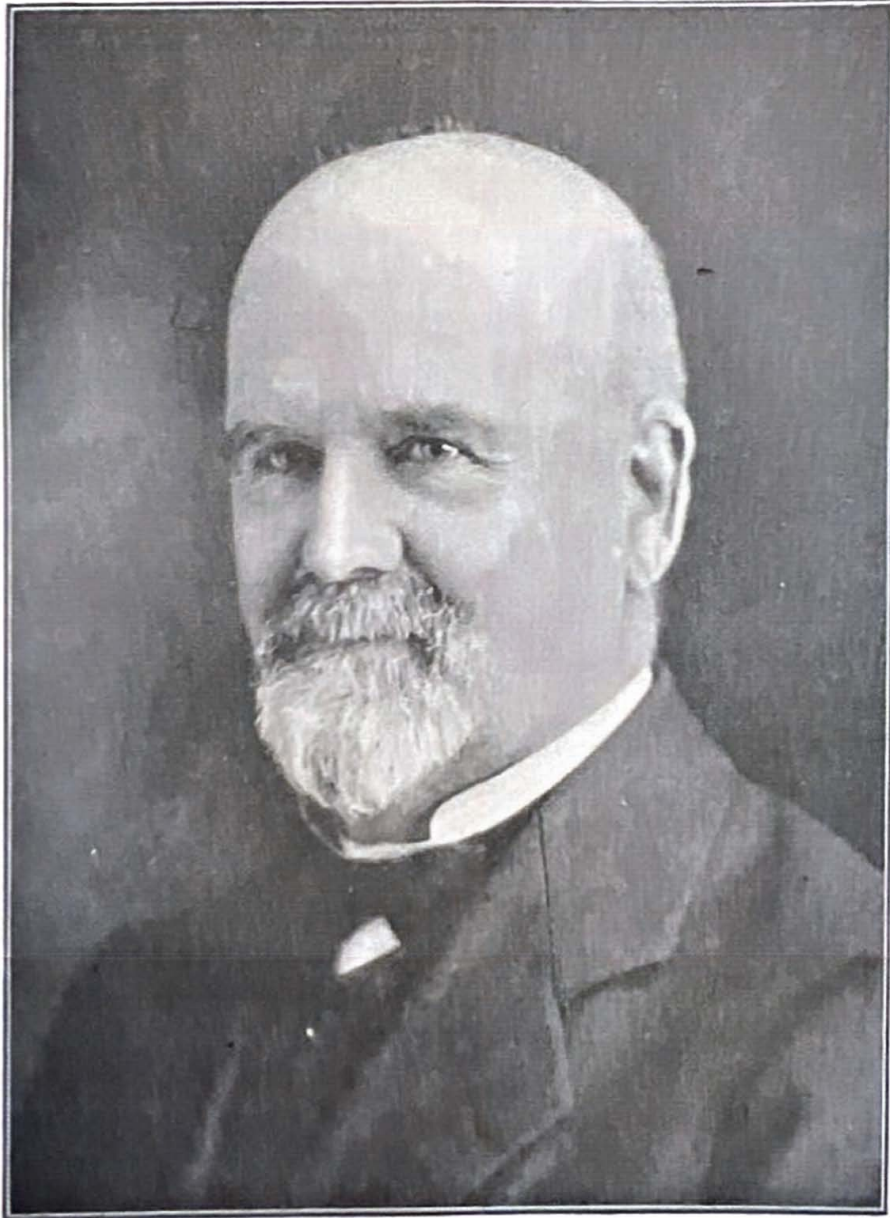
"Killjoy," "wowser," are the epithets that would be flung at any one who dared to speak of God and judgment to any one in the midst of these pleasures, for those who love pleasure more than God do not want to be disturbed. They have drugged their souls and silenced their consciences, and they won't listen to the Gospel or think of the future, or of judgment to come, or of God. Now, the open-air preacher had faced these things, and repented, and had found the Saviour, and was a happy man in the true sense of that word. The young lady had closed her heart against all these things, and her bliss was the bliss of wilful ignorance.

Does the thought of meeting God make you irritable and impatient? Then there is something wrong somewhere, for I know that God is not your enemy but your Friend. So that it must be you who are wrong, not God. Adam hid himself from God because he was wrong. You are very much like him, and as long as you hide from God you may enjoy "the pleasures of sin," but they are "but for a season." And while they last you are dead, for "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she lives." So the Word of God declares, and the Word of God is true. Now God offers you "pleasures for evermore" and "life, eternal life."

Think of the time when death will have removed you from the gay crowd that laughs and jests. To die without God is to die without hope. Not such an end as that would God have you come to. He commends His love to you in that while you were yet a sinner Christ died for you. Yes, for you. And I can bear witness to the fact that the one who has found the Saviour is happier even in his sorrows than the worldling is even on his brightest day. The Christian is the only one who has a right to be happy, for he can say of the past, "It is all forgiven." He can say of the future, "It is all secure." And he can say of the present, "I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I can rejoice in the Lord alway, for He loves me with an everlasting love, and will never leave me nor forsake me. I rejoice and am glad, and give thanks to God that I am a Christian—saved by grace through faith in the Blood of Jesus. Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour and be at peace (Rom. 5. 1). J. T. MAWSON.

A SENSIBLE FOUNDATION.

WITH the desire that God may use it in blessing others, I briefly narrate my conversion to God, how He waylaid me by His love, and saved me by His sovereign grace. It was on the 29th day of May, 1881, as I stood in a lane, leaning over a gate, that God by His Holy Spirit



JAMES MCKENDRICK.

pierced my hitherto rebellious heart, by impressing this awful fact upon me, "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." But an hour before I had gazed upon the face of my father, lying in his coffin, cold and stiff in the icy jaws of death (killed by an accident). As I looked on him, a voice seemed to say, "This is your future, some

day (perhaps very soon), others will gaze upon your face. And what about your soul and your eternal destiny?" I felt unable to answer or evade the searching question.

I then sought a lonely lane to meditate; as I did so this solemn fact pressed upon me: "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." I would not have died without a good character. I never knew the taste of strong drink of any kind, and disliked all unbecoming language. I had attended a Sunday School most regularly till about twenty years of age, but I knew I had never undergone that saving change of which I had heard Christians speak, and "born again" was an experience to which I was an utter stranger, and that if I died as I was I would die without Christ. Oh, solemn, undeniable fact, too powerful to be resisted, and too true to be denied, and far too important to be evaded.

I had often listened to infidels, and felt disappointed that all their arguments so lacked a sensible foundation. All they said seemed to be the outcome of bitter opposition and hatred against Christianity, and never the fruit of unbiased common sense. I turned from them, sorry they could not prove infidelity to my satisfaction.

I had often wished the Bible could be proved untrue, that there was no God, and no hereafter, and that death was a goal instead of a gateway to eternity. But all was too real for me now. The voice of my oft-hushed conscience refused to be quiet, and the testimony of God's Word shattered into shivers all the silly arguments I had ever heard or conceived; and now I stood stricken and trembling under this crushing stroke: "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." I had often pointed to the faults and inconsistencies of Christians, and flattered myself (as many do), that I was as good as any of them, and a great deal better than some. But this false refuge afforded me no shelter or comfort now.

"If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." This completely demolished my small stock of infidelity, tore aside my rags of self-righteousness and respectability, snuffed out my little religion, and drove me from every refuge to which I had ever fled, and left me, like Noah's dove, before God, a poor, lost, guilty sinner in His sight. Argument was useless, resistance was idle, delay was

dangerous. Flashed by the light of Heaven, impressed upon my smitten conscience by the power of God, was the terrible fact: "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." Oh, what was to be done?

A Christless death I always dreaded, but surely it was my approaching doom. In light of it time seemed to fade, eternity seemed near; earth's alluring pleasures and fascinating attractions seemed to wither and die, leaving me a poor, lost, Christless sinner, on the verge of undying and unchanging eternity, with but the brittle breath of life betwixt me and the groans of a lost soul in Hell for ever. "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." This eclipsed everything, and dwarfed into utter insignificance all else for the time being.

The power of tongue and pen fail to express the experience of that hour. I cried: "What can I do? How can I be saved, and know my sins forgiven?" And as I stood there distressed beneath God's pitying eye, God's Holy Spirit Who had convinced me of my Christless condition brought this verse to my memory: "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).

I had learned that verse at Sunday School. It was in my memory. I have often shuddered since, as I have thought of the terrible fact that I was going down to Hell, with the way to Heaven in my head. Oh, how awful to be passing to the Lake of Fire with John 3. 16 in the memory. My dear reader, is it so with you? I reasoned thus: If God loves the world He loves me. He gave His only begotten Son. I thought of His Cross, of His suffering for sins, the thorny crown, the pierced hands, the riven side; all this had a meaning to me now, and a message for my soul. "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I said, "Lord, I believe; yes, I believe." But still I could not say I had everlasting life. How I longed to be able to say this. I tried to pray, but God seemed far away. I tried to feel sorry for sin and weep over it, but I could do neither. But I did then what I have continued to do ever since, rested my soul on the atoning death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and believed God's Holy Word

that "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I hurried to the house to tell my relatives I was saved, and getting a Bible, I read John 3. 16, and, having read and re-read it, I knelt down in my room and thanked God for loving me, and for giving the Lord Jesus Christ to die for me, and assuring me by His Word that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The years that have intervened have only served to endear to me my Saviour and His Word. May the simple story how God sought and saved a poor sinner like me be used by God in blessing to you. This is the sincere desire and earnest prayer of yours sincerely, J. M'K.

NOT SO FOOLISH AFTER ALL!

MANY people looked upon the exploits of John Jay McDevitt, an ex-tramp and milk vendor, of Wilkes-barre, Pa., as nothing but an exhibition of supreme folly. This man had managed to scrape together a sum of about thirteen hundred dollars. He announced his intention of spending the whole of it in living, just for one day, like a millionaire! He engaged the services of a physician and a valet to attend him, and chartered a special train at the cost of \$350 to convey him to New York. Arriving in the city, he began to squander his money in the most prodigal fashion. He paid \$100 for his dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and afterwards got through the remainder of his cash in a way that a millionaire spendthrift might have done. His last dollar spent, he was dependent upon the courtesy of the Railroad Company for a return ticket to his home.

Such an absolute waste of money as this seemed to have made McDevitt the most notorious character of the moment. His doings were chronicled with utmost minuteness by the daily papers, and their descriptions found an echo in the European press. Well nigh universal execration and contempt were the lot of John Jay M'Devitt. But notoriety, even of this sort, means something. Within a few hours of his return home, McDevitt was in receipt of offers to appear in music halls, and to pose for cinematograph representations at figures far in

Not so Foolish After All!

excess of what he had spent. Easily he recouped himself many times over, and proved that his one day of millionaire life was not the freak of a semi-lunatic, but the well-planned act of a long-headed man who knew human nature well.



THE BOYS SHOUT THROUGH A BROKEN WINDOW.

His wisdom lay in the fact that with a view to future advantage he was willing to be considered an "absolute fool" in the present. Many a real millionaire, who can afford to live three hundred and sixty-five days every year in the style in which McDevitt lived for one day, is less wise in his dealings than he. Further, millions who are not wealthy, who have to give consideration to every

Not so Foolish After All!

nickel that they spend, are not so far-sighted as this apparent madman was

What I mean is that the majority of man, whether rich or poor, millionaires or mechanics, seem to live wholly for the present, and to have little or no thought for what lies beyond the horizon of their lives on earth. Think for a moment of the future. There is only one word that can adequately describe it—Eternity. There is less difference between a cockle-shell and a Dreadnought, between a grain of sand and a continent, than between the stretch of your earthly life and the limitless span of your existence hereafter.

Will it entail present loss to be a Christian? Will it mean that men will regard you as a fool, and turn from you with a sneer? Will it mean that opportunities of pecuniary gain may be withdrawn? Never mind; the future is more important than the present, and even if called to suffer for Christ's sake, there are present compensations in the joy and peace that the Christian possesses far surpassing anything that the world can offer. God is for us. His salvation is not only from the penalty and power of sin, but from this present evil world (see Gal. 1. 4); and though suffering now is the Christian's normal lot, there yet remains the "exceeding weight of glory" and "joy unspeakable" that lasts for ever.

Now, what is it that one has to do in order to obtain this great blessing? Is it a question of doing something to deserve it? Let the following incident answer.

Two Christian boys in New York were on their way home from Central Park, where they had been skating. It was early in the afternoon, and they were sauntering along, stopping here and there to play as they went. As they were passing a small house, the door opened and a man looked out. "Boys," he said, "please do not make a noise, for there is a poor woman dying in this house." The boys were quiet at once, and were going away, when one said to the other, "I wonder if she is ready to die? Let's go back and see."

Back they went, but when they were about to ring the bell their courage failed, and they started to go away. The thought struck one of them, however, that they might find easier access by the back door. So they walked

around to the rear of the house, and there through a broken window they saw the dying woman on her cot.

One of the boys put his mouth to the window and shouted: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Then they went away.

Now it happened that the dying woman was sorely perplexed with doubts and fears. She was not ignorant of the terms of the Gospel. She knew that the Lord alone could save her. Yet she could not say for certain that she herself was really saved. The words that came ringing in through the window came to her as a message from God. They reached her just when she needed them. All her doubts were scattered, and death was robbed of its terrors. She saw that salvation was indeed hers through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

I take it for granted that the reader is not a sceptic, nor a professed unbeliever. But let me ask, What kind of belief is yours? Is it a mere assent of the mind to certain truths? Or is it confidence of the soul in a living Person? It is possible to believe about the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet be lost for ever. But it is not possible for a repentant sinner to believe on Him without that sinner being eternally saved. Do you in your heart trust in or believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Is He the only hope of your soul? Is His precious Blood your only plea? Is His atoning work the only ground of your confidence? Then let the words spoken by that Christian boy to the dying woman give you peace and assurance. They are words from God's own Book. They are meant for such as you.

HAROLD P. BARKER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CAN I know in this life that my sins are forgiven? Surely, for it is written: "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts 13. 38). "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job 22. 21).

Can I have a settled peace?

Most assuredly, if you have a settled faith. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

“THOUGH 3500 miles of sea and land intervene, it is grand to think that we are members of the same family, with common hopes and aspirations; and that throughout eternity we shall see Him whom our souls love. Hallelujah!”

So writes a dear brother who is spreading a savour of the Name of Jesus on the other side of the ocean. And well may he say “Hallelujah!” What signifies a few thousand miles of sea and land, when yet a “little while” and we shall be for ever with the Lord? “Members of the same family.” Ah! *there’s* the link; for that family is the family of God.

Is it not grand to be in that family?—for, O, there is going to be a great family gathering one of these days, and there will not be a single one amissing—not so much as one. From Greenland’s icy mountains they come, and from India’s coral strand—from the back courts and alleys of the great city—from the cottages by the mountainside—from the lonely domain of the desert—from sunny plains, and frozen wastes, and isles of the ocean, they come. They gather in to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to see His face—to be for ever with Him whom their souls love. Hallelujah! But who are going to be there, and what are their qualifications? They are members of the same family. They got into it by being *born again*. Ah, that is it—not an earthly birth, but a heavenly one—born again by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

Are you born again? Have you undergone the great change of conversion of God? If not, think how much you are missing, for none but those who are born again will be *there*—there at the marriage supper of the Lamb—there in the presence of the Lord. But if not there, where will you be? Ah, how sad, how terrible! Let God answer: “These shall go away into everlasting punishment” (Matt. 25. 46); “everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels” (Matt. 25. 41). Not prepared “*for you*.” Observe that. It is everlasting fire “prepared for the devil and his angels.” But such need not be; you need not perish. Nay, God beseeches you, by us, to be reconciled to Him. God has loved you and planned for your eternal happiness. Sin has been atoned for. Nothing stands in the way but your deliberate rejection of God’s Son.

W.S.