

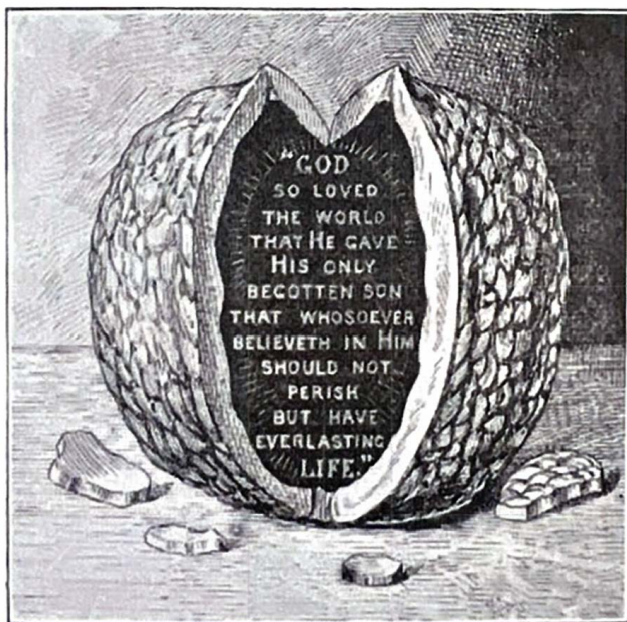
"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel" (Mark 16. 15).

INTO ALL THE WORLD:

INTERESTING INCIDENTS

TELLING OF THOSE REDEEMED BY BLOOD

"OUT OF EVERY KINDRED AND TONGUE, AND
PEOPLE AND NATION."



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From a Photograph.

JERUSALEM.

Psalm 48. 3

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. . . the city of the Great King."

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"HOW CAN I TELL TILL I'VE GOT IT?"



From a Photo. entitled "My First Love." OLD BETSY

By A. Kemp, Esq., London



LD BETSY was a prey to all kinds of doubts and fears about her soul's salvation. She was waiting for happy feelings, instead of simply accepting by faith what God has said.

Thus she robbed herself of the peace and joy which they possess who simply believe God.

A servant of Christ called to see her one day, and, speaking with her upon the matter, said:

"Now, Betsy, suppose your daughter had come in to-day and said, 'Mother, I'm going to send you a good bowl of broth to-morrow for your dinner,' what would you say?"

"Oh!" replied Betsy, "I should say, it's very kind of you, lass; I thank you very much."

"But suppose," said the Christian, "about an hour afterwards she said, 'Well, mother, how did you like the broth?' What would you say to that?"

"Say," answered Betsy, "I should say, 'How can I tell till I've got it?'"

"How can I tell till I've got it?"

"Just so," replied the visitor, "and you'll never know what salvation is till you've got it; and you'll never get it till you take it from God's hand as a free gift by simple faith, without any feelings or doings on your part whatever."

Are you, like Betsy, waiting for an inward change or some happy feeling before receiving God's testimony? Apply this simple story to yourself, and cease your unbelief. Take God at His word; receive His gift "without money and without price," and enjoy the good things that His grace has provided for sinners.

"God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

J. T. M.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S DEATH.

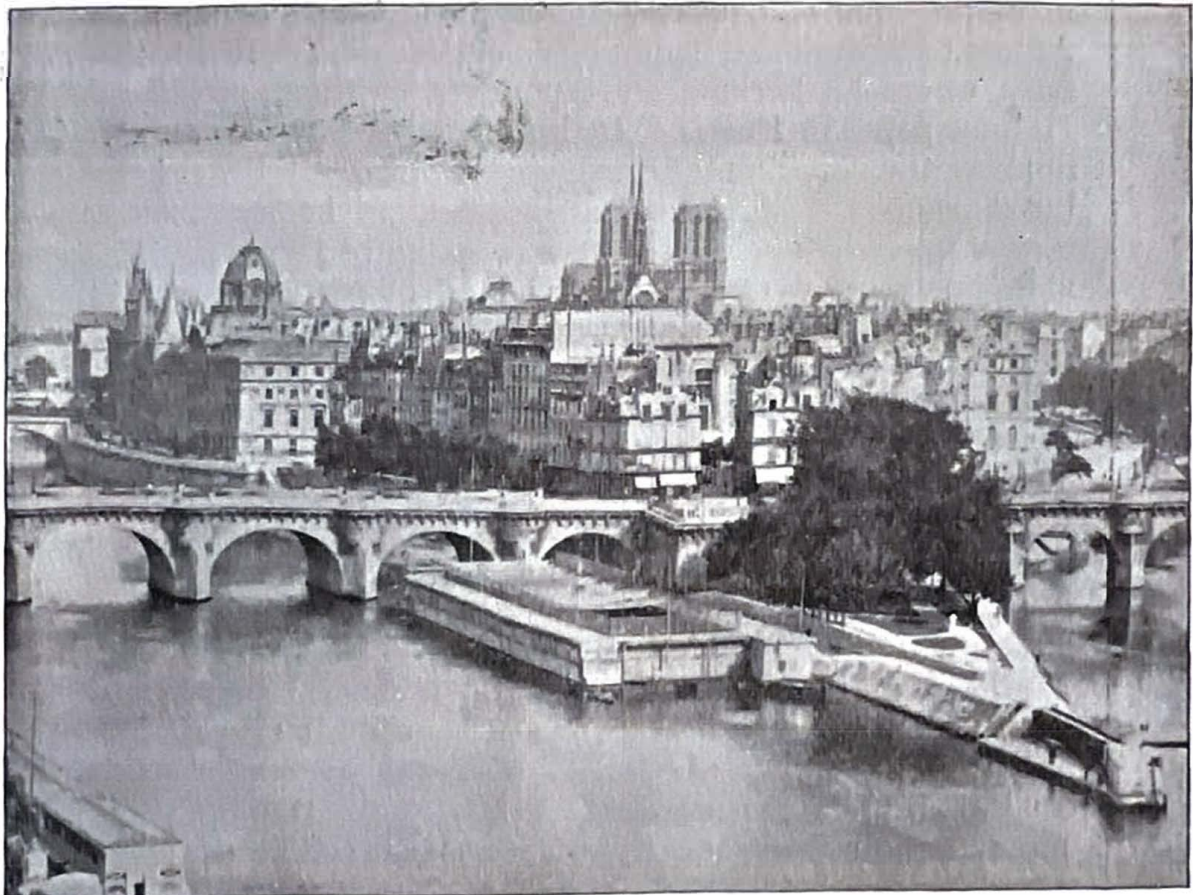
THE late Prince Imperial of France lost his life in the Zulu campaign. It would appear that he had been sent out with a party to a deserted Zulu fort. "Let us return," said one of the officers. "If we don't return immediately we may be killed by the Zulus." "No fear of that," said the Prince Imperial: "let us have a cup of coffee and start in ten minutes." Before the "ten minutes" had expired a band of Zulus pounced upon them, and among those that fell dead was the young Prince.

When the ex-Empress Eugenie heard of his procrastination on that fatal night she said: "That was his great failing from his earliest days. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to rise in the morning. When too sleepy to speak he would lift up his little hands and spread out his ten fat fingers, indicating that he wanted 'ten minutes' more. On this account I often laughed at my baby boy, and called him 'Little Mr. Ten Minutes'."

The sin of procrastination is ruining millions of souls. The unsaved reader *intends* to be saved *sometime*. You have not the slightest thought or intention of being eternally lost. You purpose accepting of Christ as your Saviour *sometime*. In the meantime, however, you delay doing so. At another time you will close with God's offered mercy. Every moment that you delay you increase your guilt. God *commands* you to repent and believe His glorious Gospel as you read these lines. "Now is the accepted time." So long as you do not accept of this "unspeakable gift," under whatever pious pretence, you are making God a liar. "He that believeth not God hath made

The Prince Imperial's Death.

Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son : and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John 5. 10, 11). What a horrid sin to make the Almighty and Eternal God a liar ! Yet this is what every procrastinator is doing. So long as you are unsaved you are an unbeliever ; and so long as you don't believe on the Lord Jesus the wrath of God abideth on you. " He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life ; and He that believeth not the Son of God shall not see life, but *the*



From a Photograph.

VIEW OF PARIS

wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Don't put off the settling of this all-important question even for ten minutes. The ten minutes' delay cost the Prince Imperial of France his life, and ten minutes' procrastination may cause you the loss of your soul. You may be in eternity before to-morrow's sun rises! The Lord Jesus may come at this very moment and take His Church to Himself. Then, O awful thought ! you will be left behind to pass through the awful judgments that are going to be inflicted on Christ-neglecting souls.

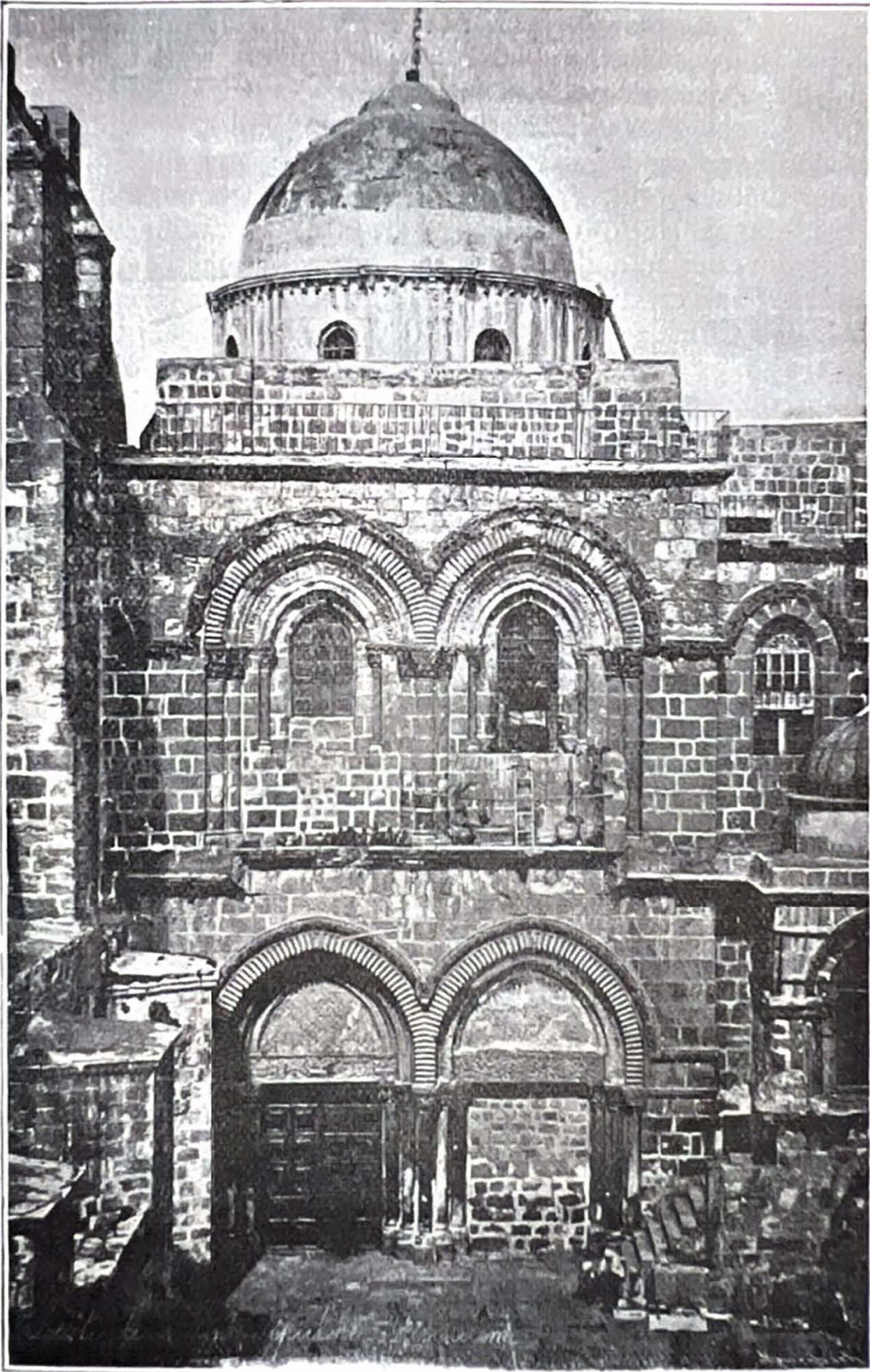
A. M.

FROM JUDAISM TO CHRIST.



JOSEPH RABINOWITZ was born on the 3rd September, 1837, in the village of Resina, in Bessarabia, Russia. His parents were very strict Jews, and carefully brought up their son in the orthodox faith. At the age of ten he was a diligent student of Rabbinical commentaries, and daily committed to memory a chapter of the Hebrew Bible. When manhood was reached he became convinced that the legalism and formalism of Talmudic Judaism was valueless in helping his co-religionists either temporally or spiritually. At last he abandoned Talmudism and removed to St. Petersburg, where he became correspondent to the most influential Hebrew paper in Russia. In innumerable ways he sought to improve the condition of the Jews. For a time he was hopeful, but as persecution succeeded persecution he lost heart and turned his thoughts toward the re-peopling of Palestine. Eventually he resolved on visiting the land of his fathers, and purchasing a farm to experiment upon. Ere he started for Palestine he was advised to procure a copy of the New Testament, so as to enable him to understand more correctly the holy places in and around the "city of the great King." The New Testament was obtained, the journey was performed, and Rabinowitz found himself within the walls of Jerusalem. Day after day he walked about Zion visiting the sacred places, grieved and disappointed at what he saw and heard. One day, whilst sitting on the Mount of Olives gazing on the city beneath, his mind began to ponder and reflect on such questions as these: "Why this long desolation of the city of David? Why this scattering of my people to the ends of the earth? Why these fresh persecutions breaking forth against us in almost every country of Europe?" Whilst thus occupied he gazed toward the reputed Calvary, the scene of Christ's crucifixion and death. As he did so the eye of his soul was opened and by faith he saw Jesus bleeding and DYING IN HIS ROOM AND STEAD. In a moment the blessed truth was revealed to him that Christ was wounded for *his* transgressions and bruised for his iniquities (Isaiah 53. 5). The darkness that had enshrouded him was dispelled, and the light of the glorious Gospel penetrated his inmost being. "We have rejected our Messiah! hence our long casting off and dispersion by Jehovah," said he. There and then he accepted Jesus of Nazareth as his Saviour, and exclaimed: "My Lord and my God!" Taking the New Testament from his pocket, he opened it, and his eye fell on the

From Judaism to Christ.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM, IN WHICH ARE THE TRADITIONAL CALVARY AND SEPULCHRE OF CHRIST.

words, "I am the vine; ye are the branches *Without Me ye can do nothing*" (John 15. 5). "I saw it in the twinkling of an eye," said he; "our Jewish bankers with their millions of gold can do nothing for us; our scholars and statesmen can do nothing for us; our colonisation societies, with all their influence and capital, can do nothing for us; our only hope is in our brother Jesus, whom we crucified, and whom God raised up and set at His own right hand." Joseph Rabinowitz was truly converted to and by God, and from that moment he became a "new creature." On his return to Russia he publicly confessed Christ as the Messiah in the synagogues and in the press, and, as was to be expected, met with opposition, persecution, obloquy, and insults. A large synagogue was built for him, and week after week he preaches to crowds who assemble to hear his expositions of Scripture. Much of his time is spent in answering letters from exercised Jews, and in dealing with enquirers who travel hundreds of miles to talk with him about the things of God. In addition to all this, tens of thousands of Jews read his sermons, which are printed in four different languages; hundreds of Jews have been baptised by him on a profession of faith in Christ, and thousands have been helped in understanding the Scriptures.

How true it is that Jewish bankers, scholars, and statesmen are powerless to give rest or peace to the hearts and consciences of their fellow-religionists! They might be able to better their condition for time, but not for eternity. "Our only hope is in our brother Jesus, whom we crucified, and whom God raised up and set at His own right hand," said Rabinowitz. The "only hope" for Jew and Gentile, for rich and poor, for educated and ignorant, is the Lord Jesus Christ. "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). 'Tis Christ alone that can save from sin's penalty, pollution, and power. He is *able* and *willing* to save the foulest sinner on earth. Through faith in His blessed Gospel the soul is saved from sin and hell and woe. The Gospel of the grace of God is a gospel of facts, not reasonings. "I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, how that *Christ died* for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that *He was buried*, and that *He rose again* the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4).

"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).

A. M.

A COUNTRYMAN'S STORY.

"I WAS determined to have it, sir ; I was determined to have it," said a respectable-looking country man to a Christian, and he went on as follows : "God aroused me as to what I was—a *lost* sinner—and I could get no rest ; I felt I must know I was saved, but I was very ignorant of the way, and I did not get much help from others, so I thought *I must pray* myself into it, and I prayed, and I prayed. Tired out with my work, I would be up half the night praying to God to forgive me, working myself up into a state of frenzy. I would stop my



Photo by W. Struthers, Skelton.

"I WOULD STOP MY HORSES IN THE FIELDS."

horses in the fields of a day and kneel down on the ground and cry for salvation. I would stop by the roadside on my way to and from my work, and would entreat and implore ; and the more I tried, the more I thought I must try and try, until I softened God's heart by my cries, and He saved me, but I didn't get it. I had no rest ; I was almost in despair.

"Well, one night I was lying in my bed thinking of it all, and thinking what more I could do, wondering when God would be pleased enough to save me, and saying to myself that *I could do no more*, and that God must just save me as I was. As I lay there this thought came to my mind, 'What think ye

A Countryman's Story.

of Christ?' 'What think ye of Christ?' I said; 'Why, I've never thought of Him at all. Here have I been for years thinking of myself, and what I could do, praying, and fasting, and such like, and *I've left Christ out.*' It all flashed across me in a moment. Blessed be His name! He's done the work, hasn't He? And God gave Him to do it, didn't He? And, *believing on Him, I'm saved.* And then I took to praising and blessing God that Christ had done it, that God said it, that I believed it, and that I was saved. I never doubted again. How could I! *I should be doubting Him.* I should be saying that His work was not enough, that He has not finished it when He died there in my stead."

THE BLIND SPANISH PEDLAR.



THE BLIND SPANIARD AND HIS WIFE.

ABOUT ten years ago I first went to a village in Spain. A blind Christian man was there, who had been a faithful witness for the Lord for years. I once said to him, "Would you not be glad, if Jesus came this way, as in the days of His flesh, to open the eyes of the blind?" His answer was: "*He has come*, and He has opened my eyes!" and as he turned his eyes upward they seemed to glisten with the deep, true joy of his heart.

THE KNARESBOROUGH DROPPING WELL.

ONE lovely day in summer I visited the famous dropping well at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. The water comes from a mass of rock which has fallen from a cliff above, and constantly drips over the face of the rock and descends into a pool below. There are numbers of miscellaneous articles



placed within reach of the droppings, such as gloves and stockings, boots and shoes, sponges and birds' nests, undergoing the process of petrification. In the water that is constantly dropping, there is a deposit of a stony substance which petrifies the things it touches in a few months. Amongst

The Knaresborough Dropping Well.

other objects that I saw under the drip were—a fox and a weasel; and in the museum of the inn close by I observed a hare and an eagle both turned into stone.

As I gazed on the descending drops, and watched them falling on the various articles underneath, I thought of another

PETRIFYING PROCESS

that is going on, not only in Knaresborough, but all over the world—the hardening by sin of man's heart. Scripture reveals the glorious fact that God yearns with pity and compassion over the perishing. Day by day men and women are being "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin," and all the while God is saying unto them: "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" (Ezekiel xxxiii. 11). They heed not, however, His tender call, and declare in their hearts, "we will not have this Man to reign over us."

The masses are bent on pleasing themselves, vainly endeavouring to obtain happiness in the pleasures and amusements of the world. They don't wish to have their peace disturbed or their happiness marred by solemn thoughts of eternity. Centuries ago God complained of His people Israel in the following words: "They refused to hearken and stopped their ears that they should not hear; yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law" (Zech. vii. 11, 12). How sad to think that after all His goodness and mercy to them they should treat Him in such a way! There are, however, in this highly-favoured land multitudes of persons who "refuse to hearken" to God's message of mercy, and harden their hearts against His Word. They know that they are sinning against light and against love, but they are bent on doing their own will and running the risk (oh, what a risk!) of perishing in their sins, and spending eternity in the abode of despair. "For the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and should be converted, and I should heal them" (Acts xxviii. 27). What a dreadful condition of soul! Think of the tremendous folly of people closing their ears and eyes lest they should hear the glorious Gospel and see, by faith, Christ bearing their sins in His own body on the tree! Yet this is being done all around us every day. Is the reader doing it? We speak of a man *steeling* his heart against the Gospel. The expression is derived from the process of

CONVERTING IRON INTO STEEL.

Iron is changed into steel through the softness being removed by repeated softenings. Men's hearts are being "steeled" every time that they hear the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, and close their hearts against Him.

There is only one way by which the hardening can be effected at Knaresborough, and that is by keeping the articles under the continual dropping of the well. In SOUL HARDENING there are three ways in which it may be said the process is effected :—

- I. NATURALLY, by the force of habit.
- II. INSTRUMENTALLY, through the means of grace.
- III. JUDICIALLY, by God.

Naturally an act repeated is easier done the second time. "Sow a thought, reap an act; sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Every day you continue in unbelief; every hour that you neglect the "great salvation;" every moment you refuse to be reconciled to God, you are hardening your heart. Habit, as the proverb says, is a second nature. As sin is indulged in the chains become heavier, the manacles grow tighter, and Satan, "the strong man armed," keeps his captives in slavery.

Instrumentally men are hardened through the Lord's favours, mercies, and blessings. The Gospel of Christ, if received, breaks the stoutest and hardest heart; if, however, it is rejected it produces a hardening effect. Hence the expression a "*Gospel hardened* sinner." The same sun that melts the wax hardens the clay; and the same truth that transforms a child of wrath into a son of God, if resisted, hardens the resister. An old man, speaking of his early days to a young preacher, said: "I was often on the point of yielding but I always put off. Now I believe every word you say, but I am as unmoved as the seat I sit on. I am hardened past feeling, and I expect to die as I have lived."

Judicially men are hardened by God. Scripture not only tells us that "Pharaoh hardened his heart" (Exodus viii. 32); it also declares that the "Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh" (Exodus ix. 12). It is said that Israel hardened their hearts (1 Samuel vi. 6), but we are also told that God hardened their hearts (John xii. 40). There is, however, no contradiction in the two statements. Pharaoh and Israel

The Knaresborough Dropping Well.

hardened their hearts against God by refusing to believe His Word and obey His precepts. On account of their obstinacy and obduracy God *judicially* hardened their hearts. The sinner who refuses to believe on Christ is judicially hardened by God; and if he persists in his unbelief until death he will reap in eternity

THE FRUIT OF HIS REBELLION.

The reader, it may be, longs to be saved from sin's guilt and penalty, but has been occupied with his coldness or hardness of heart. If this is so, he is looking in the wrong direction. Gaze by faith upon the suffering Saviour on the Cross of Calvary bearing sin's penalty, and settling, once and for ever, the "sin question," and your heart will be melted with love to Him. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth" (Isaiah xlv. 22), are His own blessed words. All who don't "look" to, or "believe" on, Christ, are guilty of the awful sin of calling God a liar, for "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John v. 10, 11).

Escape to the refuge which God has provided for you. "Wherefore, the Holy Ghost saith, 'To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts' (Heb. iii. 7, 8). Don't, oh, don't harden your heart. Job asks the question: "Who hath hardened himself against Him and prospered?" (Job ix. 4).

NO ONE HAS EVER DONE SO.

If you continue rejecting or neglecting the glorious Gospel of God's matchless grace, you are hardening your heart against Him, and "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1). Have you not been "often reprov'd?" Haven't you been frequently warned of the Christ-neglector's doom? If you are "suddenly destroyed," and resistlessly ushered into a Christless eternity, you will remember that you were warned of your danger and besought to accept of God's gracious provision for your soul's deliverance, and, oh! terrible thought, you will *then* know that there was no one to blame but yourself.

"Haste! Haste! Haste!

Delay not from death to flee;

Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste,

When Jesus is calling thee?"

A. M.

ONLY ONE INCH SHORT.

TRADE was dull, and Tom had lost his situation. He tried to obtain another but was unsuccessful. What was he to do? He determined to join the "Guards." Was he tall enough to be accepted? was the question that occupied his mind. He was not long left in suspense. A recruiting sergeant appeared on the scene and Tom was soon under the measuring line.

"An inch short," was the sergeant's reply, and Tom was disqualified for the "Guards."



From a Photograph. "UNDER THE MEASURING LINE."

This incident illustrates more important things. The reader doubtless expects to get to heaven when He dies. Allow me to ask, What is the ground of your hope? "I have tried to do my best," you reply. And have you succeeded? "Well, no, I cannot say that I have." Then what is to become of you? If heaven were obtained on the ground of doing our "best," no one would ever see or enter it. God's Holy Word declares that "all we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way" (Isa. 53. 6). *All* have "gone astray" from the path of obedience: "Every one has taken his own way instead of God's. "There is *none righteous*, no, *not one*: they are *all gone out of the way*, they are together become unprofitable; there is *none that doeth good*, no, *not one*" (Rom. 3. 10-12). How sweeping is the Divine declaration! "None righteous, no, not one." "None that doeth good, no not one!" What, then, is to become of you? *You* have "gone astray," and sinned against light and against love. "I am no worse than others," you reply. True, perfectly true, you are not so bad as some. I would go further than that and say that I believe you are

Only One Inch Short.

"better" than numbers of religious "professors." That, however, is sorry comfort for you. What about the "others" who are still on the broad road, whether on the clean footpath or on the dirty one? If six men are to be hanged at eight o'clock to-morrow morning for murder, and you are one of them, it won't make you any happier to know that you are the best of the lot. It certainly won't remove the death sentence. Harken to the voice from on High on the subject: "All have sinned and COME SHORT OF THE GLORY OF GOD" (Rom. 3. 23). "All have sinned," and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6: 23), therefore you deserve what you have wrought for. Respectable, intelligent, moral, sincere, "religious" you may be, but God says "there is no difference" between you and the worst of sinners as to the FACT of guilt. Great differences there may be between you and the "masses" as to the *degree* of your criminality, but there is none as to the *fact*. Some have gone further astray than others, yet all have gone astray. Some are fifty-pence debtors, others five hundred pence, and some ten thousand talent debtors, yet all are debtors who have "nothing to pay" (Luke 7. 42). "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God"; some doubtless have come much further short than others, yet *all* have "come short."

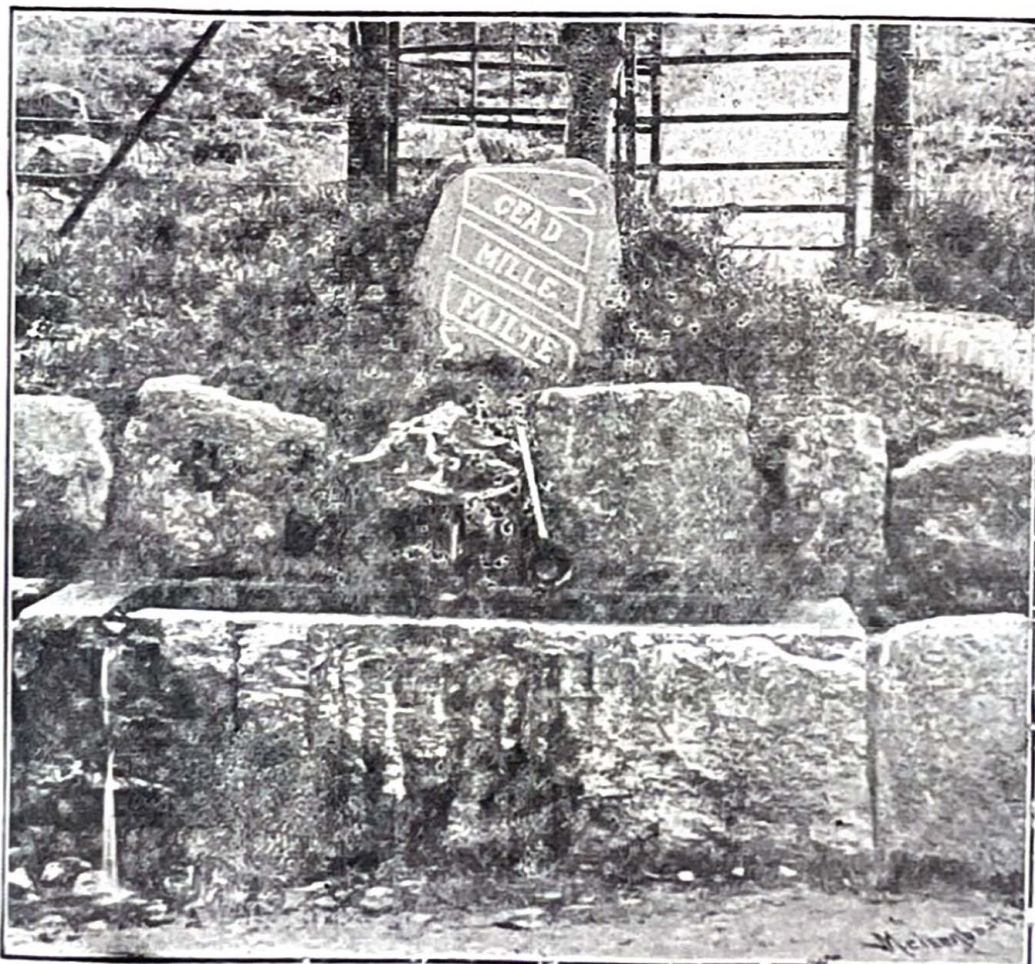
What difference did it make to 'Iom in seeking to enter the "Guards" whether he was three inches short or one only? Multitudes compare themselves with others and say that they are as good as this, that, and the other one who makes a "big profession." There is no road to heaven by that route. *One* sin would make an angel a sinner, and God declares that "the soul that *sinneth* it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4); not only the one that swears, lies, and steals "shall die" the second death, but he who "sinneth" in thought, word, or deed. Have you ever sinned at all? Have you loved God with all your heart, soul, strength, and mind, and your neighbour as yourself? "No one has done so," you reply. True, but WHAT, THEN, IS TO BECOME OF YOU? "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in *one point*, he is guilty of all" (James 2. 10). Salvation cannot be obtained on the ground of *our doings*. There is, thank God, a way of deliverance. *Our* "doings," however, have no part in it. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10. 4). "The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake; He will magnify the law and make it honourable" (Isa. 42. 21). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. A.M.



GAED MILLE FAILTE.

(A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES.)

WALKING up one of the glens of Aberdeenshire, I came upon a large cistern, hewn out of a solid block of granite, placed close to the roadside, with a good supply of clear, sparkling spring water running into it. Attached by a chain was a cup, and on a rough stone at the back of the



cistern was the inscription in Gaelic, GAED MILLE FAILTE, which means, "A hundred thousand welcomes." This watering-place has been erected at great cost, by a gentleman living in the neighbourhood. While looking at and admiring the pro-

Gaed Mille Failte.

vision thus made, I could not help thinking of the wondrous provision made by God for weary, thirsty, guilty man. I thought of that last day, that great day of the feast, when Jesus stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink" (John vii. 37, 38). Oh, what a thirst there is in these days, but how few are thirsting for the living water. Men and women are thirsting for money, honour, pleasure, and a multitude of other things, but none of all these things seem to quench their thirst. The more they drink, the thirstier they get. Jesus said, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again" (John iv. 13).

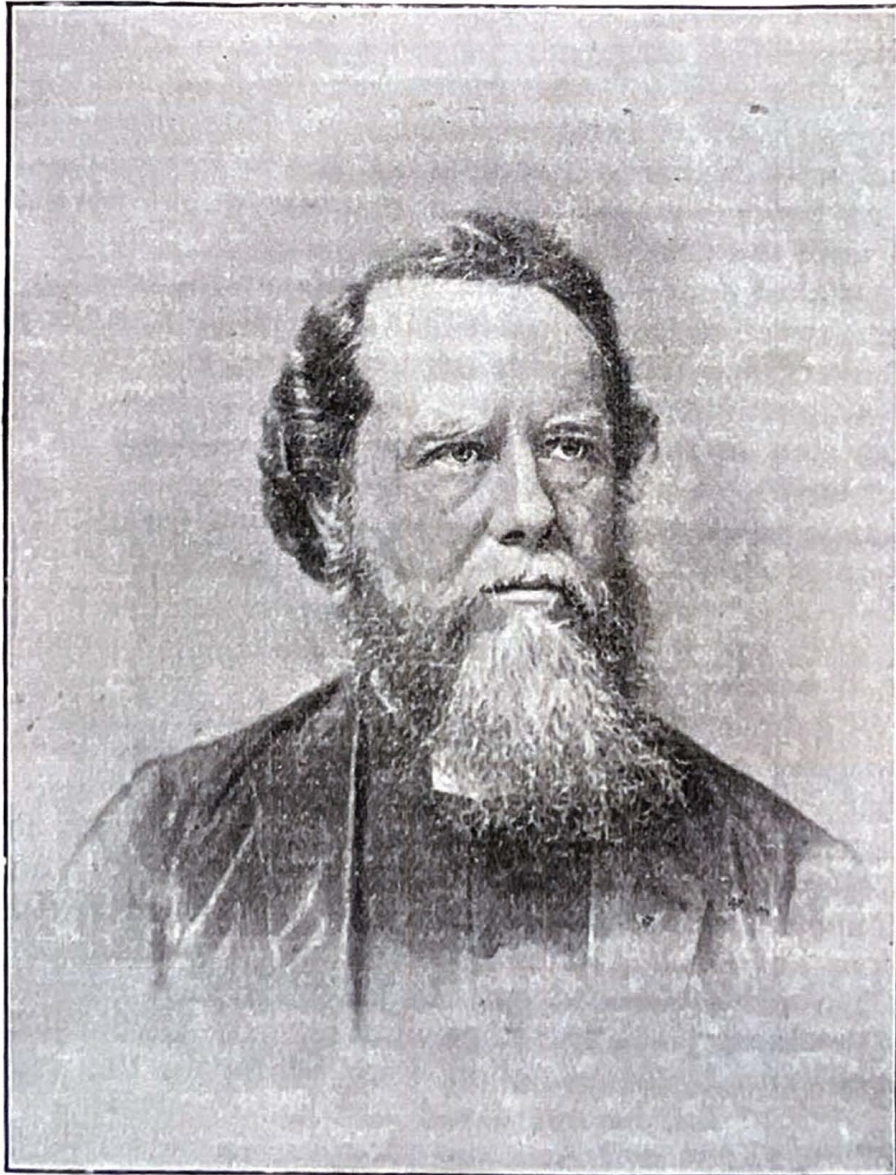
"I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah, the waters failed,
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

"But," said Jesus, to the woman of Samaria, "whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 14.) Reader, have you drunk of this life-giving stream? The invitation which Jesus gives is as hearty as the welcome in the Highland glen. Nay, you will be made a hundred thousand times more welcome. All has been provided, only dip and drink. The cup *chained*, shewed it was not left by accident, but intended for whosoever will. The inscription on the rough stone made it doubly plain, it was for all. God's salvation is for whosoever. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. that whosoever believed on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). In Luke (chap. xvi.), we read of one who never found out that earth's cisterns are broken cisterns that can hold no water till it was too late. The rich man there spoken of drank deeply of earth's streams, and refused to drink of the life-giving stream while he had an opportunity, and now he prays for one drop to cool his parched tongue. What a terrible condition to be in, suffering eternal thirst in the flames of hell. Reader, such will be your doom, if you refuse to come to Jesus. Not a moment is there to spare. Come at once; drink and live. To-morrow you may be beyond the reach of salvation, or the life-giving stream may have ceased to flow. Jesus is coming soon for His own; then all who have rejected Him will have to drink of His wrath. But ere that doleful day of "drinking wrath" come upon you, hear and accept God's wonderful closing offer. "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him **TAKE** the water of life **freely**" (Rev. xxii. 17). G. T.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED;

OR, J. HUDSON TAYLOR'S CONVERSION.

MR. HUDSON TAYLOR, of the China Inland Mission, was saved when a lad through reading a Gospel tract which he found in his father's library. He had been frequently troubled about his soul, and had again and again "tried" to



From a Photograph.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

become a Christian, but had failed so often that he concluded there was no use in him "trying" any more.

His conversion occurred in this way: On the afternoon of a holiday, whilst looking over some booklets and tracts

A Mother's Prayers Answered.

in his father's library, he came across one which appeared more attractive than the others. He glanced at it, and then sat down to read the story, resolving to omit the application. When he took up the tract, as he himself testifies, he was in an utterly unconcerned state, and had made up his mind to lay it down whenever it began to be "prosy."

At the time when he was perusing the little gospel message, his mother was on her knees in her bedroom, seventy miles distant, pleading with God for the conversion of her only boy. Whilst on a visit to some friends, at the time alluded to, she became so burdened and exercised about Hudson's spiritual and eternal welfare that she turned the key in her bedroom door, and on bended knees, resolved that she would not leave the room until the Lord had saved him.

Hour after hour she continued in fervent importunate believing prayer. Suddenly she felt that she could no longer *pray* for his conversion. Thoroughly persuaded that God had answered her petitions and given her the desire of her heart, she poured out her soul in thanksgiving and praise to God for the salvation of her boy.

Strange as it may appear to some, at that very time the lad had come to an expression in the tract, which he could not at first understand. It is one which is often employed by preachers of the gospel, and is full of deep meaning and significance—"The finished work of Christ."

"Why did the author say 'the finished work' instead of the propitiatory work?" was the question that came before him. "What was finished?" he asked himself; "a full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin was made, and the debt was paid," he mentally replied. "Then," thought he, "if the work of atonement is finished, if the mighty debt of sin is paid, what is there left for me to do?" In a moment God's wondrous salvation was apprehended. He perceived that on account of what the Lord Jesus had done and suffered, Divine justice was satisfied, and by believing on Him who bore the wrath and curse due to sin, he was saved and had eternal life (Jno. iii. 15-36; v. 24; vi. 47; Acts xiii. 38, 39).

From a heart filled to overflowing with love, he immediately knelt down and thanked God for delivering him from everlasting destruction.

On his mother's return, he hastened to tell her the story of his conversion, and having done so, he was more than surprised when he heard her narrate what I have already written.

A Mother's Prayers Answered.

Christian parents ought by this to take courage and "continue in prayer" for the conversion of their children. Though separated from your loved ones by land and sea, do not forget that He who saved you, and keeps you, "waits to be gracious," and anxiously longs to snatch your sons and daughters as brands from the eternal burning. Let Christian workers go on scattering gospel papers, tracts, leaflets, and booklets; thousands have been saved through the gospel as found on the printed page. Sow beside all waters. Don't be discouraged although you may not see much apparent blessing from your service.

"God may the seedtime give thee,
Though another's hand may reap."

Unsaved reader, if you have learnt that you are a lost, condemned sinner, and are willing to be saved in God's way, you may obtain salvation as you read these lines. Perhaps, like young Hudson Taylor, you have been "trying" to fit yourself for heaven, by "giving up" this, that and the other thing. You surely forget that "turning over new leaves" *will not blot out the old ones*. Future good conduct cannot blot out past disobedience.

"Ye must be BORN AGAIN,
Or never enter Heaven.
'Tis ONLY blood-washed ones are there,
The ransom'd and forgiven."

Listen to the dying words of the Son of God, "IT IS FINISHED" (Jno. xix 30.)

"IT." What? That which glorified God—which satisfied justice—which magnified the law—which vindicated the holiness of Jehovah—which once and for ever settled the sin question.

"IS." Not "may be," not "is going to be," not "perhaps will be," but "is finished."

"FINISHED," settled, completed, done. The work that saves was accomplished at Calvary. Christ is a perfect workman, and His work is a perfect work. You cannot improve on it, neither can you add to it, and if you try you are attempting to do what is impossible:

"We must surely do our part," you say. Your "part" is to admit that you are lost, guilty, and helpless; your part is to cease thinking that Christ's work has not satisfied the claims of law and justice.

GOD IS FULLY AND ETERNALLY SATISFIED WITH THE "FINISHED" WORK OF CHRIST. ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THAT WHICH SATISFIES HIM? "The Lord *is* well pleased for His righteousness sake; He will magnify the law and make it honourable"

A DUNOON MAN'S TESTIMONY.

THE annual Volunteer ball was about to be held in the town of Dunoon, on the Clyde. The night had arrived. The "master of ceremonies," in full uniform, was wending his way to the place of assembly when his attention was arrested by a meeting which was being held in the open-air. A number of Christian workers were congregated, and at the time that C—— was passing they were singing a verse of a familiar gospel hymn :

" But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn ;
' Too late ! Too late ! ' will be the cry,
' Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

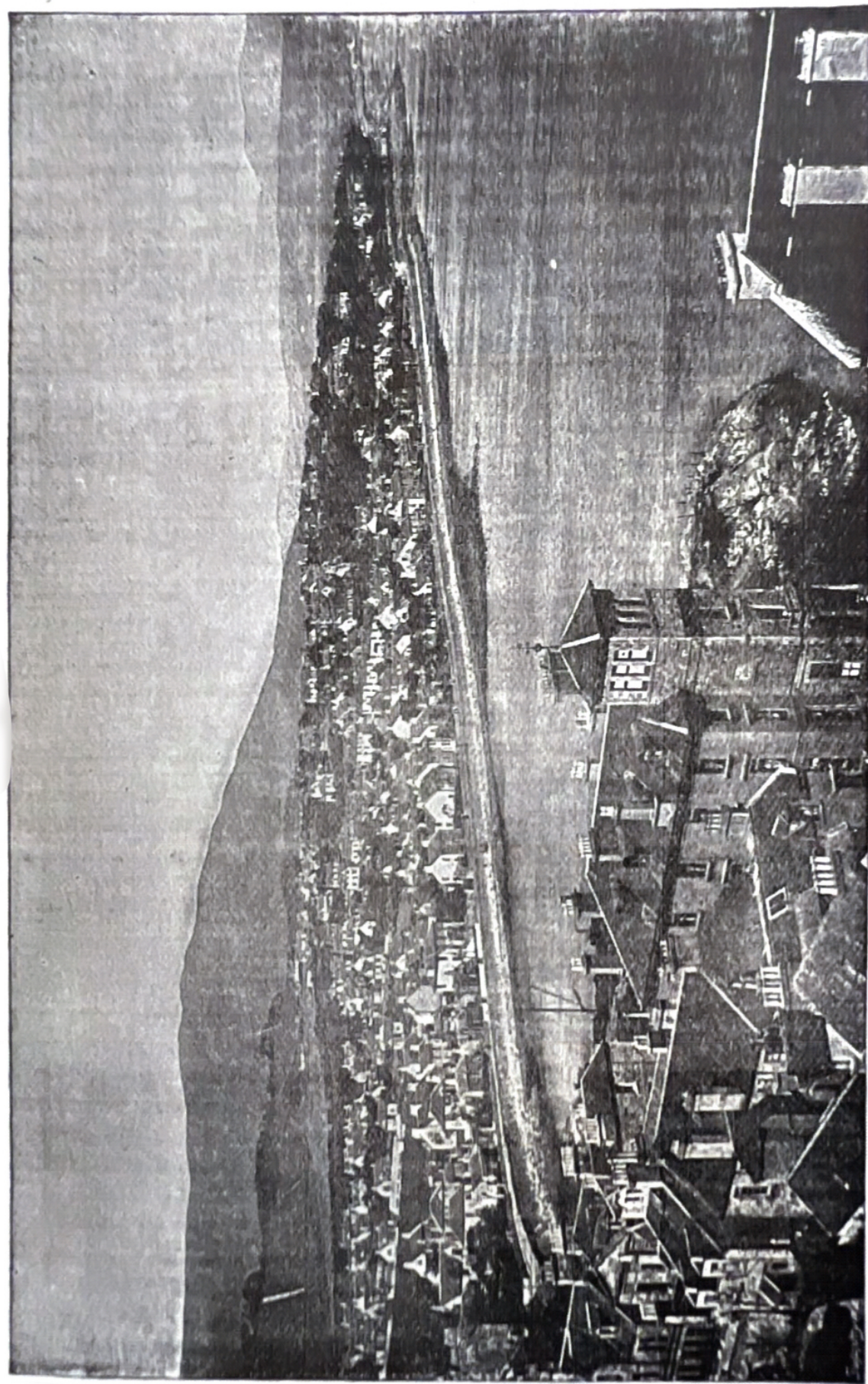
He only heard the first two lines of the verse. They were, however, God's message to him, and we would fain desire that they should be so to the unsaved reader. C—— knew that he had been turning a deaf ear to the call of God. He had been "too busy" to hearken to the voice of the heavenly visitor knocking at the door of his heart. He had "abused" His love, despised His mercy, and refused to draw back the bar of unbelief and let the Saviour in. C—— reached the ball-room and began to attend to his duties. He was wretched and miserable, and in all likelihood was the most unhappy man of the company. Above the noise of the dancing and the music the words reverberated through the chambers of his soul :

" But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse."

About four o'clock the following morning he reached home an awakened and convicted sinner. What a mercy that the scales of ignorance and unbelief by which he had been so long blinded were removed by the Holy Spirit ! How busy the arch-enemy of souls is in keeping men and women from seeing their lost estate ! At the customary hour for going to business, C——'s brother found him exactly as he had returned from the ball some hours previously. Surprised to see him in military attire at such a time, he enquired what ailed him. " It is a matter no one can settle but myself," was the reply.

For two weeks he was in deep soul trouble, utterly ignorant of the fact that God loved him as he was, and longed to pardon and save him on the ground of Christ's finished work.

" Will you come to an evangelistic meeting to-night ? " said one to C——. He needed no persuasion, and he and his friend were among the congregation on that occasion. The



By permission from a Photograph by Annan, Glasgow

VIEW OF DUNOON, ON THE CLYDE

preacher's text was that grand and glorious gospel passage, 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." C—— believed that every word of the address was specially meant for him. He thought that the preacher singled him out, looked into his face, and addressed him personally. Gladly did he drink in the life-giving, soul-saving truth of God's love to a guilty world—*therefore for him*; of Christ dying instead of sinners—*therefore for him*; of salvation being obtained through simple faith in the Lord Jesus.

That night C—— left the hall rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour, with the assurance of sins forgiven. Years have passed since then, yet C—— follows on in the good old way. A few months ago I heard from his own lips this story of his conversion.

AMONG THE MALAYS.

THE Malays are said to have sprung from a tribe in the large island of Sumatra, and are now spread over the greater part of the Malay Peninsula, the accessible portions of the islands of Java and Borneo, and even as far as Celebes.

Their language is for the most part composed of words of two syllables like "orang-utan." *Orang* is man; *utan* is forest, or jungle.

Their religion is the Mahomedan, or, as they prefer to call it, *Islam*, a word derived from *Salaam*, "peace," as is also *Moslem*. It has been so since about the 12th century, and as this is the 19th, they have been Mahomedans for seven centuries. Work is not so fruitful as among degraded idolaters. Still, some have been saved, and by command of the everlasting God the Gospel is to be preached to every creature under heaven.



A MALAY ARCHER.

THE HINDU FAKIR.

IT has often been said that there are only two religions in the world—man's religion and God's religion: that the one is a religion of two letters, DO; and the other is a religion of four letters, DONE. Multitudes of people suppose that "good" persons get to heaven, and "bad" ones are sent to hell, forgetting the fact that Scripture declares that "There is none righteous, *no, not one*" (Rom. 3. 10). Although God's Word assures us that "there is no difference" (Rom. 3. 22) as to the *fact* of guilt; that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of



From a Photograph.

A HINDU FAKIR SITTING ON SPIKES.

The Hindu Fakir.

God" (Rom. 3. 23); that all need to be "converted" (Matt. 18. 3), "born again" (John 3. 3), in order to enter heaven, thousands upon thousands are trying to work out a righteousness of their own in which to appear before God. Protestants, Romanists, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Hindus endeavour to merit forgiveness. In the estimation of Hindus those who voluntarily inflict pain upon themselves are holy people. In our photograph we see a Hindu fakir with folded hands

SITTING ON SHARP AND POINTED SPIKES.

By his fellow-religionists he is supposed to have great power with the gods, and is held in high repute. Many who would laugh at the idea that self-imposed sufferings could possibly secure God's favour, imagine that something meritorious must be done by them ere they can obtain God's pardoning mercy. It is, however, a great and a terrible mistake. At this moment the voice from on high is saying: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; 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). God is beseeching you to accept of the free and full forgiveness of all your numerous and aggravated transgressions. There is, however, no use in trying to *purchase* it. Being a free gift,

IT CANNOT BE EARNED OR BOUGHT.

Neither prayers, vows, good works, penance, nor penitence can procure for you God's "great salvation." "Being justified *freely* by His grace" (Rom. 3. 24). Salvation is bestowed on those who are "hell-deserving" sinners, not on those who "never did any harm." It is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

Stop trying to obtain "life, rest, and peace" on the ground of *your doings*. They are free gifts given to those who cease their strugglings and strivings, and believe on Him who bore the wrath and curse and shame that they might not perish but have eternal life (John 3. 16).

No longer say that you will stick to your opinion that if a man does his best he will have a good chance of being saved. Allow the water of God's Word to wash away your "opinions," for the Eternal One has declared: "My thoughts are not your thoughts: neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord" (Isa. 55. 8). Believe on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will immediately obtain peace and pardon, salvation and eternal life.

A. M.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY'S ADVICE.

I WISH to narrate a striking incident which took place in connection with Isaiah, chap. 53. verse 6—"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all".



From a Photograph.

DR. W. P. MACKAY.

Dr. W. P. Mackay's Advice.

Over twenty years ago the late Dr. W. P. Mackay, author of the well-known book, "Grace and Truth", was preaching in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London. One night when the service was over he was hurrying to catch a train to convey him to the part of the metropolis where he was staying, when he heard rapid footsteps behind him. On stopping and looking round he observed a young man, who inquired if he was the gentleman who had preached in the Agricultural Hall. On replying in the affirmative the stranger said that he had been there, and wished to know what he had to do to be saved.

"I have very little time to speak to you at present, as I am hurrying to catch a train," said the Doctor. Continuing he added, "Have you a Bible?"

The anxious inquirer immediately put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out a copy of God's "Inquire within upon everything", gave it to the Doctor. Dr. Mackay walked with it to the nearest lamp-post, and opening it at Isaiah 53, said, "Go in low down at the one 'all' of Isaiah 53. 6, and walk out straight up at the other; good-night," and walked away. The youth thinking the instruction he had received was short, sharp, and strange, resolved that he would carefully read the verse. On reaching home he examined it.

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY."

He knew that however universal and sweeping the statement was, it was absolutely true. Some had gone farther astray than others, but that did not alter or affect the fact that *he* had "gone astray". He thought not of others who might be included in the word "all". He had got beyond that. When unsaved persons talk of being "as good" or "better" than some who make a "loud profession", it shows that they have not seen themselves in the light of God's holiness and righteousness. When the sinner acknowledges his guilt and danger, his mouth is stopped, and he has nothing good to say of himself. The young man, who was a clerk in a place of business in the city, entered "low down" in the first "all" of the Scripture.

"WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY."

All of us wished to be masters; all desired to please ourselves. "Everyone" has done so, and the London clerk among them. Does the reader accept God's testimony as to this sad fact? You may declare that you will stick to your own way. Remember

that God hath said—"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Proverbs 14. 12).

If you continue in *that* way, however sincere you may be in your belief, it will land you in unending misery. The youth had allowed the water of God's Word to wash away his opinions, and longed to know God's way of salvation. He had had enough of his "own way", and now desired to know what he had to do to get back to God. How was the past to be blotted out? How were his sins to be forgiven? How could the gulf between the sinner and his Creator be bridged?

"AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL."

Wonder of wonders! the sin of a guilty world was laid by Jehovah on the head of His beloved Son. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). The holy, spotless One who "knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). The sinner is nowhere told in Scripture to lay his sin on Jesus. "Have you laid your sins on Jesus?" was the question that was asked by a Sunday-school teacher of a scholar. "I know something better than that," was the child's reply. "What is that?" inquired the lady. "GOD DID IT 1800 YEARS AGO," said the little fellow.

How true! Christ is not now on the Cross; He is in the glory. When he exclaimed, "It is finished!" and gave up His spirit, the sin question was eternally settled.

"Once in the end of the world (or age) hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). Sin has been so "put away" by the sacrifice of Christ that God can be absolutely righteous, and justify all who believe on Him. "He was wounded for our transgressions: He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of (or with the view to) our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53. 5).

The light of the glorious Gospel shone into the youth's heart. The darkness that had enshrouded him vanished, and he rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour and Lord. Some months afterwards he visited Dr. Mackay at his house in Hull, and told him the story of his conversion.

To anxious souls we would say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

A SCENE ON MOUNT MORIAH.

A BRAHAM, "the friend of God," and "the father of all them that believe," was a remarkable man. The story of his essaying to offer up his son Isaac as a sacrifice was a wonderful triumph of faith. The incident, though often told, is one of the grandest Old Testament narratives. "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of" (Genesis 22. 2), was God's command. Abraham's heart was doubtless



From a Photograph.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, ON MOUNT MORIAH, JERUSALEM.

Supposed site of Solomon's Temple and of the place where Abraham essayed to offer up Isaac.

torn with anguish at the contemplation of the thought. Yet he delayed not in his obedience. The Psalmist's words are true of him, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments" (Psalm 119. 68). On the following morning we see him early astir on his memorable and trying journey. How touching are Isaac's words to his father, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering," was

A Scene on Mount Moriah.

Abraham's touching reply. When Mount Moriah was reached Abraham bound Isaac and laid him on the altar which he had erected. As he lifted the knife to plunge it into the quivering heart of his beloved son, a voice from on high was heard saying, "Abraham! Abraham! lay not thine hand on the lad." Raising his eyes, he beheld a ram caught by its horns in a thicket. Immediately he unbound his son, seized the ram, and "offered him for a burnt offering in the stead of his son."

The incident is a striking picture of God's unmeasured wealth of love to a guilty world. As condemned sinners we were hurrying on to the "everlasting burnings." Could nothing be done by mortal man to save us? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Was there no way of escape? God's voice was heard: "Deliver him from going down to the pit; *I have found a ransom*" (Job 33. 24). What was the ransom of God's providing? "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all" (Rom. 8. 32). Although He spared Abraham the anguish of taking Isaac's life, He "spared not" His only-begotten and well-beloved Son. "Awake, O sword, against My shepherd, and against the Man that is My fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts;

SMITE THE SHEPHERD,

and the sheep will be scattered" (Zech. 13. 7). The "good shepherd" gave His life for "the sheep." "He gave Himself a ransom *for all*" (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the *Just for the unjust*, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). He died that we might live. He is the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 4. 29). He is the One who "*put away sin* by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). Sin has been *so* "put away" that God can, in perfect consistency with His holiness and righteousness, *justify* every "ungodly" sinner who believes on the Lord Jesus. The great and glorious work which Christ has accomplished has met every claim that was against us.

"It is finished; yes, indeed, finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need; tell me, is it not?"

Hearken to the Lord's solemn and searching prophetic cry: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow which is done unto Me in the day of His fierce anger?" (Lamentations 1. 12). He was forsaken of God when He was "made sin for us" in order that "we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Corinthians 5. 20. 21). Oh, what unmeasured wealth of love! A. M.

A BLACK MISSIONARY'S CONVERSION.

As a young man, I loved the world, and spent much of my time along with a companion named Burnett in getting what I could of its pleasures, ignorant of, or trying to forget the fact that we were unsaved, and were quickly passing on to eternity, unprepared.

We both attended a Sunday School where our teacher was a Scotch lady and an earnest Christian, who longed and worked

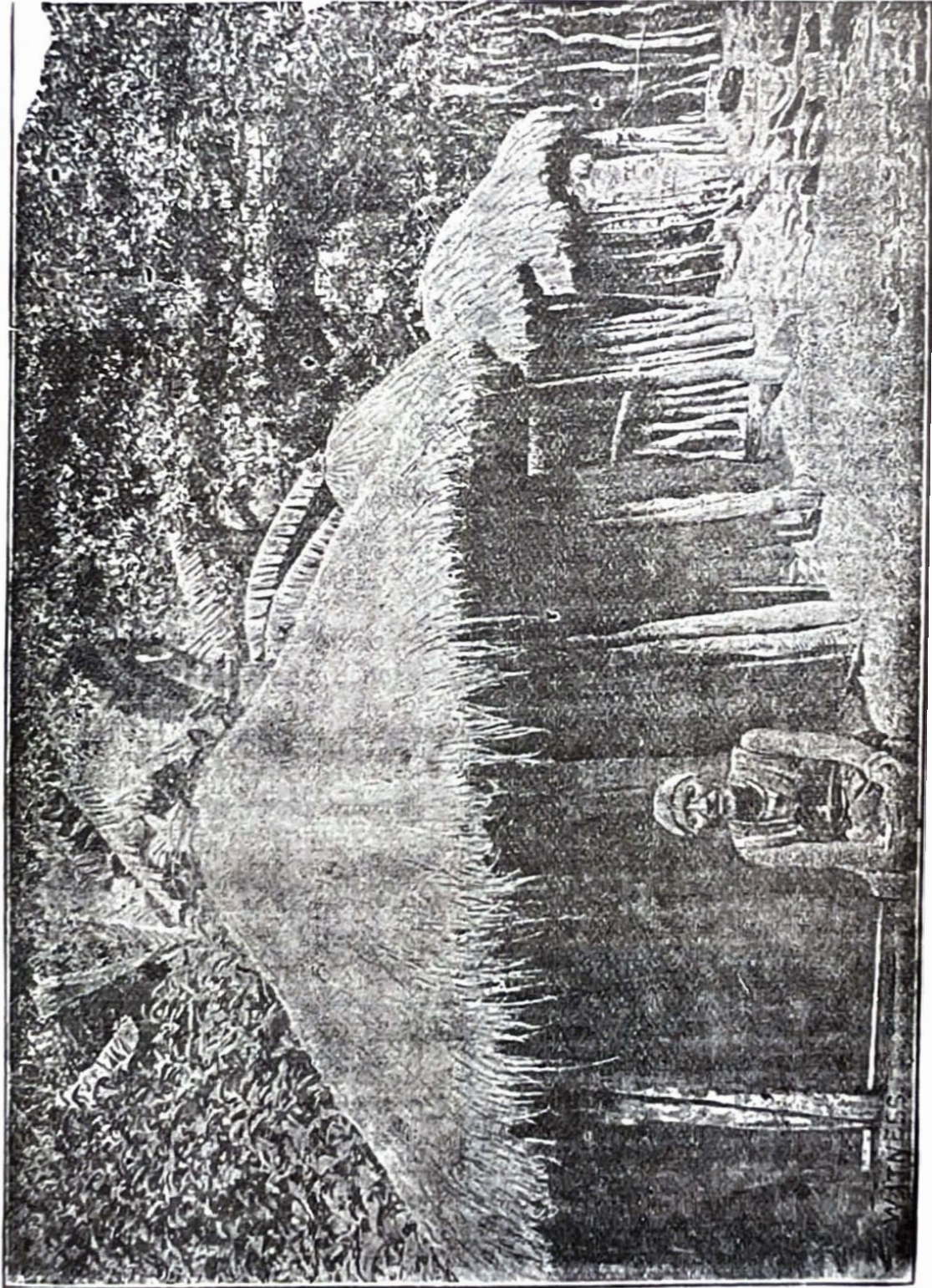


From a Photograph.

GEORGE O'ION.

for our salvation, but to whose teaching we gave little heed. She was in the habit of giving us a Gospel booklet at the close of the school, and it pleased God to use one of these to show me my need of salvation, and also the danger of delay. It

A Black Missionary's Conversion.



THE LATE BAILUNDU CHIEF, EKWIKWI,
Who lived near the Mission Station where Mr. O'Jon laboured, showing style of
huts, class of people, &c.

A Black Missionary's Conversion.

told of two young men, one ill in consumption, who was repeatedly urged to have the matter of his soul's salvation settled, but who invariably replied, "I'll see about it," and thus trifled away his day of grace, till death stepped in and put an end to his opportunities. The other case was that of a young man who, when away on holiday, had the Gospel of Christ preached to him. At first he thought he was too bad to be saved, but when told that Christ came into the world to save sinners, he just believed God's message, trusted the Lord Jesus, and was saved, and, as it turned out; not a bit too soon, for the following week he sailed for home in a large steamer, which was lost with all on board.

As we read these facts we were made to realize that we too might be cut off suddenly, and as I asked myself the question, "Where will I spend eternity?" knowing myself to be unsaved, I trembled at the thought. Under conviction of sin I went to my Sunday School teacher. She took her Bible and in a number of texts showed me that I had gone astray like a lost sheep, that I had sinned against God, but that all my sin had been laid by God upon the Lord Jesus Christ, who bore them in His own body on the Tree, that He died for my sins on the Cross, was buried, and on the third day raised from among the dead, and now lives to save and to keep every soul that trusts Him. After thus pointing me to Christ, she prayed with me, and while on my knees the words "Believe on Jesus" kept ringing in my ears. I there and then did believe on Him, and on that 15th April, 1888, I received the knowledge of sins forgiven and the joy of God's salvation. I went to my companion with the news that I was saved, and two days after he also accepted Christ as his Saviour.

For six years after my conversion I lived on in Demerara, witnessing for Christ as I got opportunity, till it pleased God to open up the way for me to come out here to Africa (the land of my forefathers), where along with Mr. Murrain I seek to tell the same Gospel tidings that first brought peace and joy to my own soul.

GEORGE O'JON.

After four years' plodding service in Africa, George O'Jon was called home to eternal rest. Thus the dark-skinned Chief and the dark-skinned Messenger of the Cross have both entered eternity. Will they have met again? If "washed in the precious blood" without doubt they have. Will the "white man" now reading this join that multitude which no man can number?

ALMOST SAVED—BUT LOST.

A NEWLY-MARRIED young fisherman, named John, left with his father for the North Sea fishing. They had been absent for some time, and the season was about to close. The days passed slowly for the young bride. Her heart was cheered, however, by a letter which she received from her husband, telling her that she might expect to see him by a certain



"NEARER AND NEARER THEY COME."

time. The long-looked-for day arrives, and she stands gazing earnestly on the horizon, expecting to see the fishing-fleet. The boats are seen in the distance; nearer and nearer they come. She soon recognises the form and face of her husband in one of the boats. He sees her and waves to her, and she

Almost Saved—but Lost.

responds, but, sad to narrate, at that moment a sudden squall blew up. It caught the sail, and swinging it round with great force, the boom struck John and carried him overboard. He was stunned by the blow, and though everything possible was done to save him, he perished. Many tears were shed for the young fisherman who was lost so near to land, within sight of his waiting wife and almost within reach of home! Alas! how many are perishing within sight of the Lord Jesus, their best and dearest Friend. They have sailed over Life's tempestuous sea, and have almost reached the haven of safety, but yet have not reached it. How sad a thing it is to be "almost saved," and yet after all to be eternally lost! How dreadful the thought of sailors sailing o'er Life's stormy sea, and at the end of the voyage to be wrecked at the harbour's mouth.

The reader "expects" to reach the port of heaven at last. You "intend," when the voyage of Life is over, to be received by the Lord Jesus, and spend eternity in that place where there is no more sea. Have you been "converted?" Are you washed in the blood of Christ? If not, you cannot "see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Now, while the glad tidings of a Saviour's love are sounding in your ears; while the Lord Jesus beseeches you to be reconciled to God; while the Holy Spirit strives with you; while the door of mercy is open, and the day of grace lasts, accept of God's provision for your soul's deliverance, by believing on Him who suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

"O what will you do on the solemn day,
When earth and sea shall flee away?
When the rending heavens in fire shall roll
And shrivel up like a parchment scroll?
Then which shall it be—the joy of earth,
The world's sad smile and its hollow mirth?
For that is all it can offer thee,
And then—A LOST ETERNITY."

A. M.

DANGER OF DELAY.

A MAN in Liverpool attended special meetings in B—— Hall, and was pressed to accept of salvation. His reply was, "I'll come again." On the Saturday following his master, who was a Christian, said, "I hope you will decide to be on the Lord's side." "Not to-day," said he; "I am going to B—— Hall to-morrow night. On reaching his house he opened the door, and with his hand on the latch he fell forward dead!

"YOU NEED THE BLOOD."



OME twenty years ago I was preaching with the late John Hambleton in the town of Preston, and heard him relate the following incident. Several years previously he had been preaching in the Merrion Hall, Dublin. God was blessing the Word. Men and women were thoroughly aroused to a consciousness of their guilt and peril, and were longing to know the way of peace. One evening, when dealing with enquirers, he observed a young woman in great soul



From a Photo by W. Laurence, Dublin.

SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN,

trouble. As he moved about speaking to the anxious he whispered in her ear, "YOU NEED THE BLOOD! YOU NEED THE BLOOD! 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin'" (1 John 1. 7). This was all that he said.

A week afterwards a young woman, with beaming countenance, held out her hand to him at the close of the service and said: "Don't you remember me?" On receiving a negative reply, she told him that the words spoken by him, "YOU NEED THE BLOOD! YOU NEED THE BLOOD!" rang in her ears on her way home. "The blood, the blood," she said to herself,

" You Need the Blood.

"what can that mean?" Like many, alas! in these highly-favoured lands, she had often heard the expression, "the Blood of Christ," but had no conception of its meaning. As she pondered the words the verse that she had completely forgotten was recalled to her mind: "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and the soul-saving truth of the Gospel was apprehended. By faith she saw the Saviour hanging on Calvary's Cross bleeding and dying for her. The Gospel of the Grace of God—which tells of what Christ did for sinners—was understood for the first time, and she rested her weary, sin-laden soul on Him who was wounded for her transgressions and bruised for her iniquities (Isaiah 53. 5).

On reaching home in an ecstasy of joy she said to her father, who was lying on his death-bed, "Oh, father, my sins are washed away in the Blood of Jesus, and **YOU NEED THE BLOOD.**" From a full heart she told her beloved parent that Christ had died for him that he might not perish, but have eternal life (John 3. 14-16; 5. 24). Through her instrumentality the old gentleman was led to see that Christ's death was not only *necessary* but *sufficient* to meet all God's righteous claims and requirements. A few days afterwards he departed to be with Christ, assured that his sins were blotted out never to be brought up against him (Isaiah 43. 25).

A day or two before his home-call his son visited his dying father. The young man was spoken to by his father and sister and pointed to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). He believed on Him who bore our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and obtained peace with God.

Thus within a week three persons in one family were saved for eternity through faith in the precious Blood of Christ.

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

"It is the Blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17. 11). "Having made peace through the Blood of His Cross" (Col. 1. 20). "In whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1. 7). "Being now justified by His Blood" (Rom. 5. 9). Are the reader's sins washed in that precious Blood? If not, remember

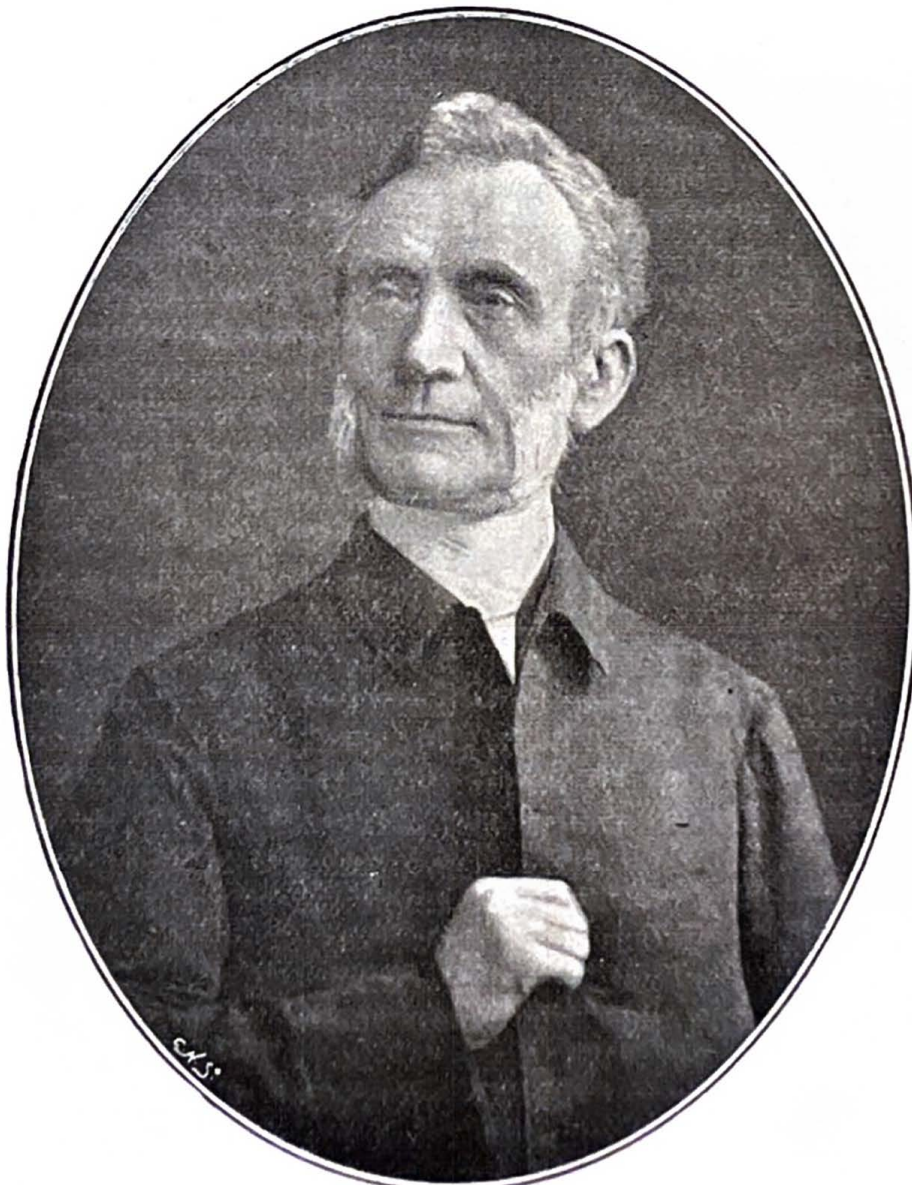
"YOU NEED THE BLOOD."

A. M.

GEORGE MÜLLER'S CONVERSION.



ON 10th March, 1898, George Müller, "the orphan's friend," departed to be with Christ at Ashley Down, Bristol. He had served God for more than seventy years, and was at the time of his decease in his ninety-third year. The five large orphan houses on Ashley Down, with their seventeen hundred to eighteen hundred boys and girls, proves that God answers prayer now as He did in apostolic times. Neither Mr. Müller nor Mr. Wright, his colleague (now successor), *asked any human being* for money to sustain and



George Müller's Conversion.

carry on the work. They took everything to God in prayer, and took God into everything, and though at times their faith was sorely tried, in His own way and in His own time the God of the fatherless supplied their needs.

Mr. Müller was a Prussian by birth. When a student at the University of Halle he was careless and unconcerned about spiritual matters. Although he was studying with the object of becoming a clergyman of the Established Church, he knew nothing whatever of the saving power of the Gospel. His conversion came about as follows: Through attending meetings in a private house in Halle, conducted by a devoted Christian, he became deeply interested and impressed with what he saw and heard. The simple believers that he came in contact with at these services had something which he did not possess. He longed for rest and peace to his troubled spirit, but was ignorant how it was to be obtained. He knew of no one who professed to be saved through faith in Christ's blood. Things must have been at a low ebb spiritually. "I had no Bible and had not read it for years," he said: "I went to church but seldom; but from custom took the Lord's Supper twice a year. *I had never heard the Gospel preached* up to the beginning of November, 1825"—the month of his conversion. "I had never met with a person who told me that he meant by the help of God to live according to the Scriptures. In short, I had not the least idea that there were any persons really different from myself except in degree."

Such was his testimony. Yet there are multitudes like him they think that "born again" persons are only different in *degree* from themselves. Unsaved friend, hearken then to the words of Him who spake as never man spake: "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7). Moral, respectable, sincere, religious you may be, but you cannot see the kingdom of God unless you experience this great, this radical change.

Mr. Müller returned to the house several times, and not long afterwards saw that Christ by His sacrificial death on Calvary had borne sin's penalty, and died that he might be eternally saved. Through believing on the Lord Jesus he became a new creature. The Word of God became His joy and delight, old companions were given up, and although ridiculed and laughed at by his fellow-students, he boldly witnessed for Christ.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Look and live!

A. M.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

ON a beautiful summer evening in the month of August I found myself in a hall in a quaint old town in the West of England. A "converted actor" was announced to tell the story of his conversion, and a goodly company had assembled. "Truth is stranger than fiction" was verified in what I heard on that occasion.



P. C. VERNON-HARCOURT.

The "converted actor" first saw the light some fifty years ago in Edinburgh Castle. His father, who was a clever medical man, was unfortunately an atheist, while his mother was an earnest Christian. At a very early age the boy was an apt pupil in unbelief, and imbibed his parent's sceptical opinions. When seven years old his father and eldest brother, who was

A Remarkable Career.

an officer in a native regiment, went to India at the outbreak of the mutiny, and were killed at the relief of Lucknow. As the youth grew up he became exceedingly wilful and disobedient. When only twelve years of age he determined to go to sea. He was apprenticed in a merchant ship and received such cruel treatment from the second mate that he retaliated, nearly killing him with an iron pin. For this offence he was handed over to the civil authorities at Colombo, Ceylon, and was lodged in jail. He succeeded in escaping from the prison, and eventually reached Australia. For some years he "knocked about" in various parts of the colony, at times hard pressed to obtain enough money to keep body and soul together. Then he joined the British navy, and saw service in China. He was present at the taking of the Taku forts, marched to Tientsin, and was at the capture of the Emperor's summer palace at Pekin.

When the Civil War broke out in the United States between the North and South he was engaged as a supercargo on a blockade-runner, which was captured by the Northerners. On being given the option of lying in jail till the conclusion of the campaign or joining the Federal forces he preferred liberty to imprisonment, and became a Northern soldier. For three years he was in the thick of the fight in and around Virginia. On returning to the old country from America he mingled with Fenian agitators and got into trouble. Eventually he decided on following his father's profession, and entered the Medical School in Paris. During his stay in the French metropolis hostilities broke out between Prussia and France. The war fever seized him, and in the conflict he was seriously wounded. Soon after leaving France he sailed for South Africa, and was one of the first Britishers at Buluwayo when it was comparatively unknown. Hearing of his mother's illness, he returned to England. On reaching home he found that she had departed to be with Christ a few days before his arrival. He was told that the last words she uttered on earth were directed to God on his behalf. At her death he became possessed of a considerable fortune, which was speedily squandered in London, Paris, and other Continental cities.

And was he really happy during these eventful years of his chequered career? Very far from it. He had travelled extensively, visiting France, America, China, Australia, and South Africa. He had "seen life" as a sailor, soldier, Fenian agitator and lecturer, an adventurer, and medical student. Some

A Remarkable Career.

might have mistaken his joviality and light-heartedness for happiness. His mother's prayers had followed him throughout his wanderings. He tried hard to believe that the Bible was false, and did his utmost to persuade himself that there was neither heaven nor hell, judgment nor eternity. The unsaved, unconverted reader is only "happy" when he *forgets* facts. Even now you are "condemned already" (John 3. 18), because you have not believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). And after judgment to the Christ rejecter or neglecter there is the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15).

When his money was gone a theatrical manager, perceiving his abilities, advised him to adopt the dramatic profession. He did so, and became a popular and successful actor. During the sixteen years that he was a theatrical manager he plunged deeply into dissipation and sinful pleasures. In addition to his dramatic work he undertook to give infidel lectures. One of these lectures was entitled "The Cruelty of Christ." How dreadful the contemplation of such a "lecture." Christians who were once infidels tell us that the *wish* that there was no future punishment drove them to deny the teachings of God's holy Word. The reader may persuade himself that the Bible is untrue. He may declare that a "God of love would not send any of His creatures to hell." These are but the opinions of a weak and erring man. "Let God be true, and every man a liar" (Rom. 3. 4). Harken to the Word of God: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. 9. 17). "These shall go away into everlasting punishment" (Matt, 25. 46). How dreadful, yet how true. "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar" (1 John 5. 10, 11).

One evening, when in a public-house in the town of Sheffield, a man, who was annoyed at something he had said, tried to strike him. A fight ensued, with the result that he killed his antagonist. He was arrested and tried for manslaughter at the Leeds Assizes, but was acquitted.

One Sunday night he went to his lodgings the worse of drink. Although a professed infidel, he had a strong aversion to staying or sleeping in a room where there were texts of Scripture on the walls. It was his custom, before retiring to rest, to examine the walls to see if there were any texts. On

A Remarkable Career.

this occasion his search proved successful, for he observed a card with the solemn words :

"THE SOUL THAT SINNETH, IT SHALL DIE"

(Ezek. 18. 20). He immediately mounted a chair with the object of tearing it down. The chair gave way with his weight and he fell against the iron bedstead. The text was left undisturbed. As he lay in bed that night the words haunted him. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "Pshaw," he said to himself, "I have no soul. There is nothing after death."

The actor that night was awakened by the Holy Spirit, and, "to make a long story short," he became convinced that the Bible was the Word of God, that he was a condemned, hell-deserving sinner, hurrying on to the pit of woe. His past life, all stained with guilt, all criminal with rebellion, caused him to tremble. He became so troubled about the *past* and the *future* that he resolved on leading a different life. He had been a "hard" drinker, having indulged in a bottle-and-a-half of brandy daily for ten years. How was the past to be forgiven? What had he to do to become a Christian? These and similar questions he could not answer. Wretched and conscience-stricken at the remembrance of his infatuation and folly, his sin and rebellion, he concluded that it was impossible to become a Christian whilst he continued on the stage. Hastily summoning his company together, he paid them off in lieu of notice, bought back some of his plays, and renounced the dramatic profession.

Ignorant of the Gospel of God's matchless grace, he began to prepare himself for eternity by "giving up" what he thought was wrong in his life. In this he miserably failed. He soon discovered that his resolutions were not strong enough to hold him. When brought to the end of his own resources he was led to see that, though he deserved eternal death on account of his numberless sins, the Lord Jesus died for him on Calvary's cross, bearing the wrath and curse due to him, and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all he was saved and had eternal life.

Are you *certain* that you are regenerated by the Holy Spirit? "Hoping" is not enough. You ought not to rest satisfied until you can truthfully say that you have passed from death unto life, from darkness to light, from the broad road to the narrow.

A. M.

RUINED THROUGH UNBELIEF.

DURING a recent visit to Palestine, we were greatly interested in what we saw at *the Jews' place of wailing*. The "Wall of Wailing" is situated in a narrow street in one of the poorest and lowest quarters of the city of Jerusalem. The wall is believed to be part of the foundation of Solomon's Temple. For centuries, Jews from many countries and climes, rich and poor, young and old, educated and illiterate, attired in silks and rags, congregate here to lament the destruction



From a Photograph

JEW'S' WAILING PLACE, JERUSALEM.

of their holy city and the desolation of their beloved land. Standing in that dirty lane and gazing on these grief-stricken people, one can somewhat understand the Psalmist's words: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning" (Ps. 137 5).

To me it was a sadly suggestive sight. I watched the Jewish pilgrims as they swayed their bodies backwards and forwards, pressing their lips to the stones of the temple wall, and reading aloud the Hebrew Scriptures, confessing their sins,

Ruined through Unbelief.

and calling on God to fulfil His promises to them as a people. I could not help asking myself, "Why is the 'Holy Land' desolate? Why is Jerusalem, 'the city of peace,' in such a ruined and dilapidated condition?" Only one answer could I give, and that is, it is all owing to the unbelief of Israel. Israel rebelled against God, trampled His commands under their feet, stoned His messengers, and, last and worst of all, rejected His Son. The Holy Spirit tells us that "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John 1. 11). When Pilate asked the Jews the question, "What then shall I do with Jesus?" they replied, "Let Him be crucified" (Matt. 27. 22). Thus did they reject their Messiah, God's only-begotten and well-beloved Son.

Think of the Lord of Life and Glory saying, "Ye *will not* come unto Me that ye might have life" (John 5. 40). How pathetic His lamentation over the woes and follies of His people! "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, *how often would I* have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, *and ye would not!*" (Luke 13. 34).

And yet, alas! most "Gentiles" in this highly-favoured land won't have Christ to reign over them. They profess to acknowledge Him as their Saviour, calling themselves "Christians," and when asked if they are "saved," "converted," or "born again," candidly confess that they have

NEVER EXPERIENCED THE GREAT CHANGE.

Has the reader believed on Christ to the salvation of his soul? Have you received the Lord Jesus into your heart? Have you accepted of the "great salvation" through believing on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you? The Jews perished through unbelief, and so do Gentiles. Men are lost not because they are worse sinners than others, but because they don't believe on Christ. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, *because He hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God*" (John 3. 18). "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). Is the reader a believer or an unbeliever? Find out where you are, and if still unregenerate, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." See that you are not ruined through unbelief. A. M.

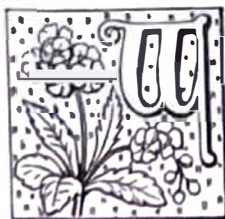
ROBERT JOHN JOHNSTON'S CONVERSION.



A Telegram sent off, August 7, at 5 p.m., from Benguella, reached Bath at 10.30 p.m., announcing, "It is well with the first party, and also with the second; but, that for one of the latter—our beloved Brother Johnston—it is 'far better.'" The words are, "*Johnston died of fever on arrival to-day.*"

Our Beloved Brother, after earnestly labouring for the Lord in the North of Ireland for several years, assayed to go forth with the Message of Salvation to the Heathen, in connection with F. S. Arnot and the Garenganze mission work in Central Africa. Before leaving he left us the account of his conversion, which we append, and promised (D.V.) other articles for *the Herald*, but the "living sacrifice" now made for the Gospel of Christ ap-

peals more earnestly than any words he could have written.



WHEN I was a lad, going to Sunday School, I used to have serious impressions about my soul and where I would spend eternity. My plan then of preparing for heaven was the "doing" system, entirely ignorant of the new birth, and well meaning people, for want of knowledge, helped me on in this delusion. My parents, who were in their way religious, (but have since been converted to God), endeavoured to bring us up in the right way, and to comply with the customs of our denomination, when I was about the age of 17, said, "Now Robert John, you must go next time to the communicant's class,

Robert John Johnston's Conversion.

and go forward to the sacrament," as they called it; and I, willing to do the right thing, consented to their request, and accordingly went to the class with a number of other boys like myself, who, for the first time, were going to become members of the Church. For a few Lord's-days we were taught everything that was considered necessary for communicants, in order to be admitted to the communion. And one of our leading teachers, in whom I had then a good deal of confidence, told us that we were about to take a vow that we were on the Lord's side. In my simplicity I believed I was, and this gave me an amount of satisfaction for the time being; and for a week or two before the sacrament day, and a week or two after it, I was pretty high in my own estimation, and tried to keep as straight as possible. A few months passed and I heard of two men who had come to the country to preach, who said they were saved, and that people who were saved knew it. I thought this was very strange sort of preaching, for I had been taught to do the best I could, then hope for heaven in the end. However, I went to hear "these men," as they were termed, and one thing which impressed me that night was—

"Ye must be born again,
For so hath God decreed.
No reformation will suffice,
'Tis life poor sinners need."

I did not try to get rid of it, I began searching the Bible, and in Gal. iii. 10, I saw God's sentence against the law-breaker—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the Book of the Law to do them." For over a week I knew the wrath of God was abiding upon me, and that had I dropped dead I would have been in hell for ever—lost—the thought of which I could not bear; but thank God for the wondrous grace that led me to Christ through Isaiah liii. 5. I saw that "He was wounded for my transgressions; He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed." Over 11 years have passed since then, and I am saved to-day, and safe for eternity, all through the precious, precious blood.

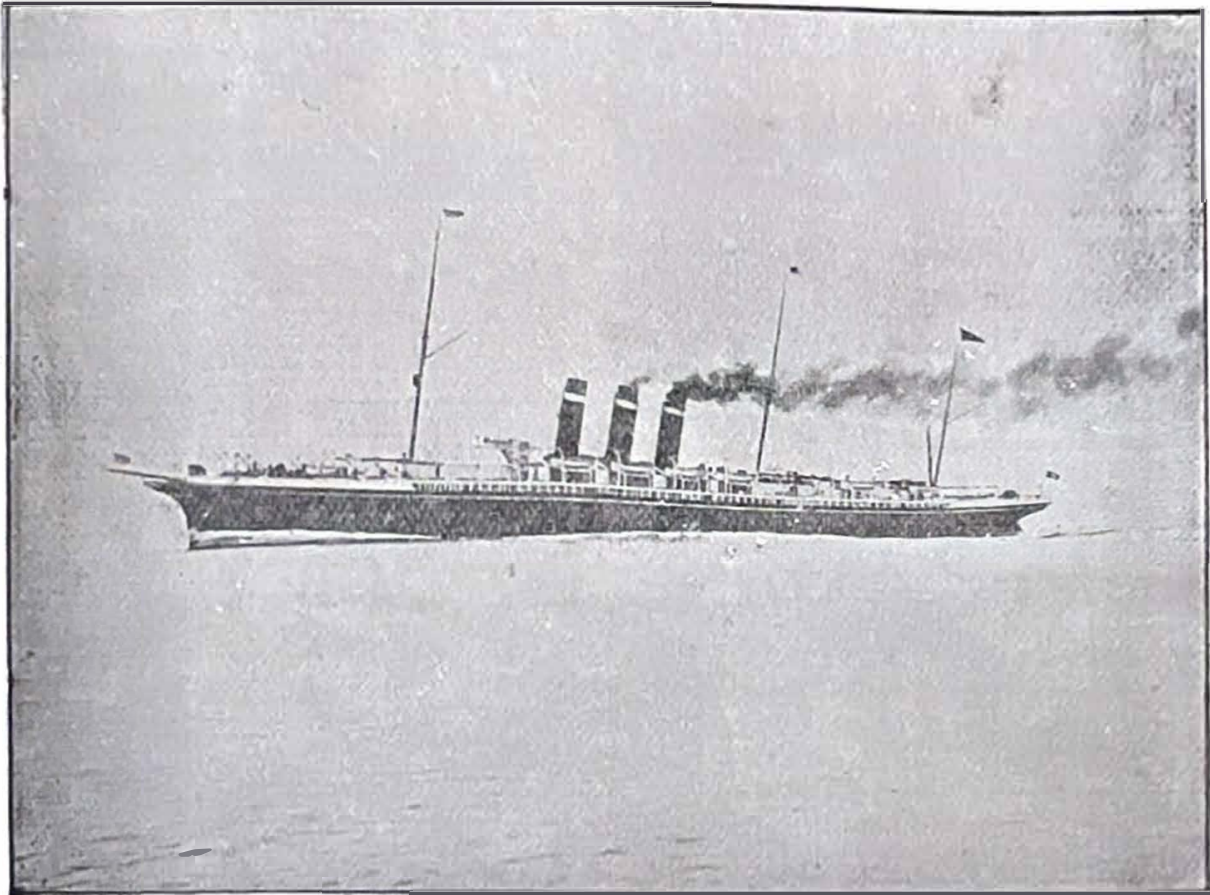
I have scarcely room to say a little word to the reader, but I would say this, anything short of being born again will leave you in the blackness of darkness for eternity.

Almost the last words he penned were—

Remember JOHN iii. 16.

A SCENE AT SEA.

ONE night, as a ship was ploughing the deep, the startling and thrilling cry, "A man overboard! A man overboard!" was heard. One of the passengers had fallen over the vessel's side, and was in imminent peril of death. In an exceedingly short time a boat was lowered, into which an officer and several sailors jumped. With might and main they bent to the oars and rowed for dear life, nerved by the prospect of saving a fellow-creature from a watery grave. At last they reached the drowning man, and were enabled to lay hold of



From a Photograph.

MODERN ATLANTIC PASSENGER STEAMER.

him as he was about to succumb through exhaustion. They rowed quickly back to the vessel, pleased at being honoured in saving life. The passenger's gratitude to his deliverers was so great that he clasped their feet and kissed them. On disengaging themselves from his grasp he followed them through the ship

KISSING THEIR WET FOOTPRINTS.

During the remainder of the voyage he manifested his gratefulness in innumerable ways, and on arriving at his destination he loaded them with valuable presents.

A Scene at Sea.

The reader was, or is, in far greater danger than the drowning passenger. You have wilfully, deliberately, and persistently sinned against God, and were, or are, hopelessly sinking into eternal woe. The Lord Jesus, who watcheth over you with tender solicitude, beheld you in your helpless condition. When there was no eye to pity and no arm to help, His eye pitied you and His right arm brought deliverance. Knowing your utter inability to help yourself, He plunged into the devouring flood that He might rescue you from everlasting destruction. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts :

ALL THY WAVES AND THY BILLOWS ARE GONE OVER ME"

(Psalm 42. 7). The Lord Jesus not only *exposed* Himself to danger on your account, He *gave up* His life to rescue you from sin's penalty, power, and doom. "The Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20). Think of the claims He has upon your affections! You are under eternal obligations to Him for what He did for you. His love for you is marvellous and unexampled. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 7, 8). Because He loved you with more than a mother's tender love, He gave His life's blood as an atonement for you to have you eternally with Himself in the realms of bliss and glory. How base your ingratitude if you despise His love and refuse Him admission into your heart.

"Behold a stranger at the door :
He gently knocks, has knocked before.'

Surely the least thing that you can do is to draw back the bolt of unbelief and let the Saviour in! Have you ever *thanked* Him for His amazing love to you? Or are you so ungrateful for the innumerable mercies, favours, and blessings which you have received at His hand as to say to Him: "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee." If you continue rejecting or neglecting His love, you will assuredly perish. And "what wilt thou say when He shall punish Thee?" You will certainly be unable to excuse yourself for your folly and madness. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).
A. M.

A WONDERFUL QUESTION which God has asked, and which men cannot answer:—How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

"TO HELP HIM TO FORGET."

A FEW years ago a friend of mine was travelling on a tram-car in the city of Glasgow. Among his fellow-passengers he observed a respectable elderly man with whom he was acquainted, considerably the worse of drink. Surprised and grieved at seeing him in such a condition, Mr. Clark spoke to him, and in the course of conversation remarked, "What a pity it is to see a person of your years in such a state!"



From a Photograph by Annan.

JAMAICA BRIDGE, GLASGOW.

"Oh, man, the wife's deid (dead)," he replied, "and I ha'e just been takin' a wee drap to help me to forget!" Taking a "wee drap" to help him to forget! Multitudes, alas! in these days of hurry and bustle are doing their utmost to forget the past.

Some seem to think that if they can banish from their minds sad, serious, or solemn thoughts, they are doing a good thing. Centuries ago God expressed His desire that Israel would consider their latter end. "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

"To help him to Forget."

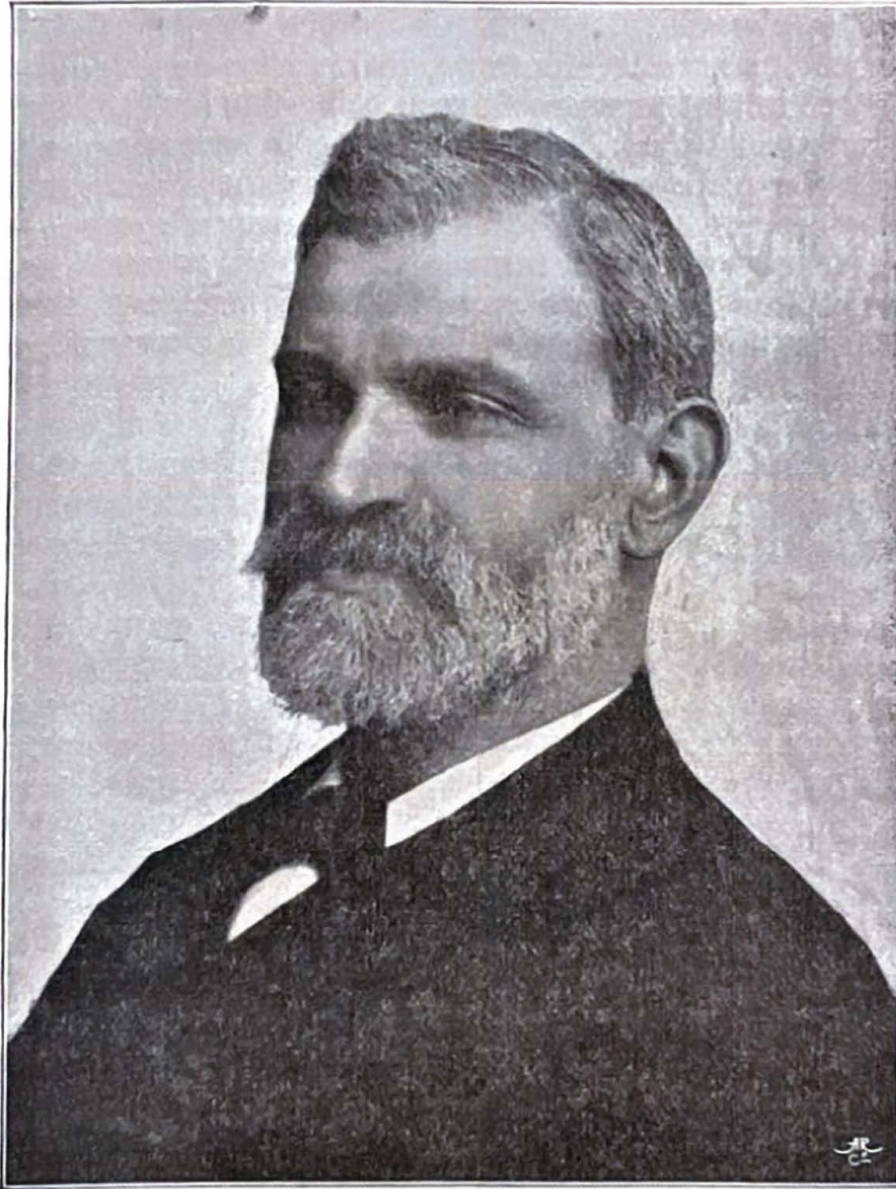
(Deut. 32. 29), were His words. How like many in the present day! They think of business and pleasure, of science and art, of friends and relations, of poetry and politics, and banish from their minds thoughts of their "latter end," and of their relationship and accountability to their Creator. "Are you prepared to meet God?" "Is your soul safe for eternity?" "Are you born again?" are questions that they will not "consider." They do their utmost to *evade*, or *banish* from their minds, the contemplation of such all-important questions. How foolish and wicked to persist in such a course! Amusements and recreations, novels and theatres, music and dancing, are matters of importance with them, but the great and momentous realities of eternity are overlooked or ignored! Is the reader trying to forget that he is a sinner, and *must* meet a holy and righteous God? Is he endeavouring to forget that at the great day of reckoning "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil?" (Ecc. 12. 14). Does he forget that, though God is "merciful and gracious, abundant in goodness and truth," He will "*by no means clear the guilty*"? (Ex. 34. 6, 7). Why not look at these all-important facts fairly and squarely? You may not be so foolish as to flee to the whisky bottle, but may try to forget what God has said regarding the guilt and desert of sin and the certainty of its punishment. Felix-like, you may say to the Holy Spirit: "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee." Don't, O don't put off the settling of the great question until it is too late. God says: "TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 4. 7). When God says "to-day," why do you say "to-morrow"? When you say "to-morrow," or "next Sunday," you are hardening your heart against God, and He declares that "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

"Consider" your ways, O unsaved fellow-traveller to eternity. "Consider" your guilt and peril, and flee to Christ, your best and dearest friend. He loves you, and has *proved* it in a marvellous way. He *died* that you might not perish, but have eternal life. Can you one moment longer question His matchless, tender love for you?

The world says, "I'll forgive, but I won't forget," but God says to all who believe on the Lord Jesus, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for My own sake, and WILL NOT REMEMBER thy sins" (Isa. 43. 25).

A. M.

A TROPHY OF GRACE.



From a Photograph.

DAVID REA, EVANGELIST, BELFAST.

IN the volume of 500 authentic testimonies entitled *Trophies of Grace* compiled by Mr. Rea, we learn something of his early life, conversion, and subsequent career.

After telling of narrow escapes from death, of days and nights of revellings, of the first arrow of conviction entering his soul through a terrible thunderstorm, of how it was deepened at a Methodist class meeting, of his visit to the penitent-form, followed by his visit to the public-house, ending in being chased by five policemen, then being lost in a snowstorm, he tells how his sinful life and the terrible danger to which he had been exposed in the snowstorm, seemed to make the wrath of God ready to fall upon him, and caused

A Trophy of Grace.

him to think of a Gospel meeting which was held near by, to which he went. But we will give his own account of what took place in that memorable month in 1869 :

"Never can I describe my feelings as I opened the door of that meeting-place—they were singing at the time. I felt as if it was heaven, and I as black as hell.

"After this meeting I became moral, and gave up many of my sinful ways and companions ; indeed, many thought I was a Christian, and sometimes Satan tried to persuade me that I was, but I had no peace. I went on for some time in this way until one night, after rising from my knees it seemed as if an audible voice spoke to me and said : ' You might as well give up prayer, and all hope of being saved ; you are the man that is born to be damned. You see you have tried all means to be saved, and all has failed.' I said : ' It is true, *so I will give it up*, and never pray again.' I lay down on my bed that night resolved to go to hell ; and, indeed, it seemed as if it had begun. I cannot describe my anguish, as I thought of how my poor soul and body would have to endure the unquenchable fire throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. I tossed in my bed for some time, and then cried out and said : ' O God ! bid me do anything, and I will do it to be saved.' All at once the following words flashed into my mind : ' Be ye *reconciled to God*, for He hath made *Him to be sin for us*, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness to God in Him' "

"I felt as if I stood at Calvary's cross the day on which Jesus died. And as by faith I gazed upon His pierced hands, and feet, and side, it seemed as if He looked down upon Me, saying : ' Could I *give* more for you ? Could I *do* more for you ? I have given my life for you. Will this not satisfy you ? ' This was all new to me, as I thought it was me that had to satisfy God. At once I felt my heart going out in thankfulness to the Lord Jesus for dying for me, and as I thanked Him, joy and peace unspeakable took the place of fear and torment. That moment my soul was filled with love to Christ and a perishing world. How simple ! how easy ! how blessed ! ' It is finished ! ' " Only believe ! Hallelujah !

Since that eventful time Mr. Rea has preached the glorious Gospel of the blessed God (which he proved to be the power of God unto his own salvation) throughout the length and breadth' of Ireland, Scotland, and England. Numbers have believed the glad tidings, and proved the Gospel to be still "the power of God unto salvation to *every one that believeth*." HYF.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THIS bridge, constructed on the cantilever principle, is one of the most remarkable triumphs of railway engineering, reflecting great credit on the engineers, Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker, who designed, and on Sir Wm. Arrol, who carried out the work to completion. This stupendous structure, spanning the Firth of Forth, uniting the Lothians with Fifeshire, cost £2,000,000 sterling, and was, when opened in 1890, the finest bridge in the world. The total length,



*From a Photograph.
Kindly supplied by Sir Wm. Arrol & Co., the Builders.*

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

inclusive of piers, is a mile and a half, of which a mile is taken up by the cantilevers. The headway under the centre of the bridge is 152 feet at high water, and the highest part of the bridge is 361 feet above the same level. The main piers are cylindrical columns of masonry, 36 feet high, 49 feet in diameter at the top, and 55 feet in diameter at the bottom, standing on rock or boulder clay.

One is impressed with the massive solidity of the structure, giving confidence that the longest passenger train with its precious living freight will be carried safely over.

The Forth Bridge.

There are other means of crossing the river Forth and its estuary apart from this bridge. But have you ever considered, dear reader, there are not two ways to heaven? There is

ONLY ONE WAY,

and the Lord Jesus Himself has said, "I am the Way" (John 14. 6). The same infallible Teacher said, "Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. 7. 14). Are you one of the few? that is, Have you found the Saviour? He has assuredly been seeking you, for He came to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). Remember, He stooped from the heights of glory to the shame and death of the Cross, that He might form a bridge, so to speak, whereby lost sinners might pass from death to life, from darkness to light, from hopeless ruin to the Father's house above. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). His words are truth and verity. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6).

The Forth Bridge is strong, yet it might be shattered by the forces of nature, as was the Tay Bridge in the well-remembered storm some years back. But the blessed Son of God guarantees the everlasting security of all who trust Him. "They shall never perish, neither shall any (man or demon) pluck them out of My hand" (John 10. 28). He is "able to save" (Heb. 7. 25), and He is "able to keep" (Jude 24).

"He is willing to save you; He will carry you through."

The cost of making this iron roadway across the Firth of Forth was great, but, inasmuch as its destruction has been already foretold (2 Pet. 3. 10), it is as nothing when compared with "the precious blood of Christ," which brings "eternal redemption" (Heb. 9. 12) to all who by faith appropriate it to their own cleansing and deliverance.

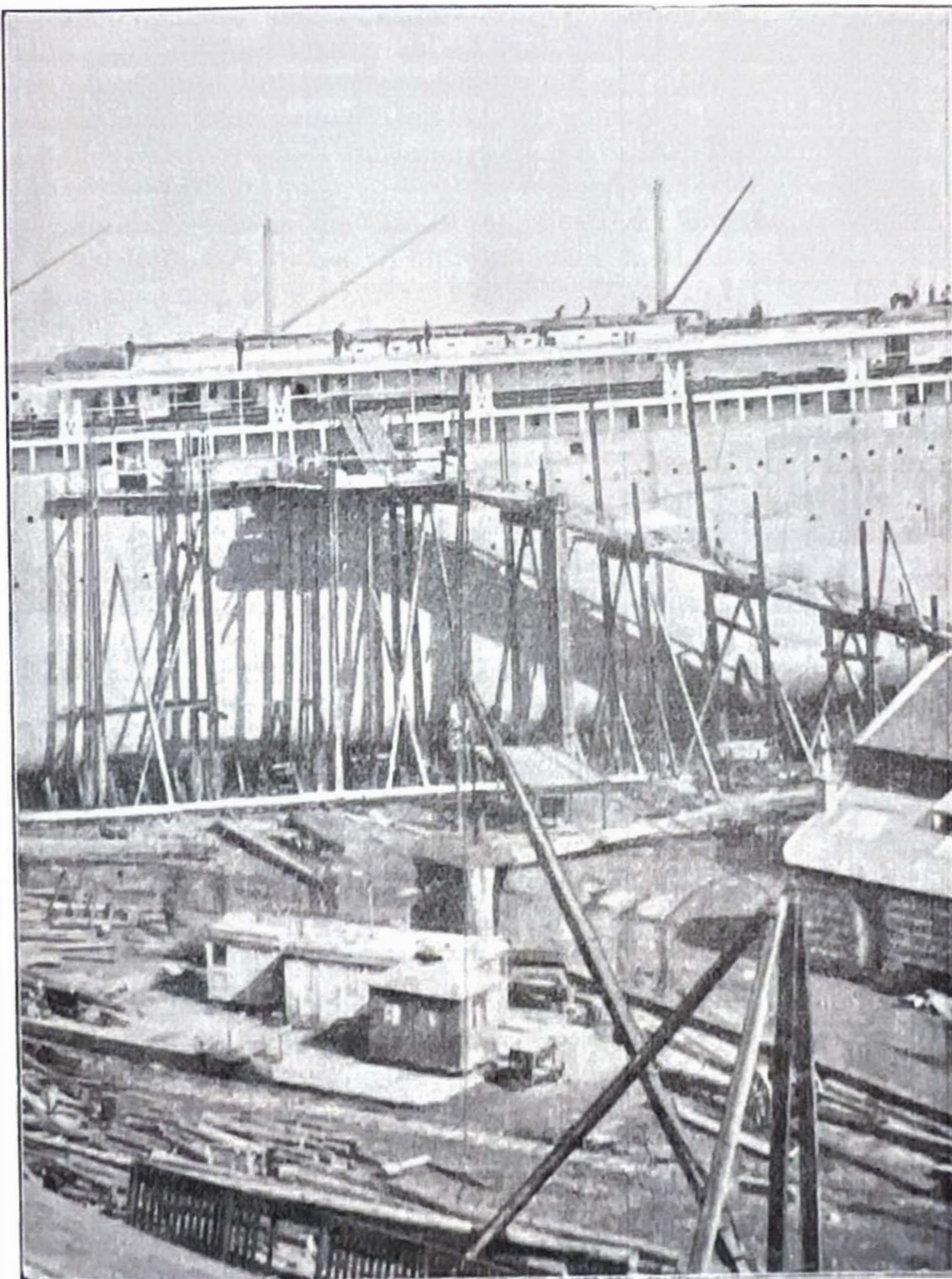
He has, *by Himself*, become the mighty sin-purger (Heb. 1. 3). "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18).

This is "great salvation." How shall the sinner escape if he neglects it? (Heb. 2. 3). God says of such, "And they shall not escape" (1 Thess. 5. 3). For such there is "a great gulf fixed" between hell and heaven. Those who would pass from the one to the other *cannot* (Luke 16. 26). That gulf is never bridged. The doom of those who "neglect so great salvation" is for ever and ever.

A. L.

A HIGHLANDER'S TESTIMONY:

ONCE "IN THE STRAIGHT ROAD TO HELL," NOW FOR MORE THAN
TWENTY YEARS BOUND FOR GLORY.



Press Photograph.

PORTION OF A SHIP UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

A HIGHLANDER'S TESTIMONY.



N the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, while holding evangelistic services, I became acquainted with a Christian worker who occupied an important position in a large ship-building yard. He was good enough to tell me the story of his conversion, which I will now try to repeat. Mr. Macgregor was born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland. When a young man he crossed the Tweed and obtained employment on the Tyne. He had, as most Highlanders have, a great respect for and reverence of God's Word, and was a regular attender of the — Church.

After the birth of his first-born he asked the minister to baptise it. He was told that this could only be done on condition that he joined the church. On application for church membership not a single question was asked as to his spiritual condition. *When, where, or how* he was "converted" or saved was never alluded to, and, in fact, the *new birth* was not once mentioned.

For years he was a leading member of the church, and in the course of time was elected an office-bearer.

Mr. Macgregor was aroused from his spiritual slumber, as many others have been, through the death of a child. Whilst the mortal remains of the little one lay in the house previous to interment, the question was brought before him in power by the Holy Spirit, "If your body were where your child's is, where would your soul be?"

The question startled him. WHERE would his soul be? He was moral, respectable, sincere, and "religious," but was he "born again?" Whatever else he was, or had been, the *great change of conversion* was absolutely necessary in order to seeing the kingdom of God. "Verily, verily, I say unto *thee*," said the Lord Jesus unto Nicodemus, the learned Jewish ruler, "except a man be born again he CANNOT see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

An earnest evangelist, an old friend and fellow-labourer of the late Duncan Mathieson, visited the town, and was preaching in the theatre. On the invitation of a friend Mr. Macgregor was persuaded to attend the meetings. The preaching was most arousing and searching, and as Mr. Macgregor listened he became uneasy and unhappy. Hitherto he believed that "no one could know" his sins were forgiven; that if a man did his "best," and acted up to his convictions, he would have a "good chance" of being saved "at last."

A Highlander's Testimony.

At the close of one of the services Mr. Macgregor had an interview with the evangelist. In the course of the conversation he told the servant of Christ that he had been religiously brought up, was a member and an office-bearer in the — Church, observed family worship, prayed three times daily, &c.

The servant of Christ listened to his story, and putting his hand on his shoulder said,

“CONSIDER YOURSELF ON THE STRAIGHT ROAD TO HELL.”

This was surely plain speaking, but it was the naked truth. Mr. Macgregor being unsaved, was really on the clean side of the broad road, going respectably and religiously to hell.

That night, though he retired to rest, sleep forsook his eyelids. The crisis in his history had arrived. Would he justify himself and condemn God? Or would he justify God and condemn himself. His choice was made. He accepted God's testimony regarding himself, and acknowledged in His presence that he was lost, helpless, and hell deserving.

Next night he was one of the most attentive listeners at the Gospel service. As the preacher spoke of the realities of death, judgment, and eternity, he longed to know what he had to do to be saved. At the close of the service the evangelist spoke to him, and asked if he was willing to take the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. He replied that he was. The preacher, opening his Bible, read such passages of Scripture as Isaiah 53. 6; John 3. 14-16; Acts 13. 38, 39; 1 John 5. 10, 11. The words of 1 John 5. 10, 11 made a deep impression on Mr. Macgregor. “He that believeth not God HATH MADE HIM A LIAR; BECAUSE HE BELIEVETH NOT THE RECORD THAT GOD GAVE OF HIS SON. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.” Hitherto he had supposed himself incapable of committing such a sin as calling the Living God a “liar,” yet God's Word declared that “He that believeth not God *hath made Him a liar.*” Previously he imagined that he had “always believed” on Christ, now he knew he was an *unbeliever*, and as such was guilty of the horrid sin of calling God a “liar.” He now saw that he had never really believed God's “record” concerning His Son. He had never truly believed the glorious Gospel of God's matchless grace, for “the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation *to every one that believeth*” (Rom. 1. 16).

The eye of his soul was turned outwards, and he ceased looking within. By faith he beheld the Lord Jesus dying for

A Highlander's Testimony.

him on Calvary's cross fulfilling all God's righteous and holy claims. And as God was satisfied with the finished work of Christ, surely he ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. The gloom was dispelled, the light shone into his darkened soul, and he found joy and peace in believing. Instead of hoping and doubting he rejoiced in the knowledge of forgiveness, assured that he was saved—saved not on account of his prayers, feelings, or works, but solely and wholly because of the satisfaction rendered by Christ to God. Then he knew that he was in present possession of eternal life, not because he felt it, but because God's Holy Word said so. "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

Mr. Macgregor grew in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He not only believed on Christ, but also confessed Him before men. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). He told his friends, relatives, and acquaintances what great things God had done for him. When he mentioned to some of his friends in the — Church that God had saved his soul, they strongly advised him to "keep it to himself," and not to tell anyone. But the "new wine" burst the old bottles, and he not only witnessed to the saving and keeping power of Christ, but faithfully warned the unsaved—especially unconverted professors of religion—of their guilt and danger, and pointed them to Christ, the sinner's Saviour.

How common it is to hear members of churches and chapels saying that they make no profession of being "saved," "converted," or "born again." What a dreadful state of matters. We are truly living in the "last days."

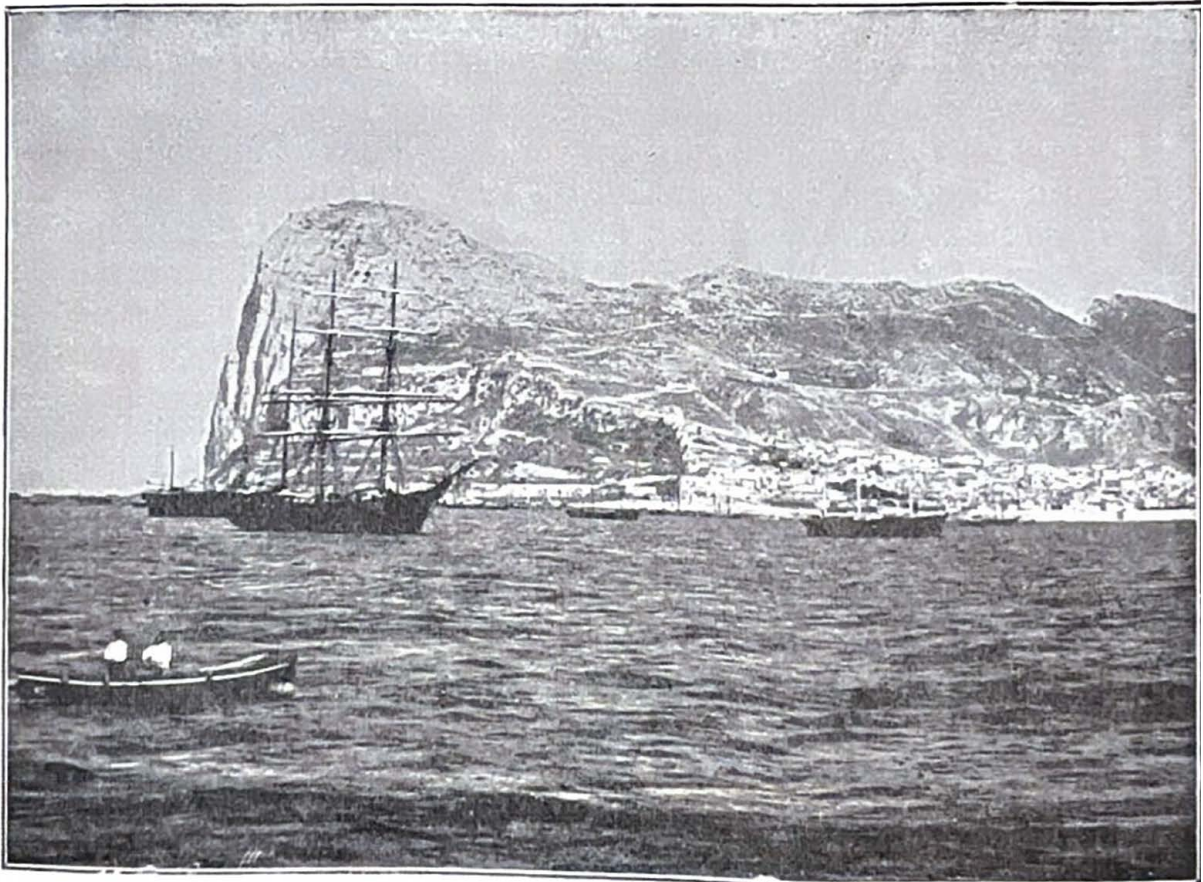
More than twenty years have passed since God saved Mr. Macgregor, and during that time he has gone on his way rejoicing. The writer has again and again heard him tell the story of his conversion, emphasising the fact that though a "religious man for forty years" he needed to be "born again," and by believing on the Lord Jesus he knew that he had forgiveness and eternal life (John 3. 16 ; 1 John 5. 13).

Where does the reader stand? Is he *whitewashed with religion*, or is he *washed white in the blood of the Lamb*? Ascertain your whereabouts, and if unsaved take the lost sinner's place, and claim the lost sinner's Saviour.

A. N.

"NO MAN'S LAND."

MALTA and Gibraltar are probably the best fortified of all British possessions. A few months ago I visited the famous "Rock," saw the fortifications, walked through the galleries, and had a peep at the huge ninety-ton guns. We paid a visit to the Spanish town across the frontier. On our way thither we crossed a piece of territory which neither belongs to Britain nor Spain. It is situated in the neutral zone, and is called "No Man's Land." On one side of it a Spanish sentry was pacing up and down, and on the other side a British



From a Photograph.

GIBRALTAR ROCK.

soldier was looking after his country's interests. Tobacco is cheap at Gibraltar and is expensive in Spain. The Spaniards train their dogs to carry quantities of "the weed" in a bag around their necks, and when night sets in they take advantage of the darkness, trot through the gate, and run to their homes. At the time of our visit we observed one of them lying on the grass with a well-filled bag. Neither the British nor the Spanish sentries have any authority to harm the animals as long as they are in "No Man's Land;" it is only when they cross the lines that they can be molested.

"No Man's Land."

Numbers of persons think that there is a neutral zone in spiritual matters—a sort of "No Man's Land." When asked if they are "Christians," they reply that they cannot tell. "Are you born again?" "We don't know." "Is your soul saved?" "That is a hard question." "Have you accepted Christ as your Saviour?" "We are not sure."

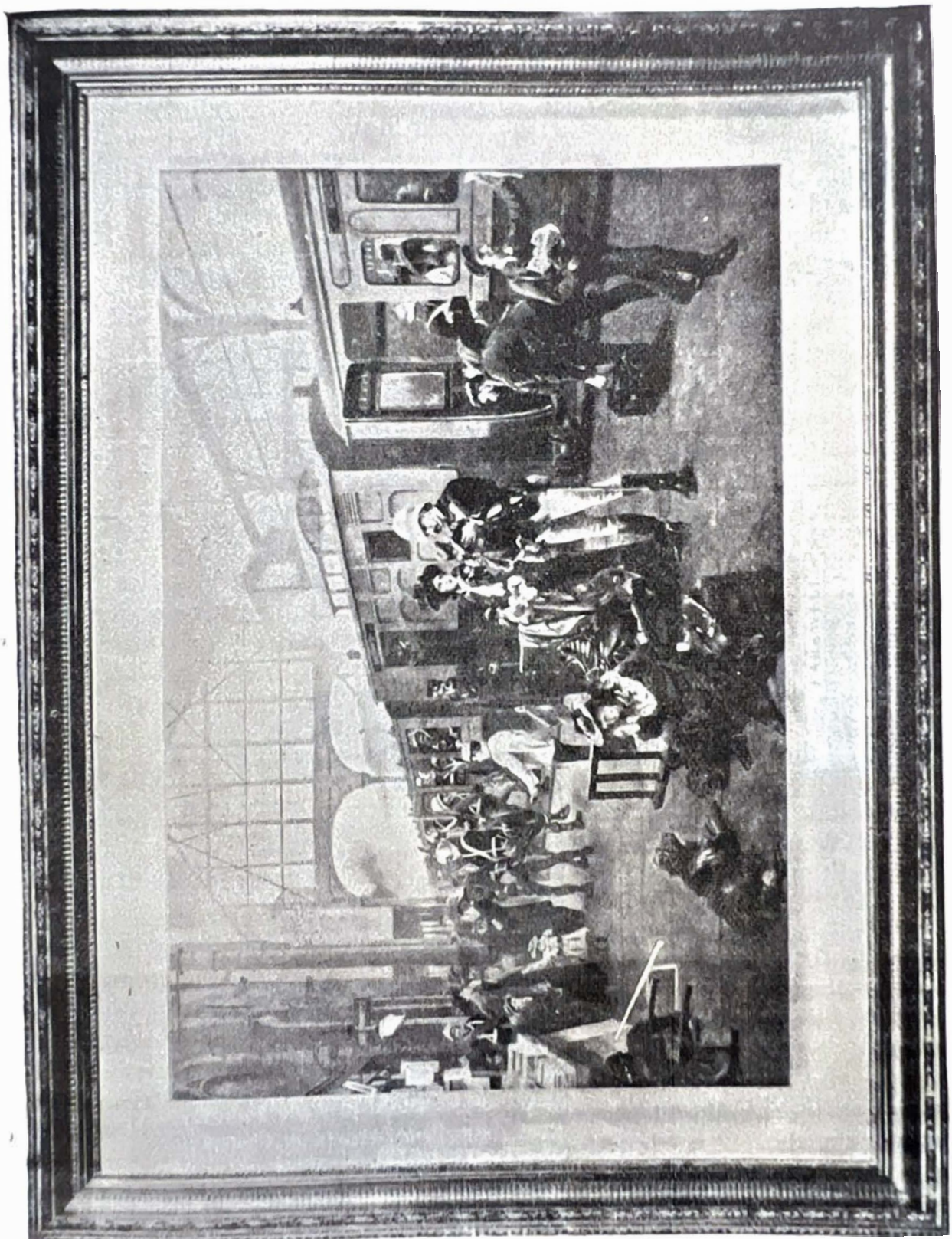
Such are some of the replies that are given to Christian workers when dealing with persons about the salvation of their souls. They declare that they cannot say that they are saved; they are not "good enough" for that. When asked if they are lost, they affirm that they are "not so bad as that."

One of this class, on hearing a faithful servant of Christ giving a searching Gospel address, remarked: "I don't understand him at all. He first spoke to a very bad class of persons he called 'lost,' and then spoke to a very good class of people whom he called 'saved,' and there was nothing for me in his sermon." Poor man! He imagined that he was neither in the kingdom of darkness nor in the kingdom of light, neither on the broad road nor the narrow. He supposed that he was in a neutral position, a sort of "No Man's Land." Men and women are either saved or lost, children of wrath or children of God, justified or condemned, converted or unconverted. Where does the reader stand? The Lord's own words are very explicit, "He that is not with Me is against Me" (Matt. 12. 30). You are either "with" or "against" Christ.

At the time I visited Gibraltar, war was raging between Spain and the United States of America, but Britain was neutral. There is no neutrality in this great matter. Is the reader certain that he is prepared to meet a holy God? Have you experienced the *great change*? Face the question fairly. Don't say that you "hope" you are all right, and "expect" that when you die you will go to heaven. "Hoping" is not enough; you ought to be *certain*. SAVED OR LOST—WHICH? Cease comparing yourself with other people, whether they are, or are not, professors of religion. Have you *always been* what you should have been? Have you *always done* what you should have done? "I don't pretend to be perfect," you reply. Then, what is to become of you? You are *imperfect*: in other words, you are a "sinner," and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). There are no "middling" people in God's sight. You are either "saved" or "lost," on the broad road or the narrow, hurrying to endless joy or everlasting despair. Which? *Which!* WHICH?

A. M.

"FAREWELL."



"FAREWELL."

As framed and presented by Her Majesty to the Royal Military Hospital, Netley.

Photo. by H. C. Shelley.

"FAREWELL!"

"FAREWELL!" Such was the title of a picture which hung on the walls of one of our well-known academies, and judging from the crowds who lingered around, it must have been a favourite indeed.

"FAREWELL!" The scene was Waterloo, or other of the popular London railway stations. A detachment of soldiers are leaving for service in India or Egypt, China or Africa. In the foreground a stalwart officer is kissing *farewell* to his darling child and affectionate wife; near by a little girl weeps for her brother, probably the drummer of the regiment. In the background a weeping wife is casting a *farewell* look at him whom she may never see again, whilst her boy and girl weep out their heart sorrow at father's *farewell*; another hero is embracing his widowed mother for the last time; others without friends to bid farewell are more lively. Yet as the attentive guard watches the last moments on his chronometer, all feel it is indeed sad to say "*farewell*."

And well they may, for during the Crimean War in 1854-55 no less than 785,000 men bade a final *farewell* to the homes and friends they loved; during the strife between the North and South in the American War of 1860-64, fully 450,000 men said *farewell* to earth; in the great struggle between France and Germany in 1871, it is calculated that on both sides 250,000 noble warriors were slain. No wonder, then, they feel to say farewell, and rightly so, when it is reckoned by careful calculation that during the last century close on TWENTY MILLIONS of our fellow-men bade *farewell* to the sights and scenes of earth, and were hurried from the bloody battlefields of Time to the unsullied light and stillness of the Bar of God in Eternity.

Oh, that you may be wise and consider your latter end, and get ready for the final *farewell*. God so loved you that He bade farewell to the Man who had been His fellow, and gave His only-begotten Son to die for you; Jesus so loved you that he bade farewell to the Throne of Glory and the song of angels, and came and hung upon the Cross, and bore the shame and spitting of men for you. God is satisfied with Him and His atoning work for you, and all you have to do to be saved is to admit your lost condition (Rom. 3. 23), and accept Him as your own personal Saviour (John 1. 12), for whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). Oh! believe now, and then, come what may—joy or sorrow, life or death, poverty or plenty—there is one word you will never be afraid to say—"FAREWELL". HYF.

THE INDIAN'S DISCOVERY.

DAVID BRAINERD, better known as the "Apostle to the North American Indians," was a most devoted and successful missionary. A story is told of an Indian convert telling him that he had often heard him say that "in order to come to Christ we must *feel ourselves helpless and undone.*" "I long strove," said he, "after this, thinking it would be a good frame of mind, and that in return for it God would bestow on me salvation; but the longer I strove the more



From Photo—Booruce & May, Calgary, N. W. T.

INDIAN'S DWELLING ON THE PLAIN.

wretched I became. I heard you setting forth the glory of Christ and inviting sinners to come to Him naked and empty. That night I saw with my heart the glorious Saviour and He stole my heart away."

It is to be feared that more persons than the North American Indian have been stumbled through the same kind of teaching. Oftentimes preachers and Christian workers assert that sinners must "*feel helpless and undone*" ere Christ will receive them. Surely, however, this is a great mistake! It is quite true that none but the hungry will ask for bread, and none but the

The Indian's Discovery.

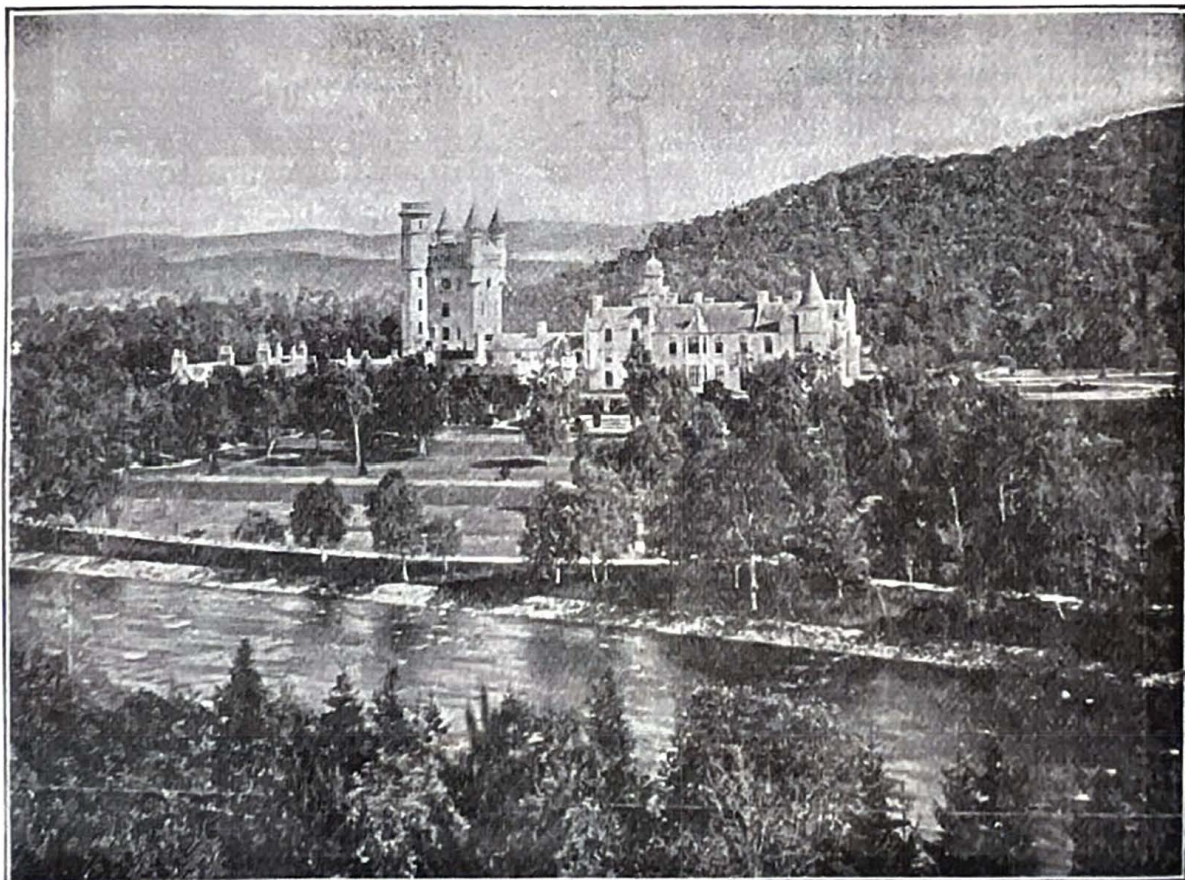
thirsty, water, yet one must be careful not to put stumbling-blocks in the sinner's way. When the unsaved are awakened by the Holy Spirit they will long for salvation, and cry for mercy. Telling them that they must "feel helpless and undone" gets them occupied with their feelings instead of *with God's feelings toward them*.

The Indian said to the missionary that he believed that the feeling he spoke of was "a good frame of mind," and that "in return for it" God would bestow upon him salvation. God invites the vilest and guiltiest on earth—sinners of the deepest dye—to come to Him, without any qualification whatever, and receive as a free gift, a full, present, and eternal salvation. Stout-hearted sinners, without a redeeming quality, are besought to accept God's forgiveness. "Hearken unto Me, ye STOUT-HEARTED that are far from righteousness: I bring near My righteousness" (Isaiah 46. 12). Here we see Jehovah bringing His righteousness "near" to stout-hearted ones.

The unsaved reader is not told to strive to get his hard heart melted, or his cold heart warmed, as a qualification for salvation. Your *need* is your claim. The Indian "tried" to feel "helpless and undone," but his proud will would not yield and his cold heart would not melt. "The longer I strove the more wretched I became," was his testimony. And so will it be with the unsaved reader if he continues occupied with his feelings toward God, instead of with God's feelings toward him. It may be you have heard of some who were in great soul-distress ere they obtained peace. You have not had such an experience, and not being "sorry" enough or "anxious" enough, you consider you are not "prepared" to come to Christ. By dwelling on your feelings, or lack of feelings, *you* will become more and more wretched. "How then am I to be saved?" you ask. In the same way as the North American Indian. He ceased looking within, and as Christ was exalted and his matchless and tender love to guilty sinners was spoken of, he saw with his "heart the glorious Saviour, and He stole his heart away." Look, then, to Jesus, the bleeding, suffering Lamb of God, dying on Calvary's cross for all your crimson sins. Then your heart will be taken captive. "*Herein is love*, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4. 10). Believe, then, on Him who "finished" the work of atonement, and satisfied all God's holy claims, and you will love Him who loved you and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20, 21). A. M.

A MEMORABLE TRIP.

ROBERT BROWN was a young business man of D—. Energetic and ambitious, he had prospered financially, until he had reached a place of prominence among his commercial associates. Wearied by close attention to business, he proposed to his wife a trip to Scotland, where, touring through the country, and breathing the pure, fresh air of the heather hills, or amid the mossy dells, he would recruit his strength for further business efforts. Locating themselves in a pleasant village in Scotland, they went forth each morning,



R. Milne, Photo., Ballater.

BALMORAL CASTLE, QUEEN VICTORIA'S HIGHLAND HOME.

as their fancy might lead them, for their day's outing. Having taken a longer walk than usual one day, they turned aside into a cemetery to rest themselves. His wife being absorbed in a book she had brought with her, Robert presently arose and wandered around among the graves, stopping now and then to read an inscription on a tomb-stone. Presently he came to a large, flat stone, which was covered with ivy. Curiosity led him to pull this to one side, that he might read the inscription thereon. To his amazement, *he read there his own name!* and on noting the age at which the one buried

A Memorable Trip.

there had died, he found it within a year or two of his own. Hastily replacing the vine, he passed on, but the memory of his own name on that tombstone haunted him, and made him restless and unhappy. He was not superstitious, yet he could not help thinking that this might be a "bad omen"—a warning to him that he had not long to live. Along with that came the disturbing thought of "Where will I spend eternity?" for he most firmly believed he must spend that eternity somewhere—and if not in heaven, then where? How was he prepared to meet God?

He had heard that it was necessary to be "born again" in order to see the kingdom of God, and he knew *that* experience had not been his. He had been moral, honourable, and kind, but, possibly, so was Nicodemus, who came to see Jesus; and yet the Lord had said to him, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit; marvel not that I said unto thee, *Ye must be born again*" (John 3. 6, 7).

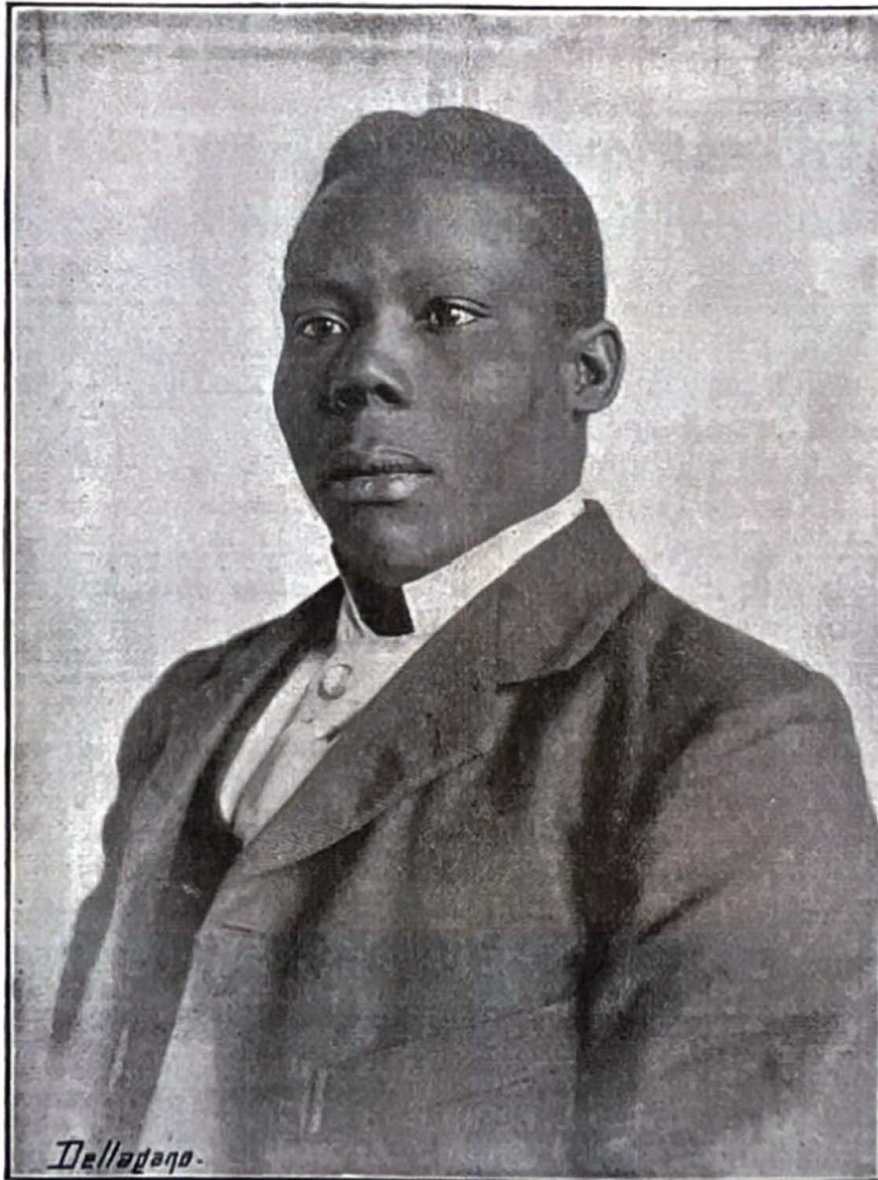
In trouble of soul he returned to his home in D——, determined to "prepare to meet God." "Family worship" was begun: he attended "church" more regularly, but all seemed to be useless. He was still unsaved, and the question was still unsettled: "How can I get to heaven?" In his despair he turned to the pages of his little Testament. Self-help and creature help had failed him, but he was now to learn that God had good news for sinners who are *lost*. For "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). But, oh! joyful news, Christ, the sinless One, had died for such, and God was satisfied to look on the face of His Anointed, and pardon the guilty. Christ—no longer on the Cross, nor yet in the grave—is a living Saviour for dead sinners, and therefore the sinner, believing on Him, has eternal life. All this, and much more, he found in his Testament; and gladly and thankfully he rested his weary soul on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the lost! And was he cast out? No; he was welcomed, pardoned, saved, and satisfied!

Years have passed by since that time, and with a glad heart Robert tells of that memorable trip to Scotland, and the guiding Hand that led him to the little wayside cemetery, where the startling discovery awaited him that death, and the meeting with God, might be very near unto him, thus disturbing his false security, and eventually resulting in his being led to Christ.

T. D. W. M.

A BLACK MAN'S CONVERSION.

BENJAMIN SMITH was converted on the 1st August, 1888, in British Guiana. He belonged to Barbadoes, and lived there with his father and mother. He was not a very dutiful son when he grew up, and became careless and godless in his general behaviour.



BENJAMIN SMITH.

The first thing that awakened him to a sense of his sin and danger was an event which nearly cost him his life. He was out fishing one day with some companions, when a gale of wind arose which capsized the boat and threw the occupants into the water. The boat was lost owing to some current,

A Black Man's Conversion.

and Benjamin saw his companions sink before his eyes. Immediately his lost condition came up before him and he realised that he was not prepared to die, and would "be turned into hell" (Psalm 9. 17) if he were drowned. He cried to God to save him from the sea, and promised to become a Christian if the Lord did so. He was rescued by some of the other fishing boats and landed safely at his own home.

Benjamin did not immediately turn to the Lord, but went shortly afterward to British Guiana, where he stayed with a cousin of his. One Sunday evening he went to an open-air meeting and heard an address on 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." He was aroused and would have at once put himself in the big "whosoever," but, looking around, he saw his cousin's face, and it said plainly, "Don't go," so he hung back and put off decision.

That week was the most miserable one in all his life, and he made up his mind that when next Sunday came he would decide for Christ. The next Sunday arrived, and Benjamin went again to the open-air meeting, and this time the preacher spoke on "Daniel in the lions' den." Benjamin felt he was in a worse position than Daniel, and, without waiting to look around or behind, he rushed right into the middle of the ring and cried for mercy. Those who held the meeting gathered round and prayed for him, singing now and then a chorus, and at last he was enabled to "Behold the Lamb of God" bleeding and dying for his sins; he took the life-look and was saved by the Lord, and has since been living for Him, finding Him more precious every day.

He says the Lord will save you whether you are black or white; and if you are black, He will make you white and clean (Isa. 1. 18).

It will be a sad thing if, with all our boasted superiority, we see the black man taken into the kingdom of heaven and the white man cast out. Yet is not that the case? For are not heathen Chinese, Japanese, negroes, and others, pressing into the kingdom at almost the first hearing of the Gospel. Oh, may yours not be the lot of those who will merit the condemnation of God, because, whilst they might have taken the life-look and been saved, they neglected or refused God's salvation and perished.

W. T.

THE POLICEMAN'S SURPRISE.

JOHN C—a fine, strapping fellow, was in the Manchester police force. Part of his nightly duty was to go around the buildings on his beat and see that the doors and locks of the various offices and warehouses were securely fastened. One dark night, while on his rounds, he examined the vaults under "All Saints' Church." With bull's-eye lantern in hand he flashed the light in all directions. His attention was attracted to some words carved on the stone-work over the entrance. His curiosity was excited. He carefully spelt the words, which



THE CRESCENT, BUXTON

are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. They were words taken from Holy Writ, and were "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!" He was startled. It seemed as if God was speaking to him. And so He was, and speaks to you, O unsaved reader, and commands you to prepare to meet Him. The words sank into C——'s heart. "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" rang in his ears, and penetrated the deepest recesses of his soul. He knew that he was very far from being "ready" to meet a just and holy God. If he were called into Eternity he was not prepared, and

The Policeman's Surprise.

what would become of him? "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people," says the proverb. The proverb is true. The Lord Jesus has solemnly declared that "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18. 3). He was not "converted," and so long as he continued in that condition, he had not the faintest hope of entering the abode of the Redeemer.

That night C—— retired to rest awakened and troubled about his spiritual condition. He set about trying to fit himself for God's presence, but was

NEVER SATISFIED WITH HIS ATTAINMENTS.

Years elapsed, and C—— removed to Buxton, where the writer met him whilst visiting a sick person. In the course of our conversation, I discovered that he was an anxious soul longing to know what he had to do to be saved. There was no necessity to tell him of his guilt. He was well aware of it. I spoke to him of Jesus, the sinner's Saviour, and bade him "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). I told him that Christ was the only One who ever perfectly obeyed God, and I sought to show him that Christ became our Surety, and that Jehovah "hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." When C—— saw that the Lord Jesus had made full atonement for sin, and perfectly satisfied all God's righteous and holy claims, he was, as some would say, "simple enough" to take God at His word and accept of His great salvation. He believed on One who loved him, and gave Himself for him, and he obtained rest and peace in believing.

Then it was that he told me of the work of grace that began in his soul on that eventful night, when the bull's-eye lantern flashed its light on that solemn message from the living God—

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

The writer, through that fact, saw afresh the truth of the Scripture—"My word shall not return unto Me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." John C—— has not only proven God's power to awaken and save, but to-day rejoices in His power to *keep*.

Reader, "prepare to meet thy God,"
Through faith in the Redeemer's blood ;
And never hope to enter heaven
Unless your sins are all forgiven.

"IT IS FINISHED."

IN the spring of 1898 we were privileged to pay a brief visit to Palestine. We were especially interested in what we saw in and around Jerusalem, "the city of the great King," the city to which the "tribes went up." There is no city in the world around which are gathered so many hallowed associations. Jerusalem was the scene of Christ's ministry, rejection, and crucifixion, and was the birth-place of Christianity. Among



From a Photograph.

CITY OF JERUSALEM.

"It is Finished."

the first places that we visited was the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre*. The building was thronged with Russian pilgrims, who seemed intensely interested in all that they saw. Our guide showed us the (reputed) spot where the cross was erected on which Christ was crucified, a portion of the pillar to which He was bound when scourged, the stone on which He sat when the Roman soldiers cast lots, the rock rent by the earthquake, the place where His body was anointed for burial, and His sepulchre.

Though no one can be certain that these are the exact spots where the events mentioned transpired, we were solemnised at the thought of being close to the place where the mighty work of atonement was accomplished by Christ, and from which the precious, triumphant, and life-giving words were heard :

"IT IS FINISHED."

These three wondrous words contain the essence of the Gospel. And yet no unsaved person properly understands their meaning. The Gospel of the Grace of God, which tells of what *Christ has done for sinners*—and not what they are to do for Him—when believed, is the power of God unto their salvation (Rom. i. 16). "It is finished," were the dying words of our truest, best, and dearest Friend. The dying words of loved ones are long remembered by us, and are not easily forgotten. When Christ uttered this triumphant cry He was in the act of giving up His soul as an offering for sin. We would ask the reader,

WHAT WAS FINISHED?

His life [of shame, suffering, and sorrow was over. He had been "despised and rejected of men," as He still is by the "masses" and the "classes." Many a time had He been faint, weary, hungry, and thirsty. That is all over. For our sakes he became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. The types and shadows of a past dispensation are completed. It is no longer necessary that the High Priest of Israel should enter into an earthly sanctuary with the blood of goats or bullocks. It is no longer needful that lambs should bleed on Jewish altars. It is now needless to offer up sin offerings, trespass offerings, and peace offerings. We need not the shadow when we have the substance, the type when we have the antitype, the moon when we have the sun.

The Lord Jesus appeared to "put away sin by the sacrifice of HIMSELF" (Heb. 9. 26). When He died at Calvary a full and perfect atonement for sin was accomplished. Christ poured

"It is Finished."

out His soul unto death. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. The ransom has been paid. The penalty has been met. The cup of wrath has been drained to the dregs. Sin has been "put away." The veil is rent, and the way into the holiest is now open. Peace has been made. The law's demands have been fully met. The sin question has been eternally settled. God is fully satisfied with Christ's finished work, and He desires that the reader should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

"Christ did His part and left us to do ours," say some. In what part of Scripture is it stated that Christ did "His part" of the work of atonement? It was surely on account of our sins that He suffered, and bled, and died. If, then, God is eternally satisfied with what Christ did for you, what is there left for you to do?

Many believe in the *necessity* of the atonement who do not believe in its *sufficiency*. If Christ has done enough to make propitiation for all our crimson sins, why not thank Him for it and rejoice in the glorious fact? You are not asked "to do" anything meritorious in order to obtain forgiveness. Don't insult God by bringing your prayers, works, vows, tears, good resolutions, or happy feelings to supplement the work of His beloved Son. Can you *add* to a "finished" work? Salvation has been purchased at an *infinite cost*, and is now pressed on your acceptance, as you read these lines, as a *free gift*. Take it now and happy be.



"Wait not for feelings right and pure
To fit thee for salvation sure;
Wait not for love, all love of thine
Is kindled but by love divine.

Make, then, no effort to believe,
Only the truth of God receive;
Faith comes by hearing; hear, not pray,
Faith only comes in that one way."

"Then said they (the Jews) unto Him, 'What shall we do that we might work the works of God?' Jesus answered and said unto them, 'This is the work of God, that ye BELIEVE ON HIM whom He hath sent'" (John 6.). A. M.

—
**"What then shall I do when God riseth
up? And when He visiteth what shall I
answer Him?"—Job 31. 14.**

SEEDS AND FLOWERS.

A JAPANESE Sunday-school girl, when she was asked *how to glory Christ*, answered in this way: "It seems to me like this. One day my mother got some flower seeds, little, black, ugly things. She planted and watered them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One morning a neighbour came in and said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I would like to have one myself.



A JAPANESE GIRL.

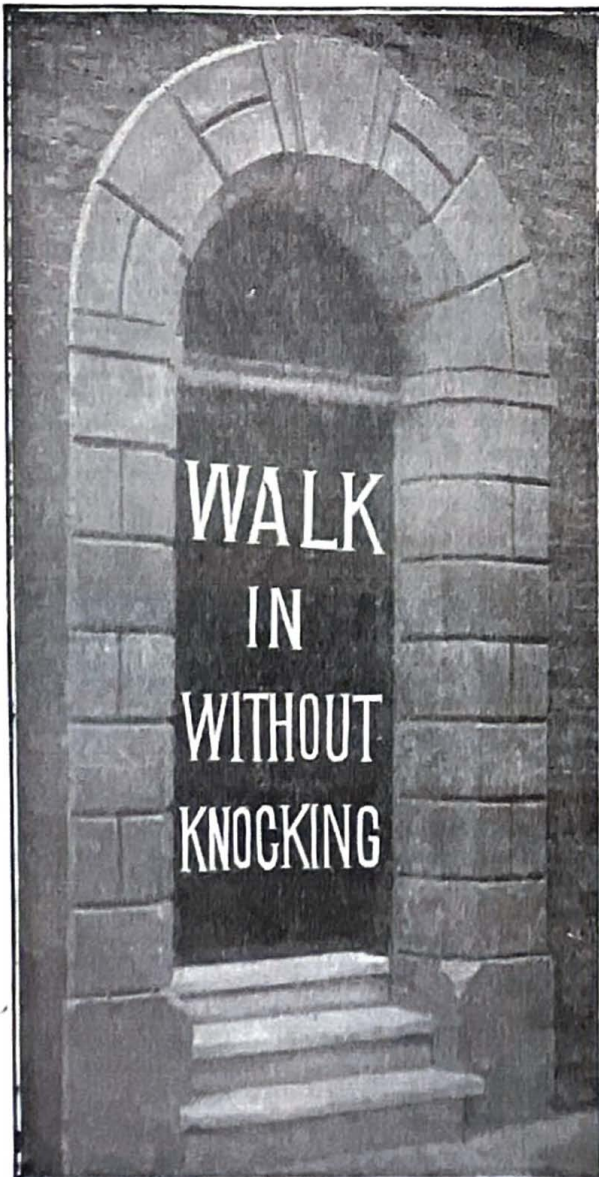
Now, if this lady had seen only the seed, a little, black, ugly thing, she would not have asked for it. It was only when she saw the beautiful blossoms that she wanted the seed. So it is with the Gospel. When we tell people the truth about Christ, it seems hard and uninteresting, and they say they do not care for it. But when they see the same truth blossoming out in our lives, then they say they must have it too."—J. E.

"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.



"Walk in without Knocking."

"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 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 long-suffering is salvation to the perishing. When He "rises up," the door of mercy will be closed, and unsaved ones will be shut out for ever. Why not enter into life, and light, and happiness by believing on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you?

A. M.

A SCENE ON A STAGE.

FIFTY years ago a youth, who is now one of the ablest and best-known ministers in the Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh, sat in a seat in the gallery of the Congregational Chapel in Cullen, a small fishing town in the county of Banff, in the North of Scotland. The minister, an earnest evangelical preacher, when applying his text, "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME" (Gen. 16. 13), to his congregation, said: "Sailors, write it on your binnacles; merchants, on your counters; carters, on your carts;" and



By permission of A. B. Newton, Cullen.

CULLEN BAY, BANFFSHIRE.

then, fixing his eyes on the youth in the gallery, he added, "Young man, write it on thy heart."

The Holy Spirit carried the Word home to W——. It was indeed an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty, and the youth left the chapel an awakened, convicted soul. Doubtless he was familiar with the text, "Thou, God, seest me," but not till then had it laid hold of his inmost being.

Has the reader ever considered the fact that he is well known to God? Since you were ushered into being, God has watched over you night and day with a tender, thoughtful love, and has preserved you from innumerable snares and dangers. He

A Scene on a Stage.

knows all about your thoughts, emotions, desires, and acts. Every sin you have ever committed has been written down in His "book of remembrance." He knows your "downsitting" and "uprising," and is "acquainted with all your ways" (Psa. 139. 2; 3). He sees you now, and knows you through and through. Does He see that you are rejecting or neglecting His great salvation? Does He see that you won't have Christ to reign over you? Does He see that you are far more interested in the things of time than in the things of eternity? If this is so, remember that "whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). W—— became so alarmed about the danger to which he was exposed that his father feared he was going to lose his reason.

Some time after this a companion told him that a few of his acquaintances were purposing having amateur theatricals, and had decided to act the play entitled "The Heart of Midlothian," and suggested that he should represent *Madge Wildfire*. Strange to say, he consented, and at once began to prepare for the performance. How easily some stifle convictions!

The night arrived; the play proceeded; *Madge Wildfire* was to die. As W—— lay on the floor the thought was pressed upon his mind, "You are mocking death; what if God were to take you in the act?" At that moment it seemed to him as if the words, "Thou, God, seest me," were

FLASHED ON THE STAGE.

W—— immediately jumped to his feet, rushed behind the scenes, and hurried home. Thoroughly convicted of his guilt and peril, he eagerly longed to know what he had to do to be saved. Not long afterwards he found peace through looking by faith to Christ on Calvary's Cross, dying in his room and stead.

If men and women would allow the truth contained in the words, "Thou, God, seest me," to be kept before them, they would not be so careless and indifferent about their eternal interests. If His conscious presence were constantly realised, there would be no taking of His holy Name in vain. If this thought were to permeate the minds of the multitudes, they would cry out in soul agony, "What must I do to be saved?"

Get acquainted with God, O! unsaved reader, as He is revealed at Calvary. At the Cross we see Him as a "just God and a Saviour." There "mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace kiss each other." Remember "Thou, God, seest me," and "Prepare to meet thy God." A. M.

CHINESE ANCESTRAL WORSHIP.

THE Chinese are idolaters, and have innumerable gods and goddesses. The popular religion is a strange mixture of Buddhism, Taouism, and Confucianism. Ancestral worship has a great hold on the people, their real idol being the ancestral tablet.

An able writer says: "They hold that each man has three souls. At death one of them goes into the unseen world of spirits, the second into the grave, and the third hovers about the old homestead. For the first the priest is responsible;



From a Photo.

ANCESTRAL TABLET AND WORSHIPPERS.

the second and third claim the services of living relatives, the grave being tended for the one, and the other is invited to take up his abode in a tablet of wood, and from that hour the ancestral tablet becomes the most sacred thing in the possession of the family. The ancestral tablet is simply a foot long, two or three inches wide, and half an inch thick, set on a low pedestal, on one side of which is inscribed the ancestral names. The eldest son has charge of the tablet. It is placed in the main hall of each house, and incense is burned to it every day.

Chinese Ancestral Worship.

They believe that the dead are dependent on their living relatives, and should they be neglected, they would become beggar spirits, hungry, naked, and penniless, with power to punish their offspring if neglected. Food must be offered before the tablet to satisfy the hunger of the spirit; paper clothing must be burnt to hide its nakedness, and paper money to give it independence in the world of shades."

Some who read these lines will doubtless smile, and express their astonishment that any one could accept such teaching. And yet, alas! scores of millions of Chinese are firm believers in ancestral worship. As you ponder this solemn fact, the words of Heber's missionary hymn come to your recollection:

" Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny? "

It is easy to be stirred by a Chinese missionary's address, and resolve to give a subscription to support this or that society in carrying on its operations. Many who subscribe liberally to religious, benevolent, and philanthropic institutions have never been "converted" to God. They have a "form of godliness," but deny its power in their lives. They have no love for God's Word, God's people, or God's ways. Ask them how long it is since they became "believers," and they reply that they "always believed" on Christ. They maintain that they were "brought up" to believe on Him, and ever since they knew anything they loved Him, and tried to keep His commandments. Ask them if they remember when they were "lost" and "hell deserving," and they declare that they were "never so bad as that." Enquire if they have been "born again," and they tell you that they don't understand what you mean. What, then, is the condition of such persons in *God's sight*? They are unbelievers, "condemned already" (John 3. 18), hastening on the broad road—perhaps on the *clean side* of it—to unending misery and despair. "Satan deceiveth the whole world," and he is deceiving multitudes by getting them to become "religious" without being *regenerated*. Is the reader *whitewashed* with religion? or *washed white* in the blood of Christ?

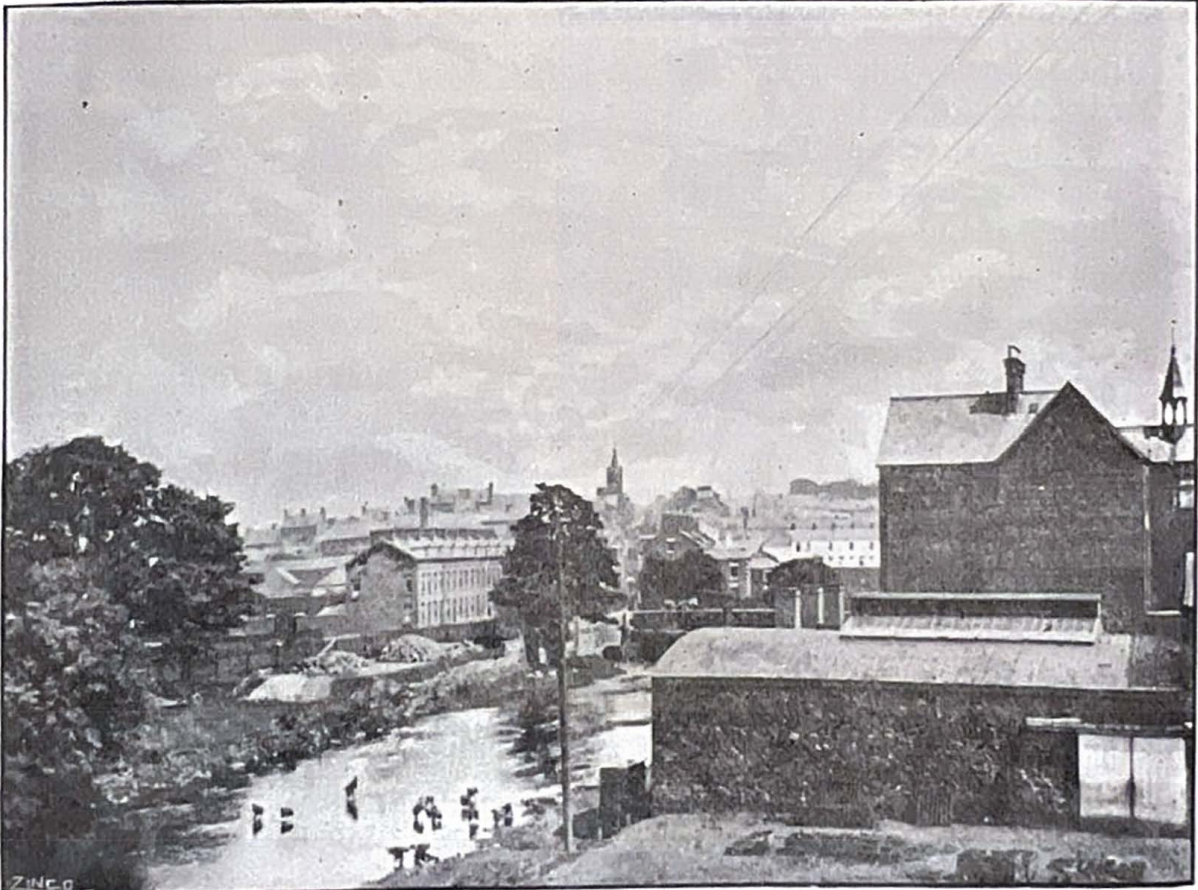
" Your fairest pretensions must wholly be waived,
Your best resolutions be crossed;
Nor can you expect to be perfectly saved
Till you know yourself utterly lost."

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

A. M.

THE IRISHMAN'S LOGIC.

A WONDERFUL work of grace was going on in the North of Ireland in the year 1859. Many persons had professed to accept of Christ as their Saviour and Lord, and were rejoicing in His love. William T——, a young man who lived in Ballymena, was deeply concerned about his spiritual condition, and longed to obtain forgiveness. He prayed, wept, and strove to merit God's pardoning mercy. But the more he struggled and resolved, the worse he became. As he thought of his past life, his sins crowded in upon him; and as he contemplated the



From a Photo.

BALLYMENA, IRELAND.

great day of reckoning ahead, "when God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccles. 12. 14), he became terribly alarmed.

His distress of soul so preyed upon his mind that he was unable for a time to attend to his business. "What must I do to be saved?" was the question that occupied his heart and absorbed his attention. One day, whilst under deep conviction of sin, Bible in hand, he took a stroll into the country, hoping to obtain peace with God. In a quiet spot in a field he opened

The Irishman's Logic.

the sacred volume. As he looked over chapter five of the epistle to the Romans, his eye caught the familiar words at the close of the fifth verse: "When we were yet without strength, in due time CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY." He was amazed at what he saw. Was it not "good people" that God saved? Was it not necessary that he should become "better" ere he could hope to be forgiven? Yet Scripture declared that "Christ died for the *ungodly*." He was "ungodly," therefore Christ died for *him*. He took his place amongst "ungodly" (or ungodlike) ones, and leaping into the air, he clapped his hands for joy, and shouted: "Christ died for the ungodly! Christ died for the ungodly!" and added, "*That's me? Do you hear that, devil?*"

The writer met T—— recently, a happy, rejoicing Christian, and from his own lips he heard him speak of God's mercy to him. If the reader has accepted the divine testimony regarding his state, and is desirous of being delivered from the "wrath to come," he must cease trying to *purchase* salvation by prayers, sacraments, or good works. It has been provided at an infinite cost, and can now be had as a free gift. Yes, thank God, because "Christ died for the ungodly" you may be saved for eternity as you read these lines.

Christ's death has fully met all God's righteous claims. The work that saves was completed by Him on Calvary. He died that we might not perish, but have everlasting life. God is satisfied with Christ's propitiatory work, and desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. May you be enabled from your heart to say: "Christ died for the ungodly; I'm one of the 'ungodly,' therefore He died for me," and like T—— may you experience joy and peace in believing. A. M.

AN ITALIAN BELIEVER.



PRISCILLA is a young Christian living in Florence, Italy, who manifests the power of the Gospel in a practical way. Instead of spending the halfpennies for her daily portion of fruit, she ate only dry bread, and saved up the coins to buy food for a poor Christian family in the South of Italy. "By *grace* are ye saved" (Eph. 2. 5). "Grow in *grace*." Do you know anything about this saving and sympathising *grace*?

A WHISKY-SELLER'S TESTIMONY.

I WAS born in Glasgow on the 23rd September, 1867, and I was born again in it on the 23rd November, 1893. My father and mother were both Roman Catholics, and I was brought up in the same communion. When I grew up to manhood, I got a situation in a spirit shop, in which business I remained for six years or so. During that time, a friend said to me one day: "Would you not trust Jesus?" but I did not know what trusting Jesus meant. Then I was asked if I would not read the Bible, because if I did, I was assured that I could not remain what I was. Some time afterwards, I went with some young people who were Protestants to a service in Duke Street Gaelic Free Church. It was the first Protestant service ever I was at, and I was much struck with the simplicity of the



From a Photograph.

I. GUINRY

A Whisky-seller's Testimony.

service ; it was so unlike what I had been used to. I thought that none of my own folks would know of my being there, but one day during the week my mother asked me if it was the case that I had been at a Protestant service, and I told her it was quite true. Then there was a scene, and I was glad to leave the house that day. I never went back again unless to take away my box the following Saturday afternoon.

After leaving my home, I commenced to go to Gospel meetings in the Christian Institute, and one night after the address was over, some of the workers laid before me the way of salvation. I told them I was in the spirit trade, and they told me that salvation and the spirit trade could not run well together. Latterly, more to get away from them than anything else, I said I would trust in Jesus. I tried to feel I was trusting, but it didn't last.

For three years more I remained in an undecided state, till in 1893 an evangelist from Canada was conducting meetings in Glasgow, and preaching about the second coming of Christ. On Sunday night, 19th November, I heard him preach, and I went home in a desperate state of mind. On the following Thursday I heard him again in the Christian Institute. He preached from the first chapter of Revelation, and when he was done with his address I went into a side-room to speak with him. He took me to John 6. 47 : " Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life." I saw the text right enough, but I was still looking for feelings. Then he took me to Acts 10. 43 : " To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name *whosoever believeth* in Him shall receive remission of sins." I saw there was nothing to do but to trust Jesus, and when I was asked if I would trust Him, I said I would. I told him I was in the spirit trade, and asked him what I would do. He said the Lord would show me if I would ask Him in prayer. That night I did ; and while I was praying, the text came to me : " For ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit " (1 Cor. 6. 19, 20). Then I asked myself : " Could I glorify God in the spirit shop ? " and I felt that I could not ; but as I thought it would be mean to leave without giving notice, I gave my employer a week's warning and then left. For about three months or so I could get no settled job ; but the Lord raised up for me a friend, who got me some temporary work ; then provided a situation for me in his own office, where I still am. I am going on daily trusting Jesus, thanking God for His great salvation. J.G.

WHY HE DID NOT JOIN THE CHURCH.

NOT long ago I was making a short trip in one of the river steamers, when I fell in with R—— S——, an old acquaintance with whom I had been intimate some year or two before, but who had since removed to a different part of the country. After mutual inquiries and congratulations, I told him that since we last met there had been *changes* in the old place, that the Lord had been graciously revealing Himself to heavy-laden sinners, and that many were now rejoicing in the glorious liberty of the children of God. I then asked if he had



Photo. by W. Struthers, Shettleton

RIVER STEAMER, MILLPORT.

himself shared in the blessing—if he had been *saved*. “No,” he replied; “that’s what I am unable to say, for I know I’m not saved; and it is not because I am altogether indifferent about it, for I am seeking the Lord at the present time.” “Dear me,” I said; “when I used to know you I thought you most exemplary in your behaviour. You would not go into public-houses, I understand. Indeed, you passed current for a good enough Christian, at that time at least; and you were a

Why He did not Join the Church.

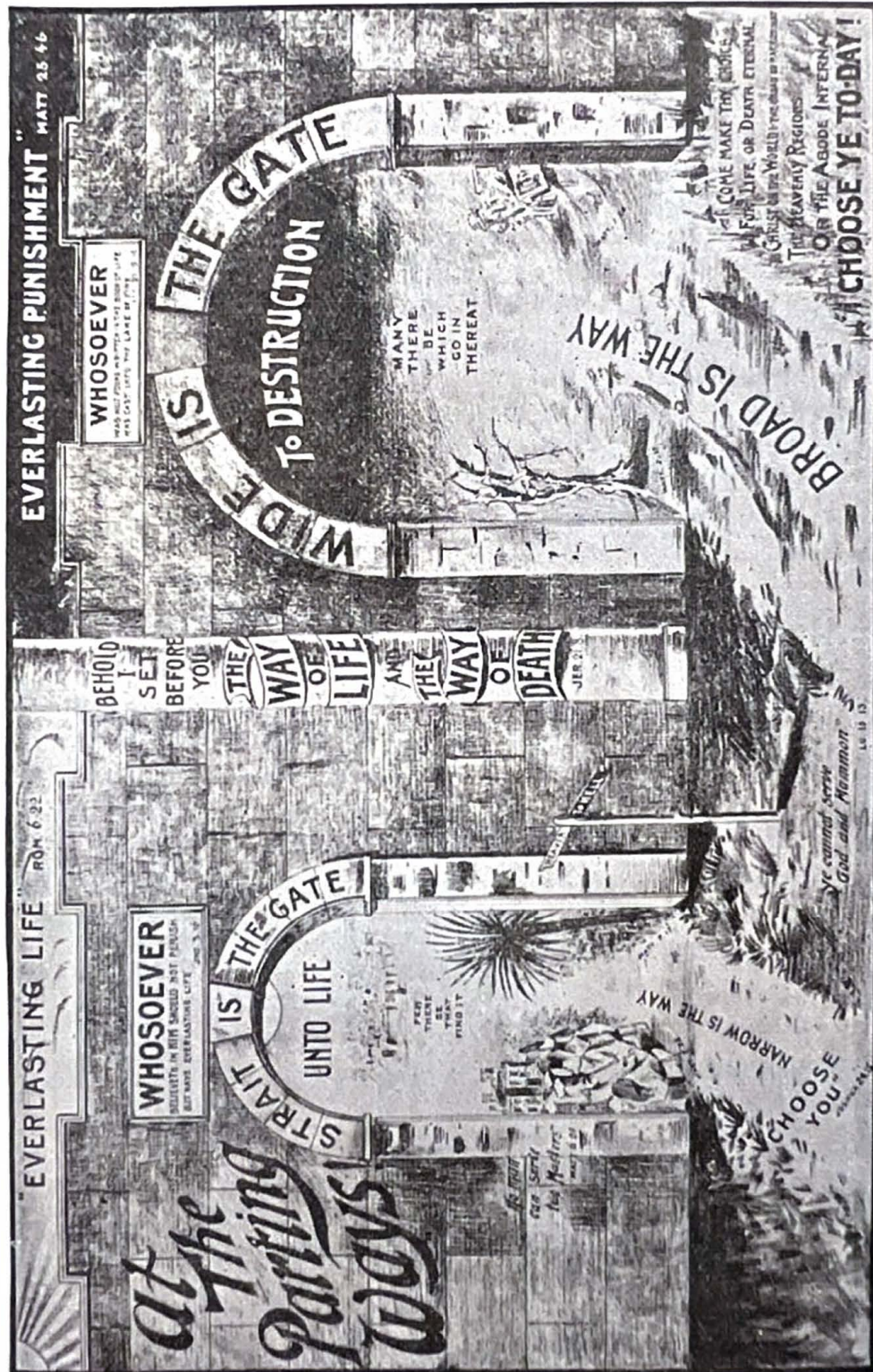
member of the church, too, weren't you?" "No," he answered, "I never was a member of any church; and now that you have broached the subject, I may tell you more. While I lived in the same town with you I was perfectly conscious that I was an unsaved man. My behaviour, as you have hinted, might appear very well before men, but I knew it looked differently in the eyes of God. My life was anything but a wild one. I had rather an opposite tendency; and yet withal I was not right before God. I attended the church regularly, but it never for a moment occurred to me to become a member. It was quite an easy matter to become a member of a church, but I knew well that this would have been a mere piling on of sin without being first a member of the kingdom of God. As the communion season drew near, my spiritual adviser called on me and urged me to join the church. I had come to a time of life now, he said, when it was becoming that I should have a connection with the visible church; and my life, to his view, being in every way consistent, he thought there could be no obstacle in the way. Although coming from such a high quarter, I firmly declined to follow the advice. I told him I thought it a very proper step for all who were really the Lord's, but for one in my state it would be simply a pretence and a mockery. Nor had this resolution been come to hurriedly. I had looked into the subject carefully—more so, perhaps, than many do. I had read it up thoroughly in the original Greek, with which I am conversant, and I could not see that in an unsaved state I had any right whatever to sit at that solemn ordinance, the Lord's Supper. On the contrary, I found that to do so was to accumulate new guilt, and to plunge my soul in the blackest of sins. I have not been much exercised about the subject of my own salvation until lately; and now I must say I would like to have the same peace of soul which so many enjoy at this time."

Such was the experience of my old friend, as related by himself. We talked together for a long while, and I left him in a deeply anxious state. Perhaps, reader, you have never been born again? If you have not, the Lord's table is of all places in the world the most out of place for you. *The table of the Lord is only for the saved*, for "except a man be *born again* he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

But you may be saved *now*! Listen to the simple and straightforward answer to the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?" The answer is: "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be *saved*" (Acts 16. 31). Look and live.

W. S.

TWO GATES—TWO WAYS;
TWO COMPANIES—TWO ENDS.



"Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction;
Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."

Photo. from "The Bible Almanac."

"AT THE HEAD OF THE TWO WAYS" (Ezek. 21, 21).

Designed by HyP

Two Gates, Two Ways, Two Companies, Two Ends

The Lord Jesus said: "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Mat. 7. 13, 14).

THERE ARE ONLY TWO GATES.

ONE is *strait* and the other is *wide*. The Lord Jesus Christ is the "strait gate" through which sinners enter into life, light, and liberty. The "wide gate" represents man's way in contradistinction to God's way of salvation. Multitudes in these "last days," instead of entering the "strait gate" through faith in the Redeemer's blood, prefer taking their own way instead of God's. When urged to enter ere the gate is closed they declare that they are "as good as others," and have no reason to be afraid of meeting God. They have tried, they say, to do their duty to God and man, and "what more can one do?" Such persons won't take the *lost* sinner's place and accept of God's gracious provision for their deliverance. If the reader imagines that he can escape sin's penalty—eternal death (Rom. 6, 23)—without entering the "strait gate," without being "born again," he is labouring under a delusion. (See John 3. 3 and Matt. 18. 3.) If you have not yet "entered" the strait gate, you are in the place of distance, darkness, and death. "I am the door," says Christ; "by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). *Have you entered?*

THERE ARE ONLY TWO WAYS.

The one is narrow and the other is broad. Which way are *you* travelling? Are you on the broad or narrow way? At this moment you are on one or the other. The narrow way is the way of solid peace and lasting happiness, and though at times rough it is the way of life. Those on the broad way are lost, guilty, and condemned, with the wrath of a just and holy God abiding on them (John 3. 36). To which company do *you* belong? There is no neutrality. "He that is not *with Me* is *against Me*," says the Saviour. Whatever you are, or have been, high or low, rich or poor, educated or illiterate, religious or irreligious, if still on the broad way—whether on the clean or dirty side of it—you are hurrying down to the pit of woe.

"FEW THERE BE THAT FIND IT."

It does not say, "Few there be that *enter* it." This is, alas! too true. Many enter the wide gate and tread the broad way who suppose that they have found the strait gate. Other

Two Gates, Two Ways, Two Companies, Two Ends.

"gates" and other "doors" are mistaken by them for Christ. Some confidently affirm that God will accept them and give them a place in heaven on the ground of *their doings*. What a terrible delusion! Salvation is bestowed by God as a "free gift" on ungodly, hell-deserving sinners who *cease from their own works* (Rom. 4. 4, 5; Rom. 10. 9).

THERE ARE ONLY TWO COMPANIES.

In God's sight there are but two classes of persons. There are those who are pardoned, justified, regenerated, and saved, having peace with God and in present possession of eternal life. On the other hand, there are those who are unsaved, unconverted, unregenerated, lost, guilty, and condemned. The former class are travelling the narrow way on the "up-line" to glory, whilst the latter are on the broad way on the down road to hell.

Which of these companies does the reader belong to? Don't say that "no one can tell." The condition of those who have left the broad way, and are now on the narrow, is aptly described in the familiar words of Holy Scripture: "Old things are passed away; behold, *all things are become new*" (2 Cor. 5. 17). Surely such an experience could not be obtained when one was asleep! Numbers of persons are on the *clean* side of the broad road, whilst others are on the *dirty* side. Some of those on the broad way are upright, conscientious, sincere, moral, respectable, and "religious," whilst others are depraved, ungodly, immoral, and irreligious. Both classes, however, are on the highway to ruin. Some on the *clean side* of the broad way think they have entered the strait gate, and imagine that they are treading the narrow way. Though sincere in the belief that they are "Christians," they are **SINCERELY MISTAKEN**, because they have never been born of God. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

If the reader has any doubt as to the way he is travelling, we would earnestly and affectionately urge him to give his soul the benefit of the doubt. Get down to the foundation, and find out whether you are building for eternity on the "Rock of Ages" or on the shifting sands of happy feelings, strong resolutions, or fancied "good works."

THERE ARE ONLY TWO ENDS.

The end of the narrow way is ineffable and unending bliss and glory. No imagination can conceive, no language can

Two Gates, Two Ways, Two Companies, Two Ends.

express the joy and happiness which await the people of God. Christians have, upon earth, all the hell they will ever have whilst the unsaved have all their heaven upon earth. The believer is to dwell *with Christ* throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psa. 16. 11). "Fullness of joy" and "pleasures for evermore" are the portion of travellers on the narrow way, but "what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God ?" (1 Peter 4. 17).

Those who despise or neglect the Gospel of God's matchless grace will hear their best and dearest Friend—the One who shed His life's blood to procure their deliverance—saying to them, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25. 41). You may argue and assert that a "God of love would never send any of His creatures to hell." Far better allow the water of God's Word to wash away your opinions. The words I have quoted are the words of Christ. Harken still further : "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15). What an awful END awaits all who persist in treading the downward road ! To be eternally separated from all that is pure and holy ; to endure the horrors of eternal punishment ; to curse the day of your birth and bemoan your folly and madness, and, horror of horrors, to remember that you might have been saved, and to know in the depths of your soul that there was no one to blame but yourself !

ENTER THE STRAIT GATE AT ONCE.

Thank God, it is open wide for you. "Now is the day of salvation." Delay no longer, for "delays are dangerous." The "Master of the house" will soon "rise up and shut to the door." Flee, then, to Christ, the sinner's Friend. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3. 14, 15). "Behold, I set before you the WAY OF LIFE and the WAY OF DEATH" (Jer. 21. 8). Choose Christ and obtain the life which is eternal. "Enter" the "strait gate" as you read these lines by believing in Him who loved you and gave Himself for you.

"To die with no hope, hast thou counted the cost ?
To die out of Christ and thy soul to be lost ?
So near to the Kingdom, O come, we implore,
While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door."

A. M.

HOW JESUS SAVED ME.

MY life prior to my conversion would, I believe, be much like the average life of any young man who has got steam in him and means to enjoy life.

I have no desire to enter into details as to the sins of my past life. I shudder at the thought. God in grace has blotted



HUGH PATON.

them out. Suffice it to say that I had sins enough to sink me into the lowest hell; and so have you, unsaved reader.

In the summer of 1889 I so overstept the line, that when I came to myself, startled and ashamed, I vowed I would be a better man. Never again did I give way to sin to the same extent, although my resolutions were broken again and again.

You must not think that I was an irreligious man. Why

How Jesus Saved Me.

I became a member of the Free Church, sat down at the Lord's Table, a place where no unconverted man or woman has any right to be. I was a member of the Bible Class, *a member of the Y.M.C.A. also, where I used occasionally to read a religious essay.* Yet in spite of all that I was an UNBORN AGAIN SINNER ON THE ROAD TO AN ETERNAL HELL.

In the summer of 1890 I became really anxious about my soul. I went one Sunday night to a place I was not in the habit of going to, viz., a Gospel meeting, held in a hall in our village—West Kilbride. Two brethren from Glasgow were taking the meeting. As I sat and listened, I said, "These men have got something that with all my religion I have not got." After the last speaker closed, I bent my forward on to the back of the seat in front, and in my heart said, "By the help of God I will be a real Christian from this hour forward." As I write, the very spot where I sat seems to rise up before me. There to the left of the speaker, about four seats from the front, sitting in the middle of a seat, I decided to be a Christian.

If you had asked me then if I was saved, I could not have said, "Yes." But God never leaves a seeking soul long in the dark. That same Lord's-day evening, standing in our own house reading a Gospel tract, my soul was eternally saved. The sentence in it that rivetted my attention was the following: "You feel you are a poor sinner?" My heart said, "Lord, I do." "You feel your need of a Saviour? why, then, all you have got to do is just to trust the Lord Jesus." I seemed to see it then as I never saw it before, that I could be *saved by simply trusting the Lord Jesus.*

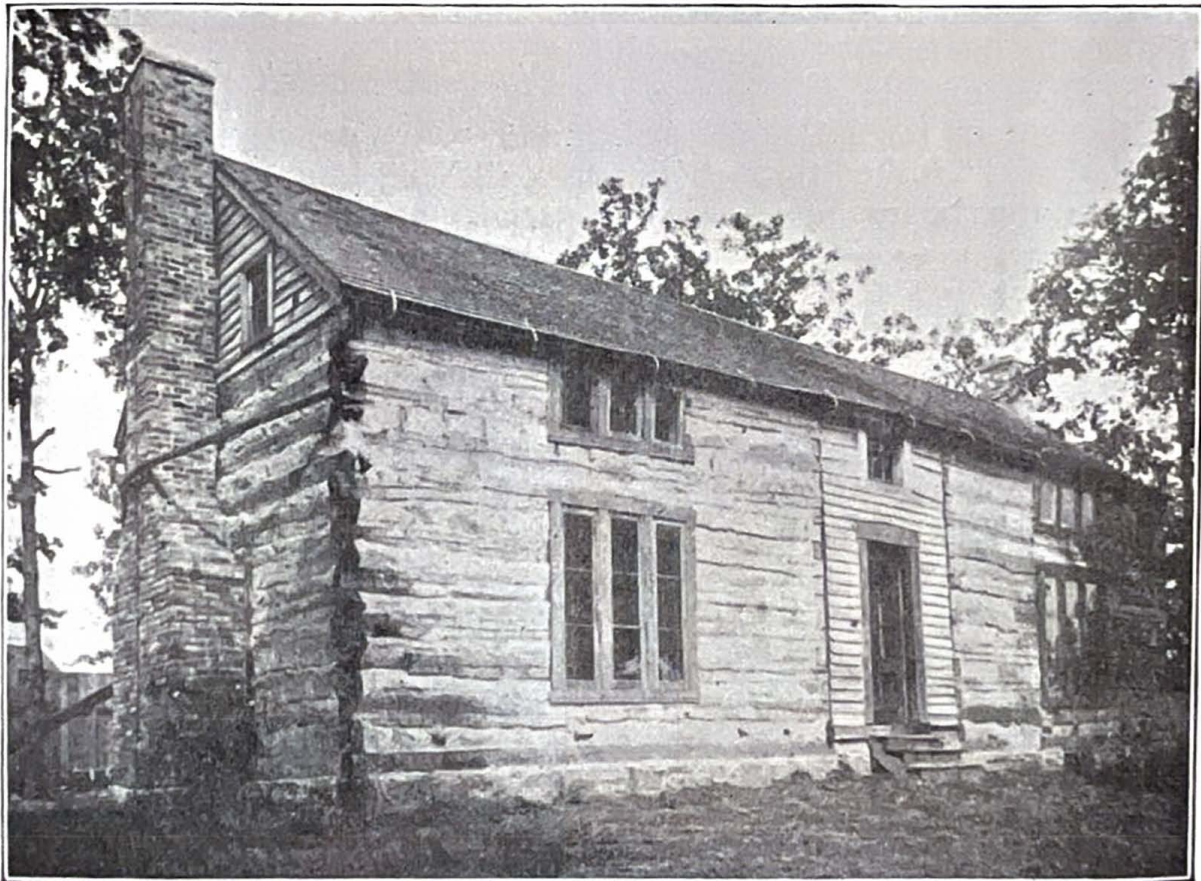
Standing there in my need and darkness, I looked up: I seemed to see the dear Saviour's face, and from my heart I said, "Lord Jesus, I will trust Thee to save me." I rested my soul there and then on Christ. The assurance came into my consciousness that I was saved. An exquisite joy, better felt than told, flooded my soul. The darkness had passed, and now it was sunshine in my soul. I realised for a certainty that I had been "born again" (John 3. 3, 7).

Several years have passed since that never-to-be-forgotten day, yet from that day to this I have never really doubted my acceptance with God. True, the *novelty* has gone, but the *reality* abides the same. The way does grow brighter, and I feel I love the Lord Jesus Christ more than ever. He has given me, too, the great joy of leading others to this same Saviour.

BEAUTIFUL SCARS.

A NUMBER of years ago there stood about three miles from the village of St. Remi, in Lower Canada, a plain log house, built after the pattern usually followed by pioneer settlers of that day. The family who owned and occupied it had emigrated from their seaside home on the north-west coast of Scotland, and began to cut and clear for themselves a new home in what was then an unbroken forest.

First a rude "shanty" had served as a home, then came the humble but more pretentious log house, similar to that of



GENERAL GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

Built in 1854 of logs hewn by General U. S. Grant, the corner prominent in the picture having been joined and fitted by him in person. It was the home of the General and his family for several years.

General Grant which we give. Let us briefly describe it: Through the front door—which was in reality the only entrance—you stepped into the "living" room, which ran the full depth of the house; two bedrooms opened off this, and a ladder, standing in one corner of the room, led to a hole in the ceiling, through which you reached the attic above, where the "boys" slept.

Beautiful Scars.

One day the mother and one of the daughters were at work in the larger room "breaking flax." It was cold weather, and a large fire was burning in the open fire-place. A pile of the broken flax lay in the middle of the room, and the two women unsuspecting danger busily worked away, chatting meanwhile on the current topics of news afforded by the neighbourhood. Suddenly they were startled by a cry from another daughter, and looking up saw that a large spark had leaped from the logs into the pile of combustible flax behind them, igniting it immediately, and in less time than it takes to write it all was ablaze, driving the three of them to take refuge in flight.

Once outside and in the place of safety, the mother soon thought of the little ones inside, and, with a cry of "Oh, my darlings!" rushed through the now blinding smoke and flame into the bedroom, where, unconscious of their danger, the children were asleep. To rouse them was the work of a moment, and then gathering them about her she turned to escape. But, oh, with what rapidity the flames had now spread! The room seemed full of them. Time to be lost in hesitating there was none. A few moments longer and escape would be impossible. How could she save the children and herself? was the momentous question. Her decision was soon made. *They must be saved, whatever became of her!* Her hands and face were scarred and disfigured for life; the marks would be borne to the grave, but, oh, they were marks that told of love that could brave the fire to save the objects of her heart, and so they were *beautiful scars*.

But great and strong as was that mother's love, full and deep and true as it proved itself to be, there is One who has loved beyond it all, so much beyond it that there is contrast rather than comparison. The mother loved those who loved her in return. This One of whom we speak loved those who were His enemies. Nay more, they became His murderers. Was ever love like that? The height and depth of human love is reached in loving and dying for a friend. But, though "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend" (John 15. 13), the Cross of Calvary tells of love that outreached all human love, for it takes in His betrayers and murderers, expressing itself in language known only to love divine, "Father, forgive them" (Luke 23. 34).

And now God longs to save you, where and as you are. You cannot and you need not make yourself one whit better in order to come to Him. Why not come now?

T. D. W. M.

A MESSAGE FROM GARENGANZE.

[This young servant of Christ, left home comforts and good prospects in the town of Sunderland, in 1886, pushed forward and relieved FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT, in the Garenganze country (ruled over by Nsidi, and lying about 150 miles west of Lake Bangweolo on the shores of which Livingstone died), in December, 1887, where he now is and from which place the following message was sent.]

GARENGANZE, *January, 20th, 1889.*

"It is now nearly eighteen months since I heard from or of you, and as I write this I can scarcely restrain my feelings, for all kinds of anxious thoughts enter into my mind concerning you; but I must play the man, or perhaps better, the Christian.



I am fully convinced I did right in coming to Africa, and here I will continue to put forth my *simple and weak efforts* (for I feel them to be such) to glorify Him. Oh! what peace fills one's soul when we are able to pass through life in simple dependance upon the all-wise God. Only one thing comes over me as a dark cloud at times, and that is the same old question, "If not on earth, shall we all meet in heaven?" Shall we? I trust you will not be displeased at my always referring to this in my letters. If you

knew how it weighs upon my heart day after day, you would understand me better. Neither must you think that I do it in a self-righteous spirit, for I can assure you I do not; I have nothing to be self-righteous about; whilst I have no desire to

A Message from Garengeze.

paint myself worse or better than I am, yet, I would say this much, I believe I was the worst sinner in the family; I feel *to-day*, as I have for some years past, that as far as desert is concerned I deserve nothing but Hell. But it is not a question of what we deserve, but how do we stand with regard to Christ? Have we honestly decided for Him? Is He our all, our only plea before God? When one sees the density of the darkness into which these poor people have been plunged, and remembers that judgment awaits even them, what a terrible doom must await God hating (though Bible-flooded) England!

* * * * *

Oh! what a comfort it would be to my soul to know that each member in our family, and their children and sharers in this life, were on the Lord's side. How precious it is for one to know definitely, on the authority of God's Word, that his sins are forgiven, and that *in Christ* he has a title to Heaven! With what calmness and even *desire* can he look forward to a quickly coming eternity! How insignificant do the pleasures and riches of this world seem in the light of the pleasures and riches laid up for him in Heaven! The pleasures of this world are but "for a season" (Heb. xi. 25); those of the world to come are "for evermore" (Psa. xvi. 11). The riches of this world can be stolen, rusted and corrupted (Matt. v. 19), but not so with those in heaven (v. 20). . . . "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Constant meditation upon the love of God is the best antidote for worldliness. What must it have cost Him to part with His Son, and to utter such words as Zech. xiii. 7, "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts"! And what must it have cost Christ to stoop so low as to become the bearer of our sins, and to be made a *curse* for us! (Gal. iii. 10-13).

Charles C. Swan.

Reader! This is no made up tale, for you have name, date, and place. What could prompt a young man in the prime of life to press forward to one of the darkest parts of Africa and toil patiently on for two-and-a-half years without a scrap of news from the outer world? What, indeed, but the mighty love of Christ, and a deep realization of being *positively saved* from a deep and deserved Hell, and a *definite knowledge* of a home prepared in Heaven! May this message from Africa lead you to ask yourself, Do I know anything of Christ's love? Am I saved from, or bound to, Hell? Have I a home in Heaven?

DANCING DERVISHES.

"GOD hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions" (Eccles. 7. 29). Humanly devised ways of salvation are innumerable. Yet God in His Word tells us that His pardoning mercy flows only through one channel—the Cross of Christ; and all who despise, reject, or neglect His "easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation must eternally perish. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are



DANCING DERVISHES OF EGYPT.

your ways my ways, saith the Lord" (See Isaiah 55. 8). The Buddhists of Tibet have prayer-wheels, into which prayers are placed. By turning the wheel the prayers are supposed to be presented to God.

The dancing Dervishes of Egypt, who are bigoted Moslems, dance until they are thoroughly exhausted. This is done as an act of devotion, and is believed to aid them in meriting heaven.

Prayer, almsgiving, and fasting are the principal articles of a

Dancing Dervishes.

Mohammedan's creed. At the beginning of every chapter in the Koran—the Moslem's Bible—(excepting one) the following words occur: "In the Name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful." The *ground* on which a holy and righteous God can be compassionate and merciful toward sinners is not even alluded to. The Koran has nothing to say of God's wondrous scheme of redemption. It alludes not to the sin-cleansing, sin-atonement Blood, and has no Christ to satisfy the longings of a conscience-awakened and sin-burdened soul. The dancing Dervishes and other Moslem devotees, like the Jews of old, go about to establish their own righteousness, and will not submit themselves to the righteousness of God (Rom. 10. 2, 3).

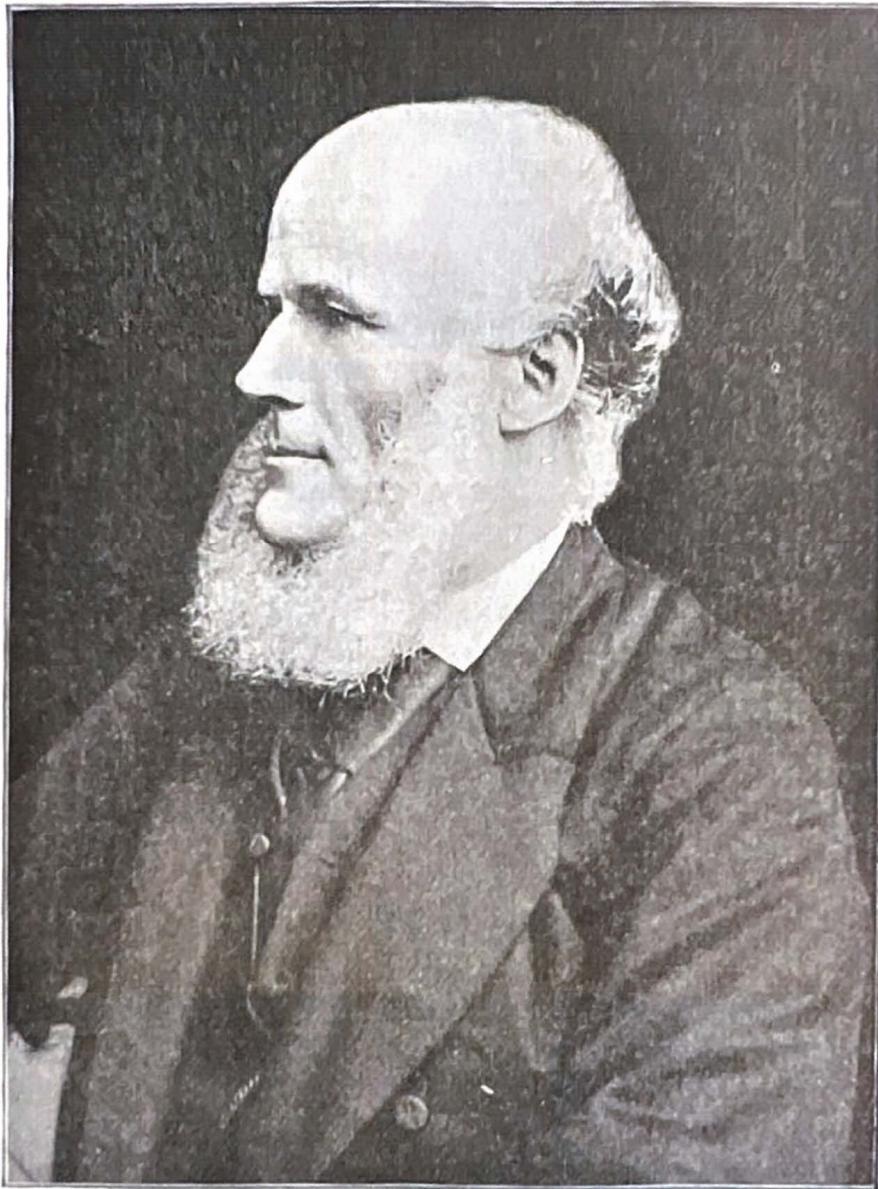
Many who scoff at the idea of dancing as a religious act, and laugh at the thought of a prayer-wheel helping to procure forgiveness, secretly believe in the Romish doctrine of justification by faith *and* works. Some of them say that "if a man gives up his sins and does his best, he will have a good chance of getting to heaven," forgetting or ignoring the fact that Scripture declares that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in ONE POINT, he is GUILTY OF ALL" (James 2. 10).

If the reader has committed but one sin, it is sufficient to exclude him from glory. "Cursed is every one that CONTINUETH NOT in ALL THINGS which are written in the Book of the law to do them" (Gal. 3. 10). Where is the man on earth that has perfectly kept God's holy law?

What, then, is to become of you, O unsaved fellow-traveller to eternity, who has committed thousands and thousands of sins? Though God is long-suffering and merciful, He "will by no means clear the guilty" (Ex. 34. 7). How, then, is a sinner to be forgiven. Forgiveness can be obtained by the vilest; not, however, on the ground of "turning over new leaves," or of renouncing sins. If it were so, salvation would be of works, and not by faith. "Being justified *freely* by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation *through faith in His Blood*, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past. . . . To declare His righteousness, that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3. 24-26). It is only through the propitiation of Christ that God can freely justify ungodly sinners. By believing on Christ—"simply believing," as it is sometimes put—who satisfied God's holy and righteous claims, the reader may now obtain the free, full, and present forgiveness of all his sins.

A. M.

"DO" OR "DONE?"



CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH, THE WELL-KNOWN TRACT WRITER.

[Born in Glenmalur Barracks, Co. Wicklow, Oct. 1820; died at Cheltenham, Nov. 2, 1896. His first tract, in 1843, was on "The Peace of God;" his last tract, in 1895, was on "The God of Peace." The message, "Do or Done? or, A Religion of Four Letters," has been used of God in leading many unto the light.]

"THERE is a wide difference between your religion and mine," said a Christian lady to one in whose spiritual condition she had long been interested. "Indeed," said he, "how is that?" "Your religion," she replied, "has only *two* letters in it, and mine has *four*."

It seems that this gentleman was one of that numerous class who are seeking to get to heaven by their doings, by attention to ordinances and ceremonies, by what the apostle, in the 9th

"Do" or "Done?"

of Hebrews, terms "*dead* works." But he did not understand about the "two letters" or the "four." His friend had often spoken to him, and on the occasion to which our anecdote refers she had called to take her leave of him for some time, as she was about to go from home.

"What do you mean," said he, "by two letters and four?"

"Why, your religion," said the lady, "is *D-O*, DO; whereas mine is *D-O-N-E*." This was all that passed. The lady took her leave; but her words remained and did their work in the soul of her friend—a revolutionary work, verily. The entire current of his thoughts was changed. *Do* is one thing; *done* is quite another. The former is legalism; the latter is Christianity. It was a novel and very original mode of putting the gospel; but it was just the mode for a legalist, and the Spirit of God used it in the conversion of this gentleman. When next he met his friend, he said to her, "Well, I can now say with you that my religion is *D-O-N-E*, DONE." He had learned to fling aside his deadly doings, and rest in the finished work of Christ. He was led to see that it was no longer what he could *do* for God, but what God had *done* for him.

This settled everything. The four golden letters shone under the gaze of his emancipated soul, "*D-O-N-E*." Precious letters! Precious word! Who can tell the relief to a burdened heart when it discovers that all is *done*? What joy to know that what I have been toiling for, it may be many a long year, was all done over 1800 years ago, on the cross! Christ has done *all*. He has put away sin; magnified the law and made it honourable; satisfied the claims of Divine justice; vanquished Satan; taken the sting from death and the victory from the grave; glorified God in the very scene in which He had been dishonoured; brought in everlasting righteousness. All this is wrapped up in these four golden letters, "*D-O-N-E*." Oh! who would not give up the two for the four? Who would not exchange "*do*" for "*done*?"

Reader, what say you to this? What of your religion? Does it consist of two letters or four? Is it still "*do*" with you? or have you found your happy portion and rest in "*done*"? Do think of it, dear friend—think deeply—think seriously—and may God's Spirit lead you, this moment, to cease from your own "*d-o*," and to rest in Christ's eternal "*d-o-n-e*!"

AN ASSURING WORD.—Jesus said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47). Dost *THOU* believe on the Son of God?

NINE SAVED LEPERS.

“**W**HERE are the nine?” was the question asked by our Lord after healing ten men, and only one returning. Where *they* are we do not know, but here are nine poor lepers who have professed faith in the Lord Jesus. They are all inmates of the Government Hospital in Kwala Lumpor, and up to five years ago they had never once heard the Gospel. There are about 150 lepers in the hospital. After we had been in

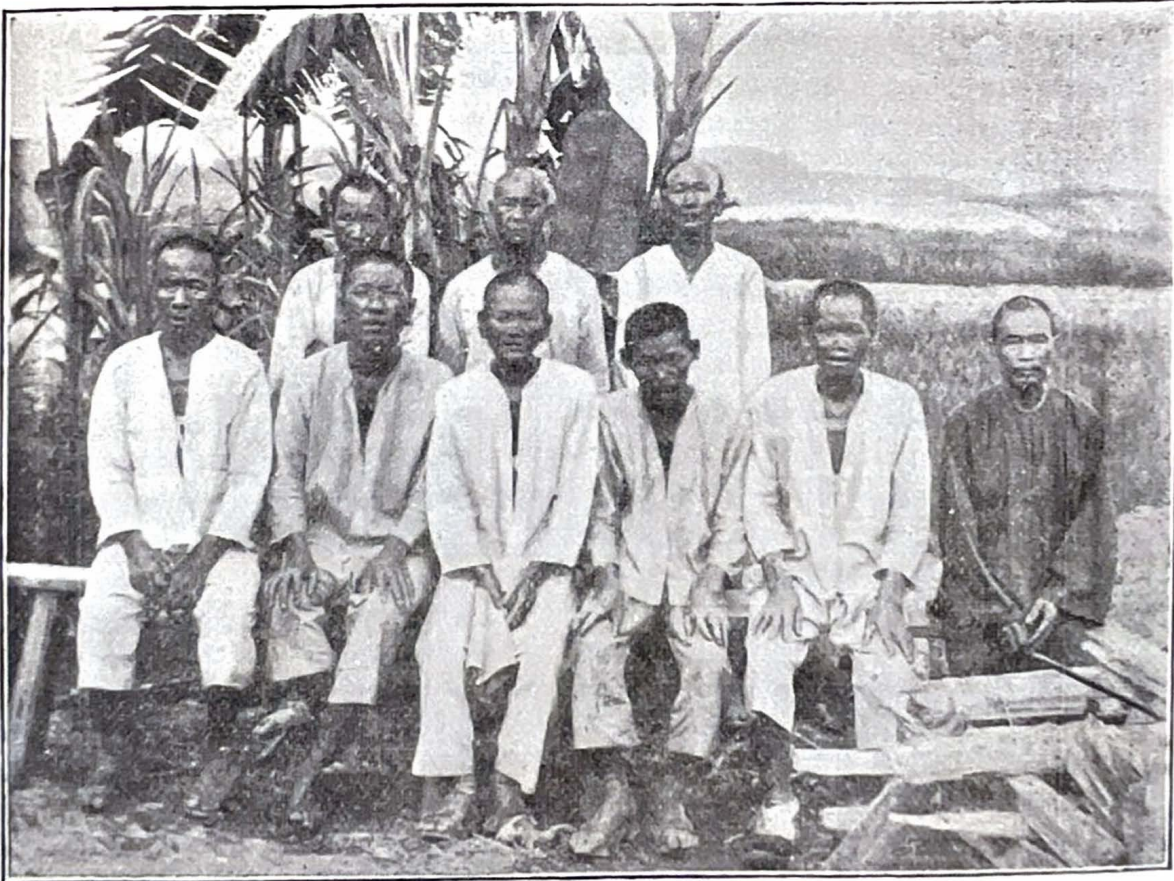


Photo. by A. F. Thoburn.

NINE SAVED LEPERS

Kwala Lumpor about a year, I heard there was a leper hospital, and determined to visit it and give them an offer of God's mercy. We went once every week for nearly a year, preaching and giving tracts, before anyone decided for Christ. After patient waiting, two lepers professed faith, and desired to be baptised ; since then nearly forty of these poor men have been saved, and now they have a little church amongst themselves. Thank God for converted lepers. May they increase. T. R.

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.



YOU may lose your money ; you may be reduced to poverty the most abject ; you may endure want the most distressing ; you may be robbed of your liberty and reputation ; you may be cast out from society, and be doomed to spend your days in solitude and suffering : but if the presence of the Lord Jesus is realised in your lonely dwelling, you can dispense with the fleeting splendour of earth. If the smile of God rests on your desolate heart, you can smile at desolation and defy calamity. You may lose your friends ; one after another may depart ; the object around which your affections may have been centred for years, may be torn from you : but when Jesus is left to you as your unfailing Treasure, your satisfying Portion, He will give you songs to sing for the darkest midnight of your sorrow, and His faithful heart will be the grave of all your cares.

You may sustain every conceivable earthly loss ; the sweetest sounds of music might fall on your ear unheard ; the loveliest scenes might pass before your eyes unseen ; the tongue might refuse to give utterance to the thoughts of the heart, and the hand to record them ; sensation might give you no sign of approaching danger, and memory's page might become a perfect blank ; yea, reason herself might desert the throne, leaving the once capacious and intelligent man to become a ruin : but if your soul is saved, the honour, the glory, the immortal bliss of the future life will more than compensate for all the ills of this.

BUT WHEN THE SOUL IS LOST, ALL IS LOST. There is no remedy, no alleviation, no refuge. Heaven is lost, and with it the joy of pardon, the rest of reconciliation, the society of the redeemed, and the friendship of God. No haven of repose for the terrible lashings of an awakened conscience ! No green spot in the interminable solitude of desolation ! No friendly hand stretched out to deliver ! No pitying eye to shed a tear of sympathy ! No struggling ray of hope to pierce the deepening gloom ! Memory holding up no pleasing picture ! Love breathing no soothing tale ! There will likewise be real, positive punishment. "Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Is the reader *quite sure* that his soul is saved ? If not, do not rest satisfied until you can say with your *heart*, "It is well—it is well with my soul." "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

J. H. R.

A GREAT GENERAL'S MISTAKE.

(2 Kings 5.)

NAAMAN was commander-in-chief of the Syrian army. In addition to being one of the most successful generals in his time, we are informed that he was an "honourable" man. His worldly prospects and circumstances



THE RIVER JORDAN,

In whose waters Naaman, Captain of the
Lost of the Syrians, washed and was clean.

A Great General's Mistake.

were all that could be desired. There was one thing, however, that marred all. He was a *leper*. Leprosy, as most of us know, is a loathsome and incurable disease. The physicians of Syria were helpless. Naaman's wife was naturally much concerned about her husband's state, and longed that he should be healed. Among her slaves was a captive maiden, who said, "Would to God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy" (2 Kings 5. 3). The king of Syria heard of the girl's remarkable statement, and he encourages Naaman to journey to the land of Israel, and furnishes him with a letter of introduction to the king. Naaman, in preparing for the visit, resolves that he won't go empty-handed. Whatever the prophet's fee may be for effecting a cure, he will gladly pay it; and if he has no fixed charge, he will reward him handsomely. He takes with him an amount equal to £10,000 of British money. He had no idea that his leprosy would be cured "without money and without price." "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning" (Rom. 15. 4), are the words of Holy Writ. Naaman the leper is a picture of a sinner affected with the leprosy of sin. Sin is a loathsome and incurable disease. It is that abominable thing which God hates, and *you*, O unsaved reader, are covered with it from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. You may be amiable and kind, charitable and unselfish, moral and "religious," but if you have not been cleansed in the "precious blood of Christ," you are a spiritual leper. Do you accept God's estimate regarding yourself? (See Rom. 3. 10-23 for God's photograph of unsaved sinners.) Naaman knew of his condition, and was willing to purchase a cure at any cost. Perhaps *you* are aware of your spiritual state, and are anxious to *merit* God's cleansing grace. This is impossible. Salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Naaman's gold could not obtain for him cleansing from his leprosy. It is amazing to think that so many people in this land of Bibles and Gospel privileges should suppose that "good works," prayers, church attendance, and religious observances can procure for them the pardoning mercy of God.

Naaman in his gorgeous military uniform, with his splendid chariot and retinue of servants, drives to the king of Israel's palace. The king reads the communication, and rends his clothes. Summoning his courtiers to his side, he shows them the letter and declares that the king of Syria is bent on picking

A Great General's Mistake

a quarrel with him. The prophet Elisha hears of the excitement at the court, and sends the message: "Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel" (2 Kings 5. 8). Naaman is told of the prophet's words, and immediately gives the charioteer instructions to drive to Elisha's house. The humble dwelling of the "man of God" is reached. The servant knocks at the door. A messenger appears with the short and simple prescription, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean" (v. 10). Does he order the driver to hasten to the nearest pool in the Jordan? Does he thank God for the easy method of cure? No! He is annoyed that the prophet does not come out and speak to him. "Does he know who I am?" he may have mentally exclaimed. Yes, Naaman, he knows all about your bravery and success as a general, but these things won't aid in securing cleansing. The fact was, Naaman was as full of *pride* as he was of leprosy, and wished

TO BE CURED AS A GENTLEMAN.

instead of as a leper. "Go wash in Jordan seven times" was a terrible blow to his pride. His gold and silver are going to be of no use to him here. The prophet's counsel stripped him of everything, and reduced him to the level of an *ordinary leper* who had not two farthings in his possession. It put no difference between General Naaman and the poorest leper in Israel. So with God's "easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation. God has only *one* way of cleansing from the stain and pollution of sin. "Wash, and be clean." All are placed on the same level. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 22, 23). Naaman felt deeply mortified with Elisha, and said: "I thought he will surely *come out to me, and stand and call on the Name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper*" (v. 11). What right had a leper to reason, to argue, to prescribe? His responsibility was to obey and get to the Jordan as quickly as possible. He had made up his mind how he was to be cleansed, and had sketched out for himself a nice little programme of the method of cure. So with multitudes to-day regarding spiritual leprosy. When told God's way of cleansing they declare it to be "too easy" a way. They "think" that "if a man does his best it will be all right with him at last," or "if a man is sincere, and acts up to his belief, God is sure to save him." These are but *men's* ways, and are utterly opposed to God's way of peace. Continuing,

A Great General's Mistake.

Naaman added, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not

WASH IN THEM,

and be clean?" The rivers of Damascus might be broader, deeper, and grander than the Jordan, yet there was but one way of having his leprosy cleansed, and that was by dipping seven times in it. And the inspired writer adds:

"SO HE TURNED AND WENT AWAY IN A RAGE."

Alas! many have done the same thing as they heard God's Gospel told out simply, plainly, and scripturally. "They teach that it does not matter how good or religious a man may be, if he is not converted he won't get to heaven." "They declare that a man may be saved in a moment, and have all his sins forgiven through simply believing on Christ," and, Naaman-like, "go away in a rage." The general's servants had more wisdom than their master, for we are told that they began to reason with him, and said, "My father, if the prophet

HAD BID THEE DO SOME GREAT THING,

wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean'?" Naaman thinks himself a great man, and only a great cure will be becoming him. If Elisha had commanded him to undergo some severe penance, or do some great service, or pay a large sum, how eager he would have been to obey. So with men all the world over. Jew and Gentile, Moslem and Buddhist, Roman Catholic and Protestant, believe that they must *do something meritorious* in order to be saved. Not so, however.

"Man must take God's mercy freely,
Or eternally be lost."

DIPS IN JORDAN, AND IS CLEANSED.

Naaman took his servants' advice, and ordered the chariot to drive to the Jordan. He steps into the stream, and goes into deep water. He dips himself once, twice, thrice, four, five, six, seven times, and as the last plunge is taken we can almost hear him exclaiming, "I'm cleansed, I'm cleansed!" His servants are astonished when they see that the leprosy is gone, and the flesh of their master's body is "like unto the flesh of a little child" (v. 14). With a grateful heart Naaman returns to the prophet's house, and on seeing Elisha he says, "Behold, now I KNOW that there is not a God in all the earth but in Israel" (5. 15).

A. M.

AN ICELANDER'S TESTIMONY.



From a Photograph.

LARUS JOHANSSON.

I WAS born in Iceland, and never saw a Christian, and never heard of one. I was almost a heathen. I wanted to go abroad, and went to sea at 19 years of age. I got worse and worse by serving the devil; I was his faithful servant. He had my heart and life, and was leading me the shortest road to hell. I had read the New Testament when a boy, and I believed it to be a divine revelation; and no infidel on earth could make me disbelieve it. In the fall of 1878, I joined an American ship at Leith. The sails were all rotten, and we lost them all in a gale of wind, in consequence of which

An Iclander's Testimony.

it took us three months to get to New York. We ran out of provisions on the voyage, and were brought face to face with starvation. I heard one sailor say that if ever he reached shore he would turn religious. I did not know what he meant, but, blinded by the devil as I was, I thought I was all right because I believed the Bible.

It was Saturday night when we arrived, and the boarding-master gave us some money, so we all got blind drunk. I am sure the devil thought I would never desert him, but serve him faithfully to the end. On Sunday morning we arose with sore heads and troubled consciences. Towards evening, two sailors asked my mates and me to come with them to the Seamen's Mission. One of them was an old, grey-headed, Swedish sailor, and he told us he had been one of the worst drinkers, but since he came to the Lord he had not tasted a drop of liquor. This seemed to me most astonishing, for I never had heard before that an old drunkard could become sober all at once, and thought that it must be the power of God which could change a man so. After a little more persuasion we all agreed to go to the meeting, in the Mariners' Church, Catherine Street. In that meeting the Holy Spirit opened my eyes. Two thoughts specially came home to me, (1) How blind I had been to follow the devil all these years; (2) How long-suffering God must be to have kept me out of hell all these years during which I was sinning against Him. I saw I was but a step from hell, but, thank God, I heard Christ calling me to Himself.

The testimonies I heard in the meeting from saved sailors gave me hope that *Christ was able to save even me*. They spoke about the *happiness* they had found in Christ; and happiness was a thing I had desired to have, but never possessed. I had proved the devil a hard master. He had promised me happiness, but had never given it, because he has not got it to give. At the close of the meeting an invitation was given to the unconverted to decide for Christ. At this moment a text of Scripture which I had read years ago came to my mind, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). I said to myself, Christ will not break His word to me, and as a poor, guilty sinner I accepted the Saviour's invitation. I came to Him, and I rose a saved man. Praise God! I knew my sins were all washed away in the "blood of the Lamb." Peace that I never experienced before filled my heart. I can now look back on twenty years of victory and joy in Christ Jesus, and His love becomes more precious day by day.

HEAVEN-DESERVING or HELL-DESERVING?

DURING a recent visit to the town of Buxton, Derbyshire, I was asked by a Christian lady to visit a woman in whose spiritual welfare she was interested. One afternoon I called at the house, and in the course of conversation was amazed at her deplorable ignorance. On my enquiring if she was prepared for eternity, she replied that she did not know. Asked if she was a sinner, her response was, "Oh, yes ; we are all sinners."



Photo by A. B. Chapman.

VIEW IN THE GARDENS, BUXTON.

"God's Word tells us that 'The wages of sin is death' (Rom. 6. 23). Have you earned these wages?"—"I don't know."

"Have you been 'born again'?" (John 3. 3).—"I have not."

"Have you been 'converted'?" (Matt. 18. 3).—"No."

"Are you a hell-deserving sinner?"—"No ; I am *not so bad as that.*"

"If, then, you are not a hell-deserving sinner, are you a *heaven-deserving* one?"—"Yes ; I believe I am."

"What! Do you mean to say that you **DESERVE** to go to heaven?"—"I do."

Heaven-Deserving or Hell-Deserving?

“Why do you think so?”—“Because I NEVER DID ANY HARM IN MY LIFE.”

This woman is a representative of thousands of decent, respectable persons all over the land. They seem to be utterly unconcerned about their guilt and danger. Ask them if they expect to get to heaven, and they unhesitatingly declare that they “hope” or “expect” to reach it “at last.” Enquire *the ground* of their confidence, and they tell you that they “never did any harm,” and have tried to “do their duty.” They admit in a general way that they are “sinners,” but they don’t believe that they are

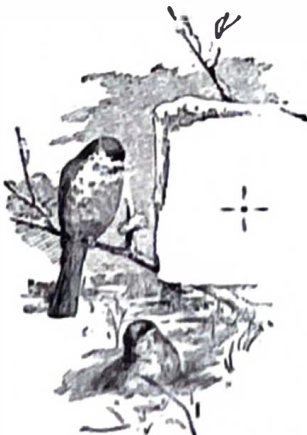
HELL-DESERVING SINNERS.

Ask them how long it is since they were “born again,” “converted,” or “saved,” and they reply that they have not got “that length” yet.

Is the reader “heaven-deserving” or “hell-deserving?” Surely you don’t believe that you have always been what you should have been, and always done what you should have done.

“I know that I am a sinner.” Then, according to your admission, you *deserve* to be punished. All unsaved, unconverted sinners are lost and guilty, helpless and hell-deserving, for God’s Word declares that “The soul that *sinneth*, it shall die” (Ezek. 18. 20). What, then, is to become of you? Can you pay the debt that you owe to God? Will future well-being blot out the past? Surely not. Thank God, there is deliverance for you at this very moment. Christ died for “sinners” (Rom. 5. 8), for the “ungodly” (5. 6), for you (1 Tim. 2. 6). On account of His “finished” work God’s claims have been fully met, and by simply believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, you may now pass from death unto life, from darkness into light (Rom. 10. 9). Settle the important question now—“Are you *Heaven-deserving* or *Hell-deserving*; are you bound for *Heaven* or *Hell*—WHICH?”

A. M.



Is Christ Precious to You?

I’ve found the precious Christ of
God,

My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
A precious Christ have I.

1 Pet. 1. 7.

THE SINNERS OF ZION.

By the late Dr. HORATIUS BONAR.



Photo by Moffatt, Edinburgh.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites; who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isaiah 33. 14).

THERE is a day coming when sinners shall be afraid, and when terrors shall overtake them as a flood. They are not afraid just now; they eat and drink and make merry, as if they had no eternity to prepare for, no danger to alarm them. But it shall soon be different. What is now far off shall then be near, and sinners shall realise too late the horrors of that wrath from which they refused to flee. In the agonies of despair, when the flames are kindling round them, they

The Sinners of Zion.

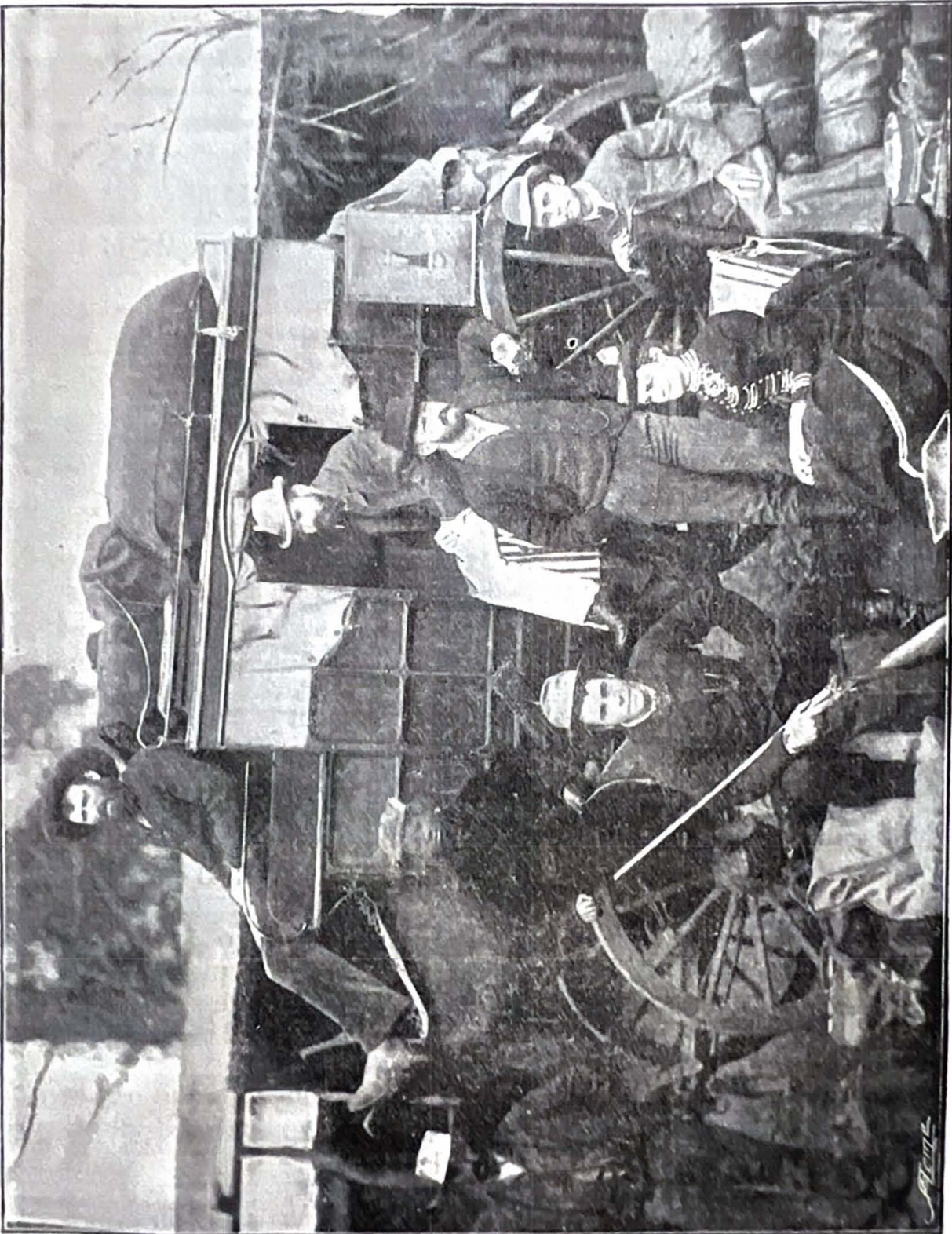
will burst forth in such bitter outcries as these—"Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with the everlasting burnings?" Oh, that shriek of agony! Oh, that awful outcry of surprise and despair! Oh, then, make haste to escape from the devouring fire!

Sinners of every class, especially *sinners in Zion*, to whom these words are spoken, listen to these warning words! You are sinners *in Zion*, not sinners among the heathen; yet this only makes your case more awful, and your doom more inevitable. You profess to be Christians, but have never been born again. You do many things like God's people—pray, read, hear, speak, observe ordinances—yet still one thing is lacking. You are not born again! Surely, then, it is time to search yourselves. It is time to be alarmed. The Judge is at the door. Your hypocrisy will not serve you then. You will be detected and unveiled, and all your hollow pretensions to religion laid bare. The day of His coming will be a terrible one to you. He comes with His fan in His hand, thoroughly to purge His floor—gathering the wheat into His garner, and burning up the chaff with unquenchable fire. He comes with His sieve to sift you, and can you stand His sifting? He comes with His touchstone to try and to detect you. He comes with His balances to weigh you—to see what is the real value of all your professions—whether, after all, you may be found wanting. He comes with His lighted candles to search you in every part. He comes with His flaming eye to penetrate at one glance your inmost soul, and to discover all its hidden abominations. With such a prospect before you, would it not be wise to take immediate alarm, and inquire whether all will be well with your souls, lest you perish at the rebuke of Him who is a consuming fire?

Why should wrath be your portion? It was the portion of Jesus once, just that it might never be yours. The pains of hell took hold on Him, just that they might never take hold of you. He was forsaken of God, that you might not be forsaken. If you refuse to take Jesus as your Substitute, then you must bear that wrath in your own person—the fire which otherwise would have passed over you will descend with devouring fierceness on your heads. You must either take refuge under the wing of your Substitute, or bear the wrath eternally yourselves. Which is the wiser, safer way for a helpless sinner? Which, O reader! *which?*

THE BOER AND HIS BAG OF GOLD.

F. S. ARNOT'S VISIT TO THE TRANSVAAL.



From a Photograph.

TRANSVAAL STAGE-COACH.

Uitlanders or British subjects in front, Boer driver on box,
Kafir or negro on left, Hottentot boy on wheel.

THE BOER AND HIS BAG OF GOLD.

MR. F. S. ARNOT, whom the *Glasgow Herald* called "a modern Livingstone," passed through the Transvaal in 1881, staying with General Joubert and Commandant Cronje, and tells a remarkable Boer story, as follows :

A friend of mine called on a Boer who was very rich. He had been one of the first to enter the Transvaal, and was very fond of his money, and kept a box of gold. Taking my friend to the door of his house, he showed him how big his farm was, stretching north, south, east, and west, and with a wave of the hand he said, "It is all mine."

When my friend returned from the interior he visited the farm a second time, and as he approached the house he was surprised to see no one about. Upon reaching the door a black boy appeared.

"Where is your *bas* (master)?" he asked.

"My master is dead, sir."

"And how did it happen?"

"My master took sick, sir, and all the other farm-servants ran away, leaving me alone. When my master became very sick he knew then that he was going to die, so he told me to bring a bag from the box in the next room, and I brought the bag. It was full of gold, and my master opened it and filled his two hands full, and looking up with a sad face, said, 'I am dying; I have done many sins; I owe God a great debt, and I have nothing to pay.'"

So this poor man, although rich in gold and land, died in darkness and alone; and although his dead hands were full of money, he could not carry one penny with him.

But any poor beggar with only "a crust of bread and Jesus" is far, far better off. How true the words of Scripture, "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The Boer doubtless felt a little pleasure as he saw his bag of gold grow bigger and bigger, but, alas! just when it was full, just when he (so to speak) had gained the world, he had to part with it all, and lost his own soul.

But there is no need for any one to die unhappy and be lost, for the Lord Jesus "tasted death for every man," and all who believe on Him, whether they be

BRITON, BOER, OR BLACK,

may be saved now, satisfied in time, and satisfied for ever in eternity. "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John 5. 24).

"THE ROOT" AND "THE FRUIT."



Photo by Willie Anderson, Partick.

ALEX. MARSHALL.

SPECIAL Gospel meetings were being held in a hall in Glasgow, and I went once or twice and became impressed; but strove to quench my convictions. I said to myself, "I mean to be a Christian *sometime*. I am young and strong; I want to see a little more of life; to enjoy for a little longer the pleasures of the world, and then I shall get converted. I may live to an old age, and when I come to die, perhaps of some lingering disease, I will have plenty of time to prepare." God, in the midst of my infatuation and sin, spoke loudly to me through a verse in His Word: "*He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck,* SHALL SUDDENLY BE

"The Root" and "The Fruit."

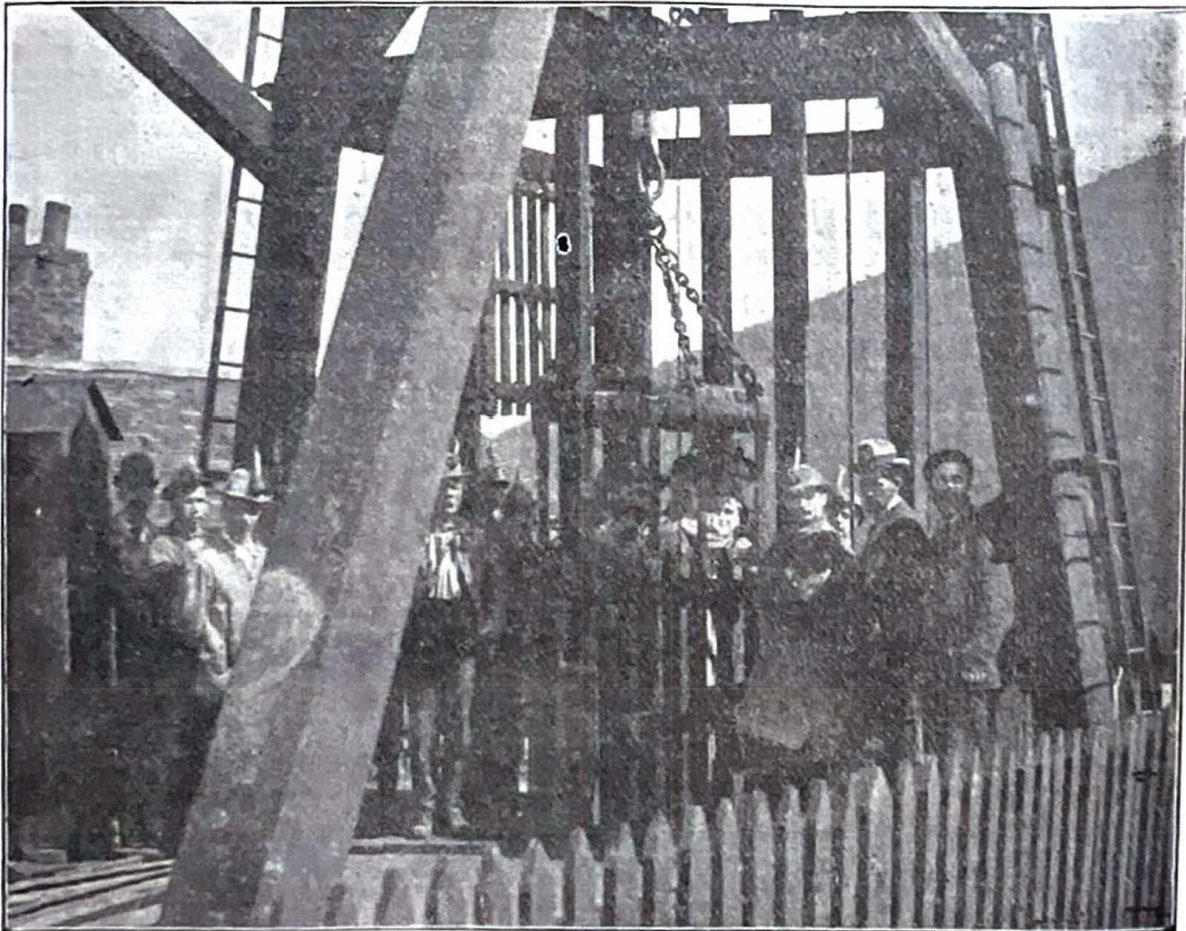
DESTROYED, AND THAT WITHOUT REMEDY" (Prov. 29. 1). I trembled from head to foot; it was a blow to my ideas of sick-bed repentance. "*Suddenly destroyed, suddenly destroyed,*" rang in my ears, "*and that without remedy.*"

Restless and unsatisfied in heart, but not particularly anxious about my soul, through curiosity I went into a circus where Gospel meetings were being held. The preacher was Mr. Gordon Furlong, who had been a deist, but, on examining God's Word with the object of confuting it, was lead to bow to its teaching, and was brought to see himself as a sinner. I can distinctly recollect him repeating the words: "IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES, IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES." In showing that all that was necessary for the sinner's deliverance was completed by Christ on the Cross, he exclaimed, "IT IS FINISHED, IT IS FINISHED, IT IS FINISHED." The words, "It is finished," were carried home by the Holy Ghost to my heart and conscience. I began to ask myself, "What is it that is finished?" I remembered the words were the dying words of the Lord Jesus (John 19. 30). He explained the meaning of the wondrous statement, and showed that the sacrificial work had been completed—that Christ had "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26; John 1. 29); and that every poor sinner who believed on Jesus was saved and had eternal life. Specially did he dwell on this blessed truth, that the *very moment* any one believed, he was saved. "He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life" (John 5. 24). I had always supposed that *I must first feel some great change before I could be sure I was saved*, and was continually looking into my heart to find peace. The preacher seemed to understand my difficulties, and showed that a sinner must *first believe on Jesus, and the feelings would follow*, and clinched what he said by repeating again and again the following statement: "*Believing is the root, feeling is the fruit; BELIEVING IS THE ROOT, FEELING IS THE FRUIT.*" The light from Calvary shone in upon my soul. I saw that Jesus had died in my stead and taken my punishment, and that through believing the "good news" made known to me in the Word, I was saved and had everlasting life. I believed on Jesus, THAT HE HAD TAKEN MY SINS UPON HIM AND DIED FOR ME, and I saw that there was *no reason* why I should be afraid to meet God. I simply took God at His word, and thanked Him for saving me. Years have passed, but I still rejoice in the fact that *God says I am saved.*

A.M.

THE LEAD-MINER'S LAST MESSAGE.

LAST summer a band of young men visited the Snailbeach lead mines in Shropshire. The assistant manager took a great interest in the meetings held in their tent, and came every night. He invited the young men to go down the mine, and provided all with old hats, and candles stuck in front with lumps of clay, and old coats. When all were ready, a friend took their photos. Mr. Crowther, the assistant manager, is standing under the large beam in the front of the picture—you cannot mistake him.



PARTY ABOUT TO DESCEND THE SNAILBEACH MINE.

When all had explored the deep mine to their hearts' content, and were ready to come up, they sang, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," little knowing that one of their number—Mr. Crowther—was so soon to be called away, for a few weeks later he was caught by a passing truck and killed instantly.

Here is part of the newspaper account of this sad event : "John Mann, lead miner, deposed that on Wednesday morning, about half-past 11, he was coming up the inclined shaft, and

The Lead-miner's Last Message.

when passing the 430 lodge he saw a light, and heard someone shout, but could not tell what was said because the cage was travelling. He believed the voice to be that of deceased. Thomas Edwards deposed that he was fetched from the 460 level, where he was working, to the 462 level, as the cage was off the rails. He went at once, and found the cage off the rails at the level mentioned. Having assisted to put the rope right, and to place the cage in position, he went up the shaft about 20 yards to see what had thrown it off. He there found the deceased between the rails and the rock, lying across a sleeper. He was quite dead."

How strange that this Gospel band should have gone to that out-of-the-way place when they did ; perhaps it was God's last message to Mr. Crowther. We, too, may have heard the Gospel for the last time. What have we done with it? To receive the Gospel is to receive Jesus; to reject the Gospel is to cast Jesus out.

Perhaps this paper which you now hold in your hand may be

GOD'S LAST MESSAGE TO YOU,

for "we know not what a day may bring forth," and "it is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9. 27). Should this be your last day, how do you stand concerning eternity? Which column are you in?

HE THAT
BELIEVETH
ON THE SON HATH
EVERLASTING LIFE,
BUT
(John 3. 36)

HE THAT
BELIEVETH NOT
THE SON SHALL
NOT SEE LIFE,
BUT THE WRATH OF GOD
ABIDETH ON HIM.

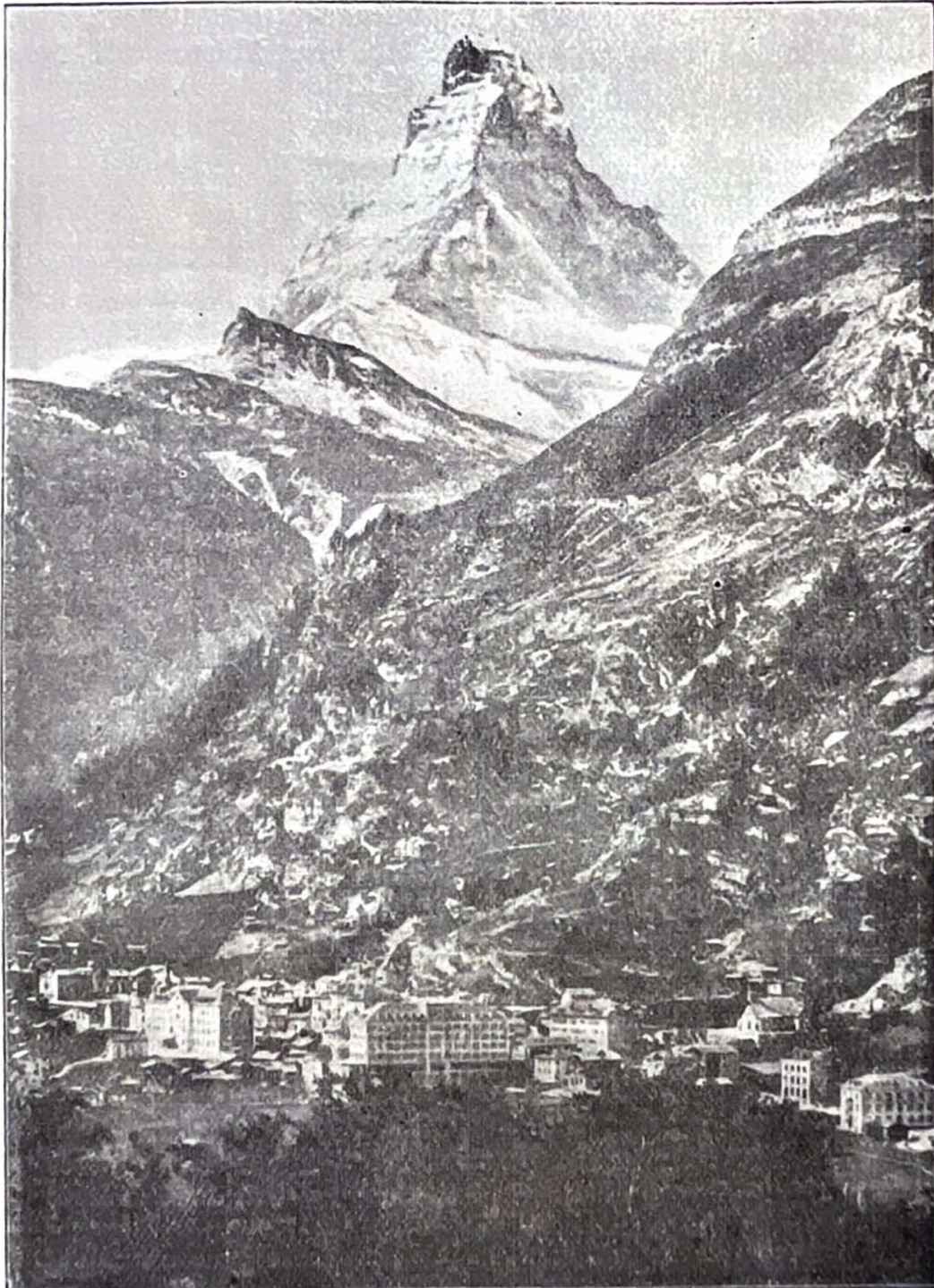
All are not cut off as suddenly as was the Snailbeach miner, but to all there must come a *last message*, and the great uncertainty of *when* that last word may be given is of itself sufficient to urge the sinner to have the great matter of whether he will spend eternity with the Redeemed in Glory, or with the Unredeemed in the Pit of Woe, settled at once, so as to be able to say, like the blood-thirsty persecutor, Saul, after his conversion, "To me to *live* is Christ, to *die* is gain."

"Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom 5. 6). You are ungodly, therefore He died for you. Why not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make sure you are saved and safe for time and eternity.

AN ALPINE CLIMBER'S TESTIMONY.

A REMARKABLE MEMORANDUM

FOUND IN A NOTE BOOK ON MONT BLANC.



From a Photo.

ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN.

The bodies of many tourists who have perished on the Alps are buried beside the little church in Zermatt.

AN ALPINE CLIMBER'S TESTIMONY.



MANY persons have perished in attempting to climb the Alps. One of the worst fatalities occurred in the autumn of 1870. Mr. M'Corkindale, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, and Messrs. Randall and Bean, Americans, accompanied by three guides and five porters, left Chaumonix on the morning of 6th September. They spent the night at the inn on the ice-field called the Grand Mulets, and on the following day were seen near the Petits Mulets. That was the last that was seen of them alive.

A rescue party of twenty-three men left Chaumonix on the 16th. They found the bodies of Mr. M'Corkindale and two of the porters 750 feet from the summit of the mountain.

The remains of Mr. Bean were discovered a short time after. A memorandum was found in his note-book in which he said: "We have been on the top of Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible snowstorm. . . . I have no hope of descending. . . . We have no food. My feet are already frozen, and I am exhausted. I DIE IN THE FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST, with affectionate thoughts of my family; my remembrances to all."

When face-to-face with the grim messenger of death Mr. Bean had no fear. What was *the ground of his confidence*? Was he resting on his prayers, church-goings, or ceremonial observances? Assuredly not. The best works done by the holiest men are stained with sin, and could not stand the searching eye of a holy God. A "good" work must spring from a right motive, and if it is not done from love to God it is unacceptable by Him.

If the reader were now summoned into eternity what reason would you give why you should not be punished on account of your numerous sins? Any so-called "good works" done by you would be utterly valueless as a ground of confidence.

The American did not expect to enter glory on his own merits. "*I die in the faith of Jesus Christ*" was his testimony. "The life which I now live in the flesh," said the Apostle Paul, "I live by the faith of (or in) the Son of God who loved

An Alpine Climber's Testimony.

me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20). He *lived* by faith in the Son of God, and in that same faith he *died*.

Many religious professors in these days imagine that they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. When asked if they are "saved," "born again," or "converted," they reply that they "don't know." Where does the reader stand?

In view of meeting God, are you afraid? "I hope not." What is *the ground* of your hope? Are you trusting

1. In what *Christ has done* for you ; or
 2. In what *you have done* for Christ?
- } WHICH?

If you expect to enter heaven because of your prayers, works, or religious observances you are building on a sandy foundation.

"Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

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

The Scripture saith, "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" (Romans 10. 9.)

Believe, then, on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will have God's Word for it that your sins are pardoned, your soul saved, and you are the possessor of "everlasting life" (John 5. 24).

A. M.

WHO WILL BUY THE GIFT OF GOD?

WE do not value water in this country as they do in the East. In some parts of Egypt the people don't see any rain for a whole year. Here we sometimes have it daily for weeks at a time. Water is sold in Egypt in the same way as milk is sold in our towns and cities. The water-seller goes about the streets with a can in hand and leather bottle strapped on his shoulder calling, "The gift of God, the gift of God ; who will buy the gift of God?" By the "gift of God" he refers to the water that he is vending. Strange to talk of a "gift" being bought. Our thought of a "gift" is that which is to be had "gratis," free, for nothing. Sometimes a rich man buys up the whole of the water-vender's stock, and sends him to the poorer parts of the town to bestow it on those who are unable to purchase it.

Who will Buy the Gift of God?

Then he changes his call, and shouts, "The gift of God, the gift of God; WHO WILL TAKE THE GIFT OF GOD?" When the welcome sound is heard, "Who will TAKE the gift of God?" there is at once a general rush for cans, pitchers, and pails, and the water-merchant in a short time leaves with an empty leather skin. The condition of the unsaved is aptly described by the figure of "no money" and "thirsting" (Isaiah 55. 1). Men



EGYPTIAN WATER CARRIER.

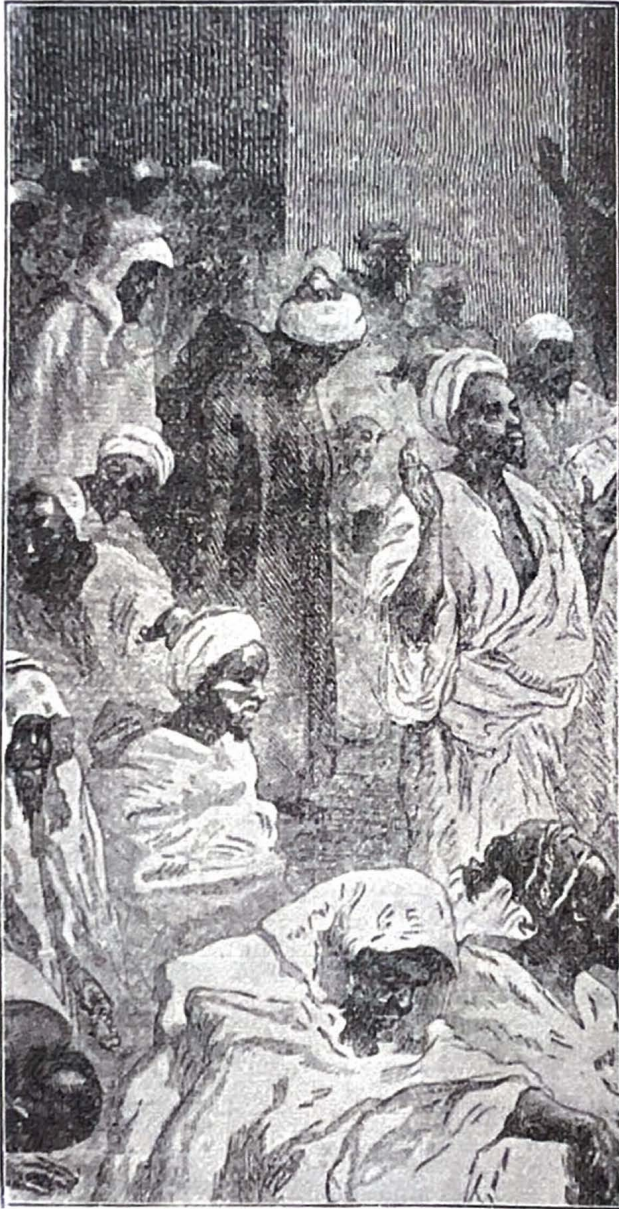
and women all around us are thirsting. "Happiness, oh! where art thou to be found?" is the cry of the multitude. Many, alas! are trying to quench the thirst of their immortal spirits at the world's brackish streams. But they are utterly unable to accomplish this object.

The water of life is free to every sinner. You must not attempt to purchase the "gift of God." You are not to do some good thing *for it*, and then become entitled to partake of "the water of life." You are not to "turn over a new leaf" first; to "give up" this or that first, and *then* drink of the "water of life."

Will the reader, then, "Stoop down, and drink, and live?" Hesitate no longer. What is meant by *drinking* of the "water of life"? you may ask. It is another way of speaking of believing on the Lord Jesus. He is the "Rock of Ages" that has been cleft for us. Through Him we obtain salvation. It is only through believing on Him who bore sin's penalty and paid the ransom price for our soul's deliverance, that life everlasting is obtained. "*He that believeth on Me shall never thirst*" (John 6. 35).

A. M.

A REAL MOHAMMEDAN SERMON.



A PEEP INTO A MOSQUE.

"MEN sin," said the preacher, "because they forget God, and they forget God because they love the world. Human life is illustrated by this incident: A man walking over a desert finds himself pursued by a lion. Casting about for some way of escape, he lights upon a well, down which he climbs, and finding, by some chance, a platform half-way down, he takes refuge upon it. The lion comes roaring to the mouth of the well above. Happening to look down, the man also sees a fearful dragon at the bottom of the well, with mouth distended to catch him if he should fall. Furthermore, a black mouse and a white mouse come out from the sides of the well, and

begin to gnaw away the support of the little platform on which he stands. But the man, by chance having food and drink with him, instead of devoting his attention to the horrors of his situation, begins to eat and drink and carouse.

"The man," explained the preacher, "represents humanity; the desert, this world through which we pass; the lion stands for the temptations which pursue man with such fierceness; the dragon is eternity, yawning beneath our feet; the black mouse and the white are day and night, or the flight of time, which is gnawing away the day of grace we now enjoy. Yet men live in forgetfulness of God, making merry with the vain delights of

A Real Mohammedan Sermon.

this life." And then he added, in effect: "May God Almighty have mercy on us, and deliver us from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil." And the great mosque rang with the cry, "Amîn, Amîn," from hundreds of stalwart men.

Now, I am sure any one who knows anything at all, knows quite well that there is

SOMETHING LACKING IN THIS SERMON.

The poor man is seen to be in a dreadful place; the lion—whom we will call the devil—is above him; eternity, beneath him; and the black and white mice—night and day—are nibbling away at the little platform he is standing on. Supposing that at last the poor man woke up to his dreadful plight, and instead of eating and drinking, began to cry aloud for help, what could the Mohammedan preacher have said to him? Nothing. Mohammed, the false prophet, overcame neither sin nor Satan, and no one can come to that well's mouth and deliver that poor, wretched man until he first of all meets and conquers the old lion standing at the mouth of it. This Jesus alone did. When He came down to this world of sin and shame, He took to Himself a body of flesh and blood, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage" (Heb. 2. 14, 15).

He died, He arose, He lives a mighty Conqueror, and now any sinner finding himself in a "dreadful place," in the power of "the lion," can hear His voice say, "Deliver him from the pit."

Deliverance from the *penalty* of sin, and from the *power* of sin, is obtained by all who "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16. 31), and by and by He will deliver them for ever from the *presence* of sin by taking them to "the palace of the King."

Yet, whilst there is something lacking, there is a

SOMETHING TERRIBLY TRUE IN THIS SERMON,

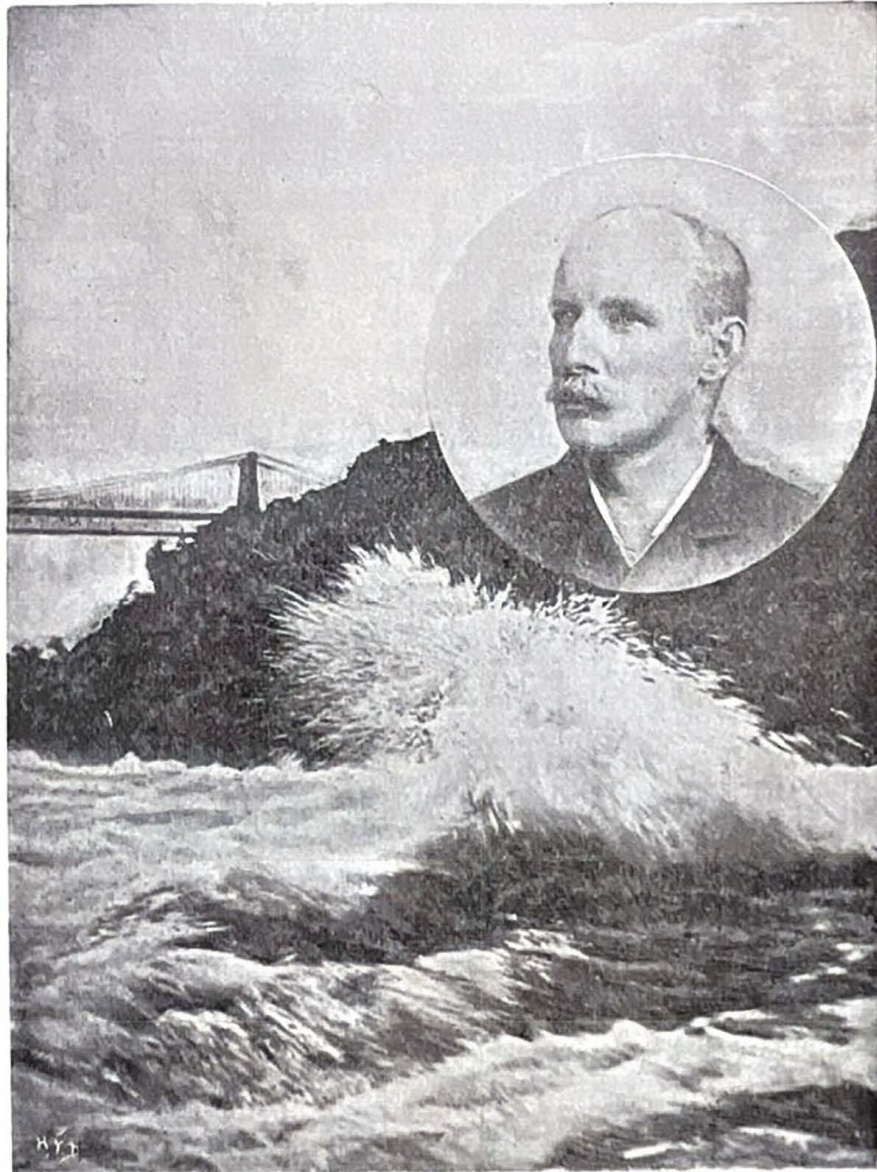
for whilst "day and night or the flight of time is gnawing away the day of grace we now enjoy," how many thousands "live in forgetfulness of God, making merry with the vain delights of this life"—living only to themselves, caring only for the things of time and sense, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God, forgetting "it is appointed unto men once to *die*, but after this *judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27). Oh! rest not till you are able to say:

"Jesus is mine and I am His,
For ever and for ever."

LOST IN THE NIAGARA RAPIDS.

CAPTAIN WEBB, the famous swimmer, accomplished the feat of swimming across the English Channel, a distance of 25 miles. After viewing the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara, he declared that he would swim through them. Some said he was a hero, but more sensible people affirmed that he was a fool.

"It's all luck, and the end—I don't think about that ;



From a Photo. CAPT. WEBB, AND SPOT WHERE HE LOST HIS LIFE.

"I'm going to take my chance," was the answer he gave to those who expostulated with him. At four o'clock on the afternoon of 24th July, 1883, in the presence of hundreds of spectators who loudly cheered him, he leaped into the whirling torrent and swam for a short distance. But the eddying waters were too powerful for the strong swimmer, and he was swept like a log

Lost in the Niagara Rapids.

into the rapids, and was speedily lost to view. For miles down the Niagara river men searched for the body, but it was not found till four days afterwards, a mile and a half below Lewiston, New York State.

"How foolish!" said some. "How mad to risk his life for fame!" said others. True, perfectly true; yet numbers in these days nearer home than the Niagara Rapids are risking the loss of their precious souls through the desire to obtain wealth, honour, fame, glory, and the applause of their fellow-men! And though this is an every-day occurrence, the newspapers do not chronicle the fact. Most people admit that the soul is more valuable than the body. They accept the statement that the body is the husk and the soul the kernel; the body is the casket and the soul the costly gem. When Captain Webb was told that he ran a terrible risk in attempting to swim the rapids he replied that he did not think about the end. Many of the unsaved are trying to forget "the end" of the road that they are treading. It is a delusion to say that "death ends all," for God tells us in His Word that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27). "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" (1 Pet. 4. 17) is a question that should be pondered by the reader.

Captain Webb said he was "going to take his chance." Many in these days, when told that unless they are "born again," "converted," or "saved," they CANNOT see the kingdom of God (John 3. 3), declare that they will "take their chance." There is no "chance" in the matter. There are but the two classes in God's sight—converted and unconverted, saved and unsaved. "Ye MUST be born again" (John 3. 7), or never enter heaven. "He that believeth not the Son SHALL NOT SEE LIFE, but the wrath of God *abideth on him*" (John 3. 36). Can anything be plainer? Continue neglecting or despising the salvation of God and your eternal destiny will be in the pit of woe. "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 17). Why should you perish in your sins when God, at an infinite cost, has provided salvation for you AS A FREE GIFT? Why not be reconciled to God through faith in Christ? Why not now, as you read these lines, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved for time and eternity? (Acts 16. 31). If, however, you procrastinate and are cut down in your sins, you will remember that you were warned of wrath and judgment, and pointed to Christ, the sinner's refuge. The awful thought will then be realised that you despised Christ, and no one is to blame but yourself. A. M.

THE GLORIOUS SALVATION.

An earnest Appeal by the late Sir ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B., Chief Secretary to the British Post Office.

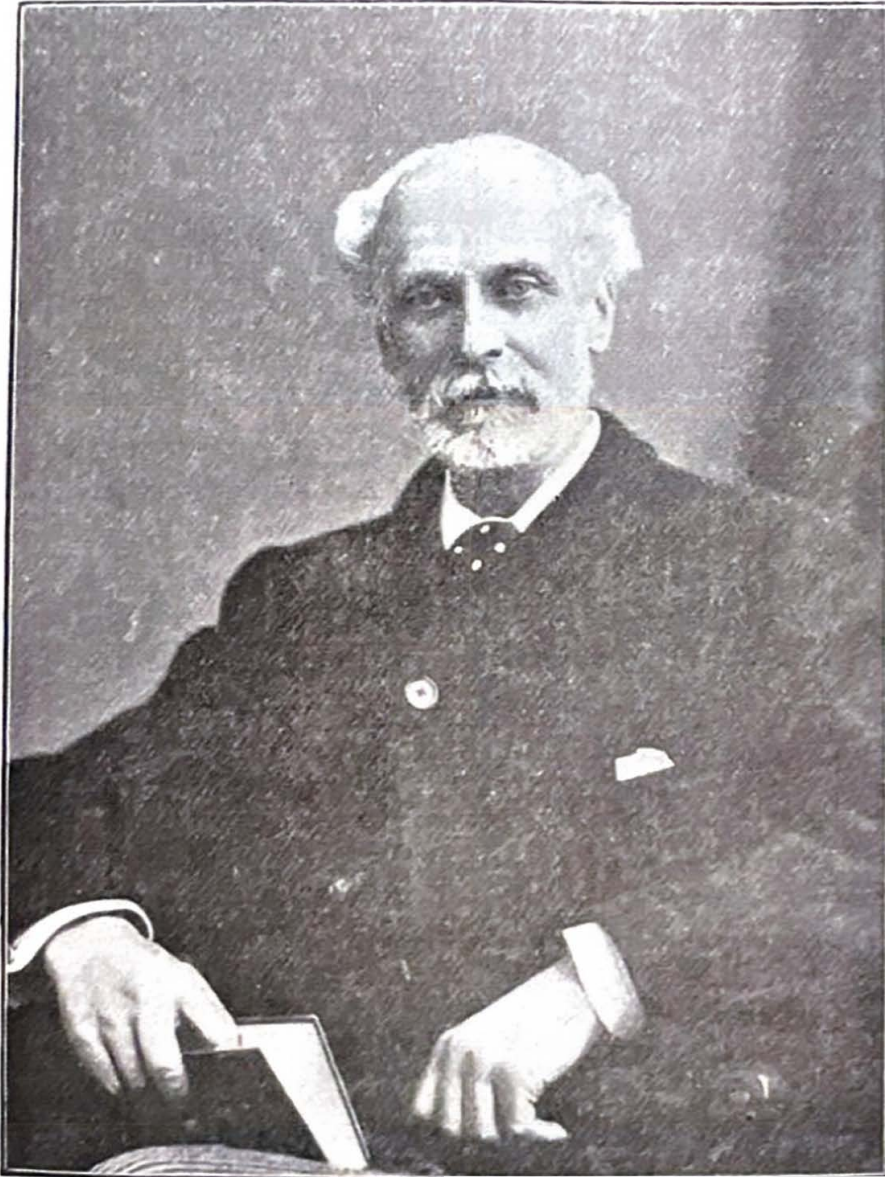


Photo. by Debenham & Gould.

SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

WE preach unto you Christ. I do not preach Him without knowing Him myself. I could not preach to you if He had not plucked me as a brand from the burning, as full of sin as any one, and set my foot on the rock ; not because I was doing anything to please Him, but because He had mercy on a sinner who was going down to hell. I do not speak without experience of the power of God to save sinners. There is not a single one whom God will not save that comes to Him through His dear Son. And what is the coming to Him ? It is only believing, it is only trusting in Jesus, trusting Him with

The Glorious Salvation.

your soul: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." O take God's word. It is to you and all men. God wants to get you to Himself. He "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). There is life for you. Trust, then, in this Saviour. He will receive you:

"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

I plead with you in His Name, because God loves your soul, because He entreats you to be reconciled. Therefore I repeat His message, and warn you that this day is coming, that God hath appointed it, that the Judge is named, settled, appointed. O, by the fear of judgment, by anything you choose, wake up from the dead; rise, and Christ shall give you light. But do not go on in slumber; do not go on in false peace. O, you think a man gets excited because he speaks loudly to you. The wonder is that we do not get more excited; the wonder is that, when our eyes are open and we see the full destruction to which lost souls are hastening, we do not call more loudly in your ears; that we do not warn you, as the angels did Lot, to flee from the wrath to come while there is time. O, if you do not repent in time, if you are not saved, you will reproach us then. You will say, "Why did you not tell me, force me to come to Jesus, urge me until I could not resist?" Well, that is what we try to do. We beseech you to trust in the Lord Jesus, to be content with trusting in Him. His word is pledged, the word of the living God, to bring you safely to glory. Not one shall perish: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out; none is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand."

We ask you to do this in God's name—to be content with what Jesus has done, to rest your soul, as it is now, with all its sins and all its sorrows, all its doubts and all its fears—to rest it upon Christ and His finished work. God's word is true: "He that believeth on Him that sent Me," says Jesus, "*hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation" (Jno. 5. 24).

This is THE GLORIOUS SALVATION that there is in Jesus that fills our hearts who speak to you about it, and makes us long that every one shall just partake of the same grace and live trusting in the same Saviour, and get pardon, peace, and joy.

"THE PATHS OF GLORY."



Photo from an old print.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

NOT very long ago I stood near the Heights of Abraham, outside the city of Quebec, Canada. I was greatly interested in the spot, for it was there that the brave Wolfe lost his life. In my younger days he was amongst my special heroes, and I had often read with great pride how he made the courageous and perilous ascent of these almost perpendicular cliffs, and surprised and completely defeated the French army on the plains above.

But I must tell you the story briefly. England was at war with France, and in consequence of an attempt on the part of the French to spoil England's trade with America, General Wolfe was despatched to take the command of an expedition against them. He was ambitious and brave, and determined to allow no difficulty to stand in the way of his taking Quebec, which was then in the hands of the French.

On the night of 14th September, 1759, he took his little army down the St. Lawrence, intending to engage the French on the following day. Everybody was filled with excitement and expectancy, and as the fleet was borne almost silently down the river on the tide, Wolfe recited to his officers that well-known poem entitled "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard," one verse of which reads :

"The Paths of Glory."

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Little did he think that before another day had passed he would prove the truth of the last line quoted. The soldiers were landed, and commenced to climb the precipitous cliffs—one would wonder how they managed it. At length they reached the top, and as the morning began to dawn it found them drawn up in line of battle. The French were startled from their slumbers by the approach of the foe, and at once prepared to fight. The engagement was short and decisive, as the enemy could not stand before the deadly fire and unflinching bravery of the British soldiers, and soon they turned and fled; but just at the moment of his victory Wolfe fell mortally wounded. This victory was his highest achievement, and when the news reached England the country rang with his praise and honoured his name by giving him a State funeral and raising a costly monument in Westminster Abbey to his memory. But what did all this matter to him as he lay cold, and still, and dead? He could not carry his glory with him, and in the next world not they who have done valiantly in this world are great, but those who knew and loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Whether Wolfe knew the Saviour or not, I cannot tell; all I know is that "THE PATHS OF GLORY" led him to the grave, and others enjoyed his conquest of the enemy.

The glory of this world fadeth away, and all its pleasures are fleeting. You have to exist throughout eternity, and it will be great wisdom on your part to secure a glory that can never pass away. Jesus Christ sits upon the throne, and in His presence is fulness of joy. Everlasting pleasures are to be found in His home, but to reach that home you must know Him as your Saviour; your sins must be washed away by His precious blood.

Just look back and think of your sins; think of the judgments that they deserve; then think of the love which brought Jesus down from heaven to die for sinners, and last of all think of the eternal glory which awaits all those who have been saved by His precious blood, and as you think, turn to Him, trust Him as your Saviour, bow to His claims over you, and then boldly confess His blessed Name. Then, though you may not be able to gain great distinction in this world, you may be assured that the harp of gold, the palm of victory, and the crown of glory await you in heaven.

J. T. M.

A HINDU'S TESTIMONY.

I WAS born in a place called Masulipatam, and was brought up by my heathen parents at Narsapur, in the Godavery District. I was religiously inclined, even in my boyhood, and used to be very strict and regular in my religious performances—such as bathing in the sacred river Godavery, on whose



From an Indian Photo

J. VENKATACHELLAM.

banks we lived, and worshipping the gods in the temples, and at home, bringing them offerings of fruits, cocoanuts, flowers, &c. And yet all the time I had not any real peace and joy, and, not having any power to overcome sin, went on sinning in every possible way. My parents were very kind in trying to

A Hindu's Testimony.

give me a good secular education. So after I learned my own vernacular at home and in a vernacular Hindu school, I was sent to a Mission school to learn English, in order to pass a University examination, that I might be fitted for Government employ. After more study I passed the Matriculation exam.

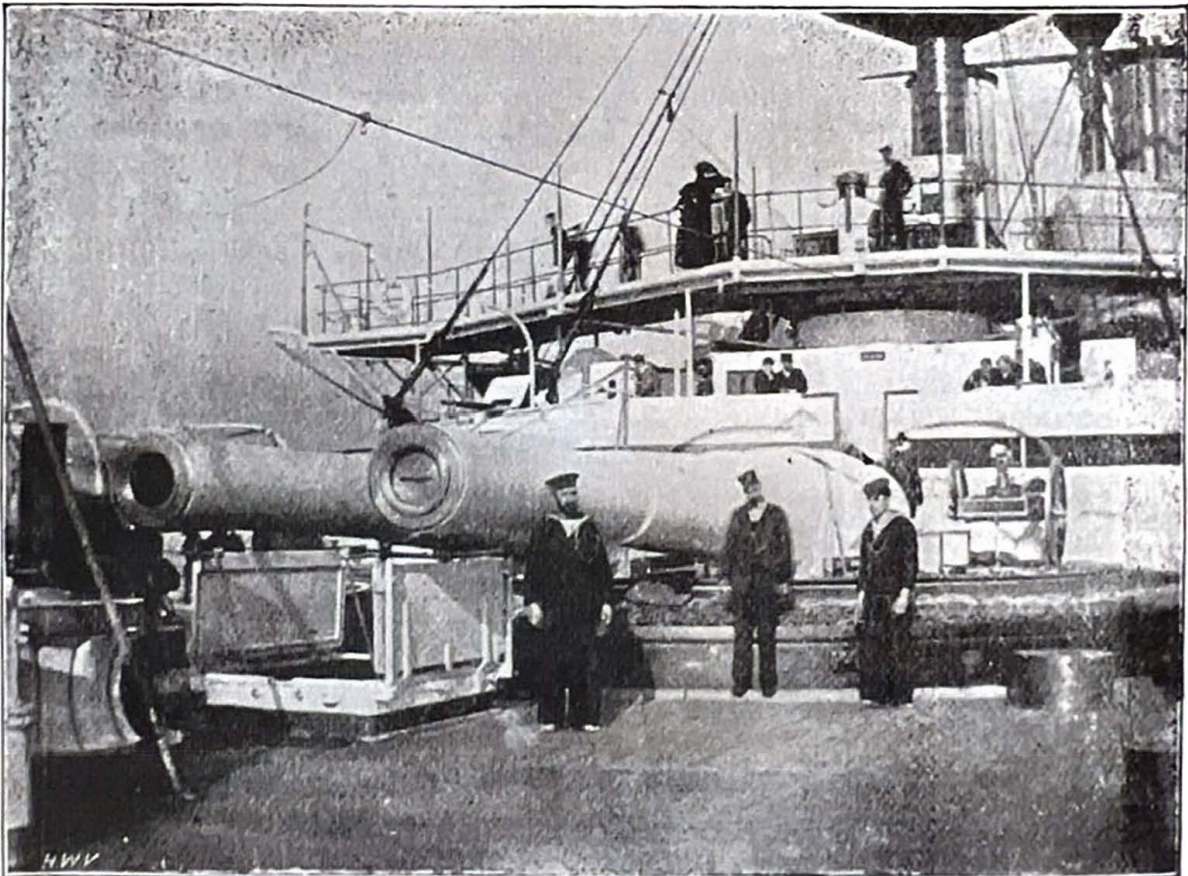
But God in mercy was preparing me all the time for something far better than this, through the Bible instruction which was very faithfully imparted by the missionaries.

In my blindness of heart, and ignorance, I would not believe the Word of God, but hated the light and would not come to the light. While I was in this state I was brought very low through illness, so much so, that it was thought I was going to die, which made me think of eternity, and the just and holy God before whom I must appear after death. Hence I determined on my sick-bed that if God spared my life I would seek the way of salvation. God in His mercy did spare my life; but instead of seeking salvation in the right way, through the influence of the devil I tried to find it by being more religious, and by observing the heathen ceremonies more devotedly. Finding no peace, I searched into our religious books more carefully for some way of salvation, though all the time there was something in me which told me that Jesus Christ, about whom the Bible spoke so much, was *the only way* of salvation, which I foolishly thought was for Europeans, whilst we Hindus had another way. However, one day I thought I must settle this question of my soul's salvation, knowing that delay is dangerous, and death may come unawares. So having gone by myself to a lonely place with my Bible, I prayed for the first time to the true and living God, and said, "O God, if I am to find salvation through this Book (the Bible) alone, please show it to me through some text in it." As soon as I opened the Book, I found John 3. 16. It seemed as if it was printed in special type, and though it was a well-known text, for I had learned it at school, it came to me with fresh force. I said to myself, if "God loves the world," India is part of the world, and I am one of the Indians, therefore He loves *me*; and it says, "*Whosoever* believes on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life"; therefore, as I believe in Him, I shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Oh! I can't express the peace and joy I found then and there. I got up from my knees a different man altogether. Thus the Lord plucked me as a brand out of the fire, and has brought me out of the darkness of heathenism into His marvellous light. J. V.

JACK'S NEW YEAR.

IT was the last day of the year, and a ship lay at anchor off a large city. Weekly, often indeed on every night of the week, a few of the men had met for prayer, and of late they had prayed earnestly for one of their number who carried his dissipation and recklessness beyond all limits. He never ceased deriding the "canting Methodists," as he called his godly companions, and his influence threatened to defeat their efforts for the spiritual good of the crew.

Just before the sailor's watch on the last night of the year,



From a photograph.

A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

one of his comrades said to him kindly, "Jack, we meet to-night to pray the old year out, and *we shall pray for you.*" Jack turned round in a rage. "Make *me* your subject, if you dare, and I'll knock your brains out," was his answer.

All alone he kept his watch. Overhead shone the pure stars, and far away gleamed the lights of the city, and still the parting words of his comrade rang in his ear. "I wonder what they'll say," he thought at length, after his anger had died away. "Well, if they mention all my sins, they'll have enough to keep

them busy;" and one after another scene of sin came up before him, scenes from which many of the participants had been called away to judgment. Rousing himself up he tried to shake off their memories, but in vain. "*We'll pray for you*" rang in his ear. All at once the texts learned at his mother's knee from his almost forgotten Bible came up before him. Vainly he whistled and sang, and tried to think of anything, everything else. God's Spirit will accomplish His work. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," said memory; "the wrath of God abideth on him;" and so passage after passage came up before him. He saw himself a sinner before an avenging, slighted God; and despairing, trembling, he threw himself upon his knees. "Oh, what a long list of sins I've got scored against me!" he groaned: "I can't ever get it chalked out." He saw himself undone and helpless: but, as One of old appeared to Peter, walking on the sea—the blessed "Son of Man,"—so across the wild waves of doubt, of anguish, and despair came the Heavenly Comforter into the heart of this poor sailor, saying, "Be not afraid; only believe;" and like the disciple Thomas, his heart responded, "My Lord and my God!" Alone upon his knees he heard the far-off city bells toll out the dying of the year, and merrily chime in the advent of the new, and a "new creature" Jack arose from his knees; and grasping the hand of the comrade who came to relieve his watch, said, with a tearful voice, "Ned, I'm a new man in Christ Jesus."

His conversion was indeed sincere. God's Spirit perfected the good work begun in him; and, as he contemplated the abyss from which he had been snatched, he could not sufficiently admire Divine goodness. Jack was unwearied in his efforts to show his late companions the folly of their ways; and more than one had reason to hold in grateful memory Jack's *new year*. "He that sitteth upon the throne saith, Behold, I make all things *new*."

CHRIST FOR ME.

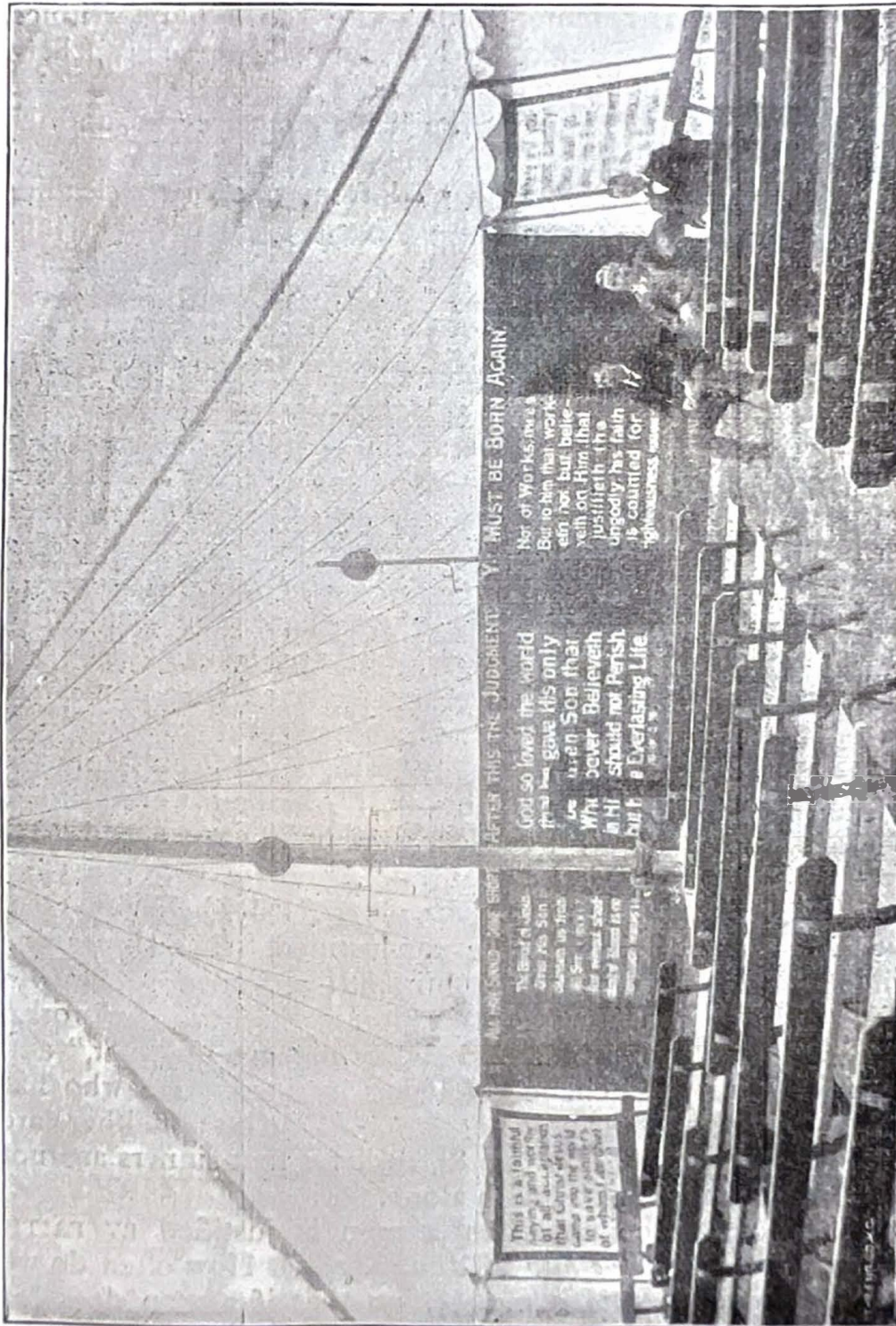
CHRIST for sickness,
Christ for health;
Christ for poverty
Or wealth;
Christ for joy, and
Christ for sorrow;

Christ to-day, and
Christ to-morrow;
Christ my Saviour,
Christ my friend,
Christ my treasure
Without end!

*CAN you joyfully add your
Signature to this?*

"THIS OUTRAGEOUS SENTIMENT."

"INTO one of our minister's meetings, last Monday morning, came a reverend divine, boiling over with righteous indignation at the abominable teachings of revivalists and



GOSPEL TENT, SHOWING TEXT OBJECTED TO.

gospelers. 'Why,' said he, 'on a tent in the South division is set forth in glaring characters this outrageous sentiment: To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the

ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. This,' said the divine, 'is the abominable stuff these revivalists are giving to the ignorant.' Many joined with him in lamenting such teachings, when a brother, more familiar with the Pauline writings, said, 'It strikes me your quarrel is not with these gossellers, but with Saint Paul himself.' It would not be believed that Paul had uttered such stuff until a Bible was procured, and the passage hunted up."

The above paragraph was copied from one of the leading papers of Chicago—*The Chicago Times*. Whether the statement is absolutely correct in every particular or not we cannot say. It is, however, a notorious fact that multitudes who call themselves "Christians" and "Protestants," when told that God freely justifies ungodly sinners who believe on Christ, declare that they don't believe any such doctrine.

It may be well for us to look at the scripture complained of by the clergyman in its setting—Romans 4. 5. "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that WORKETH NOT, BUT BELIEVETH ON Him that justifieth the ungodly, *his faith is counted for righteousness.*" In verses 2 and 3 we read, "For if Abraham were justified by works he hath whereof to glory, but not before God. For what saith the Scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted (reckoned) to him for righteousness."

The doctrine of justification by faith, apart from works, is clearly and unmistakably taught—"If Abraham were justified by works he hath whereof to glory, but not before God." He was justified before God by faith—"Abraham believed God, and *it was counted to him for righteousness.*" By believing God, or taking Him at His word, he was justified. The sinner who believes on the Lord Jesus has his faith reckoned to him for righteousness. Man's way of salvation is "believe *and* work," "believe *and* do your best," "believe *and* act up to it," and you will have a good chance of being justified. He who has said, "My thoughts are not your thoughts; neither are your ways My ways" (Isa. 55 8), declares that sinners are not justified by works, but by faith alone.

"Therefore, we conclude that a man is justified BY FAITH *without the deeds of the law*" (Rom. 3. 28). How often do we hear persons saying, "It's my opinion that if a man does his best it will be all right with him at last." They seem to forget that their "opinions," which may be useful in other matters, are utterly valueless in this respect. "What saith the Scrip-

" This Outrageous Sentiment."

ture?" What saith the Scripture about God's way of salvation? We must allow the water of God's Word to wash away our "opinions." God in His Word tells us that He justifies wicked or ungodly sinners who believe on Christ.

A friend of mine gave away a tract in a railway carriage ("car") in the United States with Romans 4. 5 quoted in it. He heard the gentleman who received it saying to his neighbour, "Isn't this strange, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that *justifieth the ungodly?*' I thought it was the devil that justified the ungodly." The American was amazed at the doctrine, being ignorant of the gospel of the grace of God. So are multitudes of Britishers.

Is the reader expecting to enter glory on the ground of his OWN WORKS, or on the ground of the FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST? Neither prayers, good deeds, or church-goings can save you from the pit of woe. Salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). It is the FREE GIFT OF GOD, and cannot be obtained on the ground of our deservings. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5). "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). We are not justified FOR our faith, nor FOR anything that we do or feel. We are saved THROUGH believing in Him who paid the ransom for our soul's deliverance with His precious, peace-speaking, sin-atoning, sin-cleansing blood.

A. M.

KILLED IN AN EARTHQUAKE.

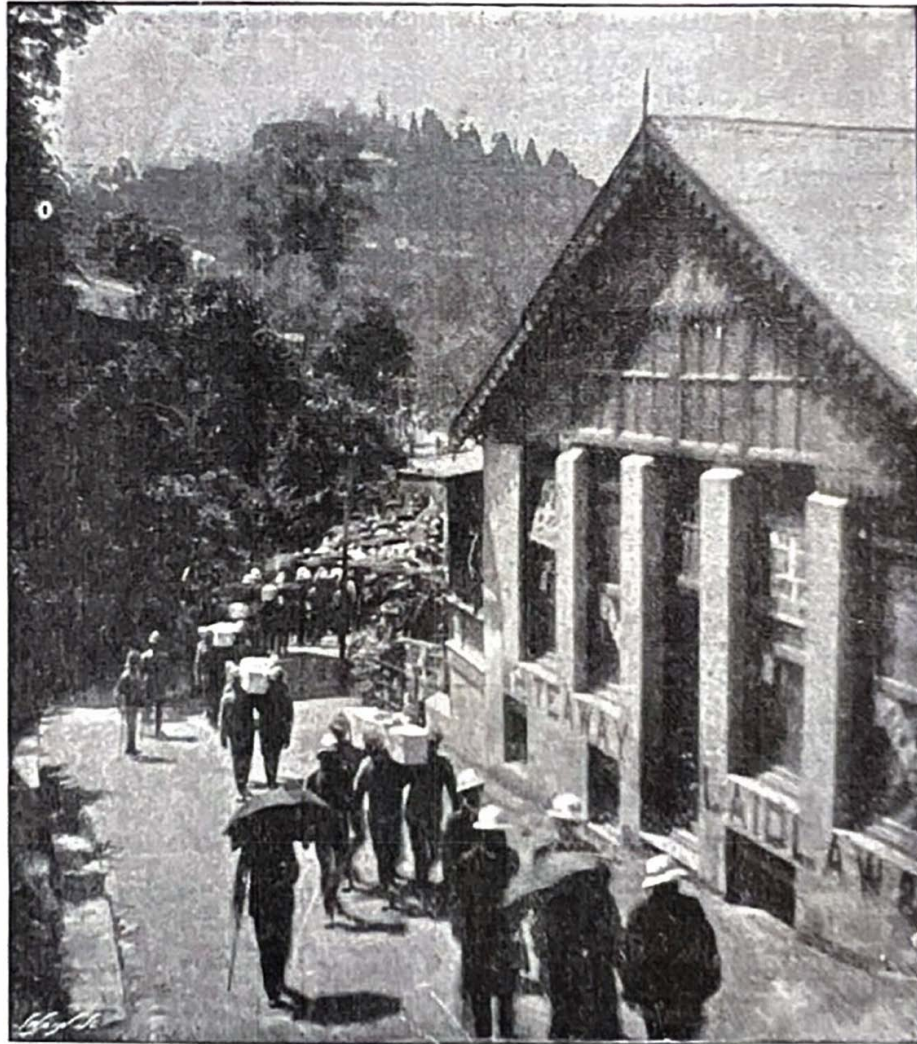
IN far away India there is a town called Darjeeling, and because this town is situated high up, near to the top of the mountains, missionaries and other Europeans send their children to school there, and sometimes, when in need of change, they go themselves. India is a hot country, and it is always cooler on the mountains than in the plains and valleys.

Now, in Darjeeling, the houses are built chiefly on the side of the mountain, there being very little level ground, and mountains are always dangerous. Sometimes they tremble with earthquakes; sometimes heavy rainstorms wash away the earth, and the rocks tumble down into the valleys. In a boarding-school at Darjeeling after a terrible night of storm and earthquake, a number of children were killed. At first, when they heard the rumbling, they all got up and gathered together to pay. After further quaking of the earth the mountain side

Killed in an Earthquake.

tumbled down, breaking away the walls of the house in which they were, and filling the room with earth and stones.

Our picture shows five little coffins all being carried on the shoulders of strong men, who, I am sure, must have felt very sad. Five of the dear children belonged to one family, and they were killed while kneeling in prayer. A sixth child of that family was not killed in the earthquake, but died afterwards



FUNERAL OF SCHOOL CHILDREN, DARJEELING.

from the shock. How sorrowful must the father and mother of these children have been. They were missionaries; and what a comfort it must have been to them that their children, in that awful time, far away from them, knelt down in prayer to God. They were thus ready, even for so sudden a death. May you take refuge in Jesus, and then you need not fear, even though "the earth be removed."

A FOREIGN MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY.

THIS short story proposes to tell in simple language how God saved a Good Templar, and afterwards sent him to be a missionary to the Chinese. It is now nearly sixteen years since "God revealed His Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen" (Gal. i. 6). Previous to my conversion I had a careful training in temperance principles, and for many



Photo by J. C. Boyle, Glasgow.

T. DAIRD.

years was a member of several temperance societies, and also a performer in a total abstinence instrumental band, and it is to that type of sinner that I now address myself.

There are thousands living in our land to-day who make it their boast that they have never tasted strong drink, and in this fact, combined with other human virtues, they rest for acceptance

with God. Never was there a more delusive delusion. God never in His Word makes the tasting or the not tasting of strong drink the crucial test or requirement of entrance into His kingdom. His test-question to all alike is, "Have you tasted of the living water" (John 4. 10)? Have you been "born from above" (John 3. 7)?

Then there is another class who after years of hard drinking, having suddenly, by a strong effort of the will, thrown off their drunken habits, and so self-satisfied and self-centred are they, that you cannot get near them with the Gospel. *They are offering God their reformation as a substitute for His salvation* Human reformation makes a wretched substitute for Divine salvation.

But to return to my conversion. With all my temperance education God did not leave me without a sense of my need as a sinner, and though I did not pass through the awful experience of sin that others have truly felt and graphically described, yet there was a heaven-given realisation of worthlessness and guilt that prepared me to appreciate the provision of God's mercy in the gift of His Son. Evangelistic services were being held in the Vale of Leven, and "there was no small stir" about the way of salvation. A friend (now my wife), being herself converted, induced me to attend these services, and there between the public preaching and private dealing I embraced the Son of God as my Saviour. Some persons have the most piercing convictions of sin prior to conversion, with others the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" is more deeply realised afterwards. Who would dare to judge God in this matter. But of this we are assured, that in every case of real conversion there must be a God-given, Spirit-felt sense of the need of a Saviour, and that Saviour, JESUS ONLY. My own salvation being assured, I commenced to testify publicly in my own town. After many years of service there I was led to the Straits Settlements to labour amongst the Chinese, and have had the joy of seeing many there drink of "the living water." Will you, my reader, embrace the Son of God as your own Saviour?

T. R.

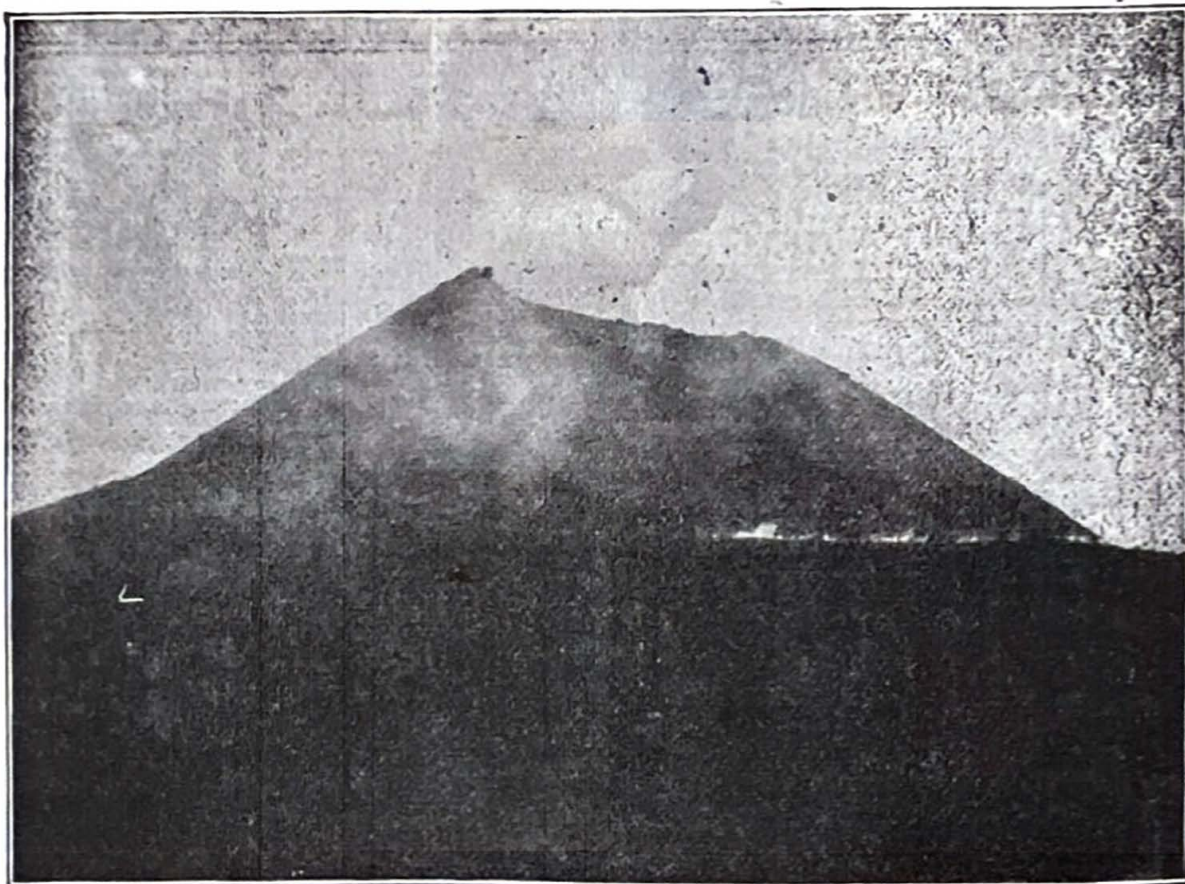
A WARNING WORD.—Soon, very soon you will have spent the last moments of your life, and if you die an unbeliever, rejecting the only Saviour of sinners, the next moment you will be lost for ever, and have to spend eternity in hell! But this need not be; flee now to Christ, shelter under His precious blood, and heaven is your home.

TRESPASSING ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

GOD permits volcanoes. They are few compared to the fruitful hills, but they exist. The God who

“Lights the small firefly's lamp, yet in His ire
Fuses a mountain with volcanic fire.”

Some years ago a leading Frenchman, M. Sylva Jardim, and a friend made the ascent of Vesuvius. The mountain was in a troubled mood, and showed signs of resenting their intrusion,



From a Photo.

THE CRATER, MOUNT VESUVIUS.

but they pushed on. Like some who venture to climb other volcanoes. Sin is a burning mountain; yet how many risk the treacherous ground. God's holy law is a burning mountain. When it was given we read: "And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly" (Ex. 19. 18).

God Himself, in His justice and majesty, is such a mountain. "Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook, because He was wroth. There

went up a smoke out of His nostrils, and fire out of His mouth devoured ; coals were kindled by it " (2 Sam. 22. 8, 9).

Why does God permit volcanoes ? That we may fear Him. And He permits sin, and reveals His wrath against it, with the same object in view ; yet, instead of fearing either sin, the law, or God Himself, men trespass upon these burning mountains.

As the Frenchmen clambered on, smoke issued from the crater and dangerous cracks opened in different places. The guide warned them not to proceed ; but they were not cowards, so pressed forward. God warns ! That faithful guide the inspired Word warns ! Shall we not heed ? Why did they venture ? Was it *curiosity* ? Souls have been lost through seeking to pry into secrets. Was it *audacity* ? Such venturesome audacity has ruined thousands.

Their guide would go no farther, so they left him, as many leave the warning Saviour ; but they had only gone a short distance when the ground split, and M. Jardim was swallowed up in a fiery gulf—gone in a moment, at the age of thirty-one ! What a picture of the end of all who despise God's warning ! "Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of Thine anger ; the Lord shall swallow them up in His wrath, and the fire shall devour them " (Psa. 21. 9). And what of the friend ? He, too, had fallen into the chasm, but by stiffening himself was for a few moments saved from falling farther. His cries brought up the brave guide, who, at the risk of his own life, rescued the fallen one from his perilous position. Here was immediate danger, an immediate deliverer, and immediate deliverance. We have the same. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost " (Luke 19. 10).

The guide did not die to save the traveller ; but Jesus did. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends " (John 15. 13). "For when we were yet without strength, in due time *Christ died for the ungodly* " (Rom. 5. 6). Falling, fearing, do you ask, "What must I do to be saved ?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved " (Acts 16. 31). Then shall you sing, "He brought me out of an horrible pit . . . and set my feet upon a rock " (Psa. 40. 21) ; while the new song in your mouth will be : "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever " (Jude 24, 25).

GOD'S LOVE TO THE WORLD.

By the late J. DENHAM SMITH, the well-known Author and Evangelist.



Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

"**G**OD IS LOVE." It was a long time in my early life before I really believed or understood this statement; and even now I am learning more and more of it every day. You will find but *one medium* through which truly to know God, and that is God's own Word—the Bible, which is the very expression of Himself—the voice of God—the place in which God reveals Himself to us, telling us that "*God is Love.*"

And now, with that medium in my hands, how am I to know that God is love? God Himself says it; and who has a better right to say it? for none can testify as He can. Nowhere in the

God's Love to the World.

Bible do we find God calling Himself justice or holiness in the same sense as He declared Himself to be love. He says it; I take His Word for it, and there I rest. When, in the past ages of eternity—before there existed any nature but the infinite, incomprehensible nature of God—there, in the recesses of the Almighty mind, before there was any other mind to suggest it to Him (and no mind could have ever imagined such a thing), “God *so* loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son,” to suffer and die, that He might save and redeem that world. And that blessed Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world, as He looked down the line of Time and beheld our hell-deserving race, said of us, “I have loved them with an everlasting love” (Jeremiah 31. 3).

But some man may say, “That’s all for the saint; God does not love the *sinner*; He does not love *me*.” Nay, my friend. How readest thou, “God so loved the *angels*?” God loves the angels; we know He does. But that is not what it says here, for read again, “God so loved *the world*.” Yes; the love of God is *most* plainly manifested towards *the sinner*. Say, poor sinner, are you not of the world, and not of some other orb, say Jupiter or the moon?

Oh, yes, you say God loves the sinner when the sinner begins to love Him. A wretched doctrine that. A lie direct from the father of lies. Do you want to know if God, before He loves the sinner, waits for the sinner to love Him? What does the parable say which fell from the very lips of Jesus—one that might be called the parable of the merciful father, rather than “The Prodigal Son.” Where was that son, as the father’s heart yearned over him, and his affections went out towards him—tell me, where was he? Yonder, among harlots, eating the very husks of wickedness, grovelling in the keeping of swine, robbed of what was dearer than life—self-respect, character, peace. He could scarcely have degraded himself more than he did, or have gone deeper in crime. Yet it was when the poor prodigal was in such-condition that the Father PITIED AND LOVED HIM! Do you understand *that*? Blessed picture of God!—loving *sinners*, saving *sinners*, blessed and happy in the enjoyment of the love and service of saved and ransomed *sinners*. O love unspeakable!—that “*whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,” so that any poor sinner may say, “I believe it,” and it is all done; and you may go home singing, “Happy day.” Oh, believe it! “GOD IS LOVE.”

THE TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

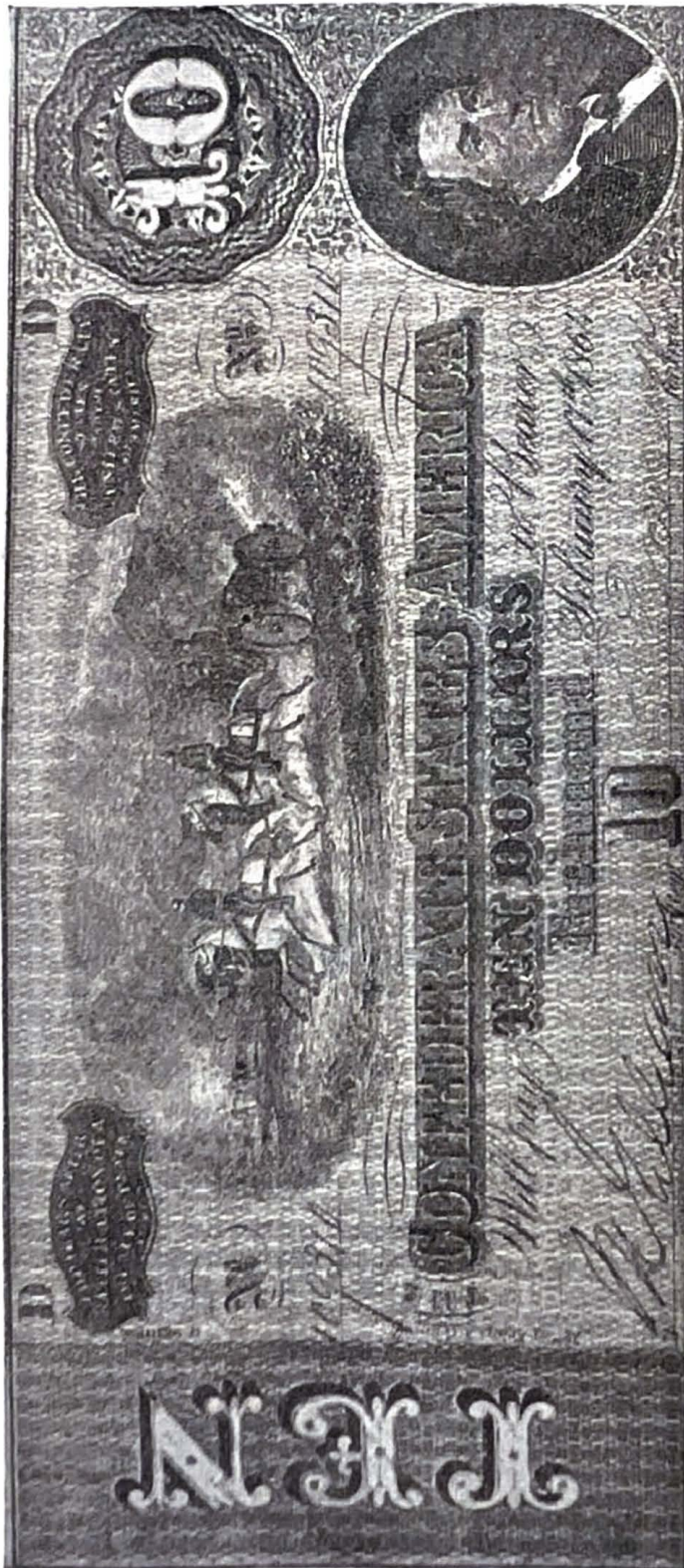
WHILST walking along a street in the city of New Orleans last spring, I observed a number of Confederate "bills" or bank-notes for sale. Desirous of having one

of them as a curiosity, I purchased a ten-dollar bill for 15 cents (7½d.). The "bill" declares that the "Confederate States of America will pay ten dollars to bearer."

The reader will probably know that in the terrible Civil War which raged in America from 1861 to 1865 the Federal or Northern armies defeated the Confederates or Southerners. Millions upon millions of "bills" were found in the banks, and were not worth the paper on which they were printed. The "promises" on the notes were like pie crust—made to be broken.

How unlike these "bills" are to the promises of God! Billy Bray used to say that "God's promises are as good as ready cash."

Though many in the Southern States sincerely believed that the "bills" issued by their Go-



The Ten-Dollar Bill.

vernment were as good as gold, and suffered through their confidence, no one who has rested on the promises of God has ever been disappointed. "Exceeding great and precious promises" are given to those who believe on Christ. As "it is impossible for God to lie," the unsaved reader may implicitly trust every promise given to him by God.

Some are *willing* to keep their promises, but are unable; whilst other have the *ability*, but not the desire. God is able and willing to do all He has promised.

"WHAT HAS HE PROMISED?"

enquires an unsaved reader. He has promised forgiveness (Acts 10. 43), salvation (Acts 16. 31), eternal life (John 3. 36), justification (Rom. 4. 5), rest (Matt. 11. 28), peace (Rom. 5. 1), fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore (Psa. 16. 11), to all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. All these blessings are yours, O unsaved reader, if you but take God at His word. He loves you, and desires to blot out your crimson sins and make you His own. Don't say that "it is too good news to be true." It is "good news"; it is God's "glad tidings of great joy," but it is news told and meant for you. Will you, then, "thumb" His promises. Some have them framed and keep them hanging on the walls of their houses who have never "cashed" them. "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 (judgment), but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). This is one of His glorious promises. Will you accept it, and stake your soul for eternity on it? If you don't, you are guilty of the dreadful sin of making Him a liar. "What!" you say, "call God a liar?" You are doing that every moment you live in unbelief. Hear His own Word about it: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son; and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 10. 12). All who don't believe the word God has given concerning Christ; all who don't believe the Gospel of Christ, call their best and dearest Friend a liar.

Will you continue longer an unbeliever? Will you call God "a liar" any more? Why not "cash" His promises and obtain the blessings that He has, at an infinite cost, provided for you?

A. M.

THE GREAT NECESSITY.

By the Late D. L. MOODY.

CHRIST said to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). You may see many countries, but there is one country—the land of Beulah, which John Bunyan saw in vision—you shall never behold unless you are born again—regenerated by Christ. You can look abroad and see many beautiful trees; but the



D. L. MOODY, THE FAMOUS EVANGELIST.

tree of life you shall never behold unless your eyes are made clear by faith in the Saviour. You may see the beautiful rivers of the earth—you may ride upon their bosoms—but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the river which bursts out from the throne of God and flows through the upper King-

The Great Necessity.

dom unless you are born again. God has said it, and not man. You will never see the Kingdom of God except you are born again. You may see the kings and lords of the earth, but the King of kings and Lord of lords you will never see except you are born again. You may go to the Tower of London and see the Crown of England, which is worth thousands of pounds, and is carefully guarded night and day, but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the Crown of Life except you are born again. You may hear the songs of Zion which are sung here, but one song—that of Moses and the Lamb—the uncircumcised ear shall never hear; its melody will only gladden the ear of those who have been born again. You may look upon the beautiful mansions of earth, but bear in mind that the mansions which Christ has gone to prepare you will never see unless you are born again. It is God who says it.

You may see ten thousand beautiful things in this world, but the city that Abraham caught a glimpse of—and from that time became a pilgrim and sojourner—you shall never see unless you are born again (Heb. 10. 8, 13-16). Many of you may be invited to marriage feasts here, but you will never attend the marriage supper of the Lamb except you are born again. It is God who says it. You may be looking on the face of your sainted mother to-night, and feel that she is praying for you, but the time will come when you shall never see her more unless you are born again.

I may be addressing a young man or a young woman who has recently stood by the bedside of a dying mother, and she may have said, "Be sure and meet me in heaven," and you made the promise. Ah, you shall never see her more unless you are born again. I believe Jesus of Nazareth sooner than those who say you do not need to be born again. Parents, if you hope to see your children who have gone before, you must be born of the Spirit. I may be addressing a father or a mother who has recently borne a loved one to the grave; and how dark your home seems! Never more will you see your child unless you are born again. If you wish to be re-united to your loved one, you must be born again.

The blessed Risen Saviour is in heaven. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago He crossed over, and from the heavenly shores He is calling on you. Let us give a deaf ear to the world. Let us look to Jesus on the Cross and be saved. Then we shall one day see the King in His beauty, and we shall enter the Kingdom of God.

THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD.

AS with Private William Room at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, whose Bible saved his life, so in the Transvaal war, several soldiers owe their lives to the Scriptures which they carried. Private James Williamson, of the "Black Watch," a native of Montrose, was struck by six bullets at Magersfontein. One of the bullets hit a copy of the New Testament carried by him in his breast-pocket. After glancing off the sacred volume, the ball entered his arm, which it broke.



Private William Room, of the Highland Light Infantry, engaged at the battle of TEL-EL-KEBIR, had a marvellous escape. In jumping into the trenches a bullet from the Egyptians struck him in the pouch bag at his side, going through a Testament he was carrying with him. This changed the direction of the bullet, which would have gone through his stomach; as it was it entered his hip, and came out of the inner part of his thigh. The patient is now doing well.

From a Photo of the actual Book.

THE SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT.

At the Modder River engagement another soldier's life was preserved in a similar way. The bullet struck a "Gospel" which he had in his tunic. Its course was thus diverted, and he was quite unharmed.

The Word of the Living God has been the means of the salvation of multitudes of men and women. The "second death," which is eternal separation of the soul from God, is a far worse fate than temporal death.

The Power of God's Word.

" As the tree falls so shall it lie,
As the man lives so shall he die ;
As the man dies so shall he be
Through all the years of eternity."

The Scriptures are "a lamp to our feet and a light to our path." From God's Word we learn that all are sinners, and *therefore* deserve to be punished. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). In it we see that God is holy and righteous, and "will by no means clear the guilty." We are also shown that whilst hating sin with a perfect hatred, He loves the sinner with a matchless love. How true it is that "the entrance of Thy Word giveth light" (Psa. 119. 130). Hence men are exhorted to "receive with meekness the engrafted Word which is able to save your souls" (James 1. 21). The Gospel of Christ, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16), is revealed in the Word. Men are saved by grace through faith (Eph. 2. 8, 9), and "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10. 17). "Hear, and your soul shall live." We are regenerated through the Word. "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God" (1 Peter 1. 23). "Of His own will begat He us with the Word of Truth" (James 1. 18). Through the Word of God, and the Word of God alone, I learned God's thoughts of sin and salvation. From its sacred pages I perceived that on account of the propitiatory work of Christ the claims of justice were fully met, and God was perfectly satisfied. By believing on Him who loved me and gave Himself for me, my soul was saved, my sins were pardoned, and I became the possessor of everlasting life. He who saved me, a guilty, helpless, and hell-deserving sinner, is now beseeching you by His servants to be reconciled to Him (2 Cor. 5. 19). If you doubt it, hearken to His blessed words: "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). How grand! How simple! How glorious! There are but three links in the chain, and they are (1) hearing God's good news regarding the finished work of Christ, (2) believing the "glad tidings of great joy"—the Gospel of the Grace of God—and (3) you have everlasting life, will not come into condemnation (or judgment), and have passed from death unto life. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). A. M.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.



From a Photograph

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, DETROIT, U.S.A.

AN open-air Gospel meeting had just been held on a Sunday afternoon, at the "Soldiers' Monument," in the city of Detroit. A goodly number of men and women had stopped to hear the "good news," and many of them waited until the last speaker had ended. Then came an announcement of an evangelistic service elsewhere, that evening; and having distributed a large number of Gospel tracts to all who cared for them, the meeting was dismissed.

The Soldiers' Monument.

Quietly the crowd dispersed, and the last to turn was one of the men who had been trying that day to "hold forth the Word of Life." His steps, however, were arrested by a good-natured "Hello, there!" Turning around, he saw a well-dressed gentleman approaching.

"Has there been a Gospel meeting here?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," was the reply, "it has just closed."

"I am sorry to have missed it," said the gentleman. "I had heard there was such a thing held here, but at what time I did not know. I am sorry I came too late, for I love to hear the Gospel."

"Well," said the preacher, "although you are too late for the preaching, I can give you something that will tell you the news we have been sounding out." With that he produced his pocket-case, and selecting a tract of four pages, he handed it to the stranger. On the front page, in clear bold type, were displayed a number of Scripture texts. They ran as follows :

WHAT GOD SAYS ABOUT THE BLOOD!

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

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

"When I see the blood, I will *pass over* you" (Ex. 12. 13).

"In whom (Christ) we have *redemption* through His blood" (Eph. 1. 7).

He "*made peace* through the blood of His cross" (Col. 1. 20).

"*Made nigh* by the blood of Christ" (Eph. 2. 13).

"The blood of Jesus Christ . . . *cleanseth* us from all sin" (1 Jno. 1. 7).

The saints' *eternal song* will be :

"Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God BY THY BLOOD" (Rev. 5. 9).

Taking the tract in his hand, the gentleman read aloud the heading: "What God says about the blood!" "Well," he added, "I know one thing God says about the blood."

"What is that?" asked the preacher.

"It is 'that the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth *me* from all sin.' *I know that to be true, for I have proved it! I have been saved by God's grace for over twenty years.*"

After some further conversation on this all-important theme, the two men parted—in the truest sense strangers no longer, for they were saved by the same sovereign grace; redeemed by the same precious blood; members of the same family; having the same God and Father; the same Saviour and Lord; the same Holy Spirit as their Seal, Indweller, Comforter, Teacher, and Guide, and the same eternal glory before them.

My friend, if *you* are a stranger to all this, let me tell you that you are missing everything, in missing this great salvation.

There is nothing exceptional in regard to the case of this man of whom you have just been reading. Indeed, the fact

The Soldiers' Monument.

is, *all* who get to heaven are first redeemed, cleansed, brought into peace, and made nigh through the precious blood of Christ. There is no other way for a sinner to be brought to God. Sin had raised a barrier between the sinner and God, one which it was impossible for the sinner to climb. By no effort of his own could he get to God. His struggles, in the way of pious doings, church-goings, prayer saying, and works of benevolence, could never remove the barrier, or bring him across it. Man was helpless!

Here it was, then, that God in richest grace, came in and said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; *I have found a ransom*" (Job 33. 24). That "Ransom" was none other than His own Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, as we read: "There is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time" (1 Tim. 2. 5, 6). This was at the Cross, where "Christ suffered for our sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. 3. 18). What wonderful words are these! Christ the "Just One" suffered for our sins, the "unjust ones," that he might bring us, who were afar off, to God. Because of this, God is now just in justifying the sinner who believes in Jesus. On the other hand, it establishes His justice in sending every Christ-rejecting sinner to the hell from whence His grace would now save them. Let me kindly ask, What will *your* portion be in Eternity? T.D.W.M.

THE LORD'S COMING.

THE Saviour is coming! O sinner, beware
If you scorn now His mercy, for judgment prepare;
How oft He has warned you (your conscience can tell),
By the glories of heaven and terrors of hell.
The deceits of the world are deceiving each day
Poor Satan-bound souls, who choose the broad way.
At the end of that path lies the gulf of despair;
Then 'tis vain to seek mercy—no mercy is there!
If in pain or in sorrow you pass but a week,
How anxiously then you a remedy seek;
Though with love you are warned that Eternity's near,
To accept God's free mercy, then you've nothing to fear,
With a cavil you harden your heart, and deceive,
Saying, "There's nothing to fear," so you will not believe.

THE BULLET-PROOF BREAST-PLATE.



THE Duke of Wellington, after the battle of Waterloo, was much troubled by a man who had invented a bullet-proof breast-plate. One day when the Duke was very busy, the inventor called, and was shown into the presence of the great commander. The man having letters of recommendation from some of the Duke's personal friends, was listened to again as he described his invention. All at once the Duke said, "Have you got the thing

with you?" Very quickly the man brought the bright breast-plate; whereon the Duke curtly said, "Are you sure it is bullet-proof?" "Quite sure, your grace." "Put it on, then, and go and stand in that corner." Wondering what the "Iron Duke" meant, the man obeyed. "Mr. Temple," shouted Wellington to his secretary, "tell the sentry outside to load with ball cartridge, and come in here to test this breast-plate." Before the sentry could find the cartridge, before even the secretary could deliver the message, the inventor with his breast-plate went through the open window, and hurried along the busy street. He had not sufficient faith in his own invention to submit to the test.

The reader has, perhaps, an "invention" of his own in which he thinks he can appear before God. But will it stand the test? It may be morality, or reformation, or good works, or prayers. Such will not help you in the slightest. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb 11.6). The Lord Jesus (Acts 4.12) is the only refuge from the storm of wrath that is about to burst upon this guilty world. All others are but refuges of lies. They are but "inventions" of man. Why not take your place as a lost, guilty sinner, deserving of nothing but wrath on account of your sins, and believe on Him who died on Calvary's Cross to ransom you from sin's penalty, power, and guilt, and you will be "justified from all things, from which you could not be justified by the laws of Moses."

SERGEANT MACDONALD'S STORY.

I WAS born and brought up in a town at the foot of the Ochil Hills, not far from Stirling. My father and mother were Christians. When I grew up to manhood I resolved that I would become a soldier, and enlisted in a cavalry regiment. I was not long in the army until I acquired a liking for drink, and again and again became intoxicated.



LANCER-BERGRANT MACDONALD.

At the time of the Egyptian campaign, my regiment was ordered to the seat of war. I was delighted at the prospect of seeing active service. Our first engagement was the midnight charge at Kassassin. I must confess I felt a strange sensation coming over me. I remember telling God that if

Sergeant Macdonald's Story.

He spared my life through the campaign, I would turn over a new leaf. The battle of Kassassin Loch was fought, and we were soon storming the trenches at Tel-el Kebir.

Then came the Eastern Soudan campaign, when we were wrecked on board the s.s. *Nero* in the Red Sea, relieved the garrison at Tobar, were in the thick of the battle of Suakim, and afterwards went to attempt the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum.

At the conclusion of the campaign we were removed to Cairo, and I sank deeper in sin. In the midst of my carousals I received a letter from home which brought conviction to my soul, and for several months I sought to stifle it, but try as I might I became more and more troubled.

One night I resolved not to go to the mess, and took a walk into the desert. It was a lovely night. The moon shone brightly, and I walked on, hardly knowing where I was going, when I was arrested by hearing persons singing. My curiosity was excited, and not wishing to be seen, I crept behind a large stone, and heard a number of my comrades singing the hymn :

"I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed;
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed."

I cried out in an agony of soul : "That's me, Lord." Then the chorus was sung:

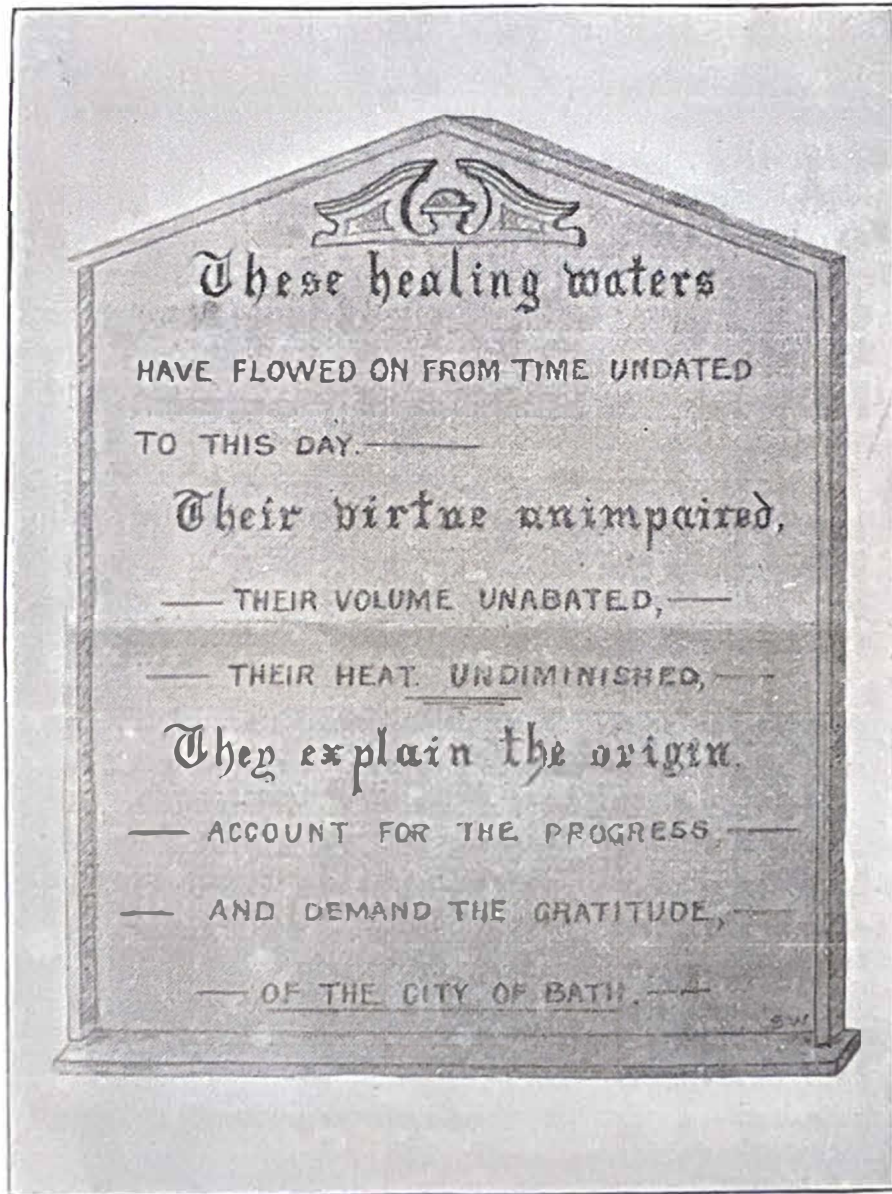
"Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other Name for me;
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

There and then the light of the glorious Gospel shone into my soul. I saw that Christ had died for me; that He had "borne my sins in His own body on the tree." I believed on Him. My burden rolled away, and I became a new creature. I went straight to the trench and joined the happy band of Christian soldiers, and we thanked God together for my soul's salvation. Many were the happy nights I spent there. Sixteen years have come and gone since then. I have had many ups and downs, but Christ has been my best and dearest Friend. May the unsaved reader through this simple story be led to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," to accept Him as the only Saviour of lost sinners, and "love, and life, and lasting joy" will be his *now*—his in life or death, and his for ever and ever.

J. M.

WONDERFUL WATERS.

THE ancient city of Bath, in the South of England, has a world-wide reputation for its valuable mineral waters, incessantly springing up out of the bowels of the earth in large quantities. Thousands of invalids are annually attracted to this wonderful health-resort, and obtain much benefit from drinking, and also from bathing in the wonderful waters.



INSCRIPTION ON THE MINERAL WELL AT BATH.

These waters were first discovered and largely used by the Roman Conquerors, who built magnificent bath-houses, many of which have only lately been discovered during some excavations which were being made for the improvement of the town. The Commissioners of Bath have been unstinting in their

Wonderful Waters.

praise of these waters, as a glance at the accompanying tablet will show. We had this tablet sketched and photographed, as it affords a splendid illustration of that "pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb" (Rev. 22. 1). The water of life has truly been flowing from "TIME UNDATED" till this very day. Eden had one great, nameless river, which no doubt foreshadowed the water of life; and the smitten rock, with its rushing, bubbling, sparkling water, is a striking type of Christ, who in His own blessed Person is the "bread of life and water of life" (1 Cor. 10. 4).

Though the water of life has flowed on from time undated, its healing "VIRTUE IS UNIMPAIRED." There is *virtue* in God's Christ to atone for, forgive, and subdue the *vice* of every sinner. Virtue still goes out of Him (Mark 5. 30). Not only do these healing waters perpetually retain their *virtue*, but their "VOLUME CONTINUES UNDIMINISHED." Millions have stooped, and drunk, and lived, and yet the volume of water flows on as if it had never been touched. Earthly fountains open, and flow, and dry up, but the fountain of *living* waters flows right royally on.

Not only is the volume of this water undiminished in its quantity, but its "HEAT IS UNABATED." Oh, the *warmth* of the water of life. Oh, the *fervour* of the love of God. See these *heated* streams flowing out and in amidst all the chilling indifferences of men; amidst man's cold unconcern, amidst man's freezing contempt, and yet their heat remains unabated. Oh, blessed water, warmed to boiling point over the fire of love, hold on thy noble way, and *thaw* the hard, cold, rebellious heart of fallen, sinful man.

The Commissioners of Bath take great pains to remind the citizens that their town owes its *origin* and its *progress* to the possession of the wonderful waters, and consequently they "DEMAND THE GRATITUDE of the city of Bath." Now, if these Commissioners could thus solemnly *demand* gratitude from the town's people for possessing this earthly, *perishable* water, which can only heal the body, what gratitude do we owe to God for giving so freely those living waters whose virtues minister to the deep need of man's soul. Oh, unthinking, unthankful man, think on the love of God and open thy heart to its *glow*. Think on the water of life, and open thy soul to its *flow*, and "be thankful unto Him, and bless His name" (Psa. 100. 4).

T. B.

A CANADIAN'S TESTIMONY.

A MEMORABLE night, one never to be forgotten, was the 1st of March, 1881, to me. I had trudged $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in a blinding snowstorm to reach a little school-house where the Gospel was announced to be preached. I reached it in due time, went in and took a seat, and soon was listening to God's remedy for sin-sick sinners, told out in its simplicity. And



From a Photo.

GEORGE O. BENNER, ORILLIA.

during that Gospel service, while the stormy winds were raging without, the "peace" of God that comes "through believing" took possession of my heart within—I had been born of God.

Much had to be unlearned before I was willing to receive the salvation which is only to be obtained as a "free gift." I had

A Canadian's Testimony.

always been led to believe it was by "our prayers and good works" that we were "made good enough" for heaven. But I found it was "not of works," nor "by works" of our own, that sinners are saved, but by the "finished work" of Jesus (John 19. 31), "who suffered for sins, the Just, for us, the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). And that if we, as "lost" sinners, accepted Jesus as our own Saviour, we had even now eternal life. My "*good works*" I found to be but "*dead works*," because, done apart from spiritual life in Christ, all my "righteousnesses" in God's sight were as "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). I had thought a great deal of my prayer saying, and believed my prayers would "weigh well" when put in the scales along with my other "good works" against my "evil works." But I learned that even my prayers were not acceptable to God, nor was anything laid to my credit for them, "without faith" it being "impossible to please Him." I knew not that God was *praying me to accept His salvation*, and be "reconciled" to Him (2 Cor. 5. 20).

A difficulty now stood in my way. I could not feel as though I loved God, and my want of love, I thought, was an insurmountable barrier to my having my sins forgiven. O how dark and ignorant was I concerning God's way of salvation! My difficulty vanished before the light of the wondrous truth that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that *He loved us*, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (John 3. 16; 1 John 4. 10). I saw, instead of my waiting to feel love to God, that I was to believe in His love to me, and accept His love gift, and the result would be love toward the One who had done so much for me, filling my heart. When I saw there were no "works" to do, nor any "feelings" to wait for, I came to Jesus as I was, weary and worn and sad. I believed in Him as the One who died for my sins. I rested satisfied with the work He accomplished for my salvation. I accepted Him as my own Saviour, and I knew I was saved, not because I felt happy, but because *Jesus died for me*; and God has said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36).

Unsaved reader, I entreat you to take salvation *now* on God's terms, namely, "Without money and without price" (Isaiah 55. 1); "As a free gift" (Rom. 6. 23) through believing (Acts 16. 31). Then you will know you are saved. G. O. B.

"SINNERS," NOT "SAINTS."

A LADY in deep soul distress visited the late Dr. Moody Stuart, a gifted Free Church of Scotland minister, and a well-known evangelical preacher in the city of Edinburgh. In the course of conversation the minister found that the lady was conversant with the facts and doctrines of Scripture, but could not understand God's way of salvation. He tried to



Photograph from a Painting of "Auld Reekie."

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

"Sinners," not "Saints."

bring before her the soul-saving truth regarding Christ and His finished work, but his efforts appeared fruitless. Feeling that he could not afford her relief, he opened the Scriptures, and slowly read the familiar passage, "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" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Ere closing the interview with prayer, Dr. Stuart observed that tears were flowing down the lady's cheeks. A week afterwards she returned, her face beaming with joy. She told the doctor that she had accepted Christ as her Saviour, and was rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

"Why did you weep when you left me on your former visit?" asked the servant of Christ.

"I wept for joy," said she.

"What was it that gave you that joy?" inquired the minister.

"I saw as you were speaking that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*."

"But you knew that before?"

"No."

"Then what did you think?"

"I always thought that Jesus came into the world to save saints, and I wept for joy when I saw that He came to save sinners."

Many like the lady have a similar opinion. When told that the Lord Jesus is willing to save them *as they are, and where they are*, they reply that they are not yet "good enough." When pressed to immediate acceptance of Christ they declare that they are not yet "prepared" to be saved. If the reader has this thought, notice that it is not that Jesus Christ came into the world to save *penitent* sinners. "Surely He is not prepared to save me in my *sins*?" Most certainly He is. He longs to save you *in* your sins that He may deliver you *from* your sins. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). When you become one of His "people" He will save you *from* their *power*, as well as from their *penalty*. He only saves lost, guilty, helpless, and hell-deserving sinners who believe on Him. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost*."

If you are "lost," and come to Him as a "sinner," and not as a "saint," He will save you whatever you are, or have been. Because He loves you with a fond and tender love He is seeking to save you from going down to the pit. Will you now give up trying to be saved as a "saint," and come to Him in your guilt, ruin, and helplessness?

THE ONE FOUNDATION.

By C. H. SPURGEON, the Prince of Preachers.



Photo. by Elliot & Fry, London.

C. H. SPURGEON

N[CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, the acknowledged "Prince of Preachers" of the nineteenth century, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, on 19th June, 1834. Converted to God when 16 years of age, in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, at Colchester, he commenced preaching at once, and continued it for over 40 years, often preaching 12 times in a week. His sermons have been issued weekly for 46 years, without intermission, their theme being, "NONE BUT JESUS—NOTHING BUT GRACE." He passed into the presence of the Master he loved on the last day of January, 1892

ALL the good works of the best men that ever lived would make but a rotten foundation for them if they were to place reliance thereon. Abound in good works but do not trust in them. Human merit is a foundation of sand. "But I have had special spiritual feelings," says one; "I have been broken down, I have been lifted up." Yes, you may have been crushed down to hell's door, and lifted up to heaven's

The One Foundation.

gate, but there is nothing in feelings and excitements which can be a ground of hope. "Why," says one, "it has troubled me that I have not had these feelings." Do not let it trouble you, but go to Jesus Christ and rest in Him, feelings or no feelings. High frames and low frames are delusions all, if they be trusted in. We can no more be saved by our feelings than by our works. "Oh, but," saith another, "I have confidence that I am saved, for I had a wonderful dream; and, moreover, I heard a voice and saw a vision." Rubbish all! Dreams, visions, voices! Throw them all away. There is not the slightest reliance to be placed on them. "What, not if I saw Christ?" No, certainly not, for vast multitudes saw Him in the days of His flesh, and died and perished after all. "But surely a dream will save me?" It will give you a dreamy hope, but when you awake in the next world your dream will be gone. The one thing to rest upon is the "more sure word" of testimony—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15), and whosoever "believeth on Him is not condemned" (John 3. 18). I believe on Him, and therefore I am not condemned.

Why do I believe my sins to be forgiven? Because Jesus died to put away sin, and there is no condemnation to those who are in Him.

Why do I believe myself justified? Because He that believeth is justified. The Word of God says so (Acts 13. 39).

How do I know that I am saved? Because Jesus Christ has declared that whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned. To believe in Him is to trust in Him, to make Him my foundation. I do trust in Him. He is my foundation, and I am saved, or else His Word is not true. I know that His Word is true, and therefore I am at rest. It is written: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). I believe in Him, therefore I have everlasting life. I have this promise, that I shall never perish, neither shall any separate me from His love.

For eternal salvation "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 3. 11).

"NOT PREPARED."

IF you are not ready to come to Christ as you are, it may well be asked, When will you be ready, or what will make you ready?

THE STARVING MILLIONS OF INDIA.

HOW terribly sad it is to think that the present famine which is raging in India is much worse than the last one, in which several millions of persons perished.

Competent judges tell us that 80,000,000 people are affected, and judging from past famines, over 5,000,000 must die of starvation. What a dreadful thought to contemplate!



From a Photo.

"TOO WEAK TO STAND."

A photograph just taken to show the terrible effect of the present famine. The ladies shown, and the sender of the photo, are known and accredited workers.

The Starving Millions of India.

Numbers of persons in various countries are subscribing liberally to relief funds, and it is hoped that through such efforts many thousands will be saved from actual starvation. Think of a man killing his little boy and then eating him, and when caught, said, "My stomach did it!"

These millions in India are starving because they are unable to procure bread. In this highly-favoured land multitudes, who know not what physical hunger is, are perishing for lack of the *Bread of Life*. "I am the Bread of Life," said the Saviour; "he that cometh to Me shall never hunger" (John 6. 35).

If the millions of sufferers in the famine districts of the Indian Empire knew how to get food, they would use every means within their power to obtain it. Missionaries tell sad stories of hundreds and thousands of starving people crowding around them appealing for help. It is their *misfortune*, not their fault, that they are starving.

All around us men and women are starving for lack of the "Living Bread." "I am the Living Bread that came down from heaven; if any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever" (John 6. 51), are the words of the Lord Jesus. All may have this "Living Bread." But the awful fact is this, that the masses of the people have no desire for it. They can have it if they choose, but they have no heart for it. It is blessedly true that

"None need perish; all may live, for Christ hath died."

"The bread that I will give is My flesh," said the Lord Jesus, which I will give *for the life of the world*" (verse 51). There is bread for all, and therefore for the unsaved reader. Men "hunger and thirst" after riches, honours, pleasure, fame, but they don't hunger for the "Living Bread." The result is they are perishing in their sins through their unbelief. Many who "know not their danger, and feel not their load," are utterly heedless and careless of their best interests. They love the praise of men more than the praise of God, and do their utmost to banish from their minds serious and solemn thoughts of eternity. Yet the Living God is calling in their ears, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread" (Isa. 55. 2). When they can have the Living Bread "without money and without price" they won't take it. The condemning sin of the sinner is the fact that though God at an infinite cost has provided the "Bread of Life," he won't accept it as a free gift. Accept Him by simple faith, and you will hunger no more.

THE PRIEST AND THE TOMBSTONE.



From a Photo.

TOMBSTONE IN WESTLEIGH CHURCHYARD.

[The full inscription on the stone, reproduced above, is: "In memory of my beloved Terza (Iselle Teresa), elder daughter of Henry Torr, Esq., of Eastleigh Manor House and Tavistock, and wife of M. H. Mody, Missionary, Bombay. Born again at High Barnet, 21st June, 1863. Fell asleep in Jesus at Plymouth, 21st November, 1895." Her life text, "How great things the Lord hath done for thee" (Mark 5. 19); and two verses of hymnus appear on the open Bible.]

IT is not often that a "parish priest"—a title many clergymen now like to take—is contradicted by an inscription in his own churchyard. Henceforth, however, in the remote village of Westleigh, North Devon, the voice of one who speaks from her tombstone will warn against a false foundation that many are being taught to build upon for eternity—that those who are "by nature children of wrath" are made *by baptism* "children of God." This inscription agrees with the Word of God, which says, "Ye are all children of God *by faith in Christ Jesus.*" The story, some account of which appeared in the newspapers in November, 1896, is as follows:

A lady of Devonshire, who married a converted Parsee, or fire-worshipper, and was for some time serving Christ with him in Bombay, returned to England and fell asleep in Christ. During her illness she said she would like these words put on

her tombstone, to tell of God's grace to her : " Born Again at High Barnet, 21st June, 1863. ' Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.' " To these words the clergyman in whose churchyard the tombstone was to be placed objected, but the husband, desirous of carrying out his wife's wish, appealed to the Consistory Court at Exeter. Before this Court the priest produced a certificate to prove that the lady was baptised at Westleigh on 19th April, 1847, and his objection to the statement Mrs. Mody had desired should be put on her tombstone was that it contradicted the declaration that she was *regenerated*, or *born again*, in her baptism as an infant. The learned Chancellor of the diocese held that the words need not be so understood, giving the late Archbishop Sumner and the present Bishop of Exeter as his authority for concluding that there was no erroneous doctrine in them, and he therefore decided that the stone might be erected.

It will appear to many that the lady's distinct statement that she was " born again " sixteen years *after* her baptism as an infant is a clear expression of her conviction that she was *not* " born from above " by that ceremony. She evidently meant that on 21st June, 1863, she was led to receive Christ as *her own* Saviour, and to believe in Him for the forgiveness of her sins, according to Acts 10. 43 : " To Him give all the prophets witness, that, through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive the remission of sins. " This she expressed in the words of a well-known hymn :

" Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away. "

In John 1. 12 it is declared that " as many as received Him to them gave He power [that is, all that is needful to enable them] to become children of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. " And the apostle James names the one instrument of the new birth when he writes : " Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth " (James 1. 18) ; therefore, the new birth is entirely *of God*, and it is inseparable from personal faith in Christ, the Son of God, as the only Saviour of the lost. There is not a single statement in Scripture that connects the new birth with baptism, for, though certain words of our Lord in John 3—" Except a man be born of water and the Spirit "—are misused to teach this, it is evident from His subsequent words to Nicodemus that it is *by faith in Himself* that the new birth is brought about.

It is very clear that the views of the priest at Westleigh—

The Priest and the Tombstone.

which are being more and more widely accepted—and the testimony of the deceased lady, borne on her tombstone, cannot be harmonised; and it is equally clear that her joyful experience corresponds with the teaching of Scripture, and that the date of her new birth was *when she believed in Christ*, when she received Him into her heart, and *not* when the words were read over her as an unconscious infant.

This tombstone speaks with a loud voice, and may well move many to seek from the Word of God the truth on this all-important subject, and not suffer themselves to be deceived, by teachings that are contrary to that Word, in a matter that involves their eternal salvation or condemnation.

There are many whose experience agrees with that to which this tombstone bears witness. They were baptised, confirmed, became regular attendants at the sacrament, and thought they were all right. But when they were taught by the Holy Spirit that they were lost sinners, and that without being “born from above” they could neither see nor enter “the Kingdom of God,” they asked with Nicodemus, “How can these things be?” and could not rest until they learnt the meaning of the Lord’s answer to that mistaken, though sincere, teacher of Israel, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life” (John 3. 14, 15).

W. H. B.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE PRINCE'S ESCAPE.

THE attempted assassination of the Prince of Wales, on Wednesday, the 4th of April, 1900, produced a considerable sensation in Europe. The Prince was sitting in his railway carriage at Brussels station, on his way to Denmark, and the train had just begun to move, when a young man stepped on the foot-board and fired two revolver shots in rapid succession at His Royal

The Prince's Escape.

Highness. The miscreant was about to fire a third time, when he was disarmed and apprehended. By the goodness of God, the Prince was uninjured, both bullets missing their intended victim. It was a narrow escape ; and no doubt the heir-apparent to the British throne will be duly thankful that he was not so soon and suddenly called to meet God. There has been great joy and satisfaction that he was unhurt, not only for his own sake, but on account of his aged mother, our beloved Queen, who in the course of her reign has herself no less than four times escaped the bullet of the would-be assassin.

Truly those who sit in high places are exposed to peculiar dangers. Yet we cannot wonder at their many deliverances, when we remember how continuously they are commended by the people of God to the care of Him who is the Hearer of Prayer.

The Prince's assailant was quite a youth, being not much over fifteen years of age. You ask, What led him to attempt so dastardly a crime? We answer that question by saying he was an *anarchist*. But what is an anarchist? An anarchist is one who aims at the overthrow of law and order, with the hope that some better form of government might arise out of the ruins. The poor, infatuated anarchists persuade themselves that by killing kings, and princes, and prime ministers they are doing a service to mankind. We need not point out the wickedness of such a sentiment. Scripture denounces murder, and says we must not do evil that good may come. The principles of anarchism are completely opposed to the spirit and teaching of Christ, for *He* came not to destroy men's lives, but to die that they might be saved. He went continually about "*doing good*"—a very different thing from the work of the anarchists, who are constantly plotting how they can kill and destroy. If you rest upon the Lord Jesus, as the Saviour who died for you on the Cross, you shall at once be saved from coming wrath, cleansed from your sins, and have your whole being fashioned after the pattern of Him who was meek and lowly in heart.

You may be wondering how the young man had his mind thus poisoned at such an early age. It was by *keeping bad company and reading bad books*. This is where thousands have made shipwreck. They despise the warnings of those who watch for their souls—they resist the Spirit, reject Christ, and wake up when too late to find that they have "played the fool and erred exceedingly."

w. s.

A BAD FOUNDATION.

THE ground on which the city of Chicago is built was originally part of the vast prairie which formed what is now known as the Western States. The early settler found the soil rich and kindly, yielding him abundant crops as the result of his toil. News of the prosperity of those who had "gone West" started the tide of emigration westward, and settlements and villages sprang into existence with marvellous rapidity.



From a Photo.

THE POST OFFICE, CHICAGO (before being demolished).

Under such conditions was the beginning of what is now the acknowledged "Metropolis of the West"—Chicago. As time went on the humble dwellings and stores of the pioneer gave place to the more pretentious brick, stone, and steel-framed buildings of more modern times. With these changes, however, some of their troubles began.

For instance, a large Government building, to be used as a Customs House and Post Office, was erected. In appearance it was solid and substantial, as its designers and builders believed it to be. But, in the course of years, large cracks

A Bad Foundation.

appeared in the walls, and other evidence accumulated, showing that something was wrong. The work in the superstructure was all right, but the foundation had been laid on the porous subsoil, and the immense weight of the large building had caused it to sink in places—hence the cracking of the walls.

There was no remedy for this, so the structure was razed to the ground, and a solid foundation laid for a new, and it is hoped, a more permanent building. The securing of this solidity cost thousands of dollars, but it was imperative that a good foundation be laid, so neither time nor expense was spared.

WHAT IS YOUR FOUNDATION FOR ETERNITY?

Speaking of good and bad foundations, however, makes one think of the many who are professedly building for eternity, and cherishing bright hopes as to the future. But what about the foundation? In many instances, alas! they have never given a thought to that. Still, no question is more important to have rightly answered than this: "On what are you building your hopes for eternity?" Let my reader pause a moment, and ask himself in the presence of God: "What is my foundation for eternity? Is it self in any form, or is it Christ alone?" On the way you are able truthfully to answer such a question will depend your future weal or woe. Therefore would we say, be honest with yourself, and give your soul the benefit of every doubt.

To trust to *chance* may appear brave now, but in eternity it will be found to be the act of a fool.

To trust to a *moral life* or a *religious profession* may serve to satisfy the conscience now, but it will be found to be "sinking sand" in eternity. God says: "By grace are ye saved, through faith . . . not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

To trust *Christ*, and Him alone, is to rest on the "Rock of Ages," and although the winds of adversity may blow and the storm of wrath rage, yet neither wind nor wave can move the one whose hopes for eternity are founded on the Rock—Christ Jesus. Christ has "died for the ungodly." In doing so He has satisfied the righteous claims of a holy God against sin. To believe on Him is to rest where God rests—in Christ, for God rests in infinite satisfaction and eternal complacency on that blessed One. There *you* may rest in absolute security for time and eternity and sing:

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

T. D. W. M.

SAVED AT SEA.



From a Photo.

JOHN FERGUSON.

I AM now thirteen years on my way to heaven. I want to tell you how I was born again. Without saying much about my unconverted career, I may say the autumn of 1885 found me a careless, pleasure-loving young man. I plunged deeply into every form of pleasure, without any thought of God or eternity. Like others, I had a little religion on Sundays, but that was all. For some time I had been following a seafaring life, having taken to it, as I thought, to see life in reality.

Being on board the s.s. *Martaban*, bound from Glasgow to Rangoon, I was resting one evening on the deck after the duties of the day were over. We were then off Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, in sight of land. While sitting there I

Saved at Sea.

began to think about the past of my life, and about the future. Eternity came before me with all its realities. One of the crew, a Christian, joined me, and finding the state of mind I was in, began to speak to me about my soul. In the course of his conversation he quoted the words found in John 3. 18, "He that believeth not is condemned already." As he repeated the words "*condemned already*," they were carried home in the power of the Spirit of God to my heart. I saw that I was a lost, guilty sinner, and should I die I could only be sent to hell. That night the anxiety partly wore away, and the devil succeeded in making me think I was all right now. Alas! I was not all right; I was awakened, but not converted to God.

The steamer returned home, and once away from the influence of the Christian referred to, I plunged more deeply into sin. The Spirit of God again troubled me. I could get no rest or peace. The words "*condemned already*" rang in my ears, and the fear of meeting God was continually before me. This continued for about two months, until I shipped again in the same steamer. There was aboard this time another Christian, a young man recently converted. He spoke to me about my soul, and one day when out about ten days had a lengthened conversation with me. He brought before me the story of the Prodigal Son, and showed me how the father had received him after all his sin and folly. I left him with these words, "Well, if the Lord will save a poor, guilty wretch such as I am, I won't rest to-night till I find peace." That night about nine o'clock, underneath one of the life-boats, I passed from death to life. I knew the plan of salvation; all I needed was to know that God would receive me. While thinking over the simplicity of the way of salvation which had been presented to me, as a lost and hopeless sinner I rested on the finished work of Christ. These words were brought home to my heart in power: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." There and then I had peace with God. I saw it all; my sins were gone; Christ bore them in His own body on the tree. God was for ever satisfied; I was eternally saved. Peace filled my soul, joy flooded my being, and I was able to testify to the saving grace of a God of love, who could save a poor sinner like me. These have been thirteen happy years, and it is better on before.

Friend, have you been born again? Oh, think of the dread consequences of appearing before God in your sins. J. F.

A ROYAL BUGLE.



BUGLE PRESENTED TO BUGLER DUNNE BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

A ROYAL BUGLE! Where is the boy who would not covet it? yet perhaps when we know that such a present may be ours we shall despise it. Not a bugle to blow in the midst of death and carnage, but a bugle to sound an alarm and a charge against the hosts of sin and Satan. The Gospel of Jesus is just this.

Young Dunne was bugler of the 1st Dublin Fusiliers, and was with the "A" Company crossing the Tugela River and in the

A Royal Bugle.

battle of Colenso. He was with the officers, and was the first among the wounded, being struck by pieces of a shell in the muscle of his right arm and in the chest. Still grasping his bugle he ran on with the firing-line, doubling towards the enemy, until his arm dropped powerless at his side. Changing the instrument to his left hand he pressed forward to force the passage of the river, but fell powerless from loss of blood.

He was carried by the stretcher-party to the ambulance waggons in the rear, and as soon as his wounds were dressed he wanted to recover his bugle which he had dropped in the river; but this was impossible.

Are we as faithful with our Gospel bugle? Are we as persistent in sounding it, even in the face of the foe, and when we have to suffer for it. Here is an opportunity for bravery of the right sort.

Young Dunne was invalided home to Netley Hospital, where he was visited by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Christian, who asked him what he would like the Queen to do for him. "I hope," said he, "that her Majesty will send me back to the front."

When sufficiently recovered the Queen sent for the lad to come to Osborne, where he was graciously received, Her Majesty calling him to her side, examining his wound, asking all the circumstances, and then presenting him with the new bugle represented in our illustration.

What an honour! Not such an honour as awaits those; who, being converted to God, faithfully sound the Gospel bugle in the battle of life. They shall stand before the King and receive new and higher service from His hand.

W. L.



THE MATTERHORN.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

STANDING on the steps of one of the well-known tourist resorts in Switzerland and gazing at the snow-covered hills in the distance, I was struck with their brightness and beauty, yet reflected that being washed in the Blood of the Lamb in God's eyes I was more lovely than they. "Washed whiter than snow."

P. G.

THREE WOUNDS, or FIVE.

THE whole civilised world was electrified on the morning of 30th July by the news that Humbert, King of Italy, had been cruelly murdered the previous day whilst returning from the distribution of prizes at a gymnastic display at Monza. He



From a Photo.

HUMBERT, KING OF ITALY.

was sitting in his carriage, attended only by one officer, when an anarchist named Angelo Brisci sprang forward and fired three pistol shots. The king fell back mortally wounded, and died without regaining consciousness, passing from the midst of ~~feted~~ scenes and cheering subjects to the bar of God, at

Three Wounds, or Five.

the age of 56. After a sigh of true sympathy with the Italian nation, so suddenly plunged into such deep grief, our thoughts are turned to the relation of the late king to the Gospel. Some idea of this may be gathered from the following Central News telegram, dated Rome, 5th August, 1900 :

"Queen Margherita has sent to Bishop Bonomelli the following touching prayer of her own composition in the hope, as she says, that it may be said by the people at their devotions : ' O Lord ! he did good in this world, and cherished animosity against no person. He forgave all those that trespassed against him. He sacrificed his life for duty and the good of his country until his last breath. He endeavoured to fulfil his mission. For the blood which flowed from his three wounds, for the works of goodness and justice which he did in his lifetime, O just and merciful Lord ! receive him into Your arms and give him his eternal reward. ' "

Now, whether we dwell in the palaces of royalty or exist amidst scenes of poverty, it behoves us earnestly to face the question of our eternal destiny and the preparation for it. According to this prayer the reasons for expecting a portion in eternal bliss are :

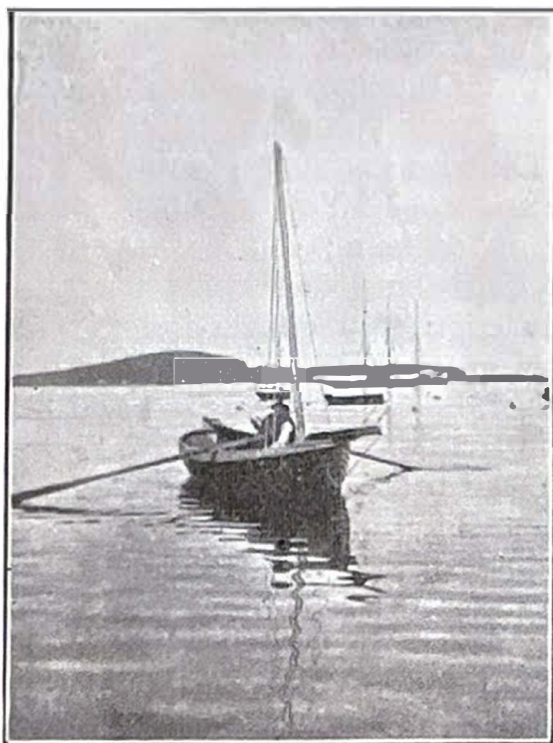
"The good done in this world." "He cherished animosity against no person." "The blood which flowed from his three wounds." "The works of goodness and justice which he did in his lifetime."

Or, to sum up, "Solely and only on the ground of *creature merit*."

What a contrast to another document read in ROME centuries before, wherein it is stated that "by the *deeds* of the law shall no flesh [sovereign or subject] be justified ;" that "a man is justified by faith *without the deeds* of the law." Yea, more, "To him that *worketh* is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of *debt*." Then the queen's prayer says : "For the blood which flowed from his *three wounds* . . . give him his eternal reward !" What a contrast again to the Roman Epistle, wherein it is distinctly stated that only by the blood of Jesus, or the "five bleeding wounds He bears," can God give to anyone eternal rewards. "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation *through faith* IN HIS BLOOD." "Being now *justified by* HIS BLOOD, we shall be saved from wrath."

As to the eternal weal or woe of the dead ruler it is not for us to determine, but as to thine, O living reader ! it is easily determined. If trusting in good deeds, kind words, just works, lack of vile passions and acts, thine own merits, thou art surely on "the broad road which leadeth to destruction." If resting alone on "the precious blood of Christ," trusting only in His atoning sacrifice on Calvary, thou art in "the way that leadeth unto life." "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23). Accept God's free gift and you will have everlasting life now, and be certain of receiving a future eternal reward.

THE FISHERMAN'S CONFESSION.



IN the winter of 1893 a work of grace was going on in a fishing town in the North of Scotland. Quite a number of the fisher-folk professed to accept of Christ as their Saviour. One night as the people were leaving the hall in which the meetings were held, the evangelist (a friend of the writer), as was his custom, stood at the door shaking hands with the people, inviting them back, and now and again asking one and another if it was all right with him for eternity. When

Sandy — observed the “button-holing” he tried to get out without being observed. The evangelist, however, was too quick for him, and laying his hand on his shoulder asked him the following question: “HAVE YOU BEEN BORN AGAIN?”

“Yes,” said he, glad to escape from “close grips,” and bolted.

The question followed Sandy. “Have you been born again?” rang in his ears.

“Have you been born again?” on his way to his home came before him. He knew that he had never experienced such a change. True, he went to church like other decent people, but he was not “born again.” Sandy was an honest, manly fellow, and on thinking over what had taken place, he said to himself, “I told the preacher a lie; I have never been born again.”

Perhaps the reader is a professing Christian, attending church or chapel, contributing of your means to the support of this, that, and the other charitable, religious, benevolent, or philanthropic institution. Permit me to ask you the question that was asked of Sandy: *Have you been born again?* However moral, respectable, or religious you may be, “**YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN**” (John 3. 7).

The words just quoted were spoken to a leading religious Jew by the Lord Jesus Christ. “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he *cannot see the kingdom*

The Fisherman's Confession.

of God" (John 3. 3). Whatever you are, or have been, you MUST be born again ere you can become a true Christian. You must be "born again" ere you can enter the abode of the redeemed.

Perhaps some one has asked you if you were "born again," "saved," or "converted"? Did you say that you were, when all the time you knew you were not? You may escape the questionings and plain preaching of men; you may avoid the company of "out-and-out" Christians who know that they have experienced the mighty change of conversion to God, and seek to win others for Him who died to save them from the abyss of despair. You must, however, meet God and hear Him speaking to you, either in time or in eternity.

Sandy felt that he had deceived the preacher, and he made up his mind that he would go and tell him so.

At eleven o'clock the same night, the evangelist was surprised to learn that Sandy wished to see him. With tears in his eyes, the honest-hearted fisherman unburdened his soul, and said: "I have come to tell you that I TOLD YOU A LIE when I said that I was born again. On going down the stairs I felt that I ought to go back and tell you, so I returned to the hall to see you, but it was closed and the lights were out, and now I have come here." And then with a look of determination, he added, "I am not going to RISE FROM THIS SEAT until I am born again." The "fisher of men" was delighted to sit beside Sandy and point him to Christ, the sinner's Friend. He set before him the sufferings and death of the Saviour; how that he had borne the penalty due to sin, and paid the ransom price with His precious blood, and by believing on Him he would be saved. When the "anxious enquirer" saw by faith that Christ had died in his room and stead, and borne the judgment due to him, he found peace in believing.

If you are longing for deliverance from a sin-burdened soul and a guilty conscience, we would point you to Jesus, the bleeding, suffering Lamb of God. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Look to Him and be saved (Isaiah 45. 22). "Hear, and your soul shall live." Hear the Gospel—the good news regarding Christ and His finished work.

A. M.

The *now* is an atom of sand,
The *near* is a perishing clod;
But *afar* is the glory-land,
And *beyond* the bosom of God.

A FREE PARDON.

Notes of an Address by REGINALD RADCLIFFE.

I AM about to speak to those precious souls who are not yet born again, and who know nothing of the love of Christ, and I entreat them to ask themselves this solemn question: Are my sins pardoned? Am I a new creature? When I was a child I was baptised, and afterwards confirmed. I received the communion regularly. I observed



From a Photo by Elliott & Fry London.

REGINALD RADCLIFFE.

the Sabbath strictly; I was religious in the eyes of man, satisfied with myself; and I thought myself safe. My eyes were shut, I was walking in darkness; I was going religiously to hell, my back turned upon Christ. Have you received the pardon of your sins? Or are you such as I was? But what does Jesus say? What does He offer by the mouth of His apostles? What

A Free Pardon.

message can I give you from Him? He says to every sin-burdened soul that He was wounded for your transgressions, and that He is willing to take from you that burden which crushes you. What! do you say, Now? Do you ask, At this time? at this instant? Yes, I reply. Do you not remember when Peter had offered this same pardon from the Lord one first day of the week to a large number which had gathered together, that 3000 souls were brought to Christ through his word at that same hour, on that same spot, in that same assembly; and that they also received at the same time, not only salvation, but grace and power from the Lord to lead a holy life, and to serve Him. Pardon; pardon for your whole life, pardon for twenty, thirty, forty, sixty years of guilt—pardon for nothing. I tried formerly to get pardoned and saved for the sake of my baptism; for the sake of my frequent attendance at divine worship and at the Lord's table; for my exemplary life; for my tears and repentance; but I always heard the same answer, "Go; I will accept none of these things."

I cannot penetrate the secrets of God. I cannot know the secrets of your heart; but what I do know is, that God does not judge of us as we would judge of ourselves. I do know that all the unsaved are under condemnation, and that God will surely bring each one of us to His standard. I do know, at the same time, that He loves you, notwithstanding all, at this instant. I do know that He has given His well-beloved Son to save you. I do know that before these words were spoken, "It is finished," Christ drank for us the cup of anguish and suffering that He might atone for sin. "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!"

But does any burdened one ask, "How can I approach the living God; where is the way?" Oh, if every one were willing to see in Christ alone the door of heaven, how easily would they find it! Does any one say, "The door of heaven is to be found through my good life, my good works, my sufferings, my tears, and I cannot find it"? God says it is through the Lamb, and this Door opens to all. Yes, for all. The greatest sinner may come, and, coming to Jesus the Lamb of God, his sin is seen no longer; Christ has blotted it out—it is gone for ever.

Look in the Bible and see if I have not spoken the truth. See if God has not given His Son for you; see if He does not love you. His love, His pardon, His salvation, this is the secret to be holy, to be men of God, and devoted servants of Christ. R.R.

CHRIST'S PRAYER IN THE GARDEN.

DURING a brief visit to Palestine I visited the Garden of Gethsemane twice. After passing Damascus Gate and St. Stephen's Gate we crossed the Kedron at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and entered a rectangular enclosure in which



From a Photo.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Christ's Prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane.

is a neatly-kept garden containing eight old gnarled and twisted olive trees. The garden is fenced in with an iron railing, and is under the care of Franciscan monks. As I gazed on the scene I thought on the memorable night of Christ's betrayal, of His soul agony, and prayer that if it were His Father's will the cup might pass from Him. It was, indeed, a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Eighteen centuries previously, close to where I stood, the Lord of Life and Glory said to His disciples, Peter, James, and John : "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death ; tarry ye here and watch with Me" (Matt. 26. 38). Then we are told that "He went a little farther, and fell on His face and prayed, saying, O, My Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me ; nevertheless, not as I wilt, but as Thou wilt."

Three times was this prayer presented to God. And "there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him." It is also recorded that His sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground (Luke 22. 44). Oftentimes I had read and sung the familiar lines :

"Gethsemane, can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and blood-like sweat,
And not remember Thee?"

and here was I looking upon the garden ! What was "the cup" to which the Lord Jesus referred ? In John's Gospel, chapter 18, verse 11, we read : "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" What was "the cup" which God gave to His beloved Son to drink ?

Let us follow that excited crowd as it wends its way towards the city walls to the place called Calvary. Let us stand there in spirit and gaze on that tragic scene. The rough, Roman soldiers crucify the only-begotten Son of God. He who "made all things" (John 1. 3), and "laid the foundations of the earth" (Heb. 1. 10), is nailed to a cross of wood. His disciples have forsaken Him and fled. Harken to that mournful cry that escapes His lips, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matt. 27. 46). Why did God forsake His beloved Son ? Did He forsake His faithful servants Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego when they were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace ? Did He forsake Daniel when he was cast into the den of lions ? Did He forsake the martyrs of old when they were sealing their testimony with their life's blood ? No, never. Christ was the first and the last of His servants that He forsook ; and why was He forsaken ? He who was of purer eyes than to behold evil hid His face from His darling

Christ's Prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Son when He was bearing our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24). "Awake, O sword, against My Shepherd, and against the Man that is My fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts: smite the Shepherd" (Zech. 13. 7). This Scripture was then fulfilled. The sword of Divine justice found its sheath in the bosom of the Son of God, the "Good Shepherd" that gave His life for the sheep.

Before the Lord Jesus surrendered His spirit the triumphant

"IT IS FINISHED"

is heard, "and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost" (John 19. 30). What was "finished?" The cup of wrath that God gave Him to drink was drained to its dregs.

"Death and the curse were in my cup,
O, Christ, 'twas full for Thee;
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup, Love drank it up,
Now blessing's draught for me."

The cup given to Him by His Father to drink was partaken of, atonement was made, the ransom was paid, the penalty was borne, and God's righteous claims were fully met. A. M.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE'S TESTIMONY.



THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

WHILST the "Great Napoleon" was talking one day at St. Helena to Count de Molonthon, he said: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires but upon what did these erections of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. . . I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man. None else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man. . . I have inspired

Napoleon Buonaparte's Testimony.

multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion that they would have died for me ; but to do this it was necessary that I should be *visibly* present with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts. Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the unseen, that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. Across a chasm of 1800 years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart ; He will have it entirely to Himself. He asks it unconditionally, and forthwith this demand is granted. Wonderful ! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love toward Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable ; it is altogether beyond the reach of man's creative powers. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame ; time can neither exhaust its strength or put a limit to its range. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ."

The reader may believe in the Divinity of Christ, and be firmly convinced that He is the only and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, without accepting Him as his own Saviour ! It is one thing for a sick man to believe that a certain physician is able to cure him of his malady, but it is quite a different thing for him to put his case into the doctor's hand and be restored to health ! "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." He is the Son of God. He died on Calvary for "sinners," for the "ungodly," for you. By His precious blood He has *made peace*, and at this very moment you may be saved from the eternal burnings by believing on Him who died that you might not perish but have everlasting life. Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God ? "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (1 John 5. 1). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 10).

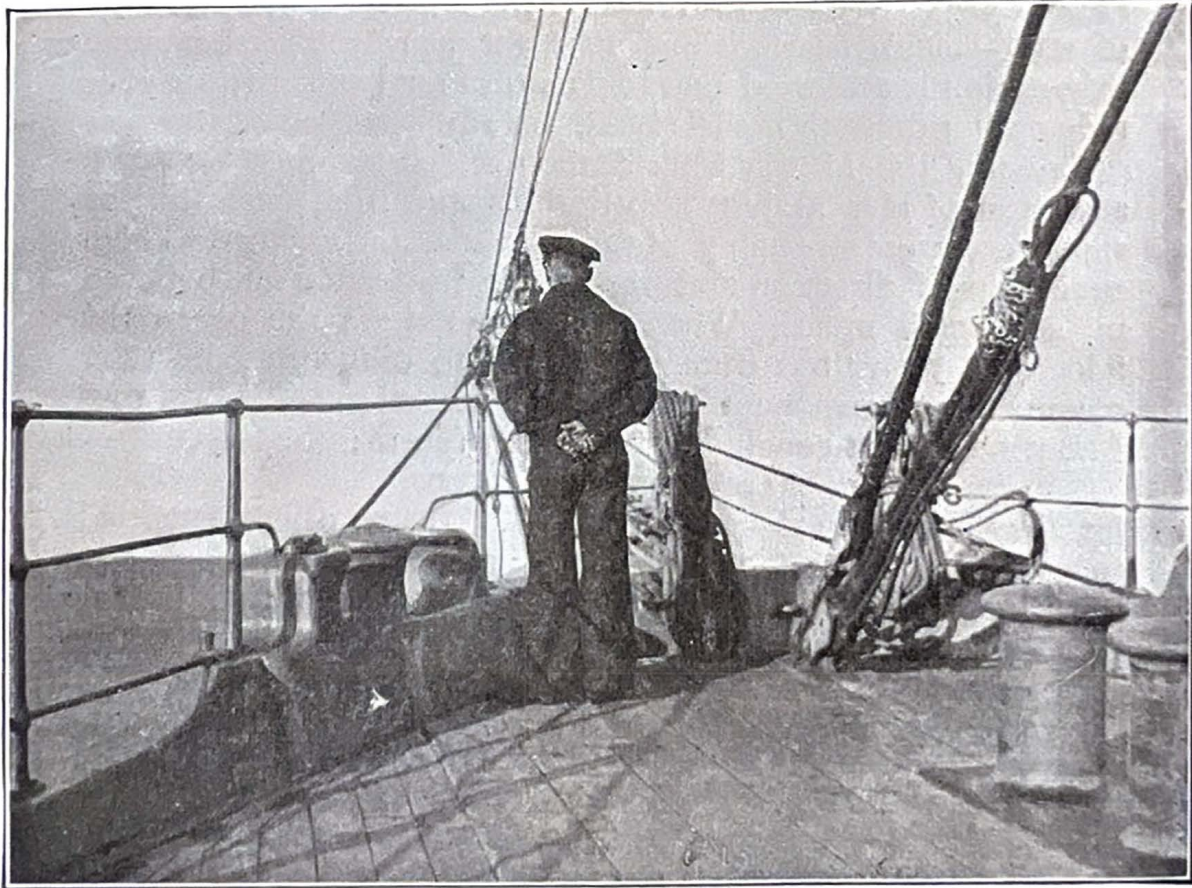
" 'It is finished,' yes, indeed,
Finished every jot ;
Sinner, this is all you need—
Tell me, is it not ? "

FOUR "LOOKS."

SHORT words are the best, because they are easily remembered, full of meaning, and simple to understand. So we pass along this one word, "LOOK," and pray that it will sink deep down into our readers' hearts. 1st (Ex. 10. 10):

"LOOK, FOR EVIL IS BEFORE YOU."

This is especially true for every one who is unsaved ; there is *evil before you* in time and for eternity—the ten thousand evils of sin and the awful consequence of eternal punishment which befall every disbeliever of the Gospel (Mark 16. 16 ; 2 Thess. 1. 8).



From a Photo by F. S. Arnot.

"THE LOOK-OUT MAN."

These words were spoken by the King of Egypt to Moses as a threat ; we use them as a loving warning. King Jehoram, warned by Elisha of evil, saved himself (2 Kings 6. 10). "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself ; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

"LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED,"

is a glorious use of this striking word. The Lord Himself cries aloud to the perishing, "LOOK !" Look where? Within? No. Around? No. At self? By no means. "Look unto ME." With what result? *Salvation*—"Be ye SAVED." Whom?

Four "Looks."

Me? Let the Word speak: "ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH." Universal deliverance, all for a *look* at the Lord Jesus.

But you may ask, "Why can I be saved? How is it possible for a sinner like me?" Listen to the simple, grand, divine, and conclusive reason why. "BECAUSE I AM GOD, and there is none else." "A just God and a Saviour; there is none beside Me" (Isaiah 45. 21. 22). But, thirdly, let us say LOOK UP. This was the resolve of one who truly loved the Lord: "In the morning I will direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up" (Psalm 5. 3). We live in troublous times—"wars and rumours of wars—men's hearts failing them for fear." The Saviour's exhortation is a blessed one to His own: "LOOK UP, for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke 21. 28).

Crossing the Mersey from Seacombe last summer, we saw a squadron of Her Majesty's battleships, and from each the gay signal flags were streaming, of varied shades and colours. There were flags of direction and warning to be looked at, believed in, and acted upon. When far separated on the ocean the "look-out man" has from the foretop to diligently note their colours and arrangement. We pass on our sailing—"LOOK UP."

But we cannot conclude without our fourth:

"LOOK ON THE FIELDS,
for they are white already to harvest." Jesus called attention to corn-fields about Samaria as a fit symbol of the many who were longing and waiting for salvation to be reaped by the Gospel sickle. Who will help to gather the golden grain? T.R.D.

REAL OR COUNTERFEIT—WHICH?



ONE evening a Scotch Highlander was speaking to a fellow-boarder in the city of Chicago about the importance and necessity of being prepared to meet a holy and righteous God. The young man took shelter in the common excuse—"so many hypocrites." The Christian was unearthing him from his refuge, and said, "Suppose that I took from my pocket a handful of dollars, and there was a counterfeit one among them, would I throw them all away on that account?" Then he applied the illustration, and showed the absurdity of rejecting or neglecting God's "great salvation" because of some who are only counterfeits.

**"EITHER HE WAS MAD, OR I WAS ALL
WRONG."**

BEFORE I was brought to know the Lord, I was a careless, godless, young fellow, thinking only of the world and pleasure. One day, when at home on leave of absence, I was sitting in a room with my brothers, smoking cigars and drinking whisky and water, while discussing how many days' hunting



Photo by Manders, Llandudno. **W. P. LOCKHART, the Merchant Preacher.**

we could get out of our horses. In the midst of our conversation, my mother, who was a true Christian, came into the room with tears in her eyes, and declared she feared her sons were going to hell. I cared little for the words, but I loved my mother dearly, and could not bear to think of causing her such concern, so, to please her, I went with her that evening to a

"Either He was Mad, or I was all Wrong."

meeting which was to be addressed by a man about my own age. When I got to the meeting I was quite surprised at the whole style of the thing. The service was very informal, and the preacher, Mr. W. P. Lockhart, of Liverpool, wore a grey shooting-coat, turned over the leaves of his Bible as if it were a book with which he was familiar, and spoke about eternal things in a plain and homely, yet very earnest, way. He set forth clearly that man was a lost sinner, and that the only way of salvation was through the finished work of Christ, and as he went on speaking I became interested in spite of myself. At first I thought he was mad, but as he continued I concluded that one of two things was true : either he was mad, or I was all wrong.

When he had done speaking he came straight down from the platform to where I sat, and asked me if I were a believer. I said, "Yes ; we are all believers." "Then," he replied, "if you are a believer you have everlasting life, and you are a saved man. God tells us so." "Show it to me from the Bible," I said. He turned to the fifth chapter of the Gospel of John, the twenty-fourth verse, and read these words of Jesus : "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." I saw at once that I had not that experience, and that, therefore, I was no true believer in Jesus. That very night God opened my eyes to see my awful condition as a lost sinner.

I was now no longer careless and indifferent about eternal things. My one thought and desire was to get my soul saved. I searched the Scriptures, and found there that Christ had died for sinners on the cross. The Spirit of God revealed God's love to me, an undeserving sinner, in giving up His Son to suffer in my place. I saw and believed the love that God had to me, trusted in Jesus, and rejoiced in Him as my Saviour.

I need scarcely tell you my life is changed. Indeed, I returned to my regiment, when my leave expired, resolved by God's help to take a stand for Christ ; the opposition was great, but by God's grace I soon saw several of our regiment, both officers and men, turned to the Lord.

God hath written a law and a Gospel—the law to *humble* us, and the Gospel to *comfort* us ; the law to *cast us down*, and the Gospel to *raise us up* ; the law to convince us of our misery, and the Gospel to convince us of His mercy ; the law to discover *sin*, and the Gospel to discover grace and Christ.

TOO LATE; or, GENERAL GORDON'S END.



GENERAL GORDON.

THE year 1882 closed the twelfth century of Mohammedanism with rumours that a new prophet, or Mahdi, as he was called, would rise to reform Islam, and abolish the tyranny of the rich and powerful.

Expectation often brings about its own fulfilment. It was so in this case, for Mohammed Achmet came forward as the Mahdi, and soon gathered round him thousands of fanatical followers, called Dervishes, eager for war and plunder.

As a snowball rolled in the snow gathers size and weight, so the Mahdi's force, as it roamed over the Soudanese desert, grew, until it was reported to contain 300,000 fighting men.

General Gordon had been Governor-General of the Soudan under the Khedive of Egypt, but was at this time in England. Lord Wolseley telegraphed for him to consult him in London. That was on 11th January, 1884. Thirteen days later the intrepid Gordon was at Cairo, by 18th February in Khartoum.

The Mahdi besieged Khartoum—its siege lasting in all 317 days. Again and again Gordon could have escaped, but it meant leaving his loyal blacks to their fate, and he was too brave a man and too good a Christian to do that. As the siege went on, things began to grow desperate. Food was scarce, mutiny and treason were sources of great danger. At last the British demanded that Gordon should be relieved. A tardy Parliament voted £300,000; and soon Lord Wolseley with a strong force was ascending the Nile to the rescue.

On 14th December Gordon sent his last message to Wolseley. It read: "Come quickly; come together; do not leave Berber behind you." But the verbal message was more serious and nearer the truth: "Famine in Khartoum. The Arabs know it. No time to be lost." The verbal message was the real one, as the Arabs might have intercepted the written one, which therefore was such as not to lead them to think Gordon

Too Late ; or, General Gordon's End.

was in despair. Wolseley on receipt of this urgent message sent a relief party on quickly. Sir Herbert Stewart dashed across the desert from Korti to Metemmah, and reached Gubat on the Nile by 20th January. This gallant commander fell, all too soon, and Sir Charles Wilson took command, and pressed up the Nile, utilising four steamers which Gordon had sent down the river to meet them. By the 28th the gallant little force got within sight of Khartoum. All eyes were strained to catch sight of the Egyptian flag floating on the top of the old palace which Gordon had made his headquarters. But no flag was flying. Slow to believe that Khartoum had fallen, spite of a howling sea of Dervishes, spite of bullet and lead falling like hail upon them, the little force crept up to within 800 yards of the town. Unwillingly they had to acknowledge they were TOO LATE. *Two days before* Khartoum had fallen, and Gordon had been slain.

On 5th February, 1885, a telegram telling the simple news thrilled England from end to end. Thousands refused to believe it, and looked for months for Gordon suddenly to reappear, and tell of hair-breadth escapes. But no news has come from the silence of the vast, lonely desert. Gordon's bones are whitening, no one knows where. Too late by forty-eight hours.

The story thrills one, however badly it may be told ; but, oh, for one moment think of something more thrilling than even this ! The words "*too late*," as applied to earth, sometimes make our hearts ache and our spirits sad ; but how sad and solemn, unspeakably so, when applied to eternity. Many a time *you* have thought seriously about your soul and the future. Have you decided for Christ yet ? Have you received Jesus as your Saviour yet ? No ! Why not ? You intend to trust Him some day. Why not now ? If it is good to trust the Saviour by-and-bye, surely it is better to trust Him *now*.

You know Jesus has died. His precious blood meets the eye of God, and satisfies all His holy claims. There is virtue in that blood for you. Remember there is no mercy for you outside of Christ and His finished work. Good works cannot save. Religious observances cannot save. Only Jesus can. He is ready and willing now. He says : "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Oh ! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Take care, or you will be TOO LATE FOR EVER. Awful fate ! Trust Him *NOW*.

A. J. P.