

HIS GREAT LOVE



His Great Love

True Tales and Forcible Facts
illustrating how
“God commendeth HIS LOVE toward us.”

EDITED BY
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Author of “Redemption Ground,” “God’s Way of Salvation,” etc.



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HIS GREAT LOVE.

WHY He ever came to woo me,
Why He sought me from above,
This I know not, cannot fathom,
If it were not deathless Love.

W. A. G.

UNCHANGABLE LOVE.



NUMBER of years ago, a young woman left her home in the country to occupy a situation in a large town. Her widowed mother was very unwilling to part with her. She could not bear the thought of her daughter separated from her, in the midst of strangers, surrounded by innumerable temptations, with no friends at hand to sympathise or advise. At last she consented, though with many misgivings and fears, and Mary left the home of her childhood and girlhood to enter upon her duties in her new sphere of labour.

In the course of time, sad tidings reached the mother's ears from the distant city—tidings which nearly broke her heart.

She heard that her daughter had forgotten her loving words of warning and counsel, had forgotten her mother's God, and so far forgotten herself, that she had forsaken the paths of virtue and purity, and was leading a life of sin and shame.

On receipt of this mournful intelligence, she determined to seek her prodigal child and bring her back. She at once set out to the scene of her daughter's shame and degradation. On reaching it, she endeavoured to ascertain where she lived, but this was a difficult matter, as she had left her former lodgings.

After a number of days of fruitless search, she purposed returning, when a new thought flashed across her mind. She went to a photographer's and got her portrait taken. Having secured a number of copies, she went to the principal public-houses and asked permission to hang them on the walls.

It was considered a very strange request, but seeing she was a respectable person, permission was granted. Some time after, the daughter, with a dissolute companion, walked into one of the public-houses. Her attention was attracted to the likeness.

She said, "That looks like my mother." She went nearer and examined it more closely. "It is just my mother," she exclaimed in amazement. At the foot of it she perceived that there was something written. She looked at it, and at once recognised the familiar handwriting, but was not prepared for the thought expressed in the words—

" Mary, I love thee still ! "

She could not stand this. She was prepared for upbraidings and reproaches, and expected nothing else ; but to think that her mother had actually been seaching for her in her haunts of sin and folly, and was willing to receive her back to the home of

Unchangeable Love.

her childhood, *just as she was!* She could not understand it; and as she thought over the words, "MARY, I LOVE THEE STILL," the days of her childhood and innocence came up before her; her mother's prayers, tears, and loving counsels. As she reflected on the difference between the past and the present, she completely broke down. The awful folly and sin of her evil ways was clearly and vividly brought before her, and she at once determined to leave her companions in sin and return to her mother. On reaching home, great was the joy of the widow at the unexpected arrival of her long-lost daughter—and, better far, there was "joy in the presence of the angels of God," for she became a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The reader cannot help feeling interested in this touching story of a mother's love. A mother "may forget" her offspring, but God cannot forget lost sinners on their way to destruction and everlasting woe.

Unsaved fellow-sinner, think of your awful peril! You are fast sinking beneath the waves of eternal death. The holy law of God condemns you. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." No human arm can relieve you from sin's curse, or remove God's wrath from you; and should you continue in your present course, you must inevitably spend eternity with the lost in hell. But there is a way of escape opened by God for you. He does not wish you to be lost, for it is written, He "has *no pleasure* in the death of the wicked" (Ezek: 33. 11); He is "not willing that *any* should perish" (2 Pet. 3. 9); "He will have *all men* to be saved," for He gave His only begotten Son "a Ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 4, 6).

You may be labouring under the delusion that God is uninterested in your welfare, and not particularly anxious whether you are saved or not. This is one of Satan's vilest lies, and so long as he gets you to believe it, he is perfectly satisfied. Know more of God's character as revealed in His Word, and you will find Him to be "LOVE."

If you enter the "whosoever" Gospel door by faith in Christ, you will be able to say, "God loved, God gave; I believe, and I have everlasting life." If, however, you don't believe on Christ, and continue neglecting God's "great salvation," you will be eternally lost. Remember, God so loved you that He gave His Son to die for you. *Sinner, He loves you still.* Come to Him in all your sins, believe on His Son, and rejoice in His unchangeable love. A.M.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL;

— OR, —

“EVERY EXPRESS TRAIN THEIR TRIUMPHANT VINDICATION.”



Engineer Watt explaining his Steam Engine.

When the engineer, Watt, discovered the force of steam the world was sceptical as to it. And when Stephenson constructed his locomotive he was sneered at as visionary.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL.



WHEN the astronomer, GALILEO, discovered that the earth moved round the sun he was laughed to scorn. The authorities of the Romish Church of that day thought the sun moved round the earth, and that it could not be otherwise. So they threatened the astronomer with the stake if he did not recant his opinion. But now every child in the national schools is taught that the earth goes round the sun.

When the great surgeon, HARVEY, discovered the circulation of the blood from the heart to the extremities he was ridiculed and disbelieved on every hand. But when you are stricken with fever, and the doctor enters your sick-room, the first thing he does is to lay his finger on your pulse, and he finds in that the sure indication of disease. No one doubts now that the blood circulates.

When the engineer, WATT, discovered the force of steam the world was sceptical as to it. And when STEPHENSON constructed his locomotive, and utilised the power of steam, he was sneered at as visionary. But now every express rattling through the country at the rate of a mile per minute is their triumphant vindication. Where should we be without the steam engine?

When MORSE discovered that electricity could be transmitted through a wire, and a message could be flashed across the Atlantic in the fraction of a second, people were sure he was talking of impossibilities. Now there is none to doubt the great discovery.

Motor-cars, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, submarines, have all been scoffed at in turn, and have come to stay. But the greatest discovery of all still finds a world careless and indifferent to its claims. When Sir J. Y. Simpson, the great Edinburgh doctor, who is famous as the discoverer of the use of chloroform in surgery, was asked what was the greatest discovery of all that he had made he promptly replied, "**That I was a great sinner, and that Christ was a great Saviour.**"

Have you made that greatest discovery of all? For you will make it one day—make it in time or in eternity. Which? If you make it in time you may be saved. If in eternity it will be too late. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

The Greatest Discovery of All.

Surely there is ample proof that you are indeed a great sinner. Perhaps not great when you are measured by the standard of the brutal murderer, the hopeless drunkard, or the blackmailer. But measured by the holiness of God you are a great sinner. Even "the heavens are not clean in His sight" (Job 15. 15).

Another proof that you are a great sinner is that you must die. A man under sentence of capital punishment in this country is a great sinner. You lie under sentence of capital punishment. "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4). "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). "It is appointed unto men once to die, but AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT" (Heb. 9. 27).

But God is love. You may know Christ as a great Saviour. He, "Who is over all, God blessed for ever," became Man in order to die "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). In Him lay our only hope. He alone could satisfy the claims of God as to sin and do a Saviour's part. God's love and light, His compassion and His holiness, His grace and His government, His mercy and His judgment—all found full expression at the Cross; but His love outshines everything, for His very nature is love.

When Sir J. Y. Simpson said his greatest discovery was "**That I was a great sinner, and that Christ was a great Saviour,**" he meant more than the mere discovery of two deeply important facts. He meant that Christ was not only a great Saviour, but that He had saved him. Has he saved *you*?

For this discovery to benefit you, you must, like Sir J. Y. Simpson, receive Christ as your own personal Saviour and become a true Christian. *Faith* is the link with Him, and without this link all will be of no avail. Salvation is not of works. Read Romans 4. 5, Ephesians 2. 8, 9, and Titus 3. 5 in proof of this.

What a blessed message. The work done. Salvation procured. Redemption made. And nothing required on our part but *faith*—faith in the right Object, even the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Will you trust Him? When you do you will have made the greatest discovery of all, even a saving interest in the Lord Jesus and His finished work, and the knowledge of God as a Saviour-God. A.J.P.

HOW LONG WILL HE KNOCK?



AS a child was looking at Holman Hunt's famous picture, entitled "The LIGHT OF THE WORLD," she turned to her mother and said, "*Mother, how long will He knock?*" The familiar hymn known to us from childhood's days says:

"Behold a Stranger at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked
before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so
ill."

Whilst holding some Gospel meetings in a country district in Ontario, Canada, a farmer's daughter was awakened to a sense of her guilt and danger. But, alas, like so many others, she stifled conviction and neglected the Saviour. Some

time afterwards she was laid on a death-bed, and her folly in not accepting of God's "great salvation" was clearly apprehended by her, and in view of eternity she exclaimed, "LORD JESUS, YOU ONCE KNOCKED AT THE DOOR OF MY HEART; WON'T YOU CALL AGAIN?" But so far as I know she died as she lived—without God and without hope. "If any man HEAR My voice and OPEN THE DOOR, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me." Harken to the *good news* of the Gospel of God's matchless grace. The Gospel does not tell of a work to be done by us; it brings good news regarding a work done for us by the Lord Jesus Christ, and is contained in the glorious words of 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." Let in the light of the blessed Gospel, and the moment you do so you will draw back the bolt of unbelief and welcome Christ as Saviour and Lord. Then you will be saved with an everlasting salvation. A.M.

"THE WORD THAT ASSURES."



JOHN WALBRAN, EVANGELIST, BELFAST.

EVANGELISTIC Services were being held in the North of Ireland in a barn that was kindly lent by a well-to-do religious farmer. The farmer was a regular attender at the meetings, and as the work went on, and men and women professed to experience the great change, he became more and more interested. Again and again he was spoken to personally about his soul's salvation, for though a "religious" man, he did not profess to be "born again." "I wish I could see it," he said more than once, "for though I am persuaded that salvation by faith is Scriptural, it's all a mystery to me."

One night the preacher spoke on the twelfth chapter of Exodus, dwelling first on the judgment of God on the unbelieving, of which the judgment of the first-born in Egypt was but a type. The three following passages were grouped together: “*He that believeth not* the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3. 36); “*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 not* shall be damned” (Mark 15. 16).

For the first time in his life the farmer woke up to the realisation of the terrible fact that he stood convicted by God as an *unbeliever*, and that sooner or later, if he were not “converted,” he would be eternally lost.

The evangelist, having dwelt on the sinner’s guilt and danger, spoke of God’s way of saving the first-born of Israel. Turning to the New Testament he showed that sinners were now sheltered from God’s righteous judgment against sin by hiding in Christ, the “Rock of Ages.” Then he pointed out that while the *sprinkled blood* on the lintels and door posts secured the safety of Israel’s first-born from the death stroke of the destroying angel, the *Word of Jehovah*, “When I see the blood I will pass over you,” afforded *assurance* of safety. By the “precious blood of Christ” the sinner is saved from coming wrath and judgment; and by the *spoken word of God* he is assured that he will never “perish,” or “come into condemnation” on account of his numerous and aggravated sins (John 5. 24).

As the servant of Christ explained and expounded these precious facts the light of the glorious Gospel of God entered the farmer’s soul. “Oh, I see! I see!” he said to himself, “it’s the blood that *secures*, and the Word that *assures*.” Then he believed that the Lord Jesus died for him, and bore sin’s penalty, and he had the Word of God for it that he was “converted,” “saved,” and justified.

Some time after this the evangelist stood by the farmer’s death-bed. “Now that you are about to pass into eternity,” he said, “tell me what you are resting on.” Reminding him of the address in the barn, he replied, “I’m going into eternity resting on the blood of the Lamb of God and upon the Word of God.” See to it that you are secured from coming wrath by the sin-cleansing Blood. J.W.

WHEN IS A PARDON OPERATIVE?

THIS is a very important question, but the pity is that there should be two ways of regarding it. One party contends that a pardon is operative when it is offered, while another party affirms that a pardon does not become operative until it is accepted. Now the real truth is that both contentions contain much truth.

We purpose to illustrate this position by an appeal to real American history. In the year 1829 a man named George Wilson, of Philadelphia, Pa., was sentenced to be hanged. The charge preferred against him was that he had robbed the mails and committed murder. Andrew Jackson, the then President of the United States, pardoned him, but Wilson refused the pardon. On being remonstrated with he argued that a pardon was no pardon unless the guilty person was willing to avail himself of it. The prisoner insisted on being hung, but the Sheriff retorted, "How can I hang a pardoned man?"

An appeal was sent to President Jackson, and he called upon the Supreme Court to decide the point with all possible despatch. Chief Justice John Marshall, one of the ablest lawyers of that day, gave the following decision: "A pardon is a paper, the value of which depends upon its acceptance by the person implicated. It is hardly to be supposed that one under sentence of death would refuse to accept a pardon, but if it is refused it is no pardon. George Wilson must be hanged." And hanged he was!

Now, who was to blame for his death, was it the President? No! Was it the Sheriff? No! Was it the Chief Justice? No! Was it the law? No! Was it the hangman? No! Think of the man hanging by the neck and a free pardon lying on the Sheriff's desk! Thus it is with God and men. Forgiveness of sins is preached (Acts 13. 38). But pardon *preached* and pardon *embraced* are vastly different things.

God provides pardon for all through the blood of His Son, but the transgressor must personally *receive* the pardon and apply it to himself. F. W. Grant in his book on the atonement states this very fact in language both lucid and luminous. His words are these, and they are worthy of universal publicity, "The atonement made by Christ is *available* to all, but it only *avails* to those who *avail* themselves of it." Believe and live now.

T.B.

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.



ON the outskirts of the ancient city of Coventry in Warwickshire is a beautiful lane, long and winding, through which the London and North-Western Railway line passes. This lane has the peculiar name of "Folly Lane," its name being derived from the sad fact that there are many, who doubtless have been weighed down with sorrow, burdened with care, encompassed with difficulty, and under the dark cloud of the consequences, either of their own transgressions, or the sins of others, have closed their earthly career by deliberately throwing themselves upon the lines in front of the trains which frequently pass to and fro. Thus numbers have rashly taken their own lives, and rushed unbidden into the presence of the living God. They have wilfully plunged themselves into eternity to meet the Judge of all the earth, who lovingly commanded, and gave both time and opportunity to repent, but alas! they repented not.

Many of them have sought that secluded spot, and have committed the awful crime of self-murder, influenced by the now so popular theories, the cunningly devised fables of Satan, called "The larger Hope," or the reverse of this, "Annihilation." For it appears that since these doctrines have become popular, suicides have been on the increase, for Satan would rob man of a wholesome fear, that is, that of meeting hereafter, his Creator. Poor deluded souls! for by their own act they pass into a lost eternity. The Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever, states unmistakably that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment"; but the sacred record continues, "but Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. 9. 27, 28). For although "the wages of sin is death," the great gift of a loving God is "eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Accept *now* this wondrous gift.

A. G.

THE MERCHANT'S BOOK OF LIFE;

— OR, —

“TO BE PLACED IN MY COFFIN WITHOUT BEING OPENED.”



“Surprised in the Merchant's Office.”

“This book is a record of all the services which I have ever rendered to any one. It is secured from every eye except my own, for I keep it in this box, of which I alone have the key.

THE MERCHANT'S BOOK OF LIFE.

"YES, sir," said the merchant, "this book is my book of life. It is my consolation, my support, my hope. When my last hour comes I will meet it calmly, resting upon the certainty that I have made a good use of the talents which God entrusted to me. Yes! in this book rest all my hopes, both for this world and the next!" The words were spoken confidently, and almost triumphantly. At least, so it seemed to the Christian visitor, who was sitting in the merchant's office, and listening with surprise and grief.

What book was it, think you, to which the speaker referred, and which he called his "book of life?" The Bible? To what other book could he possibly refer in such terms? No, it was not the Bible. We will let the merchant himself answer our question.

"If you were to read this book," he said, "you would find some names in it that would surprise you. But I have never shown it to any one, for it contains the secrets of others. This book is a record of all the services which I have ever rendered to any one. It is secured from every eye except my own, for I keep it in this box, of which I alone have the key. And look at the inscription." The visitor glanced at the writing on the cover, and read these words: **"To be placed in my coffin without being opened."**

Some comment was evidently expected from him, and quietly seeking God's help and guidance, he said: "I would like to ask you if, in those moments which come to us all, when conscience rises up to accuse us, and we feel we are guilty in God's sight, do you *then* find that anything in this book can give you peace? Does it lead you to believe yourself pardoned and justified before God?"

The merchant leaned over, and laid his hand upon that of his visitor. "Sir," he said, "if this book had not power to give me peace I would burn it, and never give another halfpenny to the poor. Yes, I know that I commit sins; I have my faults, like everyone else. But this book reassures me. When I look it over I feel that my account stands well, and that there is sufficient recorded in its pages to make all my faults and sins be forgotten."

Are you ready to exclaim with me, "What a delusion! What a fearful, soul-destroying mistake!" It was that, indeed. For a man to imagine that his kindness to the

poor and other "good deeds" possessed merit enough to atone for his sins is one of the most fatal delusions that one could have. To think that *anything* except the atoning work of Christ could settle the question of our sins, that anything but His precious blood could cleanse away our guilt is an error of the first magnitude.

Some years passed since the visit paid by the Christian to the office of the merchant, and now the latter was laid upon his dying bed. His sufferings were great, but his mind was clear. He sent a message to his Christian friend, begging him to come to his bedside, which he gladly did. As the visitor entered the room what should he see lying beside the dying man but the register of his good works.

"It will be a relief to me to confide in you," he said. "It was hard to give up a delusion which I have treasured for thirty years. But the veil was torn away, and there was revealed to me the utter worthlessness of the book I had so prized." His face beamed with gratitude and joy.

"Imagine," he continued, "what would have been my state if I had ended with this thought: I have laboured for myself, and have received my reward. But I saw that, far from having atoned for my sins by my good works, those very works were in themselves full of sin; and that I was a lost sinner, in danger of eternal death, and with no power to save myself. And then, for the first time in my life, I felt my need of a Saviour, and I thought of Him who 'though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich' (2 Cor. 8. 9). And now I treasure in my heart those words which once were so distasteful to me, 'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.'"

Are *you* putting your trust in anything that you are? If so, let me warn you that you are making a fearful mistake. The only ground upon which we can safely build is the *finished work of Christ*. There is no other way. Kings in their palaces and nobles in their mansions, equally with the unfortunate denizens of the slums and lodging-houses of our big cities, must be saved, if they are to be saved at all, *because of what Christ has done* for sinners when He hung as the Sin-bearer on the Cross. I hope you have this firm foundation as the ground of your confidence. H. P. B.



THE MEMORIAL OF THE CATARACT.

VISITORS to the Falls of Niagara are still shown the spot on the margin of the precipice where a number of years ago a gay young lady lost her life. Delighted with the wonders of the scene she was ambitious to pluck a flower from the cliff where no human foot had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and of her own daring. She leaned over the verge, and as she caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks fear seemed for a moment to stay her progress. But there hung the lovely blossom on which her heart was fixed—almost within her reach. Determined to gain the object of her desire her arm was outstretched to grasp the tiny form which so charmed her fancy when the turf yielded to the pressure of her foot. With a despairing shriek she descended like a falling star, and was borne away in death!

How impressively does this sad event illustrate the way in which many sinners are perishing for ever! They did not *mean* to neglect salvation—they did not *intend* to be lost. But in their blind pursuit of pleasure they found themselves carried over the precipice of sin, and borne swiftly down the rapids of eternal death! Perhaps they recoiled for a moment from the allurements of sin. But the solemn pause was brief. Determined to clutch some fancied treasure the onward step is taken. But lo! a despairing cry comes up from the Jordan wave, and the soul goes down beneath the waters of the second death!

Have we been describing any reader of these lines? What have *you* to say for yourself? Are you one who has been saved for eternity through the blood of the Son of God? (1 John 1. 7), or are you one who stands on the brink of a lost eternity plucking with determined hand the flowers of sin, and not knowing the moment that you shall be ushered into the presence of God?

W. S.

"SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME."

IN a little log cabin situated in one of the country districts of Ontario lived a man and his wife with their children—five or six in number. For a long time the wife had not been very strong, and declared to a Christian who visited her that she had not been at a meeting for over fifteen years.

But the Lord had His eye on her, and in due time sent some of His servants into the neighbourhood to preach

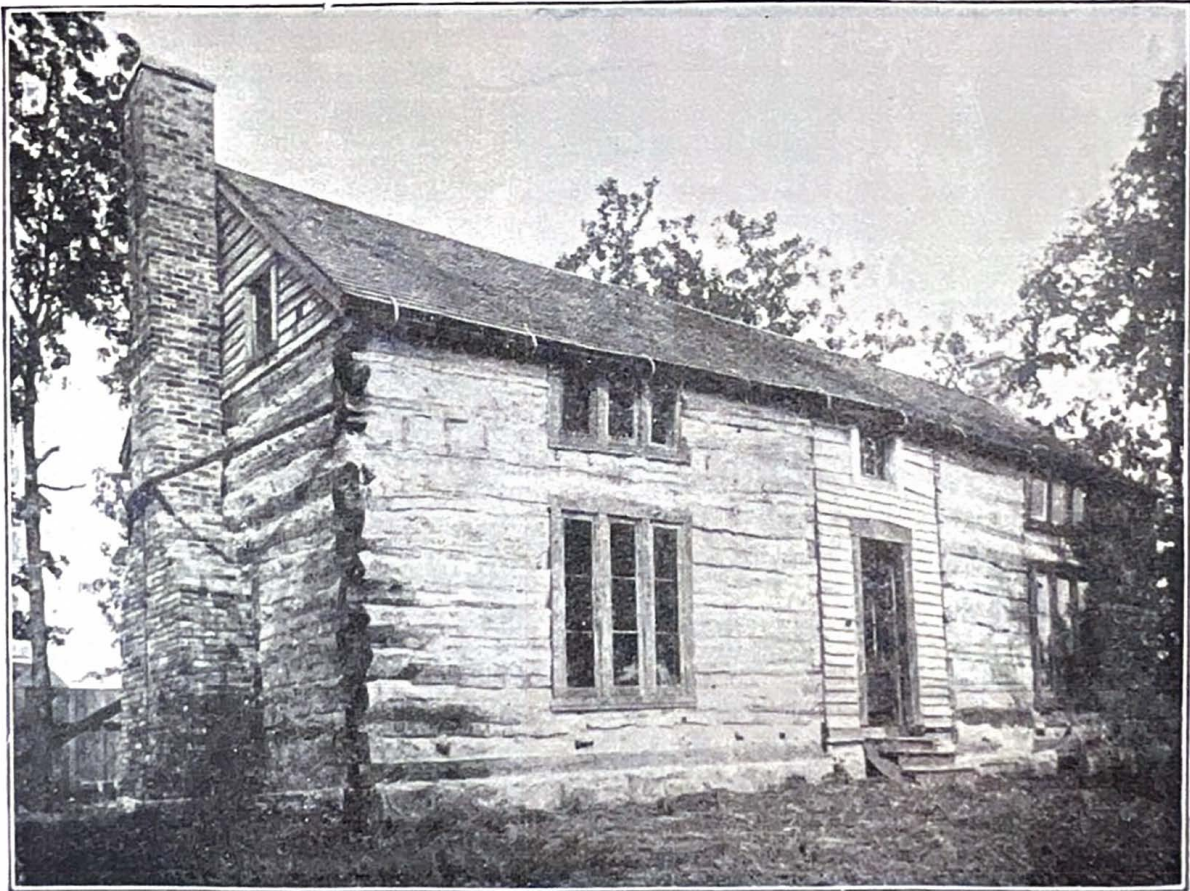


PHOTO OF TYPICAL LOG CABIN PARTLY BUILT BY GENERAL GRANT.

Christ. In course of time souls were being saved. The husband heard of the meetings, and went one night to "hear what they had to say," and was, thereafter, a regular attendant.

One day the preachers were passing the little cabin when one of them declared his intention of going in to see this woman. He did so, and found her troubled about eternal things. She believed she was lost, and deserving of hell, but was eager to know of the way of life.

"Saved in the Nick of Time."

He read God's Word to her, and pointed out God's way of salvation, showing that although we as sinners deserved the fierce wrath of a sin-hating God, yet He in the riches of His grace had provided a ransom; for "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18).

God is therefore now proclaiming salvation as a *gift*, to be received simply by faith, as the Word says, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). These and many other Scriptures were read, she meanwhile listening with rapt attention to the "gracious words" which told out the way of life. It was Heaven's best news to her, and as such she received it, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ she was saved, and went on her way rejoicing.

A month passed, and she had been out to a few meetings, her beaming face telling the tale of peace within. Little did any know how soon she would be called on to test the reality of it, and to prove she was, as the saying goes, "*Saved in the nick of time.*"

One Lord's day morning a few of the Lord's people were gathered together to worship Him. She was among the number. When the next Saturday came she wrought hard in order that her "work" might be done, and thus she would not be hindered from being with the others on the following day. Early next morning she awoke her husband with the request that he would get her some medicine, as she had become suddenly ill. He did so, but the Master had called, and at ten o'clock the same morning she was "absent from the body and present with the Lord" (2 Cor. 5. 8).

It was the same hour the little company began their meeting. News of her departure came just as they were dispersing, and many of them went to her late home. There she lay in the robe of death, and immediately over her head on the wall was pinned the question—

Where will you spend Eternity?

A day or two before she had put it there, and now it spoke to all who entered that room. *She* was with Christ, which is far better. God's Word declares: "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Look and live NOW.

T.D.W.M.



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

By Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, City Temple, London.

HAVE we outlived the efficacy of the blood of Christ, and is the tale of His Cross a sound from which all the music has gone for ever? We need the sun to-day, as we have ever needed it; the wind is still the breath of health to our dying bodies; still we find in the earth the bread without which we cannot live; these are our friends of whom we never tire; can it be that the only thing of which we are weary is God's answer to our soul's deepest need? Shall we keep everything but the blood of Christ?

Shall the Cross go, and the sun be left? Verily, as the sun withdrew at sight of that Cross, and for the moment fled away, he would shine never more were that sacred tree hewn down by furious men.

The blood of Christ, it is the fountain of immortality! The blood of Christ, it makes the soul's summer warm and beauteous! The blood of Christ, it binds all Heaven, with its many mansions and throngs without number, in holy and indissoluble security! My soul, seek no other stream in which to drown thy leprosy! My lips, speak no other song with which to charge your music! My hands, seek no other task with which to prove your energy! I would be swallowed up in Christ.

O my Saviour! Thine heart was pierced for me, and all its sacred blood flowed for the cleansing of my sin. I need it all. I need it every day. I need it more and more. I search out the inmost recesses of my poor wild heart, and let Thy blood remove every stain of evil.

“E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.”

**“The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son
cleanseth us from all sin” 1 John 1. 7.**

"THE CITY DESTROYED."



HE beautiful city of San Francisco is gone; there are only smoking ruins, ashes, and a few unsteady bare walls on the spot where years and years of the work of man had built monuments to civilisation and American enterprise. In a few seconds of shaking, of resistless destruction, the mighty earthquake did for San Francisco the work planned and carried out over a long period by the Romans at Carthage. As the soil of that doomed city was ploughed and strewn with salt, so the site of San Francisco has been ploughed by the earthquake, strewn with the ashes of her beautiful buildings." So writes the editor of an evening paper.

How easily God can come into a city, and in a few seconds wipe it out. How quickly could He hurl men into destruction! What an awful awakening for this world, when the Almighty sets to His hand to work! This doomed city was wicked indeed; its moral tone was very low; but God has come in, and God will come in one day and judge the sinner. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16. 26). Many have lost millions in this downfall, but what is it to be compared to the loss of the soul?

Chicago was rebuilt, Baltimore was rebuilt, Galveston was rebuilt, and San Francisco will be rebuilt, but the "lost soul," what would a man give in exchange for it? Lost! lost! for all eternity! the "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. 8. 12). What an awful future before the unsaved man! No warning voice was raised for the safety of San Francisco; but God has sent warning to all, and prepared the remedy whereby all may escape. "He spared not His Son, but delivered Him up for us all." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Only one way of deliverance was opened for the sinner—Christ must die; no other way; and, blessed be His name, "Christ died for the ungodly." Because of this, the sinner may be delivered from the wrath to come by accepting the Lord Jesus as his or her personal Saviour. "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." Believe now and live for evermore. F.W.B.

WHAT CHANGED THE CAPTAIN.

HE CAME TO AN UTTER END OF SELF—GOOD, BAD, OR
INDIFFERENT—AND A BEGINNING WITH THE SAVIOUR.



"Reading to his Men in the Cabin."

For several years he witnessed a good confession, regularly reading the Scriptures and good books to his men in the cabin, and then was suddenly called to "depart this life and be with Christ," which is far better.

WHAT CHANGED THE CAPTAIN.

AMONGST the audience who listened to an address which I gave was the captain of an ocean-going vessel, who, with his converted wife, occasionally attended the Gospel meetings in the hall. He was a most genial man, answering to the description of "a jolly tar," seemingly unconcerned about spiritual things, and screening himself behind his morality and uprightness, which he thought would compare favourably with professing Christians. But on this occasion he seemed deeply impressed by the points in Luke 10 concerning the man on the Jericho road who was left stripped, wounded, and half-dead, a true picture of man's lost condition by nature as well as practice, and the need of salvation and the new birth (John 3. 3).

The spirit of truth convicted him of sin, stripped him of his self-righteousness, and showed him that, as weighed in God's balance, he was *found wanting*—that he could not raise himself, but must avail himself of the salvation which God's grace had brought to him where he was.

The sense of his danger, guilt, and need deepened upon his soul, so that when I had an interview with him a few days later he gave evidence of a "change of mind," as there was no more excuses for his position, but rather a confession of his sinful state and a desire to be truly saved. Joyful, indeed, is the service when we find people thus "convicted of sin" and ready to listen to God's remedy. Of course we told him that "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good," and that the sinner's true wisdom was to accept the invitation of the Lord Jesus, and say from the heart,

" Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! "

In a very few days he came to an utter end of *self*—good, bad, or indifferent—and a beginning with the *Saviour*. He confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and had "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins," so that he went on his way rejoicing. For several years he witnessed a good confession, regularly reading the Scriptures and good books to his men in the cabin, and then was suddenly called to "depart this life and be with Christ," which is far better. Accept the Lord Jesus as *your* Saviour, and be saved and satisfied. E. H. B.

SOME SUDDEN CONVERSIONS.

"MR. G—— wrote his niece and sister to say that he was suddenly converted while riding home on horseback." So writes a young friend in Jamaica. The Mr. G—— referred to has for many years been earnestly prayed for by his Christian relatives. More than one bearer of the glad tidings had spoken to him plainly and pointedly about his soul. But it all seemed utterly



SUDDENLY CONVERTED WHILE ON HORSEBACK.

in vain. Now, however, it appears that he has been "suddenly converted."

My reader is perhaps inclined to be somewhat sceptical as to these "sudden conversions." They are phenomena which cannot be explained in the terms of twentieth century ethics. They suppose an experience altogether beyond the bounds of human reason. No wonder, then, that there have always been men ready to sneer at "sudden conversions."

Facts are facts, however. Let me give you two more, vouched for as true by a gentleman well known to me.

A reckless man riding home from market one day was

Some Sudden Conversions.

thrown to the ground by his horse falling. Fearing that he was going to be killed he looked to Christ while in the act of falling, and was saved before he reached the ground. In that brief moment he realized his sinnership, rested on the Rock of Ages, and was delivered. His life from that moment bore witness to the reality of his conversion. Subsequently he became a preacher of the Gospel, and wrote some lines commencing:

“ Between the saddle and the ground
I mercy sought and mercy found.”

A godless bricklayer was blown off the scaffolding of a house by a violent gust of wind. As he fell the Scriptural words about the “stormy wind fulfilling His Word” (Psa. 148. 8) came to his mind; he cast himself upon the God of all Grace, trusted in the Precious Blood; and before he reached the ground he was converted. He was marvelously saved from serious injury by alighting upon some cabbages, and lived for many years to bear testimony to the grace of God.

I am not by any means asserting that in every case of conversion His intervention is so distinctly manifest. Nor is every conversion what is called a “sudden” one. But, unquestionably, in every real conversion there is a definite work of God. In real conversion there is a turning of the soul to God, a transference from darkness to light, a bringing from the far-off land to the Father’s Home.

Now nothing but the direct intervention of God in mercy could bring this to pass for any soul. If *God* has not acted the “conversion” is a spurious one; it is nothing but the action of the human mind and will. Must the sinner, then, fold his arms and say, “I must wait for God to act?” By no means. Grace has placed exhaustless stores of blessing within reach of those who claim them through Christ. If you feel your need, apply to Him. Trust Him for salvation. He will respond to your call; you will be pardoned, welcomed, saved. And then you will be the first to own that from beginning to end it is *all of God’s Mercy*. Let me ask, are *you* converted? If not, you may be at this moment, for

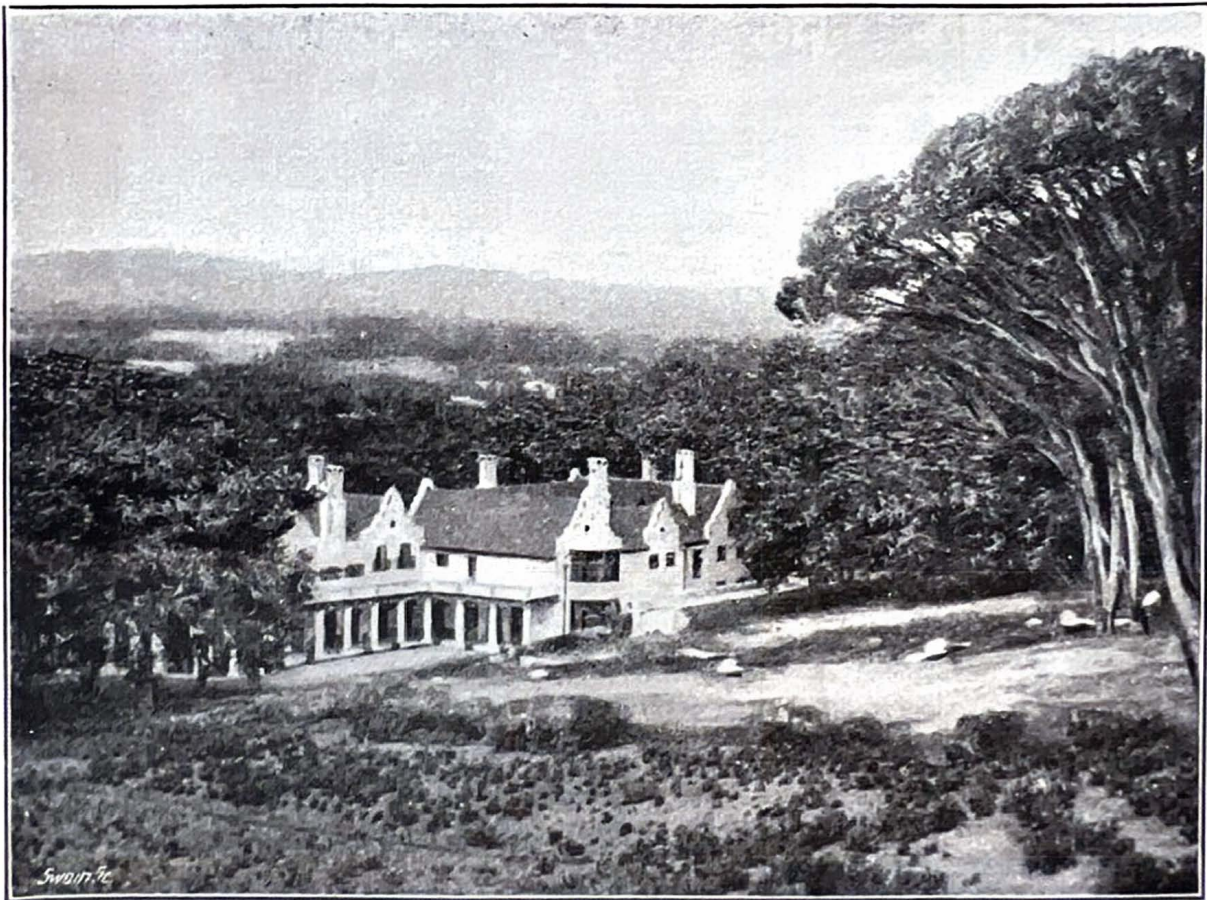
“There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at *this moment* for thee.”

Believe and live. Reject and perish. WHICH? H. P. B.

NOT "DOING," BUT "DONE."

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

"Mr. Rhodes was a man who *did* things. He was a *doer* and a *maker*, a man who so used his great wealth that when he died he was heartily mourned by thousands—he had



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

almost said hundreds of thousands—of his fellow subjects. For the enjoyment of his fellow-countrymen he preserved the slopes of the mountain, clad in their sylvan beauty, and it was for their use even while he lived. *He was dead*, and the ground was for their use for ever, he having rescued it from the vandalism of the speculative builder. By his tragic end they could realise the impotence of man, however wealthy or powerful, to do in his short life what he

Not "Doing," but "Done."

would have wished to do. His last words had been, '*So little done, so much to do.*'"

So these were the last words of the man who *did* things. His day of "doing" ended for ever. Its sun went down, and the great empire-builder was left with so little done, and so much to do. His was not a finished work.

Listen once more. You may be a "doer" and a "maker," but your doings and makings will never take you to Heaven. To build empires is not easy; but *it is easier to build an empire than to save a soul.*

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

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

The finished work of Christ makes your salvation a possibility, for "to him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5).

Turn to Him in faith this very hour, make His finished work your resting-place, then the burden of your sins will roll away; peace will take possession of your heart, and you will be able to say, "Everything has been *done*, so that, for my salvation, nothing remains for me to *do*." F. B. H.

"THE WORST MAN IN CARDIFF."

DURING the great Revival Mission held in Cardiff, when the city was stirred as never before in our time, a company of the devil's slaves were drinking in a public-house. "Bill, the Boozer," was amongst them, joining in the drunken revelry. He had the reputation of being "the worst man in Cardiff," and his pals bet him a gallon of beer he would not go to the Mission.

The devil outwitted himself once again. Poor Bill went to the Mission to earn his gallon of beer, but Christ laid hold of him for Himself, convicted him of his sins, cleansed

The Worst Man in Cardiff.

him from them all, and consecrated him then and there to His service. He is now a soul-winner, a fisher of men.

Listen to the drunken atheist's testimony two months after his conversion: "I am a sinner saved by the blood of Christ. I am one who has stood up and spoken against this same Christ, and against God, and have told others that there is no such place as Hell, and no such place as Heaven; but, thank God, the words only came from my head, they never came from my *heart*; and I am sure that is the case



REVIVAL PROCESSION OUTSIDE CORY HALL, CARDIFF.

with all infidels, none of them speak from their hearts."

This testimony is true. In the depths of man's heart he knows that the Bible is true, and tells us the truth. Yet in this case, as ever, the Gospel demonstrates itself as "the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). Whether you are the *best* or the *worst* in your city or street, believe the Gospel message now, and you will be saved and satisfied, and tell to all around what a mighty Saviour you have found. A.H.B.

THE PORTER'S QUESTION, AND ITS STARTLING ANSWER.



WHEN the express trains first began to run in Scotland, there was seen at the station one evening a gentleman, tall and thin, whose cheek had the consumptive mark upon it. The porters asked him several questions about his luggage, and one of them said to him: "Where are you going sir?"

Being in great haste he replied, "To hell!"

A servant of Christ passed at that moment and heard the answer. He thought to get a

seat in the same carriage, and did so, but at the other end. The sick gentleman was talking very freely to different persons upon common topics, and our friend thought, "I will get in a word if I can"; so he said to the gentleman, "When do you expect to get to the end of your journey?"

"Oh, I am going to cross at B—— by the boat, and hope to get to my journey's end about 12 to-morrow morning."

"I think you misunderstand my question. You said, when the porter asked, that you were going a very different place."

"Ah! yes, I did: but I am sometimes very hasty."

"Was it true? Are you going to hell? If so, when do you expect to get there?" And he began to talk to him about that sickness which he could see in his cheeks, and warned him that unless he sought another road and fled to Christ, the only refuge, he would certainly reach that dreadful end.

It is to be feared that some of our readers, if labelled as to where they are going, would have to be directed, "*To Hell.*" You know that this is the case. And when will you get to your journey's end? I pray God that this question may haunt you and be blessed to you: When will you get to your journey's end? When will you arrive at hell? C. H. S.

TWO GREAT DISCOVERIES.

NEITHER THE CONCERT, DALL, PARTY, NOR JOLLY EVENING WITH HIS COMPANIONS COULD AFFORD HIM THAT WHICH HE SO ARDENTLY DESIRED.



"Could not Give Him that Which He Desired."

His whole past life appeared to him one continuous sin, and he eagerly and anxiously asked the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?"

TWO GREAT DISCOVERIES.



AROLD STANLEY was restless and unsatisfied in heart, and neither the concert, ball, party, nor jolly evening with his companion could afford him that which he so ardently desired. He was persuaded to go and hear an address by a faithful and gifted preacher. The speaker was endeavouring to prove the utter impossibility of being saved by works. In the course of his address he made a statement which awakened the young man's curiosity and riveted his attention. It was to this effect: "If God offered salvation to you who are unconverted, on condition that *you could point to one good work in the whole of your past lives, not one of you could be saved.*" At once he thought, "If I were to be saved on such terms I am quite sure of salvation." The preacher proceeded to prove his assertion by saying that the character of an action depended on the motive from which it flowed; that if not from *love to God*, it cannot be acceptable in His sight; that if flowing from *selfishness* it must be sinful. He was completely taken by surprise by what he heard and resolved, at whatever cost, to test the statement for himself. On reaching his room he closed the door and commenced to review his past life in order to recall to his mind the best actions he had done. One by one they were put down on paper, and the test was applied, "Was this done from *love to God*?" Conscience answered, "No," and he drew his pen across it. Another was written and the same question asked, but conscience gave the same disappointing reply. Every conceivable deed which he thought would come under the category of "good works" was taken into account—Bible reading, prayers, Church attendance, deeds of charity and kindness—but the inexorable monitor told him that they would not stand the test—not one of them proceeding from supreme love to God. He was now fully convinced that if salvation were offered him on this condition it was utterly beyond his reach. The preacher's statements took possession of his soul, and stood out in bold relief as a stern and awful reality. His whole past life appeared to him one continuous sin, and he eagerly and anxiously asked the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?"

At this point a part of the address which he had heard

Two Great Discoveries.

forcibly recurred to his mind and greatly increased his anxiety. It was to this effect: "Not only is it impossible in the past to find anything to merit acceptance, it is equally impossible now to *do* anything which can secure your acquittal at God's bar. You have sinned, and all your present obedience can never atone for the past." On thinking over this, dismay seized hold of his soul. A mountain load of guilt oppressed his conscience. The Word of God rang in his ears, "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 20). The dark thunder-cloud of God's wrath appeared to him about to burst on his spirit, and he was helpless and unable to avert the awful consequences. "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?" was the cry of his heart.

With joy and wonder he read the following passages of Scripture, "Deliver from going down to the pit; I have found a Ransom" (Job 33. 24). What was the "ransom" provided by God? Was it adequate to meet His righteous and holy claims? In awe and astonishment he read the wonderful words, "For there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who GAVE HIMSELF A RANSOM FOR ALL" (1 Tim. 2. 5, 6). "Gave *Himself* a Ransom for all." "Himself!" Oh, what love! "A Ransom for *all*," therefore for me! "For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). The Spirit of God pressed home the truth to his heart, and he was FILLED WITH UNUTTERABLE JOY AND GRATITUDE.

If you cling to the hope to which the young man clung, remember you can *do* nothing to merit the favour of God. The law has been broken by you. It brings you in guilty. Thank God a way of escape has been opened, and you may be saved, even as you read these lines. There is "good news" for you! The free and full forgiveness of all your sins is proclaimed to you through the finished work of the Lord Jesus (Acts 13. 38, 39). All barriers are now removed. Sin has been judged. The ransom has been paid. The penalty has been borne, and God invites you to accept of eternal life as a free gift. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou* shalt be saved." Why not settle the Great Question, and settle it NOW? A. M.

"PUT ON THE BRAKE!"

SO said Davis, the reckless driver of the Royal Blue Line flyer, as he lay a-dying. But it was an awful accident nevertheless, the most serious disaster on the Central Railroad of New Jersey during the last quarter of a century; an accident which resulted in 112 "killed and injured."

The express was flying along at a speed of sixty-five miles an hour, little heeding the fact that a disabled train was blocking the line ahead. Every precaution had been taken by the company to avoid accidents. A special system of block-signals was in use, which worked well, both before and after the awful disaster. The night was clear, and the driver could see two miles ahead; the track, too, was as straight as a line for a distance of eight miles. An approaching engine-driver would see a green light, if the line were occupied, three-quarters of a mile before the main danger signal, which shows red.

All was in working order, and yet, utterly regardless of the warning signal, the express dashed past the red light, and in a few minutes ploughed into the rear of the stationary train, telescoping three coaches and scattering death and destruction all around.

The victims were of "moderate means," we are told. This may be true so far as earthly possessions are concerned, but can any words convey the priceless value of their never-dying souls? In one instant of time hurled into eternity, and passing from the presence of one another into the presence of God. The suddenness of this is terrible to contemplate. Does it not sound afresh in the ear, and deep into the innermost soul of the reader, "BE READY; YES, BE READY?"

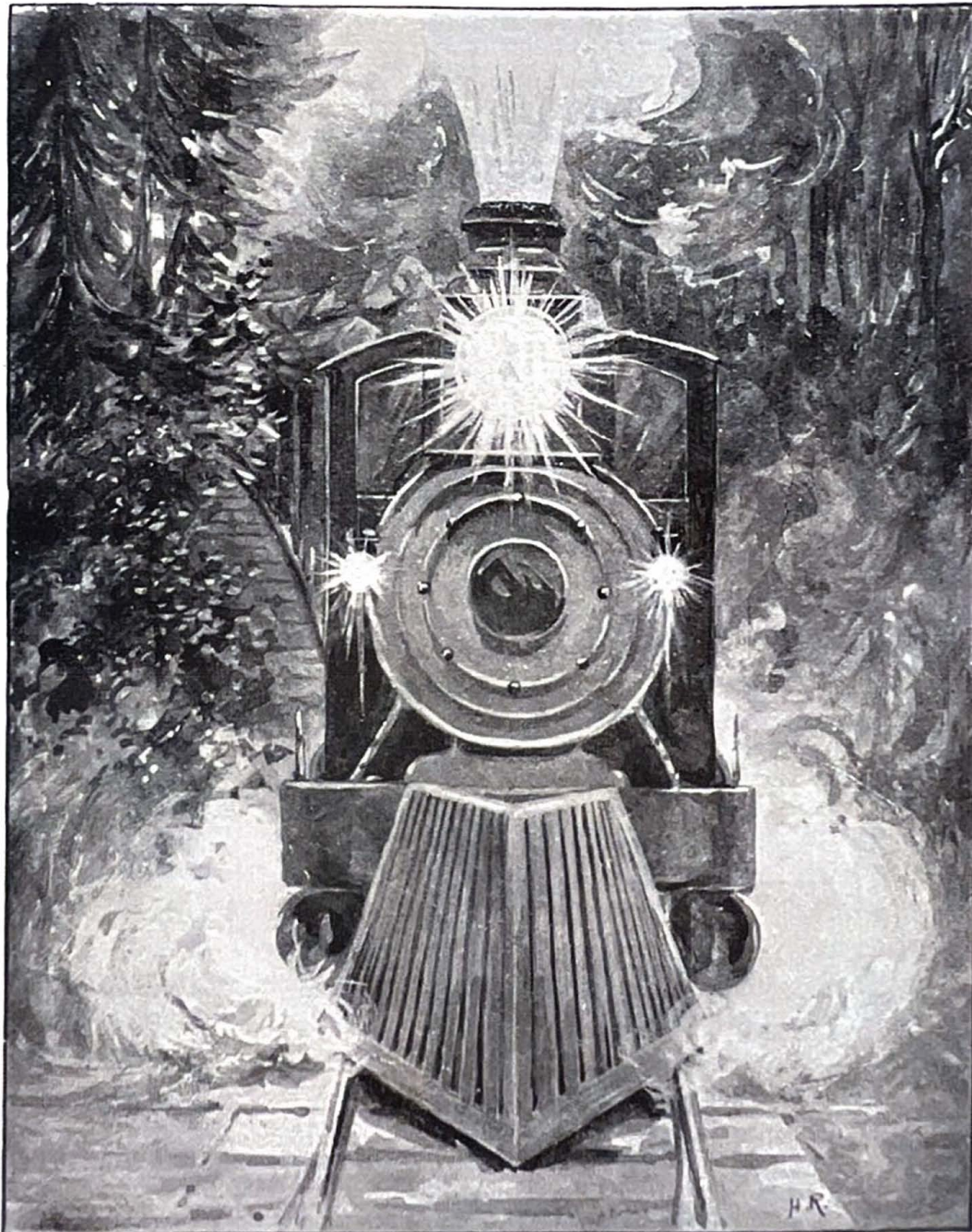
To be *getting ready* will not suffice. If those unfortunate victims of this fresh disaster had been like many of our readers, only just *getting ready*, their case would now indeed be awful; of all hope bereft, and for ever to lament their fatal folly in neglecting God's great salvation.

But what of Davis, the engine-driver? As they extricated him from the wreckage of that terrible smash, for which he alone seems to have been responsible, he confessed that he saw the red danger signal, but dashed past it *thinking* that it would turn to white. "What madness ever possessed the man!" I think I hear the reader exclaim.

“Put on the Brake!”

He saw the red light, and yet utterly disregarded it! He *thought* it would turn to white! What ground had he for so thinking? Oh, what culpable folly! What fool-hardy recklessness!

Yes, you can see it clearly in his case, but are *you* not just as foolish, just as mad? You are flying along as fast as time can carry you into a boundless eternity. With all the energy we have, we cry PUT ON THE BRAKE!



THE EXPRESS WAS FLYING ALONG AT GREAT SPEED.

Take the Book of God into your hands, and on bended knee ask God to show you what road you are travelling on, and where that road will lead you for eternity.

“Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth, to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat” (Matt. 7. 13). Are you still on that broad road? Make no mistake, it is the road that all are travelling on, until God’s converting grace turns us to that narrow way of a personal faith in His beloved Son.

“As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believeth on His Name” (John 1. 12). Believe on Christ now, and be saved eternally.

A. H. B.

HE SOLD HIS SOUL FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

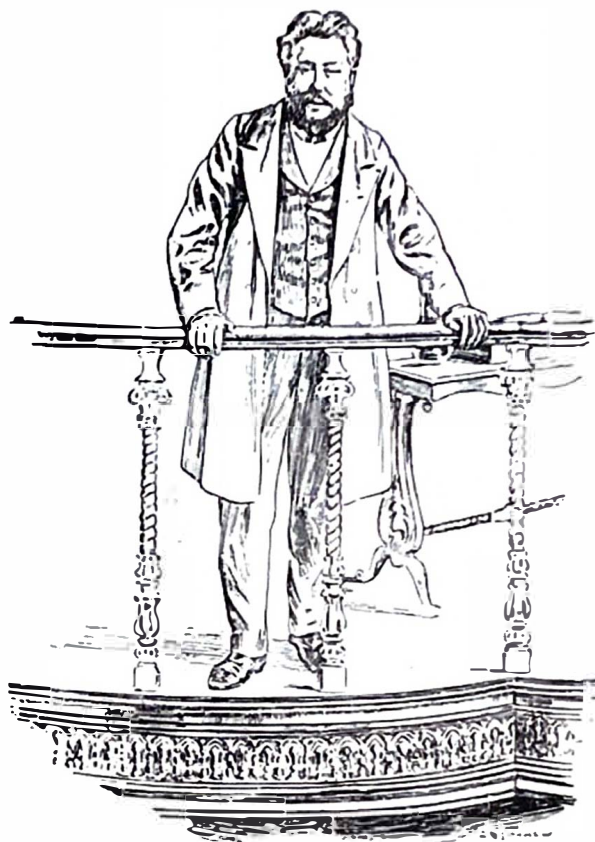
A CHRISTIAN going across some fields met a country-man, and said to him, “Well, friend, it is a most delightful day.” “Yes, sir, it is.” And having spoken to him about the beauties of the scenery, and so forth, he said, “How thankful we ought to be for our mercies! I hope you never come out without praying.” “Pray, sir!” said he, “why, I never pray; I have got nothing to pray for.” “What a strange man!” said the Christian; “does your wife pray?” “If she likes.” “Do your children pray?” “If they like, they do.” “Well, you mean to say you do not pray,” said the Christian; “now, I will give you half a crown if you promise me not to pray as long as you live.” “Very well,” said the man, “I don’t see what I have got to pray for,” and he took the half crown.

When he went home the thought struck him, “What have I done?” And something said to him, “Well, John, you will die soon, and you will want to pray then; you will have to stand before your Judge, and it will be a sad thing not to have prayed.” Thoughts of this kind came over him, and he felt dreadfully miserable, and the more he thought the more miserable he felt. His wife asked him what was the matter; he could hardly tell her for some time; but at last he confessed he had taken half a crown never to pray again, and that was preying on his mind.

The poor man thought it was the Evil One that had appeared to him. “Aye, John,” said she, “sure enough

He Sold His Soul for Half-a-Crown.

it was the Devil, and you have sold your soul to him for that half-crown." The man could hardly work for several days, and he became perfectly miserable from the conviction that he had sold himself to the Evil One. However, the Christian knew what he was about, and there was a barn close by, to which he was going to preach; he guessed the man would be there to ease his terror of mind. Sure enough the man was there, and he heard the same man who gave



C. H. SPURGEON PREACHING.

him the half-crown take for his text these words: **"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"** (Mark 8. 36). "Aye," said he, "what will it profit a man who sold his soul for half-a-crown?" Up gets the man, crying out, "Sir, take it back! take it back!" "Why," said the Christian, "you wanted the half-crown, and you said you did not need to pray." "But, sir," he said, "I must pray, if I do not pray I am undone;" and after some testing by parleying the half-crown was returned, and the man was on his knees praying to God. And it came to pass that that very circumstance was the means of awakening the man to his state, leading him to believe, to the saving of his soul, and making him a changed man, "a new creature in Christ Jesus" (2 Cor. 5. 17).

Do any of you desire to know how your souls may be saved? Here is the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). And whosoever knoweth himself to be a sinner, let him take this for his consolation, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief" (1 Tim. 1. 15). "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." C. H. SPURGEON.

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S MURDERER.



CHIEF LUBA AND BABY INNEE.

HE is getting old now, for many days have passed since that fatal day, in October, 1885, when, under the orders of the Luba chief, noble James Hannington, who had left peace and plenty in Britain to endure hardness in making known the glad tidings of salvation in Central Africa, was cruelly murdered in cold blood.

Yet he who perpetrated such a dastardly deed, with a view to keep out the white man's Gospel, is now a regular student of the Word of God at a mission station in Uganda. Behold the

former murderer, touched by grace, become so docile as to nurse the babe of one of the missionaries. And they have hope that "the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16), will find its way into old Chief Luba's heart.

"What! a murderer saved!!" Yes; if the old chief puts his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, he will find the Word still true: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all sin*" (1 John 1. 7). And if *you*, whoever you are, with murder, and all other sins, in your heart (Matt. 15. 19), put your trust in that same precious blood, *you*, too, shall be cleansed from all sin, have your heart purified by faith, and may, with the Luba chief, and myriads more, ascribe all glory unto "Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. 1. 5).

Shall grace be your happy portion now, or gloom be your eternal portion? Settle it now, for "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." HYF.

TESTIMONY OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

FOR GOOD OR BAD, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, AS MAN, HIS INFLUENCE HAS MANIFESTED ITSELF IN A MOST POWERFUL WAY.



Napoleon the Great on his famous White Charger.

The height of his fame was reached in 1812, when he assembled the largest army ever led by a European general, and at the head of 500,000 men passed into Russia.

TESTIMONY OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

WHICH IS THE MOST REMARKABLE MAN THAT EUROPE HAS PRODUCED in modern times? Such a question would be answered by most persons by the same word—NAPOLEON. For good or bad, in one way or another, *as man*, his influence has manifested itself in the century that is past, and is manifesting itself to-day in a most powerful way.

HIS LIFE. Napoleon Bonaparte, the second son of Charles Bonaparte, assessor of the Royal tribunal of the island of Corsica, was born at Ajaccio in 1769. After an eventful career, equalled by few of the human race, during which he rose from comparative obscurity to be Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and virtual Controller of Naples, Holland, Westphalia, and Spain as well.

The height of his fame was reached in 1812, when he assembled the largest army ever led by a European general, and at the head of 500,000 men passed into Russia. Unconquered by legions of soldiers, the frost of a Russian winter compelled him to commence a precipitate retreat, and the greater part of his mighty army perished in the snow, or found a grave in the icy waters of the Beresina. From this moment "the little corporal" passed over the summit of his hill of fame, and gradually descended its sorrowing steep, reaching the eventful turning at Waterloo on 18th June, 1815, and the tragic terminus on lonely St. Helena in 1821.

HIS CONFESSION. Pacing the shores of St. Helena and looking back on his own remarkable yet chequered career, then comparing it with the life and influence of a Conqueror vastly different and immeasurably greater than himself—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—he made the following remarkable declaration to Count de Molonthon: "Alexander, Caesar, 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*... 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,

Testimony of Napoleon the Great.

that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space." Then summing up the claims which he had made and the claims of Christ, the following remarkable words affirm

HIS DECLARATION. "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 facilities, 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 power. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly *the divinity of Jesus Christ.*"

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. With such a testimony before you—a testimony which is confirmed by heroes, nobles, saints, and millions more in all ranks of life, ages of time, and lands of earth—the question you must answer is, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" (Matt. 27. 22). As sure as Pilate faced it, so must you! It cannot be ignored! It will not be set aside! Neutral you cannot be! That question must and will be answered by *you*, either at this moment, ere you die, or at the Bar of God. Be wise, face it now; nay, settle it now. Put Christ's own words to the test, "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."

Neglect the issue, reject the message, refuse the convincing testimony of multitudes of your fellows who have *experienced* this unspeakable bliss, and the other side of the truth will be your portion: "He that BELIEVETH NOT the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Come, make your choice—"Christ for me;" let your confession be, "Whose I am, and Whom I serve." *Иис.*

A HARVARD UNIVERSITY GRADUATE.

WE have been asked by our secretary if there is anything we seem to "have thought more intensely about than any other member of the class." My thoughts seem to have turned more to the things of God and of eternity, and so I ask to be heard again as I briefly speak of that which lies closest to my heart.

My earlier years in the Law School and in the practise of the law were passed in a round of pleasures and in the endeavour to keep things moving, and to make enough money so that I could have more pleasures and thus keep things moving faster. That I had any definite purpose otherwise in life I do not remember, and I seemed to have been like the great majority of my associates. I have told in the earlier reports how, in the fall of 1903, I read the Bible for the first time in my life, and how I turned in "repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ," receiving forgiveness of my sins through His precious blood, and becoming a child of God through faith in His atoning work at Calvary. This is the most important thing that can ever happen to any man in this life. There is nothing this world can give in the way of honours or emoluments, riches or pleasures, that can compare with it. For "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (Mark 8. 36).

I wish I could impress this upon my classmates, and what it has meant to me. It has been new life, real joy, and abiding peace with God. The Scriptures declare plainly that things will become worse and worse until the Lord Jesus "shall appear the second time apart from sin unto salvation" (Heb. 9. 28), when He shall rule whose right it is to reign. Then and not before shall this world have what it so sadly needs—good government, for "the government shall be upon His shoulder." Though in a small and dwindling minority, my faith stands "not in the wisdom of men" (nor in "the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness with God"), but "in the power of God." It is hard for me to believe that twenty-five years have passed since we graduated, for I scarcely seem to feel the time.

I have held no office, written no books, nor is my name any more on club rolls, but I rejoice that it is written in Heaven in the Lamb's Book of Life,

C. S. F.

THORNS IN THE PILLOW.

SEVERAL years ago two evangelists, friends of mine, were holding gospel meetings amongst lumbermen, farmers, and settlers in a lonely district in the backwoods of Canada. One of the preachers in the course of his address said, "I hope God will put thorns in your pillow to-night and make Eternity so real that you won't be able to sleep." Next morning an old woman visited them who appeared in



IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA IN WINTER.

Lumbermen moving logs which have been cut down during summer.

great distress. "Last night," said she, "you said you hoped that God would put thorns in our pillows and keep us from sleeping. I got no sleep, and I've come to ask if God would save an old sinner like me."

The servants of Christ were encouraged by seeing that the Holy Spirit was working in the conscience of the inquirer. They told her that Christ came into the world *to save sinners* (1 Tim. 1. 15), that His mission to earth was to *seek and save the lost* (Luke 19. 10). Not long after this the seeking sinner was led to rest her weary, sin-sick, sin-

burdened soul on Christ, by believing the glorious gospel of God's matchless grace.

If the reader is a "stranger to grace and to God," if he "knows not his danger and feels not his load," it would be better for him to lose a few nights' sleep than go on in his present condition. Better far to be aroused from the sleep of death than to weep and wail and gnash your teeth in the prison-house of hell. Perhaps *you* imagine that some day somehow or other you will enter heaven. You may be sincere, respectable, intelligent, moral, and "religious," but if you are not "born again" (John 3. 3), you are even now under divine condemnation. "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). If unsaved, unconverted, you are an *unbeliever*, and the wrath of God abides upon you (John 3. 36).

Awake! awake! oh, careless and listless soul. "Time ends, and THEN ETERNITY." Where will you spend Eternity? Maybe you have never considered the question. It is time you did. Time is short and the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. "Flee from the wrath to come." There is wrath ahead. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18). You may continue procrastinating and be suddenly cut down in your sins. And oh, "What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. 13. 21).

What will you say when your sins are placed before you in dread array? What will you say when brought face to face with the fact that God loved you and longed to save you, that the Lord Jesus died for you, that the Holy Spirit strove with you and sought to bring you to Christ, and you resisted Him? What will you say when you learn that you were within a hair's-breadth of salvation and, but for your folly and obstinacy, might have been spending eternity with Christ in the glory?

Now, while the day of grace is lengthened, while the door of mercy is open, while the Holy Spirit is striving with you, accept of Christ as your Saviour and Lord. He loves you and died to save you from woe. He makes no hard conditions. Believe on Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be saved in a moment, and saved for Eternity. "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). A. M.

THE STRAY VERSE.

"I HAVE been thinking over a circumstance which happened some years ago," said a young man who was lying ill with consumption to one who had been the means of leading him to trust Christ as his Saviour. "It puzzled me very much at the time, but it is all plain now.



"Well, sir, I used to work on the roads with an old man. He was a wicked old fellow, always drinking and swearing, and doing everything that was bad. We were coming home from work one evening when he noticed a piece of paper on the road side. 'Pick that up,' said he to me. 'Oh, it is only a bit of religion,' I said, looking down at it. 'Pick it up, I tell you, and read it.' So I picked it up, for I feared the old man, and this is what I read:

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

"'What's that?' he almost shouted in a surprised and startled tone. 'Read it over again.' So I read it again.

"He did not speak again, but walked on in deep thought until he came to his house, then he said quietly, 'Come in and find out where that is.' He brought an old Bible, and after looking for a long time I found it and read it again two or three times. He loved to read that verse.

"Well, sir, after that time my mate was a changed man. I never knew him get drunk or say a bad word again. But, as I said, I never understood how it was until now. *He just believed in Him*, as stated in that verse, *and was saved*, just as I believed it a few weeks since when you showed me how Christ had died for me—a sinner." F. A.

A POLICE SERGEANT'S CONVERSION.



A SERGEANT of police was pacing his beat one evening. A Christian young man, whose heart was burning with love to Christ, while passing along felt constrained to speak to him about his soul's salvation. Crossing the street, and putting his hand on his shoulder, he said, "Sergeant, I have just been thinking about you, and wondering if you knew your sins forgiven." "I don't think," was the reply, "that any one can know that for certain." "Oh! but I know that mine are forgiven." "I think it great presumption in you to go that length. I would not dare to say that, and I am as good as you; I have done all the good I can to my fellow-men; I go to a place of worship as often as duty permits; and never that I know of have I injured any one." The

Christian brother, observing that the sergeant was expecting to be saved by his works, replied somewhat to the following effect: "You are on the wrong track altogether. You are hoping to be saved by your good doings, but *that* is not God's way of salvation. When He looked down from heaven He saw us all hopelessly bad and corrupt. He knew we could not save, or do anything to help to save ourselves. In love and pity He took our sins and laid them on the head of Jesus. He sank into the dust of death with the load of our guilt upon Him, and all who believe on Him are saved."

Like a flash of lightning the truth burst into his soul. He perceived that all his sins had been laid on Christ, and that He had borne them in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and that through simply believing on Him he was saved. "Aye," said he, "is that it? Was my sin laid on Another?" Bidding the young man "Good-night," he hurried down a street, entered into the first passage, got on his knees, and thanked God for saving him. Years have passed, and he still seeks to tell others of God's gracious dealings with him.

Believe on Christ as the One who "finished" the sin-atoning work, and you will know that you are saved. A. M.

"SAVED ALONE."

THE ONE MOMENT HE WAS FULL OF INEFFABLE JOY, AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS OVERWHELMED WITH INDESCRIBABLE SADNESS.



"She Immediately Began to Sink."

The voyage was almost over, and they were within sight of the shores of England when a terrible catastrophe occurred. In the darkness a vessel collided* with the Atlantic liner and she immediately began to sink.

"SAVED ALONE!"



NUMBER of years ago a steamer left New York City for a European port with a complement of passengers. Amongst these was Mrs. Spafford, wife of a lawyer in Chicago, with her four children. The voyage was almost over, and they were within sight of the shores of England when a terrible catastrophe occurred. In the darkness a vessel collided with the Atlantic liner and she immediately began to sink. Mrs. Spafford gathered her children around her, and commended them to her God and Father. As the water rose higher and higher one of the little ones sought to comfort her sorrowing mother by remarking that it was as easy to go to the Lord Jesus from the sea as from their home in America.

One by one her precious jewels were swept from her grasp, perishing before her eyes, though she was mercifully preserved and picked up several hours after by a passing ship. Knowing that the news of the disaster would soon be flashed across the ocean, Mrs. Spafford, on reaching shore, despatched a cablegram to her husband. Tidings had been received by him of the loss of the steamer and many of the passengers, but, as yet, he did not know the lot of his dear ones. With trembling heart and faltering hand he broke open the envelope containing the news. The message was short, consisting of but two words. His eye caught the word "SAVED," and his heart was filled with rapturous delight. On glancing a second time at the cablegram he perceived the other word "ALONE," and a tremendous revulsion of feeling ensued. The one moment he was full of ineffable joy, and the next moment he was overwhelmed with indescribable sadness. He could, however, thank God that his beloved wife was saved, though he mourned over the loss of his dear children. Yet in spite of it all he was enabled to sit down and compose the familiar hymn, the first stanza of which is as follows:

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

There are many families in which there are saved and

“Saved Alone!”

unsaved members—those who are prepared, and those who are unprepared to meet a holy and sin-hating God. In some of them are a saved husband and an unsaved wife; a saved sister and an unsaved brother, and so on. What a terrible thing it will be in eternity if *your* mother or father, sister or brother, wife or husband is

“Saved Alone”

and you to be lost! To remember the happy days of childhood when you joined in singing the lines, “There is a Happy Land, far, far away” and to learn that you are eternally separated from your dear ones, and are hopelessly, helplessly, and irretrievably lost!

Now, while the day of grace lasts; now, while the Holy Spirit strives with you, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and obtain eternal life as a free gift (John 6. 47, Rom. 6. 23). Why put off settling the question of your soul’s salvation a moment longer? “As though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ’s stead, 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 of God in Him” (2 Cor. 5. 20, 21). Think of Him whose law you have broken persistently and repeatedly, whose commands you have trampled underfoot “*beseeking*” you to be reconciled to Him!

If, however, you continue your present course, ponder the solemn words of the eternal God: “Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;...I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh” (Prov. 1. 24-26). And then to hear the terrible sentence, “Depart from Me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels” (Matt. 25. 41). Harken to the words of Dr. Horatius Bonar:—

“Descend, O sinner, to thy woe!
Thy day of hope is done;
Light shall revisit thee no more,
Life with its sanguine dreams is o’er,
Love reaches not yon awful shore,
For ever sets thy sun.”

Even now believe the “good news” regarding Christ’s sufferings and death on your behalf and be saved. A. M.

USELESS KINDS OF RELIGION.

By J. C. RYLE, Bishop of Liverpool.

THERE are two ways by which a man may lose his own soul. What are they?

He may lose his soul by living and dying *without any religion at all*. He may live and die like a beast, prayerless, godless, graceless, faithless. This is a sure way to a lost eternity. Mind that you do not walk in it.

He may lose his soul by taking up *some useless kind of religion*. He may live and die contenting himself with a false Christianity, and resting on a baseless hope. This is the most common way to perdition that there is.

Listen, and I will tell you what I mean by useless kinds of religion.

1. A religion is entirely useless in which the Lord Jesus Christ is not the principal object, and does not fill the principal place. There are too many calling themselves Christians who practically know nothing about Christ. Their religion consists in a few vague notions and empty expressions. "They trust they are no worse than others. They keep to their Church. They try to do their duty. They do nobody any harm. They hope God will be merciful to them. They trust the Almighty will pardon their sins, and take them to Heaven when they die." This is about the whole of their religion.

But what do these people know practically about Christ? Nothing at all! What experimental acquaintance have they with His work, His blood, His righteousness, His mediation, His priesthood, His intercession? None, none at all! Ask them about a saving faith—ask them about being born again of the Spirit—ask them about being sanctified in Christ Jesus. What answer will you get? You are a barbarian to them. They know no more about these experimentally than a Buddhist or a Turk. And yet this is the religion of hundreds and thousands of people who are called Christians all over the world.

If you are one of this kind, I warn you plainly that such Christianity *will never take you to Heaven*. It may do very well in the eye of man. It may pass muster very decently at the church-meeting, in the place of business, or in the streets. But it will never comfort you. It will never satisfy your conscience. *It will never save your soul*. It will be utterly useless in Eternity.

Useless Kinds of Religion.

2. A religion is entirely useless in which you join **anything with Christ** in the matter of saving your soul. You must not only depend on Christ for salvation, but you must depend on Christ *only* and Christ *alone*. There are multitudes of men and women who profess to honour Christ, but in reality do Him great dishonour. They give Christ a certain place in their system of religion, but not



"THEY KEEP TO THEIR CHURCH AND DO THEIR DUTY,"

Useless Kinds of Religion.

the place which God intended Him to fill. Christ alone is not "all in all" to their souls. It is either Christ and the church, or Christ and the sacraments, or Christ and His ordained ministers, or Christ and their own repentance, or Christ and their own goodness, or Christ and their own prayers, or Christ and their own sincerity and charity on which they practically rest their souls.

If you are a Christian of this kind, I warn you also plainly that your religion is an offence to God. You are changing God's plan of salvation into a plan of your own devising. You are in effect deposing Christ from His throne by giving the glory due Him to another. I care not *what* it is that you add to Christ—whatever it be, you do Christ an injury.

Take heed what you are doing. Beware of giving to Christ's servants the honour due to none but Christ. Beware of giving the Lord's ordinances the honour due unto the Lord. Beware of resting the burden of your soul on anything but Christ, and Christ alone. Beware of having a religion which is OF NO USE and can not save.

It is an awful thing to have no religion at all. But it is no less an awful thing to be content with a *religion that can do you no good*.

"ONLY BEATEN ONCE."

A SERVANT of God, walking with an unconverted relative through a cemetery, remarked, as they viewed the graves, "ONLY BEATEN ONCE." "Who?" inquired the other. "Death," was the reply.

"Only beaten once." Every man who has ever lived in this world, with but one solitary exception, has been compelled to yield when the icy hand of death has been laid upon him. The mightiest monarchs, the most successful warriors, and the cleverest scientists have all found themselves incompetent to subdue this inexorable foe. Earth's millions of every nation have fallen beneath his assault.

Let us not deceive ourselves as to the cause of this. Sin has brought about this appalling condition of things. "By one man *sin* entered into the world, and *death* by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that *all have sinned*" (Rom. 5. 12). But death has been overcome. The

"Only Beaten Once."

Stronger than the strong has been here, in the person of the Son of God. In wondrous grace He made Himself answerable for human sin and guilt, and upon the Cross of Calvary endured its just desert. His death—voluntarily undergone (for against the sinless One death had no claim)—has resulted in a glorious victory. The divine demands against sin having been met by His atoning sacrifice, death could not hold Him. Accordingly on the third day He arose triumphant to the confusion of all His foes.



WHO WAS ONLY BEATEN ONCE? DEATH.

To John in Patmos He said later, "Fear not; I am the First and the Last, and the living One; and I became dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of death and Hades" (Rev. 1. 17, 18, R.V.). Every believer shares His victory. Sin being put away, into the second death he can never come, and in the moment of the Lord's return even his body will be put beyond the reach of death.

Reader, victim of sin and death, we point you to Christ, and to what He has done. Believe and live. W. W. F.

THE LAST WORDS OF MIRABEAU.



MIRABEAU, THE FRENCH AUTHOR AND POLITICIAN.

THE last words of Mirabeau were these: "Give me more laudanum, that I may not think of Eternity, and of what is to come!" On his death-bed Altamont reviewed his past life, and cried, "Oh, Thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hides me from Thy frown!"

How different from the last moments of those who, through faith in the Son of God, passed peacefully away into the joy everlasting!

"Blessed be God," said Preston, "though I change my place, I shall not change my company, for I have walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with God!"

"Jesus Christ and a convoy!" cried Ralph Smith: "triumphant! glorious!" "If He shall slay me ten thousand times ten thousand times," said Rutherford, "I'll trust! Oh, for arms to embrace Him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp!"

"I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield!" said the martyr Philpot. "The battle's fought," cried Payson, "and the victory is won for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness to all eternity." We hear Leland saying: "I give my dying testimony to the truth of Christianity. The Gospel of Christ has raised me above the fear of death, for I know that my Redeemer liveth." Now, search all the realms of infidelity, and see if you can find such testimony in the solemn hour of death. You search in vain. Infidelity knows nothing of triumph in life's latest hour; and the mere professor of religion knows as little. They, and they alone, who are saved for Eternity can pass rejoicing through the swelling of Jordan. Yet, whoever you may be, Jesus says, "Come unto ME all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Will you come? w. s.

HOW THE BEST BECAME THE WORST;

— OR, —

"I AM ALL WRONG," SAID HE; "IT HAS BEEN ALL WORKS
WITH ME, AND NO FAITH."



Nearing the Harbour

"When you came here I thought I was the best man in the village, and now I think I am the worst." Such were the words spoken to a friend of mine a few years ago as he was leaving a Scotch fishing village.

HOW THE BEST BECAME THE WORST.

“WHEN you came here I thought I was the best man in the village, and now I think I am the worst.” Such were the words spoken to a friend of mine a few years ago as he was leaving a Scotch fishing village. No one who knew William Thomson, the hearty young fisherman, would have called him a “bad” man. On the contrary, he was upright, sincere, and conscientious. The change in his views regarding himself was effected through hearing a Gospel address which was given by an earnest evangelist from the familiar words of Romans 10. 3: “For they being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.” The preacher showed that one might, like the Jews referred to, say prayers, do good works, observe ordinances, and all the while be on the highway to ruin. William and his wife discovered that they had been trying to work out a righteousness of their own in which to appear before God. Next day the evangelist had a conversation with him, and found him completely broken down. “I am all wrong,” said he; “it has been all works with me, and no faith.”

What a mercy he made the discovery! He learned that all his “righteousnesses” were as “filthy rags” (Isa. 64. 6), and longed to obtain forgiveness from God. Soon after this he saw that “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth” (Rom. 10. 4), and that by believing on Him who bore sin’s penalty, and gave Himself for him, he had eternal life. By faith he gazed on that Blessed One who was wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities, and passed from death into life, from darkness into light. No longer did he attempt to obtain a righteousness of his own in which to stand before God. He was now clothed in divine righteousness, “the righteousness of God which is unto all and upon all them that believe” (Rom. 3. 22); and being saved from wrath and judgment, he began to work—not *for* salvation, but *from* salvation—not *to* the Cross, but *from* the Cross. Although he knew that he was accepted in Christ, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he felt that he was “the chief of sinners.” Believe on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be saved with an everlasting salvation. “Now is the accepted time.” A.M.

THE MAN WHO ATE HALF A MILLSTONE.



A MAN came to the mission dispensary in Honan, China, who had been ill for a long time with chronic dyspepsia. The medical missionary tried to find out something about his history, and discovered that he had been eating stone for nearly two years. When asked how much he had eaten, he said, "About half a millstone," or sixty pounds of stone. He had been advised by a native doctor to eat it, so he ground it up in a mortar, and used to eat half a cupful every morning; *but he was none the better*. Then he was advised to eat cinnamon bark as a sure cure, and he ate forty pounds of cinnamon bark.

The missionary says, "You can imagine the condition of that man's stomach." I am afraid we cannot. The missionary doctor gave him five or ten grains of sub-nitrate of bismuth three times a day, put him on a simple diet, and the man's recovery was marvellous.

Before this man returned to his home he bought a New Testament, and used to read it night and day. He became intensely interested in the Gospel. The day was not long enough for him, so he used to come and sit by the Christian doctor's desk at night and ask him questions. "Doctor," he said at length, "I am glad I ever was sick." "Why?" said the doctor. "Oh!" said this patient, "if I had never been sick I should never have known the Gospel of this precious Book." When he returned to his home he was so enthusiastic a Christian that he was in danger of driving away the customers from his store, so faithfully did he preach the Lord Jesus to them.

If the grace of God could do this for a sinful Chinaman surely He can do the same for you. Trust Him. B.E.

HOW I GOT A NEW START IN LIFE.

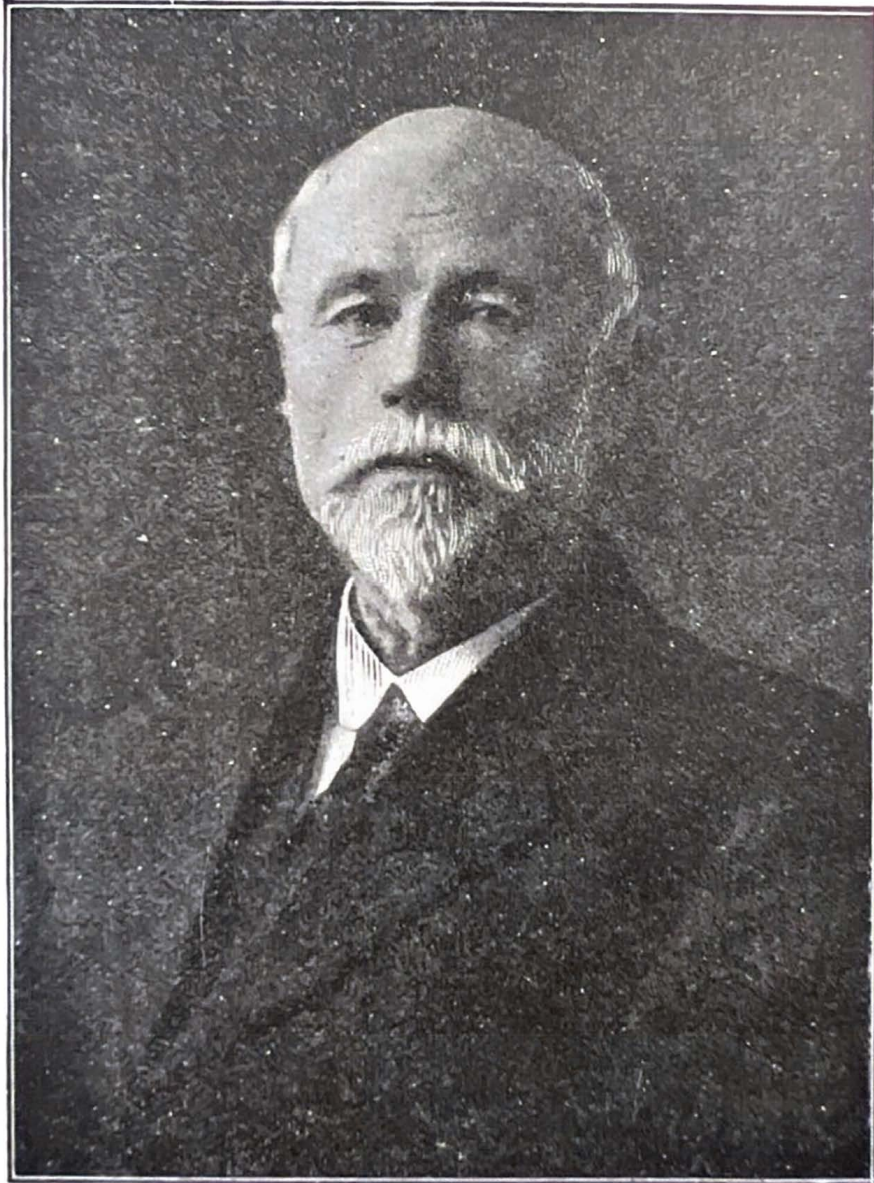
AT the age of twenty I was in the midst of what is called "Life" in the West End of London, drinking in—as the thirsty ox drinks in water—its pleasures and sins, as far as circumstances at that time would permit. I had been carefully brought up, and, for the sake of respectability, had been taught to go to the Church of England twice every Lord's Day; thus, I suppose, satisfying the consciences of my parents, but, alas! in no way meeting the claims of God. At the age of fifteen, having finished school, I went away to learn business, when, having got rid of home restraint, although keeping up my "Church-going," I plunged deeply into the pleasures and attractions of the world. This course of life was continued, getting deeper and deeper, until the time above mentioned. Pleasure in sin I did find, but foolishly thought that my "Church-going" made up for it all, not knowing that "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22).

About this time I was strongly urged by a companion who was an atheist to leave London and go out to New Zealand. At first I laughed at the idea of such a thing; but he still persisted in putting it before me until, all at once, without knowing the reason, I determined to go. After the usual preparations and heart-breakings at home, we got away on board a vessel bound for Wellington. The second night in the Channel we had a very heavy gale, which caused me to call upon the Lord. But, alas! He was to me an "unknown God," and after the storm was over I returned to my former habits. Finding others on board of similar tastes to myself, we went in deeply for card-playing and many other vices which manifest themselves in the unrestrained on a long voyage. But notwithstanding all this open sin, I nevertheless, like Job, tried to retain my integrity and justify myself by my external religion.

I had been but a very short time in New Zealand when I was asked to go and hear Gordon Forlong, an ex-London lawyer, and a converted Deist. I consented, and on the next Sunday went to hear what the lawyer had to say. I can now scarcely describe my feelings. He was evidently preaching what he understood, for he was telling it out with no uncertain sound. It was something very different to what I had been accustomed to listen to in the Church

How I Got a New Start in Life.

of England. The sermons delivered there were generally made up of science, history, geography, morality, and a little bit of theology; but this man was *expounding the Word of God* in a way that was deeply interesting, and yet very alarming to me. He showed us unmistakably, from



C. H. HINMAN AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Holy Writ, that all men were by nature lost; that we had been born in sin and shapen in iniquity (Psa. 51. 5), and that the wages of sin was death (Rom. 6. 23). And while he owned that he by nature was a sinner, he also said that he had been "*saved*," that his sins were forgiven, that at a

How I Got a New Start in Life.

certain time in his life he had been "*born again*," and knew that he was then a child of God.

This was all new to me, and had a remarkable effect. The foundation of my religious system had got a terrible blow. I was interested and convicted, but I was angry. I was convinced that what he said was in the Bible, yet I thought it awful presumption for anyone to say he knew he was saved. However, I was in that state of mind that I wished to hear more, so the next Lord's Day I was there again, anxious to catch every word. This day my interest and conviction were deepened. My false peace was broken up, and the bitterness of a guilty conscience took its place. The next Lord's Day found me in the same place, and as he once more opened up the Word of God, and proved from its infallible pages the complete ruin of human nature, that all *our* righteousnesses are as filthy rags—not our sins merely, but our righteousnesses (Isa. 64. 6)—and that the Pharisee and church-goer, as well as the drunkard and harlot, if they had not Christ, were condemned already, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23), the conviction laid hold of me: "THOU ART THE MAN." Guilty before a Holy God. My cloak of self-righteousness was now torn off, and I saw that with all my religion and church-going I had no Christ.

The mysterious aching void and troubled conscience of the past three weeks I began to understand, and the burden of my soul was: What must I do to be saved? I had tried to leave off old sins, and turn over a new leaf, but it was no use; it gave no comfort, no peace. I had also been praying much, but that did not satisfy. It did not meet the claims of that righteous God I had been sinning against. No; His claims are not met by prayer, nor by reading the Bible, nor by giving alms, but by the *Precious Blood* of His eternal Son. I realised that praying cannot save the sinner, nor reading the Bible, going to Church, giving away tracts, teaching in Sunday schools, visiting the sick, or giving alms; none of these things, nor all of them put together (although perfectly right in their place), can make a fallen child of Adam fit for the presence of God. What, then, can save the sinner? JESUS ONLY. "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for *He shall save His people from their sins*" (Matt. 1. 21). Not

How I Got a New Start in Life.

a little of His work, and a little of mine, for on the Cross Jesus said, "It is finished." *He* had done it all. Christ is not a helper, but a Saviour; able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, and *He has saved even me*. Oh, the joy of that moment when I realised the work was *finished for me*! It was on the Monday morning about nine o'clock that the words, "It is finished," came before me. My deep trouble then gave way to sweet peace. My sins were forgiven—my soul was saved.

Is the language of *your* soul now "What must I do to be saved?" If it is, listen to the answer: Do nothing. The work is all done, finished on Calvary; every claim against the sinner was met there; every sin atoned for; *for God hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all* (Isa. 53. 6). And if *all* iniquity, then surely yours among the rest. This I saw to be the case; I believed it, and was free. Do you ask, "Is there nothing else to be done?" The answer is, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). But perhaps you still say "Have I not to do *my* part?" Romans 4. 4, 5 answers your question: "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." Man's day of probation is over. God is testing man no longer, nor looking for righteousness from him. He has been proved to be unmendably bad, a complete failure, a guilty sinner; and is now shut up to take salvation by grace through faith in the finished work of Christ, or perish in his sins, and be ETERNALLY LOST.

Many, unfortunately, confound morality with Christianity, whereas they have really nothing whatever to do with each other. The Buddhist, Deist, or Atheist may be patterns of morality, but no one would argue that *they* were Christians. The Christian will of course be moral; but it is not his morality that constitutes him a Christian. *The beginning of Christianity is the reception, by a penitent sinner, of divine life from Heaven*, and this is imparted by the Holy Spirit through the Word of God.

Since the day I took God at His Word, and believed the record given of His Son (many years since now), my greatest joy has been to tell out to others God's way of salvation. Not of works, but all of free grace. C.11.11.

THE RAMMING OF THE "VICTORIA."

AS the morning of 23rd June, 1887, dawned, close on 500 brave man-o'-war's men rose to their posts of duty on board the "Victoria," little dreaming that ere night fell nearly four hundred of them would be seventy fathoms deep in the waters of Tripoli Bay. Yet so it was! The Mediterranean Squadron of thirteen battleships, after sailing in parallel lines for some time received orders to change into single file, when by some mistake the first-class warship "Camperdown" ran into the flagship "Victoria," cutting a tremendous hole with her "ram" or knife-like stem into the side of the admiral's ship, with the awful result that in six minutes from the time of impact the monster vessel, ten thousand tons in weight, turned over and went down headforemost, carrying with her to a watery grave 359 officers and men.

Six minutes to get ready for Eternity, and that on a sinking vessel amid the excitement and noise of a dreadful catastrophe. Alas! that was not much; and yet who dare say that many of those brave sailors were not trusting to their dying day to get ready to meet God. How foolish! and yet how *many of us* are doing the same.

Then death came, as it often does, when it was least expected. They were on board a mighty vessel, 120 yards long, elaborately provided with water-tight compartments, on the calm and peaceful Mediterranean in broad daylight, and in view of the whole fleet with dozens of life-boats and thousands of cork life-belts. Why, the last thought would be about bidding farewell to the scenes of Time and entering upon the scenes of Eternity. Yet the unexpected became the unwelcomed reality.

Surely if we learn any lesson from this dire calamity it will be this one: "On sea or land prepare to meet thy God at any moment," for truly "we know not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1). Any moment we may be launched from the shores of Time into the ocean of Eternity!

"But how am I to 'prepare'?" you say. Jesus gave instructions Himself when He said: "He that heareth MY WORD, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation" (John 5. 24). Some of the sailors of the "Victoria" had "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ," and were blessedly ready. Why should not you? "Believe and be saved."

HYF.

GIPSY JO;

— OR, —

FROM GIPSY CARAVAN TO CARRYING THE BIBLE PACK FROM
DOOR TO DOOR.



"They Lived in Real Gipsy Fashion."

His parents lived in real gipsy fashion, roving about in village and country and town, having no home or place of shelter of their own.

GIPSY JO.

JOSEPH EARLE, or, as he is better known by the name of "Gipsy Jo," was born in an outhouse or shed on a farm known as Rowley's Farm, Charlwood, Surrey. His parents lived in real gipsy fashion, roving about in village and country and town, having no home or place of shelter of their own. They often slept under the open canopy of Heaven, or near some hayrick, or in a farmer's field or shed, as they did on the occasion of Jo's birth. Until he was about twelve years of age Jo lived with his parents; then, tired of his roaming life, he ran off and came under the kindly and motherly influence of Mrs. —, whose little granddaughter saw him coming up to the house. She said, "Grandma, there's a little boy coming, and he is so very ragged and dirty." Grandma questioned him as to who he was and where he came from, and why he left his parent's home. He replied that he had no home, and that his parents were gipsies, and that he did not want to go back to the gipsy life again. Taking compassion on him, Mrs. — received him into her home, washed him, and soon rigged him up and made him look a little more respectable. She treated him like one of her own sons.

Here he remained for nearly a year, when his roving instincts taking full possession of him he ran away and roamed about for two years; then he returned, ragged as before, and was again received into the same home and soon got to work on a farm and began to earn a little towards the cost of his living.

About this time a colporteur of the Christian Colportage Association, coming in contact with him one day, and desiring to help him, found he could not read or write. He was anxious, however, that he should be able to read the Bible for himself. To encourage him the colporteur promised to make him a present of a copy of the Bible if he would only learn to read it. Some friends were willing to teach him, but not taking kindly to it, it was some time before he could read little words in the Psalms. He was encouraged also to attend Gospel services.

One day he was so wrought upon by the Holy Spirit that he was awakened to a sense of his great need, and was led to the Saviour for salvation. By faith he could say with the Apostle, "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). He was soon testifying that

the awakening of his soul from the death of sin began when he was reading the Word of God. "For the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword" (Heb. 4. 12). It had become the power of God unto his salvation. Knowing his sins forgiven he was anxious about his brothers, and remembering how he had been led, through reading the Word of God, from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God, he went to the colporteur and bought two Bibles and gave them to his brothers, asking them to read them and praying for them. He also asked God's people to join him in praying that as his brothers read they might also receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save the soul.

Beginning to work for Christ among his own family, he soon began to distribute tracts and speak a word for the Master as opportunity afforded. He is now an earnest worker, and is desirous of extending the Redeemer's Kingdom. So in cottage meetings and prayer meetings, and in the open-air, he is telling to all around what a dear Saviour he has found.

Ten years and more have passed away since the happy day when our friend Joseph Earle sought and found the Saviour, and still he can sing:

" I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh! that my Saviour were your Saviour too." W.H.J.

HUSBAND SAVED—WIFE LOST.

SOME years ago a coal hulk called the *Eli Whitney* was moored in the harbour at Wellington, New Zealand. She was in charge of a man named Davey, who, with his wife and infant, lived on board. One very cold, wild and stormy night, when the three were fast asleep in their little cabin, the steamer *Tauupo* ran into the hulk, making a rent eighteen inches wide and several feet in length in her side. Not knowing the damage that was caused the captain of the *Tauupo* waited a short time, and then, thinking all was right, steamed away for his destination. Presently Mr. Davey was roused by his wife, who said, "What is that noise?" A sound of water was heard by him; it was rushing into an adjoining room. Both sprang out of bed, she seizing the baby, and they

“Husband Saved—Wife Lost!”

made their way on deck. The husband was trying to lower the boat, and his wife, in nothing but her night dress, was standing by his side, when they felt the vessel lurch and sink under them. As they went down he managed to seize a plank, and both held on to it, but the waves were violent and washed the wife and baby off. She lost her child, but was able to lay hold of the plank, and, though she was swept off several times, with her husband's help she regained it, for she was a good swimmer. Just as he felt the ground with his feet she was washed off again, but he seized her by the hair and dragged her ashore. He staggered to a house and knocked. On the door being opened he stammered out “my wife” and fell insensible. On coming to his senses he asked the people of the house to search for his wife. The night was pitch dark, and it was long before she was found. At last her body was discovered lying across a large log of timber. The place where they were cast ashore was the only sandy spot near. For some considerable distance on each side were sharp and rugged rocks, and had they been cast on them the husband would also have probably perished. If the wife had been able to hold on to the plank a few minutes longer she might have been saved. Had the husband's strength held out a minute or two longer so that he might have sooner told of his wife's danger she might have been rescued, for the medical evidence at the inquest was to the effect that death was not caused by drowning but by exposure and exhaustion.

This true story illustrates the condition of many men and women who are in danger of being eternally lost. The Lord was grieved when the rich young man turned away from Him. He would not accept Christ, but preferred earthly riches to the salvation of his soul. So it is now with many. They have heard the Gospel, but reject it, and therefore will have no excuse to offer when they stand before the great white throne to be judged. The poor woman and her baby perished because there was no one present who could save them from physical death, but many will be eternally lost because they refuse to accept of God's provision. Why not now “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,” and be saved for eternity. Remember none perish that Him trust. C. J. A. II.

STRIKING INCIDENT IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.

ONE May day, nearly 150 years ago, the garrison at Edinburgh, Scotland, was called out to assemble on the Castle Hill. Muffled drums were solemnly beating; three coffins were carried from the citadel. If it were a funeral it was a strange one, for the coffins were empty, and there was nobody dead. Behind the three coffins marched



THE CASTLE, THE BEST-KNOWN LANDMARK IN EDINBURGH.

Striking Incident in Scottish History.

three Highland soldiers, two of them belonged to the 42nd "Black Watch" Regiment. All three were condemned to death. An officer read aloud their sentence; it told that at the court martial which had been held the three men had been found guilty of the crime of mutiny, and of inciting others to the same, and were sentenced to be shot. So they knelt down, and their eyes were bandaged; in front of them the firing party was drawn up ready to fire.

Just then, as their last moment seemed to have come, Sir Adolphus Oughton stepped forward and held up three pardons. He said, "In consequence of the gallantry displayed by the 42nd Regiment, to which two of the prisoners belong, his majesty has pardoned all three. Soldiers, resume your arms and rejoin your companies." And the band struck up a joyous peal of music.

And so the death sentence was reversed; their lives were given back to them, not only as pardoned subjects, but also as accepted soldiers in their king's service. And all through the merits of others! For the sake of the comrades who had acted bravely in the presence of the enemy; for their sakes they were allowed to go free and unpunished. Such is the story of an incident that took place on the 29th of May, 1779.

But listen to facts infinitely more wonderful: All the world stands "guilty before God—all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 19, 23). "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 22. 9).

But another One has taken our place, and offers a free and full pardon to all who will have it. "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). Look and live. E.L.B.

THE BATTLE RAGING.

THERE is one great battle ever in progress—the conflict between light and darkness. In the sight of Heaven there are only two parties—those who are for Christ and those who are against Him. Therefore, as with the trump of God, let the question be asked, "Who is on the Lord's side?" On one side or other you must be. There is no neutral ground in this battle. You cannot stand and *look on*. No. You *have taken* a side. You do not need to take a side; you have taken it already. Which side are you on?

CONVERSION SUDDEN BUT SURE.



DR. ALEX. MACLAREN PREACHING.

WHY did the jailer burst into the inner cell, "trembling for fear," and why did he ask, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16.30). What did he desire to be saved from? The earthquake had cracked more than the prison walls. It had cracked the thin veneer of custom and sense, and let him see the nether fires. Paul's answer tells us what he supposed the jailer to mean by it, and the fact that his first fear had been quieted makes it certain that Paul rightly understood the question. The jailer took salvation in its deepest sense, and his question is one that every soul of man has the same need to ask.

Salvation is healing from sickness and deliverance from danger. It implies that we are diseased and in peril. There is no need to exaggerate, and the Gospel does not charge all men with crimes, or even with vices, but it does declare that all clean-living, "respectable," law-abiding people, as really as others, are sinners. And are not all unsaved persons in peril?

The jailer's plain question was met by an unhesitating answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16. 31). Great resolutions, which change a life, are generally made in a flash at last, though the preparation may have been long. For many the only chance of ever becoming Christians is that they shall be swept by the energy of a sudden resolution to do what they know they should have done years ago; that is, to cast themselves on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Why not DO IT NOW. DR. A. M.

A DEEP-DYED SINNER SAVED.

WHEN Mr. John Cooke of Maidenhead had preached the Gospel one night at Bristol he was accosted by a man who had rather a singular story to relate. It appears that the stranger, six years before that time, had belonged to a wicked society called the "Hell-Fire Club," the members of which endeavoured to coin a new oath for each evening on which they met, the chairman deciding who was the winner. As this man was walking towards his club one night he asked himself if there was any sin he had not been guilty of, and resolved that he would commit it before he went to bed. While his thoughts were thus employed he passed a chapel, the doors of which were open. He was arrested by the lights and the voice of a preacher. Ah! a meeting was going on. Why not enter the chapel for sport and relate his doings to the club. As he entered the meeting the preacher (Mr. Cooke) was repeating his text, taken from Matthew 12. 31, 32, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." The preacher described the nature of this, the most heinous of all sin, the reason why it was unpardonable, and showed who had not committed it, proving that their sins might still be pardoned. The earnestness of the preaching caused all thought of sport or disturbance to be banished from the man's mind. He was brought face to face with the great realities of eternity. Deeply convicted of sin, he could not go to the club, but went home and locked himself in his bedroom. Falling on his knees he thanked God he was out of Hell, and cried for mercy, which he was delighted to know he might yet receive, though he had often wished to die that he might know what Hell was. He believed the Gospel, looking by faith to Christ dying on the Cross for the ungodly. The sense of pardon filled his soul. He was now saved by the blood, and a child of God for evermore. He considered that those words applied to his own case:

"Jehovah here resolved to show
What His Almighty grace could do."

Behold, what a mighty change the Gospel of Christ can accomplish! Consider what fearful sinners the precious Blood can cleanse. Are you cleansed? If not, believe *now* on the Almighty Saviour, and enter into peace. W.S.

THE RICH LADY'S FATAL MISTAKE;

— OR, —

"SOONER THAN GO TO HEAVEN BY THE SAME DOOR AS A THIEF
I WOULD BE LOST FOR EVER."



"She was a True Friend to Many."

"The same door by which the dying thief entered. All saved souls must pass through that door, for Christ Jesus has said, 'I am the Door' " (John 10. 9).

THE RICH LADY'S FATAL MISTAKE.

A WELL-KNOWN evangelist was led to visit Wigan, a mining town in Lancashire, to hold special evangelistic services. The meetings were largely attended, and many were hopefully converted to God. The following incident was narrated to Mr. Hambleton regarding a lady who had died a few days previous to his arrival. She had been well-known throughout Wigan for her deeds of kindness and charity. Many of the poor people declared that if any one got to Heaven she was sure to be there. She had been a true friend to those in need, and many homes and hearts were lightened by her gifts of food and clothing, which were dispensed with a liberal hand.

An earnest Christian in the employment of a tradesman in the town had occasion to do some work in the room where the dying lady lay. He felt constrained to speak to her about her soul, and see if she was resting on the "finished" work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Approaching the bedside he addressed the lady thus: "Madam, you are on the verge of eternity, and I would like to ask how it stands with your precious soul." Gazing on him with a look of astonishment the lady replied, "*Surely I shall get to Heaven!* I have attended the Church all my life, I have relieved the poor, visited the sick, and FOR ALL THESE THINGS SURELY I SHALL GET TO HEAVEN!" "Oh, madam," said the Christian, "*that* is not the way to Heaven; you are building on the sand." "What, then, is the way?" she asked, impatiently. "There is one, and only one, doorway into Heaven." "And what door is that?" "The same door by which the dying thief entered. All saved souls must pass through that door, for Christ Jesus has said, 'I am the Door'" (John 10. 9).

The natural pride of the lady's heart was aroused, and gathering up her remaining strength, raised her bony hand and, clenching it, exclaimed, "Thief, thief, thief. Must I enter into Heaven by the same door as a thief? SOONER THAN GO TO HEAVEN BY THE SAME DOOR AS A THIEF I WOULD BE D——" and before she could utter the word "d——" her head fell back and she was in eternity!

"How dreadful!" says one. "How terrible!" says another. Yes, indeed, it is indeed "terrible" and "dreadful" to think that a sinner of Adam's race should refuse to accept of forgiveness on God's gracious terms.

The Rich Lady's Fatal Mistake.

The reader, like most people in this highly favoured land, doubtless *expects* to get to Heaven. "We all hope to get there," says one. That may be so, but remember that though no one *wishes* to go to the abode of the lost, and all hope to be in Heaven, the Lord has declared that most people are hurrying as fast as time can carry them to the abyss of woe. The "broad road," which terminates in the "lake of fire," is crowded, while the "narrow way," leading to life everlasting, is trodden by comparatively few (Matt. 7. 13, 14).

Allow me to ask, *Why* do you expect to go to Heaven? Is it because you go to Church, Chapel, or meeting-place; observe the ordinances, read your Bible, say your prayers, relieve the distressed, and visit the poor and needy? If so you are building your hopes for eternity on a *sandy* foundation, and the sooner you are undeceived the better. Many believe the lie of Satan that if they "do good" and "be good" it will be all right with them at the end of life's journey. God's Word declares that "there is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 10); "there is none THAT DOETH GOOD, *no, not one*" (Psalm 14. 3). If admission to Heaven were granted on the ground of *creature merit* no one would enter its pearly gates or walk the golden streets, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). Granted that some have come further "short" of God's standard than others, yet all have sinned, and all deserve sin's "wages," which is eternal separation from God in conscious punishment.

How is Salvation Obtained?

It cannot be obtained on the ground of anything we can do. Future good conduct cannot atone for past disobedience. Thanks be unto God He has opened up a way whereby He can be a "Just God and Saviour." The Lord Jesus said, "I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). Whether you are moral or immoral, religious or irreligious, young or old, rich or poor, if you wish to spend eternity with Christ in the glory *you must enter by the same doorway as the penitent thief*. He took the place of a helpless, hell-deserving sinner, and, believing on the Saviour, he obtained the free and full forgiveness of all his sins.

The Rich Lady's Fatal Mistake.

Are you willing to be saved in *God's way*? Are you prepared to take the place of a condemned sinner, unable to do anything to save yourself? "Yes, I am." Then let me say that the hand of Him who is "mighty to save" is outstretched to pluck you as a brand from the eternal burnings. If you doubt it gaze by faith on Christ bleeding and dying *for your sins on the Cross of Calvary*. Harken to the words of Jehovah, "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). He was *smitten* that we might be *liberated* from the penalty and slavery of sin. Believe in Christ's sufferings in your stead and you will be eternally saved. If, however, you delay accepting His pardon and persist in your folly and infatuation you will be lost eternally. A. M.

THE POPE'S CONFESSION.

WHEN POPE PIUS II. lay dying in 1464, he gave his blessing to the assembled Cardinals in these words: "May the God of pity pardon you, and confirm a right spirit within you." When they left the room he turned to his friend Cardinal Ammanati, who remained, and putting his arms round his neck, said, "PRAY FOR ME, MY SON, FOR I AM A SINNER."

This is refreshing reading, when we remember the enormous pretensions of the occupants of the Roman See. Yet how can any man—Pope, king, or pauper—seriously contemplate his condition before God, and say otherwise than "I am a sinner?" God has gone carefully into the condition of the whole human family and has given His verdict upon all, whether Jews or Gentiles, religious or irreligious. His verdict may be read at length in Romans 3. 9-20: "They are *all* under sin;...there is *none* righteous, no, not one; there is *none* that understandeth, there is *none* that seeketh after God. They are *all* gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is *none* that doeth good, no, not *one*." Again, "There is no difference, for *all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Mistake not, such sweeping statements include *you*. Will you own the truth of them, and say humbly and contritely before God, "I am a sinner?" But your sins, however many and terrible, need not fill you with despair.

The Pope's Remarkable Confession.

We have good news for all who will acknowledge themselves sinners. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). The death of Christ has made a full and efficacious atonement for sin; and in virtue of it God is able righteously to pardon all who plead its worth before Him. We learn from 1 Timothy 1. 12-17 that the chief of sinners



ROME, ON THE TIBER, WITH ST. PETER'S CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE.

has been received, a fact full of encouragement for us all. If "the chief of sinners" could find a place in the heart of God, no other can be denied. Let us entreat you, therefore, to come to God by simple faith in the finished work of Christ; then pardon, peace, and eternal life will become yours immediately.

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

W. W. F.

A VÈNÈRABLE DÓCTOR'S TESTIMÓNY.

I HAVE never been an advocate for speaking or writing much of one's own conversion, but if we may use the term, mine would be of the Berean variety.

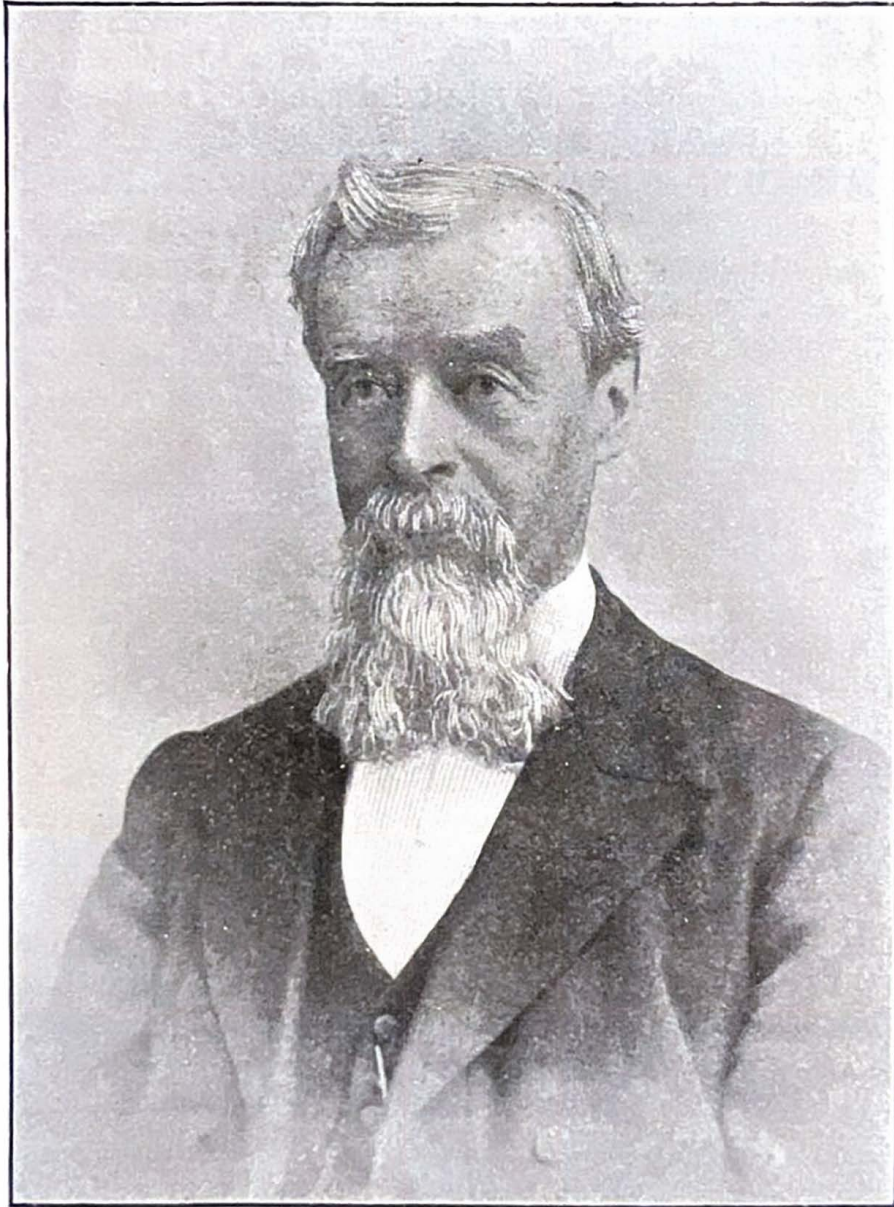
I had, like those of whom we read in Acts 17. 11, 12, to fight my way by examining the Scriptures, for although I was favoured with Christian parents and knew other children of God, few were Bible students, and aggressive Gospel work was seldom found even in evangelical places.

When about nine years of age I was under conviction of sin and resolved *to be good*, even making my resolution known to others. Of course this failed. A few years later in two schools in different places I knew of *one* boy said to be converted. Both were objects of ridicule, but I wished I was like them. Having been taught to say prayers, I prayed much and constantly to be delivered from the *power* of sin. By painful experience I had to learn that God's way was first to deal with the guilt and punishment of sin. This could be only at the Cross of Christ where, in addition to sins being blotted out, the indwelling sin in the flesh was judged so that it can never bring into condemnation those who are in Christ Jesus (Rom. 8. 1-3). After this the believer is assured "sin shall not have *dominion* over you; for ye are not under law, but under grace" (Rom. 6. 14). The work accomplished *for* us at Calvary is complete and of eternal efficacy, but that of the Holy Spirit *in* us is never finished or perfect as long as we are in these mortal bodies.

After having left school and completed my medical studies, so that I was a qualified M.D., I was still struggling and undecided, trying to hold Christ in one hand and the world in the other. At this time two evangelical clergymen helped me: one preaching from the words, "When I see the Blood I will pass over you" (Exod. 12. 13); the other dividing his congregation into two classes—*saved* and *lost*—and urging us as we left the building to make sure to which we belonged. I then believed and obtained eternal life (John 3. 16, 36.) Previous to this I had been impressed with the Lord's words about the Scriptures, "Ye think that in them ye have eternal life" (John 5. 39). I reasoned that if it was in the Bible I would find it, and I determined to read until I did so. One difficulty remained. Was the life I had really *everlasting*? For

Testimony of a Venerable London Doctor.

a satisfactory answer to this I sought and found many passages which secured the *future* as well as atoned for the *past*. Among these were God's unconditional covenants (*e.g.*, Psa. 89. 28-37); our Lord's ceaseless intercession (Heb. 7. 25); the Holy Spirit in us as an *abiding* comforter



DR. J. A. OWLES, OF LONDON.

(John 14. 16); the forgiveness of sins confessed (1 John 1. 9). Thus I was established on solid ground, and began to speak to others, first in private but very soon in public, too. This was in 1863, and from that time to the present I have proved in spite of much failure and conflict that the Lord *continues* to save those who trust in Him. J.A.O.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TEXT.

THE circus had fallen into the hands of Christian workers. It was late Saturday evening when they obtained possession, and as a service was to be held on the following Sunday much had to be done in covering some things hardly helpful to devotion, putting up texts, and arranging seats. The ladders were just being put away, and the friends going to their homes, when the good schoolmaster hurried up with a large text.

"Too late," said some; but he pleaded so hard that he gained his point.

"Do put it up somewhere; I have worked at it many days, praying over every letter. I am sure it will be blessed."

Over the door was a vacant space, and there the text was placed—white letters on a red ground—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The schoolmaster was satisfied, and sent up many a petition that the Word of the Lord might be owned.

Sunday afternoon came, and with it the congregation at the circus. Among the visitors was a man and his wife, who stepped in to see the wonderful change in the old place. Their eyes roamed hither and thither, and their hearts too, until the schoolmaster's text was noticed.

"What's that over there?" said the man; "it wasn't there before." His wife read out the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The singing, the sermon, the service, made little impression; but the schoolmaster's text lodged.

"SIN," thought the man, "I have the experience of that in my heart and life. I have defiled myself and all around me. 'CLEANSING,' that is what I need, to have all this filth removed, and to be made pure. Is such a thing possible?" He repeated the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Could he be included in that little word "us?"

He began to think seriously of these things. Sin after sin came up before his mind, but over all stretched the blessed text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

Blood represented punishment, and punishment cleared from guilt; so, if Christ was punished for his guilt, that punishment, or blood, cleansed all the sin that deserved punishment. He believed, and he was clear. W.L.

PLAUDITS OR PERDITION;

— OR, —

"I WILL SATISFY YOU EVEN THOUGH I GO TO
PERDITION FOR IT."



They have resolved on taking their own way and doing their own wills, even though they have to go to perdition for it.

PLAUDITS OR PERDITION.

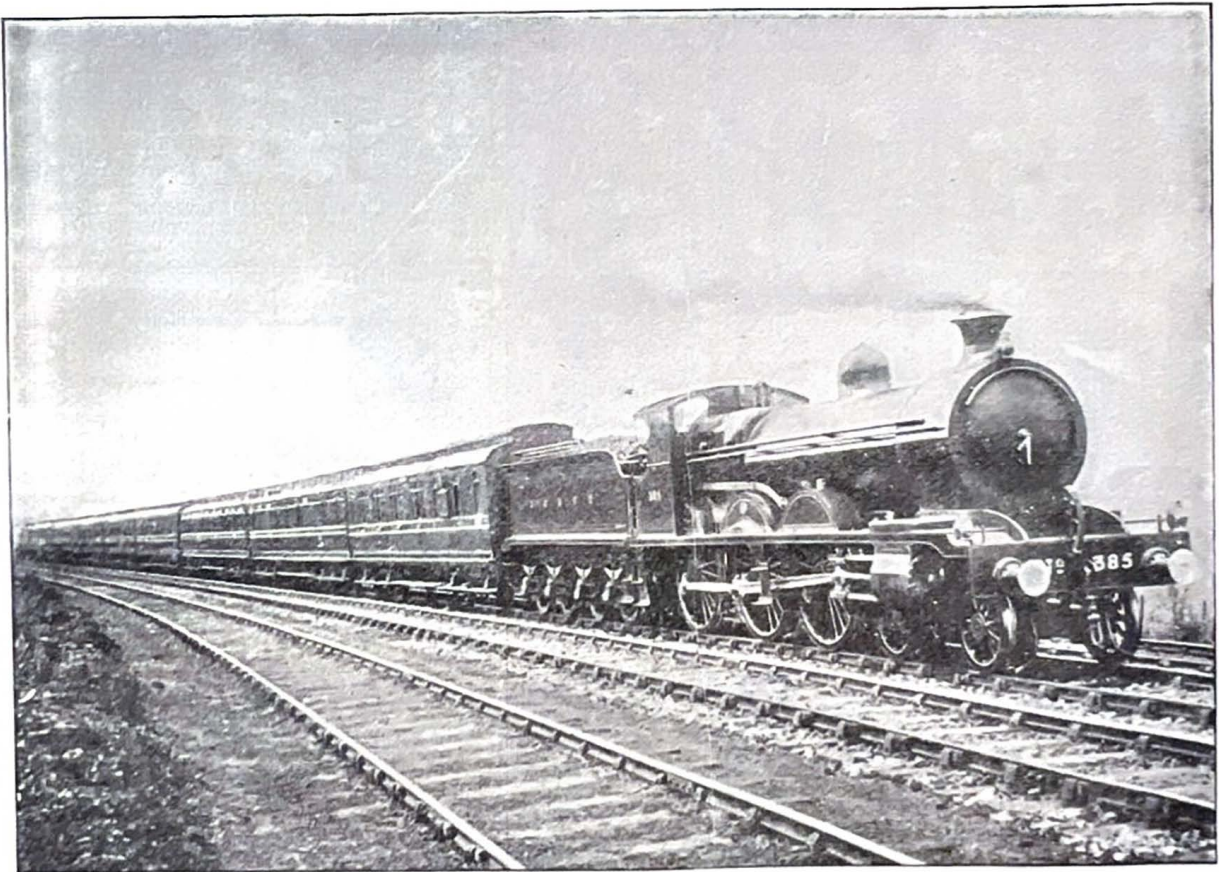
A FAIR was being held in one of the Western States of America. Among the attractions announced was a balloon ascent. The aeronaut, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, ascended in his balloon a few hundred feet, and then alighted on the ground. Numbers of persons expressed their disappointment in the hearing of the aeronaut. Being a reckless, high-spirited young man, he felt annoyed, and exclaimed, "I WILL SATISFY YOU EVEN THOUGH I GO TO PERDITION FOR IT." Another ascent was made, and the balloon soared upwards to the delight of the crowd. As they looked at it they saw that something pertaining to the balloon was on fire. Intense excitement prevailed. What would become of the aeronaut? Seeing the terrible fate that awaited him the poor fellow dropped from the balloon and fell to the ground with a dull, heavy thud, and when his bruised and mangled body was picked up life was found to be extinct.

Little did the aeronaut think that his end was so near when he uttered the terrible words already quoted. And yet he is but a representative of thousands. They know that they are not prepared to meet a holy and sin-hating God, yet all the time speak as if they had a lease of their lives. From the way they act one might conclude that they did not believe in a day of reckoning. They have resolved on taking their own way and doing their own wills, EVEN THOUGH THEY HAVE TO GO TO PERDITION FOR IT! They know that "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people," and they are not "prepared." They take pride in asserting that they "make no profession," as if that palliated their sin. They don't like to have their consciences disturbed, and refuse to read tracts and books which tell them of the doom and destiny of the Christ neglecter and rejecter.

It is far better for the unsaved reader to have his peace disturbed *here* than awaken in a Christless and undone eternity. "No man is the worse for knowing the worst about himself" is a true saying. Dying in your sins there is no hope for you. Hearken to God's Holy Word, "Ye MUST be born again" (John 3. 7). The crowning, the condemning sin of the sinner is the terrible sin of unbelief. "He that believeth not is condemned already, BECAUSE HE HATH NOT BELIEVED IN THE NAME OF THE ONLY BEGOTTEN

Plaudits or Perdition—Which?

SON OF GOD" (John 3. 18). If the reader does not truly believe on Him who bled and died to save him, there is nothing for him but a "certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries" (Heb. 10. 27). You may doubt or deny it, but facts are not altered or affected by opinions. "Let God be true, but every man a liar" (Rom. 3. 4). There is only



"A train had just started."

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" (*next page*).

one way of salvation, and that is through faith in the "finished" work of the Lord Jesus.

There is a Hell for every sinner out of Christ, but, praise His holy Name, there is a Christ for every sinner out of Hell. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world: BUT THAT THE WORLD THROUGH HIM MIGHT BE SAVED" (John 3. 17). Why not now flee from the wrath to come, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ? Why not now be reconciled to God through faith in the Redeemer's Blood? To-morrow may be too late! A.M.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

A TRAIN was just about to start from one of Glasgow's big railway stations. A lady came hurrying along the platform carrying some parcels and a few flowers. A ticket checker accosted her with the question, "Where are you going?" Naming the place where she was going, he said as he opened the door of one of the carriages, "All right, get in here!"

When the official asked her where she was going she didn't say that she didn't know. She knew where she was going, and she gave to her questioner no evasive reply.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? You know the meaning of this question, don't you? You know it doesn't mean what place in the city, or what town in the country are you going to. It means: Are you going where the Lord Jesus is, or are you going where the Christ-rejecters are? Don't say that you don't know. You know whether you have accepted Christ, or whether you haven't. And your destiny will be shaped by your attitude to Him. He is the goal of the believing heart. To reject Him is to seal your doom. The woman knew where she was going. You also ought to know where you are going—whether you are on the road that leads Heavenwards or Hellwards.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? Don't say that you don't want to be insulted. No insult is intended. When the uniformed official asked the woman the question she didn't look on his inquiry as an insult. She didn't blaze up and tell him not to speak to her. He asked her a courteous question. She answered it in a thankful way. Have you ever blazed up when somebody has spoken to you about your soul? Some people do get so angry! You may be one of those, but doest thou well to be angry?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? The woman answered readily. She knew that the inquirer was seeking her interest. So do those that speak to you in Jesus' Name about your soul. They have your welfare at heart. They would like to see you saved. Just as the railway official set before the woman an open door, and said "get in here," so those who seek your soul's good wish to point you to the open Door. Christ is the Door. He says, "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). Permit the question once again: WHERE ARE YOU GOING? Face it, and answer it *now*. J.C.

THE OCTOROON SLAVE GIRL.



A SLAVE AUCTION MART IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

THE OCTOROON SLAVE GIRL.

A MULATTO gentleman loved a beautiful octoroon slave girl, and intended to buy her, set her free, and make her his wife. Before he could carry out his purpose, to his horror she was brought out to the auction block in the market and there publicly exposed for sale. Two men outbid all the rest—her lover, and another who determined to make her his property. The mulatto bid his last dollar, the other bid 20 dollars more, and she was knocked down to him.

When the papers were being made out that would legally make the girl her new owner's slave for life, the mulatto gentleman walked up to her master, and, squaring his shoulders, said, "Sir, before you complete these papers will you take a look at me." "Why," said the other. "Just this, that I want you to calculate whether on the market I would be more value in dollars than she whom you have just bought." "And what of that?" said the slave owner. "Well, it's this way. I love that woman, and have done so for years. I intended to buy her, set her free, and make her my wife. You have forestalled me. Now I'm willing to give myself to you for her." "What did you say? If I am willing to make such an exchange, even then she could never be your wife, for I might sell you down south to-morrow." "No matter, I'm willing, as long as I know that she whom I love is a free woman," answered the mulatto. "Done," said the other, "I accept your offer." The papers were made out which made the octoroon girl a free woman for life; and the papers were also signed and sealed that made her lover the other man's slave.

Within a week the mulatto was sold by his owner down south, as he had hinted he might do. The ship foundered on the way, and all on board were lost. Literally, he loved that octoroon, and gave himself for her. He loved her, and bought her liberty with his own slavery. He purchased life for her with his own person in life and death. What a beautiful illustration of the Divine Lover and His Love! We are sold under sin; in fell bondage with nothing but death ahead. He loved us while in our sins and in slavery to them. He makes a bid for us, and blessed be His Name He is the highest bidder. He gave Himself to sin's bondage and death to set us free. "He

The Octoroon Slave Girl.

loved me, and gave Himself for me'' (Gal. 2. 20). Then, oh, wonder of wonders, He returns from death to set me free and make me His own beloved bride. This the mulatto could never do. He could not return from death to marry and make his own the woman he loved. Jesus does that. By His death He sets us free from death. Now He is risen from the dead and comes to us whom He loves, and for whom He died, and offers to break every yoke that still keeps us in bondage. Aye, and offers to make us one with Himself eternally, His Beloved Blood-bought Bride. "He loves me"—Love of all loves the greatest, Joy of all joy the most surpassing. Shall I refuse such love? Never! Had I ten thousand souls, spirits, and bodies, all, all should be His, and His forever. Look to Him now and be saved Eternally. W. T.

"JOHN THREE AND SIXTEEN DID IT."

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

Let me ask, Are you saved? If not, why not? If you are not saved, then you are lost; but God would have you to be saved, for "Christ died for the ungodly," and "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 6-8). "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 12). Make HIM yours now. G.C.

THE MAN WHO SAW HIS GRAVE DUG.

JOHN HAMBLETON, the actor, before his conversion, had many narrow escapes from death. In speaking of his experiences on the Pacific Coast at the time of the discovery of gold in California, he says: "Once I was delivered from drowning when the long reeds were entwined around my body in deep water and prevented me from swimming; another time I wellnigh perished in crossing a vast desert; another time pistols were loaded, and blood-thirsty men sought my life; another time Mexican bayonets were pointed at my breast; yet another time a terrible disease laid hold of me, and so hopeless did my case appear that my comrades put me down under the shelter of a tree, and felt so sure that my hours were numbered that they began to prepare my grave near by, into which it was their purpose to cast my poor emaciated body when the spark of life had fled. I shall never forget the horrors of that situation as I seemed to feel life ebbing away, and the dread *hereafter*, even *eternity*, looming upon me without one ray of Gospel hope to cheer my guilty soul. There I lay a wreck in the prime of life, and to all appearances drifting fast from the shores of Time toward the vast ocean known as *Eternity*, for whose dark expanse I had no chart or pilot to guide me."

Thank God, John Hambleton's life was saved; and better than that, he obtained the forgiveness of sins and became the happy possessor of eternal life as a free gift from God (Rom. 6. 23). By faith he saw Christ dying in his room and stead, and found joy and peace in believing. He immediately commenced to preach Christ and Him crucified, and God greatly owned his ministry in the conversion of sinners. The same One who delivered John Hambleton from going down to the pit is willing to save *you*. Do you believe that *you* are a guilty sinner deserving of nothing but wrath and woe? If so, He who is "mighty to save" is willing to blot out the past and justify you from all things. Hearken to His royal proclamation, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS" (Acts 13. 38, 39). "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Believe on Him at this moment and be saved for eternity.

A.M.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE;

— OR, —

"THIS WILL TELL YOU HOW YOU MAY MAKE YOUR FORTUNE. SEE, HERE IT IS, SIXTEENTH OF APRIL—'SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS'" (MATT. 6. 33).



The Blacksmith at his Anvil.

A blacksmith was working away at his anvil—klang, klang, klang, rasp, rasp, rasp—he hammered and filed at the mason's tools which it was his duty to keep in order.

M

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

A BLACKSMITH was working away at his anvil—
kling, klang, klang, rasp, rasp, rasp—he hammered
and filed at the mason's tools which it was his duty to keep
in order. His hands were busy, and due thought and
attention guided them skilfully; but his heart was not in
his shop. Man's affections were never meant to be earth-
bound, and his were *set* on Christ and things above. Some
very wise people, who know nothing about such an ex-
perience as this, might be critical and censorious, but
service of the hands done from heart-love to Christ will
never be carelessly done, and any other work is scarcely
worth doing.

As the blacksmith proceeded two young men sauntered
into the forge. They knew his godly principles, and more
than once had winced under his faithful rebukes at their
folly. This time, perhaps, they thought they had him at
an advantage, so one of them, with a knowing wink at his
fellow, asked, "I say, Hart, can you tell us how we can
make our fortunes?"

Hart looked at his interrogator earnestly, and replied,
"What's the day of the month?" "Sixteenth of April,"
responded the other, wondering what that had to do with
it. "Very well, then, come here," said Hart, and laying
his hand on the young man's arm, he drew him towards
a text almanac conspicuously displayed on the wall of the
shop. "This will tell you how you may make your
fortune. See, here it is, sixteenth of April—'Seek ye
first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all
these things shall be added unto you'" (Matt. 6. 33).

That was no chance arrow from the quiver of God, and
so Hart felt as he proceeded to use this excellent oppor-
tunity for making known the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor,
that we through His poverty might be rich (2 Cor. 8. 9).
Thus the young men had their question answered beyond
all appeal.

Making haste to be rich is especially characteristic of
men in these days, and it would be wise for those so
engaged if they would consider the counsel afforded by
Christ Himself in these words. Many a man is on an alto-
gether different course, with one hand making his "pile,"
and with the other treasuring up unto himself "wrath

How to Make a Fortune.

against the day of wrath" (Rom. 2. 5). It is often a problem whether he will gain the riches on which he sets his heart; but he certainly will, unless saved, receive the full reversion of wrath at that day, for God's threats are not idle threats.

Before you can make the Kingdom of God and His righteousness an object you must be *in* that Kingdom, and you must be made the righteousness of God in Christ. And all this blessed, eternal result is the portion of anyone who, owning himself a sinner, trusts in Christ the Saviour of sinners. Begin here. You very likely feel what a vain, purposeless thing your life seems to be, and so it is. Come to the Lord Jesus with your weariness, your disappointments, your sins, and the long record of a misspent, ungodly life, and repose in Him. Then, being saved, seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Defer this decision and you may lose more than a fortune—even your own soul—for ever. He that *believeth not* the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). B.

A VERY PERSONAL QUESTION.

"**I** S God able to save me?" was the question of one who was manifestly in the power of the great enemy. "Yes," I answered, "God is able to save you. That is a settled matter. But the question is, **Are you willing to be saved?**" This set things in a new light, and my inquirer had to look into himself for an answer to the question why was he not saved? Now, God is willing you should be saved, so willing that He has given His Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). He is so willing you should be saved that He has imposed no hard conditions; He has fixed no price to be paid; He has appointed no time during which you must wait. You are invited to make the gift of eternal life yours, and **the only condition is that you receive it.** You are not asked to come *although* you are a sinner, but *because* you are a sinner, for it was to save the "lost" that Jesus came. You ask *when* may this gift be yours. God answers *now*. "Come *now*," He says (Isa. 1. 18). "Acquaint *now* thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job 22. 21). "Behold, *now* is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Decide now. W.S.

A LOST ONE FOUND.

A CHRISTIAN worker in the city of Buffalo, New York State, received a letter from a broken-hearted mother telling that her daughter had left home five years previously, adding, "I heard that she was seen in Buffalo, and hope you will be able to rescue her." It was a considerable time ere Mrs. Luff discovered the whereabouts of the wanderer. She was found, however, in terrible surroundings, and in a very poor state of health.

After much opposition she yielded to the entreaties of Mrs. Luff, and allowed herself to be removed to a place where she would be well looked after. Her illness was so serious that it was questionable whether she would recover. Though she knew that she was dangerously ill, she begged Mrs. Luff not to speak to her about divine things, adding, "Salvation is not for the like of me." Mrs. Luff visited her frequently, and manifested much love and sympathy toward the erring one, and the girl appreciated the kindness that was shown to her. One day, in the course of conversation, Mrs. Luff said, "Would you do anything for me if you could?" Her head dropped, the tears filled her eyes, and she replied, "Just try me when I am well enough." "Oh," said Mrs. Luff, "you can do now what I desire. I want you to read this little book. It is God's Word. Promise to me that you will read it to-morrow afternoon between four and five o'clock. A few other women and I will be praying while you are reading it. We are going to pray that God will show you your need of a Saviour." The girl promised to read the book, which was a "Marked Testament." That afternoon, as the sisters were holding their prayer meeting, the girl took the New Testament, and opening it at the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel, her eye fell on the words of verse 24, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." The thought suggested to her mind by reading the Scripture was this, "Friends are praying for me at Plymouth Avenue, and Christ is also praying. For whom does He pray? He would not pray for me. No one would pray for me who knew anything about me."

As she afterwards related: "I lay on my face and hands and wept bitterly, because I could see no hope. I went over again what you told me about Jesus and Mary, and the woman at the well, and I thought I saw Jesus sending

A Lost One Found.



SISTER ABIGAIL (OR MRS. LUFF) SITTING WITH A FRIEND STANDING BEHIND.

you to tell me of His love. But, oh! I could not come. The words came back to me again and again: 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am. What wonderful love! He not only saved the disciples, but wanted them to be with Him.'" And again she read the wondrous words of verse 20 until she could repeat them from memory. Continuing, she said: "Christ sent His disciples that others might believe, and He prayed not only for them, but for those also who would believe on Him through their word." As she told this to Mrs. Luff, she added, "I laid my head down again, and said, 'Lord, I do believe. Take me to be with Thee where thou art,'" And there and then she rested her weary, sin-laden soul on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Her subsequent life proved that she had laid hold of the truth that salvation was hers, not on account of *what she did for Christ*, but ON ACCOUNT OF WHAT CHRIST DID FOR HER. Mrs. Luff visited her the following day, and found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. Her face was radiant with the joy of the Lord. Strange to say, her health began to improve, and she expressed a desire that she might be able to return to her mother. One day she asked Mrs. Luff if she thought that God would allow such a sinner as she to lead her mother to Christ. "My mother," she said, "has always been a good woman, and I have been so bad; but mother will have to come to Christ as a LOST SINNER, AND THAT WILL BE SO HARD FOR HER. Please pray that I may be strong enough to earn a living for myself and my mother, whose health is broken through sorrow caused by me."

He who saved this poor wanderer and made her a new creature in Christ Jesus can do the same for the reader. You need a Saviour to deliver you from the penalty and slavery of sin. And Christ is the only One who can do it. He came not to call the *righteous*, but *sinners*, to repentance. Come to Him *as a sinner* in your sins. *Your need is your claim*. Come as a *lost* sinner and believe in Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." It is His delight to save those who think that there is no salvation for them. He loves you and proved it by dying for you on Calvary's cross to redeem you from hell, and wrath, and woe. "While we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us."

A Lost One Found.

Will you allow the *water of His Word* to wash away your preconceived opinions, and believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you?

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT BE SAVED” (Acts 16. 31).A.M.

“I FELT LIKE INTERRUPTING THE SPEAKER.”

“FOR nearly two years I had been trying to do the best I could, and during that time I often wondered how it was that I did not get the peace of God in my soul. I would go to Church and attend all the meetings; I would read God’s Word and say my prayers; but for all that I could not say with assurance that I was saved. I gave up swearing, drinking, and bad company, but all in vain. Many times I felt like giving up all hope and going back into sin again. But I will never forget the night of the first anniversary services of the opening of Ebenezer Hall. It was while A.B.M. was speaking that the Holy Spirit opened my eyes to the fact that Christ had paid all my debt and I was free. I felt like interrupting the speaker and telling the people there and then that I was saved, for I felt so happy in my new found joy. I know it would have been a surprise to a few who knew me, for they all thought I was saved. That night, however, I found that I had only a profession, without any assurance of salvation. But now I know that Christ bore *my* sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24), and that He was wounded for *my* transgressions, bruised for *my* iniquities, that the chastisement of *my* peace was laid upon Him, and that by His stripes *I* am healed” (Isa. 53. 5).

Have you only made a profession? Are you doing the best you can? This will not do, for God will never accept the filthy rags of your righteousness. Has He not said in the 3rd chapter of Romans: “All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;” and again, “There is none that doeth good; no, not one?” You may be ignorant of God’s righteousness, and be going about to establish a righteousness of your own, not having submitted yourself to the righteousness of God (Rom. 10. 3). Haste to the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved NOW.G.C.

BURIED IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.

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

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

HY P.

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

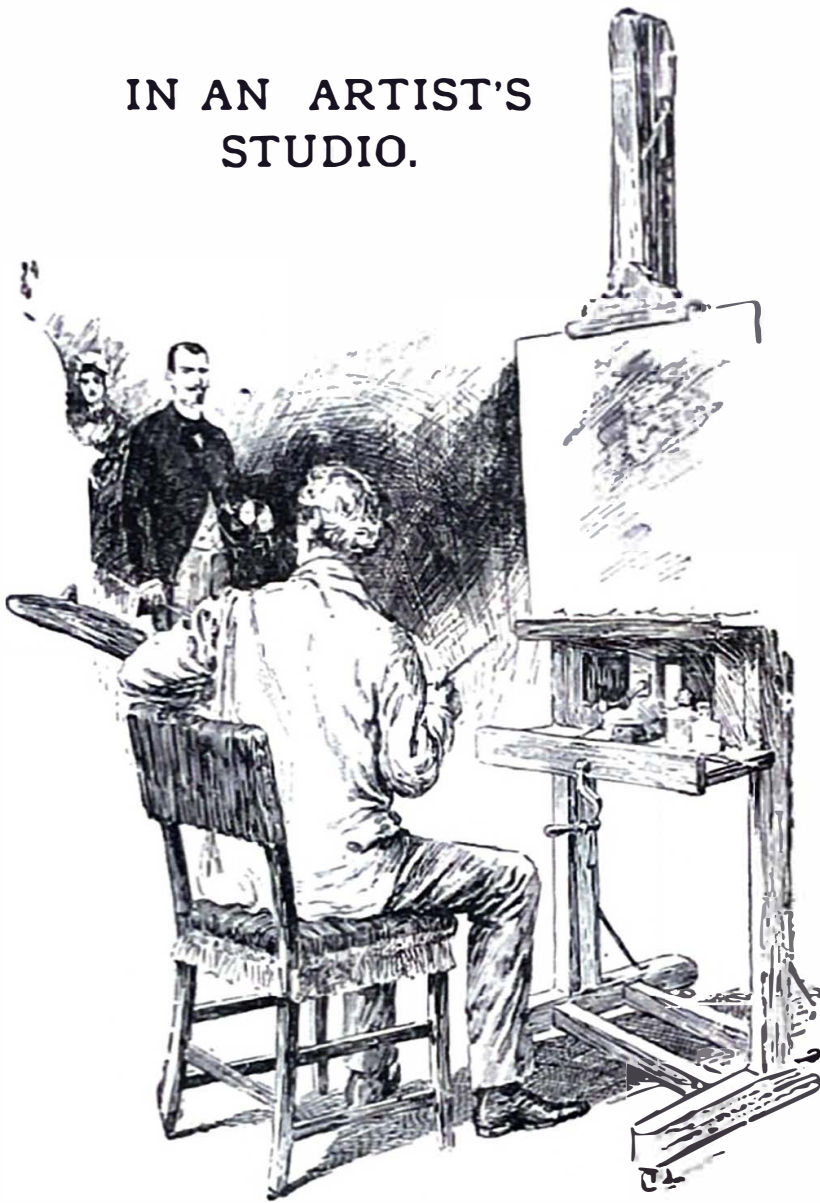
THE THRILLING STORY OF STENBURG, THE FAMOUS DUSSELDORF
ARTIST, AND THE GIPSY GIRL.



"What a capital picture she would make."

"She is not only beautiful, she is better—a capital model. I will paint her as a Spanish dancing-girl." So Pepita came thrice a week to Stenburg's house to be painted.

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.



YEARS ago, a painter sat in his studio in Dusseldorf, and some said that his name would some day be known world-wide. When that day came, Stenburg sadly thought that he would be past the enjoyment of riches which tarried so long. Still, he managed to enjoy life in the present. He loved his art. Now and again he became so absorbed in his work that he forgot all else than the picture upon his easel.

Still, though good work he had done, he had as yet never satisfied himself, nor reached his own

ideal. His was good work, but he desired something more.

The Vicar of the Church of St. Jerome had called to give him a commission to paint a large picture of the Crucifixion. The Vicar desired the central point of the picture to be the Cross of the Redeemer, and left the grouping of the accessories to the artist.

With a desire to comprehend the various figures for his picture, a hunger had seized upon the artist's soul to leave Dusseldorf, and with his sketch-book wander over the surrounding country. On the borders of the forest he came one day upon a gipsy girl plaiting straw baskets. Her face was beautiful; her coal-black hair fell in waving ripples to her waist; and her poor, tattered, red dress, faded and sunburnt to many hues, added to her picturesque appearance. But her eyes were the feature that caught the artist's regard—restless, limpid, black eyes, whose expression changed every moment: pain, joy, fun, and

roguery were reflected in their depths as swiftly as the cloud shadows chase each other across a lake.

"What a capital picture she would make!" thought Stenburg; "but then who would buy a gipsy girl? No one!" The gipsies were looked upon in Dusseldorf with hatred; and even to this day the fact of being a gipsy is, in the eyes of the law, a punishable offence.

The girl noticed the artist, and flinging her straw down, sprang up, raising her hands above her head, and snapping her fingers to keep time, danced lightly and gracefully before him, showing her white teeth, and her glance sparkling with merriment. "Stand!" cried Stenburg, and rapidly sketched her. Quickly as he drew, it was a weary position for the girl to maintain; but she never flinched, though a sigh of relief, as her arms dropped and she stood at rest before him, attested to the artist the strain the attitude had been. "She is not only beautiful, she is better—a capital model. I will paint her as a Spanish dancing-girl." So a bargain was struck. Pepita was to come thrice a week to Stenburg's house to be painted.

Duly at the appointed hour she arrived. She was full of wonder. Her great eyes roved round the studio, glancing on the pieces of armour, pottery, and carving. Presently she began examining the pictures, and soon the great picture, now nearing its completion, caught her attention. She gazed at it intently. In an awed voice she asked, "Who is that?" pointing to the most prominent figure, that of the Redeemer on the Cross. "The Christ," answered Stenburg carelessly. "What is being done to Him?" "Being crucified," ejaculated the artist. "Turn a little to the right. There, that will do!" Stenburg, with his brush in his fingers, was a man of few words. "Who are those people about Him—those with the bad faces?" "Now, look here," said the artist, "I cannot talk to you. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you." The girl dare not speak again, but continued to gaze and speculate. Every time she came to the studio the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Sometimes she ventured an inquiry, for her curiosity consumed her. "Why did they crucify Him? Was He bad, very bad?" "No, very good," was the answer unwillingly given.

That was all she learnt at one interview, but she treasured

each word, and every sentence was so much more known of the mystery. "Then, if He was good, why did they do so? Was it for a short time only? Did they let Him go?" "It was because——" The artist paused with his head on one side, stepped forward, and arranged her sash. "Because?" repeated Pepita, breathlessly. The artist went back to his easel; then, looking at her, the eager, questioning face moved his pity. "Listen. I will tell you once for all, and then ask no further questions;" and he told her the story of the Cross—new to Pepita, though so old to the artist that it had ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony, and not a nerve of his quivered; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Her great black eyes swam in tears, which the fiery gipsy pride forbade to fall.

The picture and the Spanish dancing-girl were finished simultaneously. Pepita's last visit to the studio had come. She looked upon the beautiful representation of herself without emotion, but turned and stood before the picture, unable to leave it." "Come," said the artist, "here is your money, and a gold piece over and above, for you have brought me good luck; the 'dancing-girl' is already sold. I shall want you sometime again perhaps, but not just yet. We must not overstock the market with even your pretty face." The girl turned slowly. "Thanks Signor!" but her eyes, full of emotion, were solemn. "You must love Him *very* much, Signor, *when He has done all that for you*, do you not?"

The face into which she looked flushed crimson. The artist was ashamed. The girl, in her poor, faded dress, passed from his studio, but her plaintive words rang in his heart. He tried to forget them, but impossible. He hastened to send the picture to its destination. Still he could not forget, "*All that for you.*"

At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. A liberal discount on his picture gave ease of mind for a week or two. But then up rose the old question, "You must love Him *very* much, do you not?" and would be answered. He grew restless, and could not settle to his work. So, wandering about, he heard of things which had not come under his notice before. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the

walls, a poor place, and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction, and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there, but the man he questioned either would not or could not satisfy him. This roused his curiosity. A few days later he learned that a stranger, one of the "Reformed," lived there—one of those despised men who appealed on every occasion to the Word of God. It was hardly respectable, hardly safe, even to know them. Yet perhaps here he might find that which he sought. The artist had heard how these Reformers risked and frequently parted with their all for the truth they held. They might possess the secret of peace. So Stenburg went to observe, perhaps to inquire, certainly not to join them; but a man cannot approach fire and remain cold. He saw a man who might have lived in ease enduring hardship; one who might have been honoured, despised; who might have been beloved and respected, an outcast; and yet serene, even happy. This Reformed preacher spoke and looked as one who was walking the earth with Christ; yes, one to whom He was all. Stenburg found what he longed for—a *living faith*. His new friend lent him for a time a precious copy of the New Testament, but hunted from Dusseldorf after a few weeks, he left, and had to take the Book with him; but its essence was left in Stenburg's heart.

Ah! no need to question now. He felt in his soul the fire of an ardent love. "*Did all that for me!* How can I ever tell men of that love, that boundless love, which can brighten their lives, as it has mine? It is for them too, but they do not see it as I did not. How can I preach it? I cannot speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I cannot express it—the *love of Christ!*" So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal in his fingers a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul, "I can paint! My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in that picture His face was all agony, but was it not love unutterable, infinite compassion, and willing sacrifice!"

The artist fell on his knees, and prayed to paint worthily, and thus speak. And then he wrought. The fire of genius blazed up—up to the highest fibre of his power; nay,

beyond it. The picture of the Crucifixion was a wonder—almost divine.

He would not sell it. He gave it a freewill offering to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes knowing the love of God, and repeating to themselves the words written beneath:

“ALL THIS I DID FOR THEE;

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?”

Stenburg also used to go there, and, watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day observing a poor girl standing alone before the picture weeping bitterly, he approached her and asked, “What grieves thee, child?”

The girl turned; she was Pepita. “Oh! Signor, *if He had but loved me so,*” she said, pointing to the face of yearning love bending above them. “I am only a poor gipsy. For *you* is the love, but not for such as *I*,” and her despairing tears fell unrestrained.

“Pepita, *it was also all for thee.*” And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one he loved best. He told the girl the story of that wondrous life, magnificent death, and crowning glory of resurrection, and explained the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, received, and believed.

Two years have passed since the picture had been ordered. Winter had come again. The cold was intense, and the wind moaned down the narrow streets of Dusseldorf and shook the casements of the artist's dwelling. His day's work was done, and by the blazing pine logs he was seated, reading a copy he had with difficulty obtained of his beloved Gospel. A knock sounded at the door, and a man was admitted. He wore an old sheep-skin jacket, on which the snow had frozen; his hair hung in dark locks about his face. He glanced ravenously towards the bread and meat upon the table, even as he gave his message. “Would the gentleman come with him on urgent business?” “Where?” said the painter. That he must not tell, or the agents of

the law might get to know and drive them out. It had often so happened before. "Wherefore do you wish me to come?" "I cannot say," replied the man; "but one who is dying wants to see you." "Eat," said the artist. "I will accompany you." The man murmured his thanks as he devoured the food. "You are hungry?" "Sire, we all are famished with hunger." Stenburg brought a bag of provisions. "Can you carry this?" "Ah! gladly, gladly. But come, there is no time to lose."

The artist followed. His guide led him quickly through the streets and out into the country beyond. The moon rose and showed they were nearing the forest. They passed into it. The branches were laden with snow, and the great crowded trunks confusing. No path, but the man never hesitated. He silently and swiftly kept ahead of Stenburg. At last they came to a glade belted round with trees. Here a few tents were erected. "Go in there," said the man, pointing to one of the tents, and then turned to a group of men, women, and children who thronged about him. He spoke to them in a wild tongue, and lifted his bag from his shoulder. The artist, crouching, crept into the tent. A brilliant ray of moonlight illuminated the poor interior. On a mass of dried leaves was the form of a young woman. Her face was pinched and hollow. "Why, Pepita!" At the sound of the artist's voice the eyes opened. Those wonderful dark eyes still were brilliant. A smile trembled to her lips, and she raised herself on her elbow.

"Yes," she said, "HE has come for *me*! He holds out His hands! They are bleeding! '*For thee.*' '*All this I did for thee.*'" And she bade him farewell.

Stenburg's picture no longer hangs in the gallery of Dusseldorf, for when some years ago the gallery was destroyed by fire it perished, but it preached, and God used it to tell of His gift—Calvary's Substitute—of whom Paul said, "He loved me and gave Himself for me." (Gal. 2. 20). Can you say "*and for me*"?

"All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for Me?"

WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

“THOUGH 3500 miles of sea and land intervene, it is grand to think that we are members of the same family, with common hopes and aspirations; and that throughout eternity we shall see Him whom our souls love. Hallelujah!”

So writes a dear brother who is spreading a savour of the Name of Jesus on the other side of the ocean. And well may he say “Hallelujah!” What signifies a few thousand miles of sea and land, when yet a “little while” and we shall be for ever with the Lord? “Members of the same family.” Ah! *there’s* the link; for that family is the family of God.

Is it not grand to be in that family?—for, O, there is going to be a great family gathering one of these days, and there will not be a single one amissing—not so much as one. From Greenland’s icy mountains they come, and from India’s coral strand—from the back courts and alleys of the great city—from the cottages by the mountain side—from the lonely domain of the desert—from sunny plains, and frozen wastes, and isles of the ocean, they come. They gather in to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to see His face—to be for ever with Him whom their souls love. Hallelujah! But who are going to be there, and what are their qualifications? They are members of the same family. They got into it by being *born again*. Ah, that is it—not an earthly birth, but a heavenly one—born again by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

Are you born again? Have you undergone the great change of conversion to God? If not, think how much you are missing, for none but those who are born again will be *there*—there at the marriage supper of the Lamb—there in the presence of the Lord. But if not there, where will you be? Ah, how sad, how terrible! Let God answer: “These shall go away into everlasting punishment” (Matt. 25. 46); “everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels” (Matt. 25. 41). Not prepared “*for you*.” Observe that. It is everlasting fire “prepared for the devil and his angels.” But such need not be; you need not perish. Nay, God beseeches you, by us, to be reconciled to Him. God has loved you and planned for your eternal happiness. Sin has been atoned for. Nothing stands in the way but your deliberate rejection of God’s Son. W.S.

SAVED IN A SNOWSTORM;

— OR, —

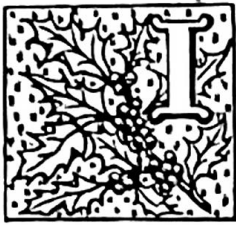
HOW A GREAT SINNER OBTAINED "GREAT PEACE" IN THE MIDST
OF A GREAT STORM.



I HAD BEEN STANDING WITH MY FOOT ON THE STEP OF HIS SLEIGH.

"I had had a sharp spin, and was nearing my place of abode in a
northern town, where I was holding some meetings,
not without manifest tokens of blessing."

SAVED IN A SNOWSTORM.



I WAS taking my usual "constitutional" after breakfast. It was snowing heavily; but the walk through the "feathery fall" and the crisp air was delightful. I had had a sharp spin, and was nearing my place of abode in a northern town where I was holding some meetings, not without manifest tokens of blessing.

Absorbed with thought and partially blinded by the driving snow, I was very nearly run over by a sleigh. In a moment I heard my name called out—"Is that Dr. Pentecost?" "Yes, I am Dr. Pentecost. Did you wish to speak to me?" "I don't know that I ought to detain you, especially in such a storm; but if you could spare me a minute I would be very grateful to you." "Certainly," I replied, and extended my hand to the man.

After the common greeting I put my usual question to him: "Are you a Christian?" To which he replied: "No, sir; but I have been in to several of your meetings with my wife; and last night I wanted to 'confess Christ,' as you explained it; but something seemed to hold me back and I could not; and my wife is much distressed in her mind also, and I don't think she slept an hour last night."

This was most interesting, and I got a little nearer to the man by putting my foot on the step of his sleigh. "Well, friend," I continued, "I am very glad indeed to hear that you are interested about your soul; but why don't you accept Christ at once? Nothing in earth or hell can prevent you from accepting Christ, if you desire Him and are ready to take Him and yield yourself wholly up to Him. You may do it right here as you sit in your sleigh."

To this challenge he made answer: "I could not do that, you know; I have been a very hard case; but I do want to know how to be saved, and if you can tell me anything that will make it plain to me, so that I can get hold of it, I will thank you very much; and you will excuse me for stopping you in the snow, won't you, for I am really distressed in my mind?" "Certainly, friend; don't think about me or the snowstorm, for the next greatest joy, after being saved one's self, is to be the means of salvation to some one else. Will you answer me a few questions just as frankly as you can?" "Yes, I will answer any question." "Well, then, first: Are you a sinner?" "I be; and a great one. I tell you I have been a hard case."

I did not know exactly what he meant by saying he was a hard case, but did not inquire into his meaning. I pushed on, and inquired: "Do you accept this testimony of God against yourself?" "Yes, sir; God is just saying to me all the time: 'You are a sinner, and unless you are saved you will lose your soul'." "But," I said, "God tells us something more than that we are sinners. The same Bible tells us 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' (John 3. 16). Do you not believe that?" "Oh, yes, sir; but I am a hard case, and I am very ignorant."

"My friend, don't you see that your ignorance and your sinfulness are the very reasons why God sent His Son into the world to die for us? If you were wise and good you would not need a Saviour; but since you are ignorant and sinful you do need one. Now, for whom did Christ die?" "Why, for sinners." "Yes, you are quite right; 'for the Son of Man came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance' (Matthew 9. 13). And 'this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Now, this being true, do you believe that, great sinner as you believe yourself to be, Jesus Christ is able to save you?" "Yes, I believe He is." "Do you believe that He is willing to save you?" "Yes; He must be willing, or He would not have come, and that is what you keep saying to us every night, and you read it out of the Bible. Yes, I believe He is willing to save me." "When do you think He is able and willing to save you?" After a moment's hesitation, in which, with downcast eyes, he seemed to be pondering this question, he looked up and said: "Why, if He died for me, and 'put away my sin,' and is able to save me, He must be willing to do it right away—*now*—if I am willing to give up to Him." "Well, my friend, are you not willing? Could you have a more loving and gentle Master than One who has died for you? Ought you not to surrender to Him, and at once?"

His hand tightened over mine—for all this time I had been standing there by his side, with my foot on the step of his sleigh, and I thought the surrender was to be made there and then; but one difficulty, and an old and common one, suggested itself to him as a last refuge for his will to

Saved in a Snowstorm.

entrench itself behind. "But how shall I know that I am saved?" "My friend, had you done me an injury and I had forgiven you it, how would you know that I had so forgiven it?" "Why, I suppose if you should tell me so, or even send me word that you had forgiven me, I would know it." "Exactly. Then why should you accept my word for the forgiveness of an injury, and refuse to accept God's Word? Why not take God's word for forgiveness? 'Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.' 'For He hath made Him (Jesus) to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him' (2 Cor. 5. 19, 20)."

This seemed to clear up his difficulties, or, at least, it showed him that we must know God's mind towards us by *what He has done for us*, in Christ, and by what He says to us in His Word. In other words, he saw that he was *saved* by the work of Christ, and must be *assured* by the word of Christ.

He asked just one more question: "How am I to take Jesus Christ for my Saviour? If I will come to-night, will you tell me how?"

"Friend," I said, "you need not wait till the meeting to-night; *you may take Him here and now*, just where we are, in this snowstorm. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' Listen to what God's Word says to you, in Rom. 10. 8-10: 'What saith it (the Gospel). The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' It only remains for you to decide here and now. Will you have Him, and will you confess Him?"

Tears came into his eyes; his chin quivered, and then, looking me full in the face, and tightening his grip of my hand again, he said: "*I confess Him, Jesus Christ, as my Saviour, and I take Him with all my heart.*"

"Thank God," I replied, and then and there in the snowstorm we lifted our hearts up to God in thanksgiving as I prayed aloud for him that God would keep him steadfast. His distinct and firm response testified that "the great transaction" was completed.

G. F. P.

LORD SALISBURY'S TESTIMONY.



From a Photo.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SALISBURY.

THE following letter, addressed by Lord Salisbury to a Church of England clergyman in 1894, is published in *The Record* :

“Rev. Sir,—I wish I could assist you, but it is difficult to touch so large a theme in so short a space without doing harm. Everyone has their own point of view from which they look at these things. To me the central point is the Resurrection of Christ, which I believe. Firstly, because it is testified by men who had every opportunity of seeing and knowing, and whose veracity was tested by the most

Lord Salisbury's Testimony.

tremendous trials, both of energy and endurance, during long lives. Secondly, because of the marvellous effect it had upon the world. As a moral phenomenon, the spread and mastery of Christianity is without a parallel. I can no more believe that colossal moral effects lasting for 2000 years can be without a cause than I can believe that the various motions of the magnet are without a cause, though I cannot wholly explain them. To anyone who believes the Resurrection of Christ, the rest presents little difficulty. No one who has that belief will doubt that those who were commissioned by Him to speak—Paul, Peter, Mark, John—carried a Divine message. St. Matthew falls into the same category. St. Luke has the warrant of the generation of Christians who saw and heard the others. That is the barest and roughest form the line which the evidence of the inspiration of the New Testament has always taken in my mind. But intellectual arguments, as you well know, are not to be relied upon in such matters.

“Believe me, yours faithfully, SALISBURY.”

“Intellectual arguments,” Lord Salisbury said, are not to be relied upon in such matters.” How true! Many who profess to believe the facts of Christianity have never really believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as their own personal Saviour. They believe in Him as a great Saviour, as an all-sufficient Saviour, as the only Saviour, but they cannot yet say that He is *THEIR* Saviour. “It is a faithful saying, and *worthy of all acceptance*, that Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*” (1 Tim. 1. 15). Are you a “sinner”? “Yes,” you reply. Then it must be true that Christ came to seek and to save *you*. He died on Calvary, He was buried and rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures (1 Cor. 15. 1-3). By His death He made a perfect satisfaction to God. The claims of law and justice have been perfectly met, in proof of which God raised Christ from the dead. “He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification (Rom. 4. 25). A risen and glorified Christ at God’s right hand attests the fact that the *sin question* was eternally settled. Don’t look for inward experiences or happy feelings. Look to Christ. Hesitate no longer. “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.

THE RUSSIAN REBELLION.

THE roaring mob surrounded the Winter Palace, threatening death to the Imperial pair, who were watching from within. Suddenly Nicholas took his six-months-old child in his arms and stepped out on the balcony, facing the crowds which surged like a sea in the vast Palace square. He was young and a splendid specimen of a man this Emperor Nicholas, in the heyday of his magnificent strength. He did not speak, but stood there—the baby in his arms. A silence fell on the mob, a silence more awful than its rage.



THE CELEBRATED WINTER PALACE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Then came a tempest of cheers and sobs. The dynasty was saved. The people were ready to die for their Emperor and his heir. That must have been a thrilling spectacle, and great was the courage of Nicholas I. of Russia in thus facing his rebellious subjects.

I wish to show you a contrast to this scene. The world was in rebellion. Men turned their backs upon their God and rightful Monarch, and would not have His will. He sent His servants to them, but they would not hearken; they did not want their God. "I have one Son, I will send Him." This was God's resource. "I will show Myself to

The Russian Rebellion.

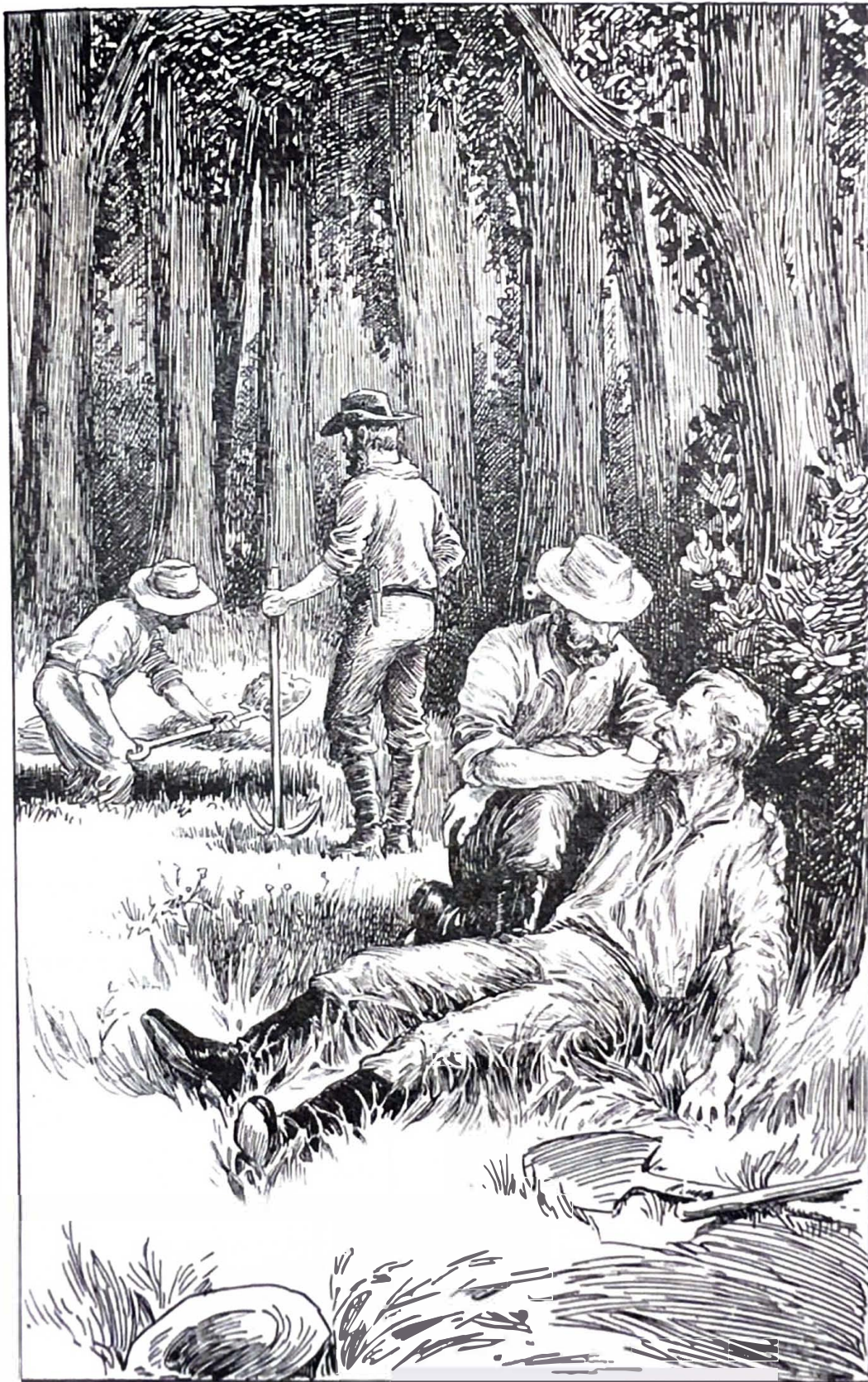
men. I will display My grace, My character before them, and I will do this in the Person of My Son. They will reverence Him." From heaven to earth came Jesus—the Son of God—and men beheld Him; with tender heart and gracious mien He walked before them, showing forth the heart of Him who sent Him. But when men saw Him they discerned no beauty in Him; they cried, "Let us kill Him," "Away with Him," "Crucify Him." The world's rebellion was not quelled by the sight of God's beloved Son; instead, it found its culmination in His murder. Oh, how exceeding sinful is the sinfulness of men; how black their base ingratitude!

But how stand you in this matter, so intensely grave? Are you still in the world, rebellious, or have you been reconciled to God, who sent His Son? The murder of the Son of God did not drive back the river of His grace; instead, the death He died at Calvary has opened wide the flood-gates of that river, and to-day there is pardon—full, free, and eternal—for all who, repenting, turn to God. Oh, behold the beauty of the Lord, so full of love and so exceeding fair with every heavenly grace, and know that every gracious word and act He spoke and did was but the setting forth of God. The death He died at Calvary is the proof of God's great love. In His face to-day from heaven's throne there shines the light of God's full grace, and all this is for you. Be no longer rebellious. "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5. 20).

"I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it" (Eccles. 3. 14). How happy, then, is the lot of those who have been justified by God, for His verdict is final; there is no appeal from His decision; it is unchangeable for ever. It matters not what men may say of those whom God has justified. They can say "If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. 8. 31-34). Soul-emancipating words are these. Can you say that they are true of you? If not, turn to that God who in this bright Gospel day has taken to Himself the wonderful title of "Him that justifieth the ungodly" (Romans 4. 5), and you will be justified and saved. J. T. M.

THE MAN WHO SAW HIS GRAVE DUG;

OR, HOW JOHN HAMBLETON, THE ACTOR, WAS CONVERTED.



"THEY BEGAN TO PREPARE MY GRAVE NEAR BY."

THE MAN WHO SAW HIS GRAVE DUG.

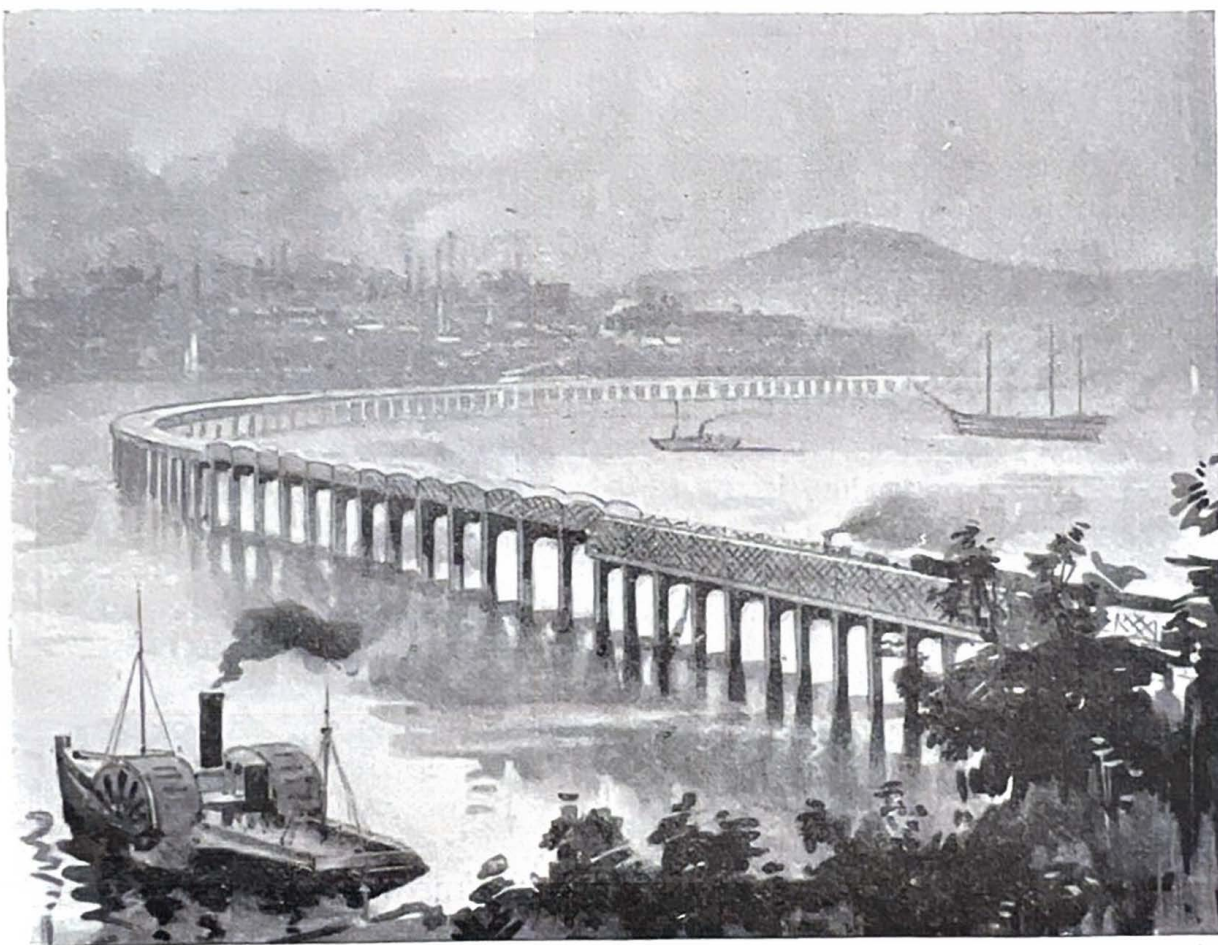


JOHN HAMBLETON, the actor, before his conversion had many narrow escapes from death. In speaking of his experiences on the Pacific Coast at the time of the discovery of gold in California he says: "Once I was delivered from drowning when the long reeds were entwined around my body in deep water and prevented me from swimming; another time I well-nigh perished in crossing a vast desert; another time pistols were loaded, and blood-thirsty men sought my life; another time Mexican bayonets were pointed at my breast; yet another time a terrible disease laid hold of me, and so hopeless did my case appear that my comrades put me down under the shelter of a tree, and felt so sure that my hours were numbered that they began to prepare my grave near by, into which it was their purpose to cast my poor emaciated body when the spark of life had fled. I shall never forget the horrors of that situation as I seemed to feel life ebbing away, and the dread *hereafter*, even *eternity*, looming upon my benighted soul. There I lay without one ray of Gospel hope to cheer my guilty soul, but only a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. There I lay a wreck in the prime of life, and to all appearances drifting fast from the shores of Time toward the vast ocean known as *Eternity*, for whose dark expanse I had no chart or pilot to guide me."

Thank God, John Hambleton's life was saved; and better than that, he obtained the forgiveness of sins and became the happy possessor of eternal life as a free gift from God (Romans 6. 23). By faith he saw Christ dying in his room and stead, and found joy and peace in believing. He immediately commenced to preach Christ and Him crucified, and God greatly owned his ministry in the conversion of sinners. The same One who delivered John Hambleton from going down to the pit is willing to save *you*. Do you believe that *you* are a guilty sinner deserving of nothing but wrath and woe? If so, He who is "mighty to save" is willing to blot out the past and justify you from all things. Harken to His royal proclamation: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS" (Acts 13. 38, 39). "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Believe on Him at this moment and be saved for eternity. A. M.

NO MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER SHORE.

ON that night of storm and tempest when the Tay Bridge fell, a railway surfaceman who lived near to the spot had a strange fear of coming calamity. The Sunday evening train had yet to cross, and would soon be due to start on what proved to be its last run. Just to see how things would go, the surfaceman clambered up into the signal-box, where he could hear the clicking of the telegraph instruments, and keep the signalman company, for each moment



THE TAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER TAY AT DUNDEE.

the storm raged with increasing fury. The train came duly into the station, the passengers took their seats as they had often done before, the whistle sounded, and she was out of sight in the darkness—crossing the great Tay Bridge, while the greatest tempest of many days was at the height of its fury. The signalman touched the handle of his instrument and signalled “Train on line” to the cabin on the other side of the raging flood. Then both men waited for the telegraphic signal that the train had covered the intervening “block” and had crossed the river in safety. The silence

No Message from the Other Shore.

in that cabin was unbroken save for the howling of the storm without. The minutes dragged themselves slowly on. But the telegraph instrument uttered no sound. "Is the train not due yet on the other side?" said the surfaceman. "Yes," said his companion, "but we will give her a minute or two yet." There was silence again, until the stillness became oppressive. "Send a message," said the impatient watcher; "ask if she has reached the cabin at the other end of the bridge." The operator at once caught the handle of the telegraph instrument to send his message across; but the needle did not move. Under ordinary circumstances the needle would have clicked responsive to the touch, thus intimating that the current had flashed to the other shore and back again in the twinkling of an eye, but the needle was motionless. "Try another instrument," said his companion. He tried another, and another, but all were silent. There was NO MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER SIDE. The silent needle told to these two men in language more eloquent than words that an awful tragedy had taken place. They looked at each other in consternation, for in that awful moment they knew that the whole train with its living freight must be engulfed by the raging waters.

"No message from the other shore!" Often have these words reminded us that a Day is coming when those who have rejected the Christ of God shall want to send a message to "the other shore." Scripture tells us something about this. It tells us of those who shall "stand without," and knock, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." But He from within shall answer saying, "I know you not whence ye are" (Luke 13. 25). Unsaved reader, whether you are concerned about your soul just now I know not; but of this I am certain—you will be concerned some day. You may not be in earnest now; but the day is coming when you shall be in earnest. But it will be too late then. You have had your chances. You have heard of Jesus, and His love untold, and His cleansing blood, and His power to save. Is it to be recorded of you that you rejected the entreaties of His love? You would not have Him as your almighty Saviour. Therefore the day draws on apace when you *must* meet God, and meet Him *in your sins*! Then shall come to pass what is written in the Scriptures, "Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me" (Prov. 1. 28). Then

No Message from the Other Shore.

shall you long for a message from the other shore—a message that shall never come, even unto the ages of Eternity!

The two men, feeling certain that the train had gone to its doom, descended from the signal station and crept on hands and knees along the bridge to see if haply they might discover some trace of the train. After proceeding some distance the metals seemed to have disappeared, and as they crept cautiously forward they saw nothing before them but yawning blackness. Far down beneath them poured the raging waters. They understood it all now. The centre part of the bridge had been blown over into the river, carrying the whole train into the waters. Not a single soul survived to tell the tale of that awful night. As the bridge went over, every telegraph wire was snapped. No current could travel over these broken wires, and this explained how no message came back from the other shore.

It may be that you have friends on "the other shore." How terrible, then, must be your condition if you shall yet cry out for mercy when mercy's day is for ever past, and find no answer but the eternal silence. Think upon it—to be separated for ever from the blood-washed throng that surround the throne, and to find your eternal portion "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Are you prepared for this? Have you counted the cost? Have you weighed what it means to be a lost soul for all eternity? Arouse thee, O unsaved one, and believe the proclamation of God's redeeming love in the gift of His Son. Take your place before Him as a lost and hell-deserving sinner and receive the gift of God, which is eternal life in Jesus Christ the Lord. And the moment you are *in Him* you shall be in direct communication with "the other shore." Christ is the great Telegraph Wire between heaven and earth—a wire that cannot be broken by any accident of time—an everlasting bond that winds above and waves below can never move.

Are you willing to be saved *now* on God's terms? Then delay not. Procrastinate no longer. This very hour believe, and receive, and confess Him, for it is written, "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. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. 10. 9, 10).

w. s.

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S MURDERER.



CHIEF LUBA AND BABY INNES.

HE is getting old now, for many days have passed since that fatal day, in October, 1885, when, under the orders of the Luba chief, noble James Hannington, who had left peace and plenty in Britain to endure hardness in making known the glad tidings of salvation in Central Africa, was cruelly murdered in cold blood.

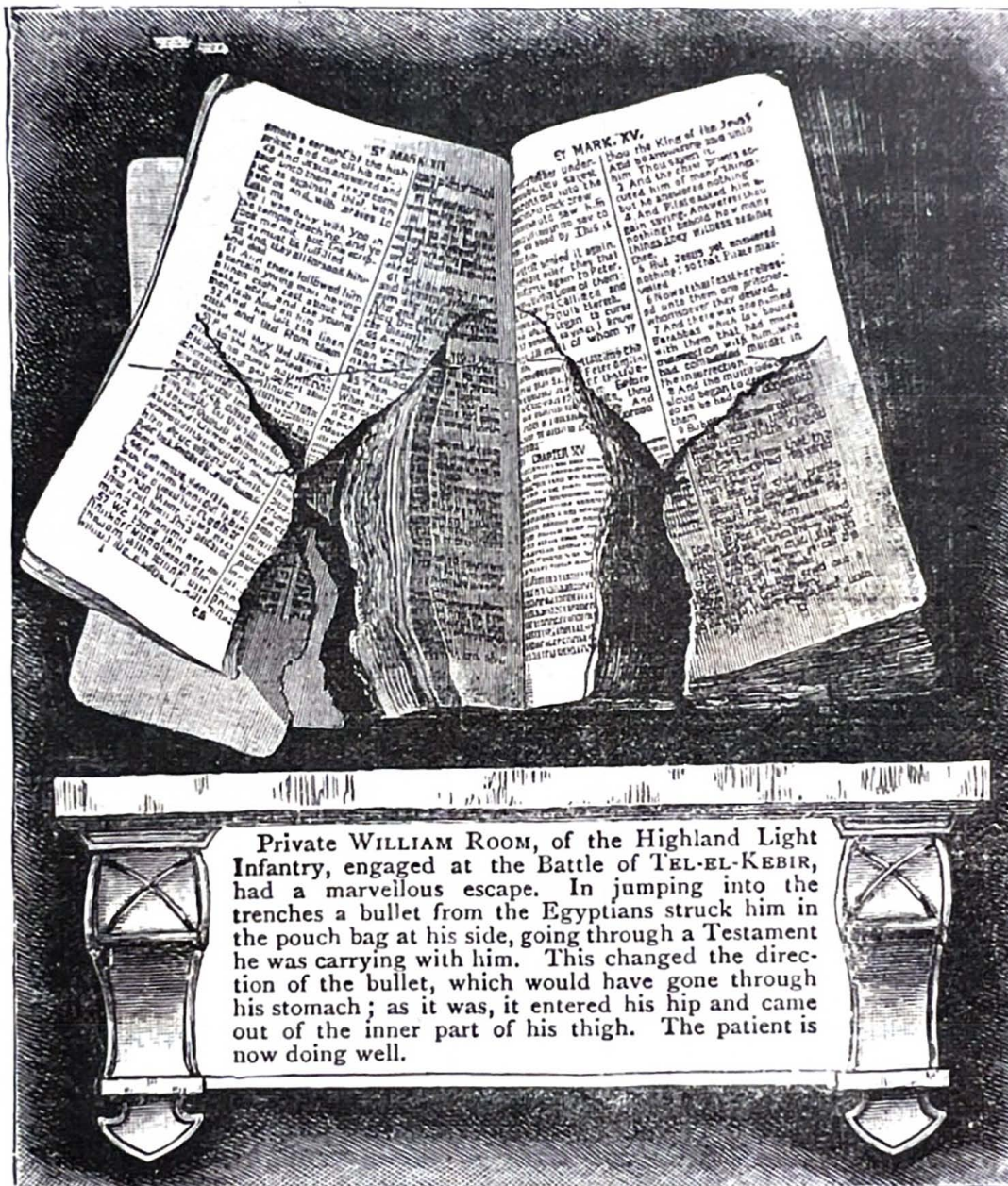
Yet he who perpetrated such a dastardly deed, with a view to keep out the white man's Gospel, is now a regular student of the Word of God at a mission station in Uganda. Behold the

former murderer, touched by grace, become so docile as to nurse the babe of one of the missionaries. And they have hope that "the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16), will find its way into old Chief Luba's heart.

"What! a murderer saved!!" Yes; if the old chief puts his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, he will find the Word still true: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all sin*" (1 John 1. 7). And if *you*, whoever you are, with murder, and all other sins, in your heart (Matt. 15. 19), put your trust in that same precious blood, *you*, too, shall be cleansed from all sin, have your heart purified by faith, and may, with the Luba chief, and myriads more, ascribe all glory unto "Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. 1. 5).

Shall grace be your happy portion now, or gloom be your eternal portion? Settle it now, for "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." 11p.

THE TORN AND TATTERED BIBLE.



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.

HERE it is, the soldier's Bible, with the bullet mark in the centre, torn and tattered. What must that soldier have felt as he looked at it and remembered that it had turned aside from him the stroke of death? Little he thought that day he placed his Bible in his pocket and went into the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir it was to receive the bullet that otherwise would have been his death. Think you not that he would ever have had an affection for that Book, and that every time he looked on those tattered leaves they would seem to say to him: "I saved you from death, though it has cost me this." And has not the living Word, the Son of God, done for the believer that which the written Word of God did for this

The Torn and Tattered Bible.

soldier. He has saved—but at what a price! On the Cross He bore the stroke of Divine justice that would have fallen on guilty man, and will yet fall on the Christ-rejector!

Are you one who can say, as you gaze by faith at the Lord Jesus: "He has been smitten and I have escaped?" Has your heart been moved with love as He has shown you His nail-pierced hands and bleeding side, and said to you: "I have saved you, but it has cost Me this"? Through the bitter agony of Calvary's Cross, and that dark hour when the face of God was hidden, He has turned aside the stroke of justice from the believing sinner—that stroke which would have hurled the guilty one from the presence of a holy God, a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, a God who will by no means clear the guilty, and yet in infinite grace and mercy He has accepted His Son in the sinner's stead, so that now there is no more judgment to those that are in Christ Jesus.

No more judgment—what a thought! No more terror then of the great white-throne day, for, wondrous thought, on that very throne will be seated, not only the world's Judge, not only the One before whom the angels veil their faces, but the One who has so loved us as to give Himself for us. "Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" (Rom. 8. 34). But you say, "I have no love." Have you ever believed His love to you? Have you ever seen yourself as a guilty, lost one, and heard the solemn sentence passed on you: "The wicked shall be turned into hell?" (Psalm 9. 17).

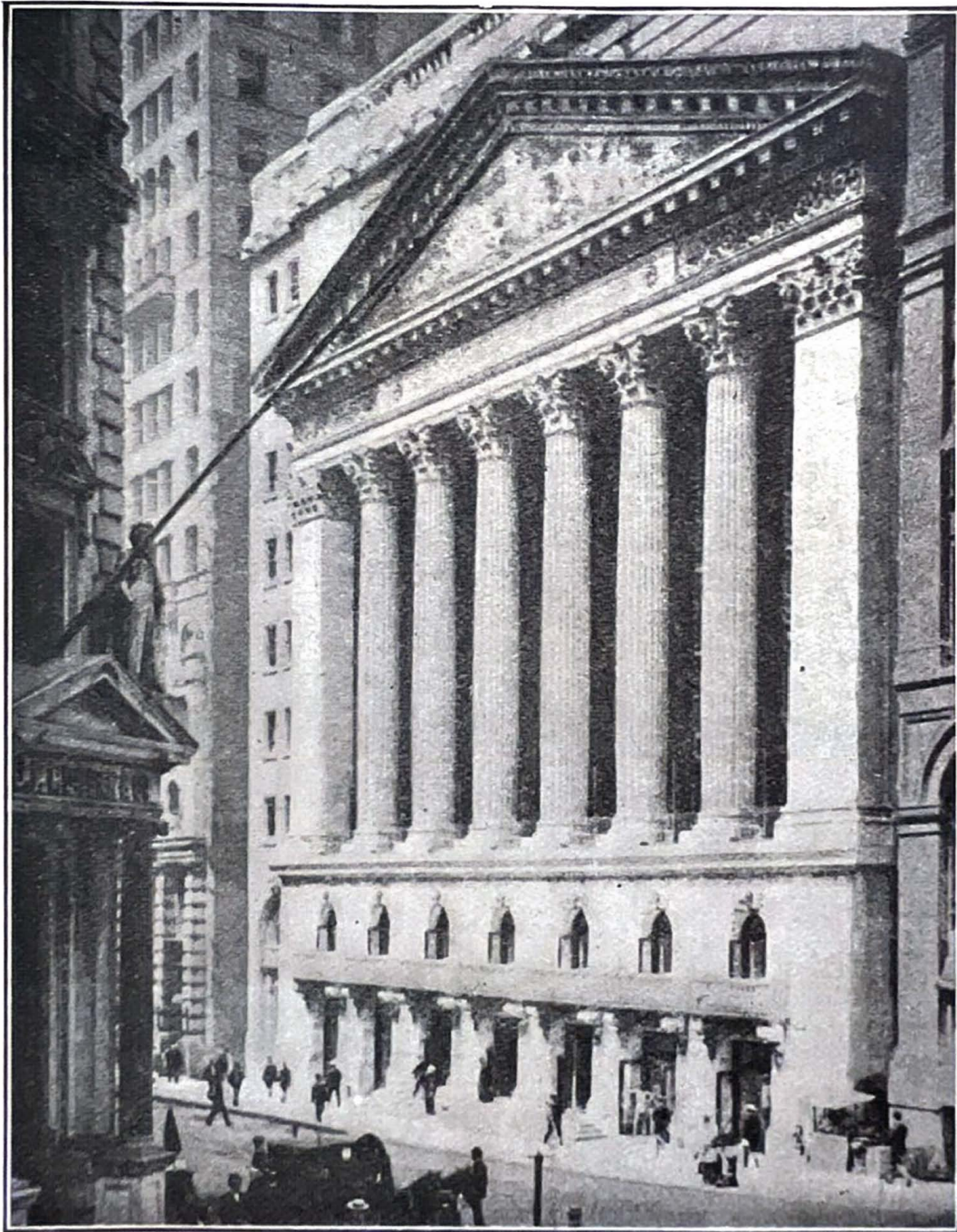
But you may say: "I don't believe there is a hell. God is too kind a God to permit His creatures to perish; the text that you have mentioned means but the grave." Are you thus deluding yourself as thousands are? Why does God say **THE WICKED** shall be cast into hell if it means but the grave? Are only the wicked put there? Are not the best of men and women laid in the grave day by day?

Have you ever thought of these solemn words: "And death and hades were cast into the lake of fire"? (Rev. 20. 14). Where will the Christ-rejector be then? Memory will have wakened up and brought back all the dreary past, the broken vows, the secret sins. Hope will have flown, and not a ray of light will enter to cheer that endless gloom. Why not now "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?" J.A.B

"I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL FOR GOLD";

— OR, —

**"YOU ARE A-BIG FOOL! IF YOU HAD CONTINUED IN BUSINESS
YOU MIGHT HAVE MADE A FORTUNE."**



FRONT VIEW OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.

"Through sterling ability and attention to daily duties, he was offered a partnership in a New York stockbroking firm. He declined the tempting proposal, preferring to devote his time, influence, and abilities to the preaching of the Gospel."

"I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL FOR GOLD."



In a town in New York State there were two boys who attended the same school, played together, and went to the same church. As they grew up their paths in life diverged, H—— going to an office in New York City, and L—— entering a mercantile concern in his native place. H—— was led to accept of Christ as his Saviour, and became an "out and out" follower of the Lord Jesus. Through sterling ability and attention to daily duties, he was offered a partnership in a New York stock-broking firm. He declined the tempting proposal, preferring to devote his time, influence, and abilities to the preaching of the Gospel.

Years passed, and H—— paid a visit to his native town. One day he called on his old friend, L——, who had become a prosperous merchant. Though a professing Christian, and a prominent church official, he knew nothing of the saving power of the grace of God. They talked of boyhood days, of school-fellows and their histories. In alluding to H——'s refusal of the business partnership in New York City, L—— said, "YOU ARE A BIG FOOL! IF YOU HAD CONTINUED IN BUSINESS, YOU MIGHT HAVE MADE A FORTUNE." Then he spoke of his own success, of the business he had established, the money he had made, &c., &c. After talking for some time in this strain, he looked around to make sure that no one could overhear what he was going to say, and then made this sad and humbling confession—"I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL FOR GOLD; I DREAM OF IT, AND I THINK OF NOTHING ELSE."

There are others beside this wealthy American who, if they were honest, could give a similar testimony. What a calamity, to sell the soul for gold! Many do so. Their ambition in life is to be rich. If they don't succeed in their ambition it is not their fault. They scheme, and plot, and plan from morning till night to "make money." One thing they know, and that is the value of a sovereign; one thing they do, and that is to make hay while the sun shines. Esau bartered his birthright for a mess of pottage. Men of to-day barter their souls for gold, pleasure, fame, or power. Ponder the unanswered and unanswerable question proposed by the Lord Jesus: "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16. 26). What profit would it be to you were you

"I Have Sold My Soul for Gold."

to become as rich as a Carnegie, a Vanderbilt, a Rockefeller, or a Rothschild, and lose your soul? "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness" (Matt. 6. 33) is a Divine command. "First things first" is a safe motto in life. Attend first to the concerns of the soul, then of the body; first to the affairs of eternity, and then of time.

Allow nothing to come between you and the salvation of your soul. H—— was no "fool." The "big fool" is the one who, whatever he is or does, absorbs himself with the things of time and sense to the neglect of his soul. The "big fool" is the man, like the farmer of old, who soliloquised thus: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," and is a pauper for eternity. God interrupted the schemes of the poor rich farmer, and announces his doom in the awful sentence: "Thou FOOL, THIS NIGHT thy soul shall be required of thee" (Luke 12. 20). DON'T LOSE YOUR SOUL! "Flee from the wrath to come" by taking your place as a lost, ruined, and condemned sinner, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died that you "might not perish, but have everlasting life." The old rhyme is trite and true:

"To lose one's wealth is much;
To lose one's health is more.
To lose the soul is such a loss
That nothing can restore."

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). A.M.

ON HAVING ETERNAL LIFE.

What MAN says.

MAN says: "No one can know that for certain."

MAN says: "It is great presumption to go that length."

MAN says: "We can only hope."

MAN says: "You can never be confident till you are on the other side of Time."

What God says.

GOD'S WORD says: "Ye may know that ye have eternal life" (1 John 5. 13).

GOD'S WORD says: "These things have I written that ye may know" (1 John 5. 13).

GOD'S WORD says: "WE KNOW" (1 John 3. 14).

GOD'S WORD says: "We are always confident" (2 Cor. 5. 6).

Will you believe man or God—WHICH?

A TRAP OF THE ENEMY.

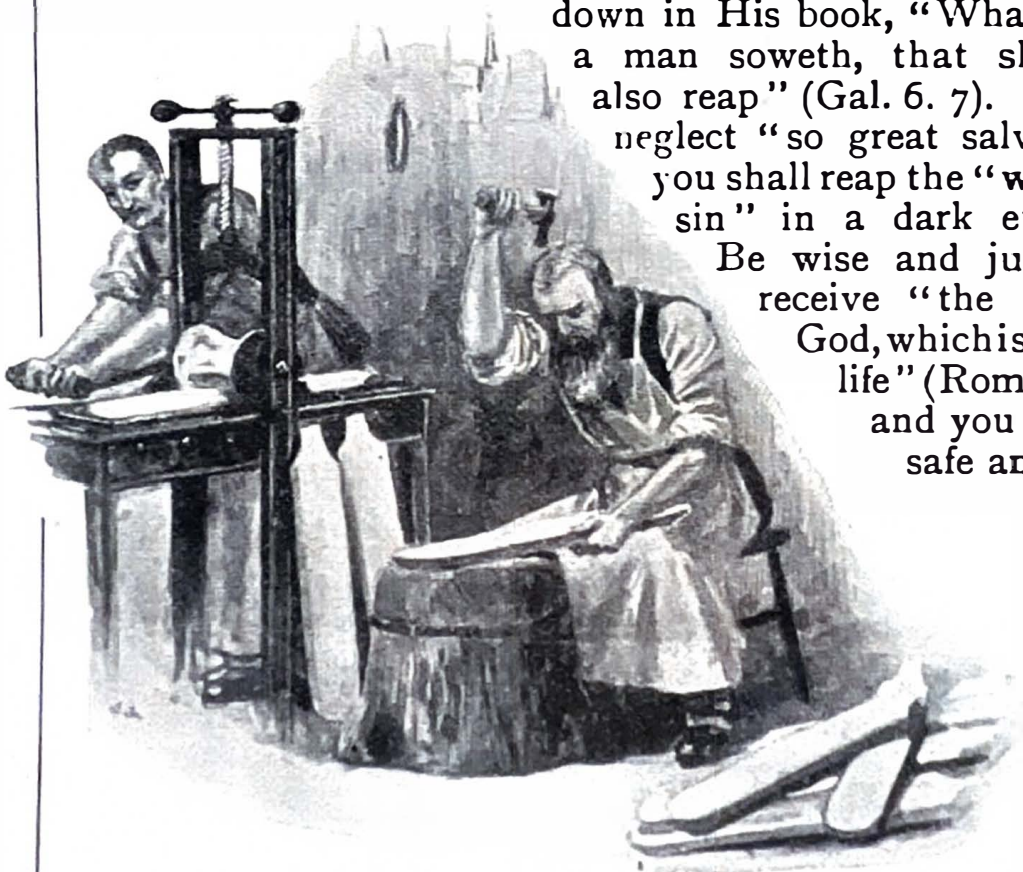
"**W**HAT'S to be, *will be*, so never mind about the future."

This is about the poorest reasoning that Satan could possibly bring up; for he is the one who does bring it up, and for the purpose of taking souls the more surely down to the lake of fire. And some people are so simple as to conclude that, "If I'm to be saved, I will be saved, and if I'm to be lost, I'll be lost; while all the foundation they have for it is that "What's to be, *will be*." Now, just consider the matter for a moment. Do people ever show such stupidity in the affairs of this life? Do you see the workman, for instance, sitting down on Monday morning and saying, "There's no need for me to work, for if I'm to get my dinner I'll get it—'What's to be, *will be*'"? Or do you see the farmer making himself cosy at the fireside while his fields are in weeds, and comforting himself with the thought that if there is to be a fine crop of wheat in harvest time there *will be* one, for "What's to be, *will be*"? You would say of such an one, If he waits on in that way till harvest time, he will find a crop of *weeds*, but nothing more, and no "ifs" about it, for he will just reap what he sows. Exactly, and that is the very truth which God has plainly laid

down in His book, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). If you neglect "so great salvation" you shall reap the "wages of sin" in a dark eternity.

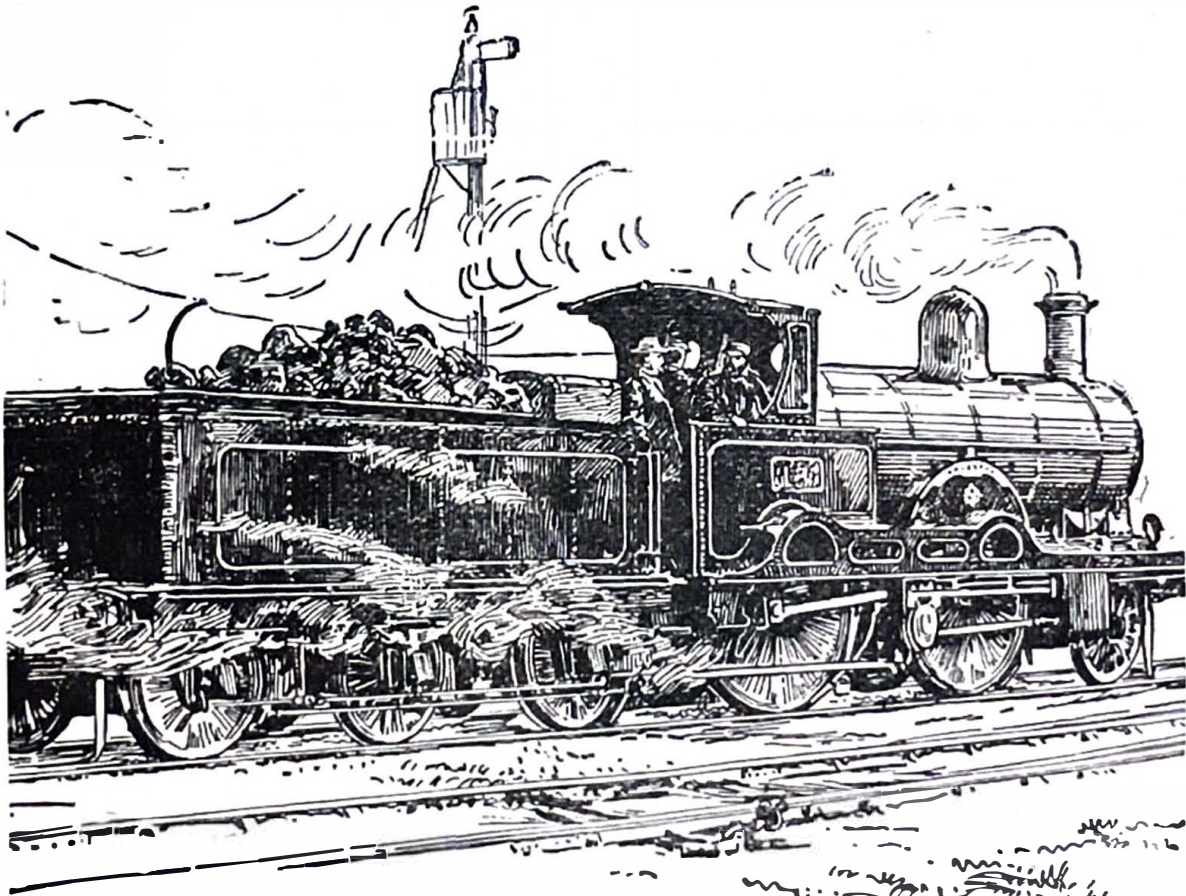
Be wise and just now receive "the gift of God, which is eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23). and you will be safe and free.

W. S.



THE FIREMAN'S DECISION.

ERNIE was a fireman on one of our Scotch Expresses. He was a bright young fellow, and popular with everybody, but Ernie was not saved. Tom, the engine-driver, was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and oftentimes when his iron steed was racing along the metals he would tell again "the old, old story of Jesus and His love," in the



"HE WAS A FIREMAN IN ONE OF OUR SCOTCH EXPRESSSES."

hope of reaching the heart of the young fireman. The sparkling cup of earth's fleeting pleasures, however, had too great a fascination for Ernie, and when the two parted at the end of the day's run the fireman went away still undecided.

Revival meetings, conducted by W. J. Maplesden of America, were being held in the Border City at this particular time, and the entreaties of the faithful engine-driver for Ernie to attend the meetings prevailed. How he listened with rapt attention as the preacher laid before that large audience God's way of salvation, in all its sweetness and simplicity. Yes, it was the same old story he had heard over and over again on the footplate of his engine. How clear

The Fireman's Decision.

and plain it all seemed now—"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). For a moment he lingered. He thought of the past, a vision of the present was with him, and the future—would this memorable night decide everything? He strove to banish from his mind the solemn thought of Eternity. Then he seemed to hear a voice in his ear—"Ernie, it is now or never!" For a moment there was a striving within, then the battle was over and the victory won; for Ernie there and then let go the world and its allurements, and laid hold on Eternal life by trusting in Jesus. He believed, he confessed, *he was saved*. What a change came into his young life, for "old things had passed away, behold all things had become new," and now his new joy was to tell his fellows what a Saviour he had found.

Ernie, however, had but a brief time to shine for Jesus. A few weeks later, as the result of a railway accident at Dumfries, he was called home to be with Christ. It was but an everyday account of a railway fatality in the newspapers that night, but as I scanned the lines my thoughts did not rest on the mangled body of the young fireman who was no more, for I knew that to be absent from the body was for Ernie to be present with the Lord (2 Cor. 5. 6).

Fellow-traveller on the path of life, listen—"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). Are you ready? If not, why not? The signal from above is clear and plain—"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 simple—hearing, BELIEVING, HAVING. Unsaved one, the message to you as you read these lines may be the same as that of the young fireman—Now or never! Oh, then why not believe in Jesus NOW. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "Now is the accepted time." D. J. B.

A CURE FOR INFIDELITY.—A miner once said, "I've seen the infidelity knocked out of a man in a minute by the fall of coal from the roof of the pit." And by something far less God could change your sneers into eternal mourning, lamentation, and woe. Are you going to take Christ, and be saved now? Well, it may be now or never.

"HEAVEN IS MY HOME."

I WELL remember the dying moments of my dear mother. She called me to her side, and in tones of fervent appeal besought me to meet her in heaven. With my hands firmly clasped in her last embrace, I promised



FREDERICK ARTHUR BANKS.

Author of many valuable tracts and booklets. Born in Ipswich, 1862; died Jan. 16, 1887.

her I would, and soon after this she passed away to be "with the Lord." Oh! who could describe my grief? I had listened to her words of earnest, fond entreaty for the last time, but how soon, alas! how very soon, the memory of that scene was effaced, and I went on careless and unsaved. But the prayers of that departed mother were not to be left unanswered, and a year or two after the foregoing event I

"Heaven is My Home."

was suddenly aroused to see my lost and utterly ruined condition by nature, and that it was faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and His finished work, alone could save me. I believed in Him, proved the cleansing power of His precious blood, and rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

Not long after this my father's health gave way, and I saw with intense sorrow that he too was to be taken from me. One night, just before he fell asleep in Jesus, he took my hand in his, and said, "My dear Fred, I should have liked to have stayed with you longer, but our Heavenly Father wills it otherwise; your mother is in heaven, and I shall soon follow her;" and then, with tears streaming down his pale cheeks, he said, "My boy, *I know you are coming too.*" Then he quietly passed into Eternity.

May I ask you earnestly, what about these things? It may be, you too have dear and loved ones gone before; and you can well remember their fond last look—their earnest desire and dying request that you should meet them in heaven, and the solemn promise that you would. But can you say with me, that *by the grace of God you are confident that you will meet them in heaven?* If not, there is something wrong. You have not trusted in Jesus. You have not been born again. I beseech you not to trifle with these matters any longer, but give them your earnest consideration, remembering it is for *eternity*—an eternity in heaven or hell; an eternity of bliss or woe. Will you not believe even that which God has written—that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23); "there is none righteous, no not one" (Rom. 3. 10); and then, knowing that you are a sinner in His sight, come to Jesus just as you are. Accept His loving invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

And when you are trusting in Him, and resting on His blessed Word, which says, "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16), then, and not till then, will you be able to sing from the heart:

"There at my Saviour's side,
I shall be glorified;
There with the saved and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest:
Heaven is my home."

F.A.B.

A GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION;

— OR, —

TRIUMPH IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

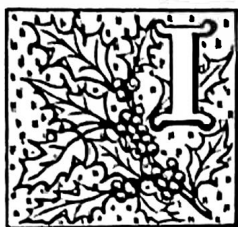


ROTOMAHANA FROM THE TOPS OF TARAWERA, NEW ZEALAND.



MOUNT TARAWERA FROM PAREHERA MOUNT, NEW ZEALAND.

A GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION.



IN the north island of New Zealand there is a great volcanic belt in which are lakes and pools, boiling geysers, steaming fumaroles, sulphur basins, and pumice plains. On the morning of June 10th, 1886, a gigantic explosion took place in the district of Rotorua, the top of Mount Tarawera being blown away and at least 140 persons killed. In the village of Wairoa eleven Maoris and whites perished.

Amongst the victims was Mr. Edward Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a promising Christian young man, who was on a visit to the colony. Mr. Bainbridge was a guest at the Rotomahana Hotel. Huge quantities of volcanic mud and ashes covered the roof of the building, which was made of wood. The guests and servants were assembled, all fearing that the last day of their existence on earth had arrived. Mr. Bainbridge said he expected that he would be in the presence of God within an hour or two. He read a portion of Scripture and led in prayer. One who was present, in giving evidence at the inquest, said: "Mr. Bainbridge remarked that this might be the last hour of our lives, or we might without further preparation be ushered into the presence of our Maker. It was, however, in His power to deliver and save us even in this terrible extremity, and should any be mercifully delivered from this present and imminent calamity, may it be the turning-point in their lives."

The following fragment of a letter which Mr. Bainbridge had begun to write was found in the ruins of the hotel: "Written by Edward Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. This is the most awful moment of my life. I cannot tell when I may be called to meet my God. I am thankful that I find His strength sufficient for me. We are under heavy falls of volcanic——," and here the sentence stopped. Mr. Bainbridge's body was discovered under the balcony in front of the hotel. It seemed as if he had been killed in seeking to escape.

During a visit we paid to Wairoa, the spot where Mr. Bainbridge's remains were found was shown us. We may well hope that his testimony to God's saving and keeping power was blessed to souls. In prospect of eternity he had no fear. "I am thankful that I find His strength sufficient for me" is the testimony of all believers in prospect of death.

A Great Volcanic Eruption.

The *ground* of his confidence was not his consistent Christian life, that would have been but a poor foundation to build upon. His hope was not founded on his own merits, but on the merits of the precious blood of Christ. Toplady's lines aptly express the Christian's thoughts—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace."

No one dare stand before the eternal God on the ground of anything that he *has done*. It is Christ's work that saves from going down to the pit—not ours. The Lord Jesus died that we might live. He paid the ransom for our deliverance with His precious blood. He "tasted death for every man," that "every man," woman, boy, and girl might obtain everlasting life.

Have you believed on Him who did it all and paid it all? If not, why not? You may be saved from eternal woe by believing on the Son of God, who loved you and gave Himself for you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31) from a worse fate than that which befell Edward Bainbridge. He was prepared for death and judgment through faith in the Redeemer's blood. In prospect of eternity he could joyfully exclaim, "I am thankful that I find His strength sufficient for me."

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

A. M.

BEYOND THE REACH OF MERCY.

NEVER, as long as you tread this earth. *Never*, although you may be the vilest and worst out of hell. *Never*, although you may be a drunkard, a swearer, a blasphemer, or a religious hypocrite. The thief was saved at the last moment, and went straight to Paradise, for he found mercy, yes, at the twelfth hour (Luke 23). Saul, the Pharisee, was saved in early life, in the glory and strength of manhood (Acts 9). The hardened jailor of Philippi was saved when about to commit suicide (Acts 16). There is no sinner on earth beyond the reach of mercy. But remember, oh! remember, there shall be no mercy to sinners in hell; no gospel there. *For ever* beyond the reach of mercy! *For ever* beyond the Gospel's joyful sound there! "*Now* is the day of salvation."

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!"



HIS adage is forcibly illustrated by the following story which appeared in one of the London monthlies a short time ago: "A famous physician with a great London reputation was one day consulted by a lady who was suffering from an illness which was very troublesome, and for which she had hitherto failed to find relief. The doctor examined her carefully, and as he gave her the prescription he had written for her, said: 'If that does you any good, I shall be very much obliged if you will let me know, for I suffer in much the same way myself.'"

It is seldom we hear of such remarkable candour on the part of the practitioner, and the incident may be exceptional in the profession. We are unable, however, to escape from the conclusion that such an incident has a common parallel in everyday experience. The blind leader of the blind is not yet dead, nor have we yet been delivered from the Pharisee who makes heavy the load for the simple, while he himself touches it not. To many, life is a groping in the dark, and their time is spent in struggle and experiment after light. Their boast is that beyond their senses they are ignorant. They know not God, and obey not the Gospel (2 Thess. 1. 8). Like the physician, they suffer from a disease. In their case it is spiritual blindness (2 Cor. 4. 4) and death; yet they dare to prescribe for others. In the abundance of their ignorance they deny the possibility of any knowledge of which they are not themselves possessed, and exclusively claim to be rational (Rom. 1. 22).

On the other hand, we have the teacher who states that if we live good and honest lives, use the means of grace, and pray for forgiveness, we shall be all right in eternity. Those who teach this are as honest as the physician in this respect. They admit they suffer in the same way as their fellows. They admit their need of forgiveness, but they have not got it. Whatever faith they have in their advice it has not supplied to them the thing they most require. The Rationalist and Ritualist agree that the knowledge of sins forgiven is impossible. Whether you doubt the existence of God, or in ignorance do the best you can to please Him, you need His forgiveness. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). You are a sinner in His sight, and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). Your own prescriptions cannot renew your

"Physician, Heal Thyself!"

character or remove the consequences of your guilt. Your denial of the testimony that God on earth forgives sins only proves the hopeless darkness into which sin and Satan have driven you.



"I SUFFER MUCH IN THE SAME WAY MYSELF."

"Physician, Heal Thyself!"

Hear now the Word of God. Saul of Tarsus combined in himself the religious passions of the Pharisee and the hate of the infidel. A blasphemer and a persecutor, he confesses himself the chief of sinners (1 Tim. 1. 15); but he differs from the physician in the certainty of his prescription. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). "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. 3, 4). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1. 12). Here we have the voice of certainty and the experimental knowledge of a man who turned the world upside down (Acts 17. 6). Hundreds of your fellow-men and women in every grade of life confirm his testimony. To them the knowledge of sins forgiven, the love of Christ, the peace of God, and the communion of the Spirit are unshaken certainties of everyday experience. The change in their life proclaims the cure of their hearts. Their faith and works (James 2. 22) bear witness which cannot be gainsaid. God is no respecter of persons. Salvation is by grace. You may, as you read this, accept it by faith (Eph. 2. 8), and receive as a gift that which all your strivings and efforts could never secure, "Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord." J. H.

A MILLION SOULS.

JOHN HYATT had served the Lord many years, and had often said in preaching: "If I had a hundred souls, I would trust them all to Christ." He lay dying. A fellow-worker whispered to him, "If you had a hundred souls would you commit them to Christ now?" With a convulsive effort he replied, "A million." Yes, to know Christ is a blessed reality. Eternity is ablaze with love and joy and glory for all who do know Him. If you have not as a guilty, unworthy sinner believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, why not do so now, be saved with an everlasting salvation, and rejoice that He is able to keep that which you have committed unto Him against that day of eternal reckoning?

THORNS IN THE PILLOW.

SEVERAL years ago two evangelists, friends of mine, were holding gospel meetings amongst lumbermen, farmers, and settlers in a lonely district in the backwoods of Canada. One of the preachers in the course of his address said, "I hope God will put thorns in your pillow to-night and make Eternity so real that you won't be able to sleep." Next morning an old woman visited them who appeared in



IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA IN WINTER.

Lumbermen moving logs which have been cut down during summer.

great distress. "Last night," said she, "you said you hoped that God would put thorns in our pillows and keep us from sleeping. I got no sleep, and I've come to ask if God would save an old sinner like me."

The servants of Christ were encouraged by seeing that the Holy Spirit was working in the conscience of the inquirer. They told her that Christ came into the world *to save sinners* (1 Tim. 1. 15), that His mission to earth was to *seek and save the lost* (Luke 19. 10). Not long after this the seeking sinner was led to rest her weary, sin-sick, sin-

Thorns in the Pillow.

burdened soul on Christ, by believing the glorious gospel of God's matchless grace.

If the reader is a "stranger to grace and to God," if he "knows not his danger and feels not his load," it would be better for him to lose a few nights' sleep than go on in his present condition. Better far to be aroused from the sleep of death than to weep and wail and gnash your teeth in the prison-house of hell. Perhaps *you* imagine that some day somehow or other you will enter heaven. You may be sincere, respectable, intelligent, moral, and "religious," but if you are not "born again" (John 3. 3), you are even now under divine condemnation. "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). If unsaved, unconverted, you are an *unbeliever*, and the wrath of God abides upon you (John 3. 36).

Awake! awake! oh, careless and listless soul. "Time ends, and THEN ETERNITY." Where will you spend Eternity? Maybe you have never considered the question. It is time you did. Time is short and the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. — "Flee from the wrath to come." There is wrath ahead. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18). You may continue procrastinating and be suddenly cut down in your sins. And oh, "What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. 13. 21).

What will you say when your sins are placed before you in dread array? What will you say when brought face to face with the fact that God loved you and longed to save you, that the Lord Jesus died for you, that the Holy Spirit strove with you and sought to bring you to Christ, and you resisted Him? What will you say when you learn that you were within a hair's-breadth of salvation and, but for your folly and obstinacy, might have been spending eternity with Christ in the glory?

Now, while the day of grace is lengthened, while the door of mercy is open, while the Holy Spirit is striving with you, accept of Christ as your Saviour and Lord. He loves you and died to save you from woe. He makes no hard conditions. Believe on Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be saved in a moment, and saved for Eternity. "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). A. M.

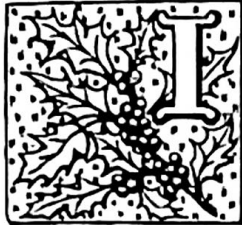
THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK,

AND THE QUESTION WHICH PUZZLED THE LADY AND HER
FRIENDS.



"And who had them killed?" "Why, I suppose it was done by order of the Church; *they were heretics.*" "And did our holy Church have these poor people massacred for no other reason than for believing Jesus Christ could save them without the help of our Church?"

THE STRANGE MAN IN BLACK.



—
WAS spending the day at one of the most delightful country houses in Scotland. The conversation turned upon the wonders of God's grace in connection with a recent revival in a neighbouring city.

There was present one of the best known and best beloved ministers in Scotland; a man whom God has called to do very special work among the upper classes of society; a man of rare and wide learning and culture, with charming manners, and that easy and graceful address which makes him as welcome in the drawing-room as in the cottage.

After listening to the details of some remarkable conversions which had recently come under my own observation, he said, with his face brightening up, "Well now, I will tell you a story that will interest you. I can vouch for its truthfulness in every particular." He then related the following:

M. was the daughter of a very distinguished and wealthy family. When she was quite young, about twenty, I believe, she was married to a young man of equal wealth and high social position. As was common, these young people were worldly and gay, given to everything going on in the fashionable world, and had nothing to do but to amuse themselves and gratify every whim and fancy which an idle fancy suggested. Of course they were utterly destitute of any spiritual knowledge of God and Christ, though, in their way, devout Roman Catholics.

Shortly after their marriage they went one night to the theatre and witnessed a play, in which, in one of the scenes, there was enacted the slaughter of the Huguenots. The scene was so vivid and life-like that it greatly distressed the mind of the lady. She asked her husband, with bated breath and strained eyes, what it meant. The reply was, "It is a representation of the killing of the Huguenots." "Why were they killed?" asked his young wife. "Oh, they were killed for their heretical religion." "And was it for no other reason than for their religion?" "For no other reason: they were heretics." "And who had them killed?" "Why, I suppose it was done by order of the Church; *they were heretics.*" "And did our holy Church have these poor people massacred for no other reason than

The Strange Man in Black.

for believing Jesus Christ could save them without the help of our Church?" "For no other reason, so far as I know," was the reply. "They were not criminals, but heretics." And as far as he was able to do so the young husband related the story of the massacre, without either justifying or condemning it—speaking of it rather as a matter of course.

This scene, and the story of the slaughter of the Huguenots, with which she had not been familiar, so wrought upon the young wife that she begged her husband to take her home. For days she could not shake off the impression of that scene and the story. It continued to weigh upon her mind until she fell into a deep state of melancholy and profound conviction of sin. There was none to help or instruct her, and she was as utterly ignorant of the Bible as she was destitute of the possession of one.

The husband became so distressed and alarmed at his wife's condition that he called in medical advice. After hearing from the husband the occasion of his wife's mental distress, and from the lady herself the story of her horror—"that these poor people should be killed for their religion"—and being plied by her with questions concerning religion which he was utterly unable to answer, the physician withdrew and reported the case to the husband. "It is a case of religious monomania—a very bad one. You must act at once and promptly, or your wife will fall into hopeless melancholia, and perhaps end in permanent insanity. Do anything and everything that will divert her mind from the terrible subject that possesses her."

Acting upon this advice the husband began a round of pleasure and fashionable dissipation, such as even they had never before indulged in. Night after night they were out at the theatre, at concerts, at balls, and entertainments; the wife going reluctantly but obediently. One night they were at a great ball in the city. Of a sudden, like an apparition, there darted out before them a strange man dressed in black, and apparently a clergyman, though not a priest. This little man stepped up to the lady, and without a word of introduction or apology for speaking, said, with great eagerness, "Madam, do you know 'the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'" To this startling and unheard-of proclamation the

The Strange Man in Black.

lady replied, "What did you say, sir? Will you repeat those words?" At which the peculiar man in black again declared without note or comment, but with intense eagerness and pathos, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and then disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

The lady stood still for a moment dumbfounded, and then remarked to her husband, "Did you ever hear that before? That is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard. What can it mean?" But as she spoke and mused on these words, and climbed the broad and lofty stairway, there fell upon her a peace so sweet and ecstatic that her whole face seemed lit up with unearthly gladness.

She went at once into the crowded salon, and approaching the first lady whom she saw, she said to her, "I have just heard the most extraordinary statement. I wonder if you ever heard it, and what does it mean, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'"

In a few minutes the words were whispered from lip to ear, "M. has gone mad." But, like Paul, she was not mad, only filled with the gladness of God's blessed peace. Noting the excited (or what seemed to him the excited) state of mind in which his wife had been thrown, and the real excitement into which she was throwing the fashionable people in the salon, her husband took her home. For days she simply dwelt in a paradise of joy, repeating over and over again the words, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

She found out finally where the saying came from. For the first time she got hold of a Bible, and soon, devouring the New Testament, she learned the whole glad truth. It became the inspiration of a new life to her and to all about her. The Bible was now her daily companion, and she became a noble witness for Christ. Again and again she besought her husband to accept the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. She broke away from Rome, and took up with the few scattered Protestants whom she could find, and in her own circle continued to speak of the Saviour and His precious Blood, and His resurrection from the dead.

Some months after her husband gave a dinner party to a number of artists and other friends. At the table the conversation turned on religion, which was ridiculed as

The Strange Man in Black.

superstition; and presently blasphemous sneers were levelled at Jesus Christ and the Bible. After this conversation had gone on for a few minutes, Mr. M. arose at the head of the table, and said: "Gentlemen, I cannot have the Name and religion of Jesus Christ taken in vain and made the subject of ridicule at my table. Jesus Christ is the Son of God and our Saviour, and His Blood cleanseth



"OF A SUDDEN, LIKE AN APPARITION, THERE DARTED
OUT BEFORE THEM A STRANGE MAN IN BLACK."

The Strange Man in Black.

us from all sin." The effect of this speech may be more easily imagined than described. Mr. M. had never before articulated his faith, and his happy wife for the first time knew that her testimony and her life of peace had been blessed of God to his soul also.

Some months after the husband joined his wife in her new faith, and himself parted from the superstition of Rome. This lady lived on for sixty years, only dying a few months ago. She never ceased to carry her joy and testimony wherever she went, and became the leader of the Protestant faith among her class in the district.

The singular thing about the whole matter is the sudden appearance of the man in black in that great house on the night of a great ball, and his apparently mad approach into the ball-room. The explanation is simply this: He was a Protestant minister who had some occasion to visit the master of the house that night on business, and as he was about to leave he was seized with an irresistible impulse to tell the first person he met that "the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

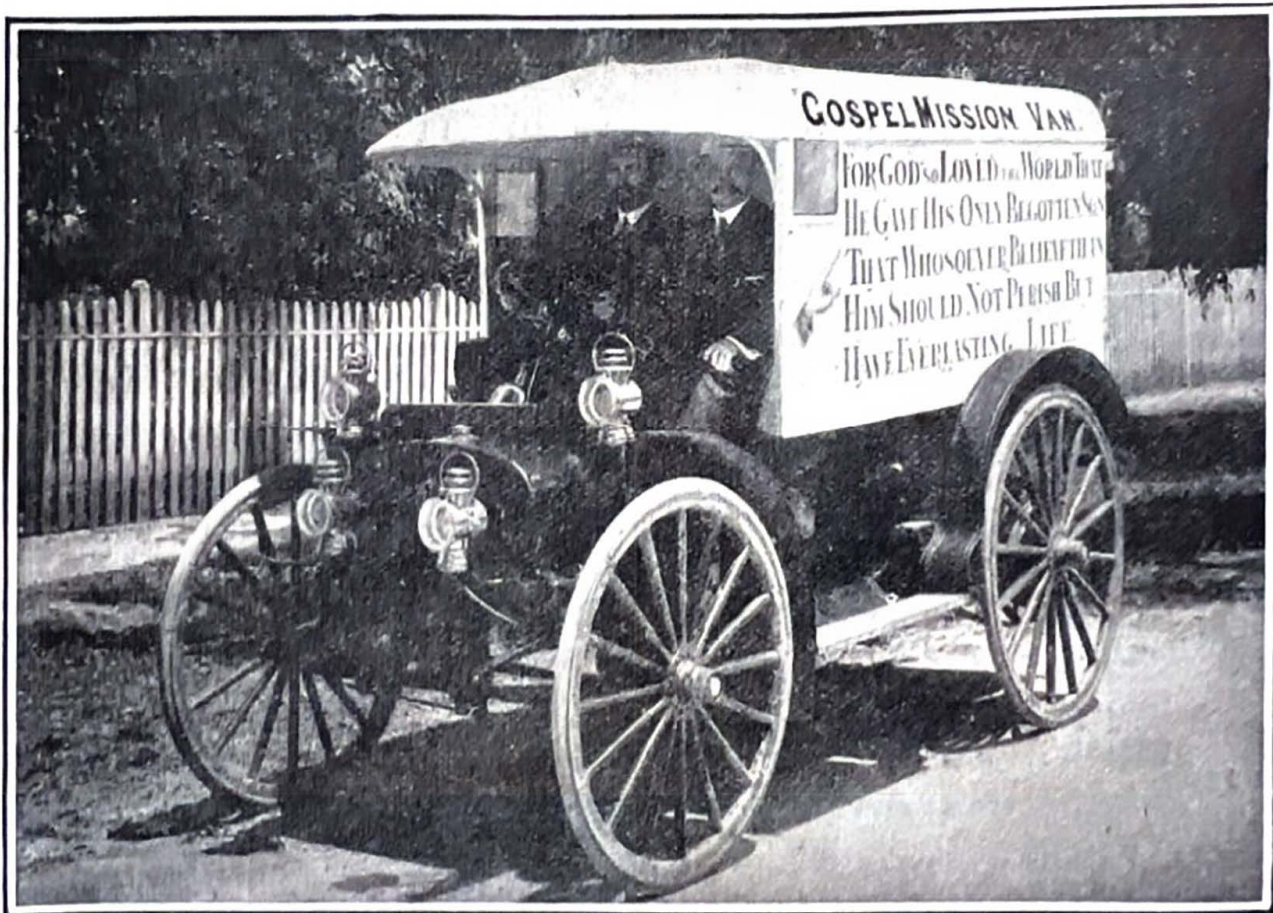
Let us ask, what is the Blood of Christ to you? What about your sins? We read, "And without *shedding of blood* is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). "It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17. 11). If unsaved, cease all efforts of your own to purchase the pardoning mercy of God. It has been procured at the cost of the precious blood of His beloved Son, and is pressed on your acceptance as a free gift. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

Who shall say that God, the Holy Spirit, who took Philip from Samaria to preach Jesus to the eunuch, is not still doing these wonders of grace? God has not forgotten to be gracious, and the Spirit of God has not ceased to "convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," nor to take extraordinary means to lead souls to God through Christ when extraordinary means of grace are necessary. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), and swell the eternal song "unto Him that loved us and loosed us from our sins in His own Blood, . . unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

DR. G. F. PENTECOST.

IN THE AUSTRALIAN BACKBLOCKS.

THE motor Gospel carriage shown in the photo is put to good use in Queensland, where settlers and others are in many cases hundreds of miles from a railway, and are often only visited once a year by a minister. The two evangelists, who can be seen sitting on the seat, visit as many as possible, and as often as opportunity offers they hold Gospel meetings. As an evidence that this backblocks work is not unavailing, we give the following account, in



From a Photograph.

A MOTOR GOSPEL CARRIAGE IN QUEENSLAND.

his own words, of one who was awakened to see his need through the visit of these evangelists, and afterwards led into the light of the Gospel and into assurance of Salvation.

"Almost ever since you left here I have been walking in darkness. I began to look within for something good, but could find nothing. Then I began making a saviour out of my own faith. Messrs. — and — tried hard to put me right. They showed me various passages of Scripture to prove that Christ had died for sinners. 'Yes,' I would

reply to their assurances, 'I know that, but I can't believe it.'

"I thought that my salvation depended on my faith. The impression on my mind was that the great Physician would heal the sinner, but He must receive faith as His fee, and, of course, I was trying to manufacture it. Many a night I tossed about, unable to rest, with a wet towel round my head to cool my fevered brain.

"This sort of thing went on for some months, when Mr. — lent me a little book to read by the late Donald Ross. His experience seemed to fit me very nicely. It said that after his conversion he had to pass through dark and distressing times. 'Well,' I thought, 'there is hope for me.'

"One Saturday evening Isaiah 53. 6 ran through my mind with unusual force. I went and got the Bible and read it : '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.' I reasoned thus : If the iniquity of us all was laid on Jesus by God, then mine must have been laid on Him ; and if mine was laid on Him, then I MAY BE SAVED. I believed that He died *for me*, and knew that I was saved."

The way of salvation always becomes clear and simple when we are content to hear what God says in His Word. It is against God we have sinned, and consequently it is God's forgiveness and salvation we need.

If the reader is one who knows in any measure his or her guilt before God, then we pray you to ponder the testimony of His grace :

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

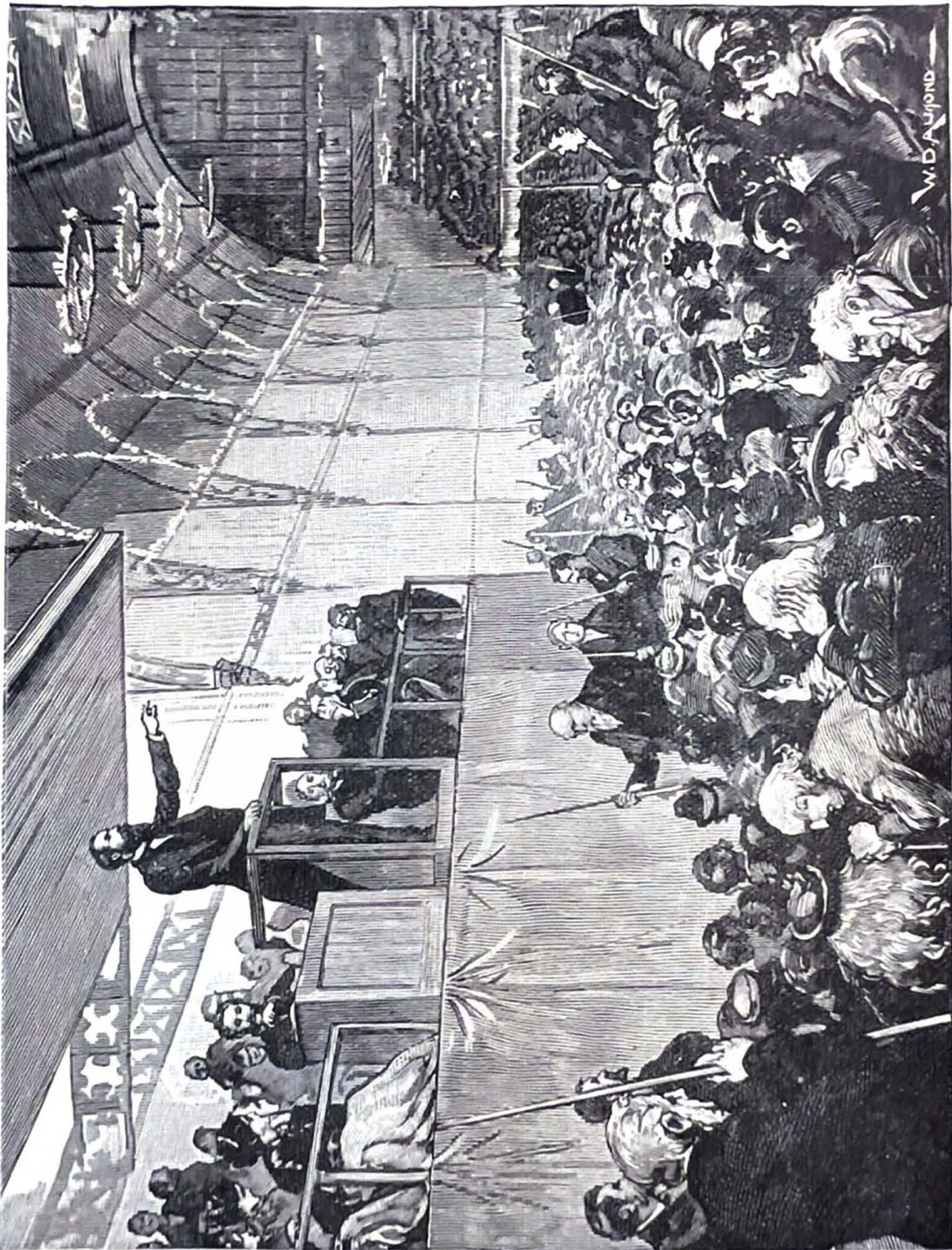
"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15).

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38).

Oh, trifle not with God ! Trifle not with your soul ! Trifle not with the powers of darkness ! God's love is real, His salvation is real, and His wrath will be as real. Trifle not with His grace, or you will certainly be a partaker of His wrath. As you are, and where you are, believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be eternally saved. "Come now." J.G.H.

D. L. MOODY'S DISCOVERY IN CHICAGO

THROUGH THE PREACHING OF HARRY MOORHOUSE.



D. L. MOODY PREACHING TO ONE OF THE LARGE AUDIENCES.

D. L. Moody preached the Gospel to about ten million people in many lands.
His companion, IRA D. SANKEY, is seen sitting by his side.

D. L. MOODY'S DISCOVERY IN CHICAGO THROUGH HARRY MOORHOUSE'S PREACHING.



FEW weeks ago I visited the grave of HARRY MOORHOUSE in Ardwick Cemetery, Manchester. His remains lie close to those of his old friend, RICHARD WEAVER. As I read the simple epitaph on the tombstone, with the life-giving words of John 3. 16, I remembered how his preaching from that Scripture was so much blessed of God to Mr. D. L. MOODY, the American evangelist.

Mr. Moody met Moorhouse at the Dublin Believers' Meetings, and in the course of conversation the Englishman announced to the American his intention of visiting America. A few weeks after Mr. Moody's arrival at his home he received a letter from Moorhouse, in which he said he had reached America and would come to Chicago and preach for him if he would like it. Mr. Moody, not knowing very much of Moorhouse, wrote him somewhat coldly as follows: "If you come west, call on me." Shortly afterwards Mr. Moody received a letter from Moorhouse stating that he would be in Chicago on a certain Thursday, and would preach for him if he desired it. As Mr. Moody was to be away from the city on that Thursday and Friday, he said to some of his office-bearers: "There is an Englishman who is coming here on Thursday and desires to preach. I don't know whether he can or not."

It was eventually decided that Moorhouse should take the Thursday night service, and if they were pleased with his preaching he was to take the Friday night meeting also. On Mr. Moody's return on the Saturday he asked his wife how the young Englishman had got on. "The people like him very much," said Mrs. Moody. "He has preached two sermons from that verse of John, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' and I think you will like him, although he preaches a little differently from you." "How is that?" "Well, he tells the worst sinners that God loves them." "Then," said I, "he is wrong." "I think you will agree with him when you hear him," said she, "because he backs up everything he says with the Bible."

"Sunday came," to continue Mr. Moody's narrative, "and as I went to the Church I noticed that every one

D. L. Moody's Discovery in Chicago.

brought his Bible. The morning address was to Christians. I had never heard anything quite like it. He gave chapter and verse to prove every statement he made. When night came the Church was packed. 'Now, beloved friends,' said the preacher, 'if you will turn to the third



HARRY MOORHOUSE, THE ENGLISH EVANGELIST.

chapter of John, sixteenth verse, you will find my text.' He preached the most extraordinary sermon from that verse. He did not divide the verse into secondly, thirdly, and fourthly; he just took the whole verse and went through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation to prove that in all ages God loved the world. God had sent pro-

D. L. Moody's Discovery in Chicago.

phets and patriarchs and holy men to warn us, and then He sent His Son, and after they had killed Him, He sent the Holy Ghost. I never knew up till that time that God loved us so much. This heart of mine began to thaw out. I could not keep back the tears. It was like news from a far country. I just drank it in. So did the crowded congregation. I tell you there is one thing that draws above everything else in this world, and that is love. I used to preach that God was behind the sinner with a double-edged sword, ready to hew him down. I have done with that. I preach now that God is behind him with love, and he is running away from the God of love.

"For six nights he preached on this one text. The seventh night came and he went into the pulpit. Every eye was upon him. He said, 'Beloved friends, I have been hunting all day for a new text, but I cannot find anything so good as the old one; so we will go back to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse,' and he preached the seventh sermon from these wonderful words, 'God so loved the world.' I remember the end of that sermon: 'My friends,' he said, 'for a whole week I have been trying to tell you how much God loves you, but I cannot do it with this poor stammering tongue. If I could borrow Jacob's ladder and climb up into Heaven, and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, to tell how much love the Father has for the world, all he could say would be, God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

About thirty-five years ago the writer said to Moorhouse: "I believe you preached seven times in succession in Mr. Moody's Tabernacle from John 3. 16." "Yes," was his reply, "and I pity the preacher that could not do so." Thousands and tens of thousands of ransomed souls will praise God eternally for John 3. 16.

"I used to preach that God was behind the sinner with a double-edged sword, ready to hew him down," was Mr. Moody's confession regarding his preaching previous to Harry Moorhouse's visit to Chicago. In after years the seed then sown brought forth a rich harvest of blessing.

It is to be feared that there are others besides D. L. Moody who are victims of the satanic delusion that "God is

D. L. Moody's Discovery in Chicago.

behind the sinner with a two-edged sword, ready to hew him down." What a caricature of the character and ways of God! It is perfectly amazing that any one in the face of John 3. 16 could believe that God does not love him. Satan, the god of this age, does his utmost to deceive the perishing. It is perfectly true that God is holy and righteous, but it is just as true that He is merciful and gracious. Harken to His solemn declaration: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for *why will ye die?*"

The proof that God loves you is the glorious fact that He gave His only begotten Son to suffer and die in your room and stead! "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5). The sin question was eternally settled at the Cross. God is perfectly satisfied with the "finished" work of Christ, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

There is one, and only one, way of escape, and it is contained in the blessed words: "Whosoever believeth in Him." It is not believing anything about yourself, good, bad, or indifferent, that saves. By believing ON HIM who did it all, and paid it all, a child of wrath becomes a son and heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ. Notice that the Lord did not say, "Whosoever believeth in Him, and acts up to it," nor, "Whosoever believeth in Him, and does the best he can," nor, "Whosoever believeth in Him with the right believing," but, "*Whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life." "I am not anxious enough," says one; "I am not sorry enough for my sins," says another. We don't question that for one single moment. It is not by believing in yourself, or anything about yourself, that procures deliverance; it is by believing ON CHRIST that salvation is obtained. We are no more saved *for* our faith than for our works. We are saved *through believing on Him* who paid the ransom with His precious blood and satisfied God's righteous and holy claims. The word "whosoever" takes in every class and condition of men, and therefore takes in you.

May you be enabled to say truthfully: "I am only a poor sinner; Jesus died for me. I believe in Him. God says I am saved, and so I know I am." A. M.

SAVED FROM THE "CRESSY."

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

If the holder of an Initial Telegram doubts its accuracy, he may have it repeated on payment of half the amount originally paid for its transmission, and further of 1d. for each (d. being understood as (d. and B.)) be found that there was any inaccuracy, the one first paid for repetition will be refused. Special regulations are applicable to the repetition of foreign telegrams.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions.

Shotley Gate
of last night

TO { Gray 785 Lumbernauld Rd
Dennestoun Glasgow

Saved James

Handled 10/30/14
Delivered 6/14/14

NEVER was a telegram more welcome than the one which bore the two simple words, "SAVED, JAMES," indicating that James Gray had been saved from the "Cressy" after she had been torpedoed in the North Sea on 22nd September, 1914.

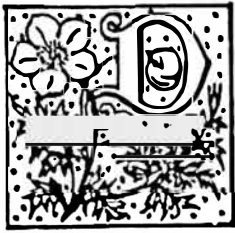
He was in danger of being LOST, else he could not have wired "saved." All are "lost" now (Matt. 18. 11), and in danger of being "lost eternally" (2 Thess. 1. 9).

He was SAVED from the doomed ship and a watery grave. All may be saved from "the wrath to come" by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "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).

He KNEW he was saved. "Ye may know that ye have Eternal Life" (1 John 5. 13) are the startling words of Holy Writ. If it is possible for anyone to know, why should you not be certain concerning the most important point—the knowledge of sins forgiven? *Are you?*

He DELIGHTED TO LET IT BE KNOWN. Rescued from a watery grave he wired home at once—"saved." Delivered from "so great a death" (2 Cor. 1. 10) and eternal doom, saved and kept unto Eternal Glory. Should not each one saved exclaim with the Apostle, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the Power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth?" *HYF.*

THE PEAT CARRIER'S CREED.



URING the summer of 1907 I had an interesting talk with a peat carrier whom I met outside the town of Lerwick, Shetland. The following is the substance of our conversation: On being asked if she was a Christian she immediately replied, "I hope so." "Are you saved?" "I cannot say that I am." "Do you believe in Jesus?" "Yes, I do."

After quoting the "wonderful words of life" as contained in John 3. 16, which she seemed to be able to repeat, I inquired what she thought a person had to do to be saved. Her answer was this: "Pray to God, believe in Jesus, take the sacrament, and do the best you can."

How sad to think that a woman thirty-six years a church member (as she told me) should be so ignorant of the salvation of God! With choicest portions of Scripture stored in her memory, which tell of God's way of peace, she was utterly ignorant of it in her heart. She knew that it was *necessary* for Christ to die on Calvary's Cross, but she had no idea that His death was *sufficient*. She was aware of the fact that no one could be forgiven apart from faith in Christ, but she believed that other things had to be added ere the great change of conversion to God could take place. "Good works," according to her belief, in addition to faith must be performed ere one could say that he was a "new creature." Yet the Scriptures clearly reveal the fact that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Down in her heart the Shetlander believed that prayer, observance of the "sacrament," and doing one's best had *something* to do with purchasing eternal life, though God's Word declares that it is a "free gift" (Romans 6. 23).

Ask the average professor of religion if he believes that a drunkard can be saved from sin's penalty by simple faith in Christ, and in nine cases out of ten you will be told that he does not believe any such doctrine; that one must believe in Christ *and act up to it* in order to secure God's "great salvation." The Roman Catholic doctrine of justification by *faith and works* is more widely believed among "Protestants" than most people imagine. The professed creed of Protestantism is *justification by faith alone*, apart from works; and what is better still, it is the Bible doctrine as expounded so clearly in the epistle to the Romans:

The Peat Carrier's Creed.

"To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). If any works of mine had anything whatever to do with purchasing the favour of God, salvation would not be *all of grace*.

Scripture distinctly and definitely declares that ungodly sinners who believe on Christ are "justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). The Apostle Paul asks, "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is *justified by faith* without the deeds of the law" (Romans 3. 27, 28). Cease attempting to *earn* God's salvation by your doings. "And if by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Romans 11. 6).

A. M.

"IF I DO MY PART, GOD WILL DO HIS."

A CHRISTIAN in the east of England used to say it took him forty-two years to learn three things—(1) That he could do nothing to save himself; (2) that God did not require him to do anything; and (3) that Christ did it all.

If *you* learn these three lessons, you will never talk about *your doings*. "Your part" is to admit that you are a helpless, hell-deserving sinner, unable to do anything to save yourself. "Your part" is to cease thinking of being saved by anything you can do or feel. "Your part" is to believe that Jesus did everything that was necessary—that He finished the work of atonement, and paid the ransom price with His precious blood. Whenever you cease trying to be saved by *your doings*, and believe on the Lord Jesus, who did it all and paid it all, you become a son of God, an heir of glory, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. "To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his FAITH is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). The Saviour on the Cross cried, "It is finished."

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

If God is satisfied with the "finished" work of Christ, you ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

