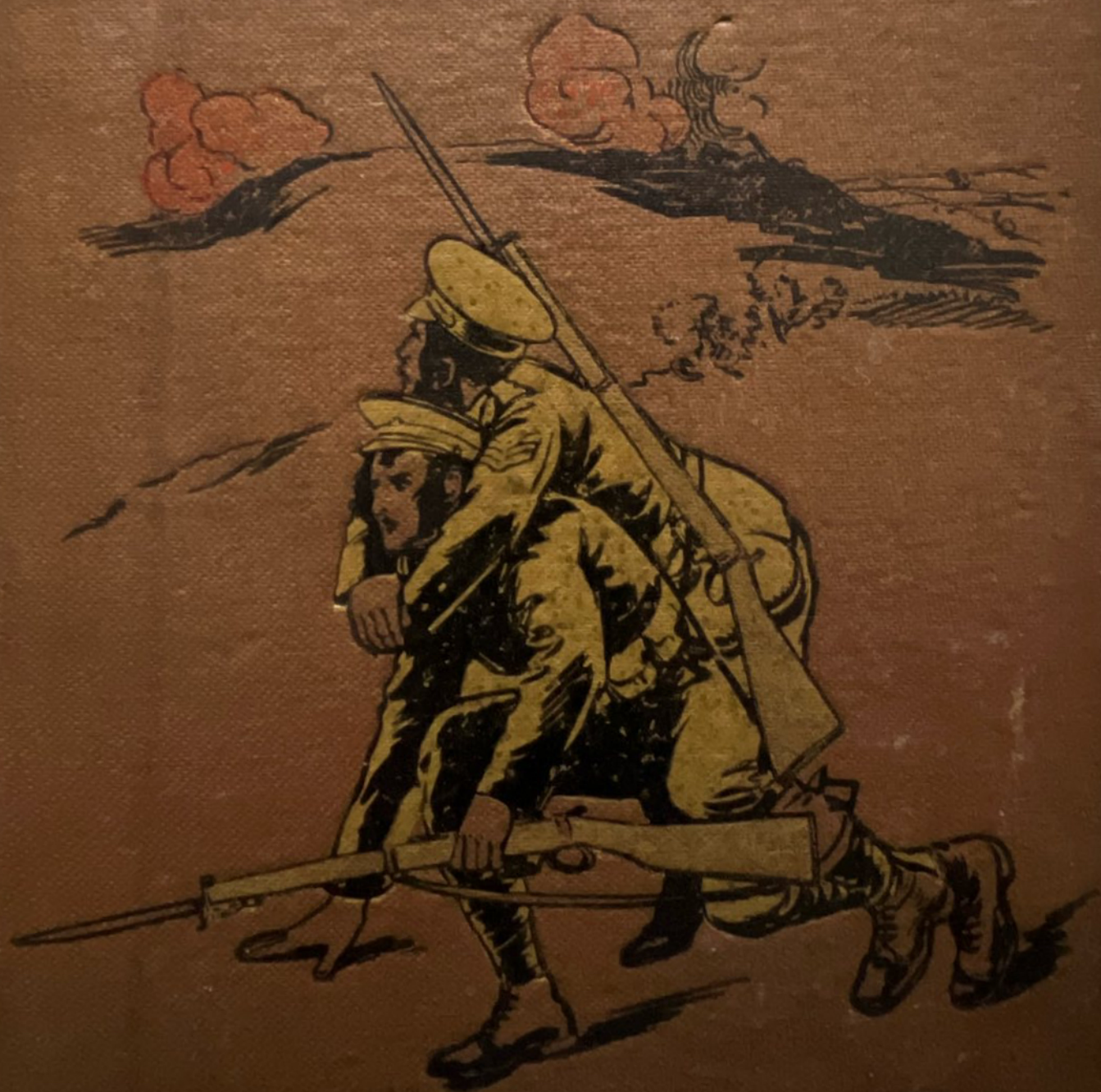


From the Front



*With Alexander Marshall's
Best Wishes.*

FROM
THE
FRONT.

The
Romance of Salvation
At Home and Abroad.

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 Views and Victories. Of soul-stirring interest to all

PICKERING & INGLIS, GLASGOW.

FROM THE FRONT

Thrilling Stories from Real Life

RECOUNTING

THE ROMANCE OF SALVATION
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

EDITED BY

ALEX. MARSHALL,

Author of "God's Way of Salvation," "The Right Road,"
"To the Uttermost," etc.



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From the Front.

FROM the Front comes the news of brave deeds such as that of PRIVATE CHARLES BELL, of the 1st West Yorks Regiment, who, seeing his sergeant drop during the battle of the Aisne, made up to him, bandaged up his wounds, got him on his back, and after two hours' terrible ordeal managed to reach the field transport, and thus THE SERGEANT WAS SAVED (see cover). *Such stories are told within.*—————>

From the Front comes the thrilling incident of how Private Jones was saved from temporal death through a copy of the New Testament given him by his mother. "It can save your soul as well," said the sergeant, which he found true before he retired to rest that night. **THUS BODY AND SOUL WERE SAVED BY THE WORD OF GOD.** *See photo of the Book in this volume.*—————>

From the Front in the Homeland to-day comes the story of an Atheist, a disciple of Charles Bradlaugh, Secretary of a Fabian Society, after being 20 years in the maze of unbelief, emerges into the sunlight of the Gospel of God, and thus **THE ATHEIST WAS SAVED.** *See "From Atheism to Christ" in this volume.*—————>

From the Front come the romantic, but real, stories of how MAJOR MALAN was saved in Meerut, Two French ladies were saved in a train, a SEA CAPTAIN was saved on the High Seas, an IRISH SOLDIER in a Red Cross Hospital, PEG-LEG TOM in the City of Chicago, the OLD COLONEL in Water Street Mission, an R.A.M.C. MAN "somewhere in France," an Italian maiden from great deeps, a SIGNALLER in the Dardanelles, Three CARD SHARPERS near London, and many more in many parts, **SAVED BY GRACE.** *All these and many more soul-stirring records detailed within.*—————>

THUS IS FILLED THIS VOLUME OF ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE WITH STORIES NEW, STORIES, TRUE, AND STORIES From the Front.

MAJOR MALAN'S MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY.

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.



Repairing the forward observing officer's telephone under fire.

"Some of the bravest deeds have been done by Christian Soldiers."

"I could never be a Christian AND a soldier," was the reply given to a worker when urging a soldier to accept of God's "great salvation."

MAJOR MALAN'S DISCOVERY.

"I COULD never be a Christian AND a soldier," was the reply given to a worker when urging a soldier to accept of God's "great salvation." Some of the bravest deeds of the present war have been done by Christian soldiers, and some of the bravest and most devoted followers of the Lord Jesus have been soldiers. Amongst such we would mention the name of MAJOR MALAN, a faithful servant of his sovereign and a noble soldier of Christ Jesus. When a mere boy he was pierced with five bullets at the assault on Sebastopol, in the Crimean campaign, and was invalided to England. After being a few months in the homeland he accompanied his regiment to India at the time of the terrible mutiny which shook the Indian Empire. On landing at Kurrachee his regiment marched to Hyderabad, and was sent to Lahore. At the age of 21 he attained the rank of captain.

Although Captain Malan had a godly mother he was not at that time a Christian. He knew that one had to be "born again" (John 3. 3) in order to become a true disciple of Christ. He tells us in his autobiography that he read the Bible daily as a duty, though he did not understand it. Years afterwards, in referring to his unconverted days, he said: "I read my Bible, I liked reading it, but I read it very much as I can now read the Kaffir Bible in the Roman character; I can pronounce the words, but do not understand what they mean." Major Malan read the Kaffir Bible in Roman character, but was ignorant of its meaning. Words are like boxes, or packages, lying in a railway goods station. Though the porter handles them he does not know their contents. So of the good news of the Gospel. Men repeat texts of Scripture, and argue regarding the necessity, nature, and extent of the atonement without understanding what Christ's death has accomplished for them. "Blessed is the people that *know* the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance" (Psa. 89. 15). God's wondrous love to us is manifested at Calvary, and what Christ did for you is enough.

Major Malan gives us his testimony as follows: "I had often been told, 'Do this,' 'Do that,' 'Be sorry,' 'Repent,' and many other things I was to do. I had been told, 'Don't do this,' 'Don't do that,' 'God will be angry,'

Major Malan's Discovery.

but that my sin had been atoned for, that God really loved me, and that Christ could keep me from my sin, I had not understood. Thus, not knowing that my sins were forgiven, I read the Bible like a blind man, and good resolutions vanished like mists before the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life."

Many are told to do similar things now. It has been well said that there are but two religions—the true and the false—man's religion and God's; that man's religion is a religion of two letters, DO; and that God's religion is a religion of four letters, DONE. When a soul is awakened to see his guilt and peril he begins to try and *merit* forgiveness. He prays and works, gives of his means, and observes outward ordinances, hoping to atone for the past. But it is all of no avail. Future good conduct cannot atone for past transgressions. Sinners are not saved on account of what *they* do, but *on account of what Christ did for them*. After "trying" and "working," "repenting" and "resolving," the seeking soul was led to apprehend God's Way of Salvation.

We will give the story of his deliverance in his own words. "When quartered at Meerut I was riding back from mess one night upon my camel, grieving as usual over the uselessness of my life, for the glory of God, and the good of man, when as a ray from Heaven there came into my mind the verse of a chapter I had read to my men: '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' (Isa. 53. 6). What! the iniquity of us all! Then all *my* iniquity, that means all my sins of omission as well as commission; all my sins, past, present, and future, ALL LAID BY GOD ON CHRIST. Oh, the peace! How I got down from my camel, ran to my room, and falling on my knees before God, praised and blessed Him and the Lord Jesus Christ. I have often been grieved and distressed by sin, but I have never lost that peace—peace through the blood of Christ."

What a wonderful discovery! What a merciful and mighty deliverance! Where do you stand? Are you making *for* Salvation? or have you ceased all efforts of your own and rested on the "finished" work of Christ? Ponder the life-giving words of Isaiah 53. 6 that were

Major Malan's Discovery.

blessed to Major Malan: "ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY." Is *that* true? "Oh, yes," you say, "that is a fact." Granted that some have gone farther astray from the path of obedience than others, *all* of us have gone astray. "WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY." Is that true? "Yes, that also is true." Now, carefully consider the last clause of the verse: "AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL." Is that true? "Yes," you reply; "if the first and second part of the verse is true the last part of it must be true also." Was YOUR sin, then, laid on the head of Christ? "I have tried to lay it on Him," you say. But you are too late. Christ is not now on the Cross; He is in the Glory, and no sin can be laid on Him. The blessed fact, however, is this: GOD DID IT 1900 YEARS AGO. If your sin was not laid by God on the spotless head of His beloved Son *when He was hanging on the Cross of Calvary* it cannot be laid on Him now. The *sin question* was then eternally settled by Christ.

Think of Major Malan's words: "What! the iniquity of us all! Then all my iniquity, that means all my sins of omission as well as commission; all my sins, past, present, and future, ARE LAID BY GOD ON CHRIST." What a wondrous Gospel! What a wonderful Saviour! What matchless love! And the way of Salvation so simple! "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). The work that saves is completed. God is satisfied, God is glorified by the atoning sacrifice of His beloved Son. "Whosoever believeth in Him" will be saved, and *none others*. The crowning sin, the condemning sin of the sinner, is the fact that though Christ has given Himself a ransom for all (1 Tim. 2. 6), and therefore for him, he continues neglecting or rejecting God's Salvation.

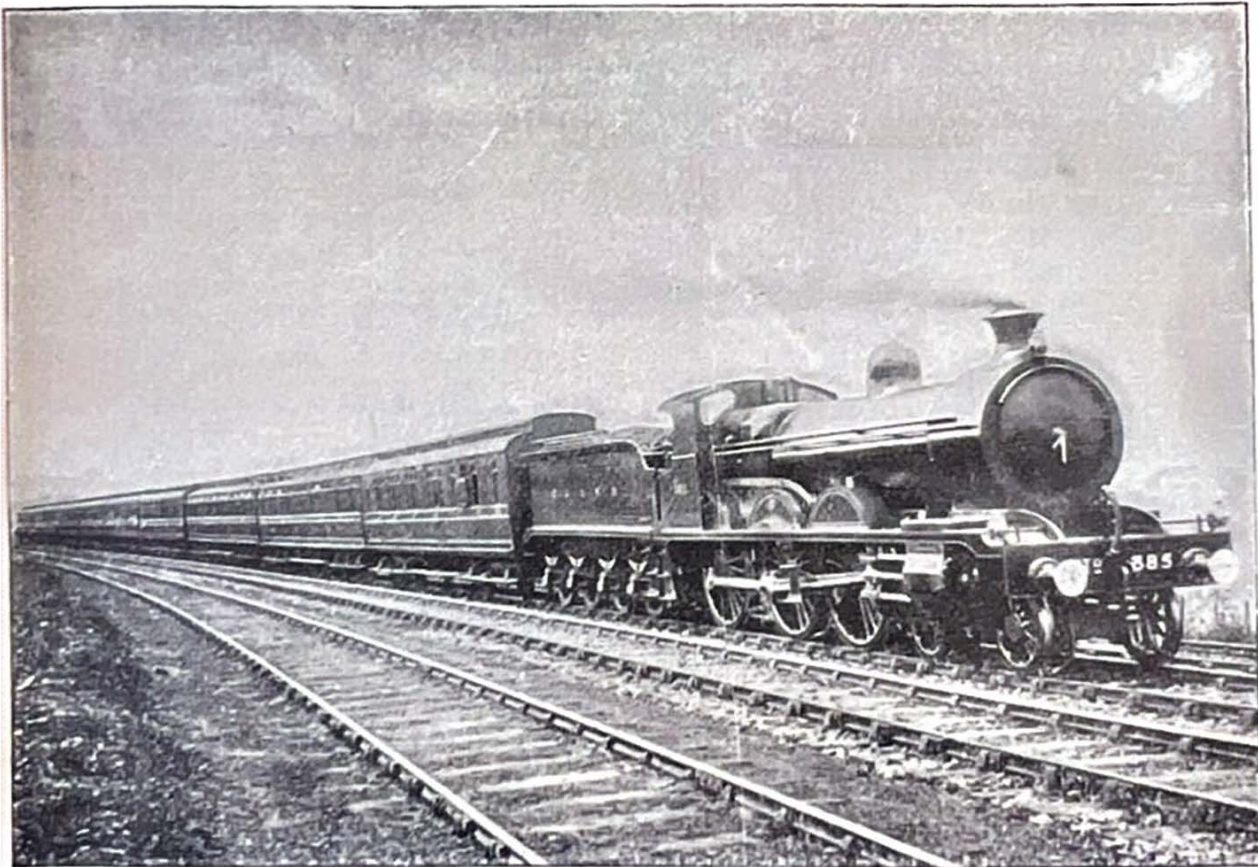
Don't say that you "always believed" on Him. "Who-soever" believes on Him is saved, justified, and a present possessor of eternal life. Take God at His word. May you be enabled to sing truthfully the lines:

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

A. M.

BETTER THAN the "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

AFTER a brief visit to my native city I was about to return south, and had just taken my seat in the morning express when two ladies entered the compartment. They were French, and had been spending the summer amid some of our finest scenery. The train had hardly started before we entered into a friendly conversation. With the pleasing manners which characterise the French, my female companions began to extol the beauties of our



MIDLAND ROUTE CORRIDOR EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAIN.

lakes; their praise rose still higher as they commented upon the British national character. They had been favourably impressed indeed, especially with our social order, the moral purity of our domestic life, and the general truthfulness of the people. "We are sincerely delighted with the *entente cordiale*, which has drawn Great Britain and France into such a friendly union," remarked Madame F., the younger of the two ladies. They did not, however, conceal their regretful surprise at observing the intemperance, even among women, which stains our city life, and the consequent neglect of the

children, who go barefooted and bareheaded in our crowded slums. "Yes, mesdames, I can assure you that all right minded people here admit the sad connection between the *distress* and the *drink*. It is our greatest national evil."

We had not travelled far when the conductor entered the compartment and politely requested "Tickets, please," giving me more than an ordinary look, which he repeated, as if there was beneath it some matter of special interest.

My two companions handed the conductor their tourist tickets, which he examined carefully. Finding that they were not available for a certain portion of the journey, he informed the ladies that a small extra fare would be charged. He soon discovered that they did not understand English, and I offered to explain the matter to them in their native tongue.

The difficulty about the tourists' tickets was soon satisfactorily settled, and the conductor left our compartment, giving me a lingering, significant look which caused me to feel that he knew me. "What a courteous conductor," exclaimed Madame B., endorsed by Madame F.

In about ten minutes the conductor returned to our compartment, and, with a cordial greeting, addressed me. "Excuse me, I think I know you. You are Mr. A. Italy." "Yes, that is my name," I replied, endeavouring to reciprocate the conductor's geniality. "I thought I recognised you. I heard you speak recently at a Conference." "Then I hope you are my brother," "Thank God I am," replied the conductor with a visible joy which caused Madame B. to whisper to her friend, "What a pleasant gentleman this official is." "Yes, indeed," responded Madame F., "but I wonder what they have been talking about in such a friendly manner."

After a few minutes conversation the conductor shook hands with me and left the compartment. Immediately Madame F. gave expression to her feelings of agreeable wonder. "Monsieur, you have had a very pleasant conversation with the conductor. What a courteous gentleman he is; so obliging. I suppose he was thanking you for so kindly interpreting for us?" "No, madame, he was telling me something better than that. In fact, I have just discovered that he is my brother!" "What?"

exclaimed the mesdames, "your *brother*?" "Yes, my own dear brother! And I love him, and he loves me." "Oh, we observed how very cordial you were; but, monsieur, you say that you have only just discovered this. Why is it so, monsieur? Was it he or you that made the discovery?" inquired Madame B. "He did, madame." "But," continued Madame B., "he looks much younger than you. Perhaps he is your stepbrother." "No, madame, he is my full, real brother."

"This is strange and interesting," exclaimed Madame B. to her friend, with an expression which evinced a desire to hear more about the remarkable discovery. Madame F. remained silent and pensive, evidently musing upon the strange coincidence which had just taken place before her very eyes. Shortly, giving me an inquisitive look, she smiled and suggested: "Monsieur, I fancy there is a *parabole* in all this." "Yes, madame, there is a beautiful parable, as you call it, in the happy discovery which I have just made, and let me explain it to you."

The French ladies, evidently prepared for an unusual experience, listened with rapt attention to the interpretation of the *parable*. I began: "Well, mesdames, I told you I have just discovered that the conductor is my brother, and so he is, for we are brethren in Christ. It is a spiritual bond that unites us; faith in our one Saviour and Lord, as it is written in God's Word: 'As many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become children of God' (John 1. 12). So all who accept Christ as their own personal Saviour receive the birthright to become children of God, and therefore they are henceforth brethren through this new spiritual birth into the family of God their Father."

"This is beautiful," exclaimed Madame F. "You see, mesdames, that there neither is nor was there any secret plot in this happy coincidence."

"Oh, monsieur, we can see that. It is beautiful. We would gladly have come to England only to have enjoyed this delightful experience. We have witnessed so much sham, ceremonial religion, that we have become merely nominal Catholics. All our religion was external; there was no spiritual reality in it. But we have seen clearly that between the conductor and you there is a Christian

Better than the "Entente Cordiale."

bond which is more than human, for we noticed that in a moment after your happy surprise you became united as brethren." "Yes, madame, just as earthly brothers have earthly and temporal things in common, so spiritual brothers enjoy the communion of heavenly things."

"But, monsieur, would you not call all men your brethren?" "Brotherhood, madame, depends upon sonship. God is Creator of all men, and therefore all men are fellow-creatures, for as Christ said: 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me' " (John 14. 6). "But are all men not born into this world children of God?" "No, madame, we 'must be born again,' as Christ said. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is Spirit' (John 3. 6). And the apostle Paul says: 'Ye are all children of God by faith in Christ Jesus' " (Gal. 3. 26).

"This relationship is deeper and wider than the *entente cordiale*!" exclaimed Madame B., smilingly. "Yes, it is not national nor international. 'Ye are all one in Christ Jesus' (Gal. 3. 28), says the Word of God." "I perceive now that it is not church or creed that makes me a child of God, but my personal faith in my Saviour who died to save me. It is a new life."

"What has impressed *me* most," said Madame F., "is the spiritual reality of all this, as evinced in your immediate and perfect friendship with the conductor, *your brother*, without any intermediate connection. We generally become mutual friends through a common relationship with some other friend by whom we are introduced, or of whom we speak, and we soon find that he is well known to us both, or the connecting link may be a place in which we have common interests." "Yes, madame, that is so. And *my brother* and I have such common interests of place and person: the place is Calvary, and the Person is Christ." "This is beautiful," exclaimed Madame B., to which sentiment her friend concurred.

The train was now nearing its terminus, and my lady companions thanked me for the very pleasant conversation, adding: "Monsieur, we came to visit England, attracted by the happy *entente cordiale*, but we have discovered that there is another still better *entente cordiale*, that of Jesus Christ, and we, too, are *your sisters* in Him." J. S. A.

A MILLION DOLLARS AT STAKE.

"IF YOU GET A REPLY WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, I WILL GIVE YOU
500 DOLLARS."



From a photograph.

BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"A MILLION DOLLARS AT STAKE."



AT a commercial crisis in the United States of America a gentleman entered a telegraph office, and, handing a letter to an operator, said, "I'll give you 25 dollars if you can obtain a reply in half an hour." "It cannot be done, sir," was the quick response. The gentleman, who was evidently labouring under intense emotion, said, "Despatch it, and if you get a reply within half an hour I'll give you 500 dollars." "I'll do my best," said the operator, and immediately commenced work. The American walked up and down the telegraphic office greatly excited. Ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five minutes passed, but no reply was received. At last it arrived, shortly before the half-hour. The operator passed it on to the gentleman, who glanced at the contents, and, with beaming face, exclaimed, "Just saved." "That must be a very important message," suggested the operator. "Yes," was the reply, "a million dollars at stake," and as he said so he threw 500 dollars on the table for the operator's benefit, and left rejoicing in his unexpected success.

No wonder the American was excited. A million dollars is a large sum to be lost or gained. A million dollars, however, is a very small amount compared with the loss of a soul. Yet hundreds of thousands of shrewd business men are *risking* the loss of their souls every day of their lives, and they don't seem to be excited or alarmed about it. To lose one's property, money, sight, or health is a very serious matter, but to lose one's soul is such a loss that nothing can restore. IF THE SOUL IS LOST ALL IS LOST.

May I be permitted to ask the plain, simple, but all important question, "Is your soul safe for Eternity?" Don't give the reply that a rich man gave to one who sought to help him Heavenward: "Soul, soul! bother my soul! I have not sufficient time to attend to my ships!" But God laid him on a sick bed and gave him ample time to think about his soul. Few persons have the courage to look the matter fairly in the face and ascertain how

"A Million Dollars at Stake."

their soul stands in relation to Eternity. Most people look upon the acquisition of wealth, the obtaining of honour, position, fame, or pleasure of more importance than their eternal salvation.

Ponder the question put by the greatest of Teachers nearly 1900 years ago: "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16. 26). What profit would there be in such a transaction? None, whatever! No one, of course, has gained the "whole world," but there are those who have obtained in measure what they have gone in for. They have obtained wealth, fame, honour, and social position, yet they admit that after all they are not *satisfied*. How true are the words of Scripture, that "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase" (Eccles. 5. 10).

Soul satisfaction can only be found in Christ. He saves and satisfies the deepest longings of the human breast. In order to obtain this satisfaction you must *first* obtain the forgiveness of sins. How could one have solid rest and peace with sin unforgiven? Harken to God's Royal Proclamation to all who are seeking solid satisfaction: "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). By believing on Christ, who died to save you from the wrath and curse due to sin, you will obtain a free and full forgiveness.

Though "easy" *for us* it was not "easy" for Christ to bear sin's penalty. He shed His precious blood to redeem us from eternal ruin. "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3. 14, 15). Whenever you believe on the Lord Jesus, love and life and lasting joy are yours. You will then be able to sing from the heart: "It is well, it is well with my soul." If, however, you procrastinate, and delay accepting of God's proffered mercy, without one moment's warning you may be cut down in your sins and spend eternity in the abode of despair. "Now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Believe now on Him who bore sin's penalty and died that you might be eternally saved. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). A. M.

CONFIRMED IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE following incident is related by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. While he was in Constantinople, soon after the Crimean War, a colonel in the Turkish army called to see him, and said: "I want to ask you one question. What proof can you give me that the Bible is what you claim it to be—the Word of God?"

Dr. Hamlin evaded the question, and drew him into conversation, during which he learned that his visitor had travelled a great deal, especially in the East, in the region of the Euphrates. "Were you ever in Babylon?" asked the doctor. "Yes; and that reminds me of a curious experience I had there. I am very fond of sport, and having heard that the ruins of Babylon abound in game, I determined to go there for a week's shooting. Knowing that it was not considered safe for a man to be there except in the company of several others, and money being no object to me, I engaged a sheik with his followers to accompany me for a large sum. We reached Babylon and pitched our tents.

"A little before sundown I took my gun and strolled out to have a look round. The holes and caverns among the mounds which cover the ruins are infested with game, which, however, is rarely seen except at night. I caught sight of one or two animals in the distance, and then returned to the encampment, intending to begin my sport as soon as the sun had set. What was my surprise to find the men striking the tents.

"I went to the sheik and protested most strongly. I had engaged him for a week, and was paying him handsomely, and here he was starting off before our contract had scarcely begun. Nothing I could say, however, would induce him to remain. 'It isn't safe,' he said, 'no mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. In the dark, ghosts, goblins, ghouls, and all sorts of things come out of the holes and caverns, and whoever is found here is taken off by them and becomes one of themselves.' Finding that I could not persuade him, I said, 'Well, as it is, I'm paying you more than I ought to; but if you stay, I'll double it.' 'No,' he said, 'I couldn't stay for all the money in the world. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon. But I want to do what is right by you. We'll go off to a place about an hour distant and

Confirmed in Constantinople.

come back at daybreak.' And go they did; and my sport had to be given up."

As soon as he had finished Dr. Hamlin took his Bible and read from it in Isaiah, chapter 13: "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there. But wild beasts of the



CONSTANTINOPLE AS SEEN FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."

"That's it exactly," said the Turk, "but that's *history* you've been reading." "No," answered Dr. Hamlin, "it is *prophecy*. Come, you're an educated man; you know that the Old Testament was translated into Greek about 300 years before Christ." He acknowledged

Confirmed in Constantinople.

that it was. "And the Hebrew was given at least 200 years before that?" "Yes." "Well, wasn't this written when Babylon *was in its glory*, and isn't it prophecy?" "I'm not prepared to give you an answer now," he said, "I must have time to think it over." "Very well," said Dr. Hamlin, "do so, and come back when you're ready and give me your answer."

Dr. Hamlin never saw him again; but what an unexpected testimony to the truth of the Bible in regard to the fulfilment of prophecy did that Turkish officer give even in Constantinople, the heart of the Moslem world!

Rest assured that as certain as the prophecy concerning Babylon was confirmed by that conversation in Constantinople, so certain will all the predictions and promises of God's Word be verified.

Let me cite some which have special reference to *ourselves*.

I. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his ways and live" (Ezek. 33. 11). Therefore, if our doom be like the doom of Babylon, God will have no pleasure in it. "He delighteth in mercy" (Micah 7. 18).

II. "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). Millions have put this promise to the test, and found it true. Will *you* do so by saying, "God loved—God gave—I believe on the Son—I have Everlasting Life."

III. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new" (2 Cor. 5. 17). Believe first, and possess life, then the new life and new experiences will be evident to all. Forgiveness of sins and power to overcome sin will be yours the moment you are in Christ.

IV. "The Hour is coming, in the which *all* that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation" (John 5. 28, 29). In which resurrection shall you and I be found? In which company in Eternity? "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire" (Rev. 20. 15). P-G.

"OLD JOHN IS DEAD, I AM NEW JOHN."



OLD John, the fish-seller of L., was a remarkable character, remarkably bad; so bad that neither God nor man could repair him; he must be made *new*, or be useless—worse than useless—lost for ever. He was known as “drunken John the fish-seller.” One night he stumbled into a Hall where the Gospel was being preached. There he sat

in bewilderment, with his bonnet on his head. Before long he was surprised to see the speaker come along where he was sitting; and putting his hand on his shoulder, he began to speak to him kindly. John shrank back, and pushed the hand off his shoulder—not that he was displeased, but thought it was a little too much for a clean hand to touch his shoulder, which was covered with little more than black rags. But the man of God, with all the love of his Master, looked John full in the face; seeing his misery, wretchedness, and sin, his whole soul was moved with compassion for him. Putting his hand on his shoulder again, he just said, “God so loved the *world*, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” The truth went right home to John’s dark heart. “*God*,” he thought, “God—God so loved—the *world*; then God must have loved poor drunken John of L——; for, drunken and guilty as I am, still I am part of the world.”

His eyes were opened; he saw the wide arms of God’s

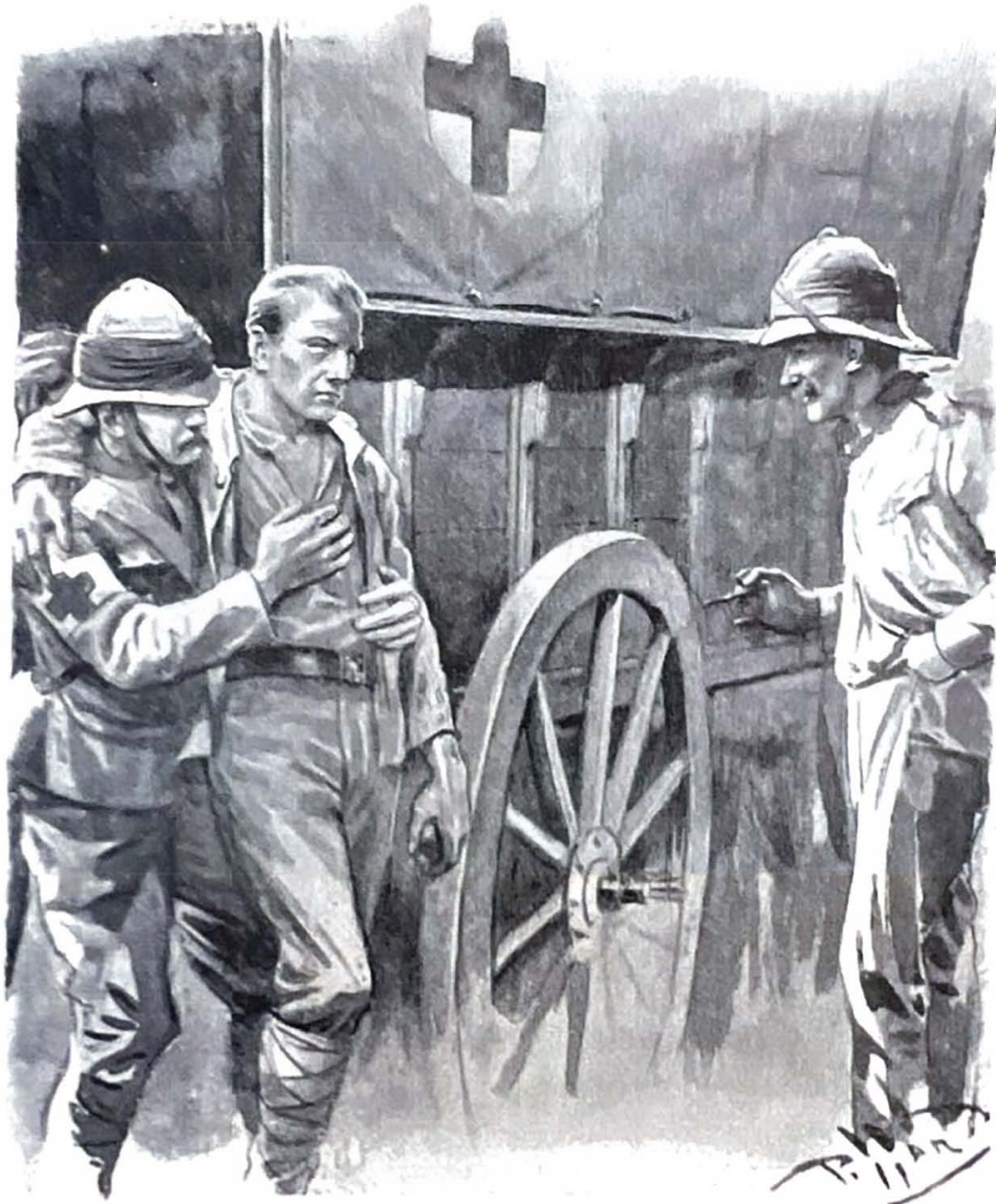
love embracing a lost world—embracing *him*. His heart was melted, large hot tears washed white gutters down his blackened face. He believed on Christ and was "saved."

On entering his wretched house, his wife and only son were in. Addressing her: "Sal, lass," he said, "*I have been converted.*" They knew as little about conversion as he had known until that night, and so only muttered, "*Drunk as usual!*" After a little time, his wife remarked that it was bed-time. "Oh! but Sal, lass," said John, "I've been converted, and before we go to bed we must get on our knees." John knew nothing of prayer, but his heart was *full* with a new joy which struggled for expression. He soon remembered how he used to express his worldly joy, if ever he had any; so taking off his Kilmarnock bonnet, he gave it a swing round his head, and shouted, "*Hurrah for Jesus.*"

The news spread abroad that John was converted, and the women gathered round him in the street, some to buy his fish, but more to see what like John was, now he was converted. "Sure enough, there *is* a great change in him," said one. "He is not drunk," remarked another. "Not swearing as before," said a third. There was old John, with his face shining with joy, selling his fish, and telling all around, "*God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.*" "Father," said his son one day, "father, if you are to keep on converted, it would be as well if we could get a better house." John said little, but shortly after, seeing a nice house to let in a respectable street, he went to the landlord and said, "You have a house to let in such a street, sir." "Yes, I have, who wants it?" "I want it." "You want it?" "Yes, I want it." "Do you think I would let one of my respectable houses to *you*?" "You do not know who I am, sir." "Oh yes, I know you too well." "I think you are mistaken." "Oh! no, I am not mistaken, you are old drunken John, the fish-seller." "Ah! sir, I thought you were mistaken. *Old John is dead. I am new 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!' I have believed God, and have that everlasting life. If you're afraid, sir, about your rent, I'll pay in advance." This was too much for the landlord. John's words and actions went together. He got the house, and lived in it for long, telling to all around what great things the Lord had done for his soul.

THE SOLDIER'S PILLOW:

ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.



"He had been severely wounded during the siege."

His sad, wan countenance attracted the attention of a lady coming from her home at Port Elizabeth to England, and she sought an opportunity of speaking to him.

THE SOLDIER'S PILLOW.



EARLY in the year 1900 the "Dunvegan Castle" was homeward bound from the Cape, having on board many of those who had passed through the siege of Ladysmith, including the famous General White. Among the passengers was a young man who had been severely wounded during the siege, and was coming home in the hope of once more greeting those whom he loved.

His sad, wan countenance attracted the attention of a lady coming from her home at Port Elizabeth to England, and she sought an opportunity of speaking to him, but for some time without success. One day, however, when the sun was shining brightly and the heat was tempered by a most refreshing breeze, the lady was sitting on deck enjoying the air and sunshine. Presently the stewards assisted to the chair beside her the young man in whom she had become so interested. His pinched cheeks and laboured breathing touched her kindly heart, and leaning forward she ventured to remark:

"You have been very ill; I am so sorry." "Thank you," he replied. "I was well and strong before I went out to the front, but the strain of that terrible siege has almost done for me." "Have you no hope of recovery?" inquired his questioner. "I have no hope of anything," was the unhappy man's reply. It was evidently paining him to speak, and the quick eye of his kindly friend at once detected this. "You find speaking difficult," she said, "but it will not hurt you to listen, and I should like to talk to you a little if I may."

Permission was readily granted, and the lady resumed: "Your career is evidently blighted, and your hold on life becoming very feeble, and it may be that you have not taken God into account sufficiently in the ordering of your ways. Let me assure you, though, that He has not forgotten *you*, and is now perfectly willing to forgive all the past if you will but turn to Him in true repentance. Nothing that you or I could do would ever remove one stain of sin, 'for by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified' (Rom. 3. 20), but God Himself foresaw our need, and sent into this world of sin and folly His own beloved Son. Through Him, and Him alone, by virtue of His wondrous

The Soldier's Pillow.

death on Calvary, the way back to God has now been opened up for sinful men, and every repentant sinner who pleads the merits of the Blood of Jesus will be welcomed and righteously forgiven by the God against whom he has so long and so grievously sinned. If you, so weak and weary, put your trust wholly in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be able to speak with adoring heart of the Son of God, 'Who loved ME, and gave Himself for ME' '' (Gal. 2. 20).

The young sufferer had been listening with almost painful eagerness to the lady's words, and when she added, "If you have another weary night to-night, take for your pillow those wonderful words, 'The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' '' He replied, with deep-drawn breath, "I will, thank God; this *shall* be my pillow to-night; yes, my pillow to-night."

The two met no more that day, nor, as it turned out, did they ever meet again. Early on the following morning the "Dunvegan's" passengers were startled, as they were dressing, by the sudden stopping of the ship's engines, and those who hurried on deck were just in time to see lowered into the water the dead body, heavily weighted, of the young invalid stranger, who had reached home sooner than he or any one on board had expected. Apparently his pillow had been changed from the Saviour's love to the Saviour's bosom, but only just in time did he drink in the message of that wondrous love.

Death does not come to all so suddenly as to this young soldier, but it is wise to be always ready, for who knows what the morrow may bring forth?

How is it with *you*, in view of Death, Judgment, and Eternity? These dread realities need have no terrors for you if you have believed the Gospel of God.

We have to do with a God of holiness as well as love, and He cannot pardon His erring creature at the expense of His righteousness. The work of Christ, however, is of such infinite value that the sins of all who plead it can be righteously forgiven, and God can be "just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3. 26).

Turn, then, to God in simple faith, bring your deep-felt need to the waiting Saviour, and prove the truth of the blessed words: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

W. B. W.

"I GIVE MY BLOOD, I DO NOT SELL IT."

AMIDST the awful carnage and horror of war opportunities for self-sacrifice and heroism abound. Few, however, of the many touching incidents which have been retold can equal, for devotion and simplicity, the following story of a French soldier as recorded in the *Times*:

"A wounded man in the hospital of the Grand Hotel, Paris, was going to be operated upon, but he was so feeble that the surgeon hesitated, saying, 'If only some one would render to him some blood.' 'If only that is necessary, here I am,' replied a wounded soldier, a Breton. The transfusion took place. The staff of the hospital, moved by the devotion of this man whom they knew to be very poor, got up a subscription, seeking discreetly here and there, and collected five hundred francs, which they were delighted to offer him. Approaching his bed one day a member of the staff spoke of the service rendered, thanked him, and offered him the money, and this was the response: 'No, no, I give my blood, I do not sell it.' "

The noble sacrifice and simple answer of this hero point us to that "Sacrifice of richer Blood and nobler Name," which alone is the basis of "peace with God" through which a sinner can be justified and find acceptance and salvation.

The Breton soldier freely gave his blood to secure the life of a fellow-sufferer, expecting no reward in return. In "greater love" the Son of God left the glories of Heaven, became the "Man of Sorrows," and "poured out His soul unto death" (Isa. 53. 12). His death has satisfied the claims of God's holiness, and through His Blood, poured out on Calvary, redemption has been accomplished.

"The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7) is the message of Scripture to all who believe. To secure pardon and cleansing no effort or sacrifice is required. The precious Blood of Christ is not for sale; neither merit nor money can procure the forgiveness which it brings. **FAITH IN CHRIST ALONE WILL SAVE.** "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). A simple faith in the Son of God will secure for you this eternal blessing. Why not therefore cease your endeavours, trust Him fully, and trust Him now? J. H.

"I SEE IT! I SEE IT!"

"JESUS DID IT ALL, AND IT WAS IN THE BOOK ALL THE TIME."

IN the winter of 1914 I was holding evangelistic services in a Canadian city. One night I came across a young Scotsman in the after-meeting who was anxious about the Salvation of his soul. He had again and again heard the Gospel of the grace of God proclaimed. The glorious fact had been declared that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; that He was buried and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4),



Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

and because of what He did and suffered on our behalf all who believe the "good news" are saved and have eternal life. The inquirer could not at first take it in. Christ died for sinners, for all, therefore for him. But what good had Christ's death done for him? He had no idea that Salvation was a *free gift*, and that sinners are invited and entreated to accept of the pardoning mercy of God *as they are* and *where they are*. Could it be possible that God even then was waiting to bestow upon him the kiss of forgiveness? Did he not require to "give up" his sins

ere God would receive him? Was there to be no preparation *on his part*?

After talking for a few minutes to the seeking soul, I referred him to the life-giving words of Isaiah 53, verses 5 and 6: "But He was wounded for *our* transgressions; He was bruised for *our* iniquities; the chastisement of *our* peace was upon Him, and *with His stripes we are healed*. 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." The troubled one ceased looking within and around, and gazed by faith on Christ wounded for *his* transgressions and bruised for *his* iniquities. In a moment he perceived the truth of the "glad and glorious Gospel," and exclaimed: "I see it! I see it! How wooden-headed I have been not to see it before. Now I see that Jesus did it all, and it was in the Book all the time!"

Has the reader learned the truth that "Jesus did it all"? Or does he think, or say, that Christ did His part of the work, and he has to do his? What "part" have you to do? The work that saves, the atoning work, was accomplished by Christ when He exclaimed "It is finished" (John 19. 30), and you cannot add to its efficacy or value. God has accepted it, and He is satisfied and glorified with it.

When the Jews asked: "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" the Lord replied: "This is the work of God that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent" (John 6. 28, 29). And so it is with us. We have to believe that He was wounded for *our* transgressions and bruised for *our* iniquities, that the chastisement with the view to *our* peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we obtain healing. He bore the penalty, He paid the ransom, and salvation is free to all. The "good news" of the Gospel of Christ has been in God's Book all the time, but you have not known it.

Salvation procured at an INFINITE COST is now pressed upon your acceptance as a free gift. Why not now stretch out the empty hand of faith and take it? Why not hear, believe, and be saved? "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). Even now "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved*" (Acts 16. 31). A. M.

A CURIOUS QUESTION IN THE UNDERGROUND.

I WENT into an underground train in London the other day, and had hardly seated myself when a woman opposite me leaned forward, and said: "May I ask if you are on the Lord's side?" "Yes," I answered, "thank God, I am." "Is it long since you were first able to say that?" she continued. "Yes," I replied, "many years. And I find Him more and more precious daily. In fact, I cannot



From a Photograph.

UNDERGROUND STATION ON THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

imagine how one could go through life without Jesus Christ for a Saviour and Friend." "Ah," she said, "you may well say that. But I have, alas, met many, many people who don't want Christ, and will not have anything to say to those who love Him. It is——" Here the noise of the train was so great that I could not hear the conclusion of her sentence.

Presently the train stopped at a station, and two ladies and two men came in. My friend lost no time in giving

A Curious Question in the Underground.

her message to each newcomer. "Madam, do you know what it is to have Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" "Sir, are you on the Lord's side?" And then she went on to say a few words on the importance of having this matter settled. Those to whom she spoke offered no reply. One lady turned her back on her and looked out of the window, and a gentleman read his newspaper steadily, vouchsafing no answer.

At length the woman reached her destination, and, as she alighted, one of the ladies said: "That's all right; if she had not got out here I was going to change my carriage. I could not stand that sort of creature." "Poor lunatic!" said the second lady, "she ought to be locked up." "Such ranting old women should be buried alive," said a young man sneeringly.

"How strange!" I said to myself, as I left the carriage and went on my way. "Society must be on a very wrong basis. One may talk about anything and everything except about Jesus Christ. The latest murder trial may be discussed in public, and one may speak of the greatest blackguards that ever lived with impunity; but if anyone ventures to speak about the God who made us and the Saviour who died for us one is shunned or laughed at, or at least considered 'very peculiar, not quite right, you know.'"

Why is this? Why should we banish Him from our conversation whom to know is life everlasting? How should we feel if Christ Himself appeared (as He will one day) suddenly, and asked the all-important question? Ah! there is no doubt on whose side we would then like to find ourselves arrayed. And of this we may be sure, that we shall never repent, neither in this world nor in the next, of having taken our stand on God's side.

Regret being on the victorious side? What a foolish ideal! But we shall regret, oh, how terribly, both in this world and the next, every day, every hour, which finds us on the devil's side. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Oh, make sure of your position before you go a step further in the journey of life. Accept the Saviour's invitation *to-day*: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE OFFICER SHUT OUT;

— OR, —

"CUT HIM DOWN, WHY CUMBERETH HE THE GROUND?"



"THE FAITHFUL ENTREATIES OF HIS OLD FRIEND."

"Oh, I see Heaven opened; what grand music!" Shortly after this he exclaimed, "THE DOOR OF HEAVEN IS SHUT, AND I AM SHUT OUT; I AM TOO LATE," and died.

THE OFFICER SHUT OUT.

TWO officers in the British Army were fast friends, and were often in each other's company. One of them became concerned about his soul's salvation, and eventually accepted of Christ as his Saviour. The Scripture was literally fulfilled in his case: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5. 17). Being specially interested in his comrade's welfare he told him of his new found joy, and urged him to accept of God's "great salvation." But, alas! he heeded not the faithful and loving entreaties of his old friend, even going the length of making fun of the whole subject. Some time afterwards he was seized with a serious illness, and grew gradually worse. Medical aid was summoned, but no hopes were held out by the physician of his recovery. Just as he was passing out of time into eternity he raised himself in his bed, and said, "Oh, I see Heaven opened; what grand music!" Shortly after this he exclaimed, "THE DOOR OF HEAVEN IS SHUT, AND I AM SHUT OUT; I AM TOO LATE," and died.

"How terribly sad," says one. "How dreadfully foolish!" says another. True, perfectly true, yet multitudes are doing the same thing to-day. *Are you?* The officer was spoken to personally by his friend, but he preferred the world to Christ, and he died as he lived. Perhaps you have been repeatedly spoken to about your soul's salvation, and have procrastinated. Maybe you are resisting the Holy Spirit, and putting off the settling of the all-important question until a more convenient season. If so, you are running a terrible risk. At any moment the word may go forth, "Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?" You do not expect to lose your soul; no one does.

Every one "hopes," "expects," and "intends" to be saved *sometime*. The old proverb is a true one—"The way to Hell is paved with good intentions." Why not now make up your mind that you won't rest until you can truthfully say, "God is *my* Father, Christ is *my* Saviour, and Heaven is my eternal home?" By believing on Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities (Isa. 53. 5), you will obtain the free and full forgiveness of sins. "Whosoever be-

The Officer Shut Out.

lieveth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43).

What a sad cry, "The door of Heaven is shut, and I am shut out!" Thank God the door of mercy is still open wide for you.

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

But it may be closed at any moment.

Is the reader ready for the Coming of the Lord? "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many will seek to enter in and shall not be able.*" Why will this be so? Will it be on account of the straitness of the gate and the difficulty of entering? No, it will be because "The Master of the House," the Lord Jesus Christ, will have "risen up and shut to the door." When this great event takes place "Many shall stand without and knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us, and He shall answer and say, I know not whence ye are" (Luke 13. 24, 25). When Christ comes to the air to take His people to be with Himself, shall you be among those caught up to meet Him, or among those that will be left behind for judgment?

"The door of Heaven is shut, and I am shut out; I am too late," was the officer's dying cry. Perhaps this may be so in the reader's case. You may be suddenly ushered into eternity, and be heard saying, "I am shut out of Heaven," or the Lord may come, and you will be left behind.

"I am the Door," says Christ, "by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10. 9). Have you *entered* the "Door"? You may believe that Christ is the only Saviour, the all-sufficient Saviour, and never know Him as *your* Saviour! "Enter," then, by simple faith, and you will obtain Eternal Life to start with, power to overcome sin to go on with, and glory to end with.

If, however, you procrastinate, and delay to enter until a "convenient season," ponder the solemn words of your best Friend: "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). Will you, even now, look to the Saviour and live eternally? A. M.

THE STRANGEST MAN IN THE VILLAGE.

IN our walks among the hills we availed ourselves of the privilege of distributing books and tracts to the country people. At an old thatched house we came across one known as "the strangest man in the village."

We found him sitting on a stool in the old-fashioned chimney corner, elbow on knee, his face resting on his hand, gazing with a far-away look into the fire. We were told that he was very deaf, that few people understood what he said, that he was so wicked as to tear and burn most of the tracts given to him, and that without exception he was the strangest man in the place. Upon inquiry we found he was neither a drunkard, swearer, nor ill-tempered person, neither did he boast of his goodness, but his chief employ was reading the Bible. His age and infirmity prevented him from doing much work, or going out of the village. "But," said my informant, "he be so odd that he can't get people to understand what he do mean."

I went to him, gently placing my hand upon his shoulder, and speaking distinctly so that he could hear, I said: "My friend, do you know anything of the Lord Jesus Christ?" Lifting his head up quickly, and gazing intently into my face with a very questioning look, he said: "Do you know the Lord yourself?" "Indeed, I do know Him." "Well, have you always known Him?" "No, though I have trusted Him as my Saviour for many years." "Did you ever feel the burden of your sins, and know your lost condition, and see how unable you were to do anything to fit you for the eye of a holy God?" "Yes." "And then you were led to believe on Christ?" "Yes, light shone into my dark heart, my burden rolled away, and I knew that I was saved." "And do you love so-called pleasures, such as theatres, balls, and parties?" "Certainly not. I have no taste for such things now. The time past of my life was thus spent, but when I believed God gave me a new nature that delights in Himself and seeks to please Him."

"Give me your hand," said he, "I'm of a mind with ye. The squire's ladies and others come to me with their tracts and fair speeches, and I can't believe them; they are not real. They don't know Christ, therefore they love the world. 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,

The Strangest Man in the Village.

is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever' (1 John 2. 15-17). Now I'll tell ye. I do know the Lord Jesus Christ. He is everything to me:

'In want, my plentiful Supply;
In weakness, my almighty Tower;
In bonds, my perfect Liberty;
My Refuge in temptation's hour,
My Comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My Life in death, my All in all.'



"DO YOU KNOW THE LORD JESUS CHRIST?"

The Strangest Man in the Village.

"I was a sad character, the pest of the village. I drank, I swore, and loved everything that was wicked. One day as I was ploughing in the field the thought came to my mind that my ways would surely lead me to Hell, for I knew that I had done bad things enough to take me there. Hadn't I better try and do better? I would reform. Perchance the merciful God would take notice of me. From that day I left off drink and became quieter, but peace didn't come. I groaned under the burden of my sins for two whole years. I wept, I wrestled in prayer, I read the Bible. I just felt like a beast before Him. My anguish nearly drove me mad, till one dinner-time I was resting from my work under a wagon, over there by the side of the hedge, and I cried in my sorrow, 'Lord, have mercy upon a vile wretch like me!' It seemed as if the Saviour came and stood before me, while He said: 'Son, thy sins are forgiven thee!' I believed His words, I realised that the Son of God loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me* (Gal. 2. 20). I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved, then didn't I praise Him then and there?

"Yes, 'twas God's grace freely bestowed upon one of the vilest of His creatures. Praise Him! praise Him!"

Much more we had to say to one another of the deep things of God, and very joyful were our hearts at our happy meeting. But we must leave him in the thatched cottage by the hillside, for we have some miles to walk over the hills to our home.

We offered him some of our books, smilingly asking him if he would burn them. "Nay, nay," said he; "I'll promise to read them. I only burn those that are not true lest they should do mischief to others. I'm a strange man to the villagers, because I tell them I know that I have passed from death unto life, that Heaven is my home, and I am sure of it as though I were already there!"

God wants reality. Examine *yourself* and find out where you are. Are you on the broad road or the narrow? Are you among the happy people whose God is the Lord, or are you still a stranger to His grace and love? Are *your* sins forgiven? Is *your* soul saved? If not, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), then you can praise God and seek to be more real for Him for His dear Son's sake. Can you add, "Amen?" E. E. S.

A BATTLEFIELD PREACHER.



HERE are preachers on the battlefield besides the regular chaplains and recognised Christian workers. Sometimes a private soldier, after his day's work—it may be terrible work—is done, will be found testifying to the saving power of Christ. One of these "battlefield preachers" has been recently described by a war correspondent at the front in South Africa. The preacher, a British soldier, was standing at eventide facing the rugged heights of Enslin, the crimson-tinted clouds casting a ruddy radiance around his head. His feet were firmly planted close to the graves of the British soldiers and sailors who had fallen where the enemy had been driven back upon Modder River. In one hand he held a little, well-worn Bible. His other hand was raised high above his close-cropped head, while his voice rang out on the sultry air like the clang of steel on steel :

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

No one who looked at the neat, strong figure arrayed in the plain khaki uniform of a private soldier, and at the fearless, grey-blue eye, could doubt either his honesty or earnestness. Courage was imprinted by Nature's never-erring hand on every lineament of his Saxon features. To the right of him the long lines of tents spread upwards towards the kopje ; to the left the veldt with its wealth of grey-green grass, sown by the bounteous hand of the Great Harvester. All around him, except where the graves raised their brown furrows, rows of soldiers lounged, listening to the "old, old story" of man's weakness and eternal shame, and Christ's love and everlasting pity.

On the soldier's breast a row of decorations gleamed, telling of honourable service to Queen and country. Before a man could wear these ribbons he

MUST HAVE FACED DEATH,

as brave men face it, on many a battlefield. He must have known the agonies of thirst, the dull pain of sleepless nights and midnight marches, and the onward rush of armed men up heights almost unscalable.

Rough as the thrust of a broken bayonet was his speech, yet all who listened knew that every word came from the speaker's soul, and from the magazine of Truth. Some London slum had probably been his cradle, and the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had known. Yet no Church dignitary,

A Battlefield Preacher.

crowned with the laurels of the schools, could have so stirred the blood of those bold lads fresh from the boundless bush and lawless mining camps beneath Australian suns.

Ever and anon he sent forth the startling words: "Prepare to meet thy God!" And even as he spoke we could plainly hear the rolling thunder of our guns as they spake in sterner tones to the foe from Modder River. It was no new figure that the soldier-preacher placed before us. It was the same Christ who calmly faced the seething mob in Pilate's judgment-hall, the same Christ who took the babes upon his knee, the same Christ who, with hyssop, and gall, and mingled blood and tears, passed death's dread portals on the dark brow of Calvary. It was the same grand figure that was now set forth in words that savoured of the London slums, and of the soldiers' camp. And yet the message was so edged around with earnest love and child-like faith that all its grossest trappings fell away and left us

NOTHING BUT THE IDEAL CHRIST.

Once more we heard the thunder of the distant batteries, till every rock, and hill, and crag, and stony height took up the echo like a lion's roar, and the whispering wind was tremulous with sound. Then all was hushed except the preacher's voice as it uttered the warning cry to be ready for the great eternity. "I come," he said, "to tell you about a General whose armies hold the city of eternal life. Throw down your rifles and surrender. No rebels can enter that city. You cannot storm the walls nor take the gates at the point of the bayonet, for the ramparts are guarded, and the sentries never sleep. When the bugle sounds the last reveille you will ever hear, and

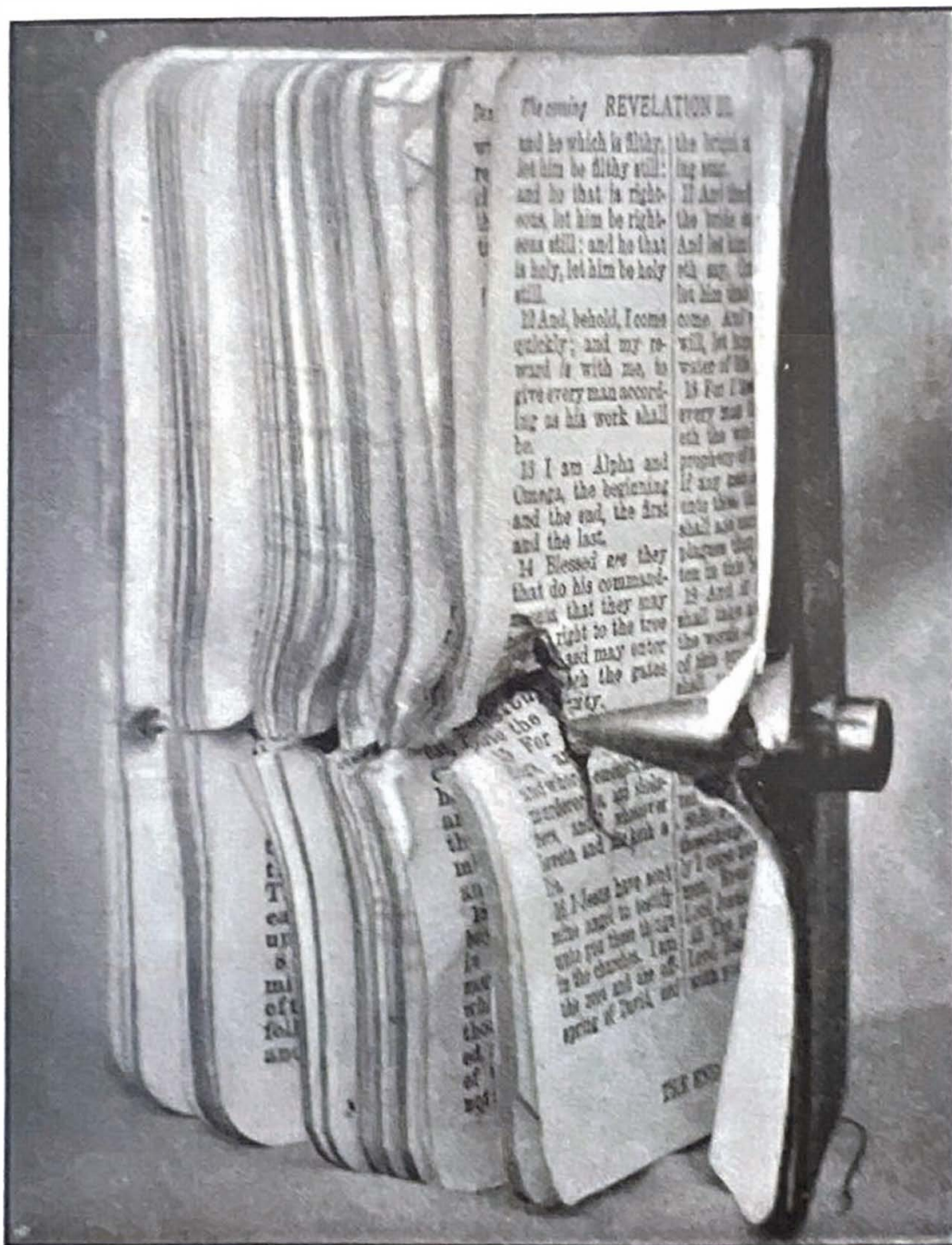
THE COLONEL, WHOSE NAME IS DEATH,
gives the order to march, you'll have nothing to fear if your bandoliers are full of faith."

Thus did that humble Christian worker bear witness, in his own simple way, to the saving power of Christ. The uncertainties of life would be vividly brought before his hearers by the stern realities of war. But whether you dwell in a "land of peace," or be not far removed from the din of the battlefield, the call for you is no less urgent, "Be ready to meet God." *Are you ready?* The Son of God died on Calvary that *you* might be ready to meet God. You must have Christ. You must be sheltered by the atoning blood. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

THE BOOK WHICH SAVED HIS LIFE;

— OR, —

"GOD LOVED; GOD GAVE; I BELIEVE, AND I'M SAVED."



'It can save your soul as well,' said the corporal.

A fragment of the shell struck Jones on the breast, knocking him to the ground. On examination he discovered that a piece of shell had entered the Book, piercing it through almost to the cover, thus saving his life.

THE BOOK WHICH SAVED HIS LIFE.



DEEPLY interesting incident is told of a soldier's life being saved by his Testament. On leaving home to enlist as a soldier in the terrible war now raging his mother gave him a copy of the New Testament. Private Jones had been indifferent and unconcerned about spiritual concerns, but he accepted the Testament for his mother's sake, inwardly resolving that he would carry it with him throughout the campaign. He would not, however, promise to read it, as he was strong and healthy, and to use his own words, "did not need it." For some time he did not even open the sacred volume, but God had His eye on the youth, and spoke to him in a way that compelled his attention.

One day, during a fierce engagement at the front, a comrade was killed by his side through a shell which dropped into the trench. A fragment of the same shell struck Jones on the breast, knocking him to the ground. The pain was so severe that he thought he was seriously injured. On examination he discovered that a piece of shell had entered the Book, piercing it through almost to the cover, thus saving his life. As he thought of his narrow escape and of his nearness to Eternity, he felt grateful to God, and thanked Him for preserving his life. Jones had no fear of death, but he was afraid of what was beyond it. He was well aware that death does not end all, and that God's Word declares that "It is appointed unto men once to die, BUT AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT" (Heb. 9. 27). He knew that he was unprepared to meet a holy and righteous God. As Jones examined the course of the bullet his eye fell on verses of Scripture that were heavily marked by his mother. Two passages specially struck him. The first was that well-known Scripture which has been blessed to multitudes: "FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE" (John 3. 16).

The second was another familiar verse: "THESE ARE THEY THAT HAVE WASHED THEIR ROBES, AND MADE THEM WHITE IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB: THEREFORE ARE THEY BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD" (Rev. 7. 14, 15).

That night Jones told the corporal, who was an earnest

The Book which Saved His Life.

soldier of the Cross as well as a faithful soldier of his King, that his Testament had saved his life. "It can save your soul as well," said the corporal. Jones confessed that he was troubled about his sins, but did not know how forgiveness was obtained. The corporal told the anxious inquirer, and explained to him "Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation, how that the Lord Jesus had died instead of sinners, that His atoning sacrifice had settled the sin-question, and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all a free and full salvation would be his. Before retiring to rest that night Jones was able to say truthfully: "GOD LOVED; GOD GAVE; I BELIEVE, AND I'M SAVED."

In view of the day of reckoning, let me respectfully ask: Are you prepared to meet God? Dying as you are, where would you spend Eternity? Is it possible that you have never seriously considered such questions? If not, don't you think it is time that you should face them? If you have never experienced the great change, if you have never accepted Christ as your personal Saviour, you are in imminent peril. The dark thunder cloud of God's fierce and righteous indignation against Christ despisers and Christ neglecters may burst upon your guilty head. And oh, "What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. 13. 21). You won't be able to say that you were never warned, or that the Gospel of Christ was not proclaimed to you. You will be speechless. Why not now, even as you read these lines, rest your weary sin-laden soul on Christ who died on Calvary's Cross to save you from eternal misery and despair? He waits to be gracious. He longs to bless and save you from wrath, and Hell, and woe. If you doubt it, ponder His gracious declaration: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). "It is the Blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17. 11). A perfect atonement, or satisfaction, has been rendered to God on account of sin, and you may be saved as you read these lines through believing the "good news" regarding Christ and the work He accomplished on your behalf. "Behold, now is the day of Salvation."

A. M.

THE POTSDAM PALACE WITHOUT CARE.

AMIDST the din of battle there is one question which seems to be uppermost in the minds of people, and that is, will the peace that follows the Great War be a lasting peace, with greater happiness and contentment, or will it merely be a lull before another storm?

But neither war nor the cessation of hostilities will bring happiness and contentment. This was the experience of Frederick the Great in the seven years' war between Austria and Germany, towards the end of which he commenced the building of what is still one of the Kaiser's palaces, namely, the "Palace Without Care" at Potsdam. Here he sought to gather kindred spirits from different parts of Europe, hoping thereby to gain that happiness which he so much desired.

Foremost amongst those whom Frederick invited to live at Potsdam was Voltaire, the noted French infidel, and visitors to Potsdam are still shown what is known as the "Voltaire Room." But neither Voltaire with his theories, nor the other persons brought were able to give the king happiness, for disagreement soon arose, and the efforts to make the Court a temple of the Muses proved disastrous. Nor was Frederick's experience singular, for no matter how deep we may drink of the good things of this life, the universal experience is that they fail to satisfy.

How sweet, then, it is to turn to the Scriptures and hear Christ saying: "My peace I give unto you." Peace, not based on unrighteousness, for it is through "being justified by faith we have peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). Without this peace it is impossible to be happy. With it it is difficult to be other than happy, for Salvation is not merely the putting away of our sins, but it brings us into fellowship with Him who is the God of Peace.

The historians suggest that perhaps after all it was not Frederick the Great's expectation to find peace in his Palace Without Care, but rather in the tomb which he constructed near the palace. But if peace with God is not found in this life, it is vain to expect it in Eternity. Will you then trust Christ now, and finding Salvation and deliverance in Him, have "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" (Phil. 4. 7) on earth, and live continually with Him in the heavenly "Palace Without Care?" Decide now and be secure then. J. H. B.

A BRITISH CAPTAIN'S TESTIMONY.

UP to a certain point mine is the ordinary tale of those who have heard the call of the sea and obeyed it. My first four and a half years were spent in sail, then I joined my present employ, the largest coasting company in the



CAPTAIN CARRÉ OF THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE.

world, whose ships are mostly employed in Indian waters. Entering as fourth officer, I gradually worked my way up through the various grades, living the usual seafarer's life, ever vainly looking for that something which we call happiness. And so I reached the position of chief officer,

A British Captain's Testimony.

ever unsuccessful in my quest, and still blinded, I said to myself: "When I get command, and have more freedom and leisure, then surely I shall be happy!" And so, after another eight years or so, this position was given me. I had attained to the top of my tree, and could take a fair survey around.

The position was at first, to some extent, a satisfactory one, as are most tree-tops after a hard climb, but are they ever really quite comfortable? I looked *backward* toward that part of the horizon whence the recent years had brought me, and considered of what they had consisted, and poor was their sum total. I took a good look *forward* into the future, and so my life lay before me. Looking at it in all its emptiness, the thought was forced upon me, "*Is this* all that God put me into the world for, so many days of eating, drinking, and sleeping, of pleasure, toil and pain, and then the dim uncertain void beyond the grave?"

Then came the thought of God, that there was a Someone, a Creator, a Supreme Being who was ordering the mighty powers of nature amid which I lived I could not doubt. Was it possible that I could get into touch with this Unseen yet Almighty Personality? The thought seemed too great a one to be possible of realisation; little did I comprehend that He "in whom we live and move and have our being" was drawing me faster than He had hitherto done—as He most assuredly draws us, each one, all our life through—to that place where we may make *our definite choice* of Life or Death for Time and for Eternity!

It was at this vital time in my life that I happened to be in command of one of the smallest and most uncomfortable vessels in our large fleet, an unenviable post; little did I think that it was part of God's plan for me that nothing in our lives happens by chance or luck. My ship was chartered to run round the island of Ceylon, we being usually a week on the voyage and a week in Colombo; this allowed of my paying an occasional visit to an old relative, a retired planter, who lived near Kandy, and also to friends of his, farther up in the tea country. He and they lived what people would call very religious lives, they seemed to find an enjoyment in

A British Captain's Testimony.

reading the Bible, which appeared strange to me, who for a long term of years a little previous to this period had seldom opened mine; but I was gradually forced to see that, far from there being any pretence on their part in this unusual attitude, as I had tried to believe, they found a comfort in its pages of which I had no understanding, and finally it dawned upon me that this was the very something of which I was in search, and that this Book did actually bring them into touch with God.

Just at this time I was led to read a book called "The Silence of God,"* in which the author, Sir Robt. Anderson, asks the question, "Why is it that God does not manifest Himself in Person to the human race to-day as He has done in times past? Surely we have as great a need of Him now as ever before." In answer to which this Truth was made clear, that in the Cross of Christ God had so shown His love to us men that He could not do more, and that in the face of such love we were shut up to one of two things, "to Grace or to Judgment," but that God was beseeching us by that Cross to be reconciled to Himself (2 Cor. 5. 20).

Ah, how it came home to me then, such love, such condescension! That He, the Almighty God, should stoop to beseech me, a guilty sinner with a thirty-five years old burden of sin upon me, to be reconciled to Him! It overwhelmed me, broke my heart, call the feeling what you will; "we love because He first loved us," expresses it. "Behold, what Love!" (1 John 3. 1; 4. 19).

It was about a night or two after this that, to use a term of words, "I went to bed a sinner and arose a saint." Before lying down I had prayed a prayer something like this, "God, if there be a God, I do believe on Thy Son, as much as I believe that Julius Caesar crossed the Alps; help Thou mine unbelief!"

Perhaps you smile at such a prayer; but how is it that we can regard as true any fact in history or any duly authenticated event of the day, and yet be unable to believe in the *Divinity* of the Son of God as such? I knew intuitively that if I could believe in our Saviour as being Divine that I should overcome all my difficulties, that

* "The Silence of God," by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B. Pickering & Inglis, Printers and Publishers, Glasgow. 2/6, post free.

A British Captain's Testimony.

therein lay the obstacle that kept me from God's presence, unbelief in His Son, beyond that lay safety, Salvation, for "He that believeth on the Son *hath* Everlasting Life" (John 3. 36).

And so on this night, the 15th December, 1907, I believe to be the date, I fell asleep, much troubled and burdened with this sense of sin upon me, yet resting on the fact that "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20). I arose in the early hours with a definite, assured knowledge. I WAS SAVED! The God, who is Love, had found me and I Him!

No words can ever express the joy of that moment, the sense of freedom, of new life and happiness, cannot be worded, it was a change from death to life, actually being "born again" (John 3. 3) or "converted." Once more I kneeled in prayer, as so often I had done previously, half in superstition, half in the hope that God did hear, but now as my thoughts went out to Him I found myself to be in the actual, though unseen, presence of my Maker. Can pen portray what that meant? My hard-sought goal was reached at last. I was speaking to God. Then, opening His Book, I read, and as though scales had fallen from my eyes the words bore a meaning they had never held before there; *they seemed to be living, a voice spoke through them*, the voice of God; yes, complete communion was now established, God was speaking to me.

My tale is done; from that hour my whole life and outlook have been changed, "old things are passed away: behold, all things become new!" (2 Cor. 5. 17). The experience here narrated instead of wearing off has remained, and, thank God, becomes deeper and more real each day. The Bible, which at one time meant nothing to me, is now my constant companion and comfort in every trial or care, and in prayer I find that renewal of strength and power which enables me to withstand and overcome all the assaults of the Evil One, alone if need be as regards men, but not alone, for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, has sent the Comforter, His Holy Spirit, to abide with me for ever!

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is *Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord*" (Rom. 6. 23).
"Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve." E. G. C.

HOW "THE BULLDOG" GOT THE VICTORY;

— OR, —

A BIGGER FIGHT THAN WITH GERMAN OR TURK.



Drawn by Cyrus Cuno.

THE BATTLE FRONT IN FLANDERS.

"He had fought in many a brave battle."

HOW "THE BULLDOG" GOT THE VICTORY.

HE was a soldier; he had fought in many a brave fight, but this time he had been fighting, not with Germans or Turks, but in a drinking row. "The Bulldog" they called him, and his face corresponded with the name. Evidently he was defeated in the battle of life. Why? He had fought on the wrong side.

"Give us a drink," he said, going into the public-house where he had left many a bright shilling. But as the drink was twopence, and he had only three halfpence, the drink-seller demurred at serving. "Lend us the odd ha'penny." No, they did not trust. He was thirsty, but no money evidently meant no drink. Hard, was it not? He thought so, and went away a bit offended.

A Christian lady saw him, and invited him to the Winchester Soldiers' Home. Could he have a drink there? Certainly. So going up to the little bar he had a cup of coffee, and the cost was only one halfpenny. Could he have a feed at the same price? Yes; so he had a cake for another halfpenny. Then he thought, this is a better shop than the old one; there I was a halfpenny short; here I have eatables and drinkables both, and am a halfpenny to the good. Just then in an adjoining room some one sang:

"Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night;
Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right."

He was arrested, and listened. This was what he wanted, a burying-place for his sorrow. Next night he was there again, and the next. Then he expressed a desire to be a Christian. There and then the lady worker told him how "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). Gave Him to death, for "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). "Christ once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust" (1 Peter 3. 18). Yes! Christ Jesus, Son of God, and Son of Man, was made the Sin-offering, to take the full and awful punishment for sin, for him. That Story conquered his heart, and he lives to tell it.

If every other foe has conquered you, come to the Lord Jesus Christ, believe on Him, and you will be saved now, and more than conqueror by and by.

W. L.



"IT IS TRUSTING, NOT FEELING."

"**H**AS the preacher arrived yet?" This question was asked by a respectable looking lady of the doorkeeper at the hall in S——, where we were holding meetings every night. "No, but we expect him every moment," said the doorkeeper. I entered the hall, and close to the door sat the lady who on seeing me stood up and grasped my hand, saying at the same time, "You may not remember me, but I attended the last mission you held here, and it was then I was led to decide for Christ, and I thought it was my duty to come and see you and tell you how happy I have been since, and what a peace I now enjoy compared to what I did before I accepted Christ as my Saviour."

Having a little time to spare before the meeting commenced, I asked her to sit down and kindly tell me how it occurred. She said: "I came to hear you one night, and at first I was not much concerned about what you said, but as the meeting progressed I became more interested till I was brought under conviction. You made it out so plain from the Word of God, there was really no getting out of it, that we all alike, good, bad, and indifferent, stood guilty before God. You showed us that God had said, 'Now we know that whatsoever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God' (Rom. 3. 19). And more, that whatever we thought of ourselves it mattered not, God had said, 'There is none righteous, no, not one' (Rom. 3. 10).

"Now I had always held a good opinion of myself, and thought I was as good, and in many cases a good deal better, than many of my neighbours, but God opened my eyes to see I was a sinner needing forgiveness. Then came the conflict between light and darkness, which only increased as the time went on, and my chief desire was *I wish I felt I was saved*, and began looking for a change of my feelings, little realising it was faith in Christ that

"It is Trusting, Not Feeling."

brought the assurance of sins forgiven. Jesus said to the woman in the city, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace' (Luke 7. 48, 50).

"We read in Galatians 3. 26, 'For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.' At the close of the service you invited all who wished to have what had been said a little more fully explained to them to remain behind to a short 'after-meeting,' which I and several others did. You gave out the hymn, 'Once again the Gospel message from the Saviour you have heard.' We sang through it till we came to the last verse but one, and you read it out slowly:

'Cease of fitness to be thinking; | It is *trusting*, and not *feeling*,
Do not longer try to feel; | That will give the Spirit's seal.'

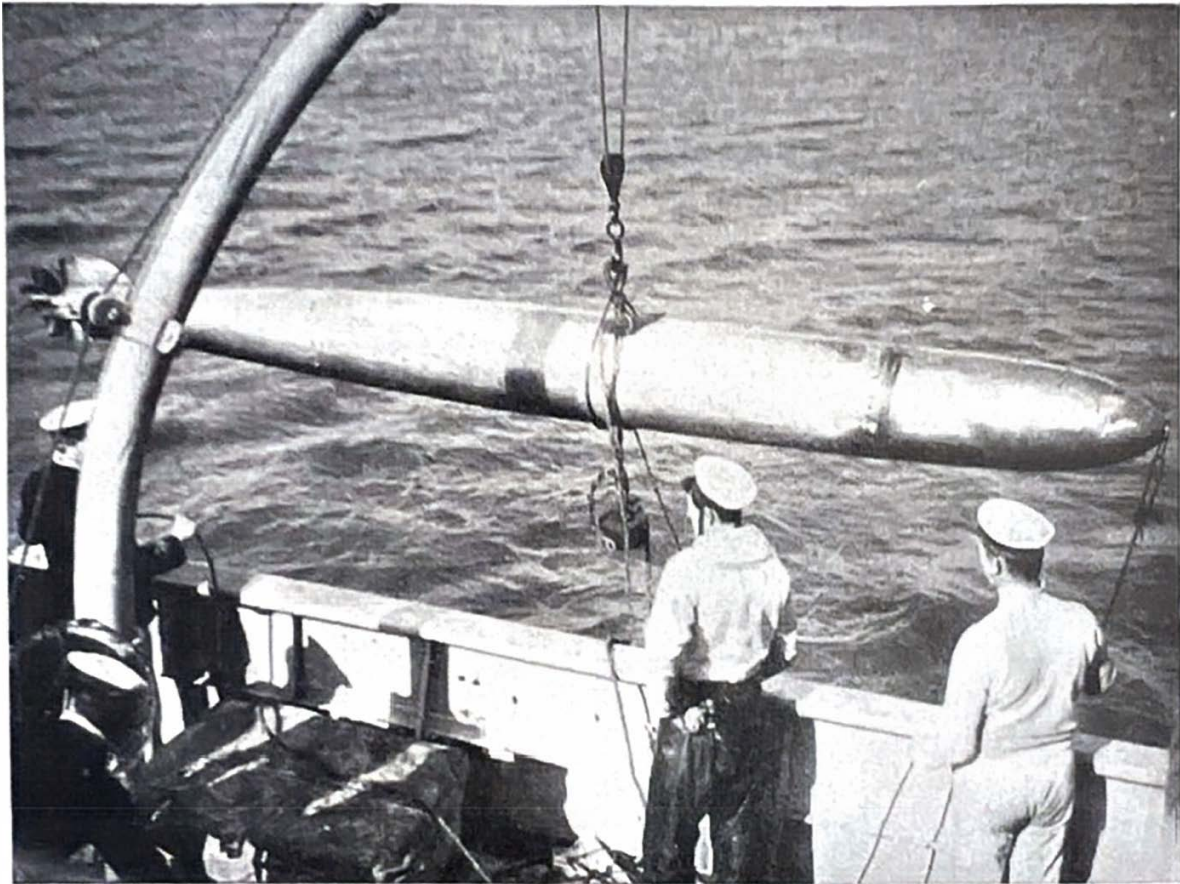
"You stopped to explain, saying that so many were looking within at their own poor, wretched hearts, and wishing that they might feel some extraordinary something, they could not tell what, in the shape of happiness, and that Satan did his best to delude them in this way, and while he did they could never have peace and the assurance of sins forgiven, for these came not by feeling, but by trusting. And you emphasised the words, 'It is *trusting*! It is TRUSTING! It is TRUSTING! And not feeling! And not feeling that will give the Spirit's seal.' I at once saw where I had been wrong. It came to me as clear as the noon-day sun. I was making the sad mistake hundreds are making to-day, of looking for happy feelings instead of at Christ on the Cross, and putting all my trust in Him who died for me. As I sat I simply in a child-like way settled down on the fact that Christ died for me, and I am now, through His death, saved and satisfied.

"Oh, it is a real thing, and I thank God with all my heart for leading me to the hall, and under the sound of the Gospel, for it was indeed the best news to me."

Are *you* a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, then be assured thou shalt be saved; nay, you may rest upon the fact that you are His now at this moment, for He declares, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God; that ye may know (not that ye may feel) that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the Name of the Son of God" (1 John 5. 13). Will *you* "Believe and be saved?" J. W.

THE FOUR NAVY MEN AND THEIR SONG.

THE British Fleet has been before the eyes of the world for months. The papers have been filled with news concerning battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, submarines, and other naval craft as never before. Hence the interest in the brave men of the Navy, and the story of four young marines who on a beautiful summer evening at a watering-place in the West of Scotland, attracted considerable notice as they had imbibed too freely. As they



A TORPEDO READY FOR USE, SOMEWHERE AT SEA.

moved, or rather rolled along the street, their attention was directed to a company on the beach who were listening to a gentleman who was preaching the Gospel of God's matchless grace. They stopped and listened for a few moments, and then poured out a volley of oaths. In solemn and earnest tones the ambassador of the Cross pressed home the momentous question, "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?" "In Hell," responded one of the marines, whilst another of the company three times repeated the words, "In Hell." The gentleman spoke

The Four Navy Men and their Song.

kindly to them, and assured them it was not God's desire that they should go there; that He had given Christ to die that they might spend Eternity with Him in glory, and besought them to accept the Salvation of God on the spot.

"We have made our choice and we mean to stick to it, and we'll trust the devil for Eternity," was the scoffing reply. "Come on!" said the ringleader, "and don't listen to these canting hypocrites," and they marched off singing: "There's a good time coming, boys!"

Shortly after this occurrence, while the gospeller was sounding forth the glad message of mercy in the ears of the people, a cry of "Help! help!" was heard. The call was from the scoffers, whose boat had been capsized whilst rowing to the man-of-war. A rush was made for the boats, and numbers of willing hands bent to the oars and pulled for dear life. Only one of the marines was found clinging to the keel, the remaining three having perished.

"How sad!" says one. Yes, indeed, their death was very sad and very sudden, and doubtless the world characterised their decease as an "untimely end." They were asked on that eventful evening where they would spend Eternity, and they declared they would spend it in Hell. That night was the "time" and that beach was the "place" of the fatal decision. "The good time" they sang about never arrived, and within a very brief period their souls were "required" of them by God.

Surely no one who reads these lines has decided to spend Eternity in Hell. All "expect" and "intend" to spend it in Heaven. One or the other it must be. Perhaps the reader is a procrastinator who has again and again been awakened to concern about his soul, but has, Felix-like, said to the Holy Spirit, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee." That "convenient season" has not yet arrived, and your heart is becoming harder and your conscience more and more scared. Like these marines, you may be called into Eternity without a moment's warning, and if not "born again," you will spend it in the abyss of woe; and as the ages roll o'er your guilty soul, you will remember privileges enjoyed, warnings slighted, and you will be filled with remorse and despair. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3. 7, 8). A. M.

WHEAT OR CHAFF—WHICH?



IT was my lot some years ago to meet occasionally with a few of God's people in a little mining village of Lancashire, and it was at one of these times a trifling incident occurred, which has served to fix one word upon my memory from that day until now.

While speaking and singing together of Him whom our souls loved, one of the men slowly gave out a hymn and, amidst other verses, the following lines:—

“The chief of sinners He receives ;
His saints He loves and never leaves ;
He'll guard us safe from every ill,
And all His promises fulfil.”

The man was not a good reader, but he got on very well until he came to the second word of the verse I have quoted, and this he read “chaff” instead of chief. Even as I smiled at the mistake, a note of thanksgiving went up from my heart to God. Oh, how true it was, and is still, that

THE CHAFF OF SINNERS

He receives. I have proved its truth, for He has received me, even me.

It may be that these lines will be read by some who are guilty of drunkenness, lying, swearing, fraud, or giving way to the vile lusts that change men into beasts, and fit them rapidly for death and hell. To all such I would say,

YOU ARE AMONGST THE CHAFF,

and of *you* it is written in the Book of God, “He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire” (Mat. 3. 12). Yes, dying as you are (and within a week you may be in the tomb), you shall be “like the chaff which the wind driveth away” (Psa. 1. 4), and the wind of the anger of an insulted God will not cease till *all the chaff is in the fire*.

Think not that in the day of wrath there will be mercy for those who have said by their actions, if not with their lips, “Depart from us ; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve Him” (Job 21. 15). Of such men it is said, “They are as stubble before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carrieth away” (ver. 18). There is a vast receptacle provided for earth's rubbish ; for its impenitent and ungodly ones who reject the heavenly garner, and that

Wheat or Chaff—Which?

receptacle is the lake of fire. Sinner, how soon will your sneer and laughter be turned into lamentation, mourning, and woe, when the fates of the pit have closed behind you for eternity!

Do you say, "But how does this accord with the verse of your hymn?" That verse is also true. The God who at a future day will kindle the fire for the chaff (Isa. 30. 33) is *now* doing a strange thing. He is

TURNING CHAFF INTO WHEAT.

Yes, the chaff of sinners He receives, and when received, He makes the *sinners* into *sons*—sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty (2 Cor. 6. 18). When the mighty harvest is reaped, for which the sowing has been going on for nearly six thousand years, the Lord of the harvest (Matt. 9. 38) will gather His wheat into the garner (Matt. 3. 12), and then shall be seen that which was sown in corruption, dishonour, and weakness, raised in incorruption, glory, and power (1 Cor. 15. 42).

Reader, you have sinned against God, heaven, your fellow-creatures, and yourself long enough. Come now, in all your uselessness, sinfulness, and despair, to the great Sower, the Lord Jesus Christ. He will implant a new seed, the seed of God (1 Jno. 3. 9) within the chaff, and the carrier shall bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

Let none hug themselves as being better than chaff. "There is

NO DIFFERENCE,

for *all* have sinned" (Rom. 3. 22, 23). The self-righteous Pharisee may occupy a front seat in the temple, but who can measure the height of the wall of pride that rears itself between his soul and the One who only saves the lost? (Luke 19. 10).

What shall I say in conclusion to those who pretend to be wheat, but are only chaff? Let the Word speak.

"WHAT IS THE CHAFF

to the wheat?" saith the Lord (Jer. 3. 28). However completely *men* may be deceived, *God* knows the difference, and when His testing time comes, the hypocrite's hope shall perish" (Job. 8. 13). In that day the Lord Himself will *thoroughly* purge the floor. As surely as that the least grain of wheat shall not fail to be gathered into the garner, so surely there will be no corner dark enough or secret enough to hide a single grain of chaff from the eyes that are like a flame of fire (Rev. 1. 14).

Reader, what will *you* do in that day? Will you be found amongst the wheat or the chaff—Which?

"YOU HAVE NABBED THAT ONE;"

—OR,—

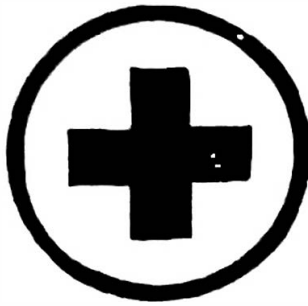
"I WOULD GIVE ALL THE WORLD TO KNOW THAT I WAS SAVED."



Wounded Soldier In a Red Cross Hospital.

In the night time one of the nurses observed that the Irishman was reading with evident interest the booklet that Mr. Hamilton had given him. Addressing the nurse, he said, "Daylight is beginning to get into my soul."

"YOU HAVE NABBED THAT ONE."



IN the spring of 1915 a number of wounded soldiers were brought to the Red Cross Hospital in a Scottish town. Mr. Hamilton, a well-known Christian in the town, regularly visited the men, and soon won their confidence. One day whilst conversing with a soldier from the Emerald Isle he discovered that the Holy Spirit was dealing with the dear fellow, convincing him of sin, righteousness, and judgment. The Irishman said to Mr. Hamilton, "I have two brothers who are preachers, and I would give all the world to know that I was saved." "You may easily know that," said Mr. Hamilton, and both of them sat down and read the Scriptures together. The anxious inquirer was truly desirous of understanding God's way of peace, and he listened most attentively to the truth that was brought before him.

As Mr. Hamilton left the hospital he gave him a Gospel booklet, which he gratefully accepted, and said, "I like these books, they are so pointed." In the night time one of the nurses observed that the Irishman was reading with evident interest the booklet that Mr. Hamilton had given him. Addressing the nurse, he said, "Daylight is beginning to get into my soul." When Mr. Hamilton appeared at about ten o'clock in the morning he found the Irishman rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. With beaming face he said, "These are grand words," and repeated 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."

The glorious Gospel declaration had been owned of God to the Salvation of the Irishman's soul. He believed that "God so loved the *world*," and *therefore him*, "that He gave His only begotten Son" to die *in his stead*, and by believing on Him who did it all, and paid it all, he had the assurance of the Word of the living God that he was saved and had everlasting life.

"Daylight is dawning in my soul," he exclaimed to those around. He could not keep the glad tidings to himself, and he continued repeating the Gospel message of John 3. 16 to the others, adding, "Whosoever means you, me,

"You Have Nabbed That One."

or anybody else." The doctor in attendance, who did not profess to be regenerated, on hearing the Irishman's testimony, looked at Mr. Hamilton, and said, "YOU HAVE NABBED THAT ONE." It was easy to see that the Lord had saved the Irishman, as he could not refrain from telling his fellows what great things God had done for him.

The "whosoever" of John 3. 16 means "you, me, or anybody else," and it includes *the reader*. Do you believe



From a Photograph. WOUNDED SOLDIERS WITH OUR "UNION JACK" MESSAGES.

that you are a ruined and guilty sinner needing deliverance from the penalty and slavery of sin? If so, the good news that was the power of God unto the Salvation of the soldier and millions of others is available for you.

Ponder the "wonderful words of life" of John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." God must therefore love *you*, whatever you are or have been, because He loves "the world." He loved you so very much that He gave His only begotten

" You Have Nabbed That One."

and well beloved Son to pay the ransom for your deliverance. "Christ gave Himself a ransom *for all*" (1 Tim. 2. 6), and therefore gave Himself a ransom for *you*. By His glorious atoning sacrifice He has so satisfied the claims of offended justice that God can righteously pardon and justify the vilest offender who believes His "Gospel." "Whosoever" is all embracing. As you are, and where you are, believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will obtain Eternal Life and the free and full forgiveness of all your sins (Acts 13. 38, 39). Will you do so now? A. M.

THE ROYAL COMMAND.



KING GEORGE has issued a simple but stirring appeal to his people to respond to the nation's call in her hour of extreme peril. The King's object is to arouse the nation's conscience to its duty to King and country. What the response will be remains to be seen.

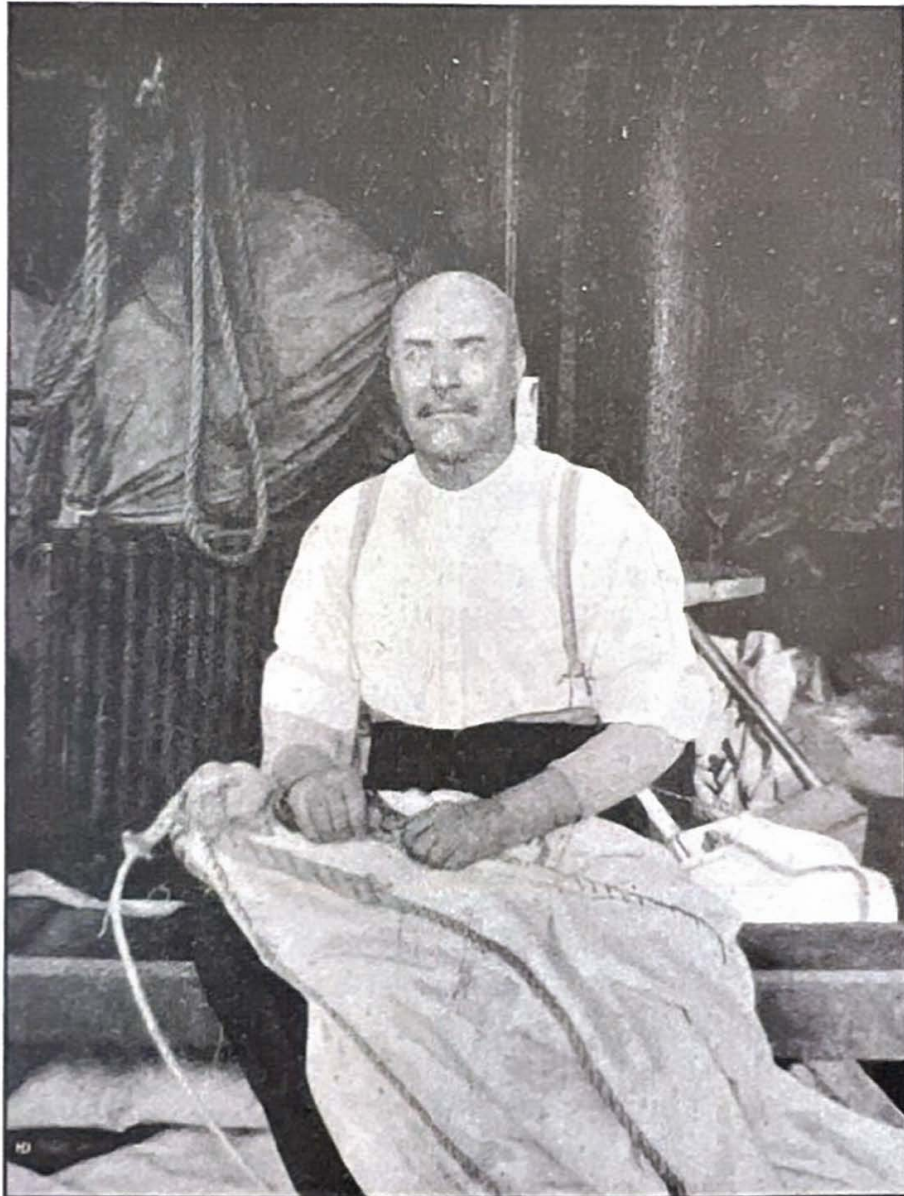
We are reminded of the Divine command which reads thus:

"God commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man whom He hath ordained" (Acts 17. 30, 31).

That He has a right to make such an appeal is indisputable. He created us, sustains us, and is the Giver of every good gift. He has further demonstrated His boundless love. When the sentence of eternal death rested upon our guilty heads He sent His only begotten Son to die in our stead (John 3. 16). Surely He rightly claims the allegiance of our hearts. How have you responded to His love? In this day of grace will you as a poor sinner *voluntarily* trust Him as Saviour, and own Him as Lord and King? If you refuse to own Him now you will be obliged under *compulsion* to meet Him at a Throne of righteousness where mercy will be conspicuous by its absence. As Saviour to-day He pleads in grace, as Judge then He will condemn in righteousness. Be wise now. "Believe, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). J. G.

"PEGLEG TOM."

TOM BAILEY, or "Pegleg Tom," as he is called by the men in the Kansas City Tent Factory, where he is employed, was born in Holland fifty-five years ago. He is called "Pegleg Tom" on account of the locomotive of the freight train that he was driving jumping



"PEGLEG TOM," Kansas City, United States of America.

the track and pinning his leg to the roadbed, making it necessary to have the limb amputated. Although the principals of the factory, officials, and numbers of the employees are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 16. 31), Tom was a scoffer and Christ-rejecter for years.

"Pegleg Tom."

God has various ways of causing men and women to think about their souls. One is to lay them on a bed of sickness, giving them time for reflection. One day in March, 1914, Tom was stricken down with serious illness, the symptoms pointing to a slight attack of apoplexy. A Christian occupying an important position in the factory, who is also a physician, paid Tom a visit. On examining his patient the doctor told him that he was very ill, and that unless God intervened he would probably die. After prescribing for his bodily health, Dr. W—— sought to reach the sick man's conscience, and read to him the latter part of Luke 16, which speaks of the sufferings and doom of the unsaved rich man.

Toward evening of the following day the physician called again, but found that Tom was still in a precarious state. The medicine being renewed, and words of encouragement spoken, Dr. W—— read to Tom the story of God's dealings with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram on account of their obstinacy and rebellion. "Sorry consolation," says one. True, but the Christian physician knew that it was not so much "consolation" that Tom needed as an apprehension of his true spiritual condition. Dr. W——'s desire was that the sufferer should acknowledge his state as ruined, lost, and guilty, and seek pardoning mercy.

Thank God for Christian doctors and Christian workers who do not "heal the hurt slightly," and say "peace, peace," when there is "no peace." Conviction of sin precedes conversion to God, and the reason why so few are crying out in distress of soul, "What must I do to be saved?" is, as M'Cheyne says, "they know not their danger and feel not their load." "Put in the needle of the Law," said Robbie Flockhart, the Edinburgh street preacher, to his helpers, "and you can then give them as long a thread of Grace as you like, but," he added, "be sure and put in the needle of the Law."

On the doctor's next visit he found Tom in deep anxiety of soul. Big tears rolled down his cheeks and soaked his pillow. The bed on which he lay shook, and on Dr. W—— asking him what caused him to be so troubled, he replied, "I have had a dream." Dr. W—— asked him to tell it to him. This was Tom's dream: "I dreamt I

“Pegleg Tom.”

was on an express train, which seemed to be going at the rate of ninety miles an hour. While the train was rocking and swaying the conductor came along collecting the tickets. As I handed him mine I saw on it, in large letters, the words, ‘The Ticket to Hell.’ That horrified me. I looked out of the window and saw Hell in front of me. As I sat trembling on my seat waiting the final plunge, suddenly there was a crash, and the train was wrecked. The terrible smash woke me, and I have slept none since.”

“Oh, Tom!” said the doctor, “the Lord is seeking to wreck your train to-night. He is seeking to prevent you from going to Hell. He wants to stop your headlong rush for the pit, and has placed the Cross of Calvary in front of you and His own Son hanging on it. You are brought face to face with the matter, and before you can plunge into the abyss you must brush Him aside. Ere you can get there you must fight your way past the Cross of Christ and His outpoured blood. He was there for you, Tom, for He was wounded for your transgressions, and bruised for your iniquities. He bore your sins in His own body on the tree. The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Will you let Him be your Saviour?” The doctor pleaded further with Tom to accept of Christ and left, promising to return next day.

On the following day Dr. W—— returned to Tom’s little room, and found him rejoicing in Christ. The trembling was gone, the tears were gone, and Tom was triumphant. “Tell me, Tom,” said the doctor, “all about it.” And this was Tom’s story: “After you left I was meditating on Christ dying for me. As I lay during the long night hours I could not sleep, but kept thinking about Him. During the night I simply accepted Him, and believed that He died in my room and stead.” “Has He given you rest and peace?” inquired Dr. W——. “Yes, doctor, I have perfect peace, because He has put away all my sins, and if I die in this sickness I shall go to be with Him.”

The Lord blessed the medicine and help given by the physician, and in a few weeks Tom Bailey was back to his work in the factory. On the first day of his return he asked the President of the Company, Mr. C. J. Baker, who had arranged for a Gospel meeting at the noon hour,

that he be allowed to tell the story of his conversion to his fellow-workmen. Permission being granted, Tom stood up before a crowd of about 160 men, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, he said:

"Me shopmates, you all know what kind of a wicked man I have been. But while I was a hatin' Christ He was a dyin' for me, while I was a hidin' from Him He was seekin' me, and while I was a fightin' Him He was a lovin' me. NOW HE IS MY SAVIOUR. HE DIED FOR ME. I have put my trust in Him, and I am going to be with Him for ever. Me fellow-workmen, if you only knew how much He loves you, if you only knowed that He died for you, you would not be a fightin' Him, you would let Him save you. I want to plead with you to-day to trust Him."

The reader can imagine what effect such a testimony would have upon those who knew Tom when he was a Christ-opposer and rejecter. Eighteen months have gone since then, and Tom seeks to live as one who is Heaven-born and Heaven-bound.

What was it that led Tom Bailey to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ? Ponder his words to his workmates: "*If you only knew how much He loves you, if you only knew that He died for you, you would not be fighting Him, you would let Him save you.*" True, oh, how true! How much does He love *you*? The measure of one's love is shown by what it is prepared to give or do for its object. Do you inquire, "How much does He love *me*?" "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). What wondrous love! He died that He might save us from unending woe. By His sacrificial death He has done everything that was necessary for our deliverance. The penalty has been borne, the ransom has been paid, and divine justice is thoroughly satisfied. Believe, then, on Him to whom you owe your all; and you will be eternally saved. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and join with Tom Bailey and tens of thousands more in saying:

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

"THE OLD COLONEL."

NEARLY all the policemen in New York know about the Water Street Mission and its work; so also does every tough, bunco-steerer, professional sneak-thief, and the other specimens of the class who, after persistently violating the law and placing themselves in bad repute, find themselves shut out from every opportunity to earn an honest living, and who dwell in the shadow of the penitentiary or the electric chair throughout their lives, spent in misery, suspicion, and gloom.

When the convict who has served his time in Sing Sing prepares to face the world again—that world that can be counted upon to do its utmost towards driving him back to prison—he is usually advised of the thorny path before him, and the last sentence of the advice is this: "You had better go and see Hadley down at the Water Street Mission." As the convict has heard of Hadley before, if he proposes to reform he makes his way to the Mission

There he is sheltered, fed, and clothed, if need be, and put to work at something. He is asked no questions. No promises are exacted. He has no rules to observe except the one rule of order. He is not lectured on his past.

One night an old man came in who was known as the "Old Colonel." He was one of the most typical tramps that ever came into the Mission, where the lost congregate in such numbers. No pen can adequately describe his condition,



but I may be able to give a faint idea of how he looked. He was over six feet tall, and sixty years of age, but he looked a hundred. His dirty grey beard was a foot long, and his hair of the same colour hung a foot down his back. His eyes were bleared and full of matter, and the hue of his face showed that he and water had long been strangers. He had on an old, ragged overcoat, probably pulled out of some ash barrel, and fastened with a nail. An old coat and vest completed his wardrobe. His trousers were little more than holes with rags tied round them. He had no shirt or undershirt, and on his feet were pieces of rags tied up with strings.

I had known him for years. He was a common beggar. He came here in June, 1887, to "see" me. It was Sunday night, and in the middle of the service he stood and peered forward, and said: "Mr. Hadley, are you there?" "Yes," I said, "I am here." "Will you pray for me? I am contrite." At the invitation he came up, with probably twenty others, and prayed away like a man in dead earnest. When we arose from our knees he stood up, and said: "Well, I am saved. There is no doubt about it." At the close of the service he came up on the platform and put his arms round my neck, and said: "Brother Hadley, what are you going to give me?" "Oh," said I, "you will get a night's lodging." "Yes," said he, "that's right, but what else?" "I will give you a quarter for your breakfast," said I. "That's right," said he; "I always knowed you were a Christian," and with his quarter and ticket for a bed he tottered off. As he left me he said: "I'll come every night." "Oh, don't," said I; "just come occasionally." But he said again: "Yes, brother Hadley, I'll come every night."

Who was this specimen of the Devil's cruel power and handiwork? He was from one of Ohio's oldest and best families, from a wealthy, prosperous Christian home. After going through college, he studied law in the office of E. M. Stanton, the great War Secretary, under the immortal Lincoln. He married, and began to practice law. But, alas! in college he began to drink whisky, and everywhere he was a failure. He entered the army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and served through that fearful struggle with credit, and was mustered out a colonel in an Illinois cavalry regiment, a confirmed drunkard.

"The Old Colonel."

He tried to struggle against that deadly habit which had so securely fastened itself upon him, but it was useless. At last, when home, wife, and children were gone, he became utterly discouraged. He gave up in despair, and coming to New York took an assumed name.

He never went near the post office, and ultimately came to be a street beggar. For over a quarter of a century he had been a confirmed drunkard. This was the man who came up for prayers that night.

He was on hand early the following evening, as he promised. He came forward for prayer when the invitation was given, and prayed away like a good fellow. After we arose from our knees he stood up, and with much unction said he was saved sure enough this time. He tried to put his arms around me again, but I repelled him this time with much more vigour than grace, I fear. I pointed him to the door.

"Do you mean it?" he said.

"If you linger much longer," I said, "you will see if I mean it." He went away slowly, cursing me, the Mission, and everybody else. He swore he would die in the streets before he would ever come again. I had been sorely tried that night. I had been compelled to put out three long-shoremen who came in drunk looking for fight. I was clearly a backslider. My heart smote me as I saw the miserable, hopeless figure go out into the night. I went to bed, but not to sleep. I could think of nothing else, pray for nothing else. I felt he must be saved, or I would be guilty of his lost soul.

Two weeks from that day we had our monthly meeting of rescue workers. Our speaker had disappointed us, and some one said: "Call on brother Hadley." "Yes, I have something to say," I said, and in shame and tears I told them about the Old Colonel and how I had treated him. While I was making the confession the power of the Holy Ghost fell upon us all. No one said "pray," but all fell on their knees. They prayed for the Old Colonel, and they prayed for me that God would restore my soul. Whilst they prayed the clouds broke. "Get up," I said, "you need not pray any more." They gathered round me and said: "Oh, brother Hadley, have you got your answer?" "I have," said I, as I wrung their hands.

"The Old Colonel."

At the same hour that we were praying a friend of mine, Jerry H. Griffin, a saved drunkard, who had known of my agony, and who knew the Colonel, came across him in Battery Park, and told him I was praying for him. I hastened to the elevated road and came down to Water Street, and there on the back bench sat the Colonel. It was my turn now, and as I put my arms round his neck he burst into tears. I got him a beefsteak, some potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee. He ate like a famished animal. I got a tub of hot water, a bar of soap, and plenty of towels, and with the hands that pen these lines I washed this poor outcast. I threw his vermin-infested rags into the furnace. I dressed him in clean clothes from head to foot. I then took him across the street to the barber's shop and told them to put the clippers on him. His long hair and beard soon disappeared, but the moustache was left. He stayed to the meeting, and then came forward for prayer, but, oh, how changed! His whole frame trembled with emotion, and tears fell from his eyes as he cried:

"Oh, Lord, if it is not too late, forgive this poor, lost sinner!" I told my helpers to let him alone, as the Lord would save him. For six nights this was repeated, and at the close of our service on Saturday night he arose and said, with Heaven in his face: "Oh, brother Hadley, I am saved." I said: "I believe you." With all my heart I believed that God had accepted and saved this "chief of sinners," and so it proved (1 Tim. 1. 15).

From that instant the old beggar tramp was changed into a child of God. He fairly loathed rum and all its works. God restored his intellect, which was so badly impaired. His youth returned, and he became transfigured. Thousands have heard him during the thirteen years he was amongst us tell of the wonderful love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was at last taken sick, and died triumphant in Christ.

SAMUEL H. HADLEY.

"COME unto Me, ALL ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the UTMOST, that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth" (Heb. 7. 25). "COME NOW" (Isa. 1. 18).

LAST WORDS OF EIGHT FAMOUS PERSONAGES.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"It is well." So said GEORGE WASHINGTON in his dying hour. I wonder, reader, if you could close your eyes, never to open them again in this world, with these same words upon your lips.

"Be serious," muttered the celebrated Dutch jurist and theologian, HUGO GROTIUS, as his breath left him. We pass on his advice. Think seriously about the salvation of your soul, unsaved reader. You have to meet God,

and you know not when. Are you ready?

"All my possessions for a moment of time," exclaimed QUEEN ELIZABETH. Leave not this great question of your eternal welfare until your deathbed. As you read this paper you have a splendid opportunity of turning to the Lord Jesus Christ. You may not have another.

"It matters little how the head lieth" were the words of Sir WALTER RALEIGH. You may be possessed of a large share of this world's goods, but not an atom of good will they do your soul when death stares you in the face. Scripture furnishes us with such another example. **"The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died, and was buried; and in Hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments"** (Luke 16. 22, 23).

Did it ever seriously enter your thoughts that beyond this life there is another life which must be spent by you? Either in Heaven or Hell, either with the redeemed or the lost, will that life be spent, and it will last for ever and for ever. Life is but a span, like an arrow shot through the air, very soon to reach its destination. Give this matter your careful consideration.

"It is small, very small indeed." ANNE BOLEYN'S

Last Words of Eight Famous Personages.

last saying is true. Life is like a flash of magnesium ribbon. Very soon you are to be ushered into the presence of the Great Judge, to stand before Him. Are you ready?

"**There is not a drop of blood on my hands**" were the last words of FREDERICK V. of Denmark. Will you be able to say as much? For this world is guilty of the death of Jesus, and its hands are stained with His Blood. Unless you confess your guilt as a poor sinner you will come under the judgment of God. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha" (accursed at His coming) (1 Cor. 16. 22). Over this world hangs the awful cloud of God's righteous judgment, and presently it will burst upon your head. But God is long-suffering, and His desire is that you might be cleansed from your sins. Jesus has died, "the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). Salvation is offered to you without money and without price.

"**Let the light enter**" were the last words of the great German poet, GOETHE, who died in Weimar. Will the light of glory shine upon your soul when the end comes, or will it be blackness of darkness?

"**Into Thy hands, O Lord**" was the exclamation of TASSO as he died. What a happy death! Death, did I say? Nay, it is just the commencement of life for the Christian. To live in those bright courts on high with Christ and all the redeemed is the portion of him who has his sins forgiven. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. 15. 55).

We have listened to the dying sayings of eight famous personages. Reverently, earnestly, would we draw your close attention to a dying utterance which has a voice of deepest interest to the whole world, uttered by One whom none can afford to ignore.

"**IT IS FINISHED**" were the blessed words of the dying Saviour. These words must stand by themselves. There are none like them. What words of triumph! The work of redemption is complete. There is nothing left, sinner, for you to do, but to own your own unworthiness and need of Him.

Be serious! Time is on the wing. Soon everything here will have to be left behind, and we must enter upon another scene. Where? How? When? C. S. R.

THE CZAR'S LAMENT.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar of Russia, like many of the world's sovereigns, has essayed to express the thoughts of his heart in verse. A few years ago he wrote a school poem entitled "My Life," of which the following is said to be a literal translation:

"My happiness was born at night—

It has only flourished in darkness;

I have lost my joy in life,
And wander wearily in gloom.

My soul gropes, sadly searching
In mental fog; it pines,

And prays, and suffers,

But finds no peace on earth."

How such sentiments shatter the idea, so prevalent in the world, that wealth and honour bring happiness! Here are the touching words of one of the world's greatest and wealthiest rulers! And he has not, in his soul's experience, what many who are in the humblest ranks on earth have, namely, peace, joy, and happiness. How is this? The answer is simple—there is that which wealth cannot buy, nor high position command, and yet it lies within the reach of anyone who will have it in God's way and on God's terms. It is, like all God's gifts, "without money and without price."

Christ is the source, as well as the channel, of all that is needed to give a man peace and happiness for Time and Eternity. Apart from Christ there can be no real peace, for "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isaiah 57. 21). Estranged from God, and alienated from Him in heart and life, how can there be peace? God hates sin, and with sin in the way there can be no peace. And if there is no peace, then there is no true happiness, no real joy. Fun there may be; pleasure they may seek and find, but true happiness and real joy come from a higher source.

Has my reader proved the emptiness and hollowness of all things earthly? Is your soul groping, "sadly searching in mental fog," but "finding no peace on earth"? Then let

The Czar's Lament.

us tell you God's way of peace. Again we say, with sin in the way there can be no peace. But the Gospel message is that "THE CHASTISEMENT OF OUR PEACE WAS UPON HIM"—the Lord Jesus Christ (Isaiah 53. 5). That is, God made to meet on Him the iniquity of us all (Isaiah 53. 6). He became answerable for it, and the chastisement due to the sinner fell on Jesus, the spotless Substitute. God proved His satisfaction in that He raised Christ from the dead. Hence it is now written, "HE—Christ—is our peace" (Eph. 2. 14), for HE "made peace through the Blood of His Cross" (Col. 1. 20), and "being justified by faith [in Christ], we *have* peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). *True* peace, then, does *not* come from—

- (1) Having great wealth;
- (2) High social position;
- (3) Good moral character;
- (4) Being religious and philanthropic;

and other such things, good in themselves and perfectly proper in their place.

But *it does come* through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, by bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, procured peace for us—a peace the world cannot give, nor can it take away. And with peace comes joy and true happiness, for "*we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ*" (Rom. 5. 11), and by-and-by will prove that "in His presence is *fulness of joy*, and at His right hand are *pleasures* for evermore" (Psalm 16. 11). May Christ, who gives this peace and this joy, be yours now and evermore.

T. D. W. M.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

I SEE plainly now what kept me from getting Christ. A very long time I was trying to work up sorrow for my sins, because I thought I would not be accepted, and I tried and tried, but could not manage it. But as soon as I saw my Saviour, that He loved me without my loving Him first, then I was sorry for my sins; but no man can be sorry for his sins (godly sorrow) before he sees what his Saviour has done for him. I am not saved for my sorrow for sin, for praying, for teaching a Sunday-school class, nor for any works of my own, but because Jesus bore the punishment for me, and through my believing Him I have eternal life! I have not to wait till the judgment day before I have it, I have it now, for God says so in the Book.

SAVED "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE";

— OR, —

"GOOD NEWS OUT OF THIS TERRIBLE PLACE."



Lieut. R. C. McMillan, R.A.M.C., "Somewhere in France."

"Now, no matter what happens, I am safe in God's keeping and protecting care; and if I should not see you again in this world we shall meet in glory."

SAVED "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

LIEUTENANT Dr. R. C. M'MILLAN, of the Royal Army Medical Corps (attached to the 14th Welsh Regiment), had been brought up under clear Gospel preaching, having heard the "old, old story" told out clearly and tenderly. But, alas, like so many others, he had not laid hold of the soul-saving truth of the Gospel.

Writing from "somewhere in France" to his aunt, Mrs. Trimble, of Dungannon, he says: "On Tuesday last I came down to an aid post with one of our officers who was stunned by shrapnel. The Boches commenced shelling us, and got this house twice with shells. I received a bit of a wound in the left leg. I have the piece that struck me as a souvenir. It cut through my top boot and sock, and only drew a few drops of blood. We had a fairly quiet time at Christmas. The day was rather fine, and except for some shelling, was not marked by any special interest.

"I have some good news for you out of this terrible place. I know you will all rejoice with me. I HAVE GIVEN MYSELF TO THE LORD. Last Sunday night (19th December), alone in the quiet of my room, the glorious truth was revealed to me. I saw that I was a sinner, in close contact with death, and no hope for me. A terrible thought! I got down on my bed, and took out my little New Testament, and opened it at the third chapter of John's Gospel, and read the sixteenth verse: '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.' I read it over two or three times, and I saw the light plainly. 'Should not perish,' that was for me. 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.' My fears were quelled, and I surrendered myself right away. Oh, it is so easy! Why did I not see it before! NOTHING TO DO ON MY PART, BECAUSE JESUS DID IT ALL. Now, no matter what happens, I am safe in God's keeping and protecting care; and if I should not see you again in this world we shall meet in glory. Rejoice with me and pray for me, a sinner saved by grace."

When Dr. M'Millan came to a knowledge of the truth he asked, "Why did I not see it before?" No wonder he exclaimed, "It is so easy!" It was, indeed, easy for him to believe "the Gospel" and be eternally saved, but it

Saved "Somewhere in France."

was not "easy" for Christ to bear the judgment due to us and die in our room and stead. All the difficult work was accomplished by Him when He exclaimed "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30). God is satisfied with what Christ did for us, and we ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

"Nothing to do on my part, because Jesus did it all," said Dr. M'Millan. There is nothing *meritorious* to do.



SOMETHING TO MAKE THEM CHEER, "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

All that any unsaved one is required to "do" in order to be saved with an everlasting salvation is to believe on the Lord Jesus, for the Word of God declares that "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Like Lieut. M'Millan face the question, and come to a definite decision. "He that *believeth* on the Son HATH Everlasting Life, but he that *believeth not* the Son SHALL NOT see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3, 36). Which shall it be? A. M.

RUNNING PAST THE SIGNALS.

" [SAW the red light, but expected it would turn white and clear me," gasped Engineer James Davis, as they lifted his mangled and bruised body from the wreck of his engine. Few words, but they solved the mystery of a terrible disaster occurring on the Central Railroad of New Jersey on Tuesday evening, 27th January, 1903.

At a quarter past six the "Royal Blue Line Express" pulled out from the depot at Jersey City some minutes late. Quickly passing the yard limits marked by the gleaming switch lights, the express glided on the more open track, and was soon thundering past the small suburban towns on the way to Philadelphia. Thirty minutes before the "Easton Local" had left the same depot, but had not gone many miles before being compelled to stop on account of a hot journal. Ignorant of this, the "Royal Blue" sped on at an ever increasing speed, endeavouring to "make up time," when on nearing the town of Westfield the engineer observed signal lights set against him.

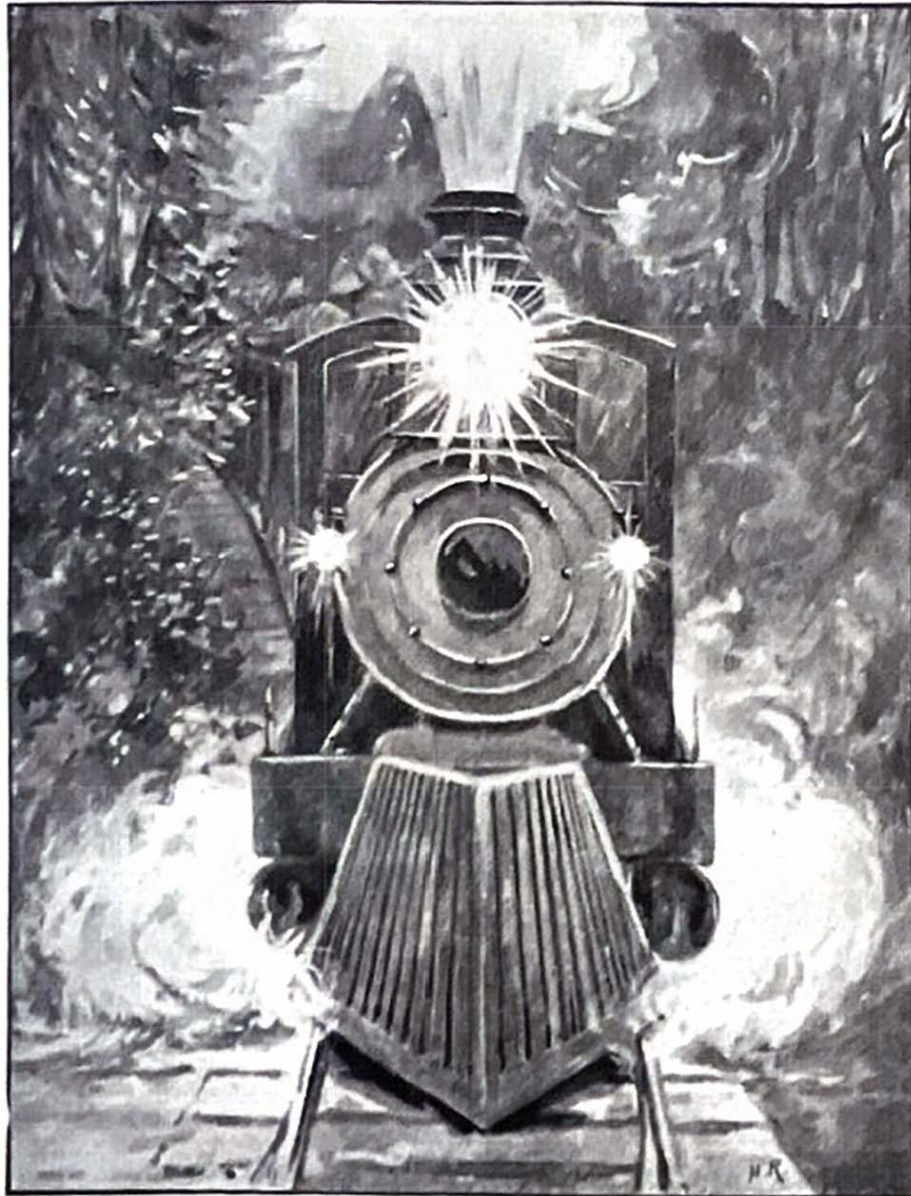
Apparently giving no heed, the express dashed by the signals, and a moment later crashed into the "local," sending a score of souls into Eternity. Dumbfounded, the survivors and general public heard the verdict that followed the investigation, which disclosed the awful fact that Engineer Davis had on more than one occasion ran past signals, and on this ill-fated trip had seen the warning lights, but knowing that he had "right of way" expected they would turn "clear" and allow him to proceed without slackening speed. His orders were to pass the "local" near Westfield, and he thought the train had taken a siding, and they had neglected to turn the light and "clear" him.

Davis was proven by the investigation to have been a qualified engineer of twelve years' experience. Why, then, this fearful wreck? Ah! he trusted to his own thoughts, and not to the signals which warned of danger and death, disregarding that which had become familiar, his life paid the forfeit, he dying two days later in the hospital.

How vividly this pictures the course of the sinner. "There is no difference, for all have sinned" (Rom. 3, 23) on the Road of Life, journeying to a destination which is determined by signals. A merciful and gracious God has shone forth many warning signals, telling of impending

Running Past the Signals.

danger and final destruction, yet the sinner goes on unheeding. God says: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" (Eccles. 12. 1). But Satan beguiles and urges



AN AMERICAN EXPRESS GOING AT FULL SPEED.

the sinner to keep running past the signal. Again God's beacon light shines out in the way: "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psa. 9. 17). The sinner says, "I don't think there is any danger. I don't believe there is a Hell. I'm hoping it will

Running Past the Signals.

be 'all clear' for me.'" Again God signals: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 14. 12). God has marked out in His Word a clear and safe way for the sinner travelling to Eternity. Jesus says: "I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10. 9), and, again, "By Him all that believe are justified from all things." Enter the Door, trust the Way, and be saved *now*.

A marked silence prevailed throughout the country when it was learned how the Westfield disaster occurred. Men could not blame the railroad company when it was proven that their precaution for the safety of their patrons and passengers had been disregarded by an employee. Even so, in the judgment day sinners will be "speechless" as the righteous Judge "convinces all that are ungodly of their ungodly deeds, and ungodly speeches spoken against Him" (Jude 15).

Fellow-traveller to Eternity, passing years and the infirmities of old age tell that you are nearing the final destination, or it may be you are yet young in life's journey. Whichever it may be, let me ask: "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?" Faith in Christ and Him alone will take you to Heaven at the end of Life's Journey. Faith in Christ is the way God has made safe and sure for the sinner. Are you in Christ, who said: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me?" (John 14. 6). Or are you running past the signals? God says: "Because there is wrath BEWARE!" B. F. D.

TWO DISTINGUISHING MARKS.

THERE are two things in God's Salvation which distinguish it from all the reformation schemes of earth. There is, first, the *forgiveness of sins* that are past. The moment you believe the record which God hath given of His Son, that moment you receive the forgiveness of all your sins, by virtue of the cleansing power of the Blood of Christ. Then, in the second place, you receive *power to live a new life*, for you are created anew in Christ Jesus. There is thus provision made for the future as well as atonement for the past. Are you willing now to receive this almighty Saviour? Or do you deliberately prefer to remain in your sins? What is *your* decision? W. S.

"I DON'T MAKE ANY PROFESSION."



THE VILLAGE SHOEMAKER AND HIS PROFESSION.

"THAT'S always the way with them folks that pretend to be religious. I never saw any good come of them. I am just as good as they are, and I don't make *any* profession."

And so saying, the shoemaker pulled his thread through the leather with a force which seemed to say, "There's a pill for you to swallow." "Don't you?" said I. "No, I don't." "Excuse me, my friend, but I scarcely credit you. I always thought you believed there was a God." "Oh, of course; I'm not a heathen." "Ah, that's a little bit of profession, then. But I suppose you don't believe that the Bible is God's Word?" "I tell you," said he, "I'm not a heathen. You know well enough that I believe the Bible, and I attend the church, and give them money. I am never absent from sacrament, my children are baptised, and they learn their Bible, and we say our

" I Don't Make Any Profession."

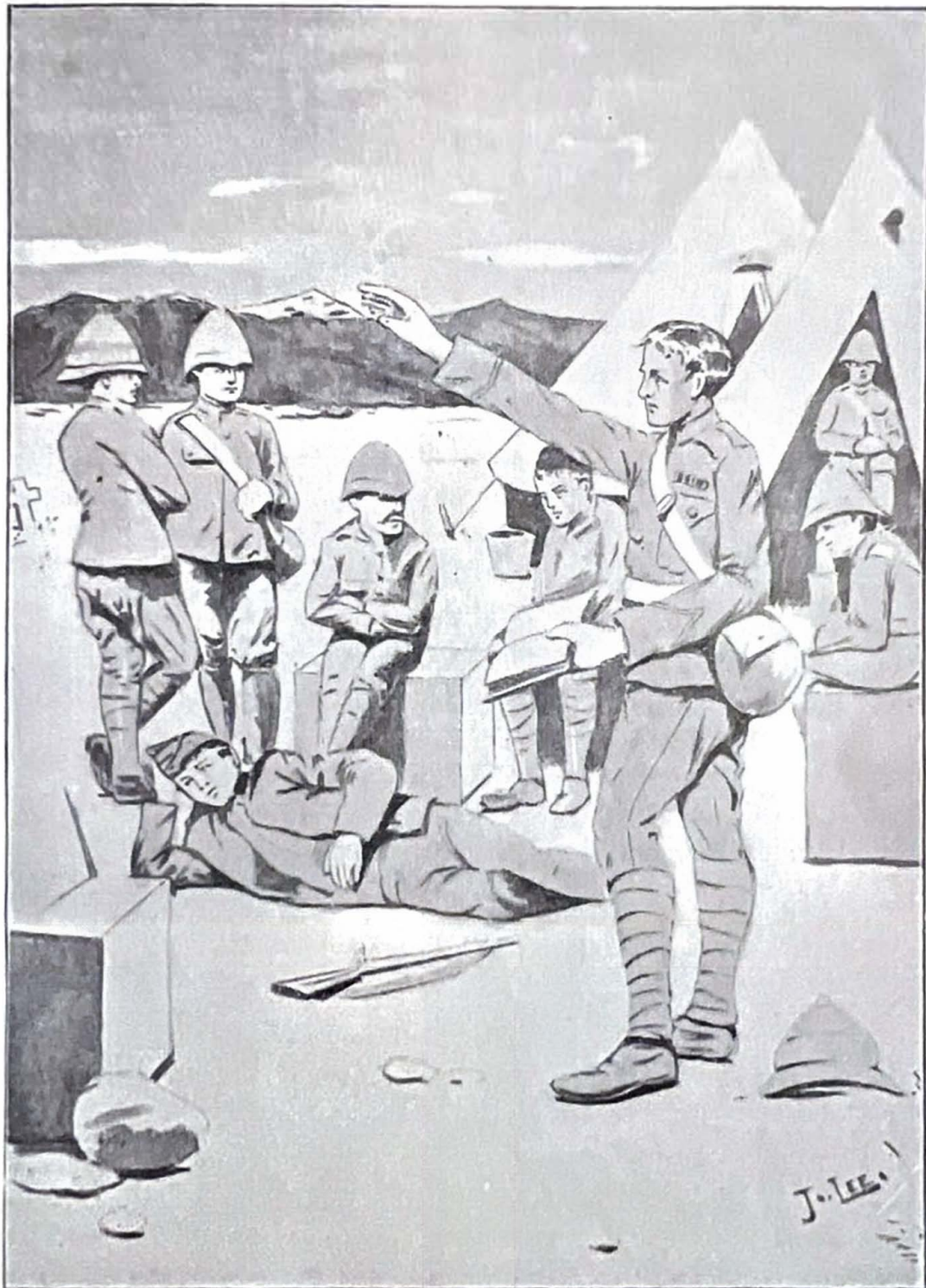
prayers, and——" "Stop, stop! my friend, you're going too fast for me. I thought you said you made *no* profession?" "No more I do." "What! you believe in God, that's a little profession; you believe the Bible to be *His* Word, that's still more; you say you are never absent from sacrament, that is to say you sit down at the table spread for those who claim to be *His*, having had their sins pardoned, thus you profess yourself saved, and publicly sit among God's people, professing to be on *His* side. My dear friend, what greater profession could you make? Why, it's a great profession! Surely, you can't mean that you now wish to deny that loving Saviour, do you?"

"I never thought of it that way," said he, laying down his hammer, and resting his head on his hand. "Many people never think of it," I said; "and they tell me just what you did, or they say 'I live up to my profession.' Oh, my friend, I wish I could live up to *my* profession. for it is a dreadful thing to claim friendship with that loving, pleading Saviour, and then deny Him, and become ashamed of Him." "I see it," said he. "I see it now, and never thought of it. I just sat down at the table because others did, and because I had got to that time of life; but it never struck me till just now that this meant professing Christ. Oh, will He ever forgive me my sin?"

"That's what He came to do," I said. "He came to save sinners, and it isn't by making profession of good works, but by believing in His finished work that we are saved; and if we believe His work to be true, then we are all 'dead in trespasses and sins'—dead, and therefore cannot work—for a dead man can *do* nothing. Christ alone can give us life, and He gave His life that we might have everlasting life; and He gives it freely. My profession is this, and only this, 'I am a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me.' And because He died for me, I now try to please Him, not in order to *be* saved, but because He *has* saved me; and 'the life I now live in the flesh' I humbly try by His grace to live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." "And that I'll also do," said the shoemaker, pressing my hand, "if He'll forgive me for making such a false profession." By and by the shoemaker became a Christian worker, and instead of "making *no* profession," he seeks to "glory in the Cross of Christ."

W. M.

"I AM VERY GLAD THAT GOD SAVED ME
LAST NIGHT."



"THE SCRIPTURE READER SPOKE A FEW WORDS OF ENTREATY."

Seizing the opportunity, the Scripture reader spoke a few earnest words of entreaty and warning to the men. The presence of the Lord was felt in a marvellous way, and they reluctantly parted, each one going to his tent. But what about the morrow?

"I AM VERY GLAD THAT GOD SAVED ME LAST NIGHT."

THE South African War was on, and numbers of brave men were slain. One evening a few Christian soldiers, headed by Mr. M'Nicoll, a devoted Scripture reader, had a presentiment that a battle was imminent, and decided to hold a prayer meeting in the open air, with the object of commending themselves and their comrades to the care of a covenant-keeping God. Earnest cries ascended on high, and ere the gathering broke up several hundreds of soldiers were standing around with bowed heads joining in the petitions. Before the meeting broke up Mr. M'Nicoll suggested that they should sing Hymn 397 in "Sacred Songs and Solos," the first stanza of which is as follows:

"Are you coming Home, ye wanderers,
Whom Jesus died to win—
All footsore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stained with sin?
Will you seek the Blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust His precious promise?
Are you coming Home to-night?"

Seizing the opportunity, the Scripture reader spoke a few earnest words of entreaty and warning to the men. The presence of the Lord was felt in a marvellous way, and they reluctantly parted, each one going to his tent.

After Mr. M'Nicoll had retired to rest he heard footsteps approaching his quarters. Inquiring who it was, a man replied, "Sergeant M——." "Come in, Sergeant. What is the matter?" said the soul-winner. "Mr. M'Nicoll," said the Sergeant, "I have learned that I am a great sinner, and have wandered far from God, but I want to come Home to-night." The Scriptures were appealed to, and Mr. M'Nicoll had the joy of leading the Sergeant to the Saviour. Sergeant M—— discovered that night for the first time that the Lord Jesus had borne *his* sins in His own body on the tree, and died in *his room and stead*. He believed that Christ did it all, and paid it all, and rested his soul for Eternity on the Word of the living God, that by believing on Christ he was "saved."

Before sunrise next day the regiment went into action. As the Scripture reader visited the wounded and dying he found the Sergeant badly injured. Not recognising him at the moment, the man said, "Don't you know me,

"I Am Very Glad That God Saved Me Last Night."

Mr. M'Nicoll? It was I that came Home, and I AM VERY GLAD THAT GOD SAVED ME LAST NIGHT." It was Sergeant M——, and the Scripture reader perceived that the young Christian's course was nearly run. During the few hours that he survived he gave a clear testimony to the fact that he was resting on the finished work of Christ. Again and again he expressed his gratitude to God for saving him ere it was too late.

At the close of the war Mr. M'Nicoll returned to Scotland. One night, whilst holding a Gospel meeting in Edinburgh, he related the incident about Sergeant M——. As he finished the story a woman fainted and was carried into a side room. When she became conscious she expressed a desire to have an interview with the preacher. Mr. M'Nicoll immediately went and saw her. He was greatly surprised to hear her say, "I am Sergeant M——'s widow, and I did not know how my husband died till to-night. I had a brief notice from the War Office of his death, but that was all. I am glad to know that he was ready, and I want to be saved too." Needless to say, it was a great joy to Mr. M'Nicoll to be privileged to point the widow of Sergeant M—— to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), and see her rejoicing in the Lord.

Have you come "Home" to the Lord Jesus? Or are you still a wanderer on the mountains of vanity and sin? He longs to bless and save you with an everlasting Salvation. Do you say that you have "tried" to be a Christian and have miserably failed? Cease "trying." Salvation is not obtained by "*trying*," but by *believing on Christ* who died for all our crimson sins. And what He did is enough. Harken to the 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). It is not by believing anything about ourselves that Salvation is procured. It is through believing in Him who bore the wrath and curse due to us that we are eternally saved. "All that believe" on the Saviour, who died the "Just for the unjust," are "justified" and redeemed from wrath and woe. Hesitate no longer. Accept Christ now, and be saved eternally. A. M.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN?

NOTHING is easier than to perceive and decry the misdeeds of other people, while forgetting all about one's own faults. "Other men's sins" afford a subject for conversation by no means uncongenial to many who would resent the question: "*What about your own?*" Yet the truest wisdom is to be very personal with regard to this matter, and to begin with number one.

Two clerks, employed at the War Department, were sitting at their desks, when one, gazing out of the office window, remarked to the other: "Just look at that Government workman on the roof over the way. I've been watching the lazy beggar for half an hour, and he hasn't done a stroke of work. That's the way they cheat the Government."

Meanwhile the workman was remarking to one of his mates: "Just look at that clerk down there. I've watched him half an hour, and he's done nothing but stare out of the window all the time. That's the sort of chap we have to pay taxes to keep."

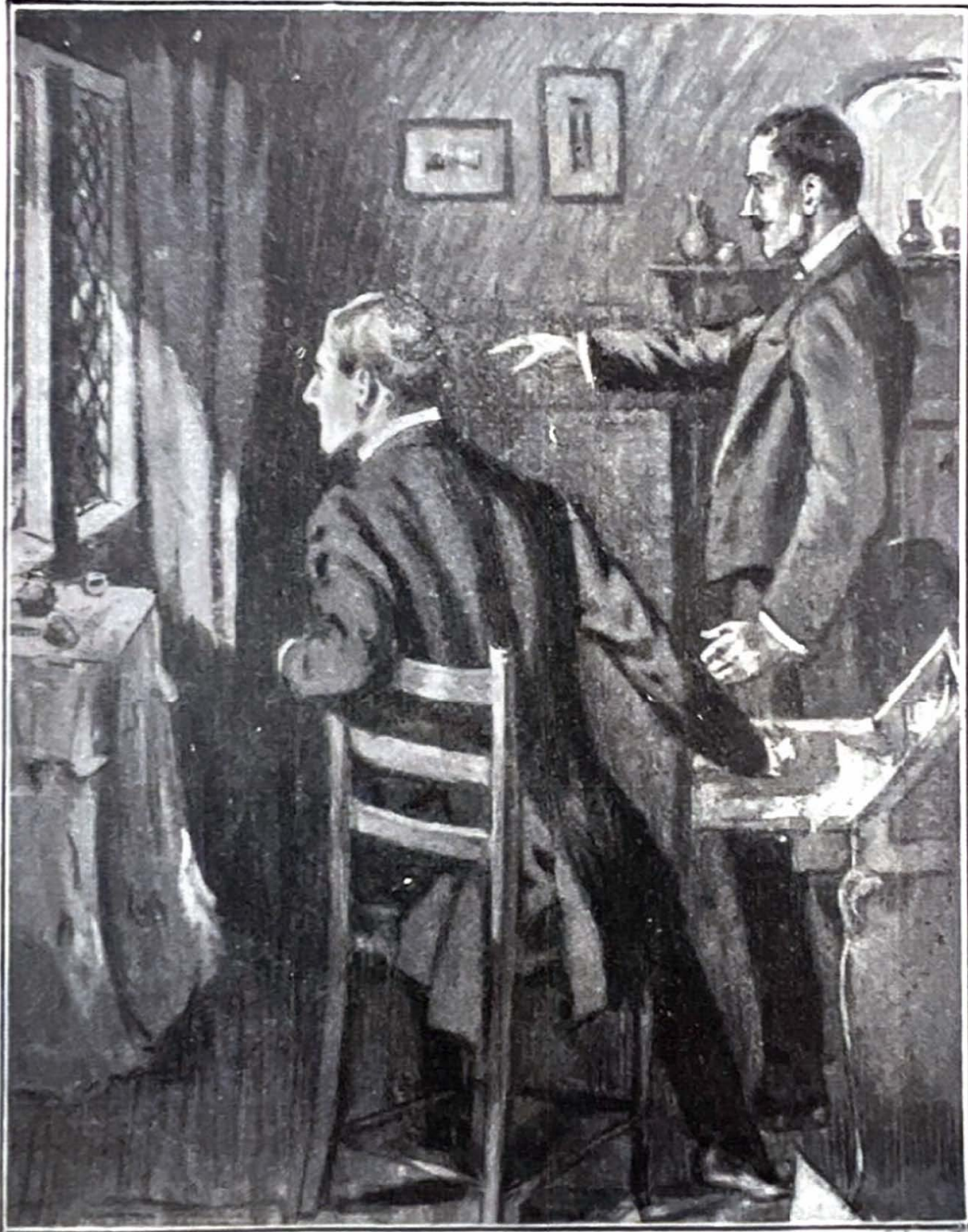
The clerk, while observing the workman's laziness, entirely forgot his own. The workman, while reproaching the clerk, was altogether unmindful that he was himself doing the very thing he complained of.

I do not wish to occupy your mind, reader, with sins which other people commit. We will not discuss that murder of which the newspapers have so much to say; nor that jewel robbery; nor the cases of drunkenness and foul language brought before the magistrate. We will not discuss with mistresses the delinquencies of servants, nor with servants the shortcomings of mistresses. We will not touch upon the questionable conduct of Mr. So-and-so. There is a challenge which I would pick up from the pages of Holy Scripture and ring in your ears: "ARE THERE NOT WITH YOU, EVEN WITH YOU, SINS AGAINST THE LORD YOUR GOD?"

There can be only one answer to this question. Yes, there are sins that *you* have committed. Sinful motives, sinful desires, sinful words, sinful deeds—all these are *sins*. There are sins of omission as well as sins of commission; secret sins, as well as those about which others know. This is a most serious matter, for by your sins you are separated from God. His Word declares "Your iniquities

What About Your Own?

have separated between you and your God'' (Isa. 59. 2). You will, of course, retort: "*What about your own?*" How does the question apply to you, Mr. Preacher? Are there no sins that lie at your door?" At once I admit my sinfulness. Find, if you can, the worst man on earth, and I will acknowledge that between him and me there is no difference, save that which sovereign mercy makes.



"JUST LOOK AT THAT GOVERNMENT WORKMAN OVER THERE."

What About Your Own?

The difference lies here. I have fully owned my guiltiness. I have confessed my sinful condition to God. And I have availed myself of the merciful provision which He Himself has made for such as me. He sent His Son to be the Saviour of sinners. When Jesus went to the Cross of Calvary it was in order that the great sin-question might be taken up between Himself and God. He became the Sin-bearer, and so glorified God in connection therewith that free pardon of all offences is secured for every sinner that believes in Him. God Himself has promised to receive and to bless for ever the sinner who puts his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He has shown, in the atoning work of the Cross, how He can be both "just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3. 26).

Your wisest course would be to go straight into God's presence with the story of your sinfulness. Plead the merits of Christ's atonement. Put all your confidence in Him as your Saviour, and *your sins* of crimson dye shall be washed away. Read Isaiah 1. 18; 1-John 1. 7. H. P. B.

REMEMBER! REMEMBER!!



Youth.—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" (Eccles. 12. 1).

Professor.—"Remember Lot's wife" (Luke 17. 32), and "flee from the wrath to come."

Pleasure Lover.—"Remember (know thou) that for all these things God will bring thee unto Judgment" (Eccles. 11. 9).

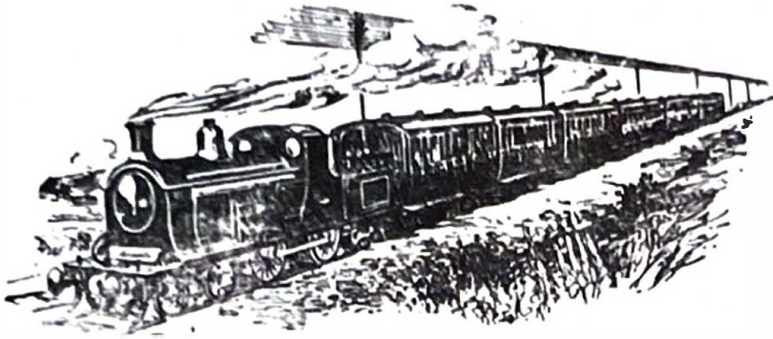
Believer.—"Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead" (2 Tim. 28), and He says, "Because

I live, ye shall live also" (John 14. 19).

Unbeliever.—"Abram said, Son remember. Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed" (Luke 16. 25, 26).

Aged.—"Remember how short my time is" (Psa. 89. 47). Remember! Remember!! Remember!!! *ayr,*

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S SURPRISE.



"BOB, give me a paper," said Bill Lawson, a big burly engine-driver, to the "news-boy" at an American Rail-

way Station. "Bob" had recently been converted to God, and in the joy of his first love, eagerly and earnestly sought to win others to the Saviour. "I'll give you a paper," was Bob's answer, "if you promise to read this tract." "Tract!" was the indignant and scornful reply; "I don't want any such rubbish," and walked away. Shortly afterwards the engine-driver preferred the same request, and he got the very same reply. For the third time Bill asked a paper, and on hearing the customary answer he said to Bob, "Do you really want me to read it?" "I do, Bill." Taking the tract out of his hand Bill said, "Then I shall read it."

When he had leisure Lawson took the tract out of his pocket and carefully perused it. It spoke of God's amazing love in giving His only begotten Son to bleed and suffer and die in our room and stead. The "glad and glorious Gospel" as unfolded in the life-giving 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"—was expounded.

At their next meeting Bill was asked the question, "Did you read the tract that I gave you?" Throwing his arms around Bob's neck, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, in broken and faltering accents, he exclaimed, "I never read such a tract. I thought that God was like a policeman with a club in His hand seeking to arrest me; now I see that He loves me. If He is such a loving God, I want to know and love Him."

Many, like Bill Lawson, imagine that God is like a policeman, pursuing them to shut them up in the prison-house of hell. What a perversion of the character of God! How true the divine declaration that "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love" (1 John 4. 8). Though God hates sin, He loves the sinner with a fond and tender love. Whatever you are, or have been, God

The Engine-Driver's Surprise.

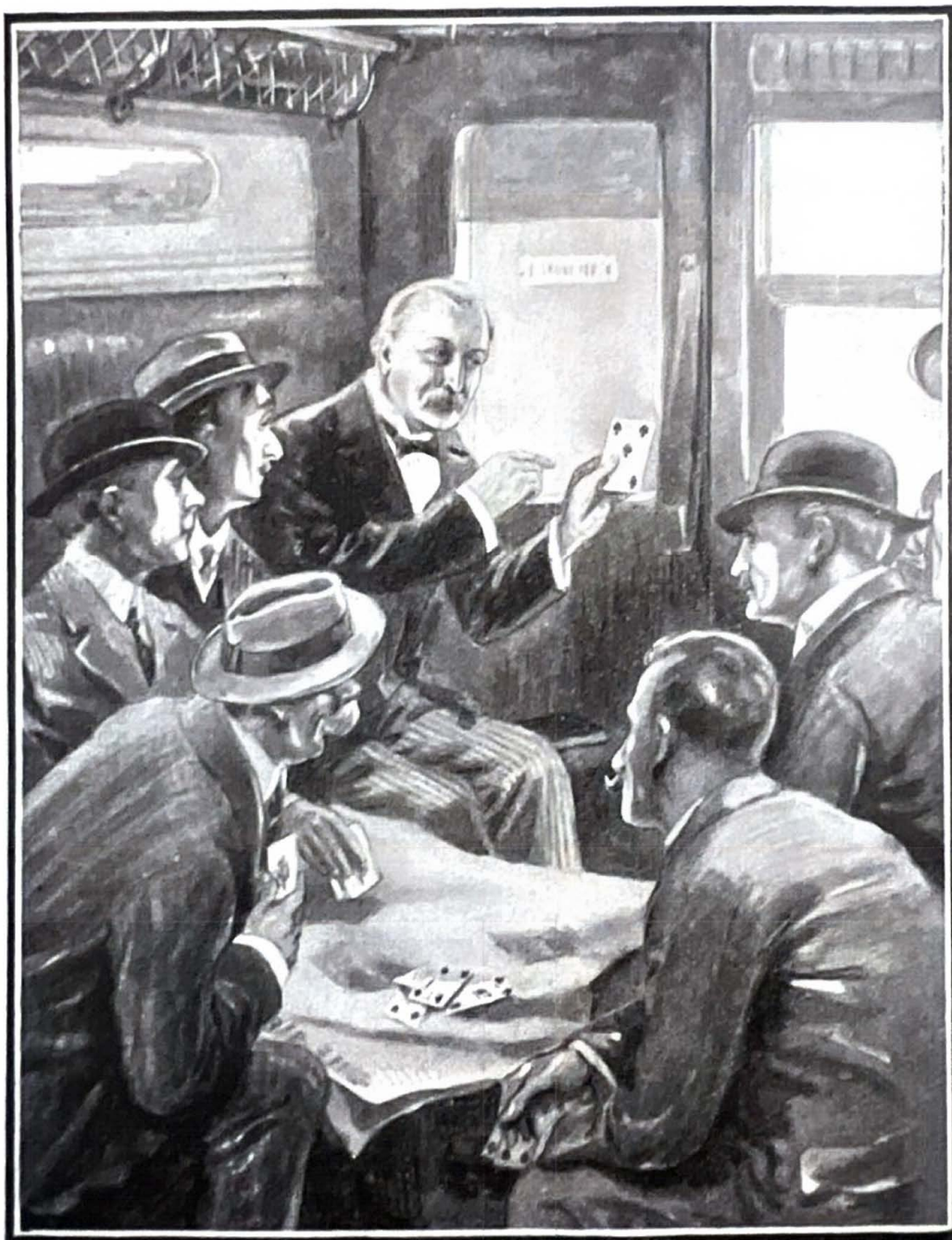
loves you. At this very moment He desires to bestow upon you a free, full, and present salvation. Hearken to His solemn asseveration: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezekiel 33. 11.) God has no pleasure in your death. Scripture declares that "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9). God is not willing that *you* should perish. His longsuffering is salvation to multitudes. He desires that you should now repent and believe the Gospel of His matchless grace. Though this is so, many ask if we believe that God made anyone to damn Him! Would that such took time to read the Scriptures! If they did they would learn that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). He longs to bless and save *you* as you read these lines. He loves you with a wondrous wealth of love, and longs to save and bless you at this very moment. You may imagine that it is a matter of unconcern to Him whether you spend eternity in remorse and misery, or in joy and gladness. You never made a bigger mistake in your life.

The *proof* of His love to you is the glorious fact that He gave Christ to die on Calvary's Cross that you might not perish but have everlasting life. Can you doubt His love to you a moment longer? Christ bore sin's penalty, and shed His precious blood as a ransom for your deliverance. The ransom price has been paid and accepted. God is satisfied, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Believe on Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities (Isaiah 53. 5), and you will obtain eternal life as a present possession, and like the engine-driver have a glad surprise. Why not now believe and be saved? Why not cease procrastinating? The Lord Jesus Christ is coming to take His people to be with Himself. Are you ready for His coming? "Now, now, now—to-morrow too late may be." "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

A. M.

THE FIVE CARD SHARPERS AND THE FORTUNE TELLER.

"IF I AM RIGHT YOU OUGHT TO CROSS MY PALM WITH A
SHILLING A PIECE."



"These five spades represent five actual spades."

"Gentlemen, you see these two pips at the top of the card? I wish them to represent your *two eyes*; this one in the middle your *mouth*; and these other two your *knees*."

THE FIVE CARD SHARPERS AND THE FORTUNE TELLER.



FRIEND of mine was coming on a train once, when five of the men in the carriage began to play cards. They were evidently sharpers, and before long challenged others to play with them, but all declined. At last they turned to my friend, and said: "We can see by your face that you fully understand the game; come, take a turn." "I did know the cards once, but it is so long since I played that I forget." "Nonsense!" they said, "you could win all our money if you only tried." "Perhaps that would not be very much," he replied. "Anyway, I will not attempt. Five of you are enough for your game; we will look on."

As they still pegged away at him, he at last said: "Gentlemen, I tell you I cannot play, but there is one thing I can do." "What is that?" they asked eagerly. "I can tell fortunes." "Capital! Will you tell ours?" "If you wish it; but I warn you it may not be very flattering." "What card will you want?" "The five of spades, please," and it was handed to him, with expectation of great sport. "I shall require one other thing, if you don't mind," he further said. "What!" they asked a little impatiently. "A Bible." They could not produce one. "No, but you had one once," said the fortune teller, "and if you had followed its precepts you would not have been what you now are. However, I have one," and to their dismay he produced it.

A pistol would have hardly been a more unwelcome object. But the fortune teller began: "Gentlemen, you see these two pips at the top of the card? I wish them to represent your *two eyes*; this one in the middle your *mouth*; and these other two your *knees*. Now, in Revelation 1. 7, I read, 'BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS; AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM.' The Speaker is the Nazarene, who shed His blood for sinners like you and me; and your eyes, that now see Him, have to stand before Him to be judged. That is the future of your eyes," he continued. "Now concerning your mouth and knees, let me read Philippians 2. 9-11: 'Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every Name; that at the Name of Jesus every

The Five Card Sharpers and the Fortune Teller.

knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things on earth; and that every *tongue* should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' From this I foretell that your knees will bow to Jesus, and your tongue, that used to say 'Gentle Jesus' and 'Our Father,' will have to confess that He is Lord of all. Your eyes will see Him, and when you see Him your knees will grow weak, and you will fall before His Majesty."

They got more than they bargained for, but he gave them some more. "Gentlemen, that is only the first reading of this card. Now for the second, if you please. These five SPADES represent five actual spades that are already made, and may ere long dig the graves of you five sinners, and then your souls will be in Hell, crying in thirst for a drop of water, and you will wish you had never been born."

The five card sharpers were getting more and more fidgety, but it was useless, for they could not get out, as the train would not stop until reaching Reading.

"Gentlemen," continued the fortune teller, "you may escape this terrible future, and my fortune not come true, if you do what I did, and perhaps I was the worst of the six. My eyes saw the Lord Jesus dying upon the Cross for me in my stead, bearing my doom. My *tongue* confessed Him Lord, and my *knees* bowed to Him in lowly submission. If you do this, I can foretell the very reverse of all I have said. I have told your fortunes, as I promised, and if I am right you ought to cross my palm with a shilling apiece. But I do not wish your five shillings. I will be content if one of you will promise to accept the Lord Jesus Christ whose Blood cleanseth from all sin."

They would neither pay nor promise, but as the train pulled up at Reading they tumbled out as if the carriage had contained a small-pox patient, leaving my friend in possession of the "five of spades." "Stop!" he cried, "here's your card," which he tossed after them. Was the effort wasted? or was it seed sown, perhaps on hard or stony ground, yet to be reaped "after many days?" Let the sequel answer.

Recently walking near his home at Shepherd's Bush, London, he was accosted by some one saying, "Good evening, sir." "It is a good evening if all your sins are forgiven," was the rejoinder. "Yes, and I am glad you

The Five Card Sharpers and the Fortune Teller.

are still at it," replied the stranger. "Still at what?" "Telling fortunes." "That is not my line." "Well, you told mine more than ten years ago." "I think you are mistaken," said my friend. "No; anyone who has once seen you can never mistake you."

He then recalled the ride from Oxford. "Ah! I remember, and you left like a lot of cowards, without paying the fortune teller." "I am your payment. Your words came true of three of us; three spades have dug their graves. The other one I saw at Reading a few days ago. He is anxious to be saved from the fortune you foretold, and is attending Gospel meetings. As I parted with him I said, 'Sam, don't forget the five of spades.'"

"And what about yourself?" "When you saw me I had been to a sister's. I was right down miserable. Mother had just died. Calling me to her bedside, she had said, 'William, kiss your mother, and I leave you this Scripture: BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS; AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM (Rev. 1. 7).' When you quoted those very words, it seemed as if my dear mother rose up and frowned upon the cards. That text followed me. I drank, and drank, and drank again; but continually I heard, 'Every eye shall see Him.' At last I went to California for the gold diggings. As soon as I landed, having nothing to do, I stopped to hear some singing. The singers formed a little procession, and I followed to a Gospel hall. When the young man got up to speak, he gave out as his text, 'BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS; AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM.' It was more than I could stand. That night I bowed my knees in submission, saw Jesus as my Saviour, and with my tongue confessed Him." He was soon going back to the diggings, but that one interview was good payment for the fortune teller.

You may not be a card sharper, or one absolutely wicked, but you are a sinner, for "*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23); and you need the same Saviour to save you "from the Wrath to come."

Will you now "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), look and live; or will you await that Day, and behold Him coming in Power and great Glory, to be banished from His presence into the blackness of darkness for ever? DECIDE NOW! W. L.

"EVERY INCH A SOLDIER."

HE had gone out to fight his country's battles, leaving home and loved ones to go to a foreign shore, there to help uphold the honour of freedom's flag. A stalwart, sturdy young fellow, he was "every inch a soldier," his friends felt, as he marched by to the depot. After weeks of travel by rail and transport his regiment was at last on the ground of conflict and eager to be in the battle.



"He had Gone to Fight his Country's Battles."

READY FOR THE FRONT.

Some, no doubt, had very serious thoughts as they reflected on the dread possibilities of the morrow. He of whom I write was utterly careless as to everything but the delight he felt at the prospect of the soon-coming engagement with the enemy. Not long had he to wait. At early dawn the camp was astir, and soon grim war in all its excitement and horror had burst upon him.

For a time he fought nobly and well, but at last when victory seemed assured, he reeled and fell, pierced by a rifle bullet. He saw his comrades march on in triumph, and beheld the enemy scatter in all directions, then sank back

"Every Inch a Soldier."

exhausted. Night was falling. All about him were dead and dying. The hospital corps was far behind. He was sinking fast. Already, much exhausted from loss of blood, he knew his case was hopeless. For the first time he found himself face to face with death and Eternity. He told himself he was not afraid to die. Nor was he, but "After death the Judgment!" (Heb. 9. 27). Ah, there was the fact! The Judgment; was he ready for that? He felt in his inmost being a deep sense of horror unspeakable as he pictured that great White Throne and the Judge with the all-seeing eye, then the dread sentence, "Depart!"

The Gospel he was utterly ignorant of. He had simply neglected it, and now he cried with a shudder: "Oh, my God, it is too late, too late! No remedy now. I might have settled it long ago, but it is too late now."

The next instant a low voice whispered in his ear three words: "*Look and live.*" He opened his eyes with a start. In the fast gathering gloom he saw an earnest face bending over him. "Say it again," he whispered. "Look and live, my poor fellow. 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life'" (John 3. 15).

Gently, as he was able to take it in, the only story that is of moment at such a time was told, the story of infinite love, the Lord of Glory giving Himself for guilty sinners.

His strength was fast going, but he listened eagerly as a few words were read from the precious Book in the Christian worker's hand. With one last convulsive effort he cried: "I am a poor sinner. I have neglected so long. But, Lord, I look! I look to Thee now!"

And as the messenger of redeeming love softly whispered assuring words of grace and mercy, peacefully as a child the soldier's spirit passed away. His life, alas, was lost, for he had spent all his days as a Christ-neglector, but he had found eternal life through looking in faith to the sinner's Friend, who "sticketh closer than a brother."

Unsaved one, whether soldier, sailor, or ordinary reader, I bid you, too, "**LOOK AND LIVE.**" Look to Jesus now, for in Him there is Salvation full, free, and eternal. Do not delay, "Now is the accepted time." You can be saved at this moment. To-morrow may be too late! H.A.I.

THE DUBLIN MAN WHO MADE A TERRIFIC MISTAKE.

THE tent had been pitched in the suburbs of Dublin for some weeks. The Scottish evangelist with experience in many lands had sought to make the message clear and plain. Night after night every chair in the canvas cathedral was filled with eager listeners, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. The uplifting of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of the lost had proved the truth of His words: "I, if I be lifted up, . . . will



The Nelson Column as seen in the distance. SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

draw all men unto Me" (John 12. 32). "Christ, only Christ," had been the theme of speech and song. The utter ruin of man, needing Christ to save. The fact that "nothing either great or small" remained to be added to the finished work of Christ. The complete inability of the sinner to overcome sin or deliver himself from the power of Satan, yet the complete ability of the crucified, risen Saviour to "save to the uttermost" (Heb. 7. 25) all who come to Him, had proved the true Sayings of God unto the Salvation of every one that believeth.

The Dublin Man who Made a Terrific Mistake.

A venerable old gentleman who had retired from business attended the meetings almost from the first. Quietly entering, attentively listening, quickly leaving, he had often aroused the inquiry, "Who was he?"

A new preacher, also from Scotland, arrived. The fifth night he ventured to say that any who would care to have a talk on personal Salvation might do so at the close of the meeting. After the crowd had dispersed, this regular hearer made his way to the preacher. "Could I have a word with you, sir. I have been coming night after night, and if what you have made clear, and the other gentleman before you confirmed, I am making a terrific mistake. I am 75 years of age. I have been working for Salvation from boyhood. I am an elder in the Presbyterian Kirk, yet I have never been 'born again,' and I fear my mistake is fatal."

"Step into the smaller tent, sir," said the evangelist, "and we will examine the Word of God on the subject." Quietly and carefully he showed the inquirer that "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the Tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). He reminded him that "cursed is man that trusteth in man" (Jer. 17. 5), and urged him to cast all his deadly doings down at the foot of the Cross, and there, gazing by faith on the Central Figure, crowned with thorns, to join with the chief of sinners in saying, "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20).

There and then he cast his deadly doing down at Jesus' feet, rested alone in the "finished" work (John 19. 30), accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, obtained Everlasting Life as a free gift, and went on his way rejoicing.

Are you willing to "cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils" (Isa. 2. 22), commit your soul to the keeping of Him "against that Day" (2 Tim. 1. 12). Remember God says, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of Salvation." What is your answer? *hyp.*

THE OFFICER'S QUESTION.

"DO YOU THINK THAT IT WOULD BE A MANLY THING FOR ME TO
OFFER TO GOD THE DREGS OF MY LIFE AFTER SPENDING
SO MUCH OF IT IN THE SERVICE OF SATAN?"



"SEEKING TO HELP THE SICK, THE WOUNDED, AND THE DYING."

"Jimmy Taylor," as he was called, went through the whole of the Boer Campaign, for he had a great desire to carry the Gospel to the Soldiers.

THE OFFICER'S QUESTION.

A SCRIPTURE reader, "Jimmy Taylor," as he was familiarly called, accompanied the Gordon Highlanders from India to South Africa. "Jimmy" had a great desire to carry the Gospel to the soldiers, and he went through the whole of the Boer Campaign, seeking to help the sick, the wounded, and the dying.

On one occasion, whilst visiting the battlefield when an engagement was going on, he came across a young officer who was mortally wounded. After attending to his physical needs, he asked if the matter of his soul's salvation had been attended to. The officer confessed that he had neglected that important business. "Don't you think that it is time that the question was settled?" The officer, looking into the Scripture reader's face, said, "DO YOU THINK THAT IT WOULD BE A MANLY THING FOR ME TO OFFER TO GOD THE DREGS OF MY LIFE AFTER SPENDING SO MUCH OF IT IN THE SERVICE OF SATAN?" Mr. Taylor replied that the Lord is no respecter of persons, that He is able and willing to save the bravest as well as the most cowardly, and quoted such scriptures as "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8); "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9); and assured him that He was able and willing to save the guiltiest sinner on earth.

The officer became worse, and asked for water, which was given him. With the help of another he was being carried to the hospital tent; on the way there he asked to be laid down. While he was resting, the Scripture reader slowly repeated the following passages of Scripture: "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); "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28); "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). After a brief pause the officer said, "DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT CHRIST WOULD SAVE A POOR SINNER LIKE ME?" He was assured that it was the joy and delight of the Lord to pardon and save the guilty and Hell-deserving. "Then," said the

The Officer's Question.

officer, "please pray for me." The Scripture reader from a full heart earnestly besought God to save the dying man. After the Gospel was presented clearly and lovingly the officer rested his weary soul on the work which was done for him by Christ at the Cross of Calvary. By faith he saw the Lord Jesus "wounded for *his* transgressions and bruised for *his* iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5), and found joy and peace in believing.

The doctor and nurses did what they could to alleviate his sufferings, but it gradually became evident to all that the end was near. Mr. Taylor remained with him until midnight, asking the nurse to see that he was called if there was any change for the worse. Before daylight the Scripture reader was summoned to the hospital, where he found the officer rapidly sinking, but radiant with the joy of the Lord. Taking a locket from under his pillow he asked Mr. Taylor to send it to his mother, and tell her that her prayers had been answered, and that he was "safe in the arms of Jesus." Soon after this he passed into Eternity.

This story is told, not to encourage the unsaved to procrastinate, but to show forth the patience, love, and

ongsuffer-
ing of God.
We would
urge the
reader not
to delay
one mom-
ent longer,
but to close
in at once
with God's
offer of
mercy.
"Behold,
now is the
accepted
time; be-
hold, now
is the day
of Salva-
tion." A. M.



THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS.

OF none of the enemy regiments have we heard more during the Great War than the Prussian Guards. At times we have read of their deeds of valour, but, alas, more often of their deeds of cruelty.

In the days of Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great, the Prussian Guards were composed entirely of men of very tall stature. A few years ago, when visiting Potsdam, we were shown the standard said to have been used in measuring recruits. As far as we remember it was six feet four inches, and unless the recruit was of that height he was rejected. The standard was high, and few would be able to reach it.

The King of kings in recruiting for His army has also set a high standard. Mankind has been judged by it, and it has been found that "ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). That word "ALL" includes you. You may imagine that you are a great sinner or a small sinner, but "he that offendeth in *one* point is guilty of *all*" (see James 2. 10).

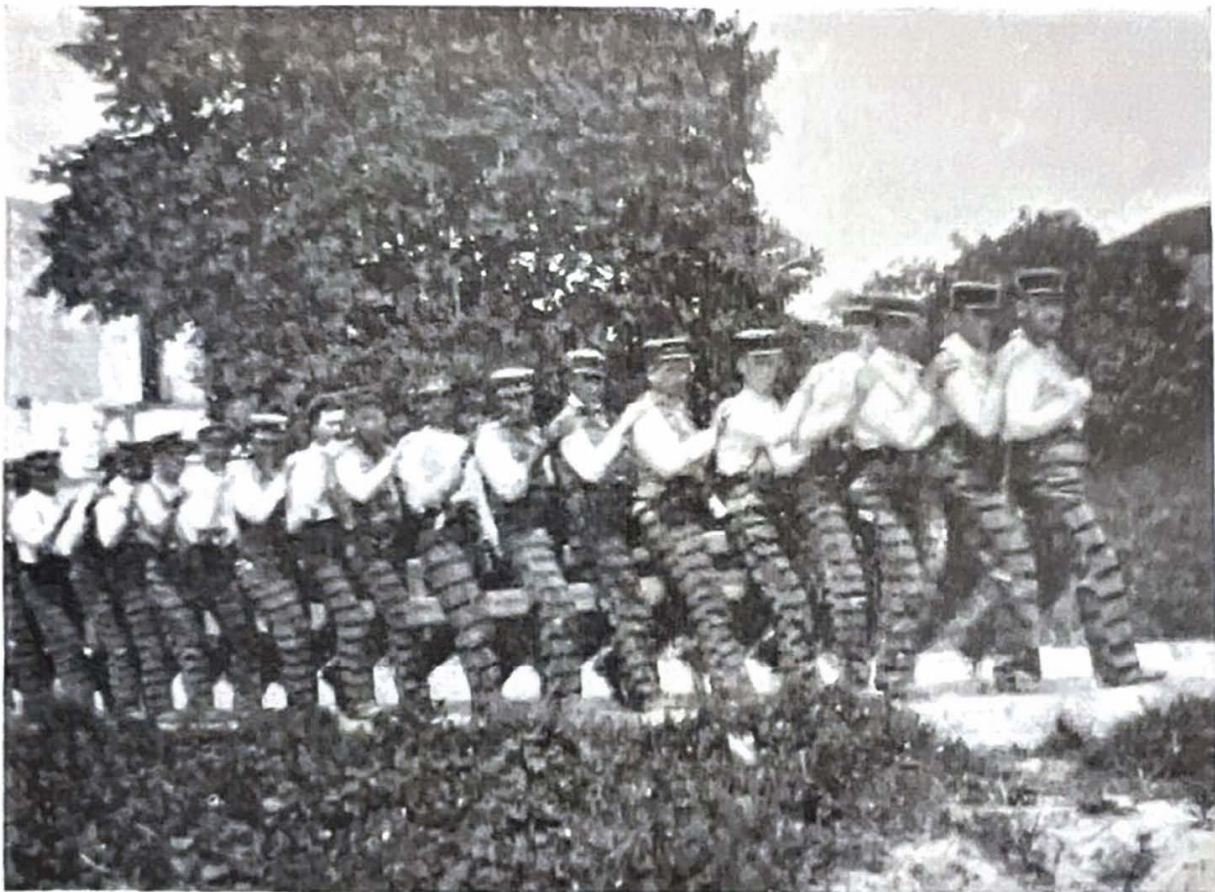
To obtain recruits for his Guards Frederick William adopted most extraordinary methods, which the historians tell us scandalised all Europe. He had agents in every country in Europe cajoling or kidnapping the tallest men that could be found. Priests were dragged from the altar, and monks from the convent. Rich merchants were actually carried off, and could hardly, if ever, get their freedom again. One Irishman, James Kirkland by name, is said to have been given £1000 to join.

We have pointed out that no man has been found to meet the Divine standard; but as it has been decreed that the Lord Jesus Christ shall have the pre-eminence, His army will be furnished with soldiers. He has servants in almost every country in the world. He, however, employs no compulsion. It is to "whosoever will" that the invitation is given. "The Spirit and the Bride say, COME. And let him that heareth say, COME. And let him that is athirst COME. And WHOSOEVER will, let him take the Water of Life freely" (Rev. 22. 17). You are unfit, but Christ is able to cleanse you and make you righteous. Won't YOU come to Him, and, believing the Gospel of God, be translated from the power of darkness into the Kingdom of His dear Son? Why not enlist now?

J. H. B.

THE PRISONER IN "THE TOMBS."

LET no one suppose that he can be converted till he wakes up to the fact that he is lost. When I was in New York City the chaplain of the city prison wanted me to go down to "The Tombs," the New York City Prison, and preach to the prisoners. I told him I would be glad to do it. I supposed the prisoners were to be brought into the chapel, but when I got there I found that I had got to speak to them in their cells, so that all I could see was the bare walls. Well, when I had finished talking to them I thought



GROUP OF PRISONERS IN AN AMERICAN JAIL.

I would go round and see what effect my preaching had.

In the first cell I looked into I saw three or four men playing cards. I said to them, "My men, how is it that you are here?" "Well, the fact is, chaplain, false witnesses appeared against us in the court, and we were sent up, but we are not guilty." "Well," I said, "there is nothing for me to do here; these men are innocent," and I passed on to another cell. There I saw two men, and in reply to my question what had brought them there, one

The Prisoner in "The Tombs."

of them said, "I tell you how it is, chaplain; we got caught, and the men that done the deed they got clear." "No one here for Christ to save," said I, and I went along to the third cell, where there were some others. "Well, sirs, how is it with you?" "Oh, we haven't had our trial yet. We'll be out of here in a week or two."

I never saw so many innocent men in any one day in my life. The only guilty men, it would appear by their remarks, were the magistrates and officers who put them there.

But after a while I found a man away off in a cell by himself. His head was resting between his hands, and I saw two great streams of tears pouring down his face. They did not come in drops, but in streams. "Well, my friend, what's the trouble?" He looked up, and said, "Oh, sir, my sins are more than I can bear!" "Thank God for that," said I. The man looked surprised. "What," said he, "are you not the man who has been preaching, and you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear?" "Yes." "I thought you said you were a friend to the prisoner." "So I am." "Well, why are you glad that my sins are more than I can bear?" "Because if they are too heavy for you, you can cast them on some One who will bear them for you." "Who is that?" "The Lord Jesus Christ; He will bear them for you."

I told him how Christ left Heaven, how He came down to the manger, of His love for the sinner, and His willingness to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him (Heb. 7. 25). I exhorted him to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved" (Acts 16. 31). When I left him I said to him, "Now I shall be in my room between nine and ten o'clock, and I shall be praying for you."

Next morning I met him again, and as soon as I saw him I perceived that a great change had taken place. The light of eternity seemed to be breaking around him. His face was lit up the moment he saw me. I said, "I wish you would tell me all about it." He said, "I thank God that He brought me here, for if He hadn't brought me here I shouldn't have received Christ."

Christ went into that one cell and set a captive soul free. And why? Because he believed he was lost. If there is any one who will believe he is a sinner, and wants to be saved, such a one Christ will save *now*. D. L. MOODY.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?



"O F course I'm a Christian as much as you. I'm not a Jew, a Turk, or an infidel."

"But, my friend, there are two kind of Christians—real Christians and nominal Christians, true and false, professors and possessors, dead formalists, and those who have 'passed from death unto life,' and 'have believed to the saving of the soul.' Which are *you*?—(1) A SHAM, A COUNTERFEIT, OR (2) A REAL, TRUE CHRISTIAN?"

"Well, I daresay I am as good as most, though I don't set up to be over pious; and I tell you what it is, I don't believe in canting humbugs, and those folks who make such a parade of their religion. Many of those who *talk* so much and make such a loud profession are the biggest scoundrels on earth. For my

part, I believe in doing as you would be done by, and I keep my religion to myself. In my opinion, a man can be just as good at home as in a place of worship, and if he does his best, and says his prayers, he can't be far wrong, and will turn up all right at last."

"Well, my friend, I agree with you in hating cant and hypocrisy; but I tell you plainly that, if you have no better idea of what it is to be a Christian than you have just expressed, *you are no true believer on the Lord Jesus at all.*"

"I tell you I *am* a Christian. I am a church member, I have been baptised and confirmed, I take the sacrament regularly, am a Sunday-school teacher, and a teetotaler. I pay my way, and do all the good I can. What more do you want?"

"It is no matter what *I* want; but *God* says that 'except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven' (Matt. 5. 20). Have you ever seen yourself a LOST SINNER?"

"No; I hope I am not lost."

"Then Christ is not your Saviour; for He came 'to seek

Are You a Christian?

and to save that which was *lost*' (Luke 19. 10). Have you kept the whole law?"

"I've done the best I can, but of course no one is perfect."

"But the Word of God says: 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is guilty of *all*' (James 2. 10). 'By the law is the knowledge of sin.'"

"Well, according to that, every one must be lost."

"Exactly so! That is just what I want you to see—all the world is 'become guilty before God,' and 'by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight' (Rom. 3. 19, 20). Your church-membership, sacrament-taking, teetotalism, honesty, charity, and all your good works go for *nothing* as far as meriting salvation is concerned; they are only '*filthy rags*' in God's sight. So you see you are no Christian at all, except outwardly and in name."

"But I believe in Christ."

"So do the devils; for it says, 'The devils also believe and tremble'" (James 2. 19).

"Well, what more can one do? What must I do to be saved?"

"Is that *your* question? Are you really anxious? Do you see that you are guilty, ruined, helpless, LOST?"

"I do see that I want something which I haven't got; for I must confess I should not be satisfied to die as I am. I know I am not what I ought to be; and yet I try hard to be good."

"Let me advise you then, instead of trying any more, just to give up, and own to God that you *are lost*. For if you do not want to be LOST FOR EVER, you must own that you are lost now; and if you do, you will find that Christ is a Saviour for you, because He came to save the *lost* (Matt. 18. 11). If you are really anxious to be saved, and cry out, like the Philippian jailer, 'What must I do to be saved?'—receive the answer God sent to him, as God's answer to *you*: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved, and thy house' (Acts 16 31). Come now to Him. Believe on Him and He *will* save you. Hear His promise: '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). But do not call yourself a Christian until you can truthfully say, 'CHRIST IS MINE, AND I AM HIS!'" E.B.G

HOW TO BELIEVE AND BE SAVED;

— OR, —

“HE MEANS WHAT HE SAYS, AND IF YOU BELIEVE HIM YOU
WILL BE SAVED.”



“Oh, I see you believed my word,” said his employer.

When they were together the employer turned round, and looked at the foreman as if waiting to ascertain the object of his visit. The pause was broken by the master asking Jarvie if he wished to see him.

HOW TO BELIEVE AND BE SAVED.



JAMES JARVIE, one of the foremen in a woollen mill in a manufacturing town in Scotland, was awakened to an apprehension of his guilt and danger, and longed to know how he could obtain the pardoning mercy of God. He had thought that he was "as good as others," and had as fair a "chance" of getting to Heaven as some who made a "loud profession." Now that his eyes were opened to see his true state before God, he had nothing to say about others. Many of the people in Tillicoultry declared that "no one could know that he was saved on earth," and spoke of those who had assurance of Salvation as "presumptuous."

The foreman's wife visited a relative in a neighbouring village to inquire of him if he thought that it was possible for one to "know for certain that he was saved." Mrs. Jarvie's relative told her that it was not only possible, but that he himself had that certainty, and sought to show her that all true believers in Christ ought to have it.

Mr. Robert Archibald, the proprietor of the mill where Jarvie was employed (who related to me the incident), on hearing of the foreman's condition, sought to show him God's way of Salvation. He told him that on account of what Christ did and suffered for him on the Cross he could be saved by believing the "good news" regarding His sufferings and death. That night Jarvie remained for conversation at the close of the Gospel service. One of the workers endeavoured to get Jarvie's mind occupied with what Christ did for him, assuring him that divine justice was satisfied with the mighty work of atonement, and by believing on Him, who did it all and paid it all, he would become the happy possessor of eternal life.

One great mistake made by the seeking soul was this, he thought that he really believed on Christ, but did not believe *in the right way*. Perhaps the reader thinks or says that he believes on Christ, but that he does not do so *in the right way*. If so, let me assure you that if you are not "saved," "converted," or "born again" you do not believe in Him *in any way*. There are not *two ways of believing*—a "right" and a "wrong" one. God's holy Word does not say that if a man believes in Christ *with the right kind of believing* he will be saved. But it does

say: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), and "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47).

One day Jarvie received a note from his employer asking him to call at his house at seven o'clock. At the time appointed he appeared. The maid informed her master that Jarvie desired to see him. Beckoning with his hand, Mr. Archibald said, "Come this way." When they were together the employer turned round, and looked at the foreman as if waiting to ascertain the object of his visit. The pause was broken by the master asking Jarvie if he wished to see him. Astonished by such a question, the foreman felt nervous, and, taking the note from his pocket, he stammered out, "The letter, sir, the letter!" "Oh, I see, you believed my word!" "If you wrote it, sir, did you not mean it?" exclaimed the surprised foreman. Mr. Archibald then took from his pocket a piece of paper on which were written three Scripture texts, and handed it to him, saying: "BELIEVE GOD'S WORD IN THE SAME WAY AS YOU BELIEVE MINE. HE MEANS WHAT HE SAYS, AND IF YOU BELIEVE HIM YOU WILL BE SAVED, AND HAVE ETERNAL LIFE." On reaching his house Jarvie read the Scriptures which were as follows:

1. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

2. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18).

3. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

As he read "the wonderful words of life" he remembered what his employer said to him: "Believe God's Word in the same way as you believe mine. He means what He says, and if you believe Him you will be saved, and have eternal life." In a moment he laid hold of the wondrous fact that by believing on Christ, who loved *him* and gave Himself for *him*, he had the authority of the Eternal God that he was saved (Rom. 10. 9), "born again" (1 John 5. 1), "justified" (Acts 13. 38, 39), and the possessor of

How to Believe and be Saved.

Everlasting Life (John 3. 16, 36). Immediately he was filled with joy and peace, and exclaimed, "IS THAT IT? IS IT SO SIMPLE? I SEE IT! I SEE IT! THANK GOD!"

For years afterwards James Jarvie proved the reality of his conversion by a consistent Christian life, and now he is with Him whom he loved and served. Does the reader desire to be saved and know it? If so, you can be saved even now, as you read these lines. There is one, and only one way of Salvation, and that is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. You may say that you don't remember a time when you did not believe on Christ, and yet you know you are not prepared to meet a holy God. Such a statement is tantamount to the assertion that you *always believed* on the Saviour. Surely, however, you are mistaken. God's Word declares that "*all that believe*" are saved from the penalty of sin, and you are still unsaved! Let me, however, ask *what* do you believe? "I believe that Christ died on the Cross for sinners." Believing that Christ died *for others* won't save you from eternal woe. Believing that "Christ gave Himself a ransom *for all*" (1 Tim. 2. 6) won't do you any good unless you see that He died for you. You may even believe that He died for *you* without laying hold of the glorious fact that what He did is ENOUGH. You may believe much about Christ without believing the saving truth of the Gospel.

"The Gospel is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16), therefore every one who believes it is saved. SAVING FAITH IS THE BELIEF OF SAVING TRUTH. Don't think of your faith; think of Him who is its object, the Lord Jesus Christ. "If we receive the witness (or testimony) of men, the witness (or testimony) of God is greater" (1 John 5. 9). If this means anything it shows that it is easier to believe God's testimony than that of mortal man. Man may be mistaken, but it is impossible for God to be mistaken or to be deceived. "He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true" (John 3. 33). Has the reader received God's record, or is he still making Him out to be a liar? May you now be enabled to say from your heart:

"I do believe it, I will believe it,
I am saved through the Blood of the Lamb;
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name!"

A M,

"NOT ENOUGH TO HOPE, WE MUST
BE SURE."



EMILIA V.—AN ITALIAN SAVED BY GRACE.

IN the city of A——, in the north of Italy, a young Italian woman, Emilia V——, lay dying. She had been for years living a life of sin, and had long given up the practice of her religion, and indeed any faith in God. But when she found herself face to face with death she was stricken with consternation. Her sister, living the same life, shared her little flat.

In the same building there had lived for years an old Italian evangelist, Signor R——, and his son and wife. They had tried to reach the sisters, but had been rebuffed. But now in the presence of death the younger R—— made one more attempt, and asked the sister whether the sick one would like him to visit her and read the Word of God. This offer was at once refused, but the next day he was summoned to the sick room.

The dying girl asked her sister to leave the room, and then said to Signor R——, "I want to confess to you. I will not have a priest, but if I confess to you it will be the same thing." "But we do not confess people," was the answer, "as this is wrong for us or anyone else; but I can read to you about the Lord Jesus, and tell you to turn to Him." He read the story of the Good Shepherd who went after the lost sheep, and rejoiced when He found it, and

"Not Enough To Hope, We Must Be Sure."

especially drew her attention to the verse where it says: "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." She said that this was a comfort to her, but added, "What have I done to the Lord that He makes me suffer so?"

It was strange that a person who had been living a life of open sin should speak so, but we are all the same in this respect until our eyes are opened. Though few are living as this poor girl, yet "there is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23), and the worst sin of all in God's sight is a sin which the world does not count a sin at all—to reject the Lord Jesus.

After a little prayer, Signor R—— left. She said she would send for him if she wanted him again. The same evening came an urgent call. She wanted him to pray with her. He did so, and then read the oft-quoted words: "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). She repeated the last two words over again. "Everlasting Life! Everlasting Life! This life lasts a very short time, but there is a life which lasts for ever." This seemed to be like a glimmer of light in her soul.

Next morning Signor R—— was summoned in haste. After prayer he read, amongst other scriptures, the words: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. 1. 18). It was then she began to pray: "Oh, Lord, pardon me. Have mercy upon me!" "Are you sure of being saved?" asked Signor R——. "I hope so," she answered, but her eyes, full of alarm, did not speak of much hope. "But it is not enough to *hope*; we must be *sure*. Jesus Christ died for us, and promises Everlasting Life to whosoever believeth in Him. He never deceives, and never changes. Why not just now believe on Him?" Hardly had she done so when a look of heavenly joy passed over her face, and she cried, "Oh, Lord, You have saved me, I am forgiven, I am yours! Lord Jesus, take me!" It was clear that now she knew the Lord as a real, living, personal Saviour, able and willing to save.

From that moment her whole soul and thought was changed. Before she complained of suffering too much;

"Not Enough To Hope, We Must Be Sure."

now that she had *sinned* too much. Before she dreaded death; now she longed for the Lord to take her. To one of her neighbours who said, "Poor Emilia!" she said, "You are much poorer than I am, for you have to remain in this poor world of tribulation." To her sister and other women who were much moved by all this, and stood weeping by her bed, she exclaimed, "You must not cry, this is a day of rejoicing." She often referred to the words, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God" (Luke 15. 10), and kept looking up out of the window at the sky, and repeated more than once, "It is victory all along the way."

The sister wanted the priest to be sent for, but she would not hear of it, "I don't need a priest," and, looking up to Heaven, she exclaimed, "I am Thine."

Her sister then wanted her to consent that the priest should bury her in order that people should not talk. "Let people say what they like, I want to be buried by my new friends," and she had two neighbours brought in to bear witness to this desire.

At half-past two on Sunday morning, only about two days after she first heard of the Good Shepherd, her soul passed away to be with Him. The day of the funeral there was a snowstorm, but in spite of the great cold a large crowd listened to the Gospel preached in the court-yard of the house. The white snow covered everything, and seemed to speak of that spotless robe of righteousness which covered the soul of Emilia V——, and of all who in every land believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. W. II.

SAVED BY SIGNAL.

ONE of the most interesting cases that has come to light through the war has been told by a signaller in the Royal Naval Division. Before going to the Dardanelles he was definitely led to accept Christ as his Saviour whilst at Blandford Camp. He went out with a draft during 1915, and it was his privilege, whenever a chance occurred, to speak to his fellowmen of the Christ who died for him. One day on the battlefield he saw a man to whom he had spoken the words of eternal life send the following message by flag signal: "CAN I BE SAVED NOW?" Our friend Lawson replied instantly: "YES. NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION. BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND

Saved by Signal.

THOU SHALT BE SAVED'' (2 Cor. 6. 2; Acts 16. 31). After a brief interval the inquirer, who was under the conviction of sin, found deliverance through "the precious Blood of Christ." He believed on the Lord Jesus Christ out there on the plains, and found a joy and peace which comes to every soul through believing the good news proclaimed to all men, and accepted the "gift of God," which is "eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 6. 23). He signalled back to his mate Lawson one short word, "DONE," indicating that he had "believed," and was "saved." His future life demonstrated the reality of his faith.

Does not this remind us of the words of our Lord Jesus when on the Cross. He said: "It is finished." What was finished? The work of Eternal Redemption for your soul and mine. How wonderful it is that God should have provided for His enemies such a Saviour, and proclaimed such terms of peace for rebel sinners, on condition that we accept His terms and believe what He has *done*.

How easy and simple it is to the soul who is lost to be saved from eternal darkness through faith in Christ Jesus alone. But how hard it is to those who do not believe.

If we do not believe what God says, that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23), we cannot enjoy the Salvation He has provided for all men in Christ. Men are tired of "religion," with its forms and ceremonies, but we never find a man who is tired of hearing the good news of Salvation through Christ after he has accepted God's gift. What can compare to the joy which Christ brings to the heart of those who believe on Him, live by Him, feed upon Him, walk in Him, and look for Him? NOTHING is the word which conveys the answer to this pressing question. "He is altogether lovely."

May all who read these lines be amongst those who will one day soon be caught up to be for ever with the Lord (1 Thess. 4. 17). There in the eternal glory we shall be able to explore the depth, the height, the breadth, the length of the love of God which passeth knowledge.

But think of it, those who reject Christ will be banished from His presence and punished with eternal destruction.

The Word of God speaks plainly, warning every man to "flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. 3. 7). Rest not till *you* too can truthfully signal to your fellows—"DONE" H.T.

A BLUEJACKET'S THRILLING STORY.

"WORKING FOR COIN LIKE HORSES, AND SPENDING IT LIKE ASSES."



"UP AND DOWN LIKE A MOUNTAINOUS SEA."

A BLUEJACKET'S THRILLING STORY.

BORN in a village near Rochester, Kent, schooled in London, where the earliest days of recollection were spent, my parents, who were Christians, were both deaf and dumb, and I was the only child. Yet, with all these obstacles, I was taught the Scriptures at my mother's knee.

My mother went to glory when I was yet a child, and having no woman's tender love to guide me when I most needed care and guardianship, I was left to fight my own battles. Hence at the age of 14 I was living in the haunts of lowest Lambeth, amongst the boys and girls who were one day to become the criminals of our land. After several escapades of theft and forgery, coupled with birchings and police court appearances, I joined the Royal Navy, a fugitive from justice and society. Things seemed to improve, but that only lasted so long as certain restrictions were made as to shore leave. Passing through the training school, H.M.S. "Impregnable," and launching out as a full-fledged jack-tar, the company of older men was resorted to, with the inevitable result that, young though I was, I soon became, under the power of strong drink, the companion of bad and questionable characters, the friend of bookmakers, and certainly a lover of pleasure rather than a lover of God.

Passing from one ship to another, sailing from one port to another, through the Mediterranean, seeing various parts of this world, enjoying life one day, grumbling the next, up and down like a mountainous sea, yet no thought of my soul, no desire after God. I remember disturbing Salvation Army meetings at Dartmouth and Burgess Hill, near Brighton. I also remember scoffing at young converts, and anything that had any religion about it was razed down to the ground as fanaticism or hypocrisy.

One young sailor, converted at Malta in the Sailors' Home in Floriana, came on board our ship (H.M.S. "Carnarvon") to give his testimony as to the saving grace of God, only to receive abuse and scorn. Time fled, moments sped on, opportunities lost and missed, and deeper and deeper sank this devil-bound sailor into sin and into vice. An eye-witness, in 1906, of the heroic deed which won for Sub-Lieut. Noble the Stanhope Medal for the bravest deed of the year, yet no work of God manifest in the soul. Coming home to England on furlough for five

A Bluejacket's Thrilling Story.

weeks, plenty of money saved up, only to be spent ruthlessly and carelessly to the detriment both of soul and body. "Working for coin like horses and spending like asses," so Mr. Plowden, the London magistrate, has said. Returning to Portsmouth Barracks shortly after the "bow the knee meeting," where there was a "little hell ashore," and no improvement. Disrated soon after for drink, and sent to Chatham with a view of reformation.

In August, 1909, my father died of epilepsy, broken-hearted. For a moment I was pulled up, but only to start again immediately the body was laid to rest at Tooting Cemetery. Travelling back to Campbeltown to join the ship (H.M.S. "Berwick"), carried aboard hopeless and helpless. My father's friends I did not want, they were religious. My relations I never bothered about, except one aunt, who had a little money, as I used to enjoy a night at some place of amusement at her expense.

Whilst lying at Gibraltar a letter arrived from Edinburgh from some deaf and dumb people I had never known or seen, but who knew and respected my departed father, offering me a home and a bed, and asking for a photo of him as a keepsake. The remarkable thing was I had just had my father's and mother's photographs enlarged and copied, why I could not have explained. But I know now, praise be to God. Returning home to Chatham, I executed this request, and for nine months correspondence passed between this family in Edinburgh and myself.

Lying at Campbeltown once more, in June, 1910, resolves were made and put into practice to visit my benefactors just out of curiosity and for courtesy's sake. But, sad to relate, I could not leave Campbeltown *en route* for Edinburgh without first sampling the stock in trade of the Royal Hotel. Arriving at the Waverley Station at midnight on Saturday the worse for drink, I found myself met by two young ladies, the daughters of my kind friend. For the first time I felt ashamed that I should be the companion of purity and innocence. The next day, Sunday, for respectability's sake, I went to the Gospel meeting. I can take you to the very seat where I sat when God's Spirit laid hold of me, shook me through and through, shattered my manly pride and youthful boast that "Jack is as good as his master," and that neither man, devil,

A Bluejacket's Thrilling Story.

nor beast could teach me the meaning of fear. My boldness disappeared in a moment of time. A dear old doctor with long flowing beard and a passion for souls was telling out the Old, Old Story from John 5, the impotent man at Bethesda's Pool. Still I was unconcerned, musing over the miserable Scotch Sunday, no pubs open, nothing to make the heart glad, hoping that this preaching would soon be over, leaning my back against the pillar, closing my eyes in order to shorten the "agony." I heard in clarion tone these words: "There is somebody here whose father is in Glory, and who has been the subject of a mother's prayers. Wilt thou be made whole?" Arousing myself, I saw the preacher looking at me and pointing his finger directly, though I sat at the back of the hall. God's arrow of conviction had done its work, and I realised that I was lost, unclean, and unprepared to meet God. I knew I had not merited God's favour, certainly not by good works or almsgiving, for I was accustomed to say my prayers with pewter pots. Like Isaiah, I saw in a moment my unfit condition. My sins rose up in judgment against me, and there I was left in the awful predicament of a Hell-bound sinner. The meeting over, the after-meeting finished, I went home to settle down to a sleepless night of remorse for the past. My mother, how I wanted her then! My father, how I yearned for him!

Returning to my ship via Glasgow and Greenock, a Christian man was my companion as far as Glasgow, and leaving me at St. Enoch Station he put his hand upon my shoulder, and said, "BE IN TIME." On the following Wednesday, standing the strain no longer, I yielded and surrendered to God, sank down on my knees, and definitely accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour for time and for Eternity, and was "saved."

I had my lessons to learn, and slowly but surely I saw Him leading me, teaching me, keeping me, satisfying me. It was in 1910 when I could sing, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," and now I can sing with increased reality and vigour, "Jesus, Thou art enough the mind and heart to fill." Convicted of forgery at 14, a drunkard at 17, perpetrator of every vice and crime except murder, a sinner saved by grace at 23, I can by sovereign grace exclaim, "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

D. G. D.

"I DO BELIEVE, I WILL BELIEVE."

MR. C. was preaching in a tent in a country village in the north of England. Many of the farmers, with their wives and families, as well as the farm hands, attended, and several were not only brought under deep conviction of sin, but through faith in the Son of God, who loved them and gave Himself for them, they were led into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

The people soon began to see from the plain, straight-



"A TENT IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE."

forward way that the Gospel was presented every night that they need not keep on hoping to be saved all the days of their lives, but that they might *know* for certain they were saved; and that not through their own good works, but alone by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. For they began to realise He died for their "sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 3, 4). They plainly saw, too, from the Word of God that He said, "Therefore we conclude that a man is

"I Do Believe, I Will Believe."

justified by faith without the deeds of the Law" (Rom. 3. 28). "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

Among those who attended was a farmer's wife. She had shown signs of anxiety about her soul for some days, and although the people were invited to stay and ask the preacher any questions that might occupy their minds, or to express their doubts or fears, very few embraced the opportunity, but went home every night carrying the burden of sin and guilt upon their consciences and heart.

At last Mrs. W. ventured to tarry. At all cost she had made up her mind to have this important matter settled. Some of the workers sat down by her side, whilst others silently lifted up their hearts in prayer to God for the preacher, and that she might be led to decision for Christ.

When asked, she could scarcely explain what the hindrance was which kept her from Christ, but finally after explaining that the Lord Jesus Christ had died and paid the mighty debt due to her sin, she was asked would she believe on Him and accept Him as having *died in her stead*. Because we read, "To as many as received Him, to them He gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe* on His Name" (John 1. 12).

Now the chief thing was: WHO DID JESUS DIE FOR? She began to realise it was for her. Did she believe that? "Yes, with all her heart," she replied. Then repeat these words after me," said Mr. C. "*I do believe, I will believe,*" which she did. "Now again slowly," he said. "*I-do-believe, I-will-believe,*" and suddenly the light of God's truth dawned upon her, and bursting into tears she cried out aloud so that all could hear her, "*That Jesus died for me. Oh, praise the Lord, I'm saved!*" And the recording angel had the joy of registering another name in the Lamb's Book of Life (Rev. 20. 15). There was joy in Heaven over another sinner coming to repentance (Luke 15. 7). The good news soon spread around the neighbourhood of the farmer's wife being converted, and this led to many others inquiring "What must I do to be saved?" The answer was soon supplied from the Book of books, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Will you now accept Christ as YOUR Saviour, and say, "He is mine, and I am His?" J.W.

HOW TO GAIN THE HARBOUR.



ONE very stormy morning not very long ago I watched from a window in a small sea-port town a most soul-stirring sight. A terrific gale had been blowing all night, and the huge waves were dashing with great fury upon the storm-beaten strand. A crowd had gathered, for a boat was seen through the mist bearing towards the land.

Could she gain the harbour? And as the question was asked, anxious eyes were strained to watch her movements. First one tack then another was tried, but in vain; then at length the last bit of

sail was torn to ribbons, and with her broadside to the wind she drifted a hopeless wreck. The only hope for the sailors was the lifeboat. Could it live in that angry sea? The lifeboat was manned, and strongly and bravely did her crew pull through the waves, till at length they reached the wreck, and one by one the sailors were taken into the lifeboat, its prow was turned to port again, and all hands were saved.

Now, those sailors were not saved by their own efforts; they could not reach the harbour. Salvation had to be brought to them from the shore which they desired to reach. In their case see your own. If you want to reach heaven, salvation must come to you from heaven.

Salvation has come down from heaven, yes, down from the heights of glory to the low place where sinners were lying. The Son of God brought it. Sent by divine love, He came to rescue destruction-bound sinners from their danger, and bring them into perfect safety. He made atonement for sin.

He offered Himself to meet all the claims of Justice. He died for the ungodly, and in dying vindicated God's perfect righteousness and at the same time proved God's blessed love to guilty men. He is now raised from the dead and seated in heaven's glory, and HEAVEN IS OPEN NOW, and God is sending forth the glad tidings of a full salvation—of free forgiveness and eternal glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. J. T. M.

A PRAYING MAN'S CONVERSION.



FROM my earliest recollection I seemed to have a heart that only loved to sin, and as I grew older in years, so did I grow deeper in sin. Many times I resolved to live a better life and that of a deeper kind, but it was only to fall into some other temptation. I was brought up to the religion of the Church of England, and, of course, was duly confirmed, which had an impression on my mind for a short time, but, I thank God, it was only for a short time; as had I been able to live a moral life from that time I might have been quite satisfied to have lived and died in the condition I was then in, and thus have landed into an endless hell. I often had thoughts of being saved, but looked forward to what is called a death-bed repentance. My thoughts (and I believe there are hundreds who have the same thoughts) were that when I came to die I would cry unto God for mercy, and that by some mysterious means, I knew not how, God would let me know that He forgave me, and would take me to heaven. But it pleased God in the riches of His grace to open my eyes to the condition that my sins had placed me, and this was done by holding up before my eyes sins that I thought were hid, just like the woman mentioned in the 4th chapter of John's Gospel, who wanted to appear very respectable in the eyes of the Stranger who sat on the well and talked with her, but He took and revealed to her, her sin, thus showing her, as the Psalmist says—"That all things are naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do;" and again, "That our iniquities are set before Him, and our secret sins are in the light of His countenance." (Psa. 90, 8). Then it was that I turned to be religious, thinking that a good life and good works would get me forgiveness with God. I used to spend the nights in crying and praying to God, but could get no peace. Oh! I used to cry, "if I could only get forgiveness for all my sins," but how I was to get it I could not tell, and thus I continued for upwards of three months. By this time, with the excessive strain and want of rest, both mind and body were beginning to give way, and still I kept on doing, thinking that I was thus pleasing God whilst all the time it was but adding iniquity unto iniquity; how long this might have continued or what the end would have been I know not, but it pleased God to send me a small pamphlet, entitled, "Doing and Done" (up to this time I had never heard the Gospel preached), I there saw the answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved"

BRAVERY IN THE BARRACK-ROOM;

— OR, —

HOW A SOLDIER'S JOKE WAS MADE A BLESSING.



A Night Patrol Inspecting the Enemy's Wire.

“Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels.”

BRAVERY IN THE BARRACK-ROOM.



There was a soldier in His Majesty's Army. Through a slight injury he was confined to his bed in hospital. As time hung heavily on his hand he asked a comrade to get him a book from the library. The man promised to do so, and shortly afterwards brought one in his hand, and in sanctimonious tones said, "My good brother, I have brought you a book which will be profitable to you, 'James' Anxious Inquirer,'" and left the room, priding himself on his cleverness.

The first impulse of the sick man was to throw it after his comrade, but on reflection he concluded that he would keep it, as it might help to while away the time. Through curiosity he opened the volume, and, as he read it day by day, it became more fascinating to him than any novel he had ever read. Whilst pondering its contents he discovered his need of a Saviour. The Holy Spirit convinced him of his sin, ingratitude and rebellion against the eternal God, and the language of his heart found expression in the Philippian jailer's question, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30). As a result of his perusal of the book he determined that whenever he was able to leave the hospital he would renounce his old habits and associations and join the Christian soldiers who met for prayer and reading of the Scriptures in a shed a short distance from the barracks.

The night that he left the infirmary he made his way to the shed. To reach it he had to pass close to a rum shop where he had spent much time and money. A voice seemed to tell him that he ought not to turn his back on his old chums; that if he became "religious" he would not have the life of a dog in the regiment, etc. These suggestions of the enemy of souls caused him to falter, and going to the door of the drink shop he placed his hand on the handle, when a powerful voice came rolling through his soul, and with the solemn words: "WHOSOEVER SHALL BE ASHAMED OF ME AND OF MY WORDS IN THIS ADULTEROUS AND SINFUL GENERATION, OF HIM ALSO SHALL THE SON OF MAN BE ASHAMED WHEN HE COMETH IN THE GLORY OF HIS FATHER WITH THE HOLY ANGELS." The soldier dropped the door handle as if it were red hot, and passed on to the Christian meeting room.

As he was about to open the door Satan sought to keep

Bravery in the Barrack-Room.

him from entering. While he hesitated came thundering in his ear the same words: "WHOSOEVER SHALL BE ASHAMED OF ME AND OF MY WORDS, OF HIM SHALL THE SON OF MAN BE ASHAMED." Pushing open the door he dropped in among the Christian soldiers. If a bomb shell had burst among them they could not have been more surprised. One of their number said: "Well, my dear fellow, have you come to read the Bible with us?" "I have come," was the reply, "because I want to turn over a new leaf." "Thank God," said the Christian, "you are the man we want." He was prayed for and spoken to, but he did not find peace that night.

Perhaps, like the soldier, you are desirous of "turning over a new leaf." If so it is well to remember that turning over new leaves on the pages of our life's history will not blot out the old ones. Scripture declares that "God requireth that which is past" (Eccles. 3. 15). Even if you don't commit another sin from this moment until the day of your death that cannot possibly atone for past transgressions. Reformation is not regeneration. You need forgiveness to start with, and power to overcome sin to go on with, and it is only by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ that you can be pardoned and saved. Our "good works" are of no account in God's reckoning. Salvation is a free gift, and cannot be earned or purchased by creature merit. "The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is Eternal Life" (Rom. 6. 23, R.V.).

The soldier on returning to the barracks that night felt as if Hell had been let loose. The contrast between the men in the meeting room and the men in the barracks was striking. The profanity and blasphemy appalled the awakened soul, and he wondered how he could possibly kneel in the presence of such a crowd. Eventually he decided to slip into bed without prayer, when the words formerly spoken to him were repeated: "WHOSOEVER SHALL BE ASHAMED OF ME AND OF MY WORDS, OF HIM SHALL THE SON OF MAN BE ASHAMED." "I dropped on my knees," was his testimony, "as if I had been shot, and cried aloud, 'Great God, have mercy on me a sinner.' Well," he said, "if those Christian men had been electrified when they saw me staggering into their midst, I tell you those rebels in the barrack-room were tenfold more astonished. They stood

Bravery in the Barrack-Room.

there gaping, petrified with amazement, and had not the presence of mind to say a word. They knew what kind of life I had led, and there they stood dumb and astonished. By and by one and another stole off to his bed, and another and another, and they left me alone. They did not say a rough word to me; they were too much surprised. They knew it was the power of God, so contrary to my expectations they left me alone."

A few days afterwards the "anxious inquirer" was led to know Him, whom to know is life eternal. He believed, and was saved; he looked and lived.

Is the reader a soldier of the Cross and a follower of the Lamb? If not, why not? Are you afraid of the sneer and the laugh of poor fellow worms of the dust? Remember the Lord's words that were carried home in the power of the Holy Spirit to the soldier on three separate occasions: "WHOSOEVER THEREFORE SHALL BE ASHAMED OF ME AND OF MY WORDS, OF HIM SHALL THE SON OF MAN BE ASHAMED WHEN HE COMETH IN THE GLORY OF HIS FATHER WITH THE HOLY ANGELS" (Mark 8. 38).

Perhaps you are convinced that you *ought* to accept of God's "unspeakable gift," the Lord Jesus Christ? What, then, stands in your way? Is it pride, or the fear of what your friends or associates would say? Perhaps the people in the circle in which you move scoff at "conversion," and declare that they "don't believe in this being born again," and assert that they have "as good a chance" of reaching Heaven as those who profess to be saved. Count no one your friend who is the enemy of your soul. Standing up in a meeting or holding up your hands cannot save any one. There is one, and *only one*, way of Salvation, and it is contained in the familiar and oft-quoted Scripture: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). The moment you truly believe on the Lord Jesus, *that very moment* you are delivered from sin's penalty, you become the possessor of everlasting life, and are therefore a partaker of the divine nature (John 3. 36; 5. 24; 6. 47; Acts 13. 38, 39; 10. 43; Rom. 4. 4, 5). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). A.M.

HEARING, BELIEVING, AND HAVING.

THE way of life is set forth very simply in John 5. 19-29. The Lord says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (judgment); but is passed from death unto life." HEARING, BELIEVING, and HAVING together. If we have heard and believed, we know, on the authority of the Son of God, that we have everlasting life.



MR. ALEX. STEWART, AUTHOR OF THIS MESSAGE, PREACHING ON AYR SHORE.

Nor is this a new Gospel. Of old, the prophet Isaiah said, "*Hear*, and your soul shall live" (Isa. 55. 3). Men are saved by faith, and faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God (Rom. 10. 17). Further, the Lord says of those who have heard and believed that "they shall not come into *judgment*" (for so the word is in the Greek), but "are passed from death unto life." They have crossed the boundary line of the region of death, having become possessors of a new life over which death

Hearing, Believing, and Having.

has no power, and to which judgment does not attach. The sins which would have brought judgment upon them are gone, covered by the Blood of Jesus, as truly as the Egyptian host was covered by the returning waters of the Red Sea, and they stand like Israel on the further side, and sing, "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my Salvation" (Psa. 118. 14).

Some who read this may know what it is to ascend a mountain, to pass through the grey and chill mist, and to stand in the sunlight at the summit above the clouds. So it is with the Christian. He is risen with Christ. Judgment for him is overpast. More than eighteen hundred years ago the Lord Jesus Christ bowed His head in death on the Cross under the load of our sins; and being now found in Christ, alive from the dead, there is for him no condemnation. To have life is to be exempt from judgment.

Not only will the Son of Man be the Judge, but He will be the *Standard* by which men will be tried. Men compare themselves among themselves. God will compare them with Christ. Happy is he who anticipates God, who measures himself now by that perfect Man who loved the Lord His God with all His heart, and with all His soul, and with all His strength, and His neighbour as Himself; and by the comparison finds himself so lost that none but Christ can save him. Isaiah might have compared favourably with many in Israel; but, when the glory of God shone upon him, he said, "Woe is me, for I am undone" (Isa. 6. 5). Nothing short of perfection will do for God. When the sovereigns are weighed at the mint the light ones are rejected without distinction. Some may be nearer, others farther from the mark; those that are not up to it are alike put aside. You may say, "I am as good as So-and-so. I am better than such a one." God will not try you by So-and-so and such a one. His standard is the Man Christ Jesus; and if you are short of that you are lost.

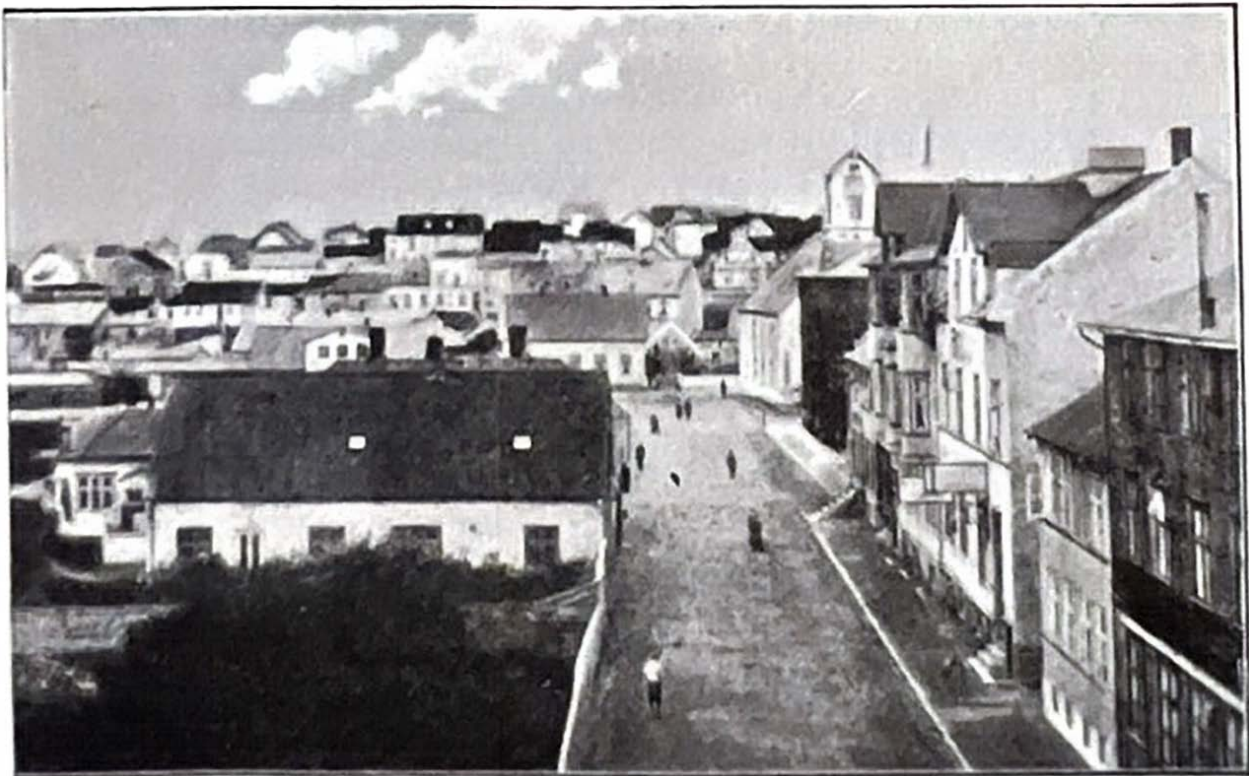
It has been shown that on believing the Gospel we receive eternal life, and pass out of the region over which the judgment of God impends. Delivered from judgment for sin, possessing eternal life, made sons of God and become servants of Christ, we wait for the appearing of our Lord. Come to Him *now* and be saved. A. S.

SAVED IN FIVE MINUTES.

HIS name was Einar, and he was a printer's assistant in Akureyri, the chief town on the north coast of Iceland. He came to see me about business, and as he was leaving, I said: "My object in coming to Iceland is to make everybody the offer of a *free gift*." He did not seem to understand. I continued: "It is something that you can have for *nothing*, and I want you to accept it." His surprise increased, and he sat down again, and said, "Well, what is it?" Taking my Icelandic New Testament, I read the solemn words: "The wages of sin is death; but THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD" (Rom. 6. 23). "Now," I said, "the gift of Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord is offered to you. Will you accept it here and now?"

There was a long pause, and as I gazed into the depth of Einar's honest blue eyes I felt he was definitely facing the all-important question of accepting or rejecting God's gift. At last he said quietly, "Yes, I will."

His quick decision rather took me aback. I said, "Then you had better get down on your knees and tell God that you accept His gift, and thank Him for it." Einar did so.



CHURCH STREET, AKUREYRI, ON THE NORTH COAST OF ICELAND.

Saved in Five Minutes.

He claimed the gift that God had offered to Him—Eternal Life—on the ground of Christ's suffering and death in his stead. He rose from his knees a saved man. He had never faced the matter before, but in those few minutes he passed from death unto life. In accepting Christ he received Eternal Life and Salvation.

It soon became apparent that Einar's decision had changed his whole life. He was a "new creation," for when Christ gains admittance to the heart the whole being is transformed. It was not long before Einar had brought one of his chums to our Bible readings, and he, too, accepted Christ. God saves sinners the very moment they turn to Him and accept Christ, the Sin-bearer, as their Saviour, and Einar's experience is a proof of it.

Yes, He can *save*, but can He *keep*? The story of this bright Icelandic lad shall answer the question. Much persecution dogged his steps, but he found all-sufficient strength in his Saviour. About two years after his conversion he went to a printing establishment in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, a town where the moral condition is very bad indeed. His pure, honest life was a standing rebuke to those with whom he worked, and they actually made an agreement between themselves to bring every possible temptation to bear upon Einar and to use every effort that ingenuity could suggest to drag him down to the same depths of iniquity as they themselves were in. But Einar was not alone. An almighty, ever-faithful Friend stood by Him as the apple of His eye. He had the joy of influencing several young men for Christ, and when, after a few years, he returned to Akureyri, he could still testify: "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is *able to keep*" (2 Tim. 1. 12).

Do *you* know Him? Are you persuaded that He is able to keep *you*? Think of His Blood shed for your sins, and come and put Him to the test just now, before you lay down this message. You will find Him "faithful and true." Remember, if you do not accept the "GIFT of God" you must inevitably receive the "WAGES of sin," which is death, "and after this the Judgment." "Choose you this day whom ye will serve" (Joshua 24. 15).

Remember you cannot serve God *and* mammon. One or the other it must be! Which is your choice? A. G.

HOW GOD SAVED AND KEPT A SOLDIER.

ALEC THOMSON was born in Cheshire on February 18, 1875. His mother dying when he was four years old, he was brought up by his grandparents, a godly couple living in Scotland. Thus in early life he heard in this Christian home the Gospel of the grace of God. As time went on things changed, and he had to earn his own living, beginning as a footman in one of the oldest families in Cheshire. Drink soon told its sad tale, and robbed him of his situation. He then went as a steward on board ship, but soon lost that through the same cause. He next joined the Army Medical Corps, and served nearly eight years, going through the Soudan Expedition under Lord Kitchener, the Boxer trouble in China, and the South African War, but, alas! through drink he lost all the promotions which he had gained, and was expelled from the army.

He went from bad to worse until he was sleeping in common lodging-houses, often without food, and twice endeavouring to commit suicide, but **was** providentially hindered. Truly he



ALEC THOMSON, WARRINGTON.

How God Saved and Kept a Soldier.

proved the truth of Proverbs 13. 15: "The way of transgressors is hard." He had descended the human ladder so low that he declared if there was a God or Devil he would sell his soul to the one that would get him out of the pit of human woe.

Two young men began to take an interest in him, and got him away from the lodging-house into a private house. In this he began to see God's hand working, and said to himself, "That is God, that is God."

After some ups and downs, getting married, occasionally drunk, sometimes praying, sometimes cursing, he was startled by a dream, in which a gentleman seemed clearly to say to him, "Read Romans 10. 9." In awakening up immediately after, and not knowing where to find the Scripture, he woke his wife, who got a light and read the verse: "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." He said to himself, "I'll watch that I don't confess to anyone." Soon after, in November, 1907, he went with his wife to the Gospel Hall, Warrington. When he entered the building the congregation was singing, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, or to defend His cause," just the very thing that had been troubling him for a month. On looking towards the platform he noticed a gentleman standing by the preacher. He said to his wife, "There's the man of my dream." As the evangelist told his own life story, how he had been awakened to see his lost condition as a sinner, and how through accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour he was saved. Alec Thomson was soon in tears, but at the close of the meeting he hurried away. He got only part of the way, for he was in such distress he had to turn back. The evangelist met him in company with the young man who had first spoken to him two years before. They went home with him, where they had prayer, and various portions of Scripture were read and explained, but, as Thomson himself writes: "It was all moonshine to me till he turned to Romans 10. 9: '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.'" As we were reading this verse

How God Saved and Kept a Soldier.

on our knees before the table, the door opened and in walked the man of my dream. This made me tremble like a leaf. The preacher said: 'You mustn't wait for feelings,' but I was one mass of feelings, I never felt so wretched in all my life.'" But God by His Holy Spirit through the Word showed him that the death of Christ had met his great need, he believed on Him, and that night he was "born again" and had "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). After they were all gone he got down on his knees and asked God to make a man of him.

Since that night God has kept him and led him on. "I asked the Lord," he says, "to take all the old cravings for drinking, smoking, swearing, and gambling away. They are completely gone. I have found my Saviour, and He has given me many friends, having blotted out my sins and saved my soul—to God be all the glory."

When the European War broke out he had a burning desire to help the wounded, and said, "If I can only win some souls for the Lord I shall be satisfied." Offering himself to the R.A.M.C., he began to tell the officer his former career, when he replied, "It is not your *character* we want, it is *you*." He was accepted, and was soon given back his colours which he lost in his former service. He was sent to Lemnos, and was made Ward Master in the 15th Stationary Hospital, and was there till Gallipoli was evacuated; he was then sent to Port Said in charge of a hospital. His promotions have been rapid; he is now Sergt.-Major and has been offered a commission, but he did not accept it. The last letter indicated that he had been sent to German East Africa.

Let me in conclusion make plain to anyone who would like to know the same Saviour who so graciously saved Alec Thomson, that God saw the world lying in the arms of the wicked one (1 John 5. 19), yet He so loved it that He gave His Son to die, and on the Cross of Calvary the Lord Jesus satisfied every claim Divine Justice had against the sinner, when "He was made a curse for us" (Gal. 3. 15). If He went through so much for you, will you not just now come as a sinner, accept the Lord Jesus as yours, then let your life be spent for Him like the one of whom I write. Never a better time than now. T. II.

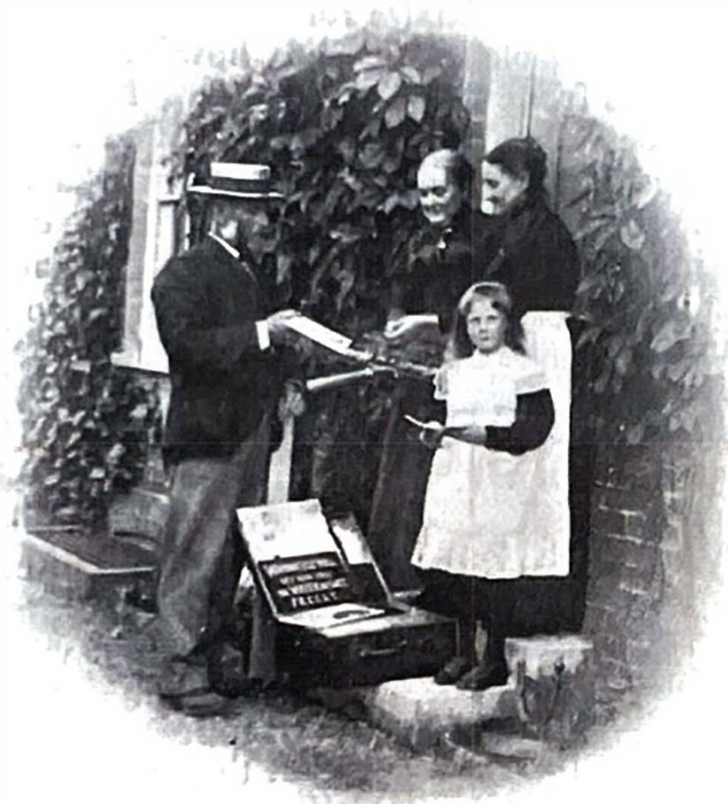
HOW GOD DIVIDES EUROPE.

THERE are many nations in Europe. Each differs from the rest. Each has its own language, its own laws, its own peculiar customs. But God's eye divides Europe into two great parties—the wheat and the chaff. There are many classes in England. There are peers and commoners, farmers and shopkeepers, masters and servants, rich and poor. But God's eye only takes account of two orders—the wheat and the chaff. There are many and various minds in every congregation. There are some who attend for a mere form, and some who really desire to meet Christ—some who come there to please others, and some who come to please God. But the eye of God only sees two divisions in the congregation—the wheat and the chaff.

The world tries hard to fancy there are *three* sorts of people, and not *two*. "Thank God," they will say, "we are not so bad as that." There is a third class, a safe middle class, the world fancies, and in this middle class the majority of men persuade themselves they will be found. I denounce this notion of a middle class as an immense and soul-ruining delusion. I warn you strongly not to be carried away by it. It is a refuge of lies, a castle in the air, a vast unreality, an empty dream.

There were two classes in the day of Noah's flood, those who were *inside* the ark, and those who were *without*; two in the parable of the Gospel net, those who were called the *good* fish, and those who were called the *bad*; two in the parable of the ten virgins, those who are described as *wise*, and those who are described as *foolish*; two in the account of the judgment-day, the *sheep* and the *goats*; two sides of the throne, the *right* hand and the *left*; two abodes when the last sentence has been passed, *Heaven* and *Hell*. And just so there are only two classes on earth—those who are in the state of NATURE, and those who are in the state of GRACE; those who are in the NARROW way, and those who are in the BROAD; those who have *faith*, and those who have *not faith*; those who have *been converted*, and those who have *not been converted*; those who are *for* Christ, and those who are *against* Him; those who gather with Him, and those who scatter abroad. In which of these two classes are *you*? BISHOP RYLE.

"HOW TO GET RICH, LIVE EASY, AND DIE HAPPY."



COLPORTEUR AT DOOR WITH BOOKS.

A CHEERY, old colporteur knocked at the door of a mansion in the west end of London, seeking to dispose of his wares. Thomas was well known to the servants of the household, and his visits were much appreciated. He had always a keen eye for business for God and Eternity! In saying this I don't mean to say that he neglected the

work that the Colportage Association had in view—the dissemination of Scriptures and healthy books.

A new footman, whom Thomas had not hitherto met, shook his head. "Perhaps you have one already?" queried the colporteur. "Oh, yes, I have one in my box somewhere, but it is not in my line; I am looking for another kind of book," was the footman's reply. "What kind do you want?" inquired Thomas. "One that will tell how to get rich, live easy, and die happy," said the footman. Thomas assured John that there was not another book in the world but the Bible that could give him such information. Then the colporteur told of the "unsearchable riches" that were alone to be found in Christ, of the removal of the fear of death and judgment, and joy and peace obtained in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The footman did not, however, seem to be convinced. John wished a book to tell him how to "**get rich**" for time, and the Bible shows how one can be rich for **Eternity**.

"How to Get Rich, Live Easy, and Die Happy."

The possession of wealth does not afford true happiness, but the possession of the "unsearchable riches" does. He who knows Christ is a millionaire for Eternity!

The footman wished a book to tell him how to "live easy," that is, to be free from the cares of life. No book can tell how man can be exempt from trouble. The Bible declares that "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job 5. 7). But God's Word shows how one can be joyous in spirit in spite of every trial. At conversion the believer is rescued from the penalty of sin, and from the fear of death and judgment.

As to the last wish of the footman, viz., to "die happy," the Bible shows how this can be done. "The sting of death is sin" (1 Cor. 15. 56), and the sting being removed the Christian has no fear of death. Conscious that all his sins are pardoned (Eph. 1. 7; Acts 10. 43); "blotted out" (Isa. 44. 22), and never to be brought up against him (Isa. 43. 25), he knows that to "depart" is to be "with Christ," which is "far better" than remaining here.

What Thomas said caused the footman to reflect, and he began to think that it was just possible that the colporteur might be right after all. That night John took his Bible from his box and began to read it. The truth received was carried home by the Holy Spirit in living power. John discovered that in God's sight he was a guilty, helpless, hell-deserving sinner. He also learned that by believing on the Lord Jesus he had rest and peace, and solid, lasting satisfaction.

Two months afterwards the colporteur returned, and was delighted to find John rejoicing in the Saviour. "I took your advice, and I've found it all true," was his spontaneous testimony. "And what about the wishes?" inquired Thomas. "I've got the whole of them! And, oh, sir," said the young believer, "the time was when my heart was poor and hungry, longing for something I had not got, but now, through God's goodness, *I'm rich*, and I'm *living easy*, and, please God, I'll *die happy*, too."

The new found joy that John possessed so filled his soul that he could not rest satisfied until he told others what great things God had done for him; and now, as a colporteur, he speaks to men and women of the true, solid peace and happiness that can alone be found in Christ. A. M.

THE SERGEANT AND THE SHELL.

"ON the 2nd September, 1854, when in the trenches before Sebastopol, the sentries shouted 'Look out, there!' a shell coming right in the trenches at the same moment and dropping amongst some barrels of ammunition. I at once pulled it from them. It ran between my legs, and I then picked it up and threw it out of the trench; it burst as it touched the ground. From the force of it I fell, and was covered by its explosion with gravel and dirt. Sergeant Baker and others picked me up, and asked if I was hurt.



"I PICKED IT UP AND THREW IT OUT OF THE TRENCH."

The Sergeant and the Shell.

I said, 'No; but I have had a good shaking.' There were a great number in the trenches at the time, but I am glad to say no one was hurt. The sergeant reported the circumstances to the officer in charge.

"On coming off duty I was taken before the commanding officer and promoted to the rank of corporal, and then sergeant. He also presented me with a silk necktie made by Her Most Gracious Majesty. I was at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and the capture of Sebastopol after eleven months' siege."

Such is the true and telling account given by Sergeant Ablett, late Grenadier Guards, of the wonderful risk he ran in pitching a lighted shell, which might have exploded and blown him to atoms, out of the trenches.

Had the shell been allowed to remain in the trenches, hundreds would likely have been killed, so by his prompt action he became a saviour of many of his comrades.

A remarkable story, truly, and we would gladly give "honour to whom honour is due"; yet it is a poor story compared with the one whereby Jesus gained—not Victoria's Cross, but Calvary's Cross; not the honour of men, but the reproach and hatred of even His friends.

Knowing full well that in order to be *the* Saviour He must leave heaven and suffer shame and death on earth, He was delighted (Prov. 8. 31) to come into the world to save sinners from a life of sin and a death of shame.

Ah, my friend, while you *admire* the brave soldier for his noble act, tell me, Do you *love* the Saviour for His marvellous deed whereby all who trust Him may be freed from the power of Satan and sin and self?

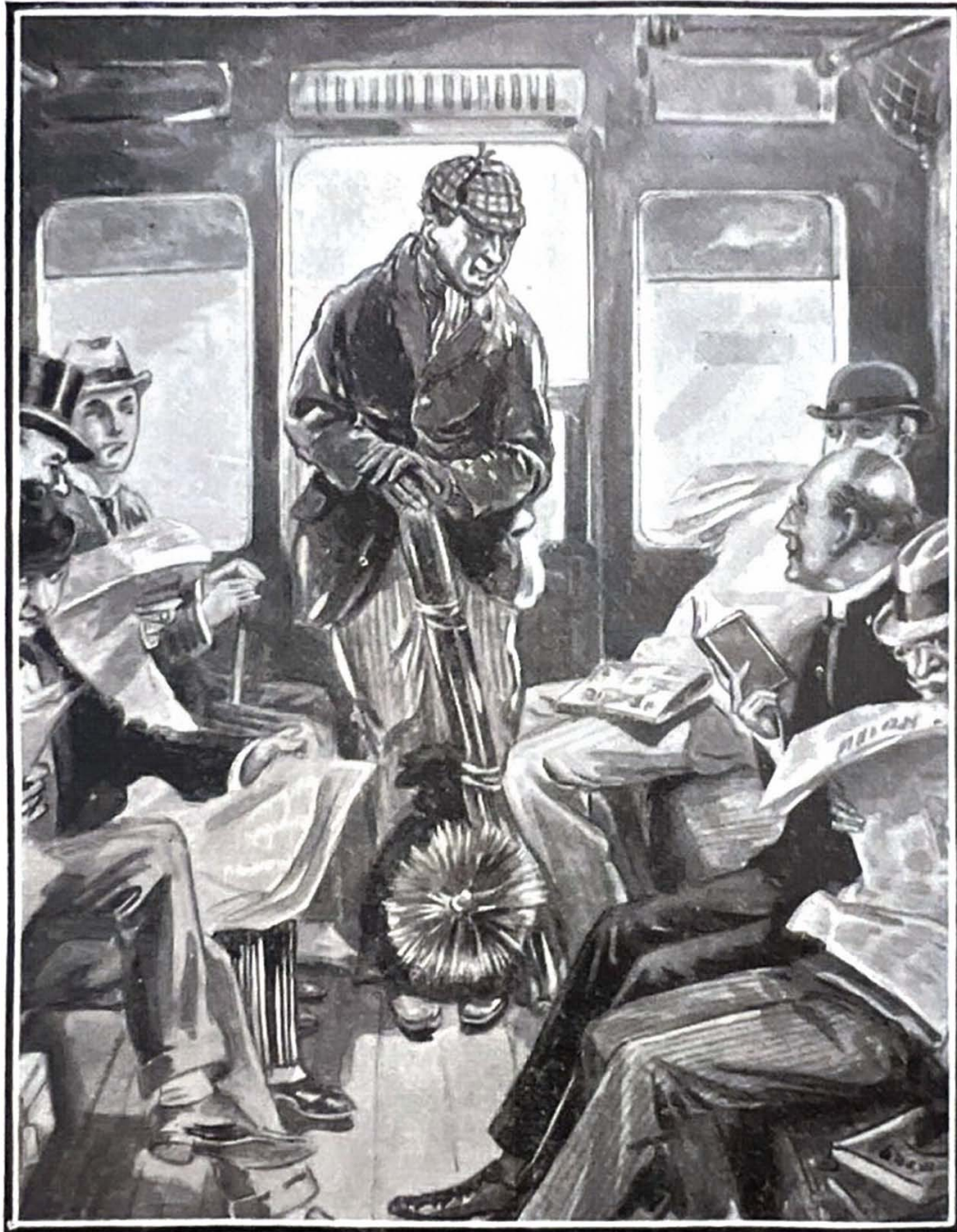
That atoning act of Calvary will be the eternal song of the Christ-lovers in Glory or the everlasting sorrow of the Christ-haters in Gloom. My friend, which shall it be to you? God grant it may be glory! What would you have thought of the comrades of this soldier if they had remained ungrateful to the man who had risked his all to save them? Yet how many never thank Jesus for yielding His life in order that they might be saved! Let me ask, Have *you* ever had that experience in your life when you realised your terrible danger of death and damnation, and thankfully accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your own and only Saviour? If not, will you not begin now and thank Him? "We love Him because He first loved us."

HYP.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP;

— OR, —

"THERE ARE MANY WORSE THINGS THAN A LITTLE CLEAN SOOT."



"Sit down, you have paid for a seat," said the clergyman.

At the first stopping station a gentleman who sat on my right, between myself and a Church of England clergyman, got out, and in stepped a chimney sweep, with bag and brush, fresh from his early morning work.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.



THE 9.30 a.m. train for the West of England left New Street Station, Birmingham, some years ago with one of its third class compartments fully occupied by well-dressed men, most of them deep in a newspaper. At the first stopping station a gentleman who sat on my right, between myself and a venerable Church of England clergyman, who was reading the New Testament, got out, and in stepped a chimney sweep, with bag and brush, fresh from his early morning work. Seeing the crowded state of the carriage, he stood inside the door. The clergyman said, "Sit down, friend; you have paid for your seat, and are entitled to it." He looked at me, and I said, "All right, sit down," and he took the vacant seat.

At the next station the sweep got out, and the door was no sooner shut than a gentleman, in the compartment raised a vehement outcry at the insult which the Midland Railway offered to its passengers by allowing sweeps to so enter. It was true the sweep had left a grain or two of soot upon the seat, which I gently brushed off, remarking, "There are many worse things than a little clean soot." "Yes, indeed, there are," said the clergyman. "There is something infinitely worse." "And what may that be, sir?" I inquired. "The moral degradation of man," was the startling response, in stentorian tones. "And what do you mean by that, sir?" said I. "I mean, sir, the condition of sin in which man, God's creature, is; for he has been born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, and his moral degradation is indeed deep while he remains in unbelief." "And may I inquire how you propose to meet that condition of moral degradation, sir? What remedy have you for it?" "There is but one remedy, sir—the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ," was his emphatic reply.

Anxious to draw out so evident a defender of the faith of the Gospel, I said, "But, sir, are you not aware that you live in a day when the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ is very lightly thought of?"

"I know it, sir, I know it, alas, and more is the pity, for the Word of God says, 'Without shedding of blood is no remission' (Heb. 9. 22). But it also says, 'The life of

The Chimney Sweep.

the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul' (Lev. 17. 11); 'And the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1. 7). And further, God says, 'Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with *the precious Blood of Christ*, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot' (1 Peter 1. 18, 19). So that if man is going to be delivered from his moral degradation and existing condition as a sinner, it can only be by faith in the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; at least, so says the Word of God."

"I think you forget, sir," I replied, "that nowadays men are very doubtful as to the statements of that Book which you hold in your hand."

"Yes, sir, alas, it is too true, but men will yet find the truth of this Book, and that 'Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My words shall not pass away' (Mark 13. 31). 'Let God be true, but every man a liar' (Rom. 3. 4), is in that Word. God will vindicate His veracity, be sure of that."

The interest in the newspapers evidently had abated temporarily while this conversation was listened to by the occupants of the carriage, and the more so when I now asked this champion of Scripture if he were among those who took the ground of being "saved." To this he at once replied very firmly, "Yes, by the grace of God, I can say I am saved—saved through faith in the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"And would you mind telling us how you reached that state, sir?"

"I shall be delighted. It took place on a dark, stormy night near Cape Horn. I was a midshipman on board a large merchant vessel, careless and heedless about divine things, but that night, after we had rounded the Horn, a godly mate, in whose watch I was, took occasion to speak to me kindly, seriously, and earnestly about my soul. God blessed his fervent words, and I was turned to the Lord Jesus Christ that night; in plain language, I was converted." "What happened then?"

The Chimney Sweep.

"The Lord kept me in the joy of His love till I reached England, and then I made at once for my only brother, told him what God had done for my soul, and he, through me, was led to the Lord likewise."

By this time the train had reached Worcester, and the exodus from that carriage was something remarkable. The parson, one young man, and myself alone were left, while many of our fellow-passengers got into other compartments, having had enough Gospel for one day. What they did with it the Day of the Lord will declare.

The sin of man is truly "moral degradation," but this aspect of his condition the natural man resents. It is true, all the same, and the sooner a man finds it out the better. The question of sin before God must be faced sooner or later. The wise will face it now—in "a day of Salvation" through the Blood of Jesus. The foolish defer it till too late—the day of the wrath of the Lamb.

Sin is the will of the creature—the outcome of man's condition of distance from God. It is sin that has sundered man from God. It is sin that keeps you away from God. You may not think very much about it—you will after the day of your death. You may never yet have been troubled about your sins; they have never given you a sleepless night—take care lest they give you a sleepless eternity. They never caused you to shed a tear. Take care lest you are found with a tear in your eye for eternity, and no hand near to dry that tear. Sin is an awful thing. Nothing could remove it but the death of God's Son. Possibly you have hitherto taken life lightly, and trifled with the grace of the Gospel; trifle no more, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

How do *you* stand with regard to this question of moral degradation? Have you found out yet that you are a lost sinner needing redemption? Come to Him just now. Though your soul has been stained with sin, and be as black as the chimney sweep's soot, yet you may be washed whiter than snow in that precious Blood shed on Calvary's Cross for sinners like you and me. Fling your doubts to the winds, receive and taste the Lord's grace, and then go and do what the young midshipman did—tell others of the blessed Saviour you have found.

W. T. P. W.

"WON'T YOU COME TO CHRIST NOW?"

THE battle raged, shot and shell were dropping into the British lines like rain from the clouds. A stray piece of shrapnel lodged itself in a soldier's cheek, seriously damaging one of his eyes. At the same instant as the shot struck him he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear, "*Won't you come to Christ now?*"

He turned, but saw no one at the moment. It seemed a voice from Heaven. Looking along the trench, he saw



Gospel Rolls on the Walls.

SOLDIERS IN A REST HUT.

a young soldier running quickly. Listening, he heard the same question being repeated in the ear of every man whom the young soldier passed.

"*Won't you come to Christ now?*" The words went home to the soldier's heart. He considered for a few seconds, as he lay wounded in the trench. The shell might have meant instant death, but he had been preserved.

The opportunity was seized, and there in the trench, lying badly wounded, he gave his decision: "Yes, I will

"Won't You Come to Christ Now?"

come to Christ now." He came, and found those words spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ quite true: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). To-day he lives in Ireland, a bright testimony to the grace of God, showing that the Gospel is still "the power of God unto Salvation, to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16).

Allow me to whisper that question in your ear, "*Won't you come to Christ now?*" You have heard the Gospel often, no doubt, and have had many opportunities of accepting Christ as your Saviour. You may not be in such a perilous position as the soldier of whom you have read, but, be sure of this, death is busy to-day. Are *you* prepared? Oh! turn to 'the Saviour. He is able and willing to save you. *Able*, because He has met every claim of God against you. He has borne in His own Person all the consequences of your sins. *Willing*, because He loves you, and desires to have your trust. His invitation still holds good for *you*, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). In response to the question, "*Won't you come to Christ now?*" let your heart go out with the soldier's, and say, "Yes, I will come to Christ *now*." God grant it.

C. S. R.

DOES DEATH END ALL?

HERE is a question that affects us all, and one which we do well to contemplate. Death is the hand that snaps the tie of our present earth conditions. The patriarch long ago said, "If a man die shall he live again?" The materialist and annihilationist say, "Death ends all." But what does CHRIST say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me, though he die yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die" (John 11. 25). "Shall live!" "Shall never die!" Here are emphatic promises to those that believe in Christ. Those who fall asleep "shall live," and those who are alive when He returns "shall never die." What of those who do not believe on Him? Again, Christ answers the question, "The hour is coming, in which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment" (John 5. 28, 29).

F. E. M.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ANSWER.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WHEN the English and the French were at war with each other in the Spanish Peninsula, there was an English General who wished to make an attack upon the enemy, and he ordered the officer, whose duty it was to provide the troops with food, to have the rations ready at a certain place named by him at twelve o'clock on the following day.

It was sometimes no easy matter to provide sufficient supplies; and

the officer replied that the rations could not be at the place on such short notice. "I cannot march my men without food," said the General; "and I say that the rations *must* be there at twelve o'clock to-morrow." "But I say it's impossible to do it," replied the officer. "Well," said the General, "remember this, if the rations are not there at twelve o'clock to-morrow *I'll hang you.*" The officer departed in a rage, saying to himself, "How dare he talk to me in that style? Hang me! hang me! We shall soon see all about that!" The Duke of Wellington was then the Commander-in-Chief of the British armies, and to him the officer went at once to complain of the General. The Duke listened in silence. Presently he inquired, "Did the General *really* say he'd hang you if the rations were not there by twelve o'clock?" "Yes, your Grace," replied the officer. "Are you sure he said he would *hang* you?" "He did, indeed, your Grace," replied the officer, thinking that a severe rebuke was in store for his superior. "Well," said the Duke, "I know the General very well, and I know that he is a man of his word; if he really said that he would hang you, if I were in your place I should take care to have the rations there." The officer went away, and the rations were there punctually at twelve o'clock.

The Duke of Wellington's Answer.

Yes, when the man's neck was in danger he would not refuse to take the needful trouble to do the business promptly; he would not presume on the chance that for once in his life the General would not keep to his word. When it is a question of life or death a man generally takes good care to put himself on the right side, even if it cost him a world of pains to do so. Whether for good or for evil, we can believe the word of a fellow-man. Is God less worthy of credit? We can be fully persuaded that a *man* will keep to his word; do we imagine that God will not keep to His? "All have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23), says God. Do we believe this? "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 4), says God. Do we believe this?

When God shows us that we are *all* sinners, travelling onwards to eternal woe, does He stop there? No! for God truly delights in mercy, and therefore it is that we read, "For God so *loved* the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). The very moment that you see you are a lost sinner, that same moment God would have you see the One who said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to *save* that which was *lost*" (Luke 19. 10). "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be *saved*" (John 3. 17). It was to *save* sinners, not to send them to perdition, that the Son of God hungered and thirsted and toiled upon this earth, and finally poured out His blood for them upon the Cross.

There is an eternity of woe; but the Lord Jesus Christ endured the curse that we might not be compelled to share it with the Devil and his angels. The precious Blood of Christ has been shed. It alone maketh atonement for the soul, and delivers from wrath that is to come. The testimony of the Lord Jesus is: "This is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matt. 26. 28). The testimony of the redeemed upon earth is: "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). The testimony of the redeemed in Heaven will be: "Thou art worthy, . . . for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. 5. 9). What is *your* testimony? w.g.s.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL PAYING THE PRISONER'S FINE.

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF GRACE FROM THE WEST INDIES.



A Typical Native of the West Indies; NERHO SUCKING SUGAR CANE BARBADOS.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL PAYING THE PRISONER'S FINE.



SEVERAL years ago a coloured man living in Bushy Park, Barbados, West Indies, was brought before a magistrate on a charge of stealing sugar-cane. The charge was found proven, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars, with the option of enduring a term of imprisonment. The prisoner being too poor to pay the amount, and not being able to borrow it, was placed in charge of a police officer to be conveyed to the prison at Bridgetown. Whilst the policeman with his charge was awaiting the arrival of the train, the Attorney-General of the colony perceived the negro, and made inquiries of the officer about the offence and the penalty. The Attorney-General took pity on the prisoner, and paid the fine to the policeman. On receiving the amount the negro was liberated, and he departed with a light heart.

This incident illustrates a matter in which all of us ought to be deeply interested. The Scripture declares that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). It is freely admitted that some have come further "short" than others, yet all of us have miserably failed in coming up to God's standard. All of us are debtors to God. Some may be fifty pence debtors, some five hundred pence debtors, and some ten thousand talent debtors. We are all alike in this respect, we are debtors that *have nothing to pay*. Some, it may be, are guilty of glaring sins, but, whether or not, we are all sinners deserving sin's "wages" (Rom. 6. 23). Dare any of us say that we have loved God with all our heart, soul, strength, and mind, and our neighbour as ourselves? If any of us said that we did we would be uttering an untruth. God's Word declares that "ALL we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned EVERY ONE to his own way" (Isa. 53. 6). Some have gone farther astray from the path of obedience than others, but all of us have gone astray. The ways of some are not so glaringly evil as others, but each one of us has taken his own way instead of God's.

What, then, is to become of us? Must all of us perish eternally? Is there no way of escape? When the coloured man was on his way to the prison at Bridgetown the Attorney-General, who knew nothing of him except what

The Attorney-General Paying the Prisoner's Fine.

he was told by the police officer, paid the fine, and the prisoner was liberated. Had we met him walking along the road and asked him the question, "Why are you not in jail?" he would doubtless have replied, "BECAUSE THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL PAID MY FINE." He would never dream of taking any credit to himself for his release.

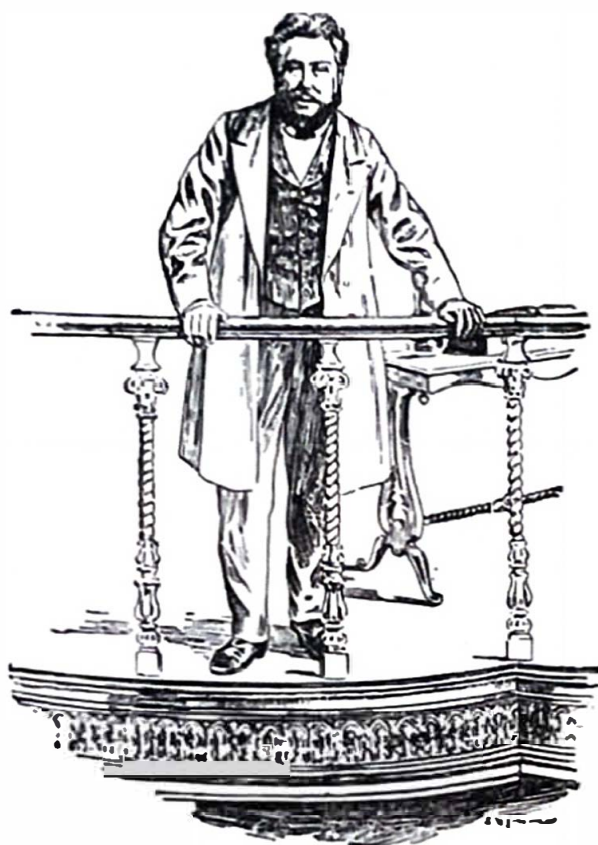
The negro, doubtless, *deserved* to be punished for his theft, and we deserve the just judgment of God on account of our numberless transgressions. If the "wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), which is eternal separation from God, *must* we be consigned to the abode of despair? Is there no way of escape? So far as man is concerned there is none. "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (Psa. 49. 7). But man's extremity is God's opportunity. A voice is heard from the throne on high, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM" (Job 33. 24). Wonder of wonders, the One whose claims we have ignored has provided for our deliverance!

We know how much the kind-hearted Attorney-General paid to the policeman for the liberation of the prisoner. The amount was five dollars, a sum that he would probably never miss. What was the ransom that God provided for our redemption? Ponder carefully the words of Scripture! "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. 4-6). And what a ransom! The ransom was paid and accepted. Because of what Christ did and suffered in our room and stead every one may be free. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). Because of the Ransom of God's provision the claims of law and justice are fully met, and the reader is invited to accept of salvation as a free gift.

"Because the sinless Saviour died
My sinful soul is counted free,
For GOD, THE JUST, IS SATISFIED
TO LOOK ON HIM AND PARDON ME."

"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). Believe and live *now*. A. M.

C. H. SPURGEON'S PARABLE.



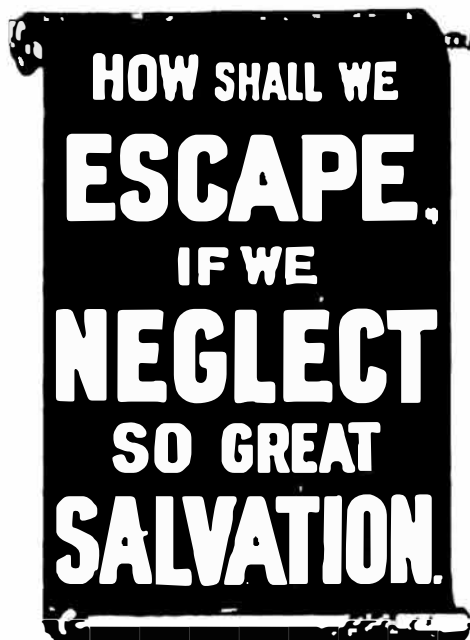
C. H. SPURGEON PREACHING IN THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

A CERTAIN king was accustomed on set occasions to entertain all the beggars of the city. Around him sat his courtiers, all clothed in rich apparel; the beggars sat at the same table in their rags of poverty. Now it came to pass that on a certain day one of the courtiers had spoiled his silken apparel, so that he dare not put it on, and he felt: "I cannot go to the king's feast to-day, for my robe is foul." He sat weeping till the thought struck him: "To-morrow, when the king holds his feast, some will come as courtiers, happily decked in

their beautiful array, but others will come and be made quite as welcome who will be dressed in rags.

"Well, well," said he, "so long as I may see the king's face, and sit at the king's table, I will enter among the beggars." So without mourning because he had lost his silken habit he put on the rags of a beggar, and he saw the king's face as well as if he had worn his scarlet and fine linen. My soul has done this full many a time, and I bid you do the same; if you cannot come as a saint, come as a sinner. Only do come, and you shall receive joy and peace. There is no other way. See the Saviour hanging on the Cross, turn your eye to Him, and say "Lord, I trust Thee; I have nothing else to trust to, but I rely on Thee; sink or swim, my Saviour, I trust Thee." And as surely, sinner, as thou canst put thy trust in Christ, thou art as safe as an apostle or prophet. Not death nor Hell can slay that man whose firm reliance is at the foot of the Cross. "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED," and finally sit at the King's Table in Glory.

GOD'S UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.



THE word Salvation implies danger, and expresses the idea of deliverance. Men are continually exposed to danger, danger by road and rail, by sea and land. There is one danger to which all are exposed, namely, the curse of sin. The language of Scripture shows that men are perishing, that though the "broad" road is crowded, the "narrow" way is trodden by comparatively few. This is not, however, God's desire. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the

world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). There is therefore life for the dead, pardon for the guilty, rest for the weary, peace for the troubled—a salvation full, free, present, and eternal.

It is a "great salvation" when we consider the value of the soul. One may lose his wealth, health, property, friends, and reputation, but if he can sing from his heart:

"It is well, it is well with my soul,"

he is not to be pitied. The whole struggle of this world is for life, and for means to prolong and sustain it. How short is the longest life compared with Eternity!

How brief and transient! How short at the longest! If all the leaves of the forest, all the sand of the sea-shore, all the drops of the ocean represented a million centuries or millenniums, and that period were exhausted, Eternity would be no nearer the end than at the beginning. And the reader throughout these ceaseless ages will be in helpless, hopeless, misery, or dwelling in the presence of God in ineffable bliss.

God's Salvation is "great" when we consider the evil we are delivered from—sin's penalty, which is eternal separation from God in conscious punishment. The believer is not only delivered from sin's penalty, but from sin's power. "His Name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21).

It is a "great salvation," because it removes all fear

God's Unanswerable Question.

of death and judgment to come. If the conscience is not seared unsaved men and women are afraid lest death should overtake them. Many try to bury or banish the thought from their minds. Some even won't allow death to be mentioned in their hearing. When one accepts of Salvation all fear of death and judgment is removed. Death has no terrors for the Christian; the sting of death, which is sin, having been taken away. To be "absent from the body" is to be "present with the Lord" for him, and as to judgment, his sins are blotted out, and will never be brought up against him (Isa. 43. 25; 44. 22).

Human language fails to express the greatness and grandeur of the Salvation of God. No imagination can conceive, no language can express its worth.

"If we neglect so great Salvation." This is an astonishing word. "*Neglect* so great Salvation." How can one escape if he neglect it? The question is *unanswered*, because it is *unanswerable*. A man cannot escape the penalty of sin if he neglects the Salvation of God. Is it, can it be possible that the reader is so foolish, so infatuated as to neglect such a glorious Salvation, a Salvation provided by God's beloved Son, purchased at the cost of Christ's precious Blood, a Salvation which delivers from the penalty and thralldom of sin, and banishes all fear of death and judgment? Alas! alas! millions of men and women are guilty of this dreadful sin.

Take a pitcher of water to yonder ill-fated traveller dying of thirst in the Sahara desert. Does he neglect to accept of it? See how eagerly he quaffs the refreshing draught and asks for more. Does the murderer in the condemned cell neglect the reprieve that you have taken to him? No; he seizes the document, earnestly and hurriedly reads it, and with tears coursing down his cheeks loads you with thanks and expressions of gratitude for being the bearer of such good news. Yet you are neglecting God's "great Salvation!" So long as you continue doing so you are running a terrible risk. *At any moment* you may be cut down in your sins and called into the presence of a holy and righteous God, and "what wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?"

You may purpose accepting God's Salvation *sometime*, put it off once too often, and die in your sins! A. M.

LORD WOLSELEY'S TESTIMONY.



IN his autobiography, entitled "The Story of a Soldier's Life," Lord Wolseley, the famous British General, draws a striking contrast between two remarkable men.

Of NAPOLEON THE GREAT, Lord Wolseley says: "Bad as he was, Napoleon's career has always fascinated me in a way and to a degree which that of no other mortal has ever done. His name and achievements were associated with my earliest lessons in history, and had filled me with ambition—perhaps an unhealthy ambition. . . . For truth, and the honour which is based on truth and begotten by it, Napoleon cared nothing. But, notwithstanding my insular prejudices on such points, I have always felt he was the most remarkable human being known to history."

Lord Wolseley's Testimony.

OF GENERAL GORDON, the Hero of Khartoum, he says: "I met Gordon first when we were both doing duty in the trenches before Sebastopol. We were friends drawn together by ties never formulated in words. In a conversation I had with him the year he left England never to return, he told me he prayed daily for two men, of whom I was one. In these material days of money-grabbing, when the teaching of Christianity is little practised and the spirit of chivalry is wellnigh forgotten, I cling tenaciously to every remembrance of our intimacy, because he was one of the very few friends I ever had who came up to my estimate of the Christian hero. He absolutely ignored himself in all he did, and only took in hand what he conceived to be God's work. Life was to him but a pilgrim's progress between the years of early manhood and the heaven he now dwells in, the home he always longed for."

Could a more striking confirmation of the words of Holy Writ be given? "None of us *liveth* to himself, and no man *dieth* to himself" (Rom. 14. 7). Years before Lord Wolseley was born NAPOLEON had lived and died, but not to himself. Think of this officer poring over his life, studying his schemes, counting up his victories, and writing: "*Bad* as he was . . . filled me with an *unhealthy* ambition. . . . For *truth* and the *honour* which is based on truth, Napoleon cared nothing."

In the active life of a soldier he knew GORDON, and heard how this hero triumphed in the hour of death. Yet his testimony from personal knowledge is: "I *cling tenaciously* to every remembrance of our intimacy because he came up to my estimate of *the Christian Hero*. . . . He *prayed daily* for two men, of whom I was one. . . . *The Heaven* he now dwells in, *the Home* he always longed for."

Thus doubtless will EACH OF US be contrasted in days to come as well as in Eternity. He that lives only for self, seeks only self-interests, and dies a Christ neglecter or rejecter, shall be with the bad (Rev. 12. 8) who have gone before, or who may follow in his footsteps, in "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." He that renounces self and as a humble, penitent sinner accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour shall "turn many to righteousness" here and be with them when "they shall shine as the stars" in Heaven above, the Eternal Home of Love. Which shall be *your* everlasting portion? Shall it be in "shame and everlasting contempt," or in "honour everlasting"? 119.

HOW THE KING OF ENGLAND ESCAPED FROM A GERMAN FORTRESS;

— OR, —

“WOULD HE EVER SING AGAIN WITH HIS FAITHFUL BLONDEL?”



Richard I. receiving a royal reception.

Arrangements are soon made, and Blondel hastens to the place where once he appeared as a poor mendicant singer to release his friend.

HOW THE KING OF ENGLAND ESCAPED FROM A GERMAN FORTRESS.



GEORGE V. is not the first King of England to find Germany, Austria, and Turkey ranged against him as enemies. Richard I., the Lion-hearted, dealt some hard blows at the Turks in Palestine in his time, and had some remarkable experiences in Austria and Germany in returning home from the East.

He had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on his way to Italy, and, with only a few followers, had to travel by land across the Continent. In passing through the possessions of the Duke of Austria, with whom he had had a serious quarrel in Palestine, his identity was discovered, and he was arrested and thrown into prison.

The Emperor of Germany also owed Richard a grudge, and hearing that he was a prisoner in Austria, he persuaded the Duke to deliver him into his custody, so that he might keep him with greater secrecy.

Richard's courtiers and subjects heard that their king had been shipwrecked, but were unable to ascertain what had become of him. A rich nobleman named Blondel, a great personal friend of the king, undertook to find out where his master was. After diligent inquiry he came to the conclusion that Richard was "somewhere in Germany." He had no proof, however, so he hit upon a very clever plan to discover his whereabouts.

He disguised himself as a wandering minstrel, and made his way to Germany with his harp. He was an accomplished harper, and had often played and sung for the king, who was himself a very good singer. Travelling from town to town, wherever there was a prison, playing first in the market and other public places in order not to arouse suspicion, Blondel made a point of playing a few old English tunes under the prison walls, in the hope that, if Richard should be within, he would recognise them and give some indication of his presence.

One day the king sat in his dungeon, sad and dispirited, thinking of his native country which he had not seen for so long. Would he ever see his friends and subjects again? Would he ever sing again with his faithful Blondel? No, it is all too far away, he could only dream of it. But what is that? Surely he is dreaming. No, he is wide awake,

How the King Escaped from a German Fortress.

some one is singing. He springs to the bars of the wretched window of his dungeon, but can see nothing. It seemed like Blondel's voice, but of course it could not be, and the king sits down in despair, thinking how hard his fate is to be thus mocked with the memory of far-away friends.

Just then the unknown singer changes his tune, and to his amazement Richard hears one of the old songs he used to sing with Blondel. Like a flash he grasps the situation, and, hardly able to control his feelings, he sings his part in his deep bass voice as of yore. Thus a unique duet is sung, one singer being a king in a dungeon, and the other apparently a wandering bard outside.

Blondel's object is attained. He reaches the frontier, and hastens back to England. He raises a great sum of money from Richard's willing subjects, and returns to Germany. This time he is not in disguise, but with all the retinue becoming his rank. He seeks an interview with the Emperor of Germany, and offers a ransom for the release of his king. Arrangements are soon made, and Blondel hastens to the place where once he appeared as a poor mendicant singer to release his friend.

Before we consider his reception by his expectant sovereign, I will detain the reader for a moment while I call attention to a few considerations that suggest themselves in connection with this incident. Do you ever look back with longing to former happy years as King Richard did? As you think of the comparatively innocent days of long ago do you realise that your heart has been getting harder, and that you have been getting farther and farther away from God, that it is just as impossible for you to get back to the innocence of your childhood days as it was for King Richard to escape from the four walls that engaged him to the scenes of his former happiness? You must, to be honest, confess: "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do" (Rom. 7. 19). You have, perhaps, often confessed publicly: "We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and left undone those things which we ought to have done." This being so, you must own up to being a "servant of sin," with all that that involves, for "to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are" (Rom. 6. 15). The inevitable reward of this service is

How the King Escaped from a German Fortress.

death, i.e., the forfeiture of "eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23).

No doubt you have sometimes tried to do the best you could. I say "sometimes," for no man has consistently and continually spent his life in doing good to the fullest extent of his capabilities and possibilities. But the net result is that you are to-day found a "servant of sin."

Now, listen. Your very best Friend is seeking for you. The Son of God disguised Himself as a man, a poor, despised Jew, and came to "seek and to save that which is lost" (Luke 19. 10). The voice of the Man of Sorrows is calling to you. He sings a song of deathless love to you. His voice reaches your dungeon of sin and impotence. Will you not give Him a sign that you accept His proffered Salvation?

But Blondel could have done nothing for Richard without the RANSOM. Neither, let us say it reverently, could our Lord Jesus have helped the poor slaves of sin had He not paid the "ransom" to the full. Blessed be His Name, He "came . . . to give His life a RANSOM for many" (Mark 10. 45). The ransom is already paid. He died, "the Just for the unjust. that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). There is nothing whatever to do, but to step out into liberty and new life.

Now, let us return to our story. There is little more to tell. Blondel arrives at the prison, produces documents bearing the Imperial seal, and demands the immediate release of the prisoner. The doors are flung open, and Blondel enters in triumph and greets his long-lost friend.

If we can conceive of Richard doubting whether Blondel had really paid the ransom, the written declaration of the Emperor would have banished all doubt, and if he had refused to leave his weary dungeon we should have said his confinement had driven him mad. What shall be said of you if you do not gladly accept the declaration of the Almighty, sealed with the precious Blood of His dear Son, and step out into the Salvation, liberty, peace, and joy of the redeemed?

God's declaration is: "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." "The Master is come, and calleth for THEE" (John 11. 28). Answer Him NOW. A. G.

FROM ATHEISM TO CHRIST.



H. MUSGRAVE REID, WHOSE STORY IS HERE GIVEN.

MUSGRAVE REID'S conversion, as told by himself in his booklet, "From Atheism to Christ," is a good illustration of the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction." Mr. Reid had been baptised and confirmed in the Anglican Church. Through the advent of a Ritualistic clergyman to the Church he attended he became unsettled in his religious beliefs, and ultimately became a disciple of Charles Bradlaugh, the atheistical lecturer. Afterwards he became secretary of the "Manchester Fabian Society," secretary of the first "Socialist Association" in Lancashire, and General Secretary of the "Independent Labour Party." For twenty years he continued in the maze of unbelief.

The crisis of his life came about thus. His employers, Messrs. D. Ryland & Sons, Manchester, sent him on a business trip to the United States of America. He travelled 16,000 miles, and visited sixty-two cities and towns of the Republic, from Maine to California. How he was led to renounce his infidelity is told by himself as follows: "I was in the railway car, slowly climbing the wonderful Rocky Mountains. We had reached an altitude of 15,000 feet. We had left Colorado 90 degrees in the shade, and here we were passing through snow-capped pinnacles, where eagles were sweeping past us as the train slowly laboured up the heights. The panorama to a city man, brought up amidst the bricks and mortar of Manchester, was overwhelming. Here I beheld a wonderful cataclysm of nature. The 'Royal Gorge,' some three miles deep, lay on one side of the rails over which we were passing, and we were now on the edge of a precipice, and again mounting up to another peak, until we reached the highest point. At this altitude the train climbed so slowly that all the passengers left the car, and I was alone. I sat in a reverie, gazing at the spectacle, whilst I began instinctively feeling about, so to speak, in my mind for an explanation of these wonders. The first definite thought was, Surely all this is not the result of fortuitous circumstances, blind chance, matter and force, or as we glibly say, 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms.' Something else than the atomic theory must account for all these wonders. Could 'evolution' explain it all? Evolution can give a plausible case for us while we are studying nature in our chamber amongst our books, but the immediate contact with nature herself in all her rugged beauty speaks to us of the existence of a higher power than ourselves.

"Insensibly I found my mind was undergoing a change, an irresistible feeling of wonder came, and reverence crept into my thoughts. I had ever been an honest seeker after truth, and the thought suddenly flashed into my mind, 'Might I, after all, have been mistaken?' I fell on my knees, and cried, 'Oh, God, if Thou dost exist, reveal Thyself.' I asked for light, and it came like a flood. The whole car seemed full of light. It was the veil torn off my mind by the Spirit of God. I felt I was in the presence of God, and I capitulated without a struggle. I who had so

long resisted His gracious pleadings, who had rebelled against His authority so many years, was at last brought into submission. I arose from my knees filled with joy, saying, 'God is.' There had come to me the light which 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world' (John 1. 9). There could be no 'association of ideas,' as some would say, to account for this, for as I fell on my knees I had in my hand one of Ingersoll's books which I had been reading. The sudden change simply meant that the Spirit of God had come into my life in spite of my resistance, without my seeking, and without the help of man or books, and I knew that I beheld the glory of God and all His wondrous works. Oh, what a revelation, what a revolution of ideas, what joy and peace to know the unfathomable love of God! Was I dreaming, or ill with the fever? Nay, neither, for I never felt better in health than at that moment. *It was my first realisation of the personal presence of God.*"

Such is Mr. Reid's story. On reaching home he told his friends that he now believed in the existence of God. He so spoke of his discovery that his old infidel friends left him severely alone.

HIIS CONVERSION TO GOD.

It is one thing to believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, and it is another and a very different thing to know Him as He is revealed at the Cross of Calvary. Mr. Reid became awakened to an apprehension of his guilt and danger. His past life of sin and unbelief, of ingratitude and rebellion against God, made him tremble. The archenemy of souls suggested that he had been guilty of the "unpardonable sin," and the thought so laid hold of him that he could not sleep. He bought a Bible, and night after night, when his wife was in bed, pored over the sacred page, longing to know if there was Salvation for such a sinner as he. He commenced at the first chapter of Genesis, and read the whole of the Old Testament without obtaining peace or comfort. Beginning at the New Testament, he read till he reached the marvellous 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." In that glorious Scripture he learned that God loved the "*world*," therefore He

From Atheism to Christ.

loved *him*; that He SO loved it as to give the Lord Jesus, His only begotten Son, to die for his crimson sins that he might not perish but have everlasting life. The word "WHOSOEVER" included him, and by believing on the Saviour he had the assurance of Salvation, and could truthfully say:

"I do believe it, I will believe it,
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb;
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' Name!"

Mr. Reid made known to others wherever he went what God had done for him. Yielding himself unreservedly to Christ, he devoted himself to making known God's way of peace.

The reader may not be an atheist, infidel, or sceptic, and still be unsaved. You may even be a religious professor, and attend Church, take the Communion, engage in work of a moral and spiritual kind without being a *real* Christian. The Lord said to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be *born again* he cannot see the *Kingdom of God*" (John 3. 3). Have you been born again? If you have not yet experienced the great change, whatever you are, whatever you have been or done, you are even now on the broad road, the end of which is eternal ruin. But listen to the marvellous words which were blessed to Mr. Reid: "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."

Why not now flee to Christ for safety? Believe on the Saviour and become a "new creature" in Christ Jesus. "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39). Then, as to how you will "get on" *after you are saved*, the same Christ who "saves from wrath to begin with, saves from sin to go on with, and will keep you safe to glory to end with." He "is able to keep you from falling" (Jude 24), and has promised never to leave nor to forsake those who put their trust in Him. The moment you believe on Jesus you are His; and He has pledged His word to guide, guard, and keep you, and to give you strength and grace to live and work for Him. "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not" (Isa. 41. 13). Look and live NOW. A. M.

THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN SCOTLAND.

IT was in the lovely autumn time a number of years ago that I visited Leadhills for the first time. This quaint little village, reputed to be the highest in Scotland, is undoubtedly a charming spot. Nestling on the slopes of some of the heights that form the Southern Highlands, basking in the glorious sunshine, surrounded by purple-clad heather hills, the air filled with the sweetest music from nature's orchestra, the singing lark, the humming



Photo by Maxwell & Co., Dumfries.

THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN SCOTLAND, WANLOCKHEAD, LEADHILLS.

bee, the murmuring rill, one could not refrain from exclaiming with good Bishop Heber: "Every prospect pleaseth, and only man is vile."

One day my fellow-labourer and I decided to visit the neighbouring village of Wanlockhead, about a mile distant, to distribute Gospel booklets and invite the villagers to our services. Upon reaching the place we stood to have a look around, when my companion pointed up the hillside, and said, "There's the highest inhabited

The Highest House in Scotland.

house in Scotland." "Well," I replied, "we must put a good Gospel book into that house," and off I went up the hill to do so. Just as I approached the old-fashioned thatched dwelling a stout little Scotch woman came out. Anxious to get a little talk with her about the King and the country to which I am going, I said, "By the by, mistress, they tell me this is the highest inhabited house in Scotland." Her attitude changed immediately, she turned smilingly, and said, "Oh, yes, sir, and I'm living in it." She was quite pleased because I had taken notice of her house, and delighted to think she was living in it. "You are high up," I said, "and the view is splendid, but I have got a house higher up than this." "What," she exclaimed, "a house higher up than this?" "Oh, yes," said I, "much higher up than this." "It must be a long way up; where is it?" she inquired. Pointing upward to the azure blue I joyfully exclaimed, "An House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens" (2 Cor. 5. 1). "An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for me" (1 Peter 1. 4). "It's grand," I added, "to have a house up there." She hurried off and left me, but I earnestly hope that the little word about the Heavenly Land, far above earth's storm-clouds, may have been used of God to make her think on things that are above.

Let me ask you very lovingly: Have you an interest in heavenly things? Are you born "from above" and so travelling Home to Heaven above? Remember:

"In this doomed world thou canst not always stay,
On earth for ever, friend, thou wilt not be;
Each fleeting moment and each passing day
Carries thee forward to Eternity."

Do you ever ponder the question: Where will I be throughout the long, long years of Eternity? There is absolutely no admission for you into Heaven apart from faith in the precious Blood of Christ. "Neither is there Salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). Are you saved? You will assuredly be if you accept Christ as your own personal Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31), Trust Him now and happy be. J. M. H.

THE NOBLE BLACK SLAVE.

A MAN stood on the deck of a sinking ship. To his breast he closely hugged a heavy bundle. The last boat was waiting. Loaded almost to the gunwale, the seamen in it cried out that he must leave his burden behind. The vessel was foundering fast. The angry waves roared for their prey. The choice was his. Leap in, and leave the bundle behind. Or, throw it in, and be left be-



"SEIZING AN OPPORTUNITY, HE HANDED THEM INTO THE BOAT."

The Noble Black Slave.

hind. The man unfolded the coverings, and, lo! within his arms were two lovely children. His master's children committed to his care. Seizing an opportunity, he handed them into the boat, and bidding the sailors remember to tell his master that he had kept his promise, he clambered back and stood a forlorn, lonely figure on the deck of the doomed vessel.

This man was a black slave (for it was in slavery days), but he had a white soul. A noble example of the love that seeketh not its own. A terrible example of how the means of Salvation may be inadequate to the occasion.

But the Gospel we preach is the story of the love of God's Son for guilty sinners—of God for a world doomed to die. Jesus died that we might live. "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). And the welcome news is that there is room for all in Christ. Our invitation is, "Come to Jesus!" Our cry is, "Yet there is room!" D. A-B.

C. H. SPURGEON AND THE DOG.

THE Prince of Preachers, than whom none was more felicitous in illustration, gave this picture:

It is wonderful the power of faith with God. It binds His justice and constrains His grace. I do not know how to illustrate it better than by a little story. When I walked down my garden some time ago I found a dog amusing himself among the flowers. I knew that he was not a good gardener, and no dog of mine, so I threw a stick at him and bade him begone. After I had done so he conquered me, and made me ashamed of having spoken roughly to him, for he picked up my stick, and, wagging his tail right pleasantly, he brought the stick to me and dropped it at my feet. Do you think I could strike him or drive him away after that? No, I patted him and called him good names. The dog had conquered the man. And if you, poor sinner, dog as you are, can have confidence enough in God to come to Him just as you are, it is not in His heart to spurn you. Only trust Him as He reveals Himself in the Lord Jesus, and you shall find Salvation and Everlasting Bliss.

THE SAILOR'S DOUBLE SALVATION.



OUR tug lay by the hulk coaling. It was a dark and blustry night, with the ebb of the swirling Thames rushing past like a mill-race. At ten p.m. our bunkers were full, and we were due at the Nore for a towing contract

shortly after midnight, so there was plenty of hurry, and hustle, and coal dust. The skipper mounted the bridge, and rang up the engines to "stand by." "Jack," he called out to me, "get aboard the hulk there, and let go the rope, and then spring. Be quick about it, too, so's you can jump back on to the sponson before we get a move on, or you'll be left. Bear a hand."

The task I was ordered to perform was rather a risky one. It was easy enough to throw the moorings off the bollards, but the moment they were off the strong ebb carried the tug astern immediately the restraint was gone. However, I performed both my tasks, and as the tug began to go with the current I sprang for the forward sponson—a kind of staging between the paddle-box and the fore-deck. Here we always rigged a man-rope for the safety of anyone who had need to go on the sponson during rough weather, which was often the case in towing jobs. But to-night, alas, the "coalies" had taken this rope away as it hampered the transference of the "black diamonds" from the hulk to our bunkers. I might have known this had I thought, but I was young and didn't,

The Sailor's Double Salvation.

and I had need to hurry. I sprang for the sponson—that for my feet, and the man-rope for my hands. My feet landed on the sponson, but slipped with the impetus, but even that wouldn't have mattered had the man-rope been there. Next moment I was under the mad, swirling, cold waters of the Thames. I could not swim. My long sea-boots were filled, and felt like lead. Is it death? I am not ready! Where am I going?

What a tremendous lot you can, and do, think about in a moment like that. Past misspent life, neglected opportunities of God's Salvation. Sins? Oh, yes! they come up awfully inconvenient *then*. Sins? Aye, they do, unforgiven sins! Sins heavy enough to weigh the sinner down to the deepest Hell. No, no, you wouldn't argue as to whether there's a Hell *then*. You'd *know it*.

I made a fight for the surface. My hand struck the slimy float of the paddle wheel, but I could not hold on to it. I almost gave up hope, when I felt a grip on the neck of my coat and jersey. I was hauled half out of the water, and by a second effort of my rescuer, safely landed on the deck. I recognised *my saviour*. Yes, he was *my saviour*. A tall, grimy, drink-sodden fireman, and he was *my saviour*. He thought an accident like this was well within the range of possibility, and so placed himself handy. *He saved me*.

This made me think of Eternity, of my soul, of God, of Heaven, and Hell. And my own experience now became a parable illustrating a far greater Salvation. Not a fireman, but Jesus Christ, the Son of God, stooped down from Heaven's glory to Calvary's shame to save me from going down into death, eternal death. And when I did believe, shortly after, what a grip He took of me! He'll never let me go. He lifted me up out of a horrible pit. *He is my Saviour now*. He has given me eternal life. He has saved me from everlasting destruction. He has forgiven all my sins; indeed He has blotted them out. He has justified me from all the charges of sin and all the accusations of Satan. I am His and He is mine, and I love Him because He first loved me. My name is in His Book of Life. Me, the purchase of His precious Blood, can He forget? Ah, no! He has bought me at a great cost. We are united eternally. All glory to His Name!

E. C. Q.

THE TWO SWEEPS.



THERE was held yearly in the town of Yeovil, in Somerset, a pleasure fair, and while it lasted the inhabitants of the town and adjoining country were given up to scenes of sin and drunkenness. A few godly people living there invited a converted sweep, named William Carter, to preach.

Now, there was living in Yeovil at this time a notorious character, a sweep too, named Bill Catchpole, who was proud to be considered the most drunken, the strongest, the boldest, the most blasphemous. One evening a number of Bill's bosom companions were met together in their favourite haunt. Presently in swaggered Bill, in full sweep's regimentals—sooty, from curly head to hob-nailed boots. "Hallo-a!" leered he, as he caught sight of the notice. "What have we 'e-ere? Stuff of nonsense! Can't they keep their preaching to themselves and their dismal churches and chapels, without interfering with a body's pleasure. Calls hisself a '*converted sweep*'—I'll sweep him. A disgracin' of our honourable purfession."

The fair week arrived. On Tuesday the preaching began. Singing through the streets, they collected to them some hundreds of people, and led the way to a field adjoining the

The Two Sweeps.

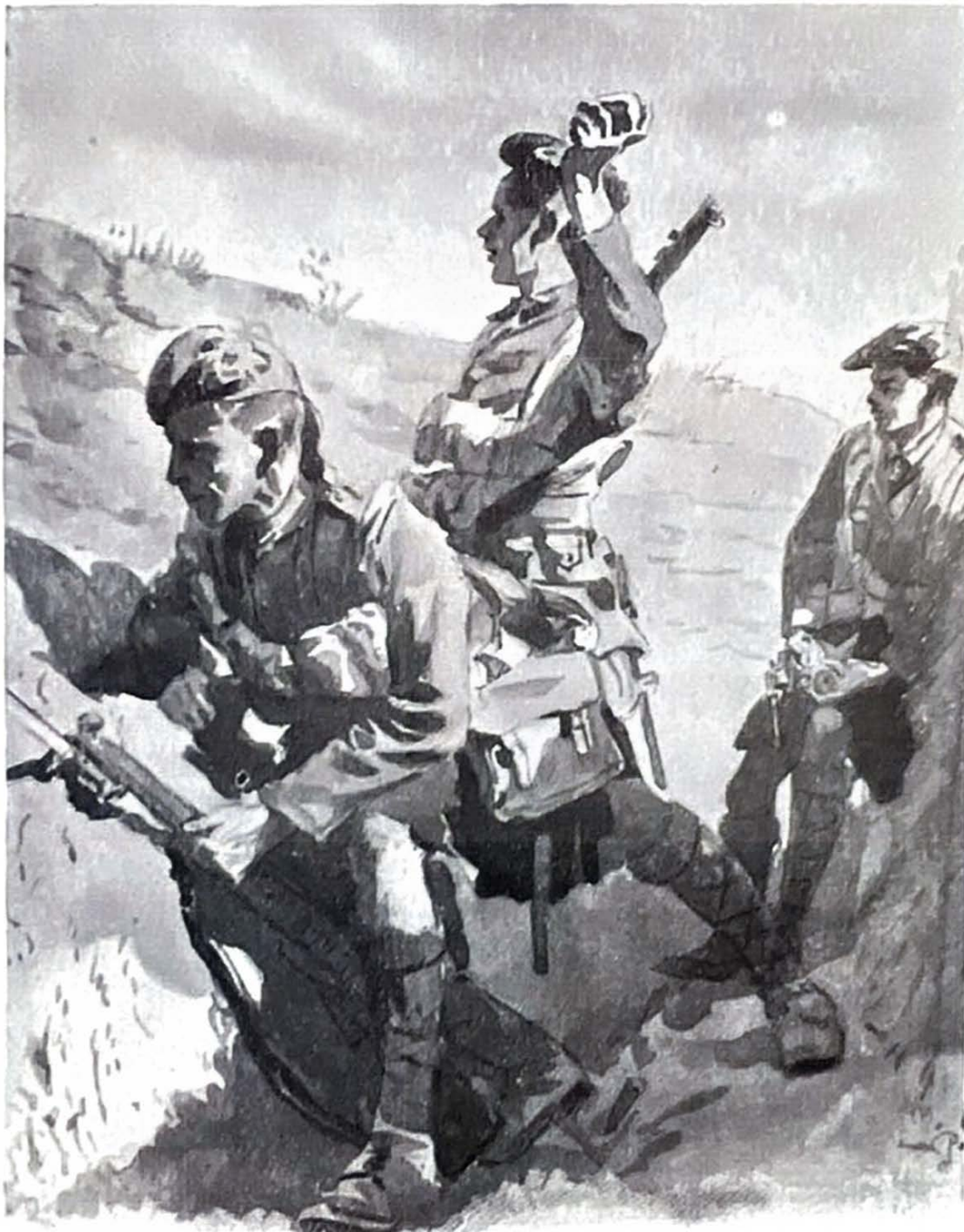
fair. Mr. Carter had not long commenced his address when he observed a group of men sauntering up to the edge of the crowd. One who appeared to be their leader began to elbow his way through the people. He relates: "I was struck with the appearance of this man. I could see he was a sweep; and evidently a well-known character. Something about the man told me he meant mischief. I sent a quick appeal to heaven for aid—a word to arrest him. I expected nothing less than a thunderbolt of a message would be given to me. But nothing would recur to my mind, save that wondrous 16th verse of the 3rd of John. There was no time to lose waiting for another, so I fitted this arrow into my bow, and launched it fair at the intruder's heart. I called aloud—'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.' He faltered—stopped—and looked uneasily about him. Thought I, 'Praise God! I'll try another shaft like that.' I sounded again those precious words in his ears. He turned and walked out of the crowd another way.

"On Friday morning, as I was eating an early breakfast, before taking the first train to London, a knock came to the door. We heard the servant answer the door, and she came, pale and breathless, into the parlour, exclaiming—"Oh, master! if there bean't that terrible Bill Catchpole at the door. I'm sure he's come to do Mr. Carter some harm, for I heard tell in the town as how he'd threatened as much.'" 'Well, Bill,' I said kindly, 'tell me what's wrong' He burst into tears and sobbed—sobbed as only a strong man can: After a little I said, 'Don't despair, Bill. There's mercy for as great sinners as you and me.' He shrank back from my hand, and sobbed, "Oh! sir, you would not touch me if you knew what a wretch I be. On last Tuesday I went to the preachin', my mind bent on pitchin' you out of the waggon, but those words—*those words* you spoke. Those words which told that God loved *me*—*loved* me so much, that He gave His only begotten Son. The *only* Son he had—ah! that's what touched my heart. For rough and hard as others think me, I love with all its strength my children, and would not give one of them—no, not to save the dearest friend, if friend I have on earth. Had you told me of hell, I'd have laughed defiance. But His *love* has broke my heart." Foremost as he had been in the service of the devil, Bill Catchpole the sweep now and henceforth became a standard-bearer of the Lord Jesus Christ. J. C. R

A STRIKING LETTER FROM A SOLDIER;

— OR, —

“IT IS MY VOICE YOU HEAR, NOT THE SILENT PEN!”



A party of Black Watch bomb-throwers.

“Praying Fred” was brought in badly wounded and placed in the next bed to mine; he had to undergo a most painful operation, which he bore like a hero,

A STRIKING LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.



DEAREST Father and Mother,—I am once more out of the doctor's hands, and pronounced "fit for duty;" and as I may be called into action at a moment's warning, I now write you such a letter as will, should I fall, tell you my whole heart. I have often thought since I was wounded that if I had been killed, instead of only wounded, you would not have had a last word from me to speak comfort to you. But could I have written then, how different it would have been; I should have told you that I died for the honour of my country, and tried to soothe your sorrow for my loss by the thought that I had fallen gloriously on the battlefield. But now, oh, my loved ones, should I fall in the impending engagement I shall die a victor through the Blood of the Lamb, even Christ my Lord—not an earthly victor, but victorious over death and the grave, my soul going forth in joy to meet the great Captain of my Salvation! I think I see your astonishment, dear parents, as these words meet your eyes; and I will hasten to tell you how I came to have those views and feelings, those precious hopes, nay, certainties, which fill me with a joy that is not of earth, even in expectation of a violent death.

While I lay in the hospital wounded a brother officer, quite a young fellow, whom we used laughingly to call "Praying Fred," was brought in badly wounded and placed in the next bed to mine; he had to undergo a most painful operation, which he bore like a hero, not a murmur then or after escaping from his lips, although he must have suffered torturing pain. This showed me that he really practised what he preached, and that there must be some reality and support in the religion which he professed. Some such thoughts were going through my mind when I met his eyes suddenly raised to mine as I looked at him, thinking him asleep, the day after the operation had been

A Striking Letter from a Soldier.

performed; and I could not forbear expressing them aloud as he gazed at me in wonder at my earnest look.

"Oh, yes," he said, "my religion is a reality, a true support and comfort under every trial and calamity. I know that nothing can occur to me without the eye of my Heavenly Father taking notice of it; and whatever He orders is right, and just what I would choose could I order things for myself, for I know that all things work together for good to those who love Him."

"Why, what good can it do you to be laid there in torture, deprived of a limb?" I asked in surprise.

My companion was silent for a moment, and then he replied: "One good result is that it has given me an opportunity to speak to you, friend, of the hope that is in me; and if by my feeble instrumentality you are brought to feel in yourself the blessedness of that hope, how joyful will it have been for me that I was laid there! Oh, how small a price would my lost limb and my pain of body be for the joy of knowing that I was instrumental in bringing you to a knowledge of my Lord and Saviour! If, as we are told, one soul is worth more than the whole world, how trifling are my sufferings compared to the bliss of carrying the good news of Salvation to an immortal spirit!"

"You must not value me at so high a price as the 'whole world,' even though I am an only son," I said, laughing, for the conversation was becoming too serious for my worldly mind.

"Oh, Conyers, you mistake; it was not I who set that value upon you," replied my friend, solemnly. "And He, who is the Creator of us all, showed that He did so value you, when He gave *His* 'only Son' to die for you, that you might live for ever."

Oh, dear parents, when Fred Singleton spoke these words a veil seemed to fall from before my eyes. I thought of you and of your great and most indulgent love for me. I knew that you would give up your own lives before you would suffer a hair of my head to fall. And then I thought of the great God giving *His* Son to die for me. In a moment I saw, as by a sudden revelation, how dreadful must be my state as a sinner to require such a sacrifice; and how wonderful must be the love of God to me, a poor miserable

A Striking Letter from a Soldier.

creature, to give His only Son to die in my stead. All the sermons I had ever heard, containing invitations to come to Jesus and be saved, seemed to rise up in array before me as I lay like one stunned by the suddenness of the revelation that swept through my brain; and at length, as though compelled to speak, I said, "Singleton, you have struck me to the heart; if God has so valued my soul, as I now see and feel He has, what a fool I have been not to value it more myself! I never saw it in the light in which you have placed it; in fact, to be sincere, I never thought about my soul at all."

"That is it; that is the danger," said Singleton. "We forget that we have within these frail bodies spirits that can never die; and yet, how awful to think that at any moment the body may cease to exist, and its tenant go forth on its eternal journey, unsaved, to everlasting misery. Oh! why do we give up to such a doom that for which Christ shed His blood?"

"God must be very angry with us for neglecting to seek Him," said I, thinking aloud.

"He pities us, and entreats us to believe and be saved," said Singleton, tenderly. "You believe that Jesus died for you, do you not?"

"Yes; oh, yes."

"Then, my dear friend, God asks no more from you."

"How do you mean? Oh, Singleton, explain this to me more fully," I exclaimed.

"I have heard it explained in this way, Conyers; it is simple, but I think perfect," replied Singleton. "If a man was drowning and a rope was thrown to him, his seeing the rope, and that it was intended he should grasp it and be saved, would not of itself save him; he might perish in sight of the means of safety; but if he *grasped* the rope and clung to it for life, then he would be safe; don't you see? You must take the salvation Christ has secured for you over eighteen hundred years ago. It is for you; only believe it. Accept this salvation, and you have done all that God desires. God has given the Saviour, Christ has given Himself *for you*, and you have only to believe that He did so, and that God has accepted that sacrifice in your place."

"Oh, I see it now!" I felt compelled to cry out. "It

A Striking Letter from a Soldier.

is marvellous, but it is true. I feel it; I know it. I do believe that Christ has died *for me*, and that I am saved—saved for ever!"

"Bless the Lord for this great Salvation!" cried Singleton, as well as his feeble state would permit. "Did I not say right, that all things work together for our good if we love Him? How little I thought when I was laid here



Copyright Photo.

SOLDIERS PASSING THROUGH MARBLE ARCH, LONDON.

what a blessing was in store for me!" His voice became exhausted, and I begged him not to weaken himself by speaking any more just then.

The next day he was very faint, only exchanging an occasional word and look with me, but they were truly words and looks from the borders of the heavenly land to which he was hastening. Not even the painful amputation could save his life, and the doctors at last reluctantly admitted the fact when he asked them calmly if it was not so.

A Striking Letter from a Soldier.

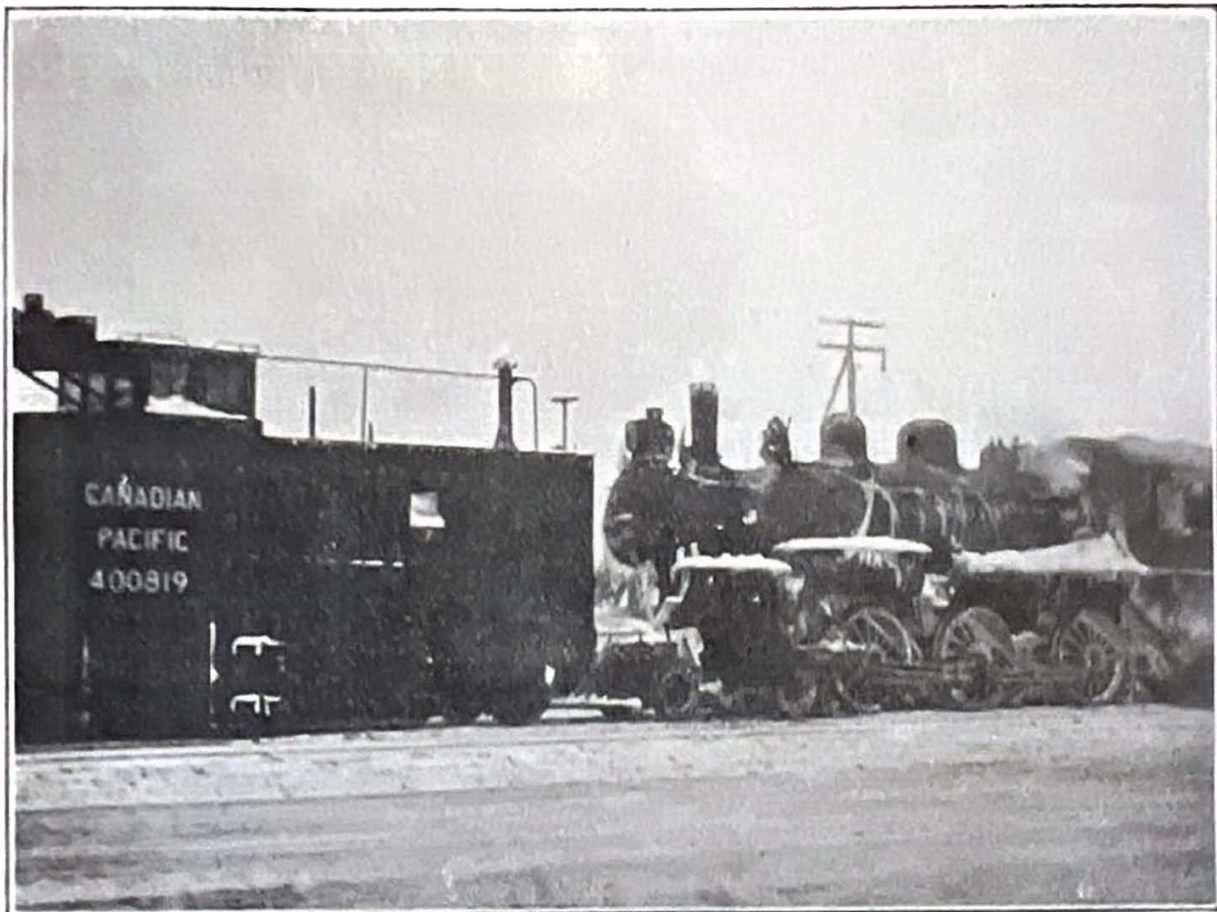
The next day it was plain that my dear friend was sinking fast ; but still he met my gaze with a bright smile and an upward beaming look, as he said repeatedly, "I am going Home." Towards evening he said, "All things work together for good to those who love Him. See, the loss of this limb is sending me Home to that House 'not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.' I might have passed many years of suffering on earth, but my gracious Father wills it otherwise; He is taking me Home to be with Himself." Those were his last words. He sunk into a sleep, and awoke no more on earth.

Dear parents, since I have left the hospital I have boldly taken my stand as a soldier of the Cross ; and should I die upon the field of battle, without a moment's warning, remember that to me sudden death will be sudden glory, for I shall be with my Saviour, and see Him as He is. When you read these lines believe that it is I, your son, your deeply loving son, that is speaking ; even now from Heaven let my voice reach you, for it is my voice you hear, not the silent pen. I am not dead ; I live ! Because my Saviour lives, I also live ; and I implore of you, beloved ones, hear me, that you also may enjoy with me the blessings of His kingdom. Do not think of me as one dead ; I am not dead, I am only gone before you a little while, called away by God in His mercy, that you may be led to see His love and to believe in Him as I believed. Remember how much greater a love must God have had for His "only and well-beloved Son" (John 3. 16) than even you, dearest parents, could possibly have felt for me. And then think how much He must have loved us, when He gave Him up freely to suffer for our sins. Oh ! take Him for your Saviour, and you and I shall be for ever together in the kingdom of His love. May you come to Him now is the prayer of your devoted son,—FRANK.

"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).

BETWEEN TWO SLIDES.

DURING one week in March some years ago over eight hundred lives were lost through snowstorms and snowslides in the Rocky Mountains. The passengers (over a hundred in number) on train No. 97 had a very narrow escape. The catastrophe is described as being "missed by the narrowest margin." Less than a minute after the train had passed a certain point east of Field Station a snowslide took place, burying the track for a thousand feet to a depth twice as high as a Pullman car.



CANADIAN ENGINE WITH ROTARY PLOUGH IN FRONT.

The passengers found a second slide blocking their way in front, so they had to do the best they could at Field Station between the two slides till the rotary ploughs cleared the way for the train to proceed. Blinding snow, rain and sleet fell alternately. The wind blew through the pass as through the small end of a funnel. Their condition was indeed serious. But what would have happened if the snow-bound passengers had been told that if they did not quickly get away from between the two

Between Two Slides.

slides an avalanche of snow would fall upon them and bury them alive? They were anxious, anyhow, to get out of their miserable plight. What would have been their anxiety if they had known that a fresh danger threatened, and that they were doomed if they remained where they were? Terrible, indeed, must have been their position.

And yet, if unsaved, your danger is infinitely greater than the danger even of such a situation. *You* are between two slides. A lifetime of sin lies behind you, so that you cannot return to innocence, the spot from which our first parents started. You cannot go back a single hour. Judgment lies before you. You are travelling to meet it. You can reason from the past to the future. Sin in the past; judgment in the future. You are indeed between two slides. And what threatens to fall upon you at any moment like an avalanche of destruction? DEATH! These railway passengers missed death by the narrowest margin. Your *doom* draws nearer, and will assuredly overtake you unless you find a way of escape.

Christ is the way of escape. Reformation in all its forms, good works in all their phases, do not form the way of escape. The Lord Himself said: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6). He has faced death. He has borne the judgment due to the sinner. That is why Jesus is the way of escape. God can righteously save the sinner who believes in His Son. God is "just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3. 26).

If you remain as you are your doom is inevitable. Rouse yourself. Look at the danger. You have no strength of your own whereby to escape. You have no time to lose. Jesus alone can *save*. Well may the Scriptures ask the solemn question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). There is not a moment to lose!

As you read these lines turn to the Lord, come to Him as a lost sinner, and take Him as your Saviour, your only way of escape, and He will assuredly save you, for He said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Trust Him, and trust Him now. Then you will be saved from present danger and from Eternal doom. A. J. P.

THE EDINBURGH MAN'S STRANGE CREED.

IT is perfectly amazing the ignorance there is among nominal Protestants regarding God's way of Salvation. Ask those who profess to believe in the Bible doctrine of justification by faith *alone* what one has to do in order to obtain God's pardoning mercy, and you will be surprised at the answers you receive. Some will tell you



From an Old Painting.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

The Edinburgh Man's Strange Creed.

to "pray for it," others to "do the best you can," whilst some will urge you to "turn over a new leaf."

A striking illustration of this terrible ignorance is told by Dr. J. Hood Wilson, formerly of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh. Dr. Wilson was asked to visit a gentleman who was nearing the end of life's journey. In the course of conversation the minister inquired about his relation to God. "I have no fear whatever about the future," was his calm reply. On being asked the *ground* of his confidence the man made this extraordinary statement: "When I was a boy my father said to me, 'You are beginning life, and have all the world before you. Do all the good you can, and as little harm as you can, and you will have a good chance at the end.'" On being shown God's way of deliverance from the penalty of sin, the dying man exclaimed, "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I AM TO BE SAVED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE REPROBATES IN THE STREETS OF EDINBURGH?"

The gentleman's "creed" regarding Salvation is a very popular one among all ranks and classes of society. Ask that clever business man if he expects to get to Heaven, and he unhesitatingly replies, "Of course I do; we all expect to get there." Inquire the *ground* of his confidence, and he informs you that he has injured no one, that he has tried to do as much good as he could and as little harm as possible. "Why, then," he triumphantly asks, "should I not get to Heaven?" At the bottom of it all there is the deep-seated belief that Salvation is obtained *through what we do for Christ*, instead of *through what Christ did for us*. "I am doing the best I can," says one; "I am as good as you," says another. Such remarks prove that *man's religion*, the religion of two letters—"DO"—is exceedingly popular; and *God's religion*, the religion of four letters—"D-O-N-E"—is but little understood. Men expect to reach the glory on the ground of their own merits, prayers, tears, good works, and such-like.

When Dr. Wilson told the dying man "Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of Salvation, as Cowper, the poet, describes it, the poor, self-righteous sinner exclaimed, "Do you mean to say I am to be saved in the same way as the reprobates in the streets of Edinburgh?" Such a question proves the truth of the words, "My thoughts

The Edinburgh Man's Strange Creed.

are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the Heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. 55. 8, 9).

"The best acts done by the unregenerate," as Augustine said, "*are but splendid sins.*" The apostle Paul, in writing to the Roman believers, says; "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they



The Castle in the distance.

PRINCES STREET AND STATION HOTEL, EDINBURGH.

that are in the flesh (man in his unregenerate condition) cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 7, 8). To talk of our merits or good works as a ground of approach to God is to forget the inspired declaration that "*all our RIGHTEOUSNESSES,*" not our sins, but our *righteousnesses*, "*ARE AS FILTHY RAGS*" (Isa. 64. 6). "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and as the unregenerate are *unbelievers*, and have never exercised faith in Christ, they cannot please Him till they do. "He that cometh to God must *believe*

The Edinburgh Man's Strange Creed.

that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him'' (Heb. 11. 6).

The Edinburgh gentleman evidently imagined that there were two ways of Salvation, one for the moral and respectable, and another for the immoral and irreligious. ''I am not come to call the *righteous*, but *sinner*s to repentance'' (Matt. 9. 13), ''The Son of Man is come to seek and to save *that which was lost*'' (Luke 19. 10), are Christ's own declarations. There is much more hope of ''reprobates'' being saved than of the self-righteous and self-satisfied. ''Reprobates'' know that they need a Saviour, whilst the self-righteous are ignorant of the fact.

If the reader believes that he cannot save or do anything to save himself, and is waiting to be saved in God's way, we invite him to ponder words of grace and truth spoken by the Lord Jesus to Nicodemus, the learned Jewish rabbi: ''And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life'' (John 3. 14, 15). On account of their constant murmurings, God sent fiery serpents among the children of Israel, and many of them died through the poison of the venomous reptiles. Moses was commanded to tell the elders of Israel to make a brass serpent and fix it on a pole in the midst of the encampment, and anyone who looked upon it would be immediately healed. Referring to the type, the Lord said to Nicodemus, ''As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.'' Christ was ''lifted up'' on Calvary's Cross, and made a full atonement for all our sins. On account of what He did and suffered for us God can righteously forgive every one who believes on the Saviour. As the bitten Israelite was healed the moment he looked at the brass serpent, so the moment the sin bitten sinner looks to or believes in Christ he is saved, and ''shall not perish, but have eternal life.'' Why, then, not believe on the Son of God, who loved you and gave Himself for you, and be eternally saved? ''He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him'' (John 3. 36). Delay not, for ''Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of Salvation.'' A. M.

A YOUNG IRISHMAN'S CONVERSION.

SOME years ago I had the pleasure of being present at some evangelistic services held in Dublin by a well-known preacher of Belfast. The Spirit of God was working specially amongst the young people. One by one they were passing into the kingdom of God. The missionary had a wonderful way of presenting the Gospel. He



The birthplace of many souls. MERRION HALL, LOWER MERRION STREET, DUBLIN.

preached it with such tenderness that the sinner was melted and constrained to yield to the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This night, when the young Irishman was converted, the preacher had preached very faithfully. Still the decisive step had not been taken by this young fellow. I drew near to him, and entered into conversation with him. I tried to enlighten him, using every argument I

A Young Irishman's Conversion.

could think of. Still he was in darkness of soul; still he exclaimed, "I have no light."

Then guided by the Spirit I opened the Bible at the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and read those words to him: "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 said to him, "Go in at the first ALL, and come out at the last ALL."

I then read the previous verse: "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." I said to him, "Read it in this way: 'But He was wounded for MY transgressions, He was bruised for MY iniquities; the chastisement of MY peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed.'"

Scarcely had I said these words before the light of an eternal morning broke in upon him. He exclaimed, "I see it now; I see it now." He had lost sight of himself, and he had got a sight of the Lord Jesus.

The young Irishman left the hall that night with his face beaming with joy. He could say, "God is MY salvation. I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is MY strength and song. He also is become MY Salvation." Like John Bunyan's Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," who lost his burden of sin by looking away to the cross, he could exclaim: "Blessed Cross. Blessed sepulchre. Blessed rather be the Man that there was put to shame for me."

I could not enlighten the young Irishman with any words or arguments of mine; it was all useless. I only succeeded when I turned with him to God's Holy Word. There he saw himself as a condemned sinner, and there also he saw the Lord Jesus bearing his sins in His own body on the tree. He could say not only "Christ is a Saviour," but "Christ is MY Saviour." He could say not only "He died for the sins of the *whole world*," but "He died for MY sins," and when he had accepted Him as his own personal Saviour the joy of the Lord which is our strength became his. Take Christ for thyself, and take Him at this moment. Say with that young Irishman, "With His stripes I am healed," and thou, too, shalt go on thy way rejoicing. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." J. R., M.A.

SAVED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

THE war was raging, and a regiment of soldiers was about to leave a certain town to join in the fray. Just before the men fell into rank, a colporteur took from his pack a number of Bibles, and offered one as a free gift to any soldier who wished to have one.

For some time there was no response to the offer, but at last a young man stepped forward and said that he would take a book. It was gladly handed to him, and the giver silently lifted up his heart in prayer that the gift might be blessed to the conversion of its new owner.

Hardly, however, had the young soldier received the Bible when he burst into a loud laugh, and, turning away, cried out that, though there was likely to be a scarcity of paper in camp, he would not be short of pipe lights for some time to come.

The careless men around joined in the laughter, and amidst their scoffs and jeers the colporteur walked sadly away. He felt as if his work and prayer had indeed been in vain.

The bugle sounded, the drums beat, and away went the mockers. With them went the Bible, safely stowed in the knapsack of its owner. The war raged on : many fell around our young soldier, and groaned in the agonies of death, but he was still unhurt, and as careless about his soul and the salvation of God as ever.

TRUE TO HIS WORD,

he had so often used the leaves of God's precious Book for pipe lights, as he sat smoking with his comrades, that but few of them remained. No doubt many a joke was made concerning the folly of the colporteur in giving away his books to serve such a purpose.

In an idle moment the young soldier noticed how rapidly the size of the book was decreasing. He lightly remarked that if he was to read it at all he must commence at once, and then proceeded to scan the first remaining page.

It contained part of the Gospel of John, and hardly had the man commenced to read when his eye fell upon the solemn words that speak of a time coming in the which "all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." As he read, "they that have done evil shall come forth unto the resurrection of damnation," the words seemed to speak to his heart and conscience as with a voice of thunder. He saw his sinfulness and his awful danger, and he trembled at the thought of meeting the rejected Son of God in his sins.

Saved on the Battlefield.

NO MORE LEAVES TORN FROM THE BIBLE.

Every one that remained was now most carefully read and pondered over, nor was their perusal without effect. The story of God's amazing love to men, of the death of Christ for the ungodly, and of pardon and eternal life for nothing, were all wondered over in turn, until at last the young soldier's heart of stone was melted within him, and he gladly rested his guilty soul upon the Saviour he had so long neglected and despised. Happy was it for him that he did so. Very soon after his new-found joy had commenced, he received a terrible wound, and was taken home to die.

The colporteur went to the house where he lay, but arrived only to see the shattered body, for the precious life had fled, and the ransomed soul had gone to be with Christ.

But the sower of the good seed learned from the mourning friends all that he had told them concerning his conversion, the change wrought in his life, and the joy that had flowed into his heart when, through reading the torn Bible, he had learned to trust Christ. There, too, was the Book itself,

THE ONLY BIBLE THAT THE SOLDIER HAD EVER POSSESSED.

Inscribed within the cover was the name of the owner, the date of receipt, and words telling of the use to which the lost leaves had been put, and the result of reading what remained.

Oh, the grace of God, how great it is! Sinners, the Book you have thought so little of not only contains solemn warnings of the awful doom that awaits you if you die in your sins, but contains the best news in the world. It tells of a full and free pardon for the worst of men; that you may receive this pardon now, become a child of God, a living monument of His grace, and be enabled to rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

In Christ, God gives all this, and a thousand times more. Will you have Christ *now*? Receive Him just as you are, and be fitted both to live and to die.

W. H. S.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain;
To them who love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!"

A LIVE MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.

WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."



Bidding a Last Farewell to a Comrade.

Once more there is the knowledge of flying death all round him, far more imminent than in the little expeditions of his past soldiering. But what a difference.

A LIVE MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.



THIS is a word from a soldier to other soldiers; and, especially, from a soldier at the front to other soldiers at the front. It has only one aim, to discuss in the simplest possible terms the real object of all religion, the Salvation of a man's soul. What you and I want to know, actually and personally, is whether we have qualified for an eternal future of bliss or of anguish, whether our destination is Heaven or Hell.

There are two ways in which a man at the front can approach these questions. He can either put them deliberately out of his mind by an effort of his will, or he can face them and think the situation out. In ordinary life a third way is perhaps possible. The question may hardly make itself heard in the peaceful surroundings of life in a civilised country; but for us in France, or at the Dardanelles, or wherever it may be, with instant death a possibility at any moment, for days and nights at a stretch these questions are imminent, and must either be faced or knowingly put aside.

The next inquiry is whether it is any use to face the matter. In other words, if a man puts the question to himself, "Am I bound for Heaven or Hell?" can he find a definite answer, and if the answer, when it is found, is unsatisfactory, can he hope by any means to change it?

Let me tell you a little about the life of an officer who is in a trench somewhere in France at the present moment.

He first went on service when he was twenty-four, but on that occasion he did not get up to the fighting, and though the question of his soul's salvation may have crossed his mind, it did not intrude itself sufficiently to call for a definite decision of any sort. A little more than a year later he once more found himself on service, and this time he had to go through what, before the present war, was considered very stiff fighting. That is, he saw more than a tenth of his battalion killed and wounded in one day, and with a very large proportion of killed. On at least one occasion during that expedition he was in a situation where it seemed that there was no hope of getting out alive. That is, he was faced with the knowledge that in a few minutes he would be in the next world. As it happened reinforcements arrived unexpectedly,

A Live Message from the Front.

and he came out of the action unhurt, but he could not get the memory of his escape out of his mind until he had deliberately said to himself something like this: "I'll have to chance it. I know I am not ready to meet God, and if I begin to think about God and the judgment and the Eternity before me, it might make a coward of me. I simply dare not think of it."

Well, God is a God of mercy, and the officer came through that expedition and lived to go on service again when he was thirty years of age. But, in the meantime, the hardening process of the years had had its effect on him, and although he went through the same mental or spiritual experience as before, it was much less strongly marked, and left the man himself almost untouched.

Two years later an opportunity once more occurred, and he volunteered for service and was accepted. Once more he found himself at the base, then at the advanced base. Once more he knew he was approaching the zone of operations, and might be getting under fire at any time. It was all familiar to him, and there was no experience before him likely to affect him more than what he had seen in the past had done. Indeed, this was a minor expedition, and he knew that most of the hard work had already been accomplished before he arrived, and that he would see little or no fighting. But something which he could not define called to him that he must face the question of his soul's welfare. It was, in fact, God's Spirit dealing with him in infinite mercy, and he there and then made up his mind that he would seek the way of Salvation, and follow it if he could find it.

The expedition ended very soon after he got up, and he was granted leave to England. He went on living his usual life, and made no change in any of his ways, but there was during all this time the determination that he would seek God's way of Salvation.

Soon after getting home a well-known evangelist visited the town near which he lived. He went down to hear him, and sat drinking every word that fell from the speaker's lips. He heard the simple Old Story that he had known as a matter of head knowledge from the time he had been a small child: that Christ the Son of God came to earth and died for sinners, and that all who

A Live Message from the Front.

believe on Him are saved from their sins and become the sons of God, with the possession of Eternal Life. No word of all that was spoken escaped his eager ears. He acknowledged that it was God's way, given in God's Word: He acknowledged that he was an unsaved sinner, and that God had shown him the greatest mercy in bringing him through to that hour.

That night when he went to his room he took his Bible, which indeed he had always carried, but seldom or never read, and opening it at the New Testament he turned over the leaves until he came to the text, Romans 1. 16: "FOR I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST: FOR IT IS THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION TO EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH." He knew the way, and all that he was looking for was some statement in the Word of God on which to hang his surrender. Here he had it. The Gospel, that Christ died for him, the power of God for Salvation to every one that believeth. He knelt down at once and told God that he believed, and that he accepted the gift of eternal life—he was saved (Rom. 10. 9).

He is at the front now. Once more there is the knowledge of flying death all round him; far more imminent than in the little expeditions of his past soldiering. But what a difference. No more has he got to say to himself: "I'll chance it; if I stop a bullet and get put out I'll have to take what comes." No more the shirking of the thought of God and of the judgment to come. Now God and the Lord Jesus are his comfort and stay. Now the thought of death, even though the instinct of life makes him shrink from it physically, even though he may dread the idea of leaving those who would grieve for him; has no terror of the future. It is but "to depart to be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 23). It is to Christ he turns as he steps out over the parapet on some working party when bullets are flying, with some silent prayer to the Saviour who has done so much for him in dying for him, and redeeming him by His own Blood (Eph. 1. 7).

What about you? When, after your week in billets, you find yourself marching down the shell-scarred road, past the ruined houses, past the skeleton trees; when the bullets commence to whine overhead, and the familiar scene of the trenches, lighted up by the light stars, gets

A Live Message from the Front.

close, and you know that you are "in" for eight days, and that there is a reasonable chance that you may never come back again, what is it that you are risking? Is it no more than your body, no more than the pleasant world that God has given you to live in, or is it your soul's eternal welfare.

To a man situated as you are it is hardly necessary to



A GROUP OF BRITISH SOLDIERS, MOST OF WHOM ARE SAVED AND KNOW IT.

say "DON'T DELAY." And yet I do say it. Don't wait! When you finish reading this just turn to God, on the firing step, or in the dug-out, or in your billet, wherever you are, and tell Him that you will accept His Son, that you will take refuge from "the blackness of darkness for ever" (Jude 13) in the Blood of Christ, and that you will enter into possession of Eternal Life. No more is necessary. "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16.31). NOW. S.K.H.R.

"WORLD OF LIGHT, FAREWELL!"



A CHIEFTAIN of a savage race, ere he was ushered by a violent death into eternity, cried, "World of light, farewell!" Before him there was nothing but darkness. The civilized infidel has advanced no further. All he can tell you about death is summed up in these words: "It is a leap in the dark." This seems to be everything that this enlightened age can tell us of what lies beyond the tomb. But it only proves what is written in God's

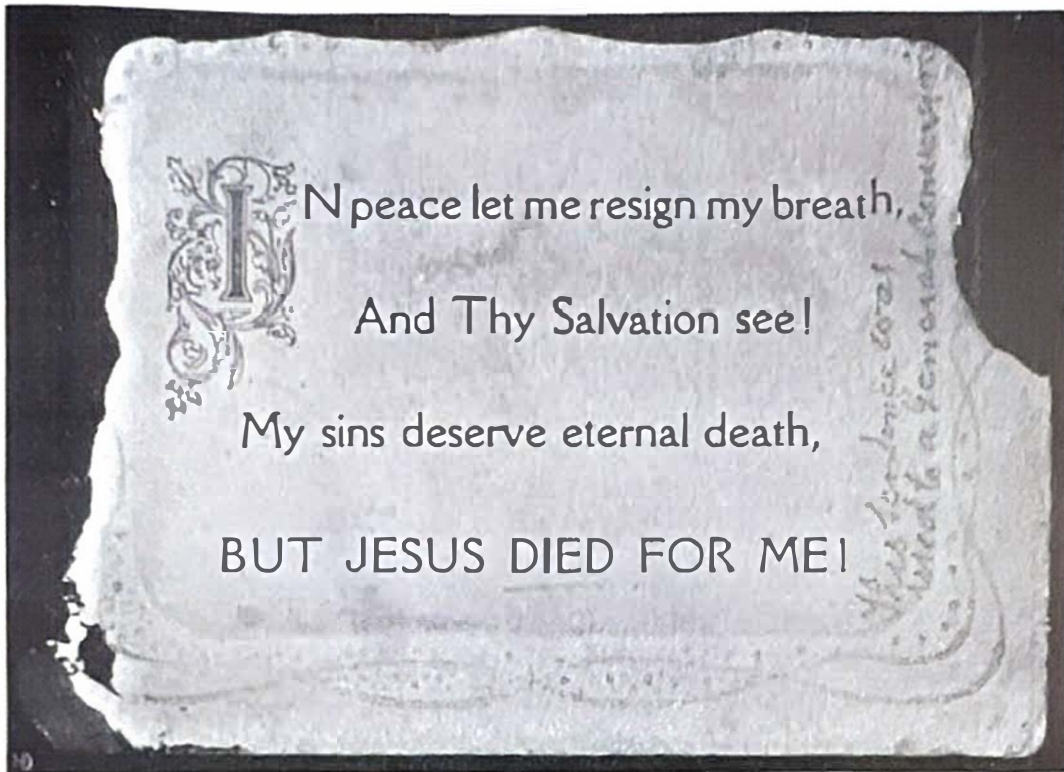
Book, "The world by wisdom knew not God." But the blessed Word of God steps beyond the boundary line of death, and tells of a world of light—of never-fading light—that lies beyond the grave. It tells of the throne of God, and the Lord of Life, and that heaven into which He has entered. It tells of the abode of the blest, and the never-ending song, and the day that knows no night, and sees no sorrow, for "sorrow and death may not enter there." But that "home of the blest" is only for those who enter by the narrow gate into God's kingdom while in this dark world—who have embraced the crucified Lord Jesus Christ—only for those who have come to the Cross, and by the eye of faith seen their sins borne away in His own body on the tree; for

"The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord;
And brightly they'll shine
At Thy coming again."

In the light of the glory yet to be revealed—which eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard—this world is but a wilderness. Earth's joys are but momentary; they bring no rest to the soul; and in the end they bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. But the heaven-born joys that spring through union with the Christ of God, are new every morning. Heaven begins below. By faith's far-reaching eye we see the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. Is such the land to which you journey? Is Christ the One in whom your life is bound up? By heavenly birth, have you entered into that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost?

w. s.

DR. VALPY'S FAMOUS VERSE.



The card from which this photo was taken was through the battle of Loos, in the pocket of a Scottish soldier, to whom it was sent by his father. It is marked with human blood, the dull stain in bottom left-hand corner being one of the marks.

A SINGLE verse, written on paper now yellow with age, hangs on the wall of a nobleman's study in London. It has a remarkable history, and has, in two notable instances, at least, been blessed of God to conversion. The verse was originally composed by Dr. Valpy, the eminent Greek scholar and author of some standard school books. He was converted late in life, and wrote the above verse as a confession of faith.

On one occasion Dr. Marsh was visiting the house of Lord Roden, where he held a Bible reading with the family. He mentioned Dr. Valpy's conversion by way of illustration in the course of his remarks, and recited the verse. Lord Roden, who was lord-in-waiting to George IV., was particularly struck with the lines, wrote them out, and affixed them to the wall of his study, where they still are.

His hospitable mansion was often full of visitors, among whom were many old army officers. One of these was General Taylor, who served with distinction under Wellington at Waterloo. He had not, at that time, thought much on the subject of religion, and preferred to

Dr. Valpy's Famous Verse.

avoid all discussion of it. But soon after the paper was hung up he went into the study to talk with his friend alone, and his eyes rested for a few moments on the verse. Later in the day Lord Roden upon entering his study came upon the General standing before the paper and reading it with earnest face. At another visit the host noticed that whenever General Taylor was in the room his eyes rested on the verse. At length Lord Roden broke the ice by saying, "Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart." "I know it *now* by heart," replied he, with emphasis and feeling. A great change had come over the General's spirit and life. No one who was intimately acquainted with him could doubt its reality.

During the following two years he corresponded readily with Lord Roden about the things which concerned his peace, always concluding by quoting Dr. Valpy's verse. At the end of that time the physician who attended General Taylor wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace, and that the last words that fell from his dying lips were those which he had learned to love in his lifetime.

A young relative of the family, an officer who served in the Crimea, also saw it, but turned carelessly away. Some months later Lord Roden received the intelligence that his young acquaintance was suffering from pulmonary disease, and was desirous of seeing him without delay. As he entered the sick room the dying man stretched out both hands to welcome him, at the same time repeating Dr. Valpy's simple lines:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

"They have been," he said, "God's message of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost the Comforter."

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. . . . God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 6, 8).

How do these lines read to my reader's heart? F. H. W.

THE REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF A FRENCH ATHEIST.

GOD is speaking loudly to the nations through the terrible war that is raging in Europe. Centuries ago He complained of Israel's lack of thought in the following words: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, *My people doth not consider*" (Isa. 1. 3).

There seems to be an awakening in France which has so long cast off all fear of God, and has, in fact, been atheistical.



A well-known sight of the French Capital. ARC DE TRIOMPHE (Triumphant Arch), PARIS.

It is said that for years the Name of God has been eliminated from the school books of Paris, or when mentioned was printed with a small "g." A great change has evidently come over the Republic. The millions of her sons slain or wounded in battle, the mourning wives, parents, sisters, and brothers compel her to think about Eternity. A revulsion of feeling seems to have set in, and many are praying to the One whose very existence they have either ignored or denied. It is only the fool, whether

Remarkable Confession of a French Atheist.

he be learned or illiterate, who says, or thinks, at such a time as the present that there is no God.

Whilst God is speaking to France and Britain, to Germany and Belgium, to Russia and Austria, and to other nations, the question is, shall we listen and obey?

An extract from a confession recently made by M. LARREDAN, a noted French author, is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. M. Larredan writes: "I laughed at faith and considered myself wise. I no longer retain my gaiety over this derision, as I see France bleeding and weeping. . . . It must be something consoling to know an eternal homeland which shines with love, when the earthly is glowing with hatred. This knowledge is the knowledge of a little child, but I am no longer a child; that is my poverty, and that causes me to shiver. I stand by the streams of blood on French soil, and I see the rivers of tears. I doubt, but the old woman from Bretagne, whose sons have bled to death, and who cried until her eyes were blind, she prays! How ashamed am I before that woman! Behold a nation of dead covers the fields! How difficult to remain an atheist on this vast, national cemetery! I cannot. I have betrayed myself and you—you who have read my books and sung my songs. It was a most raving, a most terrible dream. I see death and cry for life. France! France! turn to faith!

"To give up God is to be lost. I know not if I be alive to-morrow, but this I must tell my friends, LARREDAN DARE NOT DIE AN ATHEIST. Hell does not trouble me, but this thought troubles me—a God lives, and I stand far from Him. My soul shall joy mightily if ever I experience that moment when I, kneeling, can say, 'I believe, I believe in God; I believe!' These words are the vespers of humanity. For those who know them not it is night."

What a sad and pathetic confession! He who had denied the existence of God and sought to persuade others that there was no supreme Being, confesses that he can be an atheist no longer. Standing by the "streams of blood and rivers of tears" he finds that infidelity can afford him no comfort. The future gives him no consolation. A gleam of hope shines into his darkened spirit, and he says: "It must be something consoling to know an eternal home-

Remarkable Confession of a French Atheist.

land which shines with love, when the earthly is glowing with hatred."

How cheering and comforting it is to the Christian to know that he is journeying to a land beyond the storm-clouds, where there is no more sorrowing, sinning, sighing, or dying.

M. Larredan admits the difficulty of remaining an atheist amidst his present surroundings, and speaks of his past course as a "most terrible dream." The old woman of Brittany who cried until her eyes were blind because of the loss of her sons prayed to God, and Larredan feels ashamed before her.

There is hope for the Frenchman when he says: "This thought troubles me: a God lives, and I stand far from Him. My soul shall joy mightily if ever I experience that moment when I, kneeling, can say, 'I believe, I believe in God; I believe!'" Larredan may stand far from God, but *God stands very close to him*, and loves him in spite of all that he has been, said, and done, and waits to bless and save him as well as the unsaved reader. M. Larredan speaks of the knowledge of an "eternal homeland" as "the knowledge of a little child," and bemoans the fact that he is a child no longer.

All must come as little children in order to obtain blessing from on high. The Lord Jesus says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 18. 3). If men would take God at His Word, as little children believe the word of their parents, more would know, love, and serve Him.

It is well to remember that God can only be known as He is revealed in Christ. At Calvary's cross we see mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissing each other. Calvary proclaims Him as a just God and a Saviour. "I am *the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me*" are Christ's own words. And the apostle Peter says, "Neither is there Salvation in any other: for there is *none other Name* under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). "Reconciled to God by the death of His Son."

It is through Christ's precious Blood, and through it alone, that we can approach a holy and sin-hating God.

Remarkable Confession of a French Atheist.

"There is one God, and ONE MEDIATOR between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 5, 6). M. Larredan, with others, must come to God through the merits of Christ's atoning sacrifice. AND WHAT CHRIST DID IS ENOUGH. On account of the shedding of His precious Blood for our crimson sins the reader may now obtain a free and present deliverance. We earnestly hope and pray that M. Larredan may come into the full light of the Gospel of the grace of God. (Let every Christian reader pray for this.)

M. Larredan says that Hell does not trouble him. The reason of this is he does not know his guilt and peril. The Lord Jesus warned the unsaved to escape the condemnation of Hell. Some have denied the existence of a place of future punishment, and assert that "Hell is a man's conscience." The wish is doubtless the father of the thought. The Word of God that tells us of Heaven speaks to us of Hell. If there is no Hell there is no Heaven. Most persons, however, agree that there is a place of future bliss. Listen to the solemn words of Scripture: "*The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God*" (Psa. 9. 17). Let the water of the Word wash away your opinions. Hell is a *state* and a *place*—a state of misery, and a place of punishment. All who despise, reject, or neglect Christ will spend eternity in it.

It is not God's desire, however, that any one should be there. On oath He declares, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. . . . Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33. 11). Hell is a place of terrible disappointment. That which will intensify the anguish of its inmates will be the thought that there was no one to blame but themselves; that they might have been saved, but they rejected or neglected God's great Salvation. Now, while the day of grace lasts, while the door of mercy is open, while the Holy Spirit strives, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be eternally saved (Acts 13. 38, 39; John 6. 47). But if you continue your present course and die in your sins, you will never be able to forgive yourself. Your doom will be fixed, and your fate eternally sealed. And "what wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. 13. 21). Believe and be saved NOW. A. M.

"IN A MOMENT."



A MOMENT!—the smallest named particle of time, so seemingly insignificant, and yet in the light of God's Word so fraught with the most tremendous consequences.

"In a moment shall they die" (Job 34. 20). Here is an awful moment that lies before every unsaved son or daughter of Adam's race, that moment when the precious soul shall leave its mortal tenement and pass into Eternity. Yes, whether death shall surprise you suddenly, as it does with many, or reach you by means of a lingering sickness, remember, oh, remember, *in a moment* you shall die, therefore we solemnly urge you

now :

"In a
21.13,
word
awful
surely

"Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4. 13). **moment they go down to Sheol**" (Job R.v.). The word "sheol" is the Hebrew for "Hell," and so here we have a further statement regarding "the wicked," which ought to be solemnly pondered at once by every unsaved sinner. Though the Scriptures do not give us the actual distance to this awful abode, the statement already quoted is startling in its distinctness: "*In a moment* they go down to Hell." How awful!

The moment of awakening and conviction of sin. Surely in the light of the preceding paragraph such a blessed moment we may yearn for in your case, *careless sinner*, or *unsaved moralist*, or *religious formalist*. Such a moment was experienced by the hardened jailer at Philippi that night long ago (Acts 16) when he was awakened suddenly from sleep and saw the effects of God's miraculous power in the prison. In his despair, supposing that the prisoners had escaped, he was about to kill himself. But a voice of mercy reached him: "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here." "Then (at *that moment*) he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and

"In a Moment."

fell down before Paul and Silas, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" The answer came promptly and clearly from the servants of Christ, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and immediately this convicted sinner, with joy and gladness, experienced

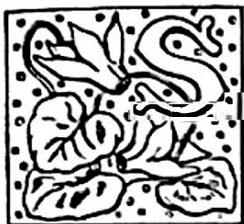
The moment of Salvation, or passing from death into life. His whole household also heard and believed, and were "saved," and rejoiced together that night in the glorious assurance of the peace with God. "To Him gave all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." *At that very moment* as they hear and believe they are saved, they receive the Holy Ghost and become a praising, happy company. It is a blessed possibility that *you* may experience such a precious moment to-day. If so, Hell will no longer have terrors for you. Heaven will be your assured prospect, and *the event of a supreme moment to come* will usher you there for ever.

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump" (1 Cor. 15. 52). Who can conceive or describe the issues of this future wondrous moment? "The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." Instantly from every part of earth and sea where "the dead in Christ" are lying, they shall rise in glorious incorruptibility, and every living Christian all over the world shall be "changed" to glorious "immortality," and "shall be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

How unspeakably awful if the reader through procrastination should be found amongst that terrified and despairing company who shall "knock" in vain at the closed door! No longer the gracious Saviour to receive them, but now the stern, unbending Judge; no longer the precious word "Come," but the fearful word "Depart," and instead of the joys and gladness of the heavenly Marriage Feast, and the bright Eternal Glory, the "weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Luke 13. 28) for ever and ever. Unserved reader, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). A few moments hence may be too late. Flee this very moment to Christ, who will surely save you for Eternity! J. M.



A Bad Plunge



SUCH were the words which formed the heading of a paragraph in an American newspaper some time ago, telling of a sad accident in the city of Portland, Oregon. One of the numerous electric "cars" or "trams." in that city, was speeding along one morning, and, when it reached a certain street where there was a sharp incline, the "motorman" lost control of the car, which was then running at the speed of fifteen miles an hour. When he realised that the car was beyond his control, he jumped from it, and left it to dash down the incline with its precious load of passengers. Near the foot of the hill there was a curve in the track, and when it reached that point it left the rails. Then on it rushed for about forty feet, when a bridge gave way, and it was precipitated with its passengers into a slough twenty-five feet below. Three of the passengers were killed, and a number of others injured. Without a doubt it was, indeed, "a bad plunge" that morning for the ill-fated persons.

As the writer's eye caught these words in large type in the newspaper, and read the paragraph beneath them, the thought of another "incline," and another "bad plunge," came vividly before him. When the Lord Jesus Christ was on earth, He one day uttered the following words, "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

If you have not been converted to God—if you have not been saved through receiving Christ as your personal Saviour—you are at this very moment hurrying on as fast as Time can carry you to the end of the broad road, when the fatal "plunge" will be taken over the edge of Time into the horrors of a lost and endless Eternity.

Yet the Lord Jesus has seen your danger, and has come down from Heaven and suffered on the Cross for perishing sinners. To-day, salvation is offered you because of that wonderful sacrifice offered 1800 years ago. If you realise your danger, and your guilty, undone condition, we beseech you, look away by simple faith to Him who died for you at Calvary. Trust alone and entirely in His finished work, and God says "Thou shalt be saved" (see John 3. 16; Acts 16. 31). J. M.

THE FARMER AND HIS OX.



HE ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider" (Isaiah 1. 3). A farmer who had heard a sermon from this text, was one day feeding his cattle, when one of his oxen, grateful for his care, began licking his bare arm. Through this simple incident he was awakened to concern about his soul, and, bursting into tears, said, "Yes, it is all true! How wonderful is God's Word! This poor dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for everything! What a sinner I am!" Eventually he was led to the Lord Jesus Christ, and by faith in Him, he became a new creature.

Alas! how many are like the farmer! They go on day by day in forgetfulness of God. In a past dispensation, Jehovah complained of His earthly people Israel, that they did not "consider." How much more does He complain of the millions who are living in the Gospel dispensation in this highly-favoured land!

Does the reader acknowledge the fact that every blessing and favour and privilege he receives at the hand of God, comes through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus?

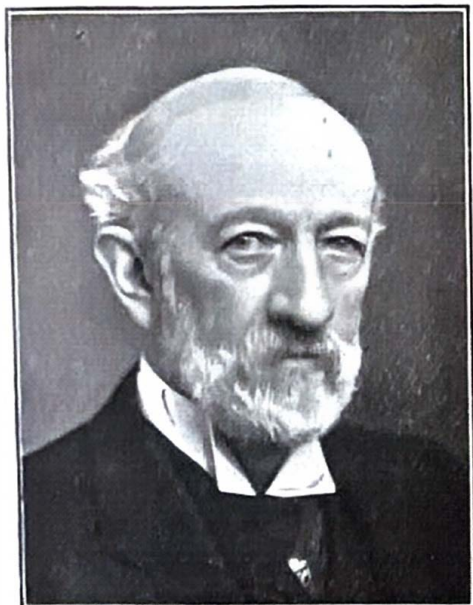
"There's not a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan."

"In Him we live, move, and have our being." Have you ever thanked God *from your heart* for the countless mercies you have received at His hand? He daily loadeth you with love gifts. But above all, He has given the best Gift heaven could afford—His only-begotten and well-beloved Son. Have you ever from the depth of your soul thanked God for giving Christ to die for you? If not, why not? "Despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long-suffering?" (Rom. 2. 4). Have you been "despising" the riches of His goodness and forbearance? If so, remember His long-suffering will come to an end. "The day of vengeance" will come; the day of grace will close. "Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish" will eventually overtake you, if you do not accept of Christ. "Consider" then what great things God has done for you. Consider how much He loved you in the past—how deeply He loves you now—and in contemplation of what He did and suffered, may you be enabled to say, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. 9. 15).

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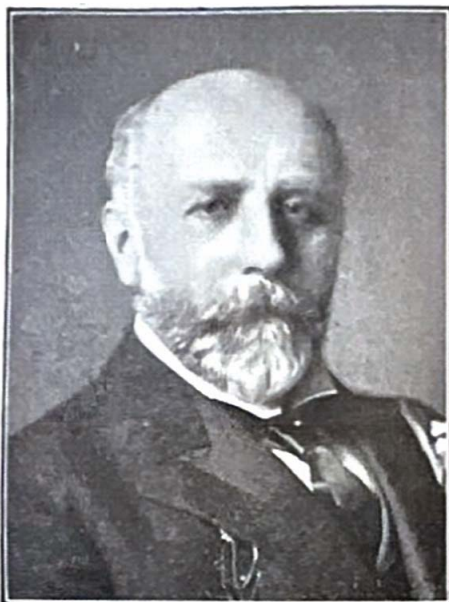
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