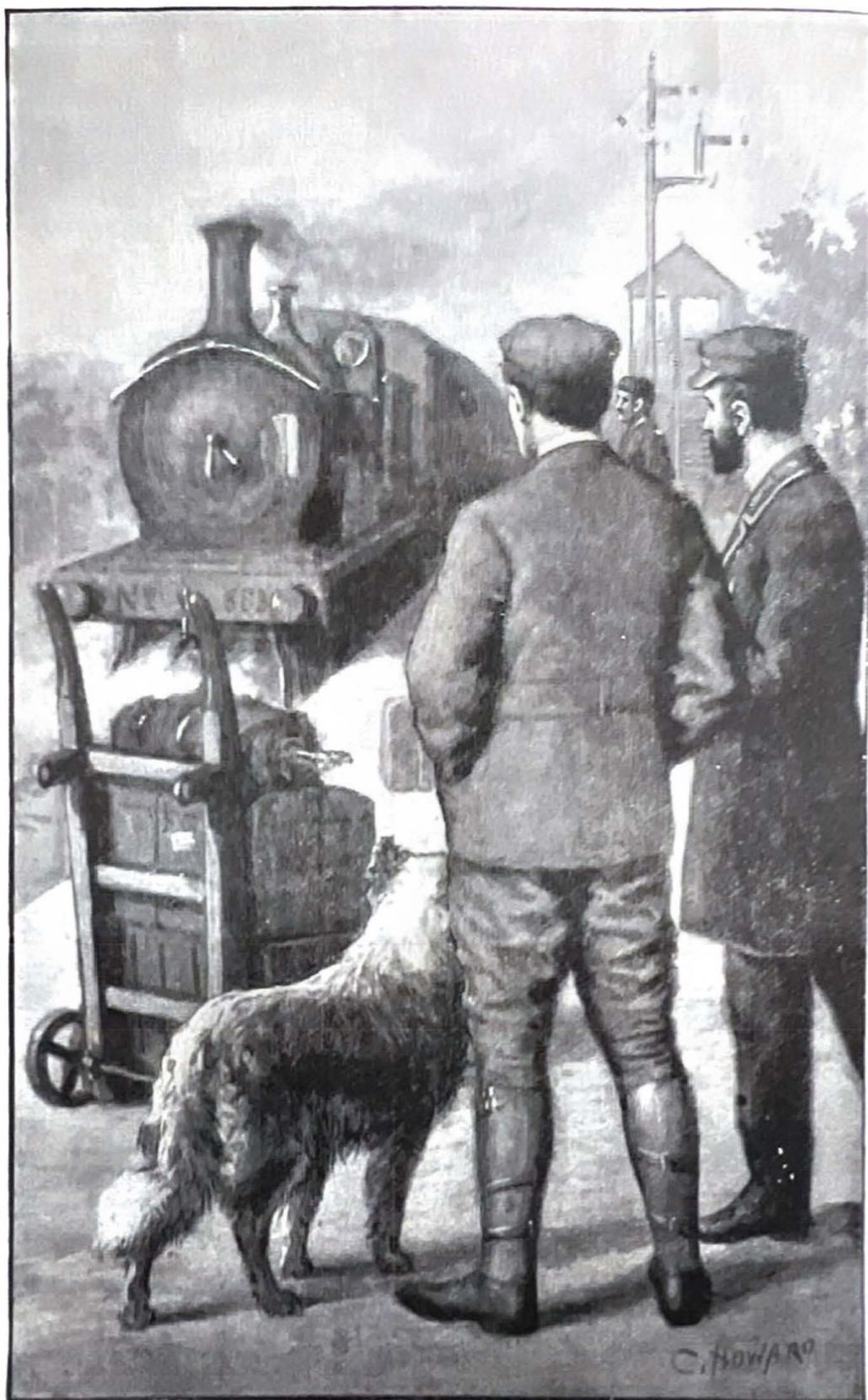


SURE & STEDFAST





"THE ARTIZAN AND THE BIBLE."

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul,
BOTH SURE AND STEDFAST."—Hebrews 6. 19.

SURE AND STEDFAST

OR

THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL
GROUNDED FIRM AND DEEP
IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

EDITED BY

ALEX. MARSHALL,

Author of God's Way of Salvation, So Great Salvation, &c.



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BOUNDLESS WEALTH AND PERPETUAL YOUTH;

OR, "HE HAS OPENED THE GOLDEN GATES OF THAT LAND OF GLORY."



"THEY ARRIVED EVENTUALLY OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA."

"Among the islands on the north side of Hispaniola there is one, as they say who have searched the same, in the which is a continual stream of running water of such marvellous virtue that the water thereof, being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh old men young again."

BOUNDLESS WEALTH AND PERPETUAL YOUTH.



BOUNDLESS wealth and perpetual youth! Well, the very mention of such things, so greatly to be desired, almost takes away one's breath, and we cannot wonder that in days long ago, when people were less enlightened and more superstitious than they are to-day, expeditions were fitted out, and went forth to search beyond the seas for the land where such things were said to exist. But to-day we laugh at the folly of our forbears, for everybody knows that the wealthiest are often the least satisfied, and that every rolling year—nay, every swing of the pendulum—puts youth further behind, and brings old age, wrinkles, pain, and the grave nearer and nearer. And yet what would men not endure even in this enlightened day to lay hold of these things, to never grow old, but to have the buoyancy of youth for ever, and to be possessed of limitless wealth—well, that would be "Paradise regained."

In olden days it was firmly believed that a land existed somewhere surrounded by blue and stormless waters, whose springs yielded the blessing of which they had dreamed, nor was it only the credulous-minded who believed these things. Peter Martyr, a man of great learning, wrote to Pope Leo X. in the 15th century: "Among the islands on the north side of Hispaniola there is one, as they say who have searched the same, in the which is a continual stream of running water of such marvellous virtue that the water thereof, being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh old men young again."

Small wonder, then, that Juan Ponce de Leon, a famous Spanish seaman, set sail with three ships from Porto Rico in search of this island, which in Europe was believed in, and of which Indian tradition spoke. He sailed towards the Bahamas, but failed to find the island there; nor had any of the natives heard of it, and though he himself drank of many springs in that group, he became not one whit more youthful in appearance or spirits. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he refitted his ships, and taking a new course, arrived eventually off the coast of Florida. The sea was very tempestuous, but at length he contrived to bring his ships to anchor. Everything was in the fresh bloom of spring: the trees were laden with blossom and the fields covered with flagrant flowers when he landed. It was the beauty of the land which led him to name it Florida. Here he stayed three months, but found neither gold nor

Boundless Wealth and Perpetual Youth.

youth. Returning to Porto Rico, he took a new route, and on the way sighted a new group of islands. Landing here, still bent upon his search, he discovered that the only inhabitant was a wrinkled, old Indian woman. This fact, and probably the chagrin he felt at being again disappointed, led him to call the islands La Reja, or the Old Woman Group. At last he gave up the search, and returned to Spain poor in purse, a thoroughly disappointed and disillusioned old man.

Now, Ponce de Leon failed to find what he sought because he searched in the wrong place. In a world where sin is, death and pain and sorrow must be. And yet there are blessings for all who will have them—blessings brighter and fairer than ever poets dreamed or sung. Perennial youth and boundless wealth may be had for the asking, but these things are connected, not with earth, but with the heaven from which Jesus came. By His coming and dying He opened that heaven for sinners, and all who believe in Him receive everlasting life, and are made the heirs of God. Here are perennial youth and boundless wealth for you. Will you not go in for both?

You may have tried the springs of this world's pleasure in some measure, and discovered that they do not satisfy; and they never will. This has been proved by thousands. Take the discoverers and explorers of the Western hemisphere, for example. Like Ponce de Leon, they all hoped to find that which should satisfy them; but of the greater part of them a historian writes: "They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few laid their bones in their father's grave." And if any of them became famous and lived to an old age, it was often to reap bitter disappointment—to be neglected, persecuted, and even imprisoned.

Heaven alone is the land of eternal life and incorruptible wealth, a land brighter than the imagination can conceive.

"Dreams cannot picture that world so fair;
Sorrow and death cannot enter there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Beyond the cloud and beyond the tomb—
It is there."

But who can discover that world for us, and bring us there in safety? Thank God, He has opened the Golden Gates of that land of glory. He sent His beloved Son to die for our sins that we might be made fit to be there. His invitation comes ringing down to you to-day. God wants

to have you in heaven forever, eternally happy and enriched with the choicest blessings that are there, and all may be secured through the Lord Jesus Christ. O blessed is the prospect of those who trust in Him! Nor have they to wait until they reach heaven to be happy and satisfied; *here* and *now* the Holy Ghost, which those that believe receive, makes them joyful and bright in the knowledge of God's wonderful love. They sail the waters of Time to the land of Glory, knowing full well that they will reach the port in safety, and the sun shines upon them as they sail—even the Sun of Jesus and His love.

Once again, will you have the present blessing of the Christian? and will you reach the home of the Saviour at last? There is room for you there. The blessing is near to you now. O see to it that you do not miss it. J. T. M.

THE GENEVAN LADY'S DISCOVERY.

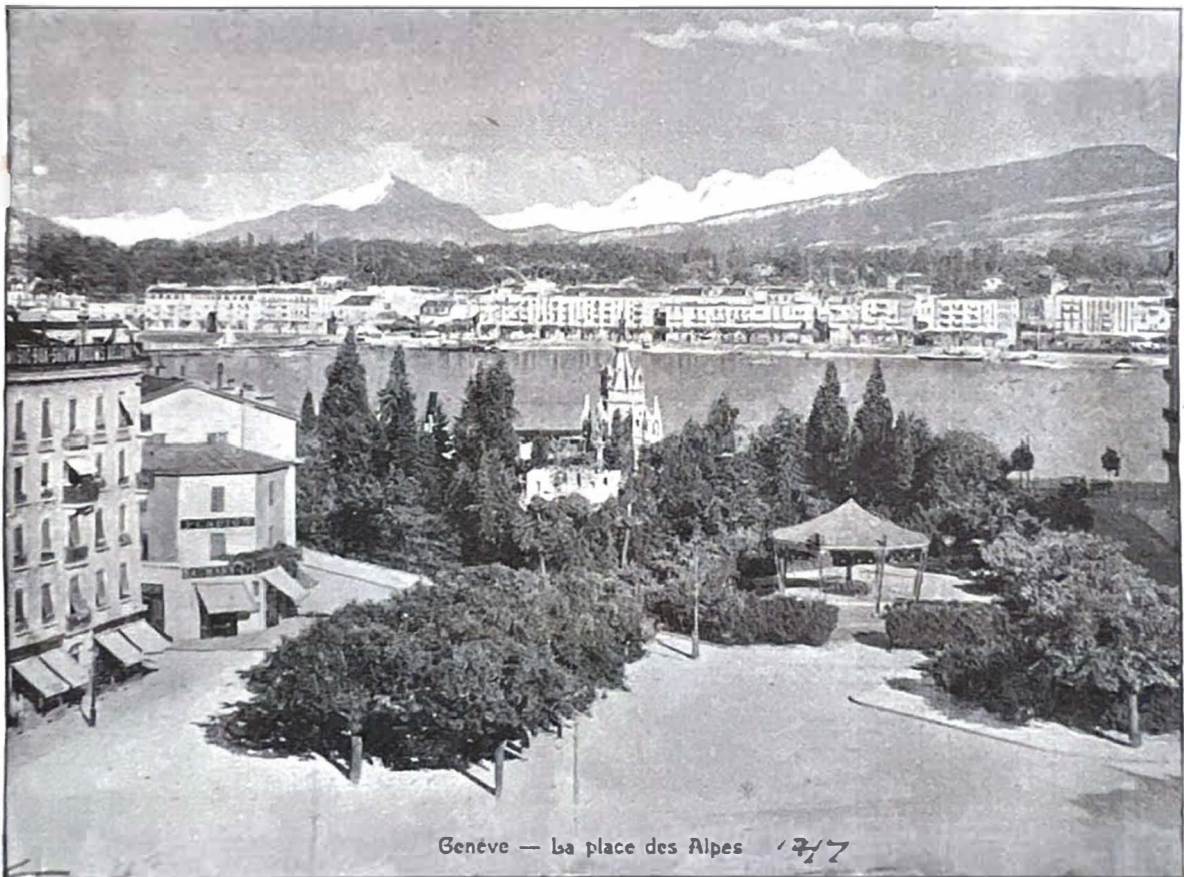
AT the time of the Reformation, that valiant servant of Christ William Farel sought to carry the Gospel into the city of Geneva. But the Romish priests—of whom there were 700—drove him outside the city walls, and he narrowly escaped death at their hands. "They shall hear yet, in God's own time," said the whole-hearted gospeller. Farel sought out Anthony Froment, a young man of twenty-two, and said to him: "Go and try if *you* can find an open door in Geneva." Anthony was amazed at the proposition, and replied: "How should I dare to face the enemies who drove away even you, Master Farel?" Soon afterwards Anthony Froment commenced a school in a hall at the Golden Cross, Geneva. A goodly number of boys and girls attended. When the lessons were over, the teacher read a few verses of Scripture, and explained them. Very soon the hall was crowded with men, women, and children. The people were surprised and delighted with Anthony's Gospel sermons, which were very different from what they had been accustomed to. The priests became alarmed, and did their utmost to prevent their flocks from going to the meetings. But they were too deeply interested in the Gospel that they heard to be affected by the priests' warnings or threats. A marvellous work of grace was done, many being brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

One day, we are told, two ladies were among the crowd

The Genevan Lady's Discovery.

who had congregated in the hall at the Golden Cross. One had a grave countenance, and was simply attired. The other was splendidly dressed, and wore a number of rosaries and crosses. Anthony mounted a round table and began preaching Christ and Him crucified. The gorgeously apparelled lady sat with a sorrowful look on her countenance, crossing herself and repeating Ave Marias and Paternosters.

As the old, old story of God's love in giving Christ to die



From a Photograph.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF GENEVA, WITH ALPS IN DISTANCE.

as a sacrifice for sin was told out ; as a free, full, and present salvation was proclaimed to all through simple faith in Christ's precious blood, the lady fixed her eyes in wonderment on the preacher. When the people left the hall she continued sitting in her seat. "Is it true what you say?" she exclaimed, rising to her feet. "Yes," was Froment's reply. "Is that Book really a New Testament?" "Yes." "Is the Mass mentioned in it?" "No." "Will you lend it to me?" Anthony was delighted to give it to her, and she left carrying her treasure under her cloak. On arriving at her home she shut herself in her room and gave instruc-

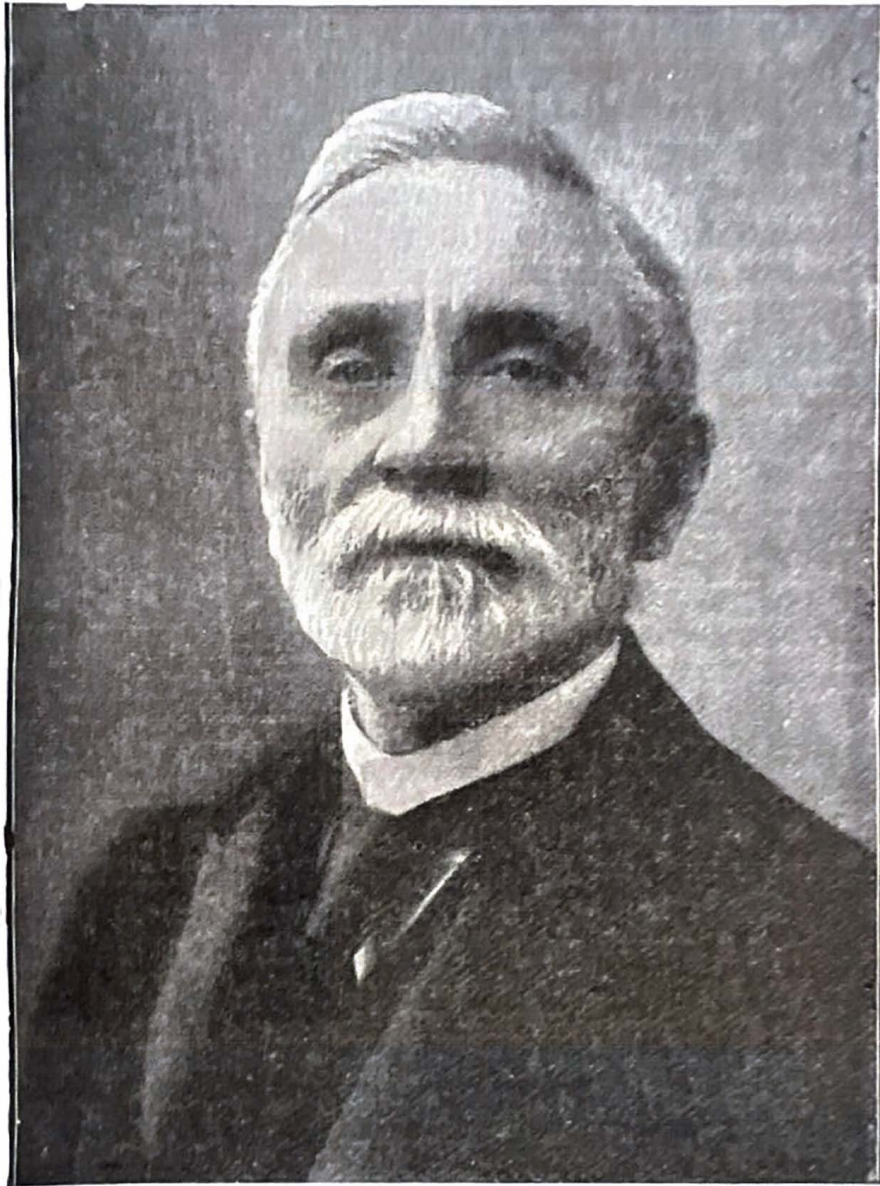
The Genevan Lady's Discovery.

tions that no one was to visit her, nor knock at her door, nor even wait at meals for her. For three days and three nights she read and studied God's precious Word. At the end of that time she left her room and said to her loved ones: "THE LORD HAS FORGIVEN ME AND SAVED ME; HE HAS GIVEN ME THE LIVING WATER." She sent a messenger to Anthony Froment. On his arrival, with tears running down her face, she told him that God had saved her through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. She told him that she had been warned by the priests that any who went to hear him preach would not only be bewitched, but damned. Her sister-in-law had persuaded her to hear the preaching, but she had "fastened fresh-gathered rosemary leaves to her temples, had rubbed her breast with virgin wax, and had hung relics of the saints around her neck, with crosses and rosaries in addition," to be safe from Anthony's enchantments. Soon after this, Claudine Levet—for that was the lady's name—stripped herself of her jewellery and finery and sold them, giving the proceeds to the poor. She lived for years afterwards a devoted and whole-hearted Christian.

The reader has had the privilege of possessing a copy of the Bible. You know that God's way of salvation is plainly and simply told out in its sacred pages. Allow me to ask, ARE YOU SAVED? Claudine Levet knew not how her sins were to be forgiven until she heard Anthony Froment's Gospel address. But you have heard it from childhood's days. Why, then, are you not saved? You know that neither penance nor good works, prayers nor sacraments, church-going nor alms-giving, can procure salvation. The Lord Jesus died to save you from death, and hell, and woe. He loves you with a true and tender love, and longs to imprint on your cheek the kiss of forgiveness. Why not, then, be saved in God's way? Why not give up all efforts to *purchase* salvation? It is a *free gift*, and cannot be earned (Rom. 6. 23). Your "doings" or resolutions cannot deliver you from sin's penalty and power. 'Tis Christ alone can save. He bore sin's judgment that you might be free (John 3. 16). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou shalt be saved*" (Acts 16. 31). How simple! All the "doing" was done by Him when on Calvary's cross He exclaimed, "It is finished" (John 19. 30). The work that saves was accomplished by Him. By faith rest your sin-laden soul on His glorious atonement, and you will be able to say:

"I the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me!" A. M.

TESTIMONY OF AN EDITOR.



R. C. MORGAN, EDITOR OF *THE CHRISTIAN*.

THERE was nothing remarkable about my conversion, but that may be a reason for recording it, for there are some who are tempted to doubt the reality of their conversion because their passing from death into life was not accompanied by any deep emotion, but was an uneventful, though momentous, episode in their history. The chief instrument in my salvation was my mother. She died of consumption at the age of forty, but she left a memory fragrant of the beatitudes of Matthew 5, and of the love chapter in the Corinthian epistle. Her training of her children may be summed up in the prophet's appeal, which was among her last words to me: "Seek ye the Lord while

Testimony of an Editor.

He may be found ; call ye upon Him while He is near." She told me on her dying-bed : "You are not yet a Christian, but I know you will become one." Besides her, I only remember a very few who spoke to me personally and directly concerning the Lord who bought me. My grandmother used to write to me with loving entreaty to be reconciled to God. A minister who had been entertained at our home over a Lord's Day spoke kindly to me in a similar way as he bade me good-bye. A cousin, a few years my senior, asked me on one Communion day : "And why should you not be there ?"—at the Lord's table. Doubtless there were other messages to me from the Throne, amongst them many from my sister, two years older than I ; but those I have mentioned are all I distinctly remember. My mother died when I was seventeen, just when I needed her most, and that sister was her constant companion during the years of her illness. For three years after my mother's death my sister was slowly dying of the same disease. Thus during nearly all the years of my teens there was a sick-room in our home, the effect of which was to soften a turbulent spirit and prepare the way for the change which was to follow.

I left home and came to London when I was twenty-one, still undecided ; but my mother's prayers hung round my neck, so that I could not enter into scenes of sin in which some of my acquaintances were ensnared. After a year I removed to Bath, where I lived in the same house with some Christian young men who loved the Bible and walked with God. I began to love the Bible also, and learned many of its saving truths, but was still unsaved. I used sometimes to spend my Sundays in Bristol, where I heard a minister who had retired from Lady Huntingdon's connexion. I have no recollection of the text or the sermon which he preached one morning, except that it was a clear exposition of the great truth that Jesus, the Son of God, tasted death on behalf of every one ; that He is the propitiation for the whole world. This thought passed through my mind : "If God loves me so that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for me, and if God laid my iniquity upon Him, and I receive Him as my Saviour and Lord, and I do, then I am forgiven and saved."

It was not a mere piece of reasoning, though it was that. It was made true to me that "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God." That was all. It was enough.

R. C. MORGAN in *The Monthly Evangel.*

REVIVAL DAYS IN SCOTLAND

A STRIKING INCIDENT IN CITY HALL, GLASGOW.



"IN DEAR OLD SCOTLAND."

REVIVAL DAYS IN SCOTLAND.



A STRIKING incident comes before me which occurred over thirty years ago at an evangelistic meeting in the City Hall, Glasgow. Richard Weaver, the converted collier, then in the height of his popularity, was holding special evangelistic meetings. Thousands flocked nightly to hear "Undaunted Dick," as he was called.

These were the "revival days," when God was saving multitudes in dear old Scotland. Many soul-winners were moving up and down the country holding aloft the Gospel banner. Brownlow North, Duncan Mathieson, James Turner, Gordon Forlong, Donald Ross, Lord Kintore, Hay M'Dowell Grant, Reginald Radcliffe, and a host of others were telling out the story of the Cross to eager and attentive audiences. Weaver's earnestness, fearlessness, and eloquence fairly won the hearts of the Scotch people, and, better still, very many were saved through his instrumentality.

We have heard Spurgeon, Moody, Punshon, Denham Smith, Radcliffe, Moorhouse, and other gifted preachers, but we have never heard one who could still and thrill an audience like the Lancashire miner; he was so tender and faithful, so sympathetic and searching in his appeals and exhortations. At one time he would expose sin in its loathsomeness and hideousness, picturing the Christ rejecter or neglecter sinning against light and love, depicting his last moments, cursing his folly, and bemoaning his madness and infatuation. Then changing his theme, he would tell of God's wondrous, tender, and matchless love to a guilty world, proclaiming His intense, yearning desire to save the lost, illustrating his subject with telling incidents and anecdotes.

On the occasion referred to, Weaver had been speaking with marvellous freshness and power, when a young woman, a few seats in front of me, broke down and cried out, "Oh, if I had a little love to Christ! Oh, if I had a little love to Christ!" I tried to quieten her, and asked her if she obtained that which she so ardently desired, what good would it do to her? Such hymns as "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine," were sung with such heartiness that people were arrested and awakened through the singing. Possibly when the anxious enquirer heard such words as:

"I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now,"

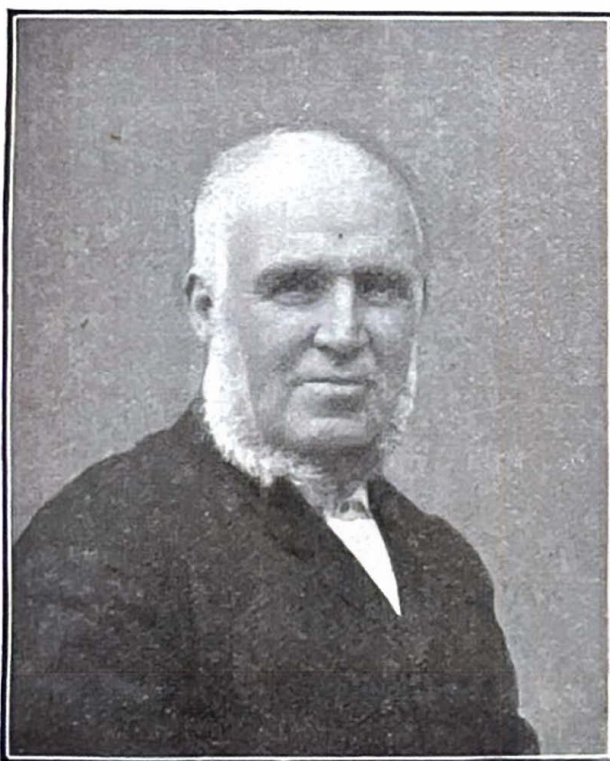
Revival Days in Scotland.

uttered by hearts overflowing with love to Christ, her lack of love to the Saviour was brought home to her.

Perhaps the reader is conscious of the fact that he does not love the Lord Jesus Christ. You know the Scriptures declare that "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha" (1 Cor. 16. 22). You have heard and, maybe, sung in your childhood the hymn in which are the lines:

"If I love Him when I die,
He will take me home on high."

Because you don't love Him you know you are not a



RICHARD WEAVER, REVIVAL PREACHER.

Christian, and you have tried hard to give Him your heart's affections. Well, now, you are on the wrong track. It is true that all men ought to love Christ, and those who don't do so are guilty of a terrible sin. It is equally true that so long as you are unsaved you cannot love Him. Under *law* it was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, strength, and mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."

Under *grace* it is, "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).

We cannot by "trying" love Christ. Our affections are not under the direct control of our wills. The unsaved are alienated from the life of God *through ignorance*. They don't know God. "This is life eternal, that they might *know Thee* the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent" (John 17. 3). Perhaps you think God hates you. Maybe you suppose that on account of your sins God has determined to punish you. You are all wrong. It is true that God

Revival Days in Scotland.

hates sin with a perfect hatred. It is also true that He loves sinners with an "unmeasured wealth of love." Whatever you are, or have been, oh, unsaved traveller to Eternity, God LOVES you. He has always loved you. There is not a moment in the day when He does not think of you. Surely He must love you when He gave His only begotten Son to bleed and suffer and die for you! Gaze at that holy sufferer on Calvary's cross. As He was hanging there he thought about *you*. It was to save *you* from going down to the pit of woe that He gave His life a ransom (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). Can you doubt it any longer? "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."

Why not believe on Christ and obtain everlasting life as a free gift? (John 3. 36; Rom. 6. 23). The moment you believe on Him who loves you and gave Himself for you, you will love Him and desire to please Him. "We love Him *because* He first loved us" (1 John 4. 19).

"Oh, what love, what wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary."

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

May you soon be enabled to say from your heart:

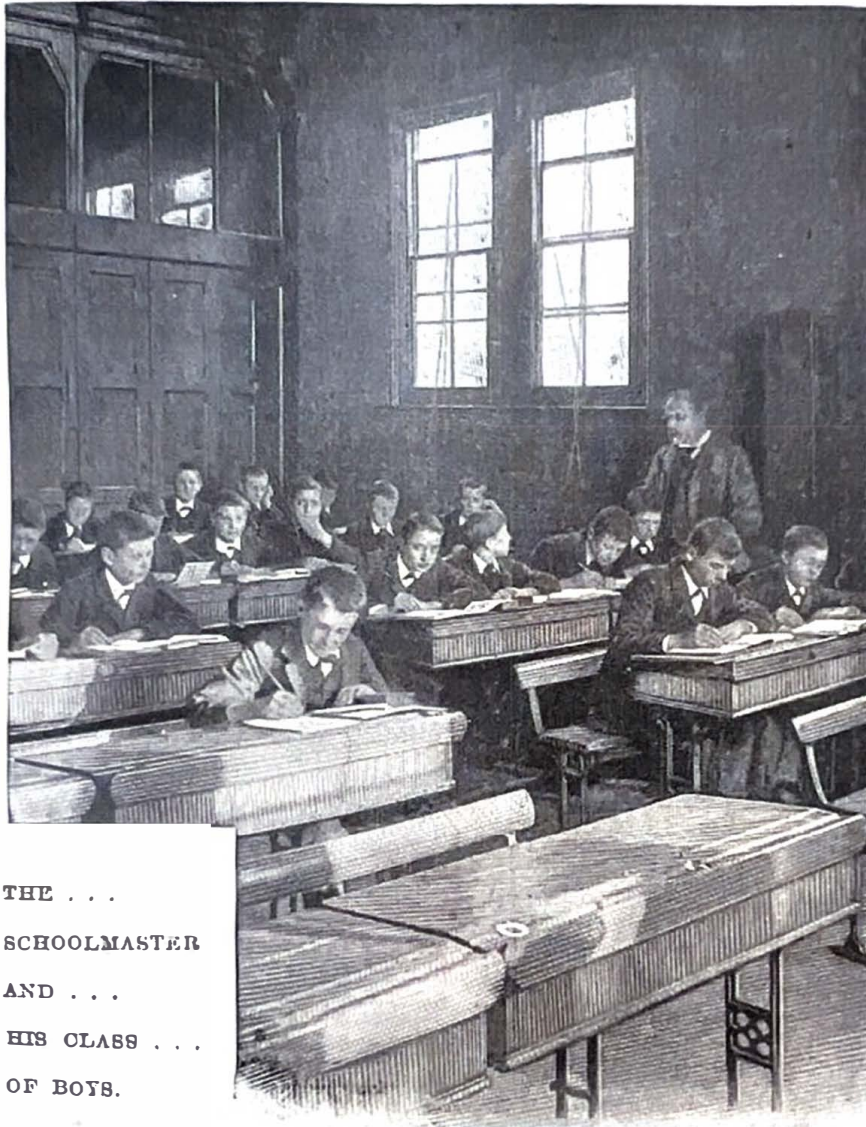
"God loved, God gave;
I believe, and I'm saved."

A. M.

WHAT DO I NEED?

WHAT is it you need? It is Christ. What will bring peace to your troubled soul? Christ. What is it that will fill that void in your heart? Christ. What will cheer you along every inch of Life's thorny road? Christ. Where will you get your pleasure? In Christ. He is the deep, sweet well of love. Ah! unsaved one, if you but knew Christ! And He loves you; He died for you, the ungodly one; and He wants nothing—He brings everything: peace made by the blood of His cross—peace to that guilty soul of yours, redemption through His blood, and eternal life through the death He died for you. What wonderful love! Surely you will not despise it. You must have Christ, else you will never enter heaven. But how are you to be saved? you ask. The answer is simple—God gives it: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MESSAGE.



THE . . .
SCHOOLMASTER
AND . . .
HIS CLASS . . .
OF BOYS.

WILLIAM COULTER was a schoolmaster in a little village. An honest man, with a desire for the educational and moral welfare of his pupils, he gave himself heartily to his work, and early and late applied himself to it. Needless to say, he was respected by the parents and beloved by the young people.

One day the children noticed the master was very silent, and had evidently something weighing on his mind. Usually bright and cheerful in disposition, he was now dull and seemingly unhappy. This continued for days, without any explanation from him. At last one day he told the children he had something to tell them.

"You will have noticed," he began, "my unhappiness during the past few days, and wondered at it. The reason

The Schoolmaster's Message.

was this: I had discovered from the Word of God—that is the Bible—that I was a sinner, lost and guilty. The things I thought were 'good works'—my righteousness—God called 'filthy rags,' and I found I was unfit to stand before Him as I was. I knew not how to escape. It seemed as though I must certainly be lost. At this point I learned that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*' (1 Tim. 1. 15); that 'the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost*' (Luke 19. 10); and that 'the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1. 7). Such words just suited my case, and believing on Him who thus died for me, an ungodly sinner, as I now saw myself to be, I was saved, and now have peace with God." This was the beginning of a new life for the schoolmaster. That was his first but not his last message. He felt he must tell the good news out.

One evening, a few years after his conversion, he spoke at a Sunday evening Gospel service in the village. Solemnly he pressed home on his hearers—many of whom were young in years—the shortness of time. A few brief years of life at most—and it might be only hours—and then eternity! The meeting closed, and one by one, and in groups, preacher and people went to their homes. After an earnest appeal to God on behalf of those who had heard him that night the schoolmaster retired, and was soon asleep. A few hours after retiring, his wife awakening, noticed something strange about his breathing. After trying in vain to arouse him, she got a light and saw by the cold, damp sweat of death on his brow that the end was near. Going to the door she screamed for help, and a neighbour responded—hurrying off for the doctor. But the physician was not needed. His Master had said unto him, "Come up higher," and he had gone. His last word of warning had been sounded; his last message of Gospel invitation delivered, and he was now at home with the Lord.

Some who heard his last message were afterwards reached and brought to Christ. Others of them remained unmoved in their sins. And now, friend, his message and ours reaches on to *you*. What if *you* should die to-night, where would *you* spend eternity? If saved by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, it would be heaven forever. If not saved, if still in your sins, it would be the lake of fire forever! Flee to Christ and be saved now! T. D. W. M.

THE TAXMAN'S RECEIPT.

SOME time ago I had occasion to pay the sum of four pounds to a tax-collector, and as he was handing me the receipt I said: "It is a good thing not to owe anything to any one."

"It is indeed," said he; "but very few have that to say."

"Well," I replied, "I can say it. I do not owe a single farthing on the face of the earth; and, what is far better than all, I do not owe anything to the throne of God on the score of guilt. I owe an eternity of worship on the ground of pardon,



"AND PRAY WHAT IS THE RECEIPT?" I ASKED.

but not a fraction on the ground of my sins. I have a receipt in full for all my heavy debt to eternal justice. May I ask if you can say the same."

"Well, I think I can," said he.

"And pray what is the receipt?" I asked.

"I have the inward experience and conviction that my sins are forgiven."

"O," said I, "that will never do. It is all very well to have 'inward experience and conviction,' but as a receipt it is not

The Taxman's Receipt.

worth a feather. I have the 'inward experience and conviction' that I have paid you these four sovereigns, but were I to leave your office without a receipt, and then in the providence of God anything was to happen you, your successor might call upon me to pay the money over again."

My friend the collector saw the force of this, and said, "Well, I suppose the receipt is the atoning death of Christ."

"No," I replied, "it is not. Do you not see the difference between these four sovereigns which I have handed to you and the receipt you have handed to me? Those satisfy you; this satisfies me."

This, too, seemed plain to the collector's mind, but he seemed at a loss for an answer to my question, and was really interested to know about this wonderful receipt. I said, "The blood of Christ has paid the dreadful score, the ransom due for us. He, blessed be His peerless Name, has perfectly satisfied the claims of the throne of God on our behalf. He took our place, He stood in our stead, He bore all our guilt, all our sins, in His own blessed body on the tree. He perfectly met our whole case, and glorified God about our sins. He was made sin for us. He got what we deserved, that we might get what He deserves. He was condemned and punished in our stead, that we might be justified and accepted in Him. In a word, His most precious death perfectly satisfied God on our behalf. And now, as to the receipt; what is it? It is a risen and glorified Christ at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. This satisfies us, and forms the solid and inpregnable basis of our inward experience and conviction that all our sins are forgiven, all our guilt cancelled, all condemnation removed. 'He was delivered for our offences;' here is the *payment* of the debt. 'He was raised again for our justification;' here is the precious *receipt*. This is our one grand and all-sufficient answer to every accusing voice, come from whom or whence it may. We must never attempt to reply to an adversary by appealing to aught in or of ourselves—our repentance, our exercises, our conversion, our frames, our feelings, our evidences, our altered habits, our new tastes, our changed opinions, our good works. Our one appeal, our only reference, must be God's receipt in full—a glorified Man on the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. This, and this alone, silences every accuser, satisfies conscience, tranquilises the heart, and glorifies the Divine Three in One, throughout the everlasting ages."

C. H. M.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE;

— OR, —

"DO YOU KNOW HIM ENOUGH TO DIE WITH?"



"WE READ TOGETHER OF HIS LOVE, AND HIS WILLINGNESS TO RECEIVE US."

You remember the day when we found out we were sinners and needed a Saviour, and we came to Jesus. I have never doubted since, and I did not think you had."

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

"



RAW the curtain back a little, Annie, dear, that I may see the sun set, and bring your chair nearer to me, and read something—something that will give me comfort." And the sick girl sighed wearily, and turned restlessly on her couch, now watching with a troubled look her sister's movements, as she hastened to fulfil her requests, now fixing her large, lustrous eyes on the deep bay window of her room, through which the sun, setting with unusual splendour for a winter's afternoon, was plainly visible. Yet it was not of the sunset that the weary sufferer dreamed, nor of any earthly light, as, presently, she softly murmured, "At evening-time it shall be light. . . . at evening-time it shall be light;" then, with deep feeling, "O Annie, Annie, it is evening-time with me *now*, but it is *not* light, it is *not* light!"

For a moment neither spoke, but hand clasped hand more tightly; then the sick girl broke the silence. "Annie, tell me truly, if you were as I am, if you were *dying*, would *you* be afraid? You need not try to contradict me, dear, I know now that I am dying. I heard every word Dr. ——— said yesterday. Do not be grieved, my pet sister: it is better I should know, and but for that I should not have guessed it even, for I am not so *very* ill." Sorrowfully Annie bowed her head. The death-knell to all their hopes for that bright, young life had been given the night before, when their kind physician, who had known her all her life, and who loved her like his own child, had said: "It is only a question of a week or two at the longest—not that, even, if the disease continues to make the same rapid progress." A half-checked sob had been Annie's only answer to her sister's last words. Each was thinking of the other. Then, as a flood of crimson and golden light poured into the sick-room, the sufferer returned to her question. "Would *you* be afraid, Annie? Tell me." "I do not know, Nellie, dear; it is so hard to tell beforehand. I do not think I should, and," she whispered, "you have Jesus, and Jesus will be with you and carry you through." "But I am not *SURE*, and oh, remember, Annie, it is for *ever*, and for *ever*, and for *ever*." I must make no mistake now. What can I do to be *sure*?" And, trembling with emotion, her face flushed with excitement, she raised herself slightly on her elbow and gazed into her sister's face. "But, Nellie, darling, we came to Jesus, you and I both, did we not? and we read together of His love,

and His willingness to receive us, in His own Word. You remember the day when we found out we were sinners and needed a Saviour, and we came to Jesus. I have never doubted since, and I did not think you had." "I was never *sure* as you were, Annie; and last night, when I heard the doctor say I must die, and die soon, I was terribly afraid. I used to be happy sometimes, when we were singing hymns together. I sometimes thought I saw it all for a moment, but the doubts came back, and now I am so afraid."

These two sisters had, but a very short time previously, been awakened to a sense of their lost condition, and their need of a Saviour, through reading a paper in the pages of "God's Glad Tidings." Annie, the younger, had in simple faith at once appropriated Jesus as her Saviour—His death, His blood-shedding, as the atonement for her sins. She had no questions, no doubts. At the moment when she discovered her need, the One who could meet that need was presented to her, and she received Him and trustfully had clung to Him. With Nellie it had been different. Though alive to the fact of her need, she had, as yet, never laid bare her soul before Jesus, and let Him meet it all. There had been reserves in her heart, doubts and questionings in her mind, and now, with death before her, as she said, she did "not know Him enough to die with." "But, Nellie, Jesus does not want you to go down into the dark waters alone; He will go with you. I wish I knew how to tell you better, but I know there is a verse in the Bible that says He will never let anyone go that has come to Him."

The dying girl had sunk back on her pillow exhausted, but she once more raised herself and said, eagerly: "Find it, and show it to me in the Bible itself, Annie, for I cannot believe anything else now. Oh, if it only said He would never let *me* go," and the burning flush on her fair young cheek deepened alarmingly. Afraid of the consequences of such intense excitement, Annie said, soothingly, "Will you not lie still a little while now, and to-morrow I will find it and read it to you." "To-morrow!" answered Nellie, "I may not be here to-morrow, and I might be in hell. 'It may be very sudden at the last, and she may go at any moment'," she added, quoting the doctor's very words.

The short January afternoon was rapidly closing in, and Annie was reading her Bible, when a knock came to the bedroom door, and a servant entered with the contents of

the post-bag. There were several letters and parcels, but one only, a small pamphlet, seemed to have any interest for the dying girl. It was the number for January, 1876, of "God's Glad Tidings," containing the deeply touching story of the conversion and "going home" of "The Young Doctor." The first words that met her eye were: "Listen to His own words, 'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. My Father which gave them Me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand' (John 10. 27-29). There, will that do?" "Give me the book, Annie," she whispered softly, "and my Testament, and put the lamp by me, and leave me a little while." On returning, Nellie opened her eyes, and said, with a bright, beaming smile, "O, Annie, I seem almost to have been in heaven. 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*.' So he came to save *me*, for that means every sinner, and it is nothing at all to do with *my* holding on to Him or serving Him well. 'Neither shall *any* pluck them out of My hand.' That *must* mean that I cannot even take myself out of His hand. How good He is! Yes, that will do, even to die with."

For some weeks after this Nellie lingered. It seemed as though the entering in of God's Word had given not only light to her soul at evening time, but even strength to her body, as though for a time the very joy of her heart kept her above pain and weakness.

It was still early in February when the end came. The sun was setting with almost as brilliant colouring as on that January afternoon just five weeks since, when, in bitter agony, Nellie had told out to her sister the terror and dismay of her soul. She seemed to remember it, for, turning her eyes towards the glowing west, she murmured softly, "Evening time—and Jesus is—the light. The city—had no need of —." She stopped, a radiant smile of intense satisfaction lit up her face, there was a slight movement, a half-drawn sigh, and Nellie's freed spirit was in the presence of Him who is the light of heaven, and who had been the light of her heart in the otherwise dark hours of suffering and death.

And now may I ask you who have read Nellie's story, do *you* know this Jesus "enough to die with"? x.

THORNS IN THE PILLOW.

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



IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA IN WINTER.

Lumbermen moving logs which have been cut down during summer.

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

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

Thorns in the Pillow.

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

If the reader is a "stranger to grace and to God," if he "knows not his danger and feels not his load," it would be better for him to lose a few nights' sleep than go on in his present condition. Better far to be aroused from the sleep of death than to weep and wail and gnash your teeth in the prison-house of hell. Perhaps *you* imagine that some day somehow or other you will enter heaven. You may be sincere, respectable, intelligent, moral, and "religious," but if you are not "born again" (John 3. 3), you are even now under divine condemnation. "He that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only-begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). If unsaved, unconverted, you are an *unbeliever*, and the wrath of God abides upon you (John 3. 36).

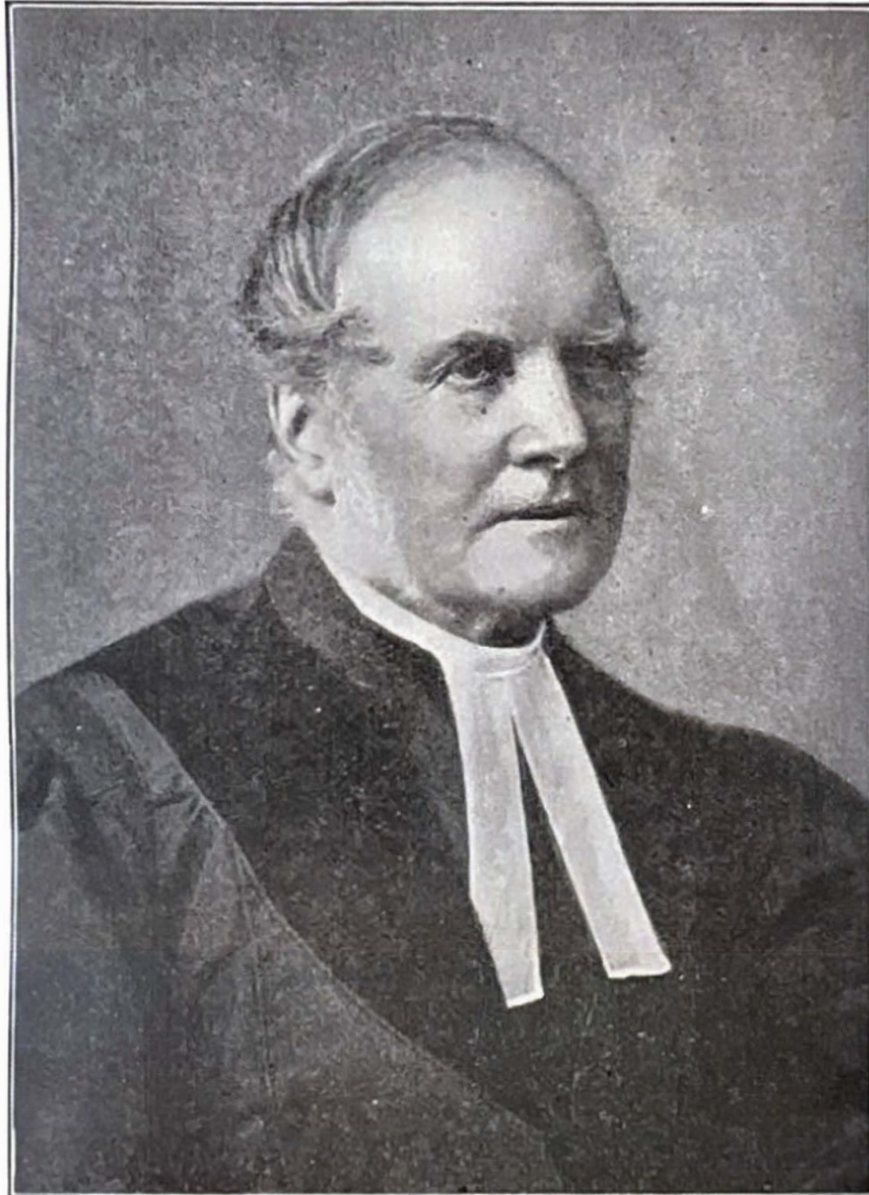
Awake! awake! oh, careless and listless soul. "Time ends, and THEN ETERNITY." Where will you spend Eternity? Maybe you have never considered the question. It is time you did. Time is short and the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. "Flee from the wrath to come." There is wrath ahead. "Because there is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

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

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

"SINNERS," NOT "SAINTS."

A LADY in deep soul distress visited the late Dr. Moody-Stuart, a gifted Free Church of Scotland minister, and a well-known evangelical preacher in the city of Edinburgh. In the course of conversation the minister found that the lady was conversant with the facts and doctrines of Scripture,



DR. MOODY-STUART, A WELL-KNOWN GOSPEL PREACHER.

but could not understand God's way of Salvation. He tried to bring before her the soul-saving truth regarding Christ and His finished work, but his efforts appeared fruitless. Feeling that he could not afford her relief, he opened the Scriptures, and slowly read the familiar passage, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that

"Sinners," not "Saints."

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Ere closing the interview with prayer, Dr. Moody-Stuart observed that tears were flowing down the lady's cheeks.

A week afterwards she returned, her face beaming with joy. She told the doctor that she had accepted Christ as her Saviour, and was rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. "Why did you weep when you left me on your former visit?" asked the servant of Christ. "I wept for joy," said she. "And what was it that gave you that joy?" inquired the minister. "I saw as you were speaking that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*." "But you knew that before?" "No." "Then what did you think?" "I always thought that Jesus came into the world to save saints, and I wept for joy when I saw that He came to save sinners."

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

"Not the righteous; *sinners* Jesus came to save."

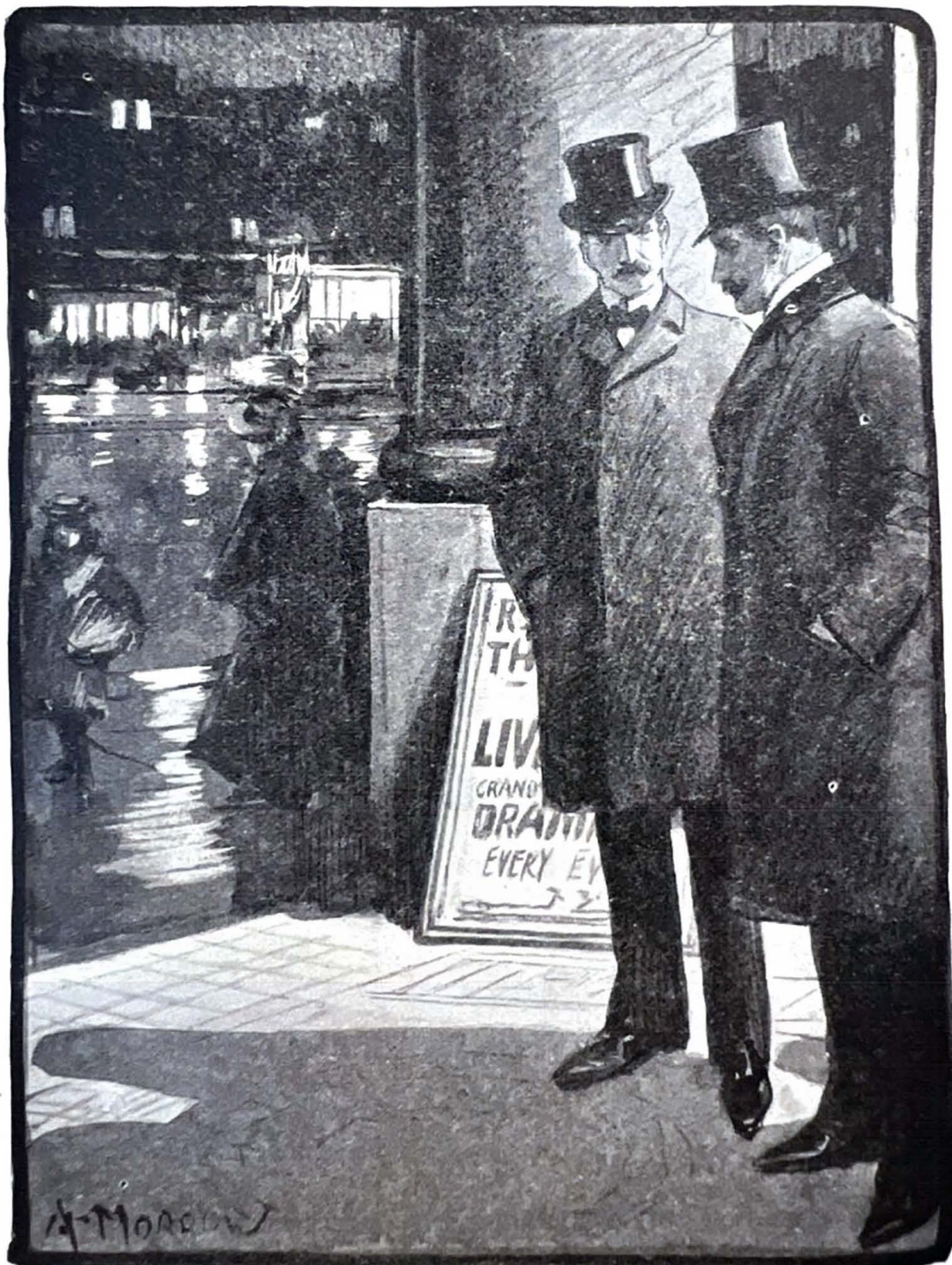
"If you are "lost," and come to Him as a "sinner," and not as a "saint," He will save you whatever you are, or have been. At this moment He is on your track, O unsaved fellow-traveller to eternity! He is not, however, like the detective, seeking to give you "the wages of sin," which you so richly deserve. Because He loves you with a fond and tender love He is seeking to save you from going down to the pit, and offering you the free gift of God—Everlasting Life (Rom. 6. 23). Are you willing to take the lost sinner's place, and claim the lost sinner's Saviour? If you do, then salvation is yours right away. Come as you are, and He will save you *now*.

A. M.

"I ONCE HAD RELIGION AND LOST IT";

— OR, —

"ONE MUST FORESLIDE BEFORE HE CAN BACKSLIDE."



"It won't last long," said Tom; "I will give you seven months, and you will be back among us. I once had religion, and went the length of distributing tracts, but I lost it."

"I ONCE HAD RELIGION AND LOST IT."



UCH were the words uttered years ago, in the city of Glasgow, by a man of the world to an old companion who had recently been converted to God. Meeting Turner in Argyle Street one night, he said, "Bob, I hear that you have been converted. "Yes, Tom," was the ready reply, "God has saved my soul."

"It won't last long," said Tom; "I will give you seven months, and you will be back among us. I once had religion, and went the length of distributing tracts, but I lost it."

Multitudes have had what is called "religion," and "lost" it. Numbers of such, we fear, missed Christ, and were deceived with a spurious conversion. Ask them to tell how the great change came about, and how different the answers! Some "earnestly asked" for forgiveness, and on account of their "seeking," they imagine that they are saved. Others have made faith their saviour instead of Christ, *believing in their believing*, instead of on Him who did it all, and paid it all. After their so-called "conversion" they engaged in "Christian work," teaching in the Sunday school, visiting the sick, distributing tracts, &c., &c. In the course of time their zeal began to flag, their enthusiasm to cool, and ultimately they "fell away," or, as Tom put it, they "lost their religion."

It was a good thing for themselves and for all concerned that they lost *it*, and it would be a merciful deliverance if some who so confidently assert that they are "quite sure" that they are "saved" would "fall away" *from their profession*. Doubtless there are "backsliders" among God's people, but it is to be feared that numbers who are treated as such were never really born again of the Holy Spirit. How often do we hear it said, "So-and-so professed and went back." It would be well to learn if So-and-so when he "professed" *went forward*. One must *foreslide* ere he can *backslide*.

The experience of the two "professors," Tom and Bob, may be expressed thus: the one when awakened by the Holy Spirit, rested short of Christ, and obtained "religion"; the other believed the glorious gospel of God's grace, and received the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. He who has only "religion" holds on to *it* lest he should lose *it*, whilst the believer in Christ is held in safety by Him, and kept by His mighty power (1 Peter 1-5). One who had been urged and entreated to "seek religion" was accustomed to say—"They told me that it was a hard thing to get religion; that it was a difficult thing to keep it

"I Once had Religion and Lost It."

after you had it; that if you lost it, it was worse than if you never had it: so I resolved not to seek it until I was about to die, and then I would not lose it."

How is it with the reader of these lines? Are you merely a professor of religion? or have you really received Christ into your heart by faith and become "a new creature"? Have you believed in yourself, your faith, repentance, or prayers? Examine the foundation, and learn whether you are building for eternity upon the shifting sands of "experiences" or "feelings," or upon the "Rock of Ages." Be honest! It may be that through hearing of so many professors "falling away," you are afraid to accept of Christ. You have, it may be, an intense horror of hypocrisy, and dread the idea of professing to be what after all you might not be—a *real Christian*. Or you fear lest if you did make a profession you would not be able to "hold on." Don't be afraid of the future. He who saves from sin's penalty, delivers also from its power and dominion. "Eternal life" is a "gift" (Rom. vi. 23), and not a "pledge" to be broken or lost. If you really desire to be saved in God's way, you may *at this very moment* find peace to your weary sin-burdened soul. Sin's penalty has been borne; the ransom price has been paid and accepted. The "precious blood of Christ" has met the claims of offended Justice. Everything necessary for your soul's deliverance was completed at Calvary. The *sin* question was then settled; now it is the *Son* question. This is what you have to decide upon—"What then shall I do with Jesus?" (Matt. xxvii. 22). You must either accept or reject God's "unspeakable gift." Which is it to be? "*As many as received Him*, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12, 13). Don't allow the scoff or sneer of unconverted friends or companions to prevent you from deciding for Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xvi. 31), and you will know your sins forgiven. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." A. M.

A QUERY.—How comes it that after a *genuine conversion* the converted man appears to obtain a general grasp of the whole Bible that he was never capable of before? Why is he able to read it, understand it, remember it, love it, and be guided by it in a way he never could do formerly? Is there not truly a new spirit in him? And, is that spirit not the Holy Spirit? Is there not full proof *within* and *without* that he was born ANEW?

RUN TO REACH HEAVEN.



THEY that will go to heaven must run for it; because, as the way is long, so the time in which they are to get to the end of it is very uncertain; the time present is the only time. Thou hast no more time allotted thee than thou now enjoyest. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

They that will have heaven must run for it; because there is never

a poor soul that is going to heaven, but the devil, the law, sin, death, and hell make after that soul. "The devil, your adversary, as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour." And, I will assure you, the devil is nimble; he can run apace; he is light of foot; he hath overtaken many; he hath turned up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the law, *that* can shoot a great way; have a care thou keep out of the way of those great guns—the ten commandments. Hell also hath a wide mouth; it can stretch itself further than you are aware of. And as the angel said to Lot: "Take heed, look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain" (that is, anywhere between this and heaven), "lest thou be consumed"; so say I to thee: "Take heed, tarry not, lest either the devil, hell, death, or the fearful curses of the law of God do overtake thee, and throw thee down in the midst of thy sins, so as never to rise and recover again." If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, would say: "They that will have heaven must run for it." Sometimes sinners have not heaven's gates open to them so long as they suppose; and if they be once shut against a man, they are so heavy that all the men in the world, or all the angels in heaven, are not able to open them. "I shut, and no man can open," saith Christ. And how if thou shouldest come but one quarter of an hour too late? I tell thee, it will cost thee an eternity to bewail thy misery in. Sinner, rather than lose it, run to reach heaven. JOHN BUNYAN.



WHAT MORE CAN ONE DO?

“THERE'S something about being saved that I cannot see through, for here I am—and not what you would call an ill behaved man. I have managed to push my way without being a burden to anybody. I have attended the church regularly, and always had a respect for what was good. Besides that, I commend myself to God every night and strive to do as well as I can; and *what more can one do?*—that's what I would like to know.”

“Well, my friend,” I replied, “I don't see that you can do much more; I daresay that is about as much as you are able for.” My friend was somewhat bewildered at this answer, and as he represents that very large body of people who “do their best,” and don't see how God can require any more, we will look into the subject just a little. Let us ask, then, do we get our souls saved by *doing our best*? This is the first point to be settled, for if that is not the way, then *doing* is simply worse than useless. Let us get our minds clear about the plan God has devised for saving souls. That plan may not be the one you would have thought upon, and perhaps you imagine you could have devised a better one;

What More Can One Do ?

but no matter. It is the Great God of Heaven who is speaking, and He says **DOING IS NOT THE WAY**. Not by works (Titus 3. 5). Not of works (Ephes. 2. 9). Without works (Rom. 3. 28). To him that worketh not, but believeth (Rom. 4. 5). The Bible is full of this great truth, and makes it clear as noon-day that all who are doing their best in order to be saved are off the road entirely. You cannot understand this, you say—how doing one's best can be wrong. Well, it does not seem difficult to understand. How can you be right in doing the very opposite of what God tells you? He will take your very best works after you are saved; but so long as you are unsaved your working is ruinous.

Suppose, now, you are engaged in a business in which you are losing money fast. You work hard and do your best, but it is vain. A friend hears of your difficulties and writes you that, by simply putting your whole business into his hands at once, he'll pay all your debts on the spot, and set you agoing again on a proper footing. But, in the face of this, you plod on, doing no doubt your best, but you are only getting deeper into debt. What would people think of you? They would think you blind to your best interests. In vain you tell them, "I do my best; what more can I do?" "Do!" they would cry; "the way out of your difficulties is to stop doing altogether and receive that generous offer that has been made to pay your debts and set you up in business again." And to every sin-burdened soul who says, "What more can I do?" God's Word in like manner says, Stop doing altogether, and receive Jesus Christ freely offered in the Gospel. Let God settle the question for you, so far as doing is concerned.

The great truth lies shining on the very surface of the Bible. We are not saved by giving anything or doing anything, but simply by receiving. Salvation is a gift, and like any other gift it is got by receiving. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17). "To him that *worketh not*, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Cease then from all your trying, and struggles, and vain efforts, rest in the finished Work of the Lord Jesus, and you will have peace, perfect peace.

W. S.

THE CURATE'S SERMON.



CHRISTIAN worker was asked to visit an old man who was very ill, and speak to him about his soul. He was well received by the sick one who listened patiently and attentively to what he had to say. His wife, however, full of self-righteousness, broke forth as follows:—

"You talk about 'after death the judgment.' I have no more idea of going to the place of destruction than I have of swallowing that bedstead. I have always lived a good life, and I have believed in Jesus ever since I was three years old, and what more could I do? I believe if people do the best they can, they will go to heaven. That's always been my creed; it's what I have been taught, and what I shall keep to." The visitor succeeded in getting a word in edge-ways, and pointed out that Scripture stated that "There is none righteous, no not one." But her tongue went like a sewing machine, and she said, "I'll tell you what I think about it. Nearly a hundred years ago now, my poor dear mother went to church one Sunday in the village of Cardington in Berkshire. It so happened that the curate who was to preach that day had had great trouble in his house all the previous week from sickness, and he was obliged to appear before his congregation with an apology instead of a sermon, because he could not prepare one. 'However,' said he, 'I will not disappoint you altogether, but will give you a short discourse, which you may find full of meaning and easy to remember. The text is in Job 5. 7, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward,"' and the curate proceeded thus:—

"Man's ingress to this world is naked and bare;
His progress through this world is trouble and care;
His egress from the world is, nobody knows where;
If you do well here, you will do well there;
I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

She affirmed her full belief in the sermon. The visitor, instead of arguing with the poor old formalist, read God's description of man in his natural state, as contained in Romans 3. She would not, however, believe it. "Why," she exclaimed, "I have listened to bishops, and canons, and deans, and ministers of all sorts, and to some of the most celebrated preachers of the time, and I never heard any speak like you. Numbers of good and learned men have approved of the old curate's sermon, and you are the first I ever heard find fault with it."

And yet, after all, the theology of the curate's "sermon," or

The Curate's Sermon.

rhyme as we would call it, is widely believed by multitudes of professors of religion. One could not well find fault with the two first lines, and we would not dispute the correctness of the last one, "I can tell you no more if I preach for a year." The curate was evidently a "stranger to grace and to God," and was utterly ignorant of the Gospel of God's grace.

"Man's egress from the world is, nobody knows where." What a contradiction to the words of Scripture! "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. 9. 17). "The rich man died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments" (Luke 16. 22, 23). Of those who have accepted of Christ as their Saviour, we read that, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better" (Phil. 1. 23). It is a very popular doctrine with the unconverted, that "no one can tell where he is to go when he dies." We have seen that Scripture reveals the condition of the saved and the lost—the converted and unconverted.

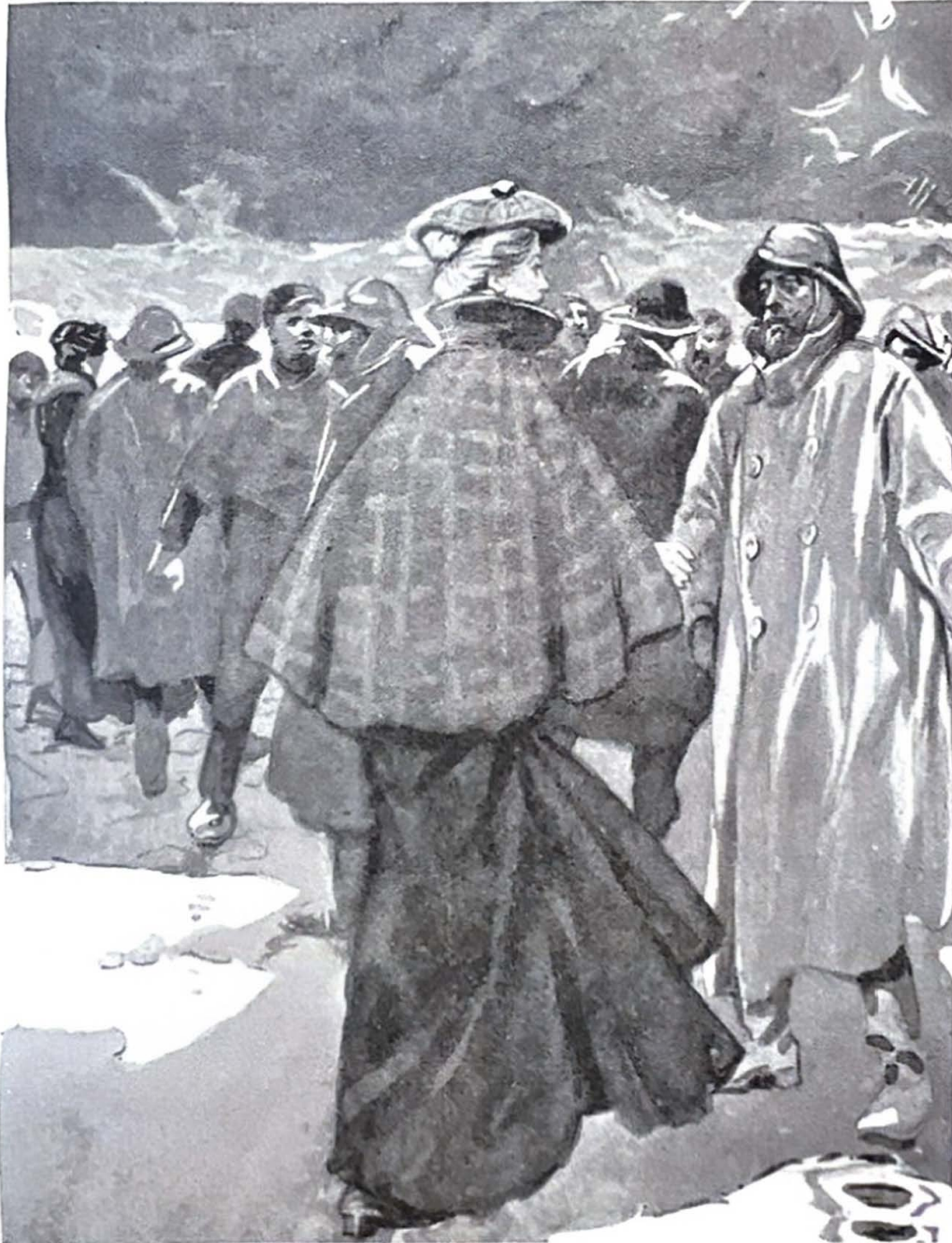
The fourth line contains man's way of salvation as opposed to God's. "If you do well here, you will do well there." Scripture shows that the "whole world" is "guilty" before God. "If you do well here!" Who has done this? "There is none righteous, no not one" (Rom. 3. 10). "There is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 22, 23). Men talk about doing their duty, and assert like the old woman, that "if people do the best they can, they will go to heaven." Alas! alas! no one has done his "best," and "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet *offend* in one point, he is GUILTY OF ALL" (James 2. 10). It is not a question of how many times you have broken the law of God, but have you broken it at all? All have done so, and you among the rest; and if salvation is only to be had by our doings, no one can be saved. God has declared that men are saved *by grace* through faith; "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that WORKETH NOT but BELIEVETH ON HIM that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 4, 5). Salvation is provided for, and pressed on the acceptance of, sinners who have *done their worst*; not on those who imagine that they have "done their best."

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

THE BEST MAN LOST;

— OR, —

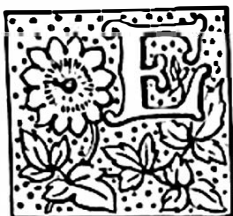
"CEASE FROM YOUR OWN EFFORTS, AND ACCEPT GOD'S WAY OF ESCAPE."



"THE BEST MAN IN THE CREW," ADDED THE CAPTAIN.

"A fine fellow he was," added the captain, with tears running down his face, "the best man in the crew; but he was lost because he tried to save himself in his own way."

THE BEST MAN LOST.



EARLY in 1881, on the east coast of the North of Scotland, there had been heavy storms for several days. On the morning of Sunday, the 6th of March, just as we were preparing for breakfast, a cry was raised in Inverlochly that a ship had run ashore; and hastening down to the beach, sure enough there we saw her lying. It was a barque sailing from America to Germany. She had been battling with the storm for a long time, but was at last driven close in to the coast of Scotland, and finding they could no longer keep her off shore, they ran her head on. It was a rocky beach, but fortunately she turned into a cutting, made for the convenience of getting out the fishing boats, and was thus driven within about twenty-five fathoms of the shore.

In a few minutes every fisherman around had turned out, and finding it impossible to get the lifeboats out, the rocket apparatus was the only thing that could be used. Although in some places it had to be dragged through four or five feet of snow, yet with united efforts they soon got it upon the spot. It was a time of the greatest excitement and anxiety, as every sea that came over her threatened complete destruction. The oldest men there had never seen such a sea on the coast before. The tide was rising fast; every moment was precious. Several attempts were made to get a line on board by means of the rockets, but the wind being so strong, they were beaten down into the water before reaching the ship. They succeeded at last, however, by using an empty barrel, which was thrown overboard with a small cord attached, by which, after some hard work on the part of those in the ship, a large rope was hauled in and made fast to the fore-mast.

There were eleven men on board, but only four or five were able to do anything, the remainder being down below entirely helpless from long exposure to the cold. As soon as the apparatus was in working order for the travelling cage which was to be drawn along the rope, one young sailor was put into it, and a few minutes found him on shore in the hands of kind friends. This first man was scarcely saved when, through the fast rising tide and the strong wind beating upon the ship, her stern was suddenly raised up over a reef of rock which previously had kept her head on, and swinging round broadside on to the beach, she

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settled down across another rock, her back broke, and her mainmast splintered almost to pieces. The travelling apparatus becoming entangled across her bow, it was rendered unmanageable, and it could no longer be used.

At this juncture we saw through the drifting snow a man descend from the vessel and try to save himself by coming along the rope hand over hand; but, alas, such an attempt was evidently useless. The waves were beating over him like falling houses, and the poor fellow had gone but a little distance from the ship when one heavy sea swept so completely over him that he was soon done; and when it was passed we saw that strong man hanging helplessly by the bend of one of his arms; in a few more seconds he dropped into the surging waves. When his body was picked up two days afterwards, it was found that the sea which had come over him while on the rope had dislocated both his shoulders. A few moments after this man was lost the bow of the ship lifted again over the rocks which were keeping it, and in almost a moment she was once more head on to the beach, the apparatus disentangled and again workable. No time was lost now, as the doomed vessel was fast breaking up, and in half an hour the men were all safely landed, the helpless ones being first of all put into the apparatus by those who had a little strength left.

One brave fellow who had helped to put all his shipmates (captain included) out of the ill-fated ship into the hands of the friends on shore remained on board till the last with a quiet fearlessness which astonished all who saw him. Almost the first question put to him when he came ashore was respecting the secret of his calmness. He said, "I was converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings in America, and I knew that I was safe, the source of my confidence being 'The Lord is my salvation, whom shall I fear?'" (Ps. 27. 1). We then asked him about the poor lost man. "Ah," he said, "we tried to persuade him not to attempt such a useless task, as it would be impossible for him to reach the shore in that way, but he would—he would, and would not listen to us." "A fine fellow he was," added the captain, with tears running down his face, "the best man in the crew; but he was lost because he tried to save himself in his own way." Yes, all the rest were saved, but by other hands than their own. When the tide went out it left nothing but a scene of desolation. A splintered skeleton of

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timbers, scattered planks, and broken barrels, but nothing left such a solemn sight as we looked upon all around and remembered the poor lost man.

Lost! and yet the best man of the whole crew! How was it possible? Simply because he wanted to save himself, and trusted in his own strength to face the waves, instead of relying on the means that had been provided. Even the helpless ones who could do nothing for their own deliverance were landed safely without so much as an effort on their own part. What *could* they do more than to take advantage of the way that was open for them. And how is it with you who read this? Perhaps you are in greater danger than those in that ship. Are you ready to meet God and eternity? If not, how dreadful the storm that will one day soon burst upon you. Escape will be impossible.

As with those sailors, so there is a way by which you may find a present salvation. It is just by ceasing from your own efforts and accepting God's way of escape; by believing that He laid your sins upon Jesus and punished Him in your stead. Just as those poor, helpless men simply submitted to be put into the apparatus and were saved, so you have but to submit to God's way, that is, trust in Jesus, and you will be saved; and just as those men could not be saved in any other way, neither can you. "For there is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). No struggling needed, no tears; all was done for you by that sinless One Who with His dying breath was able to say: "It is finished,"—your debt paid. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

If you try to save yourself as that fine sailor did, God then says to you, "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt." "Christ . . . suffered for sins," He, the Just, for us, the unjust, "that He might bring us to God." But His death, He desires you clearly to understand, is of no avail, and of no value towards liberating you from the iron grasp of God's broken law, unless you believe that He has thus actually taken your place and died in your stead. "The Son of God who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*."

That Christ died on the Cross, few attempt to deny; but until you come to Him, and shelter under what He has done in becoming your Substitute, it profits you nothing. J. L.

DR. W. P. MACKAY'S ADVICE.

A NUMBER of years ago the late Dr. W. P. Mackay, author of the well-known book, "Grace and Truth," was preaching in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London. One night when the service was over he was hurrying to catch a train to convey him to the part of the metropolis



DR. MACKAY OPENED IT AT ISAIAH 53 VERSE 6

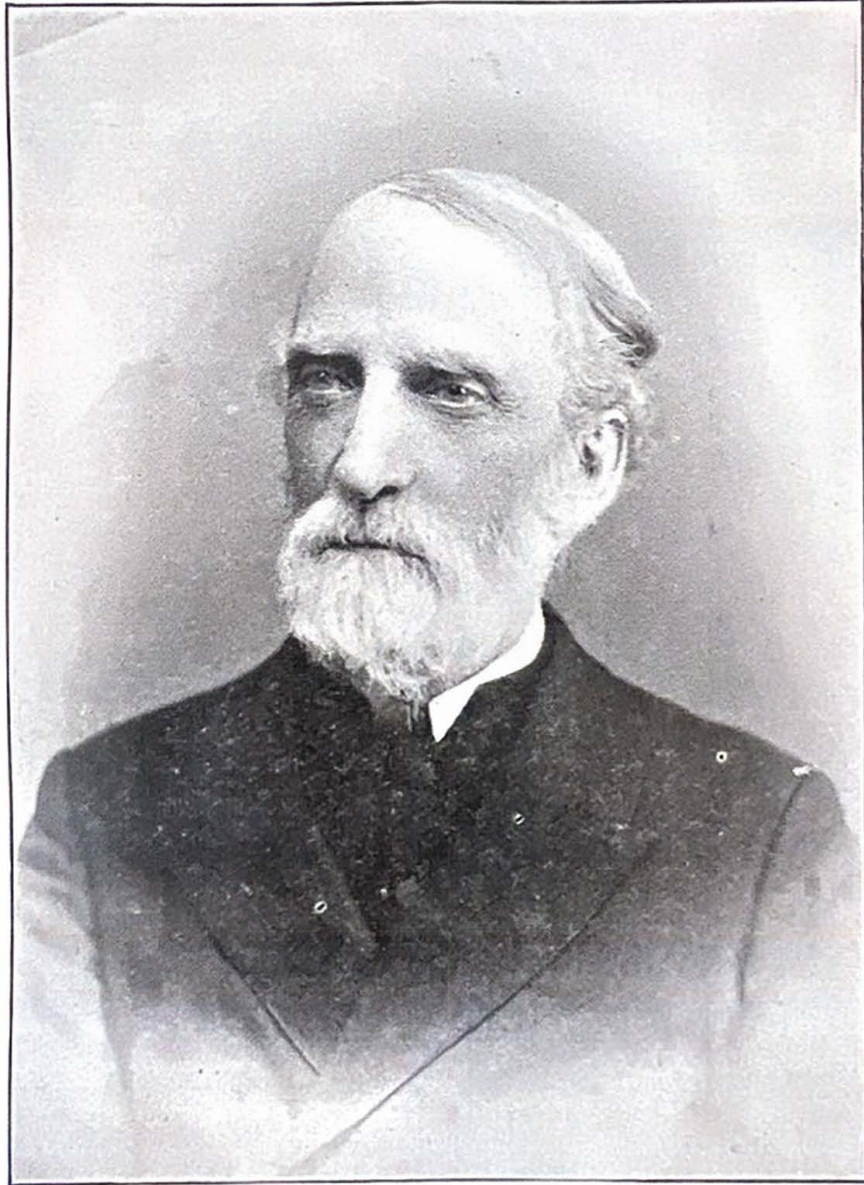
where he was staying, when he heard rapid footsteps behind him. On stopping and looking round he observed a young man who enquired if he was the gentleman who had preached in the Agricultural Hall. On replying in the affirmative the stranger said that he had been there, and wanted to know what he had to do to be saved.

"I have very little time to speak to you at present, as I am hurrying to catch a train," said the doctor. Continuing he added, "Have you a Bible?" The anxious inquirer immediately put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out a copy of God's "Inquire Within Upon Everything," gave it to the doctor. Dr. Mackay walked with it to the nearest lamp-post, and opening it at Isaiah 53, said: "*Go in low down at the one 'all' of Isaiah 53. 6, and walk out straight up at the other;—good night,*" and walked away.

The youth thinking the instruction he had received was short, sharp, and strange, resolved that he would carefully read the verse. On reaching home he examined it piece by piece. (1) "*All we like sheep have gone astray.*" He knew that however universal and sweeping the statement was, it was absolutely true. Some had gone farther astray than others, but that did not alter or affect the fact that *he* had "gone astray." He thought not of others who might be included in the word "all." The young man, who was a clerk in a place of business in the city, entered "low down" in the first "all" of the Scripture. (2) "*We have turned every one to his own way.*" All of us wished to be masters; all of us desired to please ourselves. "Everyone" has done so, and the London clerk among them. Does the reader accept God's testimony as to this sad fact? The youth had allowed the water of God's Word to wash away his opinions, and longed to know God's way of salvation. He had had enough of his "own way," and now desired to know what he had to do to get back to God. How was the past to be blotted out? How were his sins to be forgiven? How could the gulf between the sinner and his Creator be bridged? (3) "*And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*" Wonder of wonders! the sin of a guilty world was laid by Jehovah on the head of His beloved son. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). The holy, spotless One who "knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). The light of the glorious Gospel shone into the youth's heart. The darkness that had enshrouded him vanished, and he rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour and Lord. Some months afterwards he visited Dr. Mackay at his house in Hull, and told him the story of his conversion. Why should not you do the same, and be saved with an everlasting salvation? A.M.

HOW DO I KNOW THAT I AM SAVED?

ONE afternoon some years since a little girl, then only about eight years old, came into my study during the hours habitually given to conversation with those who were seeking salvation. To my question she frankly replied that she came to talk with me about herself. I said to her



DR. A. T. PIERSON, OF AMERICA,
Author of "Many Infallible Proofs," "The Heart of the Gospel," &c.

"Anna, are you a disciple of the Lord Jesus?" "Yes, sir."
"Do you know yourself to be a child of God?" "Yes, sir."
"Well, how do you know it?" "Why, sir, because God says so." "Where does He say so?" "He says," she confidently replied, "HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT." "But," I rejoined, "that does no"

How do I Know that I am Saved?

say anything about your being a child of God. How, then, do you know that you are?" "I know it because I know that I have come to Him, and He says that He will not cast out those who come." "Then," said I, "you know you are His because you know what you have done, and you know and believe what God has said?" "Yes, sir, that is it." And I said, What disciple of threescore years can give any better reasons for his faith than this simple little child, who knows her saved state because she rests on God's Word?

There are three elements which enter into my confidence that I am a child of God:

First, The knowledge of HIS WORD, which positively declares that if I thus come, He will in no wise cast me out. His promises are so repeated, and varied, and unmistakable that after I have come to Him I ought to rest absolutely on them without waiting for any other evidence. This is faith—venturing upon God's Word. It is not a blind confidence, for it takes God at His Word. It is not, however, without conditional compliance on my part, for no promise is mine until I come.

Second, The knowledge of MY OWN ACT, that is, of my sincere and repeated coming to Christ. My self-surrender has been so frequent and so hearty that if I know anything about my own acts or voluntary choices I know that I have thus fulfilled the one condition on which His acceptance of me is based (see John 6. 37).

Third, The knowledge of GOD'S CONTINUED WORK IN MY SOUL, giving me new convictions, desires, resolves, and affections. This evidence confirms the others, but it comes in its fulness only when the others have first been experienced: "Having also believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise" (Eph. 1. 13, R.V.). God gives this "sealing witness of the Spirit" only to those who have first believed. True "assurance" is thus a matter, not of feeling, but of faith. We need to look less into ourselves and more unto Him. Doubt is unbelief, and for it there is no remedy half so prompt or so sure as simple trust in the Word of God. He who can forget his own unworthiness and sinfulness, and think only of the grace that seeks and saves the lost—he who will take the free gift of salvation and commit himself wholly to the sure Word of God's promise—may know the perfect peace of Him whose mind is stayed on God.

A. T. PIERSON.

THE PEOPLE THAT LAUGHED.

ON the balcony of the Royal Hotel, Bloemfontein, stood a group of men and women, laughing and joking at the strange scene before their eyes. Swirling and foaming a few feet beneath them flowed a mighty torrent. The spruit was full and overflowing, the street had been formed into a river, and the hotel stood like an island in the course of the raging flood. It never entered their heads that there was danger. But as they stood there, mirthful and light-



BLOEMFONTEIN IN FLOOD, SHOWING THE BALCONY WHICH FELL.

hearted, watching the ever-rising waters, they felt a shock. The laughter ceased. The mirth was over. Consternation was printed upon every countenance. But I will quote the newspaper account. Says the *Transvaal Leader*: "People staying at the Royal Hotel gathered on the balcony to watch the strange sight of the waters flowing in Fountain Street. Then came a sudden roaring rush of waters, flooding the street ten feet deep, and bearing all before it. A waggon, caught by the flood, crashed against the balcony and bore it down. The agonised people above clung to the breaking ironwork, shrieking for help. But little help could be given

The People that Laughed.

in the face of those raging waters." Two or three weeks after this tragic event occurred a friend of mine was showing me round the Bloemfontein Museum. Suddenly a picture caught my eye. It was a photo, taken during the recent flood, showing the hotel just before its collapse, with the people on the balcony. The whole scene stood vividly portrayed before me. And I could not but think of others whose danger is as real as that of the unfortunate inmates of the hotel, but who no more suspect it than they did.

Laughter-loving and gay you may be, but your sins have exposed you to the danger of coming wrath. Meet God you must, sooner or later, and unless you get those crimson sins washed away, justice will compel Him to banish you into eternal darkness. It is no time for trifling. Life is a serious matter. Eternity is more serious still. Serious questions confront you and call for serious answers. What of your soul? Where will you spend the great hereafter?

Amongst those who perished amid the ruins of the Royal Hotel was Mr. S., the proprietor. It appears that he had intended to leave that same day for Cape Town, but had put off the journey. If only he had put his intention into practice! He delayed, however, and lost his life in consequence. Do not be content with *intending* to become a Christian. If you delay for a single hour in reaching the place of safety, you run a most fearful risk. By to-morrow you may be in eternity. Why do I say "THE place of safety?" Because there is only one. Where is it? Mark the answer. The only place of safety for sinners is under the shelter of the Blood of Christ. Nowhere else can you find security from the coming storm of judgment. It is *your sins* that have imperilled your soul and exposed you to God's righteous judgment. And if you are to be saved it must be through the removal of your sins. "Knowledge of salvation" is by "the remission of sins" (Luke 1. 77), and "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). If your sins are not to bring down judgment upon your head they must be *atoned* for, and nothing but the blood of a substitute can atone for sins. Now, it is for this that Jesus suffered upon the cross. We read that He "suffered for sins"; not His own (for He had none), but for ours. He bore the wrath of God in order to make atonement for us. It is in this way that a refuge has been provided.

There were some at Bloemfontein who managed to flee

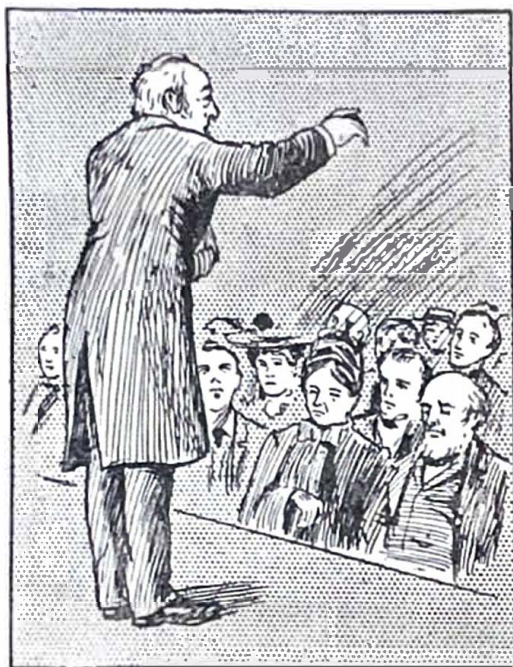
The People that Laughed.

in time. The day after the disaster the telegraph wires up and down the country were humming with messages from those who had escaped. "Thank God, I am safe," were the words which in several instances conveyed the news to anxious friends. In a truer and deeper sense the sinner who has fled to Jesus can use these words. "Thank God, I am safe," such can say. Not "I shall be safe some day," but "I *am* safe, as safe as the blood of Christ can make me; as safe as if I were in heaven already." Not "I *hope* I am safe," but "I *am* safe, because I have confidence in Christ, and in the power and efficacy of His blood." "Thank God, I am safe. Safe from the danger to which my sins exposed me! Safe from the judgment that I so richly deserve! Safe in Christ! Safe for ever!"

Remember that, though it may be laughing time now, weeping time will come. If you could have looked into the Bloemfontein Town Hall when, after the disaster, it was turned into a temporary hospital, you would have found the occupants overwhelmed with grief. An eye-witness thus describes the scene: "Sounds of fearful sobbing filled the hall as some woman recovered from the stupor of shock to realise that her all had gone, and that perhaps she was a widow. One man mingled his sobs with those of the women. His three sons had been drowned before his eyes."

Will you find words, do you think, in which to chide yourself for your folly if you wake up in eternity to find that *your all has gone*? Your joy gone. Your friends gone. Your life gone. Your opportunities gone. Yourself gone, gone into the unutterable gloom of eternal night in the land where hope never comes. You will never forgive yourself! But it need not be. God is very gracious. His grace is free, *but you must avail yourself of it*. It only flows through one channel, and that is, through Christ and His atoning blood. Trust in Him and all will be well. The song-filled courts of joy above shall be your eternal abode instead of the region of wailing and despair. Even here and now you shall taste of a joy that you never knew before. Fresh delights shall unfold before your wondering gaze. Pleasures that you never dreamed of shall be yours. All this is to be found in Jesus. Knowing and trusting Him is the secret of a happy life on earth as well as of a blissful eternity by-and-by. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psa. 16. 11). H. P. U.

THE DUTCHMAN'S TESTIMONY.



A DUTCHMAN went to a meeting in the city of Chicago. A number of persons took part in the service. The speakers did not appear to be clear as to God's way of salvation. Some said men and women were to give up this, that, and the other thing *in order to be saved*. Others declared that it was necessary to pray, work, resolve, &c., &c., ere the pardoning mercy of God could be procured. The Dutchman felt that it was his duty to give his testimony

to the saving power of the Gospel. His testimony was short, sharp, simple, suggestive, and scriptural. "I hear you talking about doing to be saved," said he. "That is not the way God saved me; *God did all the doing, and I did all the taking*;" and yet, alas! multitudes of men and women in this highly-favoured land are on the "doing" line. Scripture distinctly declares that salvation cannot be bought by our prayers, doings, or religious observances. The work that saves was accomplished by the Lord Jesus on Calvary's Cross.

Think of the dying words of the Saviour of sinners, uttered by Him on Calvary's Cross—"It is finished" (John 19. 30). If he has "finished" the glorious work of atonement it cannot be added to, and it is worse than folly to attempt it. Because of what He has done and suffered every barrier has been removed and God can, in perfect consistency with His holiness and righteousness, pardon and justify ungodly sinners who believe on Christ. Salvation is "not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Our "doings" are valueless as a ground of confidence. Renounce all efforts of your own to procure God's "unspeakable gift." The moment you truly believe on the Lord Jesus you will be able to say with the Dutchman, "God did all the doing, and I did all the taking." Will you accept of eternal life as a "free gift" as you read these lines? "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23, R.v.). Take it now and be saved. A.M.

WONDROUS GRACE.

A GENTLEMAN and his wife residing in London are well known and highly esteemed for their good works. Their benevolence, their hospitality, the brightness of their Christian example, and the earnestness of their efforts to reclaim the fallen, have won for them hosts of friends; and probably there is not a happier home in that great city. Alas! it was not always so, for a few years ago he was



"SHE ARRIVED TOO EARLY, AND STROLLED ABOUT THE STATION."

squandering £10,000 a year, which his father had left him, in the vilest profligacy, and was hurrying straight onward to hell. One day his "mistress" was to meet him in his rooms, and for this purpose she went to a railway station to take the train. She arrived too early, and strolling listlessly about the station, her eye fell upon the following words posted on the wall by some thoughtful disciple of the Lord

Jesus: "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). It was a flash of Eternity upon her guilty soul, but it was a flash that revealed the infinite pity and compassion of God for the lost. Turning to a policeman who stood near, she eagerly asked, "Where are those words found?" He smilingly replied that he believed they were in the Bible. "Have you a Bible?" she anxiously enquired. "No," was the reply. "Is there one in the station?" "No." Hastening to a book shop, and making known her wish, she was asked what kind of Bible she wanted. "Any kind," she replied, "that has in it John 3. 16." Purchasing the precious Book, she entered her carriage, read the chapter over and over, believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was *saved*. Tears of mingled sorrow and gladness ran down her cheeks, and she repeated the wonderful words of life to her astonished fellow-passengers. When she reached the house of her companion in sin, she rushed into his room crying, "Oh, Charlie, I'm saved." Startled by the unexpected announcement, he told her she was insane. "No," she responded, "I have been insane all my life, but, thank God, I am so no longer." She read to him her text, and informed him that their shameful relation to each other must cease from that moment.

At first he treated her strange state of mind as a passing excitement, an unaccountable frenzy, but he at length passionately exclaimed that he loved her, that he could not and would not give her up, and that he would immediately marry her. "No," she answered, guided by her new-born instinct, "I cannot marry you until you become a Christian."

She took her paramour to hear C. H. Spurgeon, that faithful servant of God, and then they went together to listen to the Word of Life from the lips of J. Denham Smith. It pleased the Lord to bless the Gospel clearly, simply, and fully presented by His honoured witnesses, for the conversion of the dissolute young man; and from that time to this he and his wife, both rescued from the lowest degradation into the depths of which they were equally plunged, have lived to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things" (Titus 2. 10).

May many a great sinner who reads this story be led to confidently say: "GOD LOVED—GOD GAVE—I BELIEVE—I HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE."

N. B.

THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON."



THE foundering of the s.s. *London* happened in the Bay of Biscay on Thursday, 11th January, 1866, when over two hundred and twenty men, women, and children were hurried into eternity. When the captain told the passengers there was no hope of saving the ship, there was no shrieking, but all seemed to submit quietly to their impending doom. Mothers clasped their infants to their bosoms. Fathers gathered their children together. Husbands and wives embraced. Friend said farewell to friend before they parted for ever in this world. Only one boat, the port cutter, was left—all the others had been stove

The Loss of the "London."

in—and this was given in charge of the second engineer. Sixteen seamen and three passengers got into her, and these were the only ones saved out of the sinking ship. We are told that as the boat was pulled away from the vessel a lady, bareheaded, with dishevelled hair, and horror depicted on her face, called aloud, "A thousand guineas for a place in the boat!" but it was too late! too late!! the boat was full, it could hold no more, and the lady went down with the wreck.

The *London* catastrophe must have been an awful one to witness. A sinking ship with over two hundred people perishing in her, and only one little boat as a means of escape. It was impossible to save more than the boat could carry; nay! the lady could not buy a place even for a thousand guineas. What a different picture this to the eternal salvation that God has provided for sinners. The word of grace goes forth to all: "*Whosoever* will, may come."

Sound it forth to all the world that God's salvation is without money and without price (Rev. 22. 17). Our blessed Lord Jesus has paid, by His own precious blood, the full redemption price that was demanded by our righteous, holy, and just God. The penalty of sin was death; therefore He laid down the life that His Father had given Him, and met the awful doom of the sinner on the cross. "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him." We can never fathom the depth of those deep, deep sufferings He endured, when all the billows of God's fearful wrath against sin went over Him, and when the dark waters of death went in upon His soul. Like Noah's ark, He was engulfed in the waves of judgment; but also like the ark going through the judgment, it found a resting-place on the Mount; so the blessed Saviour having passed through death, is now the raised and exalted One, with the name given Him which is above every name, and is seated at God's right hand, having found a place of rest on the Father's throne. He is there not only as a Prince, but also as a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins to all who come to Him. Friend, can I prevail upon you to come and accept Him as your Saviour, and in Him you will have this perfect salvation. When the Father's house shall have been filled, then *the door will be shut*—the boat will have left the sinking ship. You may offer your ten thousand guineas for a seat then. But 'twill be too late! Oh, enter *now*. G. S. J.

HOW MANY RELIGIONS ARE THERE?

— OR, —

IS IT ESSENTIAL THAT SOMETHING MERITORIOUS
BE DONE, FELT, OR EXPERIENCED?



HINDOO WITH LEG TWISTED AROUND HIS NECK.

"The Hindoo measures the ground with his body, and makes long pilgrimages, contorts his form into all shapes, to make satisfaction for his sins. The Mohammedan prays to 'Allah,' expecting to obtain forgiveness for his prayers."

HOW MANY RELIGIONS ARE THERE?



HE answer to this interesting question is very simple. "There are only two religions in the world—the true and the false. All phases of false religion are alike. They all say: '*Something* in my hand I bring'—the only difference between them being as to what the '*something*' is. The true religion says: '*Nothing* in my hand I bring'."

How true are these words. Cyclopædias tell us that there are hundreds of sects and parties, and yet after all there are but two "religions"—the human and the Divine. As one has aptly expressed it: Man's religion is a religion of two letters—Do; whilst God's religion is a religion of four letters—DONE.

All false religions set men working, praying, giving, or renouncing to *merit* God's favour. Jacob's words to Esau express this thought: "I will *appease* him with the *present* that goeth before me, and *afterward* I will see his face; peradventure he will accept of me" (Genesis 32. 20). God does not need to be "appeased" by our "presents" or gifts. You don't need to "plead" with Him to be reconciled to you. Even now He is beseeching *you* to be reconciled to Him. "As though GOD DID BESEECH YOU by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD" (2 Cor. 5. 20). Because of Christ's work, God can righteously bestow forgiveness on ungodly sinners who believe in His Son. He will not accept anyone on the ground of *his* doings.

The unsaved cannot do "good works." Their purest acts and holiest deeds are in God's reckoning but "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6). Why, then, attempt to *purchase* salvation when God says it is a free gift? (Eph. 2. 8, 9; Rom. 6. 23). Yet, alas! this is what multitudes are doing. The Hindoo measures the ground with his body, and makes long pilgrimages, contorts his form into all shapes, to make satisfaction for his sins. The Mohammedan prays to "Allah," expecting to obtain forgiveness for his prayers. The Roman Catholic confesses to the priest and obeys the laws of the Church, hoping to be rewarded hereafter for his faithfulness. The unsaved Protestant expects to be "all right at last" by "doing the best he can." How many and how varied are the "opinions" of fallible men as to God's way of pardon. All, however, agree in this, that *something meritorious* must be *done, felt, or experienced* by them ere forgiveness can be

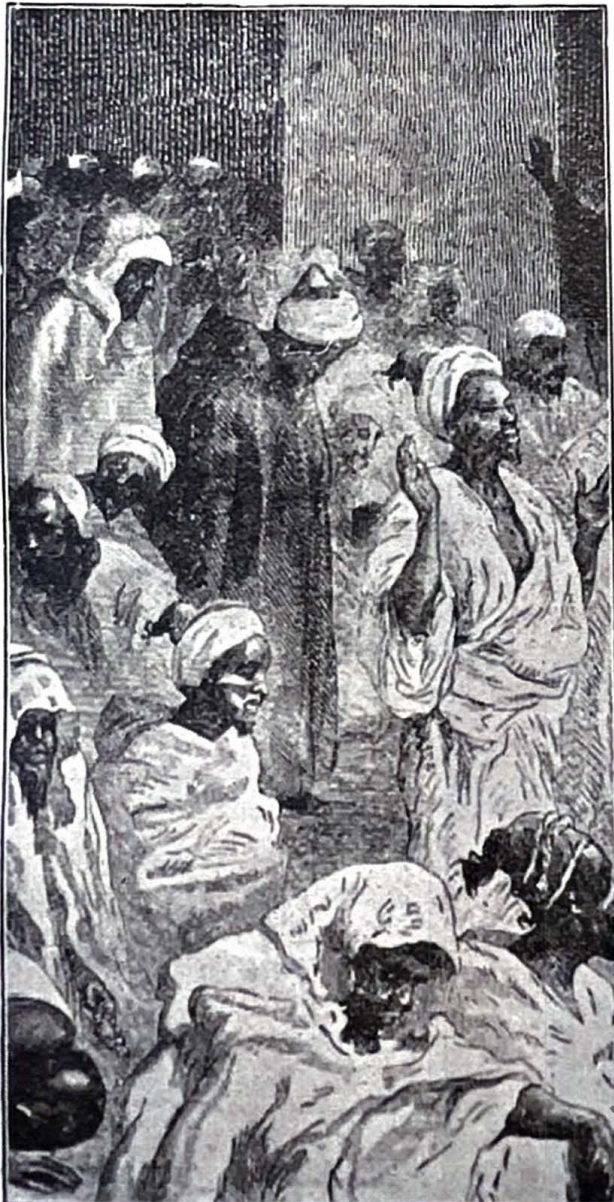
How Many Religions are there?

obtained. This surely proves that man's false religion is that something must be brought in the sinner's hand in order to his acceptance with God.

The *true* "religion," however, is entirely different. "Nothing in my hand I bring" is its motto. When "born again" the language of the believer is—

"I would not work my soul to save—
That work my Lord has done—
But I would work like any slave
From love to God's dear Son."

Which "religion" does the reader belong to—to the true or the false, to the human or Divine? Is your "religion"



THE MOHAMMEDAN PRAYS TO ALLAH.

one of two letters or one of four? You cannot by *your* efforts blot out a single sin, and "God requireth that which is past" (Eccles. 3. 15). Salvation is all of grace, "and if by grace, then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. 11. 6). Come to Christ *as you are*, without any other qualification than that *you are a sinner*. Come to Him *empty handed* and accept of salvation present, full, and free through faith in His precious Blood. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." A.M.

THE AMERICAN FARMER'S STORY.

WOULD I mind telling how it came about? Why, I am glad to do it. There is nothing I like better. It is a good while ago now. That young man you see working over there in the field was a baby in arms at that time, and he was 28 last spring. So that makes it 27 years this summer since the Lord brought me to Himself. It came about in this way. Some of us thought it would be a good thing if we had a temperance society in these parts, and could get the young men to join it. We couldn't see that in spite of our "temperance" we might be on the wrong track—for heaven—ourselves.

Well, we got our society, and met in the school-house, and everything went well. By-and-by we decided to build a hall, and in due time it was finished. Then, as there was no meeting-house nearer than five or six miles, we proposed to get a preacher to give us a sermon once a week. But we had poor success. One day a young man from the city came to visit a friend in this neighbourhood, and as he was a Christian he asked what there was in the way of meetings around here. They told him we had a place to preach in, but no preacher. He at once volunteered to speak to us the following Sunday if it would be agreeable. We were all willing, and so he began what turned out to be a series of meetings lasting six weeks. It was haying and harvesting time, but it was amazing how the people came out to those meetings. Some of the folk drove five miles and more to hear that young fellow.

Well, sir, from the first prayer that first night I knew I wasn't right. I felt there was a man who had something I knew nothing about. It was different from anything I had ever heard, and it made me feel very uneasy. I'll never forget his subject either. It was about Nicodemus coming to Jesus by night. We read of it in the third chapter of John. Here was a prince among good men, and to him the Lord Jesus had said, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." Our young preacher did not mince matters. He wasn't much of a speaker, and hadn't much polish about him. But his words were earnest, and more than one of us went home that night feeling uneasy.

The time went on. I had been at most of the meetings, and the Word took hold of me, but I hated to admit that with all my morality and sobriety I was just a lost sinner, needing to be saved as though I was one of the worst of

The American Farmer's Story.

them. In one way and another I tried to shake it off, and sometimes I stayed home from meeting, hoping the trouble would wear off. But I found it was no use.

The Gospel we heard was simple enough. But you know that solemn Scripture: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God,



"SUDDENLY, FOR SOME REASON, THE HORSES CAME TO A STANDSTILL."

should shine unto them" (2 Cor. 4. 3, 4). That seemed to be the way with me. I can look back now, and see he preached the truth clear enough, but I couldn't "see" it then, because like many now my mind was being blinded to the Gospel by the devil. For instance, I heard that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). But I could not see anything in it for me.

And so it went on till the meetings ended. I'll never

The American Farmer's Story.

forget the last night. It was a very solemn meeting, and I went home feeling awfully sad. For six weeks I had heard the Gospel almost nightly. Others had been saved. I was not—I was left—for what? Hell, with its wrath and judgment, seemed to be right before me. I spent a bad night, sleeping but little. About five o'clock I must have fallen into a dose, for I remember being startled as I heard the rattle of my neighbour's old "buck-board" buggy coming down the hill, and clattering over the loose boards of the old wooden bridge yonder. I jumped out of bed and pulled aside the window shade, and there, just climbing the hill on the other side of the creek, was the old gray mare, and in the "buck-board" behind her sat my neighbour and his guest the young preacher. He was taking him to the train. I watched them out of sight, then with a heavy heart turned and dressed myself. It seemed to me as if all was gone now. God had sent His Gospel. It had been faithfully preached. I had neglected my opportunity, and I had just seen the messenger leave—probably never to return again! I was busy with my fall ploughing just then, and that forenoon, as I walked up and down the field after the plough, I pondered over my sad condition. There seemed no ray of hope in it. Suddenly, for some reason, the horses came to a standstill. I did not start them up again, but settling myself on the plough handles I bewailed my state. All at once a Scripture I had long known and heard more than once preached from came to my mind: "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). And on the back of that came another: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Why," I almost cried out, "the meetings are over, the preacher is gone, but God is still saving sinners; the day of grace is not yet past!" I saw now my mistake. I had been looking in the wrong direction. God was pointing me to Christ, who had been lifted up for me, a sinner. And there in the field, without an effort, I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved. Ah, that was a glorious time! I could not help telling everybody I met. I have had my trials since then, and my life has been full of failure; but He has proved faithful, and shall yet present me, and all whom He has saved, faultless in His presence with exceeding joy (Jude 24). Let me ask, Are you certain your soul is saved? T. D. W. M.

THE TESTIMONY OF A YOUNG MAN.



ANDREW MORRISON, WHOSE STORY IS HERE GIVEN.

IT must have been about the beginning of 1904 that the Holy Spirit of God commenced to strive with me, as I remember being at a concert in Paisley and I did not get any real satisfaction. I was not a swearer; I was not a drunkard; I was not a wild young man; but although there was not much outward sin in my life, God alone knew the blackness of my heart.

In the month of February God spoke very plainly to me and showed me my true condition before Him. I could not do my work right for thinking about my soul, and I did not go out at night but moped about the house until my friends began to observe that there was something wrong. I remember going out one night just to please my mother.

The Testimony of a Young Man.

It was dark and the wind was rising. I only walked a short distance and the Spirit gave me a full view of myself. I stopped at a gate and breathed the publican's prayer: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I started to go to meetings in the Wilson Street Hall, Renfrew. I came away in the dark the first night, but I was back again on Saturday, and kept going to meetings, but still I was blind. One Saturday night after the meeting was over I determined to go up to see Mr. Colquhoun, the speaker. I asked him to help me in my difficulty. He was very kind, and turned up promise after promise in the Bible, explaining that all I had to do was to "believe" in Christ. I seemed to be all right for a day or two. In fact, when asked if I saw the light I said yes, and if I had assurance, I said yes. But it was a delusion of the devil, for I had *not* been "born again."

About this time Mr. M'Cormick spoke to me in the shipyard. I was standing on the blocks watching some men setting angles when he came forward and asked me how I was getting on. I said I was not getting on very well, being at the time in ill-health. He was very sympathetic, and invited me to his house. On the 15th of June, Mr. M'Cormick gave me a little book entitled "God's Way of Salvation."* When I got home I read it. It was very simple, and dealt with my difficulties about "repentance" and "loving God." They seemed to clear away as I read it; and then, about the middle of the book, I found what I wanted. It was the page that dealt with "believing about" and "believing on." I saw that all I had to do was to believe that Jesus died on account of my sins; I believed in Him and found peace. That was my difficulty; I did not know what to believe. A verse that was helpful to me after I believed was Romans 4. 3: "For what saith the Scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." I put myself in Abraham's place and said, I believe, and therefore it must be counted unto me for righteousness. Then the whole plan of salvation was revealed to me. I saw that, by believing on Christ, my sins were forgiven, and that righteousness was "imputed" unto me. Jesus is my Saviour, Jesus only, and His grace is sufficient for me. I would that I had more love for Him in return for what He has done for me.

A. M—N.

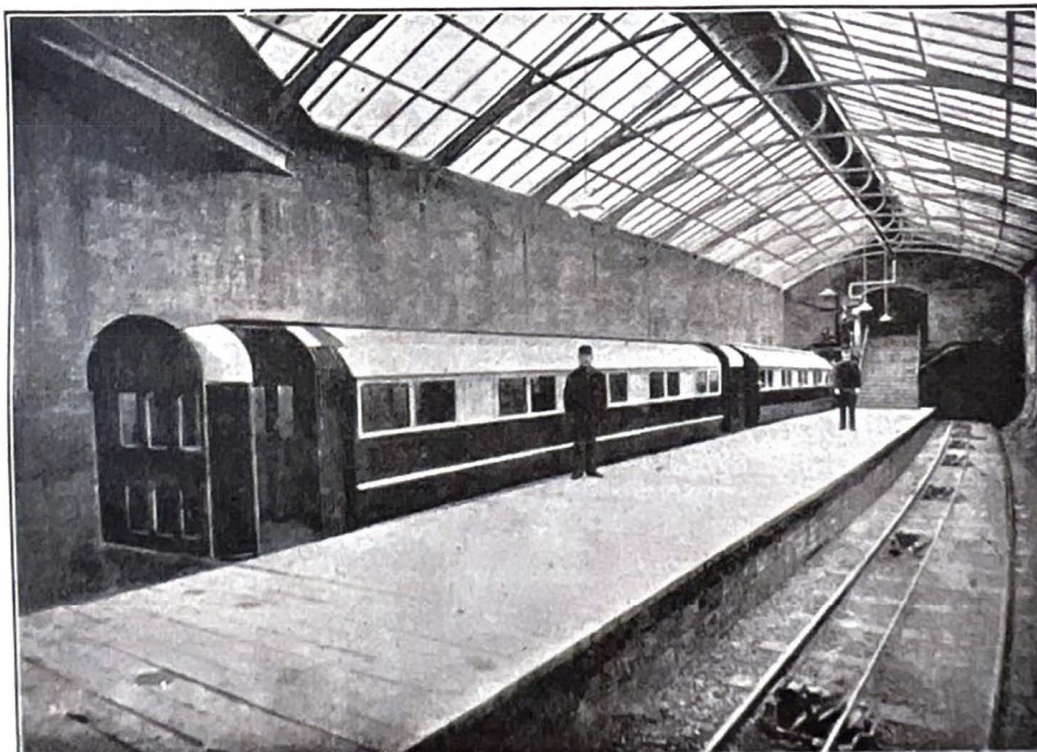
* **GOD'S WAY OF SALVATION:** Clearly set forth by Illustration, Comparison, and Contrast. By Alex. Marshall. 900,000 issued. 6d. per dozen, post free.

SAVED IN THE SUBWAY:

A STRIKING STORY OF A RECENT CONVERSION.



ST. ENOCH STATION—CHIEF STATION OF GLASGOW DISTRICT SUBWAY.



CARS IN COPLAND ROAD STATION, SHOWING CABLE AND TUNNEL.

SAVED IN THE SUBWAY.

NEARLY everyone who resides in or around Glasgow is familiar with the GLASGOW DISTRICT SUBWAY, the first underground passenger cable railway in the world. The Subway, which is $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, is practically two endless cylinders 11 feet in diameter at an average of 29 feet beneath the surface, opening into one large tube, with an island platform at each of the 15 stations at various points round the city. After exhaustive investigations in Britain and America, the cable system was adopted as most suitable and economical. Each cable is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch diameter, and 36,300 feet, or $6\frac{7}{8}$ miles all in one length, made up of six strands laid on a hemp centre cord, about 600 miles of steel wire being used in the manufacture of each cable.

Thousands of people per week, on business and pleasure bent, regularly patronise the Subway, finding it a rapid means of transit from one part of the city to another; but we do not often hear of any of its travellers having an experience such as that which befell COLIN MACLEOD about two o'clock on the 10th of February, 1905. When—but we shall just let him relate in his own words what happened:

"Sometime about the middle of June, 1901, I left Stornoway in a Glasgow-bound steamer. I had come to the age when young lads begin to think it time to look after themselves, so I decided to come to Glasgow. The scene comes vividly to my mind yet, how on leaving home my dear mother shed many tears, and my father, who is a preacher of the Gospel in a village near Stornoway, gave me solemn warnings and sober advice. They wished me to remember that their prayers would be sent up day and night to the Throne of Grace on my behalf. Though I was sad, still I felt a good deal of pride that I had been left to my own responsibility. I never thought for a moment of leaving myself in the care of the Almighty and trusting myself in His hands. I reached Glasgow on a Saturday, and I shall never forget the repugnance I felt when I saw men, like beasts, lying on the ground in a state of intoxication. Fresh from home, these things shocked me, and I felt homesick. The moral influence of my upbringing at first had a restraining effect on me; but gradually I came to that stage when anything in the form of sin gave me pleasure. Without being too expressive, the stage I had reached may be understood by the remark of a former companion. 'Well,' he said, 'when *you* are saved, I think there's hope for *me*.'

"However, God saw fit in His mercy to look down on me,

Saved in the Subway.

who had blasphemed His Name so often. I had been hearing of the Welsh Revival, of a wave of blessing at Kinning Park, and of other places where God was making Himself manifest. I thought of many who were being swept into the Kingdom in the flood-tide of grace, and how I might be left stranded. And then 'a still, small voice' began to whisper in my heart, 'Won't *you* come too?' I strove hard against that voice, and I am thankful to God for His longsuffering that, on my first refusal of His wondrous Gift—the Lord Jesus—He did not leave me altogether. For two or three days a struggle ensued. Satan, on the one hand, whispered, 'Look what you will lose. What about all your pleasures? Are you going to give them up?' Christ, on the other hand, held out everlasting life and pleasures for evermore. But even then Satan did not give up the contest. He whispered again, 'Not just now: wait till to-night.' And then a voice seemed to thunder in my heart, 'Do it now. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' At this moment I was travelling in the Glasgow District Subway, returning to business, and although surrounded by passengers, and my ears filled with the familiar whirr of the Subway, I was not disobedient to the heavenly voice, but in great anxiety of soul, knowing that if I died as I was I would be lost for ever, I thought of the wondrous love which gave Jesus to die in my room and stead, and sitting in the Subway car I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my own Saviour, and found His Word true: 'But as many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe* on His Name' (John 1. 12). I believed, I received, and I was saved.

"About the worldly pleasures! I have weighed them against the pleasure I have derived from being in Christ, and I find these worldly pleasures are wanting—in pleasure. Since I decided for Christ I have found a peace which the world could never give, and I rejoice in the knowledge that He who has saved me will also keep me, for He has said, 'I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand'" (John 10. 28).

No matter whether *you* are at this moment travelling in the Subway, sitting at your fireside, or following your daily employment, to you God also says: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Will you, therefore, embrace the opportunity and take the Lord Jesus to be *your* Saviour now, and so from this moment enter into possession of everlasting life? (John 5. 24). D. I. S.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE BIBLE.



NO name is better known, and no portrait is more familiar wherever Scotsmen dwell on the face of the earth, than that of Sir Walter Scott. His "Waverley Novels" have found their way into every corner of the world, and been translated into every language of importance. His "poetical works" have been sung and recited wherever civilised language is used. Yet though he made his name and won enduring fame by

fiction, it did not even suffice for himself in his last moments, for, shattered in fortune and health, he turned at last to *fact*—the great facts of the Word of God.

Lying in lovely Abbotsford during his last illness, he said to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, "Bring me the Book." "What book?" asked Mr. Lockhart. "There is but *one* Book," replied the famous author. "Read to me out of the Bible." And he was right, for whatever may seem to satisfy during life, "God and the Word of His grace" alone can satisfy in death and in eternity, "and as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27), it is well to be prepared for the day of reckoning. Works of fiction may do to waste the moments of Time; words of truth and grace alone can prepare for the myriad moments of Eternity. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." Let into your heart the glorious truth that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Put your name into the all-embrasive "whosoever," and you will be saved.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever," therefore remember the dying testimony of Sir Walter Scott, "There is but *one* Book"—read it and believe it, and you will be right for Time and right for Eternity.

HYP.

THE SYDNEY CLERK AND HIS CHUMS.



"THREE DAYS AFTERWARDS HE CALLED UPON ME."

"PUT out the lights." That was the signal for us to make for the door. We had been having a fine young men's meeting. As we went out we shook hands with a young fellow. This was the first of our meetings he had attended, having kept shy of us hitherto, and he seemed in a hurry to get away homeward. As our quarters lay in the same direction, he and I stole off together arm-in-arm. He seemed changed in manner, and I felt sure that God had spoken to his heart during the meeting as we got into conversation. "It's no use, I can't become a Christian, I dare not become a Christian; why, my chums would all cut me, and at the office I would be chaffed out of my life. I do wish I was saved, but it's no use; I tell you I can't." So he spoke, and the words came earnestly from his heart. He had come

The Sydney Clerk and his Chums.

to the "short grips" with the enemy, and the contest was fierce. "My dear fellow," I said, taking his hand, "I sympathise with you; it *seems hard* for you to serve Christ, and it is not nice to be laughed at by old friends; but Stephen, think of the consequences of your decision to-night; if you choose Christ as your Saviour and Lord, you may have to give up a few of your present pleasures, and perhaps stand a little being laughed at by your present companions; but if you say 'No!' to Christ, and reject the pleadings of the Holy Spirit with you, your doom may now be sealed, and there is a day coming when the Great God will laugh at your calamity when your fear cometh. Oh, Stephen, risk a few rough jokes and silly sneers, play the man, and by God's offered grace choose everlasting life." We were now standing still, and God above could see us as the battle in my friend's heart raged fiercely, and his eyes were full of hot tears. At last, squeezing my hand, he said: "Pray for me, then, O pray for me, and do not tell any of this conversation until I see you again," and then quickly he hastened home.

Three days after this he called upon me, but before that the angels of God in heaven had sung over him an anthem of joy. The struggle had ceased now, the storm had been stilled, and my dear friend Stephen was at peace—such a peace as he had never known before.

Coming into my room, he told me all about it—about locking his door that night lest anyone should see him; how late into the night he read his Bible, and a little book called "Believing and Living." Then, how most suddenly he saw the full, simple, glorious truth—Christ dying instead of the sinner, nothing of good works *to do* to be saved, salvation at once by simply *believing* in Jesus; and then how, looking to Jesus, the weight went off his heart, and he felt himself a new man, with a new object in life. Alone we knelt together, and thanked God for having taken us into His blessed family. The chaffing at the office was not so bad as he expected, although when the change was discovered by his altered life, he by no means got off "scot" free; but the knowledge and support of a living and ever present Saviour more than counterbalanced that.

Are you prepared for such a change as that? Time is short. Eternity is nearing! Answer to the God who made you, who gave His Son to die for you, who waits to be gracious to you: WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? J. W.

PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.



IN the winter of 1870 a strolling company of theatricals entered a quiet little town in the East of England to hold some entertainments. A school-room having been secured, the various members of the company scattered themselves through the town in order to dispose of their tickets. Jackson, one of their number, a young man of twenty-two, was the child of very respectable Christian parents, his father being an earnest Christian worker, belonging to the medical profession. On leaving school a situation was obtained for him in a house of business in the city of London. Several of his friends and relatives being medical students, he spent his evening hours with them in the theatre, concert-room, and casino. Frequently it was

Pleasures for Evermore.

near the midnight hour when he reached home, and it became evident to the watchful eye of his godly mother—his father having died when he was seventeen years old—that he was keeping company with persons whose society he should have shunned. He became so passionately fond of the stage that he resolved he would adopt it as his profession. He received lessons in acting, and studied Shakespeare with great perseverance. Ultimately he obtained an engagement with a company then in a town in one of the eastern counties.

In the course of their wanderings they came to a town where a Christian surgeon, known to the writer, resides. Jackson called at his house and asked to see the “master,” with the purpose of selling him some tickets. The doctor patiently listened to what he had to say, and then asked the following question: “Supposing I went, what would I get?” “You would enjoy yourself.” “But what about to-morrow, when the enjoyment is over?” “Oh! we are to be here the next night also.” “And after that?” “We are to be the whole week.” “But what after the week’s pleasure is gone?” Jackson was silent, for he now understood what the gentlemen meant. “Ah,” said the doctor, “I have PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE; yours only last for a short time, and leave a sting behind them.”

The words went home to Jackson’s heart and conscience. Scenes of bygone days were recalled—his father, now in the glory, his mother’s prayers and pleadings, his own folly and shame. Unable to restrain his feelings, he burst into tears, and said, “You talk like my father, who is now in heaven.”

The doctor became deeply interested in the welfare of the young actor, and earnestly besought the Lord to save him. In subsequent interviews he perceived that Jackson had no conception of God’s way of salvation. He supposed that he required to become good before God would save him. He was shown that the prodigal was received in his rags, and that Jehovah was desiring to save him as he was, on the ground of Christ’s finished work. The doctor invited him to dinner on the Lord’s Day; and after conversation, they went to a gospel meeting together. On returning, he pressed on Jackson the importance of immediate decision for Christ. The light from the Cross of Calvary shone in on his darkened soul, and that night another name was recorded in heaven. The widow’s heart was made glad to learn that her son was saved from a life of sin and shame, and saved unto eternal glory, to enjoy the pleasures at God’s right hand “for evermore.”

A. M.

THE ONLY QUESTION;

— OR, —

"I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING, PAY ANYTHING, OR SUFFER ANYTHING
IF I COULD BE SAVED TO-NIGHT."



EVERYONE BELIEVED HER TO BE AN EARNEST CHRISTIAN."

"It terrified her to find out that, with all her knowledge of the Word, she had never been brought into living contact with the Saviour, and that she was travelling respectably, religiously, and blindly down the clean road that ends in despair."

THE ONLY QUESTION.



VERY one who knew Miss West believed her to be an earnest Christian, and certainly there was much in her disposition and her character to confirm them in their opinion. She was amiable and kind, diligent in prayer, Bible reading, church going, and other religious observances, and in many ways tried to cheer and help those whose lot in life was less favourable than her own. The Scriptures were received by her as the very Word of God, and everything in them about the Saviour (as far as she knew their teaching concerning Him) was not only held, but would have been contended for had need arisen.

Miss West had godly relations, and quite believed that she and they were journeying together to the land where there is fulness of joy, and where there are pleasures for evermore. But one night there came a terrible yet merciful awakening. As the Gospel was being proclaimed in the power of the Spirit, our friend was led to see that, with all she had, *the one thing needful* was lacking. She began to see herself as an utterly undone soul without any merit or plea to bring to her Maker. All her best works began to appear as of no more value than filthy rags, for they had been but the fruit of an amiable disposition, and not the outcome of love to God and His Christ. It terrified her to find out that, with all her knowledge of the Word, she had never been brought into living contact with the Saviour, and that she was amongst those of whom she had often heard who were travelling respectably, religiously, and blindly down the clean road that ends in despair.

It would be true wisdom on the part of thousands of similar people to examine thoroughly the ground of their hope for glory. In the Scriptures which plainly speak of *the very days in which we are living*, we are told of many who have "the form of godliness" but lack the reality; of some who "*profess* that they know God," but who give the lie to their profession by their lives; and of others who "have a *name* to live but are dead." Yes, it is sadly possible to be outwardly like a Christian, to think we are possessors while we are but professors, and to be looked upon as "alive unto God," and yet all the time to be "dead in trespasses and sins."

Happily Miss West did not, as so many do, resist these truths as they were pressed upon her by the Spirit of God, but as soon as the meeting was over hastened to a relative

The Only Question.

and surprised him by exclaiming, "Oh, cousin, I have found out that I am not a Christian; but I would give anything, pay or suffer anything, if only I could be saved to-night!"

Her relative was a wise man. Instead of seeking to persuade her that she was troubled unnecessarily, he discerned the hand of God in the matter and replied: "You are too late, my dear cousin, to do, pray, or suffer *anything*. Did not the Saviour say, 'It is *finished*'?" "Yes, O yes," she cried. "Then if *He* finished the work, what is there left for you to *do*? And there is nothing for you to *pay*, for all the debt of love was settled by the redemption price paid upon Calvary. As for *suffering*, is it not written that 'Christ hath *once* suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God'?" (1 Peter 3. 18). Justice is satisfied with what has been done, paid, and suffered, and now the only question is, *What will you do with Him who has done all, paid all, and suffered all for you?*" Then the scales fell from the hitherto blinded eyes. Miss West looked away from herself and her own doings to the once crucified but now risen Saviour, and saw as never before why He had died. Gladly and without hesitation she answered, "Why, the least I can do is to take Him as my own dear Saviour, and I do so now." Immediately the burden was gone. Christ had taken the place of religion. By faith He was trusted as the great and all-sufficient Substitute, and salvation came to the one who had so short a time before found out she was without Him.

Years have rolled away, but Miss West still manifests by her life the reality of her conversion. Good works are still her delight, but they now spring from a higher motive, and she has a peace which increases as she grows in the knowledge of her Father's righteousness, and deepens as she apprehends more of His grace and love.

Are *you* sure that you have Christ as your own personal Saviour? You may have done much that Christians do, but have you been convicted of sin by the holy Spirit of God, and been led as a helpless one to the pierced feet of the Lord Jesus Christ? If you are not *sure* that you have been "born again" (John 3. 3, 7), give your soul the benefit of the doubt. Before it is for ever too late, get away from any refuge of lies (Prov. 28. 15) in which you may have been resting, and creep as a worm to Him who in love and mercy has pledged Himself never to cast out such comers (John 6. 37) but to give them pardon, life, and rest. W. H. S.

BROWNLOW NORTH'S CONVERSION.



BROWNLOW NORTH, A NOTED SCOTTISH REVIVALIST.

FORTY years ago Mr. Brownlow North was well known in Scotland as a successful soul-winner. Up till the age of 44 he was a "stranger to the grace of God." Though the son of a Church of England clergyman and the grandson of a bishop, he lived a gay and godless life, and was well known as a leader in sin and folly. When 44 years old he was deeply convicted of sin. We give the story of his awakening as told by himself to a number of students in 1862: "It pleased God," he said, "in the month of November, 1854, one night when I was sitting playing at cards, to make me concerned about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness

Brownlow North's Conversion.

which led me to think I was going to die. I said to my son, 'I am a dead man; take me upstairs.' As soon as this was done I threw myself down on my bed. My first thought then was, 'Now, what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few moments I will be in hell, and what good will all these things do me for which I have sold my soul?' At that moment I felt constrained to pray, but it was merely the prayer of a coward—a cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet still there was something trying to prevent me putting myself on my knees to call for mercy, and that was the presence of the maidservant in the room lighting the fire. Though I did not believe at that time that I had ten minutes to live, and I knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, and that if I did not seek that mercy I need not expect to have it, yet such was the nature of my heart and of my spirit within me that it was a balance with me—a thing to turn this way or that, I could not tell how—whether I should wait till that woman left the room or whether I should fall on my knees and call for mercy in her presence. By the grace of God I did put myself on my knees in the presence of that girl, and I believe it was the turning point with me."

Next day he announced to his friends that his life was changed. He began family prayers, diligently read the Bible, and became a changed man. But, alas! the "change" he experienced was NOT THE GREAT CHANGE OF CONVERSION TO GOD. Brownlow North was convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit, but *conviction is not conversion*. His life was completely reformed, but reformation is not regeneration. The Lord Jesus declares that "Except a man be BORN AGAIN *he cannot see the kingdom of God*" (John 3. 3). Brownlow North had not yet been regenerated by the Holy Spirit. Because ignorant of God's way of peace, he strove to obtain the pardoning mercy of God. He did not then know that God was *beseeking him* to accept of forgiveness and be reconciled to Him (2 Cor. 5. 19, 21). For months he "wrestled" and "strove" to obtain salvation, not knowing that God was completely and perfectly satisfied on account of sin through the work which Christ accomplished on Calvary's Cross.

One night in deep soul trouble he rose from his bed, and

Brownlow North's Conversion.

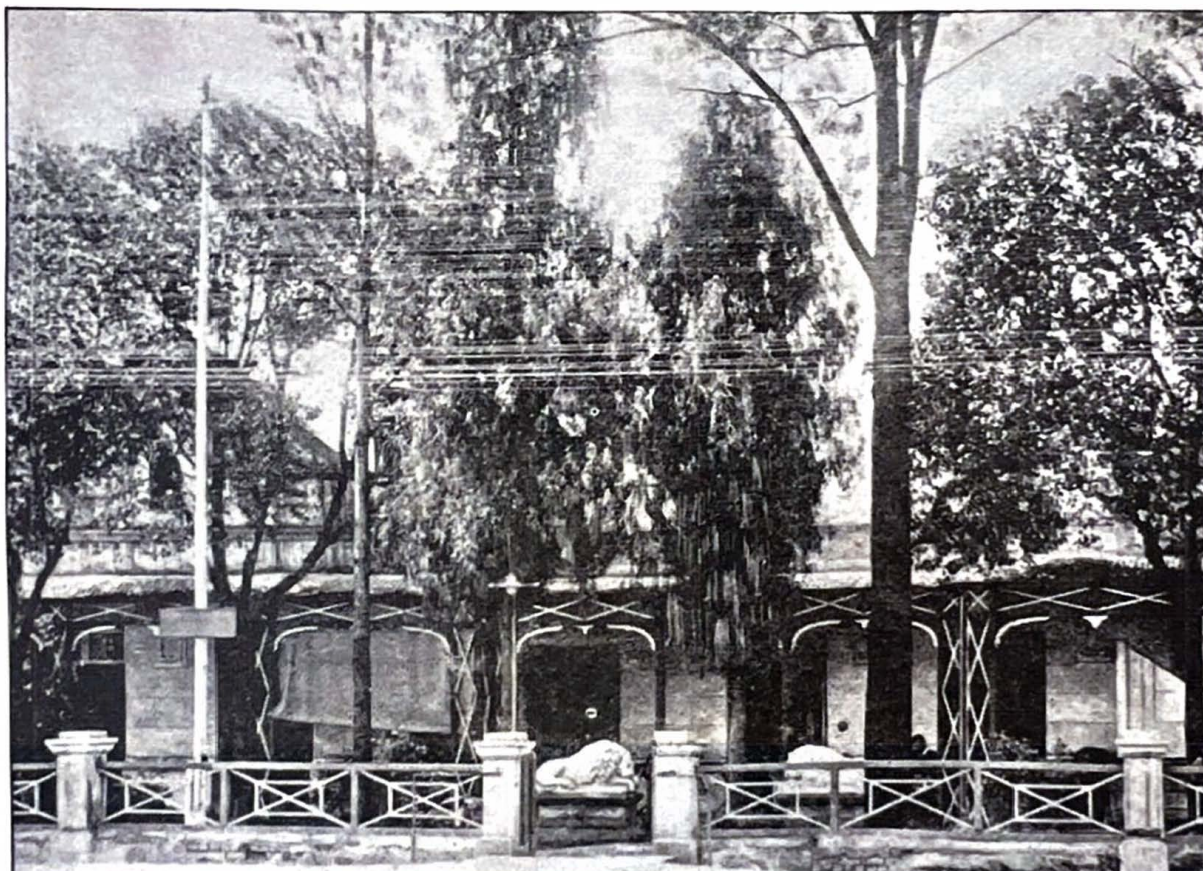
opening his Bible read a portion of the third chapter of the epistle to the Romans. As he read the twentieth and following verses light began to break in on his darkened spirit. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." How, then, could he be justified? If *his* deeds could not justify him, of what use were his prayers and tears? Then he read the wondrous life-giving words: "But now the righteousness of God *without the law* is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of (or in) Jesus Christ *unto all* and *upon all them that believe*, for there is no difference." The light of the glorious Gospel streamed into his soul. "Striking my Book with my hand," he said, "and springing from my chair, I cried, 'If that Scripture is true I am a saved man. That is what I want; that is what God offers me; that is what I have.' God helping me, it was that I took: the *righteousness of God without the law*. It is my only hope."

If the reader is trying to reach heaven through "good works," prayers, sacraments, vows, or resolutions, he is terribly mistaken. God's Word declares that the best acts done by the unsaved are utterly valueless in His sight. "All *our righteousnesses* are as filthy rags" (Isaiah 64. 6). God has provided a righteousness which is *unto all* and *upon all them that believe*. It is obtained through faith in Christ's glorious atonement. The work which He accomplished on Calvary has fully satisfied the Divine claims. God is satisfied with what Christ did for you, and He wants you to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). Give up all attempts to *merit* the favour of God. Cease being occupied with your "feelings" and "realisings," and look to the Lord Jesus Christ groaning, bleeding, and dying for you (Isaiah 53. 5). "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be *ye* RECONCILED TO GOD. For *He hath made Him to be sin for us*, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 20, 21). The moment you believe on Christ as your own personal Saviour you are clothed with a righteousness of God's own providing, and you will be able to say with Martin Luther, the great Reformer, "As CHRIST IS BEFORE GOD, SO AM I IN CHRIST."

A. M.

THE MARBLE LIONS.

WHILE on a visit to Pretoria, in the early part of 1904, I was staying at the house which was once the residence of Mr. Kruger. An unpretentious one-storey building, with a narrow verandah or stoep skirting it in the front, there is little to distinguish it from the other buildings in the same street. It may be easily recognised, however, by the two famous lions, sculptured in marble, the gift of the late Barney Barnato to the ex-President. There they remain,



FORMER RESIDENCE OF MR. KRUGER AT PRETORIA.

like sentries at the gate, though their late owner no longer sits on the stoep behind them. It is said that the two lions were meant to be symbolical of two statesmen. The one, with its eyes fast closed, and its whole attitude suggestive of deep sleep, was intended to represent a dull, heavy, unobservant character; the other, the very picture of alertness, aptly represented the keen, quick-witted up-to-date man who saw things with a clearness denied his less wide-awake rival.

But there are others, besides the two statesmen, whose condition is strikingly illustrated by the attitude of the

The Marble Lions.

marble lions. There are those who, with regard to eternal things, are wide awake. They realise that their life on earth is, after all, but a very small portion of their existence, and they live in view of the nearing Eternity. Their eyes have been opened to see that their sins had exposed them to terrible danger, and that unless they were cleansed and forgiven, heaven's gates would be for ever closed against them. They have fled to Christ for refuge, and have been justified from their guilt by His blood. Happy people! Wide awake to all that makes life worth living, and eternity worth looking forward to!

But countless thousands are still fast asleep in their sins. They know not their peril. They dream not of danger. They glide gaily down the stream of life, never asking themselves on what shore they will land at last. Are you one of these? Wide awake you may be to all that concerns your earthly interests, sharp and shrewd in business matters, keen in the enjoyment of life's pleasures; but I ask you, with reference to the higher interests of your never-dying soul, *Are you awake or asleep?*

If you are awake to the seriousness of the things of which I speak, then let me tell you of this Saviour. God is too holy and too righteous to pass over your sins without atonement being made for them. The punishment that they deserve must fall upon someone—either upon yourself or Another. In order that the stroke of judgment might not fall upon you, God in His great goodness gave His Son to be the Sin-bearer. At Calvary the stroke fell upon Him. It need, therefore, never fall upon you. If you put your trust in Him Who died for you, God will forgive you and save you; for Jesus has not only died, but has risen again, and through Him God offers pardon and peace to “all that believe.” Even as you read these lines you may look up and say, “Lord, I believe!” If your heart says the words, it is enough, for the Word of Truth declares that “by Him all that believe are justified from all things” (Acts 13. 39).

Permit me to ring in your ears the question that started Jonah from his slumbers, “What meanest Thou, O sleeper? Arise, and call upon thy God.” You will find that He is far more ready to bestow His blessing than even the most earnest amongst us is to receive it. Awake from your slumbers, admit your guilt, accept the Christ of God, and you will be saved with an everlasting salvation. H. P. B.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

ON THE CANADIAN ROCKIES AND
"THE GREAT DIVIDE" ON THE ROAD OF LIFE.



From a Photograph.

THE SUMMIT OF THE "ROCKIES."

On the summit of the "Rockies," and the watershed of the North American Continent, there is a rivulet which branches out into two streams, one flowing eastward, and the other westward. A breath of wind from east or west determines on which side of the Continent the water will flow. If from the west, the raindrops fall into the stream which enters the Bow River, which again unites with the South Saskatchewan, flowing into Hudson's Bay, and eventually mixing with the waters of the wild and stormy *Atlantic*. If the wind is from the east, the rain-drops reach the Kicking Horse Pass River, then into the broad and beautiful Columbia, which glides into the calm *Pacific*.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE."



FEW years ago I was travelling on the famed Canadian-Pacific Railroad between Winnipeg and Vancouver, British Columbia. For a considerable time we had been going through the Rocky Mountains, when our train stopped at a place which we were told was the summit of the "Rockies" and the watershed of the North American Continent. There is a rivulet which branches out into two streams, across which is a rustic arch on which is inscribed the words—"THE GREAT DIVIDE." The one streamlet flows eastward and the other westward. A breath of wind from east or west determines on which side of the Continent the water will flow. If from the west, the rain-drops fall into the stream which enters the Bow River, which again unites with the South Saskatchewan, flowing into Hudson's Bay, and eventually mixing with the waters of the wild and stormy *Atlantic*. If the wind is from the east, the rain-drops reach the Kicking Horse Pass River, then into the broad and beautiful Columbia, which glides into the calm *Pacific*.

As I stood on the spot I thought of unsaved men and women who are on the edge of another "Great Divide." On one side is everlasting joy and glory; on the other eternal darkness and misery. God, in wondrous grace and mercy, has set before them life and death, blessing and cursing, and calls upon them to choose life. But, alas! the great majority of unconverted people hurry through life as if there were no hell to shun and no heaven to gain. They positively refuse to "consider their latter end," and do their utmost to banish from their minds serious and solemn thoughts of God and eternity.

At this very moment the unsaved reader is on the verge of the "Great Divide." You are within reach of untold blessings which are even now freely pressed upon your acceptance. You are even now on the brink of everlasting glory or everlasting despair. God's word to you is, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Maybe you have hitherto been exercised about the "one thing needful," and have been "almost persuaded" to be a Christian, but you delayed and procrastinated. Hearken to the voice of your best Friend: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 33). This is the "first" thing you ought to

"The Great Divide."

attend to, for "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16. 26). Let this be the chief concern of your life, and everything else will follow in its proper course. You know that you are running a terrible risk in neglecting God's great salvation. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). "How long halt ye between two opinions?" "How long" do you intend stifling conviction, resisting the Holy Spirit, and keeping the Lord Jesus knocking at the door of your heart? When a matter has been fully considered and discussed in the House of Commons the cry, "DIVIDE! DIVIDE!" is heard on all sides. I don't call upon you to "divide," but to *decide* for Christ and eternity. Delay no longer. Time to lose there is none. Too much has already been lost. A Member of Parliament is not compelled to take either side in a division. In this case, however, it is different. "He that is not with Me is against Me," says the Lord Jesus.

The ancients represented Time as an old man with a single lock of hair on his forehead. Hence the saying, "Seize time by the forelock." "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Soon the last gospel invitation will be given, the last appeal made, and the door of Mercy closed.

Remember there is a "Great Divide" in the future. "These shall go away into *everlasting punishment*, but the righteous into *life eternal*" (Matt. 25. 46). Could any contrast be so great? The "great gulf" will be fixed. Which company will you be with?

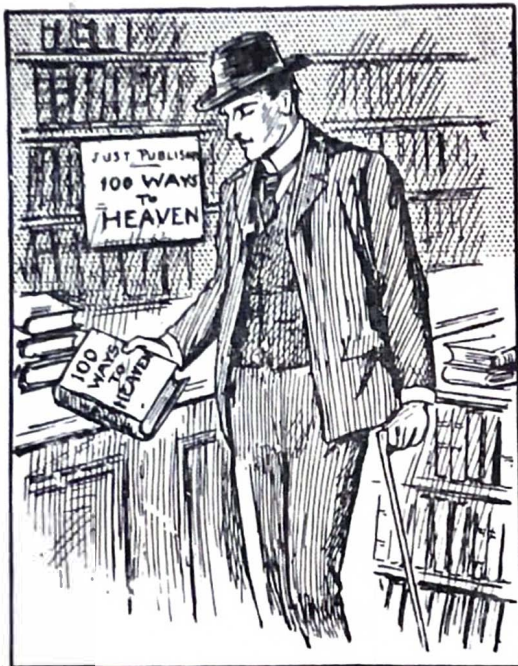
"Stand still and see the salvation of God." Stand still and see, by the eye of faith, the Lord Jesus dying for you on the Cross of Calvary. Harken to His own blessed words, "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22).

"Time was, is past, thou canst not it recall;
Time is, thou hast, employ the portion small;
Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee."

"The work is done, the work is done,
The battle's fought, the conflict's won;
And now, because the Saviour died,
ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED."

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" 2. Cor. 6. 2). A. M.

"ONE HUNDRED WAYS TO HEAVEN."

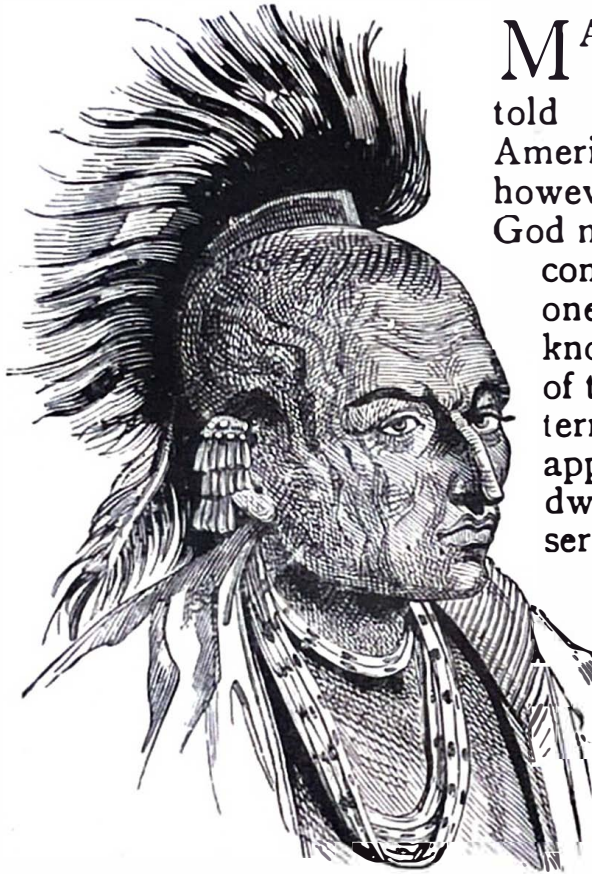


SUCH was the title—as near as I can remember—of a book which I picked up in a bookseller's "store" in Chicago a quarter of a century ago. I looked over it, and saw that an enterprising American had interviewed leaders of the principal sects, denominations, societies, missions, and associations in that great and important commercial centre as to their beliefs about the way of salvation. It was wonderful the different opinions that were expressed

by the representatives of the various divisions of Christendom. As I was personally acquainted with the publisher of the book, I said to him that I should be pleased to see every copy of it destroyed.

There is one and ONLY ONE way to heaven. The Lord Jesus declares, "I am *the* way, and *the* truth, and *the* life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6). On another occasion He said: "I am *the* door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. He is the only way of access by which a sinner can enter into the presence of a holy God. Before Christ's death thousands of lambs and bullocks were slain; rivers of sacrificial blood flowed, but not till He exclaimed, "It is finished," and gave up His Spirit was the veil of the temple rent from the top to the bottom. That veil kept Jewish worshippers at a distance from God; now the veil is removed, and we may enter into "the holiest" through the precious Blood of Christ. The Lord Jesus by the propitiation He offered to God at the cross can save the guiltiest sinner out of hell. Of what use are the *opinions* of men as to *the* way of salvation when God has told it to us so clearly in His own blessed Word? Has He not said that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" Believe on His beloved Son the Lord Jesus, who settled once for all the *sin question* when He gave Himself a ransom for us. A. M.

THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S QUESTION.



MANY and varied are the tales which have been told concerning the North American Indians. None, however, magnify the grace of God more than a reliable story concerning the conversion of one of their Chiefs. He was known throughout the whole of the North-West as a most terrible warrior. One day he appeared at the door of the dwelling of one of the Lord's servants, and heard him

reading the words, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

The Indian was surprised and said, "Read it again."

It was read the second time, and then the third

time. He stretched out his hands and said, "My hands are covered with blood; can I become a Christian?" With tears running down his cheeks, the servant of God told him the story of the Cross; of how "the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10); of the "faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15), pointing out that, though an Indian, he was part of that world, and as he admitted to sin, he was one of the sinners whom Jesus came to save, reminding him that the text which had arrested his attention told of the precious Blood which "cleanseth from all sin," including even the awful sin to which he pled guilty.

The mighty Indian chief was entirely broken down and overcome by the matchless story of the Cross, and looking to the Lord Jesus bleeding and dying for him, he experienced the cleansing power of His precious Blood, knew his sins forgiven (Ephes. 1. 7), and rejoiced in the glorious fact that though his hands were stained with the blood of his fellowmen, the precious and sin-atoning Blood of the Eternal Son of God could cleanse from "ALL sin." Such a sweeping statement, forbidding for one moment the thought that

The Indian Warrior's Question.

there is one sin a sinner can now commit which cannot be "cleansed," or that there is one person in all the universe so deep-dyed in sin that the Almighty Saviour—exalted to Heaven's throne, alive for evermore—cannot save. "Wherefore," saith the Scripture, "He is able also to save them *to the uttermost* that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). Thus, whether you are a "wild Indian" or a "civilised white" you need the Blood; you cannot enter Heaven without the Blood; you can be at this moment saved "through faith in His Blood" and sing with the ransomed—

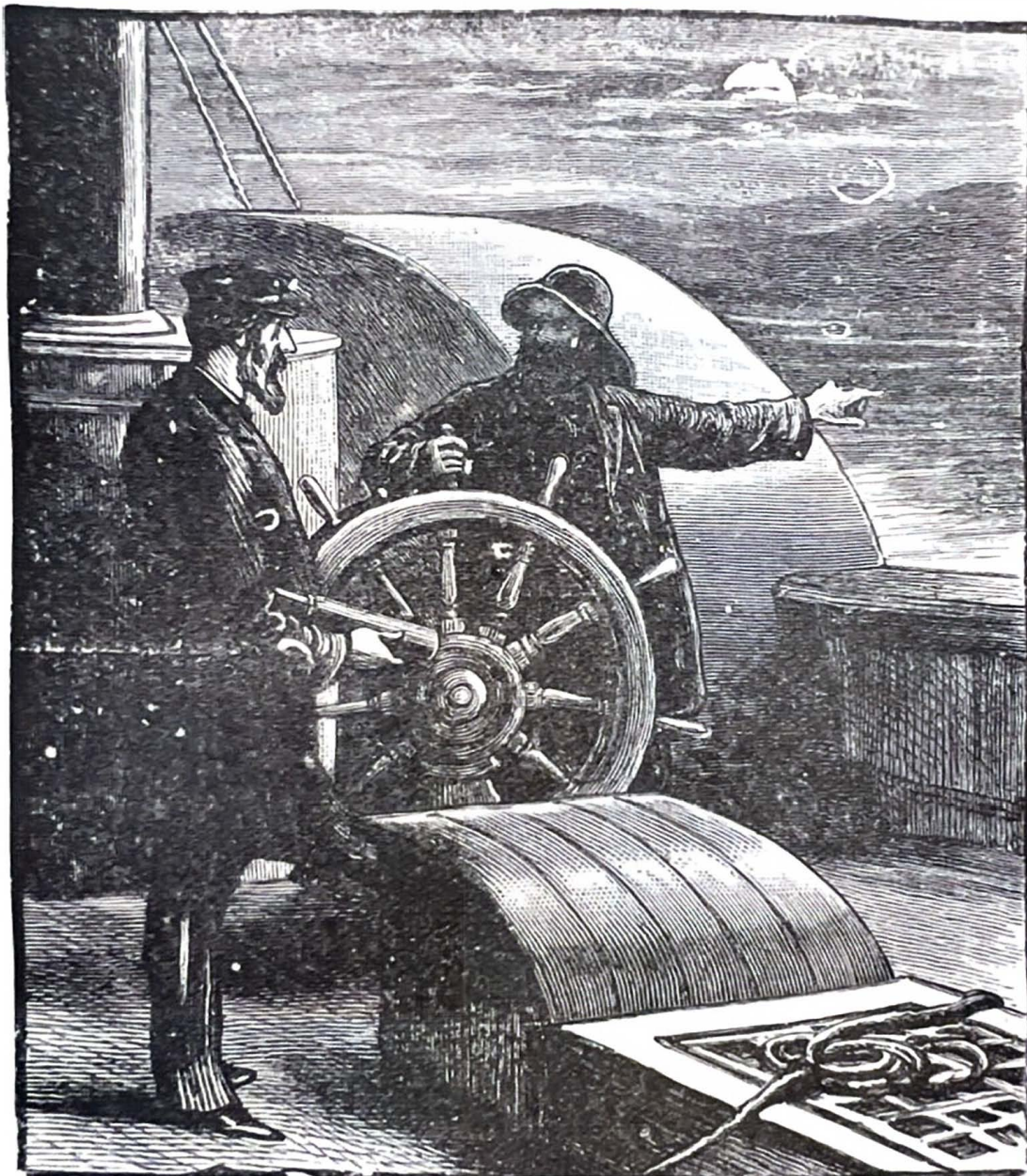
"The Blood that purchased our release,
And purged our crimson stains,
We challenge earth and hell to show
A sin it cannot cleanse."

Now, the Indian always wears a scalp-lock for his enemy when he is on the war-path; so to test the reality of his profession the missionary said, "Let me cut your hair." Ah! here was a test which he had not counted upon. The tribal Chief to undergo such a degradation? No wonder he halted a moment and seemed almost like drawing back till the new-born love remembered what his new-found Lord and Master had suffered for him, then, drawing himself up to his full, "Yes," said the chief, "I am in earnest; if I can be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I can suffer anything." His hair was cut. His men jeered at him, and called him everything but a noble chief. It stung him almost to madness. He rushed home to his wigwam, and threw himself down on the ground. His wife, who had been a follower of Christ for some time, put her arms round his neck and said, "Yesterday no man in the world could call you a coward; cannot you be as brave to-day and endure the taunts for Him who died for you?" He used to say, "My wife lifted me on to my feet." From that time his devotedness to the One whose precious blood had cleansed him from all sin was true and steadfast.

Thus are being gathered into the everlasting fold the wild Indian, the heathen Chinese, the inveterate Jap, the dark African, thousands of sensible, sober, as well as sin-surken whites from Europe, America, Australia; and multitudes which no man can number from every country, creed and clime, to swell that blood-washed throng in

"The place in the Glory He's gone to prepare,
Where they shall be with Him, but will you be there? *HYF.*

THE HEN AND CHICKENS ROCK.



IT was a lovely summer evening, whilst the rays of the setting sun shone brightly across the scarcely rippled sea, that the gunboat *Lively* struck on a sunken rock near Stornoway, known as the "Hen and Chickens Rock." No lives were lost, but the circumstances, as they afterwards came to light at the court-martial which was held upon the commander and officers, are suggestive of many important lessons.

A sea voyage is always attended with many dangers—some avoidable and some unavoidable. Storms and fogs and shoals and sunken rocks have all again and again contributed to the work of destruction. And life is like a voyage; it may end in safely arriving at the desired haven—to be "for ever with the

The Hen and Chickens Rock.

Lord," beyond the reach of danger and of death ; or it may end in shipwreck, and the eternal ruin of the whole man. If wrecks at sea are numerous, how much more so are the shipwrecks of souls bound for eternity. Hopeless and helpless is he who has embarked on such a voyage without the salvation which God has at infinite cost provided.

The greatest dangers are those that are unseen. The high spring tide has just covered the "Hen and Chickens Rock," and the beams of the setting sun, reflected upon the water, prevented the pilot from observing the ripple that would have warned him of imminent danger. And often it is in time of prosperity, when all is sunshine and mirth, that Satan's snare is being fastened upon his thoughtless victim. The world is so bright at times ; and who will say that sin has no pleasures for the natural man ? Yes ; there are the "pleasures of sin" ; but they are short-lived, and leave a sting behind. The love of money, love of strong drink, love of pleasure, love of dress, love of praise, all these and many more are sunken rocks on which souls are wrecked by thousands.

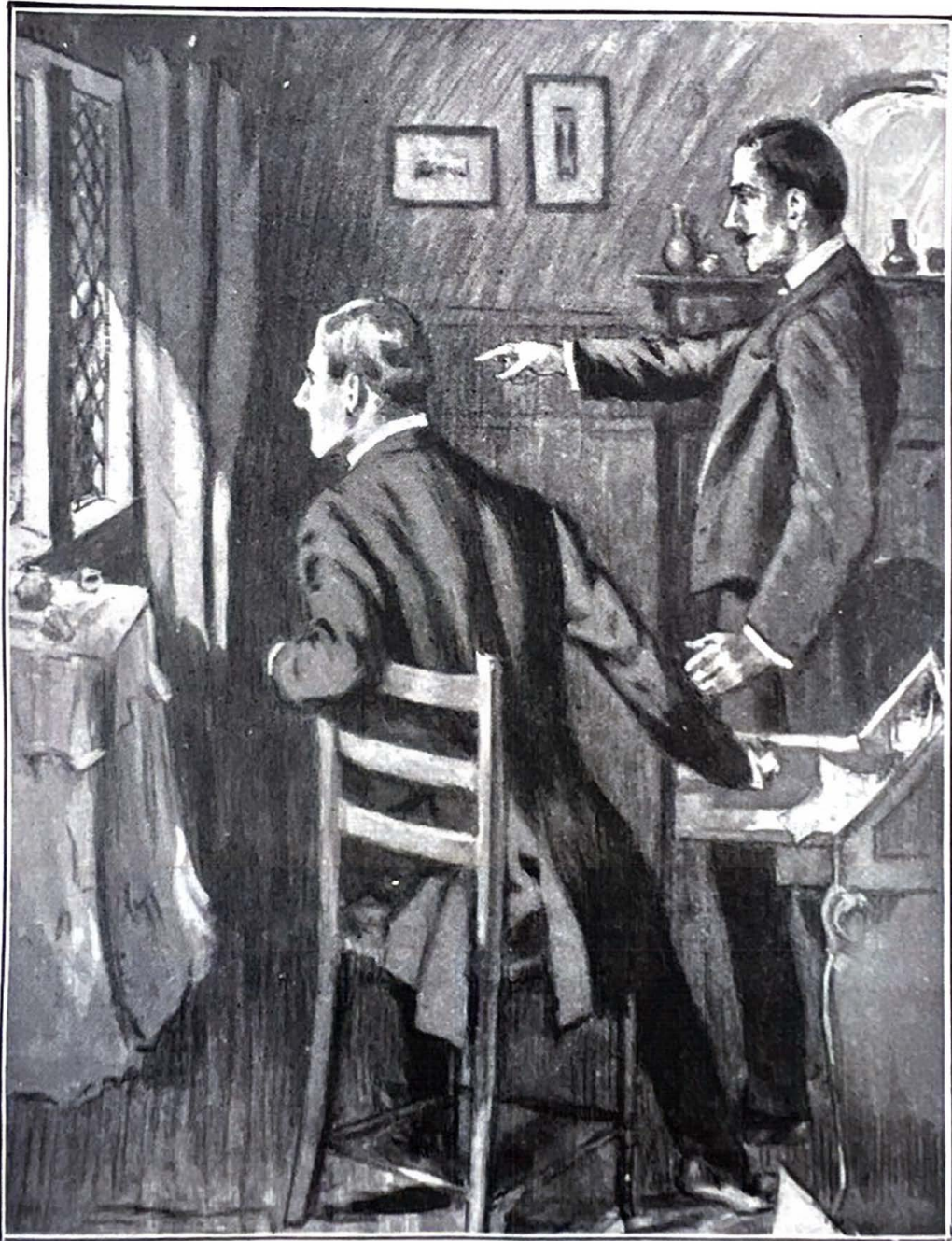
The commander of the *Lively* suspected danger. He knew the rock was not far off, and asked the pilot to point it out. The pilot pointed to where they had already passed, and the captain's mind was at rest. But the pilot was mistaken—his testimony was false—and to his horror, Commander Parr soon found how foolish it was to trust the opinion of the pilot when he might with little trouble have ascertained the truth with certainty by consulting the chart. False peace—false security—faith that was utterly in vain, because it rested on a false testimony. And how many there are equally deceived upon the far more momentous matters of eternity. They trust their own hearts, which God has said are "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Their hearts say, "Time enough," when God says, "Haste" ; their hearts say, "When I have a more convenient season," when God says, "Now." Refer to your God-given chart, and be not deceived. The Word of Truth marks out the only course in which you can by any possibility steer clear of utter destruction. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Christ is the beginning and the end. Christ as the Lamb of God putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Christ as the exalted Saviour—able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. To be in Christ is to be safe for eternity ; to be out of Christ is sooner or later to meet with inevitable destruction.

J. R. C.

ONE OF THOSE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE:

— OR, —

HOW A SOLDIER OF THE KING BECAME A SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.



"ENTRANCED BY THE SCENERY IN THE ANCIENT PARK."

"I could scarce repress a smile as I thought of Fred, and what he would say if he saw me. Then Quintin observed that he had not dined with us that evening, as he had had a meeting in the village."

ONE OF THOSE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.



"SURELY you are not going to stay at Grass-ton," exclaimed my fellow-subaltern to me when I told him where I was going to spend a fortnight's leave. "You will have nothing to do there this time of year, and that fool Quintin is staying there at present."

"What's the matter with Quintin?" "Oh, he's one of those religious people. Wait till you have lived in the same house, and you won't be in a hurry to see him again."

"One of those religious people," I pondered, as I went down in the train to Grasston. What did Fred mean by that? I suppose he goes to church twice-a-day on Sundays, and oftener still in Lent. Well, I ought to go more frequently; so I will some day. Never swears! I wonder if there is any harm in that—at least in the way gentlemen swear! I suppose he's very correct—"Awfully Pi.," as we used to call it at school, and all that kind of thing. I daresay I shall get on with him very well. I wonder what does become of us when we die? I don't do anything very bad—hunting, dancing, whist, etc., can't keep one out of heaven at anyrate. Of course, I ought to do more than I do now. I haven't looked at a Bible for years, but I am sure I couldn't understand it if I did. Wait till I've married and settled down, and I shall be as steady as most people; and after all I don't know that at present, while in the service, I could do much more. I'll have a talk with that fellow Quintin, and see what he thinks. And then some one got into the carriage, and I thought no more of it for the time.

The first few days I did not get an opportunity of speaking to Quintin, except on the most general subjects. He did not always come to dinner; but, finding that after evening prayers he generally went to his room, I one night knocked at his door, and found him engaged in his correspondence. I had come in on some trivial pretext, but he asked me to sit down if I was not in a hurry to get to bed. It was a beautiful, clear, summer night, and for a time we both looked out of the window entranced by the lovely scenery in the ancient park beneath the rays of the setting sun. I could scarce repress a smile as I thought of Fred, and what he would say if he saw me. Then Quintin observed that he had not dined with us that evening, as he had had a meeting in the village.

"What did you do there?" I asked. "Read your Bible

One of those Religious People.

to them?" "Yes." "Why did you do that?" "For the Lord's sake." "But do you think you did them any good?" "Yes, I do. I think it is a glorious privilege to be in a position to preach the Gospel—to tell God's message—to those around me, and He has promised in His Word that if we preach Christ it shall not be without fruit. Think to yourself for one moment of the joy of feeling that you had, by God's help, been the means of saving a soul, of finding hereafter in heaven one person who might not have been there if you had held your tongue. But, my dear fellow, do let me ask you, Do you think that you are travelling towards heaven or not?" "Well, I hope so." "Hope! How often do you think about it?" "Only, I am afraid, when I am a bit dull, or during some sermon." "Does hope ever fail you? Do you ever think you are not safe?" "Sometimes; but really I am not so bad after all. I do my duty in this world to a certain extent, and if I fall short in some things, I can't believe God will punish me for ever." "In plain words, your creed is this: 'You fill your place in this world on an average as well, or better, than most people, and therefore you believe you will get to heaven in the end'." "Exactly." "Well, having got so far, where do you get that ground of trust from? Not from the Bible; its teaching is directly opposed to it. Where does it come from? I can tell you. From your own heart. Which are you going to trust, the Bible (God's own Word) or your own or someone else's private opinion? The Bible says: 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked' (Jer. 17. 9). Look at it for a moment in a commonsense way. I believe the Bible, and I rest my future life on what it states. You have a vague idea that you will be saved too. Suppose you are right and I am wrong; I am, at anyrate, none the worse for the life I have led. On the contrary, though you may not believe me, I have been far, far happier since I gave up trying to save myself, and trusted simply to the finished work of the Lord Jesus. But, if I am right and the Bible is true, what becomes of your own idea, and how do you expect to escape?" "That is an awkward way of putting it."

"Far short of the reality. The very thought of a man finally being lost is truly awful. Going—'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched' (Mark 9. 44). That picture of the rich man in torments is an appalling

one. He is an instance of a man without hope—living then, now, and for ever, absolutely without hope." "Yes, but have I done anything to merit that?"

"You have probably lived in very much the same way that he did. No doubt he often deluded himself with the same kind of consolation, and often made up his mind that by-and-bye he would do more; but the sentence pronounced against Belshazzar—'The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified'—is as applicable to his day as it is to ours. All that you have probably done is to lead men further from God. Why not get right with God yourself first, and then lead others to follow? Take, for instance, the example of enlisting. A man comes to you and says he cannot get work, and is literally starving. You tell him there is the army. He can enlist, and get food and wages. The mere fact that the army exists won't feed and keep him; but it is necessary for him to be enlisted. What has he got to do? To place his time, services, and labour at the disposal of the king. A single sentence is all he has to say, and he receives the king's shilling; from that moment he is a soldier. Though he does not yet look like it, and might possibly tell you that he does not yet feel like one; but for all that it is a fact. So it is with the Christian. He, too, must enlist, and put on the King's uniform, and give up all to Christ. But what a glorious return does he receive! There is no comparison between what the King of Britain can offer to his soldier and the King of Heaven will give to His. And what opportunities we should seize for displaying the uniform of such a King, and how zealous we should be for Him! And think of the honour of recruiting for the Lord's army! Come, my dear fellow, do think quietly over in your room all that has been said, and remember there are angels waiting to hear your answer to my question, *WILL YOU ENLIST?*"

I wished him good-night, but I could not sleep; the words kept constantly recurring to me, and before morning came there had been a recruit added to the Lord's army!

May the message lead you to "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), and, accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, may you too have your recruiting orders and lead many to join the army of the King of kings here and reign with Him in the Eternal Kingdom hereafter.

HAVE YOU BUILT ON THE ROCK?

(Extract from an Address by JAMES WRIGHT, of Ashley Down Orphanages,
Bristol)



Photo by Frank Holmes, Bristol.

JAMES WRIGHT BRISTOL.

[James Wright was born in Bristol in 1826, born again when 14 years of age, became associated with "Bethesda" in 1845 when George Müller and Henry Craik were the leading brethren. In 1859 Mr. Müller invited him to become one of the helpers at Ashley Down. During the 11 years (1859 to 1870) he was, to use Mr. Müller's own words, "one of the most valuable helpers in the work." In 1871 Mr. Wright married the only daughter of Mr. Müller. In 1872 Mr. Wright became associated with Mr. Müller as director. On 6th March, 1898, the sudden home-call of Mr. Müller left him in the position of sole director. After some weeks, Mr. G. F. Bergin was invited to become his associate director, and for seven years they had mutual joy in working together, till Mr. Wright's home-call on 29th January, 1905.]

"**H**E is the Rock" (Deut. 32. 4). The great practical question is, Are we all building upon it? How do you build spiritually? When the poor sinner believes on Christ as his Substitute, and trusts alone on what He accomplished to put away sin, he *builds* on Christ—that is, rests on

Have You Built on the Rock?

Him for salvation. Just as a man puts stone on stone upon the foundation, so the believer who rests on the finished work of Christ is *builded* on Him. The Holy Spirit says, "Other foundation can no man lay." The question that should be pressed on each heart is this: Am I building upon the foundation? that is, Am I believing in Christ for the salvation of my soul? The need of unforgiven sinners is as real and present as ever. What will you do if there is only one foundation, and you are not building upon it? There is no other. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." So if you reject Christ you reject the only way of salvation.

Who laid the Foundation? GOD. "Behold, *I* lay in Zion a Stone, a chief Corner Stone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded" It is God, who knows the deceitfulness of sin. He laid the Foundation Stone, and all who build upon it are perfectly safe. If you build on any other foundation, it is sure to come down in the day of storm, as the house of the man who built on the sand. No one can be saved by sacraments; no man can be saved by baptism. The infant is not changed by having a little water sprinkled on it; nor is the adult regenerated by being immersed. Salvation is not obtained by ceremonial observances of any kind. You cannot be regenerated by partaking of the Lord's Supper. When you leave the Lord's Table, whom do you ask to remember you? Do you take hold of the first man you meet and ask him to do so? No; you ask your *friends*. The Lord's Supper is a feast of remembrance. A remembrance of what? Of the sacrifice of Christ which put away sin. The "sacrament" of the Lord's Supper cannot put away sins. If it is a *remembrance* of a thing past, it cannot effect it. I keep it in remembrance of what took place 1900 years ago.

Good works will not save you. Outward association with God's people will not save you. We come into this world one by one, and we come into the new creation one by one. God does not save in the mass—"He calleth His own sheep *by name*." "*Him* that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Have you built on the Rock? Come to the One who said: "I kill, and I make alive." Fall into His arms as a helpless worm, and you will obtain salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." J. W.

WHAT ABOUT THE EARTHQUAKE ?

WHAT mean these earthquakes which from time to time have been causing men's hearts to fail them for fear? They cannot be accounted for by all the ingenuity of men. To trace them up and explain them defies the skill of the world's greatest men of science. All that seems clear is this, that we are living upon the mere crust of a world whose vast, internal fires seem ready to burst out anywhere, and at any moment! Now New Zealand is convulsed by an



BUNGALOW RUINED BY AN EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA.

earthquake shock; and then in the United States, at the other side of the world, millions of people are thrown into alarm from the same cause. Now India is terror-stricken, then slight shocks are reported in Britain; now an island arises, and another disappears. Do these things mean nothing? Are such momentous events the result of what is called *chance*? We trow not. We believe "Earthquakes in divers places" (Matt. 24. 7) are the very voice of God in the ears of a dull, insensate people.

Ordinary means seem to have failed to arouse men out of the sleep of sin; now God will try *extraordinary* means. If

What About the Earthquake?

they refuse to hear His voice in the pleading message of Calvary, He will let them hear it in the thunderings of the earthquake. If they will not think upon judgment and eternity, He will *compel* them to give time and thought to these great concerns. We heard it remarked in the train one night that in a certain place when the shock was felt the theatres were deserted. Yes, everyone was evidently agreed that the world's theatre was a poor preparation for stepping into Eternity! How soon men are made to think on their souls! What a hollow mockery do the world's so-called enjoyments turn out to be the moment that God arises to shake terribly the earth! (Isa. 2. 19).

Men of science may pretend not to hear God's voice in these convulsions of Nature; and they may try to keep down alarm by saying that these things are "due to natural causes." True: but are not these natural causes in the hands of Nature's God? It was natural causes in His hand that brought a flood upon the Noah world, and that enveloped Sodom in the flames.

These great catastrophes are God's voice to you, saying, *Be ye ready for the great and terrible day.* You know not how soon you may be called suddenly to meet God. Do not wait for startling judgments to cause you to think on Eternity. Let His goodness lead thee to repentance (Rom. 2. 4). Be ready *now* to meet God; and when fear taketh hold of the sinners in Zion—when they are rushing madly out of their theatres, and fleeing from the streams of false delight, at the first blast of the trump of Judgment—you may lift up your head and wait calmly the hour that shall bear thee safe through the war of elements into yon calm heaven of rest. Then, to the point: Would such be your happy portion? Are you saved by the Blood of Christ? Have you been converted unto God? Has He not spoken loud enough to your soul? Must He speak louder still? Awake *now*—turn *now*—receive Jesus *now*. He will not always plead. The voice of Judgment will follow the voice of Mercy. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18). Flee at once to the Lord Jesus Christ, the God-appointed and the only Saviour, Who has declared, "Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). He will receive you, save you, keep you, and hold on to you till He presents you faultless before the Throne. w.s.

THE RUSSIAN BARON'S STORY.

AFTER centuries of oppression and violation of the consciences of her subjects Russia seems at last to have awakened to the fact that liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, and opportunity to worship God according to His Word must be granted, or dire judgments may be permitted of God to descend.



Photo by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

THE CZAR AND FAMILY.

The Russian Baron's Story.

It is interesting, then, to read the story of the conversion of one of the Royal nobles as we give it in his own words: My parents were Lutherans. My family belonged to one of the first in the country. Born on my father's estate in 1860, I grew up without seeing any living Christianity. I was worldly-minded. Riding and, later on, dancing were my chief pleasures. When I was confirmed I was considerably affected, but resolutions and emotion soon having flown, and having entered a regiment of Guards in St. Petersburg at the conclusion of my school life, I did not concern myself about religion, and led a sinful life. I served for two years, and then took my discharge as an officer, bought an estate not far from my parental one, and soon married.

Upon my estate there were some believers, Moravians, who held meetings. As they were people who neither stole nor drank, I allowed them to hold meetings, in the hope that through the influence of these people there would be less drunk and less stolen. When the first service took place in the hall which I had allotted to them for this purpose, I attended it, making it a point of being there, as I thought it right to support the thing by my presence. I do not remember what was said, but I know that I spoke to the brethren at the close of the service, and told them that although I myself did not share their beliefs, which were not adapted for well-bred people, I wished them all success in their work.

However, they prayed for me, and many an anonymous leaflet, inviting me to come to Jesus, came into my hands. I laughed at these little tracts, but did not get angry, for I felt love in them. It happened that I was with my pastor, and I told him how I wished to be better but could not, and asked whether he could not give me some advice. He said, "Pray, Baron." "How can I pray? I don't believe at all in a God." "Well, I have not got any other advice to give you." "Then it is useless my having spoken to you about it if you can't tell me anything better." Not satisfied with his answer, we separated.

When I came home late in the evening, I found a parcel of books on my table, which the bookseller had sent me from town for selection. Amongst the books I found a work of Count Tolstoi's, which treated in a philosophic but non-Christian manner the question why we live, saying

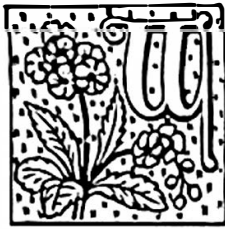
The Russian Baron's Story.

that it was in order to love, and proving that this was also the opinion of the noblest men of all ages, such as Socrates or Jesus—whom he held to be only a man, though one of the very noblest—and others. This pleased me and suited my ideas. I read the book all night. There were many stories of the noble Jesus, who was so full of love, and thought and spoke so gloriously, and suffered wrong so calmly.

Now, I wanted to know more about this Jesus, and it occurred to me that I could find the particulars of the Lord's life in my old Bible. I began to read the Gospels, and as I read of the words, deeds, and behaviour of the Lord, He grew in my estimation. Suddenly the thought came to me, quite as a new one, after all, "Is He really God, as the pastors say He is?" And then I did not know what to believe, or how to get any light. So I asked myself, "Should I not pray?" Then something within me replied, "But I don't believe in a God. How can I pray?" But I said, "At any rate, I can try! Nobody is here to laugh at me." And I prayed, "O God, if You do exist, show me the truth." That was my first prayer. Then I read further in the Gospel of John, and God heard my prayer and enlightened me with beams of His light, through the reading of His Word. His Spirit showed me Jesus, and glorified Him. I was continually compelled to say, "*No man* could think and feel, speak and act, thus." In His light I saw light, and the confession was wrung from my heart, "Thou art the Son of God: Thou art the King of Israel; Thou art the Lamb of God, who bore my sins on the Cross!" Then it became spring in my heart. Now I could read the Scriptures with quite a different understanding. I was unspeakably happy. Since He was God, He had paid the ransom for my sins with His precious blood. The debt of *my* sins had been paid on Golgotha. I thanked, loved, and praised God, and was happy in His love, delivered from the fear of death and hell.

I have had to pass through many trials since then, but I do not regret it. I am only sorry that I was so late in finding the only thing on earth worth caring for, and that I have not served Him more faithfully since I knew Him. Now I am a soldier of Jesus Christ, will wear His armour and use His weapons until the fight is ended, the victory won, and the goal reached by His side in Heaven. N B.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THOUSANDS.



WHILE spending a few holidays in the town of Stranraer, I was told that in a house not far from the railway pier, from which the Irish steamers of the "short-sea" route sail, there was a young man at the point of death. I was asked to go and see him, and willingly complied with the request. I found my way to the house, and on knocking, admission was granted. At the end of the room there was a bed, on which lay a youth of 16 or 17 years of age, gasping for breath. His face was deadly pale, and the cold death-sweat suffused his countenance. I spoke to him regarding the change that was evidently awaiting him, and the importance of being ready for it, but he gave no indications that he was conscious of what I was saying to him. On noticing this, I saw there was no use prolonging my visit, and left, promising to call again. On making inquiries I found he was an orphan and had gone to Glasgow to work at his trade, where he was seized with a very severe attack of heart disease. His medical adviser ordered him to have a change of air as the only means of prolonging his life. He had left Glasgow, and arrived at a friend's house a few weeks before I saw him. The physicians in the town had been called in, but they declared that there was no hope—that "nothing could save him."

I visited him next morning, and to my surprise found him sitting up in bed with some friends that were gathered around him. I spoke to him for a short time on the solemnity of death, and the necessity of preparation for it, when he interrupted me by saying: "I am not dying! I am not dying! The doctors in the infirmary said I would get better if I had a change of air. Oh, no, I am not dying!" I said to him, "James, you *are* dying, and the doctor says you cannot get better." But I saw it was of no use trying to convince him. I then asked if he knew where he would go if he were to die. In a confident tone he replied, "To heaven!" I enquired the *ground* of his hope, when, to my astonishment and grief, he said, "Because I have been behaving myself."

I explained to him some of God's statements regarding sin and its punishment, and pointed him to several portions of Scripture. Having unfolded to him the way of salvation, I observed that he was getting exhausted, and was unable to speak much. Before leaving, I proposed to him the solemn question that I had previously asked, "Where would you be

A Representative of Thousands.

if you were to die now? " With a deep-drawn sigh he replied, as strength was fast failing, "I D-O-N'T K-N-O-W." I reluctantly left the room with feelings of grief and sadness, believing that a fellow-mortal was leaving the world with a lie in his right hand—his own works—to stand before a holy and sin-hating God. Next day I called, but his spirit had fled, and nothing was left but the clay tenement.

This young man is a representative of thousands and tens



THE PIERS STRANRAER, FROM CHURCH TOWER.

of thousands of persons in our land. They say they "don't know" where they are journeying to. They "cannot tell" whether they are the children of God or the servants of Satan.

The reader is hurrying with more than lightning speed to heaven or to hell. To which place are you journeying? "I don't know," you reply. For aught you know, according to your own admission, you may be on the highway to eternal ruin. And yet you can go to your business, and engage in it with all your heart and soul, knowing not, should death overtake you, as it has overtaken many, whether you will

A Representative of Thousands.

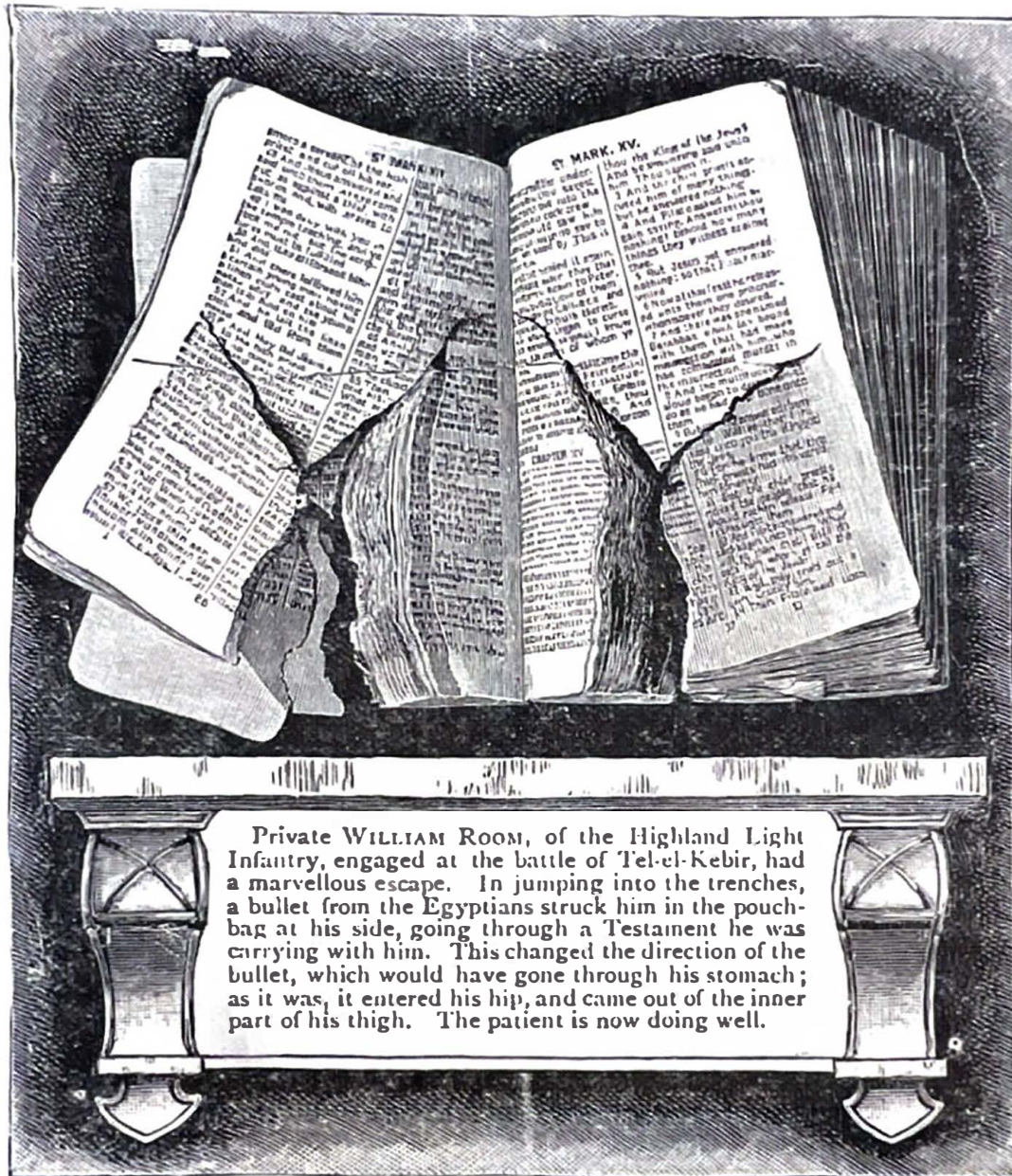
spend your eternity with Ch.ist in the glory or with Satan in the pit of woe! You can retire to rest at night, and know not but before the morning dawns your everlasting destiny may be fixed, and your spirit be beyond the reach of pardon and peace. If you were an infidel or an atheist I could understand you; but professing as you do to believe that the Bible is God's revelation to man, and all its statements regarding sin and its consequences to be true, I cannot comprehend the meaning of your uncertainty. You treat earthly matters in a very different way. If by industry and economy you acquired a sum of money which you invested in a ship, and you received intelligence of a vessel of the same name as yours being lost, what sort of peace would you have until you knew whether it was yours or not? If you heard that a steamer containing some dear relative was shipwrecked, and that most on board were drowned, but that some were saved, without mentioning their names, what suspense it would be to you to know the best or the worst!

You are either saved or unsaved. You are either a servant of God or a servant of Satan. There are, in God's sight, only two classes of people in this world—the saved and the unsaved. When God sent the mighty deluge on this earth, in the days of Noah, only those were saved who were *in* the ark. It made no difference how near they were *to* it; if they were not *in it* they were drowned. So it is with you. It matters not, so far as heaven is concerned, how moral or religious you may be, if you are unsaved. "There is no difference" in God's sight. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 3-7).

If, however, you know that you are unsaved, unconverted, unforgiven, there is nothing to hinder you from being saved and knowing it. God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit invite you to partake of the "water of life." Instead of going through life tortured with doubts and tossed about with fears, you should not rest contented until you know that you are "born again." Look to Jesus and be saved! You can *do* nothing to save yourself, but He has done all that was necessary in order to secure your salvation. Through believing on the Lord Jesus you obtain the free, full, and present forgiveness of all your sins; and from God's Word you will know you are saved (1 John 5. 13). "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life."

A. M.

THE TORN AND TATTERED BIBLE.



YES, here it is, the soldier's Bible, with the bullet mark in the centre, torn and tattered. What must that soldier have felt as he looked at it and remembered that it had turned aside from him the stroke of death?

Little he thought that day he placed his Bible in his pocket and went into the battle-field of 'Tel el-Kebir it was to receive the bullet that otherwise would have been his death. Think you not that he would ever have had an affection for that book, and that every time he looked on those tattered leaves they would seem to say to him: "I saved you from death, though it has cost me this." And has not the Living Word, the Son

The Torn and Tattered Bible.

of God, done for the believer that which the written Word of God did for this soldier. Jesus has saved, but at what a price! Was it not on the Cross that He bore the stroke of Divine justice that would have fallen on guilty man, and will yet fall on the Christ-rejector?

Are *you* one whose heart has been moved with love as He has shown you His nail-pierced hands and bleeding side, and said to you, "I have saved you, but it has cost Me this?"

Through the bitter agony of Calvary's Cross, and that dark hour when the face of God was hidden, He has turned aside the stroke of justice from the believing sinner, that stroke which would have hurled the guilty one from the presence of a holy God, a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, a God who will by no means clear the guilty, and yet in infinite grace and mercy He has accepted His Son in the sinner's stead, so that now there is no more judgment to those that are in Christ Jesus (Romans 8. 1).

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

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

But yet again, what of these solemn words: "And death and hades were cast into the lake of fire?" (Rev. 20. 14). Where will the Christ rejector be then? Memory will have wakened up and brought back all the dreary past, the broken vows, the secret sins, a rejected salvation. Hope will have flown, and not a single ray of light will enter to cheer that endless gloom.

J. A. B.

LIFE AND LIBERTY;

OR, WONDROUS WAYS USED "TO BRING OUT THE PRISONERS
FROM THE PRISON HOUSE."



"REMOVED FROM THE GAY THRONES THAT CROWDED THE ESPERANDE."

"Vainly she pleaded, vainly she told that oft-told tale of the thorn-crowned brow, the wounded hands and feet, and bleeding side of the suffering Saviour. 'Nothing,' replied the fair votary of fashion; 'no power on earth or in heaven shall make me believe'."

LIFE AND LIBERTY.



At one of the favourite resorts of fashion in the North of England in a well-appointed house situated in a good part of the town a party had assembled to while away the evening with cards and music. The lamps shone upon a bright scene truly to the natural eye; gay laugh, and graceful compliment, and brilliant repartee were not wanting there. Yet, dark as was that winter's night without, there was deeper darkness still brooding over that gay company within. For "the god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ . . . should shine unto them." Had you opened the door of each heart in that group, you would have found "Self" enthroned and God—*forgotten*.

Sitting on a stool at her mother's feet was a child of nine. She was watching, as children love to do, all the words and actions of her elders. Life was opening brightly for her, and her parents desired that she should enjoy it to the full.

How it was I do not know, but surely it was by no chance that that favoured child of fortune had laid her young hand upon the Word of God! She might have closed it carelessly, or cast it hastily from her, but a picture that ornamented its pages had arrested her attention. There the artist had striven to depict the scene of Revelation 20. 14—"Death and Hell were cast into the lake of fire." The child had looked and trembled. Was such a fearful fate to be hers? And now, while music and song and game went on around her, her face grew troubled and sad. The glitter and the glory of the scene around her faded from her view and the stern realities of "judgment to come" appalled her startled soul. The light of that lamp, that discarded Book, had shone through her darkness, and while it had shown her the hollowness and folly of the present, it had disclosed a dreaded future. In her thoughts she had caught by its gleam just one glimpse of the broad road crowded with thoughtless multitudes dancing, singing, and gaming on the way to eternal ruin. How could the child keep such a discovery to herself! She could not, for terror possessed her soul; and she cried, as she raised her startled and troubled face to her mother's, "Death and Hell were cast into the lake of fire!"

What a shock to the gay company! What words to break in upon the harmony of such a scene! Stern looks

and angry words were turned upon the little speaker. The awkward child was hushed. If *she* had gazed upon judgment to come, why tell it to them?—*they* who were happy in darkness.

Years had passed on; the child had grown up to early womanhood, but the soul that once had seen could never forget the terrors of judgment to come. Life, with all its pleasures and gaieties, was now before her, but the thunder-clouds of coming doom ever shrouded the far horizon. How should her soul escape that judgment?

It was a lovely afternoon in summer. The town lay basking in the glorious beams of the sun, and the waves, as they rippled to the sandy shore, sparkled like liquid gold. The lovely place was at its loveliest and all the sights and sounds around were suited to a fashionable watering-place in its summer season. Removed from the gay throngs that crowded the esplanade, two figures might have been seen in earnest converse. Fashion had done her best to deck one of them in goodliest style, but the troubled face and restless eye gave sure token of an unsatisfied soul within. Her friend pleaded with her and with earnest voice and in eager tones told her of the One who had come forth from God to "bring out the prisoners from the prison and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house." Vainly she pleaded, vainly she told that oft-told tale of the thorn-crowned brow, the wounded hands and feet, and bleeding side of the suffering Saviour. "Nothing," replied the fair votary of fashion, "no power on earth or in heaven shall make me believe."

It was evening, and in a large mission room in a seaside town a motley crowd was assembled. Sailors, with their weather-beaten faces and rope-hardened hands, and women, whose worn countenances gave manifest token of the struggles of life, were gathered together under the flaring gas-jets to hear the sweet story of the Saviour's dying love. Weak in the eyes of man, but strong that night in the power of God, the speaker opened the Bible and read that wonderful message in Isaiah 53—the word of the Living God, who holds up to view the Son of God as despised and rejected. Word by word the wondrous message fell upon the listening crowd. Was there a grieved and sorrow-stricken one? "Surely He hath borne *our* griefs and carried *our* sorrows." Was there a guilty, sin-laden one? "He was wounded for *our* transgressions, and bruised for *our*

iniquities." Was there a soul that had no peace? "The chastisement of *our* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Was there a self-willed soul there that was now groaning under a sense of unpardoned sins? "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."

Amazed, half-ashamed to be seen there, the girl whose history I write had been drawn by the lights to the door of that room, and the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ had reached her inmost soul. Her fears, where are they now? Gone. The darkness? It was gone. Her sins? They were gone, for she had seen "Him, stricken, smitten, and afflicted." And from her heart the echo had come, "I see; I see it all. I have gone astray, I have wandered away, yet He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities, the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and by His stripes I am healed. He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). What needed she more?

And now a living Saviour rose before and claimed that soul of hers, yes, claimed its salvation, as the "fruit of the travail of His soul." What marvel that she left that humble room with sunshine in her heart.

"He bore on the tree the sentence for me,
And now both the sinner and surety are free."

On reaching her home and confessing Christ, her father, mother, and sister gazed at her with amazement. The two latter, shrinking from the too approving light, left the room. Then the father, with all authority and solicitude, strove to put out the beams. For two long hours he reasoned with the child he thought deluded, assuring her, only in stronger words, that "darkness was light." But she could raise her eyes to heaven and tell how she had seen Him as the Sin-bearer; how she had seen Him as the One who had taken her, the guilty sinner's place, and died as her Substitute—a sight once seen never to be forgotten; in a word, a look was life (see Numbers 21. 8, 9). Day by day she struggled on with the stream against her; but day by day she experienced more of the tender care of Him who was afflicted in all her afflictions, and who was her Keeper and Guide for many years after, and she was permitted the joy of telling others of His goodness and power to save. Is her Saviour yours? Have you told it to others?

**"I AM PREPARED TO MEET MY FRIENDS,
BUT I AM NOT PREPARED TO MEET GOD."**

A YOUNG woman who lived with her parents in the city of Glasgow became seriously ill. On the advice of her physician she was taken to the Royal Infirmary. After being under skilful medical treatment for some time her



"ON REACHING HOME SHE SUDDENLY BECAME ILL."

health improved, and a day was fixed when she was to leave the institution. Her mother, thinking it might please her daughter, invited a party of young friends to meet her. On reaching her home she became suddenly ill, and soon after died, crying, "I AM READY TO MEET MY FRIENDS, BUT I AM NOT PREPARED TO MEET GOD."

A Glasgow Girl's Dying Words.

It is to be feared that not a few who read these lines, if they were to tell the naked truth, would have to confess that though ready to meet their friends, they are utterly unprepared to meet God. Yet Scripture declares that all will have to meet Him. "All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him WITH WHOM WE HAVE TO DO" (Heb. 4. 13). We have "to do" with God, and there is no use in denying it or attempting to bury it in the cares, business, or pleasures of life. ALL MUST MEET HIM WHETHER THEY WILL OR NO. Some have flippantly said that they will be lost in the crowd. There is no fear of that. "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14. 12). Every unsaved person will have to stand before the great white throne of judgment and give account of the deeds done in the body (Rev. 20. 11-15). There will be no hiding, no escaping, no refusing. All *must* stand before the burning, searching eye of the holy and righteous Judge. High and low, rich and poor, young and old, educated and illiterate, must appear before Him. "But I say unto you," says the Lord Jesus, "that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. 12. 36). How awfully solemn that for *every idle word*, as well as for every wrong thought and act, there will be a reckoning time. The crowning sin of all, however, will be the terrible sin of rejecting Christ (John 3. 18). When asked why you did not believe on Him, why you neglected His gospel and despised His grace, what will you say? When shown how often you said to the Holy Spirit, "Go Thy way *for this time*," what answer will you give? "What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. 13. 21). What will you say when the Judge pronounces the awful sentence, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire?" You will be speechless! Deep down in your soul you will know that you were entirely to blame; that you might have been saved if you had liked; that you chose the world instead of Christ. At the remembrance of your folly and rebellion, your wilfulness and disobedience, you will confess, "I deserve it all." "Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4. 12) by accepting of Christ as your Saviour. Believe on Him who groaned and bled and died for *you*, and you will be saved for eternity (John 3. 36; 5. 24). Be ready to meet God at any moment, and you will join with all the ransomed host in endless glory.

A. M.

THE MEETING IN THE TENT.

"I HAVE come down to have a talk with you, Miss Oliver, and to ask if you will pray for me. I have not been feeling happy for some time back, more especially since the night you took me along with you to the meeting in the tent. You remember it was that night the gentleman spoke of many people who professed to be Christians being deceived, and waking up at last in hell. You know, Miss, that a change took place in my life in 1873. I have lived differently



GROUP OF GOSPEL WORKERS AND FRIENDS AT TENT DOOR.

since, yet at times I have my fears, and the address about 'hypocrisy' that I heard in the tent has made me so nervous and unhappy that I thought I'd come down and have a talk with you, and ask you to pray for me."

The speaker was a woman in the prime of life, the wife of a respectable tradesman in a town in Scotland. They were an amiable, well-behaved couple, both members of the Presbyterian Church, and few were more regularly in their pew than they.

"And what shall I pray for, Mrs. Hart?"

The Meeting in the Tent.

"Oh, just *pray*, Miss, for I'm so unhappy; pray that I may be filled with the Holy Ghost and be made happy."

"I cannot pray for that, Mrs. Hart. God does not fill any unconverted sinner with the Holy Ghost, nor does He make any happy in their sins. I will ask God to show you that you are a condemned sinner, hanging over a burning hell, and I'll pray that you may not be able to get rest or sleep until you have accepted Christ."

Mrs. Hart thought this was poor consolation. She was inclined to get angry at the plain speaking of her friend, but something within said: "You need not be offended; you know it's perfectly true, and you had better face it." But, then, what would people say? She had been known as a good Christian woman from 1873; if she were to let it out that all the time she had been a hypocrite, people would look down upon her with suspicion, and her good name would be at stake. How many plans the devil has to keep sinners from Christ! For years he had kept this woman carelessly and heedlessly on the road to ruin. In 1873 she was awakened, and had succeeded in getting her to rest in a reformed life instead of Christ, and now that God had in mercy broken the spell, pride came in to keep her from owning the truth.

She rose and rather hurriedly left, not very well pleased, and certainly not very happy. She arrived at home, and shortly after got to bed. But the struggle increased. She tossed to and fro on her pillow unable to sleep. The rose and partly dressed. She felt it must be settled *now* or *never*—it must be Christ or despair. As the first rays of morning light shone into the room, she owned her guilt and hypocrisy, cast herself solely upon the Lord Jesus, and accepted Him as the Saviour of her guilty soul. She knew on the authority of God's Word that she had "passed from death unto life," and was filled with "joy and peace in believing." She went off to tell Miss Oliver, and they rejoiced together. What a change from the former sham conversion of 1873! There was *life*, and it bore its fruit, to the praise of Him who gave it.

Have you been converted to God? Have you had personal dealings with God about your soul? Make sure work about it, and do not rest short of being "born again." "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (1 John 5. 1). Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ now.

THE INFIDEL LAWYER AND THE
SOUTH SEA ISLANDER.



A SOUTH SEA CHIEF IN NATIVE COSTUME.

THE INFIDEL LAWYER AND THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDER.



NUMBER of years ago a South Sea Islander was brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Thomas Hooper—for that was the name by which he was christened—was a consistent and devoted Christian, manifesting by his life the wondrous change that grace had wrought. He was sent to England for education, and was there for several years. One evening he found himself in the company of a number of distinguished persons, most of whom were unbelievers. One of them, a clever lawyer, entertained them by propounding difficult questions. Thomas listened attentively for a time and then remarked, "I am only a poor pagan boy, and it is quite natural that you should find my answers amusing, expressed as they are in very bad English, but we shall all find ourselves in a larger company than this. Everyone will be there, and to each one of us will be addressed one question, 'DO YOU LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST?' For myself, I can answer, 'Yes, I love Him; He is my Saviour.' But you, sir, what reply will you make?" The lawyer was silent. For a time no one spoke. After a pause it was suggested that a portion of God's Word be read, and Thomas was asked to lead in prayer. He did so simply and earnestly, praying that God would lead the lawyer to know and accept of God's "unspeakable gift."

The company separated, but the lawyer could not get rid of the words spoken by the South Sea Islander. Again and again the question came before him, "BUT YOU, SIR, WHAT REPLY WILL YOU MAKE?" The Holy Spirit carried it home in living power. The words sounded ceaselessly in his ear, and do what he might, he could not get rid of them. His conscience was aroused. Memory recalled visions of the past, bringing before him sins long forgotten, making him uneasy and unhappy. He knew he was not a Christian, and dying in his sins would be eternally lost. The question, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" sank into his soul. No, he did not love Him. He thought little of Him, caring for none of these things. He had determined to live for Time, banishing from his mind thoughts of Eternity. But God was holy and just as well as merciful and gracious. What was to become of him? Where would he spend Eternity?

The Infidel Lawyer and the South Sea Islander.

"Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" No, he did not. In fact he thought as little of Him as possible. Yet Christ loved him! In spite of his innumerable sins, He so loved him that He died on Calvary that he might not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). Did Christ really die on the Cross for *him*? Was He "wounded for *his* transgressions and bruised for *his* iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5)? Did he really bear *his* sins "in His own Body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2. 24)? His eyes were opened. By faith he looked to Jesus and found life through a look at the Crucified One. Then he could not help loving Christ, because of His wondrous love. How sinful to have slighted such marvellous affection! And he had done it all his days. He believed and rejoiced. He believed on the Son of God who loved him and gave Himself for him, and according to Scripture he was saved and had eternal life (John 3. 36; Rom. 10. 9).

Does the reader love the Lord Jesus Christ? Is He *your* Saviour? Has He saved *you* from sin's penalty and thralldom? Are you really a "new creature" (2 Cor. 5. 17) in Christ Jesus? If not, you may be so ere you finish reading these lines. God loves you. Christ died for you. The Lord Jesus settled the "sin question" at Calvary. God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ, 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). May you be enabled to say truthfully:

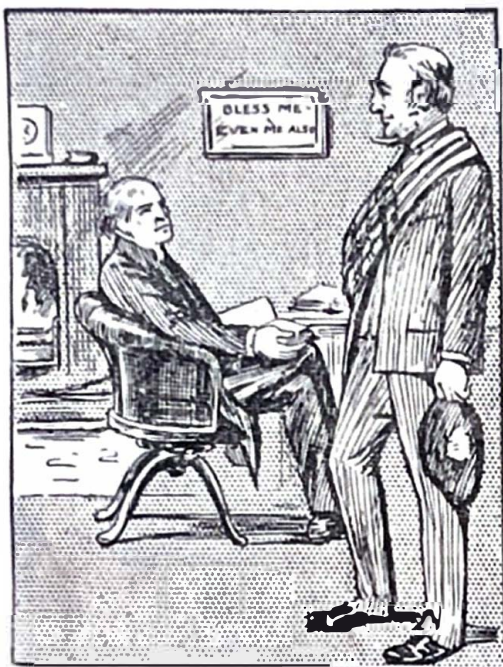
"I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood
From sin to set me free."

If, however, you spurn His love and despise His mercy, a terrible doom awaits you. In God's reckoning the crowning sin of the sinner is the sin of unbelief. Men are not condemned because they have committed greater sins or crimes than others, but because they don't believe on Christ. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, *because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God*" (Jno. 3. 18).

Why not now believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved for Eternity? Believe the glad tidings of great joy regarding Christ and the work He accomplished for you on Calvary's Cross, and you will obtain everlasting life.

A. M.

TRYING TO ENTER BY THE WRONG DOOR.



ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, of Dundee, is almost a household name in Scotland. He was known for his holy life and powerful preaching. Once when speaking a man who had been long anxious about his soul obtained peace with God. At the close of the service he went to the minister to tell him the good news. The joy of the Lord so filled his soul, and caused his face to glow, that Mr. M'Cheyne did not inquire if he had obtained forgiveness. He simply

asked: "How did you get it?" "All the time I have been trying to enter by the SAINT'S DOOR, but while you were speaking I saw my mistake and entered in at the SINNER'S DOOR."

This is what many are doing. They desire to enter by the *saint's door*, instead of by the *sinner's door*. They try to give up this, that, and the other sin and bad habit. They vow and resolve that they will act differently in the future from what they have done in the past. In other words, they are seeking to *better themselves* and make themselves fit for God's presence. All the while they are turning their back on the door by which they are to enter. The Lord Jesus did not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. He came to seek and to save that which was *lost* (Luke 19. 10). You admit that you are a "sinner." Allow me to ask, Are you a "lost" sinner? So long as there is any hope of you doing anything meritorious for salvation, there is no hope of anything being done. Take the *lost* sinner's place, and accept the lost sinner's Saviour. YOUR NEED IS YOUR CLAIM.

Don't attempt to fit yourself for God's presence. All the fitness He requires is to know your need of Him. Come to Him as a *sinner*—not as a saint. You say you don't feel anxious enough, and you don't feel sorry enough about the past. True, perfectly true. You are not told to come to Christ as a "convicted" sinner or a "penitent" sinner. COME AS YOU ARE—come by faith. By faith in Christ you obtain a free, full, present, and eternal salvation.

A. M.

THE THREE GOLD RINGS.



"HE WENT TO BATHE IN A QUIET SPOT IN THE ISLAND."

WHEN I was stationed at Bermuda a draft of young soldiers was sent out to join my regiment. Amongst them was a smart corporal of good appearance and courteous manners. The colour-sergeant of the company to which he was posted had married a few years previously at Gibraltar a respectable young woman of that place, her mother being an Italian. Prior to the regiment leaving Gibraltar the mother gave her daughter three old-fashioned gold rings, which were valuable as heirlooms, as well as for their antique design. Shortly after the corporal joined the company one of the rings was lost; a few months elapsed, then another; and soon after the last disappeared. The corporal had frequent recourse to the quarters of the colour-sergeant, but everyone thought him such a nice fellow that not a shadow

The Three Gold Rings.

of suspicion was cast upon him. Not long after the disappearance of the third ring, the corporal went to bathe in a quiet spot in the island. He did not return; search was made, and he was found drowned. He had become entangled among some fishing-lines which he could not have noticed when entering the water. On his effects being examined, a small parcel of old calico was found in his knapsack, and very carefully wrapped therein were the three gold rings!

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

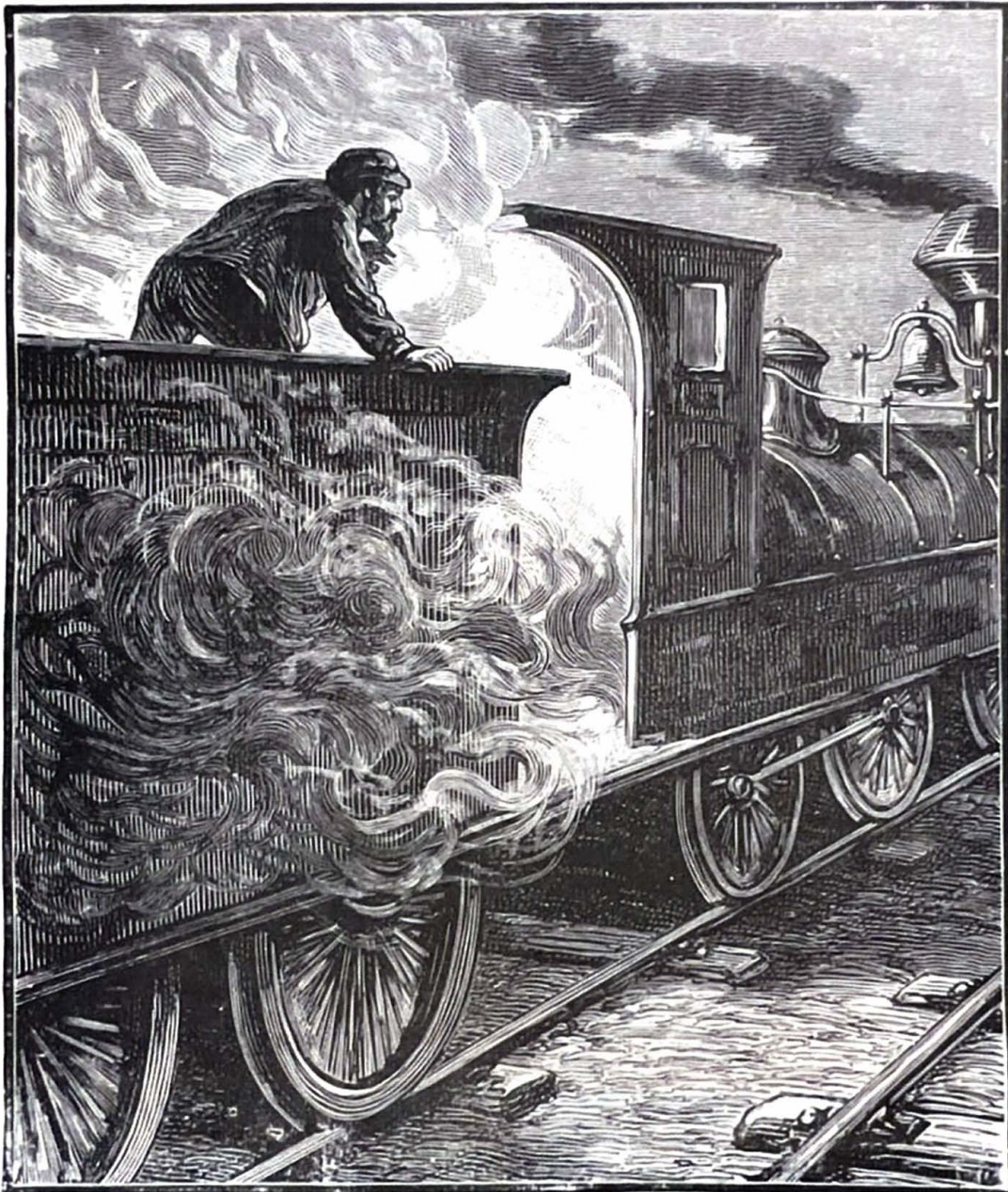
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NOT SATISFIED.

GO to yonder man of the world and ask if the world has satisfied him, and he will tell you "No." Ask the lover of pleasure if the streams of carnal delight have quenched his thirst, and he will answer "No." Go to that young man who wanted to enjoy the world, and ask him if the enjoyment has been solid and satisfactory, and he will tell you "No." In forbidden pleasures he has failed to find a lasting joy. The worldling spends his *all* in the pursuit of carnal delight, and can show you nothing in return. It is not so with the child of God. He finds everything in Christ. He drinks of heavenly joys, and is *abundantly satisfied*.

w. s.

HOW ONE DIED FOR 620.



IN the early part of November, 1882, we were startled by a telegraphic message from America of a thrilling story of courage and self-sacrifice on the part of an engine-driver named Joseph A. Seig. From information published in the daily papers, it appears that on a Lord's-day the Pennsylvania railway train left the city of Jersey freighted with six hundred and twenty passengers. While the train was dashing along at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles an hour, the furnace door opened in some unaccountable way, and the flames leaped out with such suddenness and force that before any-

How One Died for 620.

thing could be done the car nearest the engine caught fire, and drove Seig and the fireman from their posts. After the men had clambered over the tender into the car, it was discovered that the engine had fouled the spring of the air-brake from the car, and there was no possibility of stopping the train. On it kept running, unguided and unprotected, straight to its apparent ruin, spreading horror and consternation through the hearts of the passengers as they saw the flames increasing in intensity and heard the crackling of the burning car, and for a while their doom seemed inevitable. As the horror of their situation gradually crept over the brave engine-driver, without the slightest hesitation he retraced his steps from the burning car across the red-hot tender, and rushing through the blinding smoke and rapidly accumulating flames, he succeeded in stopping the train. The brave fellow, to lessen his agony, climbed in despair into the water tank, where the fireman found him with his clothes burnt from his back and his whole body terribly scorched by the remorseless flames. Shortly after they had carried his charred body to the hospital, he passed away amid much agony, having thus heroically laid down his own life to save the lives of his fellows.

Does not this instance of modern heroism remind you of *One* who sacrificed His own life to save a world from a more-terrible and fearful doom than that of a burning train, and who suffered a more cruel and excruciating death than the brave Joseph Seig; for He hung on Calvary's Cross, suffering the dire wrath and the hiding of the face of God, crying, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But why was He suffering there? Why was He hanging on that accursed tree? Why was He dying such a cruel death? Did He deserve it? No! Was it for His own sins? No! Who was it for, then? Why, for us. For "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the us."

Yea, out of love to a poor, perishing, dying world, rushing madly on to its doom, the Christ of God voluntarily gave up His own life that He might save *eternally* every sinner who *trusts*, who *believes* in Him. Can you say by His death you are for ever and eternally *free* from the judgment of sin, and *delivered* from the wrath to come?

As Seig saw the danger and *acted promptly*, so we would entreat all who are not safe to *promptly* flee from the wrath to come.

S. B.

NO GUIDE!

A THRILLING AND TRUE STORY OF ALPINE ADVENTURE
AND DISASTER.



AN ALPINE GUIDE READY FOR AN ASCENT.

"A last word of warning met their ears: 'Take care,' said one of these mountain pilots; 'take care lest we have to come and look for your bones up there!' The only answer was a word of careless merriment."

NO GUIDE!

ON the afternoon of Thursday, 14th July, six young men, talking merrily together, set out from a hotel in the village of Lauterbrunnen. They were starting to make the ascent of the Jungfrau, one of the highest peaks of the Bernese Alps. It was a most dangerous climb, leading among glaciers and abysses, snows and precipices, and across hollows often swept by the avalanches or shrouded in clouds. And they had resolved to go up by a path that was little known and very steep. Just at their departure, in the village street, as



"FAR AWAY DOWN LIE SIX CORPSES STRETCHED ON THE CHILLY GLACIER."

they were passing a group of guides whose assistance they had refused, a last word of warning met their ears: "Take care," said one of these mountain pilots; "take care lest we have to come and look for your bones up there!" The only answer was a word of careless merriment.

In the grey dawn of the Saturday these young men might have been seen up there nearing the awesome summit. Tied to one another by a long rope, they slowly press onward in fear and trembling, often unable to see more than a step or two ahead, through the mist which is rolling and whirling amid these heights. They miss the track. Unwittingly they are drawing nearer and nearer to a frightful precipice, with one of those fatal snow-ledges stretching over its brow.

No Guide!

Suddenly a cry breaks the lonely silence of these giddy heights, an awful shriek of terror! Then follows a long silence still more awful. We look—nothing but a deep rent in the fair ledge of snow! Far away down there, at the foot of this precipice, fully a thousand feet below, lie six corpses stretched on the chilly glacier. Hours pass. The sun runs his course, and sinks to rest; again he rises and sets, but over the glacier reigns the silence of death.

Six days have sped their flight, and down in the valley the anxious forebodings have increased daily. Friends have gathered in blank consternation from various points. Groups of guides are setting out to search the mountains. At last, in the cleft of a rock near the summit, are found indications that the young men spent their last night here. Here is a circle of stones they had arranged, to give them some little shelter. There, again, are the remains of their provisions and part of a pack of cards—a last souvenir, the last note of their life on earth!—the only thing left to tell of how they had spent that solemn night, the last granted to them! Many a heart was harrowed, as people read in the newspapers the details of this lamentable disaster, and the feeling of sympathy with the bereaved was widespread and deep; yet, at the same time, a thought of regret could not but suggest itself to the mind of many: “If they had only taken a guide! What madness to trust to themselves!”

The mere thought of these six young men, suddenly hurled over the precipice, and falling from rock to rock until they reached the bottom of the abyss, makes one shudder; but how terrible will it be for souls who, having rejected the divine Guide, have gone astray in this life, by-and-by to have to appear before the great White Throne of God and be cast into the bottomless abyss! With what confidence would we trust ourselves to the guides of Lauterbrunnen if they had created the mountains or beaten the track to the summit! Why not, then, trust the love and grace of the Creator of the Universe, who so loved us that He gave His only begotten Son to the death of the Cross in order that He might be our Substitute, Saviour, Friend, and Guide. Having passed through all the sufferings of Calvary and the darkness of the tomb, and being raised to die no more, He is able to save, able to succour, able to keep evermore. Will you now take Jesus as your Guide, or will you rush madly on, and perish eternally because you trust to yourself and have NO GUIDE? N. B.

TAKING off his COAT to CATCH BUTTERFLIES.



PHILIP SHARKEY was a blacksmith to trade, and lived in Kilmarnock, Scotland. He had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but became "infidel in his opinions and profligate in his habits." To use his own words, he had been for three-and-fifty years "the devil's honest servant." Mr. John Dickie, a faithful and devoted servant of Christ, was in the habit of visiting him, and has written an interesting sketch of his conversion and spiritual life.

In telling Mr. Dickie how he was led to see that God loved him, and that in spite of his sins, and *because of his sins*, Christ died for him, he said: "Oh, man, how my heart gripped at it (the Gospel of God's matchless grace), and I rose filled wi' wonner that the Lord Jesus wad hae onything to dae wi' a creatur' like me. It is wonnerfu', but it is the blood of Christ that cleanses from *all* sin. I was in hell afore, I hae been in heaven since; I never was happy till noo." He deeply regretted that so much of his life was wasted, and on one occasion remarked: "It seems to me that I hae been a' my days like a man castin' his coat to grip butterflies."

The simile is a very expressive one. Think of a man with coat off spending his years in trying to catch butterflies! And yet many are acting as foolishly. They spend their time and strength in trifles light as air. Some are pursuing the bubble of pleasure, and when it is grasped it immediately vanishes. Some are striving to accumulate wealth, and when success is attained their hearts are still unsatisfied. Some seek for honour, fame, and power, and when they get what they have gone in for, there is still a longing after an indescribable something. None but Christ can satisfy the longings of an immortal spirit. Why not, then, seek to know Him whom to know is life eternal (John 17. 3)? "First things first." Believe on Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20, 21), and like Philip Sharkey you will know the secret of perennial joy.

A. M.

A MOCK DISCUSSION ON THE BIBLE.

AT the Annual Meeting of the Trinitarian Bible Society in London Mr. J. B. Barraclough, M.A., narrated the following incident as an illustration of the inherent power of God's Word: "Some time ago twelve young men—all



"SO GREAT WAS THE EFFECT OF HIS ARGUMENTS."

avowed unbelievers—left England to see life and rough it in an out-of-the-way part of one of our distant colonies. As time went on and the nights became long, they hardly knew how to pass away the time. They were tired of cards and other worldly amusements, so they hit upon a novel device. They decided to have a MOCK DISCUSSION WITH RESPECT TO THE BIBLE. Of course somebody must defend it, so they

A Mock Discussion on the Bible.

drew lots and it happened that the young man chosen knew absolutely nothing about the Word of God, as is the case with many disbelievers in the Bible. In order to win his case the young man began to thoroughly study the Scriptures. At first he read solely to prepare for his mock defence, but he soon began to be deeply interested till he almost became entranced by the beauty and majesty and wisdom of the Book, and by the time the discussion was to take place that Living Word had BROUGHT JOY AND PEACE TO HIS SOUL, and he was no longer a mocking, carping unbeliever, but a humble, reverent follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. So great was the effect of his arguments and testimony that others were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The last news I heard from these men was," Mr. Barraclough added, "that all of them except one had been converted to God."

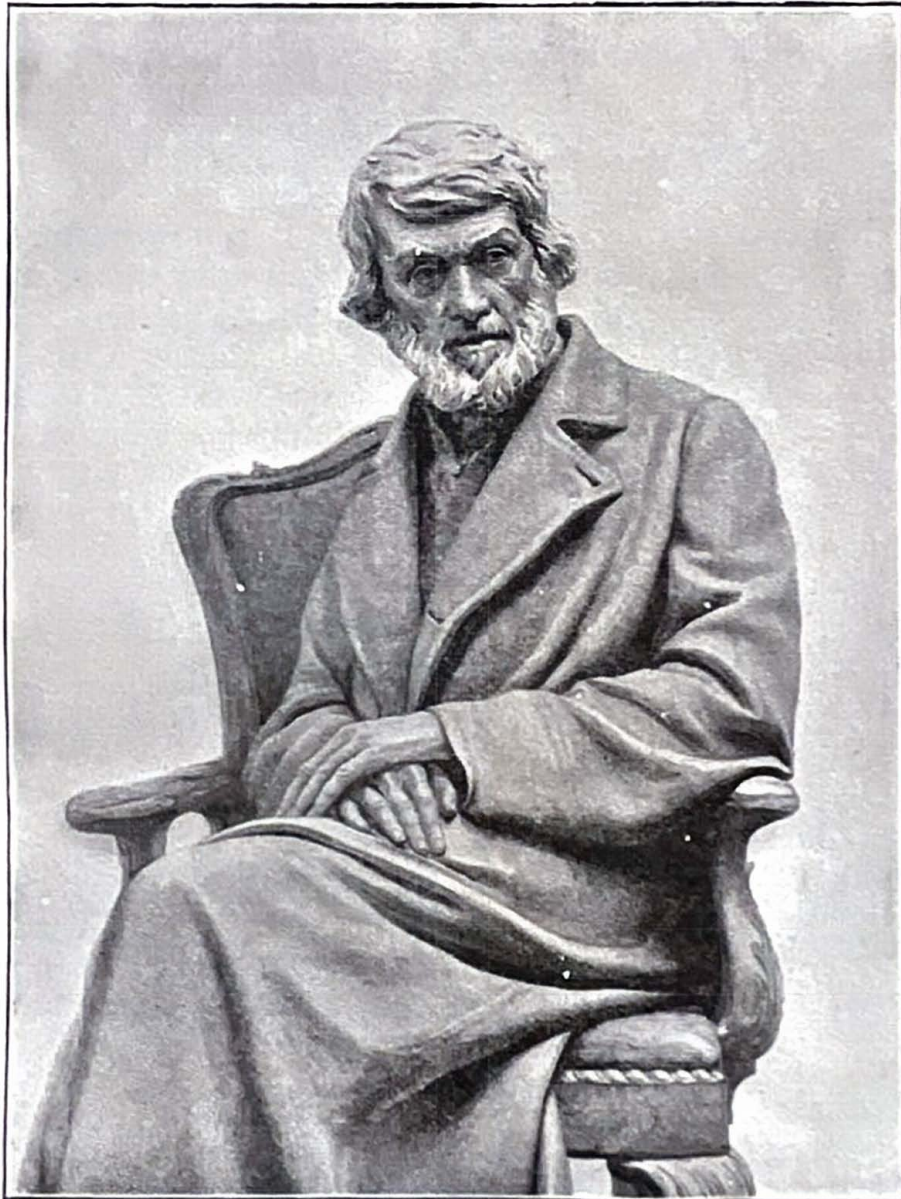
This story is surely a striking exemplification of the Scripture: "The entrance of Thy words giveth light" (Psa. 119. 130). The young man, through studying God's precious "Inquire-within-on-Everything," saw that he was a guilty sinner, lost and condemned. If, however, he had learned no more than that, it would have done him little good. Thank God, he discovered that though God *hated sin*, He *loved the sinner* with an untold wealth of wondrous love. And when at last he saw by faith Christ bleeding and dying *for him* on the Cross of Calvary and understood that His death was a "perfect satisfaction to the injured honour of the divine character and government," he rejoiced in Him as his Saviour. One of the results of his conversion was that most of the young men were led to acknowledge Christ as their Saviour and Master. The reader may look upon the Bible as a dull and uninteresting Book. Read it, read it regularly, carefully, prayerfully looking to the Holy Spirit to guide and lead you, and you will be surprised to find that it is what David said of Goliath's sword—"There is none like it." It is *the* Book of books.

"Man's books with worthless chaff are stored,
God's Scriptures golden grains afford;
Reject the chaff and spend thy pains
In gathering up the golden grains."

Take your place as a helpless, ruined sinner, and believe on Him who was wounded for your transgressions and bruised for your iniquities (Isa. 53 5), and you will pass from death unto life, from darkness into light (Jno. 5.24). A.M.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S TESTIMONY.

THOMAS CARLYLE, a great thinker, essayist, and historian, who was born at Ecclefechan, in Scotland, in 1795, made a name of world-wide fame by his books, "Sartor Resartus," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "The French Revolution," &c. His works are full of pithy and



THOMAS CARLYLE, THE SAGE OF CHELSEA.

memorable sayings—among them, "Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on Eternity, and encompassed by Eternity. Find out your task; stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work." Yet listen to his dying testimony: "You will think me far gone and much bankrupt in hope and heart

Thomas Carlyle's Testimony.

—and indeed I am; as good as WITHOUT HOPE AND WITHOUT FEAR: a gloomily serious, silent, and sad old man, gazing into the final chasm of things, in mute dialogue with death, judgment, and eternity." So wrote the philosopher of Cheyne Walk to a friend just previous to his decease in 1881. And sad, gloomily sad, unutterably sad, is his testimony! He had indeed, with one of old (Eccles. i. 17, 18), "given his heart to know wisdom," and he had perceived "that this also is vexation of spirit," for *he had left out Christ*, and so had lost the key which unlocks the mysteries of Time and Eternity. And thus at last, perforce, he takes his stand upon the brink of that "final chasm"—an abyss which all his philosophy and moralisings will never enable him to span—hopeless, and alas! fearless too; a living, or shall we say a dying exemplification of the truth, that "The world by wisdom knew not God."

And yet, the one who thus speaks had been no irreligious man. On the contrary, he had passed seven years of his life at the university in preparation for the ministry, and had duly weighed in the balances of human intelligence the tenets of the Christian faith. He had sought to see with intellectual eyes the kingdom of God, and he had not seen it, for the things belonging to it are hidden from the eyes of the wise and prudent and revealed to babes, and truths which the child of ten can enter into—the hatefulness of sin and the love of God in providing a Saviour—his giant intellect had failed to grasp. Nor was he an atheist, for he believed in judgment and eternity, and held, as he said, much dialogue with them. A monologue, he should have said, for judgment and eternity can give him no answer to all his questionings. Thank God, *we* who believe in Jesus, Who was delivered for *our* offences and raised for *our* justification, have, in that risen and glorified Saviour, the answer to all our doubts, and difficulties, and fears, and can say with the "chief of sinners" who became the chief of saints, "To depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." J. F.

GREAT MERCY.—God's mercy is so great that it forgives great sins to great sinners, after great lengths of time; and then gives great favours and great privileges, and raises us up to great enjoyments in the great heaven of the great God. As John Bunyan saith: "It must be great mercy, or no mercy, for little mercy will never serve my turn."—C. H. SPURGEON.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

LESSONS FROM

The *Amazon*, wrecked at the Beginning of the Voyage.

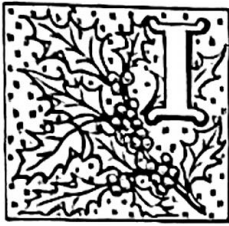
The *Drummond Castle*, wrecked near the End of the Voyage.

The *Royal George*, wrecked after Finishing her Voyage.



THE DURNING SHIP.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.



WOULD urge upon all the necessity of immediate decision for the Lord Jesus Christ, for, leaving aside for the moment the question of the present peace and joy of the Christian, there is the uncertainty of life. This is a very serious matter. Death often snatches away first those who seem most likely to live and prosper. The voyage of Life is short for some; they seem scarcely to have put out upon the sea of Time before reaching Eternity.

The AMAZON was a gallant vessel, greatly praised by all who beheld her noble form as she sailed forth from the Southampton Docks upon her maiden voyage. She was the best and biggest of her kind—a perfect specimen of the art of shipbuilding as known at the time, for science and skill had combined to outstrip all former productions. It was on Friday, the 2nd of January, 1852, that she sailed, the West Indies being her destination. At one o'clock on the following Sunday morning the awful cry of "Fire! Fire!" startled the sleepers from their beds, and the black night was made lurid by the forked flames from the doomed ship, and before morning's dawn only the wreckage of this fine vessel marked the spot where she had gone hissing down full fifteen hundred fathoms deep in the Bay of Biscay.

How like is this to many a life cut off in an hour—gone from earth from ever! Oh, well it is for such if they have trusted Jesus as their Saviour, for in such a case to pass from earth means to be ushered into the presence of Christ, which is far better. Others sail prosperously for a while, everything seems to go well, they are within speaking distance as it were of the realisation of their hopes, when suddenly all is over with them, and the world sees them no more. Talk not of many years to come, of plenty of time to prepare. Remember the Scripture says, "Boast not thyself of *to-morrow*; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

The wreck of the good ship DRUMMOND CASTLE will not yet be forgotten. The 148 passengers and 105 of the crew were no doubt all excited with the thought of "home." The voyage was all but over, and a parting concert was held in the saloon. A vote of thanks was moved to the captain, and in reply, he spoke of the meeting of long-separated friends on the morrow. Then the

The Uncertainty of Life.

National Anthem was sung, and most of the passengers retired for the night. A fog had settled down upon the sea, and the current had carried the ship out of its course. Suddenly there was an awful shock. The engines stood still, and all was silent save for the horrible grinding of the ship's keel upon the cruel Pierres Vertes, off Ushant, on the coast of France. Seven minutes after this the *Drummond Castle* had gone down, carrying 250 souls to their death.

How awfully sudden! And yet not more sudden than the cutting off of some. We have known such cases—men who have been cut down in their prime, with heads full of schemes and hearts full of ambition; but they have gone apparently without warning; the waters of Time roll on, and, as far as this world is concerned, they are seen no more. You may be full of vigour to-day, anticipating great success in this world, and forgetting the next. Oh, beware! you too may be cut off in a moment. You have had many warnings from God—warnings of love which longs to bring you clear of destruction. This may be your last. To-day you may be saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work. To-morrow may find you in the grip of death—dark and hopeless death.

The *Amazon* went down at the start of her voyage. The *Drummond Castle* was wrecked almost in sight of the port. Swift and unexpected was the destruction of both, but who could have anticipated the sinking of the ROYAL GEORGE. She was an old vessel, it is true, and had seen long and honourable service, for she had been the flagship of such renowned Admirals as Anson, Hawke, Rodney, and Howe. But she neither met her destruction amid the whirlwind of war nor the blast of the storm.

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock."

Snugly anchored off Spithead, in perfect weather and broad daylight, she sank beneath the wave. Twelve hundred souls at least were aboard at the time—mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and friends. Laughter and merriment rang throughout the ship, when a sudden gust of wind struck her upon her broadside, which had been heeled up for repairs, and over she went, drowning by her terrible capsizing over 700 souls like rats in a trap.

Who could have foreseen this terrible tragedy? Every-

The Uncertainty of Life.

thing seemed so peaceful and secure, and none were prepared for such a calamity. But while we feel a pang for the brave—

"The brave that are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore,"

let not the lesson be lost upon us. We know not what a day may bring forth. Many hope to have the chance of turning to Christ on their deathbed: you may never have one. The cold waters of death may gather round you and swallow you up speedily and without warning. O we warn you now; do not refuse to listen, for he that being often reproved and refuses to regard the reproof, shall be suddenly cut off, and that without remedy. Christ is the Saviour. Accept of Him to-day. His blood can cleanse away your sins, and fit you for heaven; then come life or death, all is well—peace and safety will be yours through Him. J. T. M.

"I'LL TAKE HIM."



I MET an old man out on the highway to-day. His locks were white with the snows of many winters. I entered into conversation with him as to whether he was prepared to meet God. "No," said he, "but I'm doing what I can." "Ah," said I, "there's very little difference between you and me." "How's that?" he asked; "what is the difference?" "Well," I said, "you are *doing* in order to be saved; and I am *doing* because I *am* saved." The old man looked at me with the air of one who heard strange news. "Quite true, my old friend," I continued, "God has saved my soul through the merits of His precious Son, and He is ready to save you too. God's Son has finished the work. He made His soul an offering for sin, and now there's nothing left for you to do—nothing! As many as receive this Jesus, to them is given power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name. *Will you have Him?*" The old man cried out, "I'll take Him—I'll take Him for my Saviour." And there and then, although the snow was falling, we knelt behind the hedge-row and unitedly thanked the Lord for saving that aged sinner on the highway. Praise God for a free salvation.—*Jotting from Revival Meeting.*

TWO SIDES OF A CARD.

A LADY who had been led to think much about the life to come wrote upon one side of a card the following verse from the well-known poems of J. Clare :

" To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see ;
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be ! "

Aimlessly wandering in the conservatory when the flowers were in their highest glory, she placed it on the top of an ancient hour-glass. What a startling thought ! A lady in the bloom of health, a flower in the bloom of beauty. Yet as truly as the flower would die, for " The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away " (1 Peter 1. 24), so truly



Two Sides of a Card.

would the lady come to the end of her years, for "It is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9. 27). "For dust thou art, and unto dust shall thou return." Whoever you are, wherever you go, whatever you do, "Be ye also READY!" Yea, startling thought! that when all the sands of the hour-glass, all the sands of life, all the sands of time have run their course, "*I shall be*" somewhere! If saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, "*I shall be*" with Him in glory. If unsaved, my portion shall be with the devil and his angels. Rest not till you can say for certain: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh *shall I see God*" (Job 19. 26). Then summer time in the soul will be your present enjoyment, gloomy thoughts about "summers yet to come" will vanish, for you will have the assurance of eternal pleasures at the right hand of God.

Next morning on searching for the card she was surprised to find the following lines on the other side of it:

"To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seas are o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Oh, where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend Eternity?"

Someone had caught the thought of the first side, and emphasised the truth as to DEATH, JUDGMENT, and ETERNITY, making it clear that though death is the cessation of *well-being*, in no sense is it the cessation of *being*. All who die neglecting so great salvation (Heb. 2. 2, 3), rejecting the Christ of God, have still to face the second death, the death that *never dies* in the lake of fire (Rev. 20. 14).

Unsaved friend, every blade of grass, every twig of green, every fragrant flower reminds you of the brevity and uncertainty of life, and urges you to accept the sweet invitation of the Saviour of sinners: "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*" (Matt. 11. 28). In the midst of the great unrest of the world, in danger of the awful unrest of hell, how can you delay another moment settling this great question?

All Heaven is interested in your eternal welfare. The Eternal God so loved you that He gave His only begotten Son to die for you (John 3. 16); the Son of God loved you and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20); the Spirit of God has again and again called you to decision. Why not come now and find peace, perfect peace, in believing? 119.

HOW THE THIEF GOT CAUGHT.



SOME time ago a friend of the writer was returning home from a short stay at the seaside, and when passing through London he thought he would call upon a friend of his living there. He had a bag with him, and on looking round to see who he could get to carry it, saw a poor man on the pavement making cabbage nets. The man gladly undertook to take the gentleman's luggage; and walking by his side, the following conversation took place: "Can you get a living at the making of cabbage nets?" "Well, sir, it's a poor living at the best of times, but my blessed Lord helps me through." "Your blessed Lord! Who is he?" "Jesus, sir; He's my blessed Lord."

How the Thief Got Caught.

He died for me." "Indeed! now tell me, my man, was He always your Lord?" "Oh, no, sir; I used to be a rum sort of a chap, but one day I was walking along the road and I saw a bill posted up, and it said a converted thief would tell, in the Victoria Theatre the next Sunday night, how he got caught, and there was nothing to pay to go in. So I went home and told my wife about it, but she thought I had made a mistake. 'You mean Saturday,' said she. 'Oh, no,' I said, 'I mean Sunday; and there's nothing to pay, so I'm going.'"

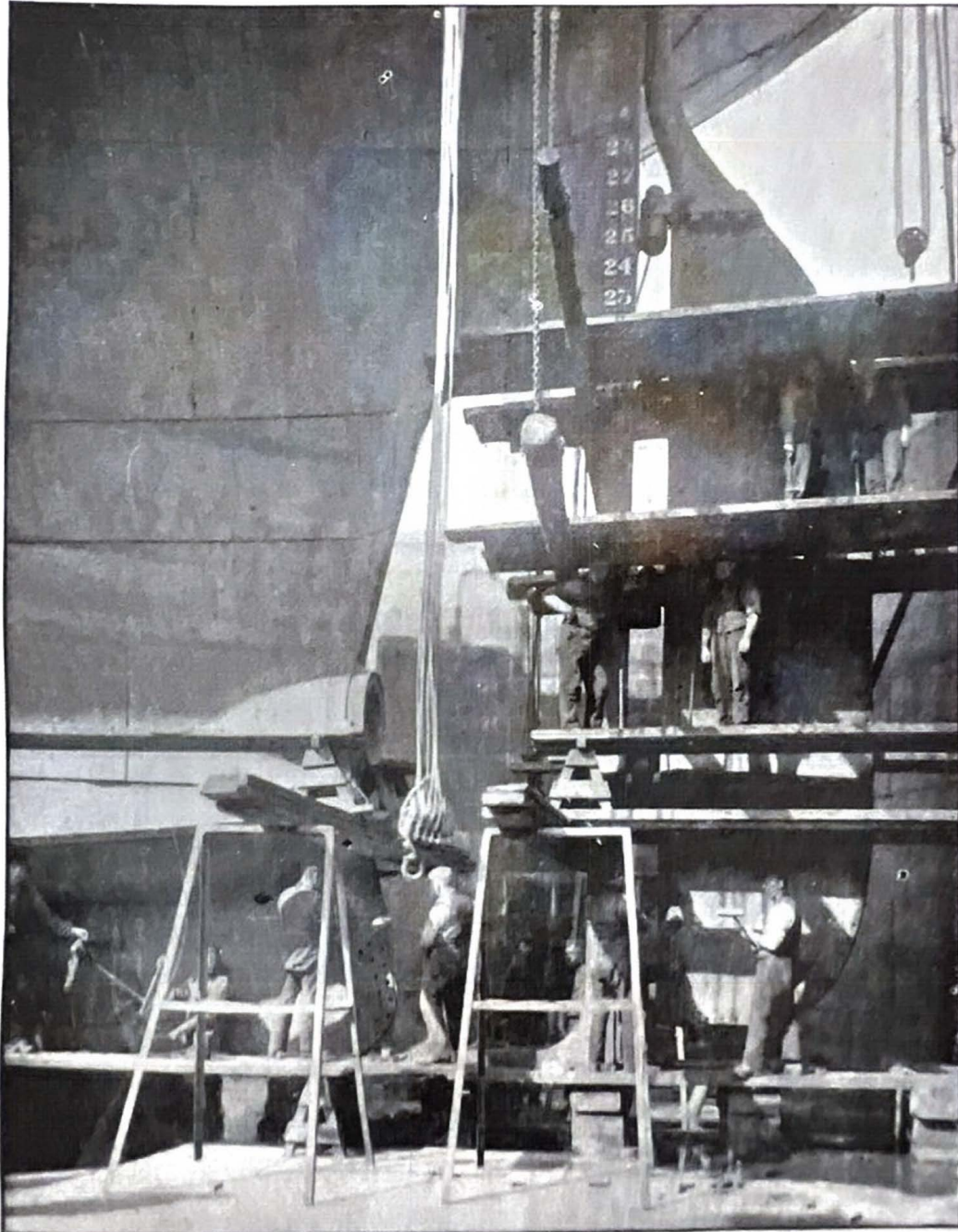
"Well, I was longing for the time to come, and when it did I went, and found a lot of people waiting to get in; but I got a good seat right up close to the stage, and after a while some men came on the stage, and one of them gave out a hymn. I thought that was a queer thing to do, but seeing I was there, I thought I would wait to the end. Well, a man came to the front and told us how he used to be a thief, but he heard one night about God's love to sinners, and Jesus dying on the cross to save them. I was disappointed, and said, 'It's a take-in; if I had paid any money I should have wanted it back again. I came to hear about a thief who was caught by the police, and I haven't heard a word of it.' However, I went home and that night had a dream; and it seemed I could see Jesus sweating blood, and crying to His father to let the cup pass from Him; and then I saw a band of men come with torches and swords to take Him to Pilate; and it seemed I could see the mock trial, and the men spitting upon and reviling Him, and then with His head crowned with thorns they led Him to crucify Him; and then I saw them lay His wounded back upon the cross, and with a hammer knock the nails through His feet and hands; and after they had done all this, lift Him up and let the end of the cross drop in the hole dug for it with a heavy thud. It seemed so real that the shock awoke me, and I found myself so affected that I could not work for several days. Well, about the third or fourth day, when I was in bed, and thinking over my dream, I asked myself, '*Why* was all this—*why* did He die on the cross—*what was it all for?*' And then it came to me, *Why it was for my sins.* There and then I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 16. 31), and from that time, sir, I've been a different man. I believe Jesus has died for me, and had the punishment I deserved, and therefore I am saved."

Oh, believe it, that Christ died for *you*, was wounded for *your* transgressions and bruised for *your* iniquities, and God's Word says, all who believe are justified from all things. C. M.

"NEW SETH," THE WELSHMAN;

— OR —

HOW "THE STRONG MAN ARMED" LOST HIS PREY.



"SETH WAS EMPLOYED IN A SHIPBUILDING YARD."

' Seth Jones, a Welshman, was employed in a shipbuilding yard in Birkenhead. Unfortunately for himself and all concerned, Seth was a gambler and a drunkard."

"NEW SETH," THE WELSHMAN.



SETH JONES, a Welshman, was employed in a shipbuilding yard in Birkenhead. Unfortunately for himself and all concerned, Seth was a gambler and a drunkard. A friend of mine took a deep interest in Seth's welfare. Again and again he visited him in his home, spoke tenderly and faithfully to him of his sin and folly, and warned him of the terrible doom that awaited him if he continued the course he was pursuing. Seth did not like Mr. Kingsley's "straight talks." They made him uncomfortable and unhappy, and on more than one occasion he manifested his displeasure. But Mr. Kingsley loved his soul, and, in spite of discouragements and opposition, sought to win the prodigal to Christ. The shortest way to Seth's home from the yard was by Mr. Kingsley's place of business. Seth became so frightened of being "tackled" that he took a roundabout way to his home. One evening Mr. Kingsley visited Seth. Just as he reached the door Seth said to his wife, "If Mr. Kingsley calls to see me, say I am not in." At that moment Mr. Kingsley knocked at the door. One of Seth's grandchildren appeared. Turning to her grandfather the child said, "Mr. Kingsley wishes to see you, grandpa." Mr. Kingsley was ushered into the room where Seth sat. After talking together for some time, they knelt in prayer. Mr. Kingsley earnestly pleaded with God for Seth's conversion. Seth was much agitated during prayer. Mr. Kingsley, seeing this, pleaded with him to accept of Christ at once and procrastinate no longer. "It is time," said he, "for you to settle this great question. If you don't turn to the Lord, you may soon find yourself in the eternal burnings."

On the following Sunday afternoon Seth went with some companions to a public-house and ordered drink. As Seth's was being passed in a long pint glass the glass broke in two, the drink being spilt. The bar-tender, looking at Seth, said: "There's something going to happen to you or me." "It is not to you; it is to me," was Seth's reply. "This is the last time I'll be here. Good-bye for ever," and immediately he left the place. That night as Mr. Kingsley was on his way to an evangelistic service, he noticed Seth walking backwards and forwards in a piece of waste ground. Going to him he said, "You are coming to the gospel meeting to-night?" "No," was Seth's reply. "You'll better come,"

"New Seth," The Welshman.

urged Mr. Kingsley, adding: "It may be the last time you will hear the gospel." Seth hesitated for a moment and said, "I'll dress myself and go." "All right," said Mr. Kingsley; "I'm going to the prayer meeting and we'll pray for you, and you can follow on." Soon after this Seth turned up at the hall. God's power was manifestly present. Seth was convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit. He saw himself to be a poor, lost sinner on his way to hell. Satan—"the strong man armed"—was unwilling to lose his prey. Seth made three attempts to rise and leave the building. Feeling that it was his bounden duty to have the matter settled at once, he exclaimed, "I cannot go any farther." He was spoken to and dealt with about his state. Seth was brought to the end of his tether. He saw that he had been duped by the devil, and if he did not accept of Christ as his Saviour, there was nothing for him but an eternity of misery and despair. From Scripture he was shown God's "easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation. In wonder, love, and praise Seth saw that, in spite of his sins, God loved—and had always loved—him. As he gazed by faith on the Lord Jesus bleeding and dying for him, his burden rolled away, and Seth had the assurance that his soul was saved and his sins forgiven.

The reader, however sinful, can now obtain salvation by believing on Christ who loved him and gave Himself for him. Harken to the call of Jehovah: "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). Think of God condescending to "reason" with rebels! Yet that is His attitude to the lost and guilty. Perhaps, like Seth Jones, you have been resisting the Holy Spirit and stifling conviction. Do so no longer. You are running a terrible risk. "*He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall* SUDDENLY BE DESTROYED, AND THAT WITHOUT REMEDY" (Prov. 29. 1). If you continue resisting the Holy Spirit and say, "Go Thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee," it may be that you will be "suddenly destroyed" and called into Eternity a graceless, godless, Christ-rejecting sinner.

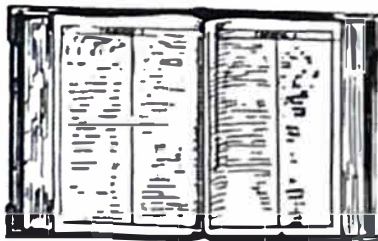
Scripture declares that "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5. 17). It was so in the case of

"New Seth," The Welshman.

Seth Jones. On the day after his conversion he went to his work in the shipbuilding yard. The foreman, noticing him getting up and going to the other end of the shed, went to him and enquired why he did so. The reply he gave was as follows: "I AM NOT THE SAME SETH YOU USED TO KNOW. I AM NEW SETH. I went last night to a gospel meeting, and God saved my soul." His subsequent life proved the reality of the change that grace effected.

The reader may not be openly ungodly like Seth Jones. You may be moral, respectable, sincere, and "religious." Whatever you are or have been, "Ye must be BORN AGAIN" (John 3. 7). "Religion" *without Christ* is dragging multitudes down to hell. Whether on the *clean* or the *dirty side* of the broad road, you need Christ to save you from sin's penalty and power. "Wilt thou be made whole?" He waits to be gracious. Even now He is standing knocking at the door of your heart. Draw back the bolt of unbelief and let the Saviour in. If you do, you'll never regret it. Remember, however, there is no time to lose. "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). Look to Jesus. Look and live (John 3. 14, 15). A.M.

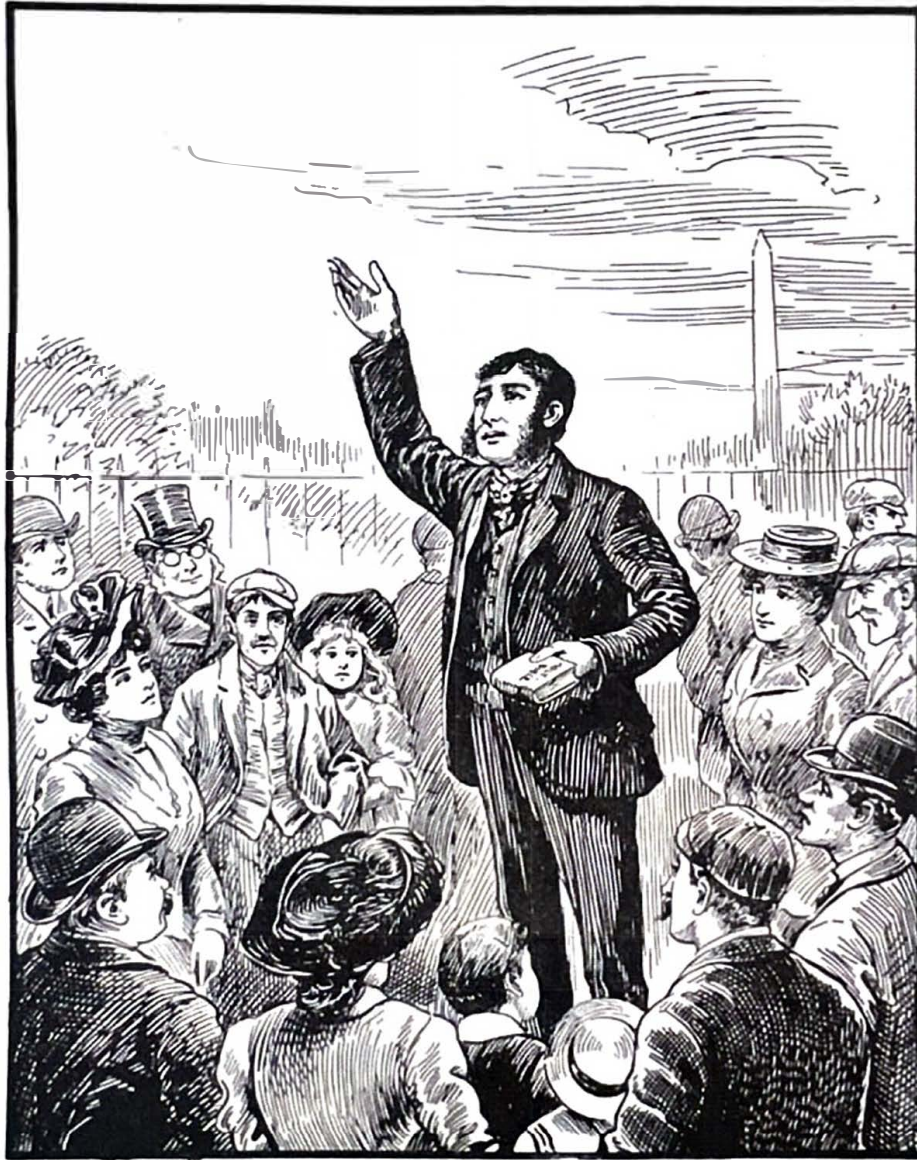
"MANY OF THE BIBLE STATEMENTS ARE CONTRADICTED BY SCIENCE."



THAT is considerably easier to assert than to prove. That there are *apparent* contradictions may be granted at once, but they are easily accounted for. Sometimes people misinterpret the Bible, and then science contradicts their misinterpretations. Frequently people mistake for science certain *theories* or *deductions* drawn from scientific facts, and then the Bible contradicts THEM. In many such cases more accurate information has already proved the Bible to be right and the so-called science wrong. Ultimately it will do so in all. Finally, there MAY be a few cases where the Bible and science are in conflict, and if so, you need not be alarmed. Science, so-called, shifts continuously, and occasionally turns somersaults. The Bible has triumphed all along the line, and will do so till the end. W. H. S.

A GLASGOW MIRACLE OF GRACE.

ROBERT CUNNINGHAM, "the Briggate flesher" (butcher), was indeed a miracle of grace, a brand plucked from the burning. On one occasion he stood by the Jail on Glasgow Green and spoke from the words: "And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and



PREACHING IN JAIL SQUARE, GLASGOW GREEN.

hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. 6. 16, 17). "Some of my companions have been hung in this jail," said he; "some have been drowned in the Clyde and others killed through their wickedness. God used these words in the sixth chapter of Revelation to

A Glasgow Miracle of Grace.

convince me that I was a lost sinner under judgment. I went to a meeting afterwards. The preacher spoke from John 3. 16: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He pointed to me personally and said, 'Drunkard, Christ died for thee. Scoffer, Christ died for thee. Blasphemer, Christ died for thee.' Then he repeated the words, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I saw God's way of salvation, I believed on Christ, and I was saved."

Thank God for John 3. 16! You may not be a drunkard, blasphemer, or scoffer, yet you must admit that you are a sinner. If not saved or converted to God you are, even now, a *lost* sinner, and God's Word declares that "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27). Are you ready to meet God in judgment? Are you prepared to stand before the great white throne? You *must* meet God. Other meetings may be avoided, but this one cannot. "God *hath appointed* a day in the which He will judge the world *in righteousness* by that man whom He hath ordained" (Acts 17. 31). The Judge is righteous and holy, and "will by no means clear the guilty." Don't try to *forget* the fact that there is a day of reckoning. Forgetting facts can never alter them. If you know that you are a guilty and hell-deserving sinner, flee to Christ, the sinner's Saviour. He came to seek and to save the *lost* (Luke 19. 10). Though a great sinner, you can be no worse than *lost*, and Christ is waiting to save you now. Think of the wondrous message of mercy that was used to the poor, drunken Briggate butcher—"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." What a glorious declaration of love to a sin-blighted world! "Whosoever" means you, me, or anybody else. May you now cease struggling and striving to save yourself, and believe on Him who died to save you from everlasting woe! Then you will be able to sing truthfully:

"I do believe, I will believe
That JESUS DIED FOR ME;
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free."

A. M.

THE NOTICE ON THE BARN.

SOME years ago a servant of Christ was walking along a country road in Canada visiting the farm-houses, giving the people gospel magazines and tracts and inviting them to attend meetings being held in a Temperance hall in the district. At a certain bend in the road he noticed a new barn in course of erection. A number of the neighbours had gathered together the day before, and they had a "barn-raising"—that is, the heavy, squared timbers that



A "BARN RAISING" ON A CANADIAN FARM.

had been previously prepared were put together and by many hands placed in position. These in turn had been partially boarded up and left for the farmer or his "help" to finish at leisure. But one thing struck the preacher as he walked along that day, and that was a notice that the farmer, in a fit of humour, had painted in large letters on the end of his structure. In red paint the words stood out boldly: "TO BE CONTINUED." He understood the probable point of humour intended as he looked at the partly-finished barn, which no doubt would be extended as needed in the

The Notice on the Barn.

years to come, but it led to other thoughts as he walked along. These thoughts he gave expression to as he sought to preach God's Word that night. He referred to a farmer of whom the Lord Jesus speaks in the Gospel by Luke (chap. 12. 13-21). From what was written we judge he was : 1. A good farmer ; 2. A successful farmer ; 3. A prosperous farmer. His ground brought forth plentifully, his barns became overcrowded, and he had to plan for greater ones. In effect he could write "To be continued" on the end of his barns and buildings. At least so it seemed. But he was a fool! That is not what his neighbours called him: they called him *wise* and probably copied his successful ideas. But GOD CALLED HIM A FOOL. Why? He was industrious, frugal and—as far as we know—respectable. Why was he a fool in God's sight? Because, says the Lord Jesus, while laying up treasure for himself, he was not rich toward God. And think of it! That very night he had to leave his farm, his plans, his barns, and his goods, and go to meet the God he had neglected and whose Word he had despised.

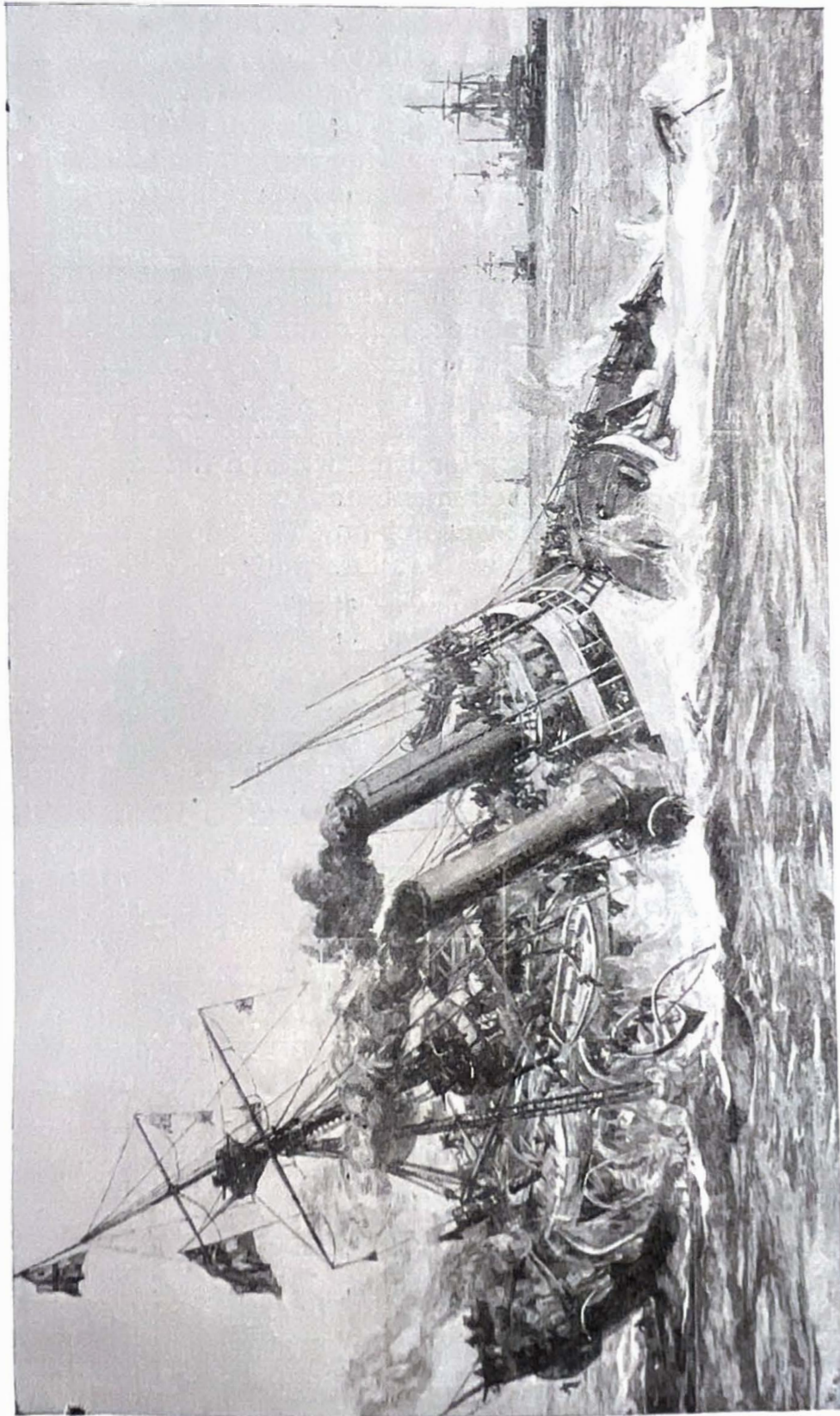
In the meeting that night, unknown to the preacher, was the young farmer whose unfinished barn he had seen that day, and the truth of God took hold on him. He went home that night unsaved, but the seeds of conviction were in his heart, and the cry of his heart was, "What must I do to be saved?" It was some years afterwards ere he found rest in the peace-speaking blood of Christ, but the time came when he found himself a lost, helpless sinner, and fled for refuge to the Lord Jesus Christ, who says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Happy *now* in the Lord, he writes on every joy what he wrote on his earthly prospects long ago—"TO BE CONTINUED" for ever. T. D. W. M.

A CONTRAST.

A WONDROUS contrast in myself I see —
As black as SIN CAN MAKE me by the fall;
AS FAIR AS JESUS IS IN GOD'S ACCOUNT:
For—God be praised!—it is not what I know,
But what the FATHER thinks, and sees, and knows,
Of the EXCEEDING beauties of His Son;
That's my EXCEEDING comfort, joy and REST,
In spite of ALL!

THE RAMMING OF THE "VICTORIA;"

OR, SIX MINUTES TO GET READY FOR ETERNITY.



"IN SIX MINUTES THE MONSTER VESSEL OF 10,000 TONS WENT DOWN HEAD FOREMOST, CARRYING WITH HER
TO A WATERY GRAVE 359 OFFICERS AND MEN."

THE RAMMING OF THE "VICTORIA."



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

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

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

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

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

HYP.

A HUMORIST'S CONVERSION.

ON the afternoon of 22nd March, 1905, Mr. Quentin Ashlyn surprised his audience at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, London, by making the following announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am unable to give you my usual entertainment this afternoon. The fact is, I have



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MR. QUENTIN ASHLYN.

recently been converted to God through the agency of the (Torrey and Alexander) Albert Hall Mission, and I feel that my life must not be spent in amusing people who are, many of them, on the road to eternal destruction, but in the service of my Saviour who died for me."

In the course of an interview with the editor of a popular

A Humorist's Conversion.

magazine, Mr. Ashlyn supplied the following information. He was the subject of many prayers, his mother being a decided Christian. Years ago he ceased attending religious services of all kinds. Although not a gambler or a drunkard, he loved a worldly life, and made a "very good living by making people laugh." But he was far from being happy. His testimony we give in his own words:

"I was wretched as the years passed. I seemed to get worse and worse. Nothing interested me. I felt miserable. I heard my mother talk of the peace and joy she experienced. I did not believe it. It seemed to me that THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS HAPPINESS IN THIS WORLD. I did not associate this misery with any particular sense of sinfulness. It was only an overpowering sense of how weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable was everything. Amusements did not amuse me. I WHO AMUSED EVERYBODY COULD NOT AMUSE MYSELF. I was sick of everything—sick of myself, sick of my profession, sick of life."

What a description of the unsaved! The operations of the Holy Spirit are manifold. With some He produces an overpowering consciousness of guilt and danger; with others an unquenchable longing after happiness—a happiness that this world cannot supply. What a sad testimony of this popular entertainer! It seemed to him that there was no such thing as happiness. He was sick of everything—of himself, of his profession, even of life. And though daily amusing crowds, he was unable to amuse himself. How true are the words of Holy Writ: "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing" (Eccles. 1. 8). Solomon's experience was somewhat similar: "Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joys: for my heart rejoiced in all my labour; and this was my portion of all my labour . . . and *behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit*" (Eccles. 2. 10, 11). The Christian is the only one who can afford to be happy. The unsaved are happiest when they forget facts, whilst believers are happiest when they remember them. (Compare John 3. 18 and 36; Prov. 29. 1, with 2 Cor. 5. 1; 1 John 2. 12; and 1 John 5. 13.) None but Christ can satisfy the longings of an immortal spirit. Some one has said that the world being round and the heart three-cornered, the world cannot fill the cravings of a human heart.

A Humorist's Conversion.

Speaking of his experience after conversion, Mr. Ashlyn said: "I am a new man. I feel like laughing all the day. My friends are all wondering at the change in my looks. I am as if I were in a new world." This surely is a mighty change. And how did it come about? He had gone to the Royal Albert Hall, and was deeply impressed by Dr. Torrey's searching address. He was convicted of sin, and as he left the building he knew that he was rejecting Christ and His great salvation. On reaching home he read one of Dr. Torrey's addresses entitled "God's Alternative." On the following Sunday he took the booklet and read it to a friend of his. "It is very terrible," said Mr. Ashlyn. His friend replied, "It is." "And every word of it is God's truth." "I believe it," said the other. "THEN WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" he asked. "I don't know; we can't lead the life." "No, we can't lead the life," was the conclusion that both arrived at. Of course not. How could they lead the Christian life before they were Christians? "Verily, verily I say unto thee," said the Lord Jesus Christ unto Nicodemus, "except a man be BORN AGAIN he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). "They that are in the flesh (man in his natural state) *cannot please God*" (Rom. 8. 8). "Without faith it is *impossible to please Him*" (Heb. 11. 6). The unsaved reader cannot please God till he accepts Christ as his Saviour. You must first BE a Christian before you can live the life of a Christian. "I was always a Christian," says one. You are quite mistaken. All of us were born "sinners" to start with, and no one is a true Christian until he is "born again" (John 1. 12, 13; 1 John 5. 1). Scripture shows that the doom and destiny of those who reject or neglect God's provision for their deliverance is indeed "terrible." God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. It is His desire that all men should be saved (1 Tim. 2. 4-6), and saved *now*. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). If the reader is willing to be saved in God's way, he can be saved even as he reads these lines.

Mr. Ashlyn was led to see that the Lord Jesus died *for him*, that He paid the ransom price for *his deliverance* with His precious blood, and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all he was saved and had eternal life (Isa. 53. 5; 1 Peter 2. 24; John 5. 24; Acts 13. 9). Next day he told his sister of his conversion to God. They then read

A Humorist's Conversion

together the life-giving words of Romans 10. 9: "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." Now that he was saved, he felt that he ought to confess Christ publicly. We were present at the Royal Albert Hall on the night he testified to the grace of God before an audience of 10,000 or 11,000 persons.

Does the reader really believe on the Lord Jesus? "I always believed on Christ," says one. No one has *always* believed on Christ. What do you believe about Him? "I believe that He lived a perfect life and died on Calvary to save sinners." Believing that Christ lived or died FOR OTHERS will do you no good. Whenever you see what His death has accomplished for *you*—how that He paid the ransom for *you*—that God is satisfied with what He did for *you*—you won't be afraid of God, and will understand the meaning of the familiar lines:

"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."

After his public confession of Christ, Mr. Ashlyn wrote to the Concert Agency saying that he had been converted at the Mission. "I feel," he said, "I could not go on with my professional life. How could I make people laugh whose souls were in danger of hell? I WAS SICK OF PLAYING THE FOOL IN ORDER TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH. I have left billiards, and smoking, and drinking, and all the things I thought I could never give up. I've left them all, and I never was so happy in my life." Since then Mr. Ashlyn has been telling to crowded audiences the story of his conversion.

Why should the reader not *now* accept of the free, and full, and present forgiveness of all his sins? God is *now* beseeching you to be reconciled to Him (2 Cor. 5. 19-21). He loves you. Calvary's cross reveals the measure of that love. Seize by faith on Christ dying for you. He has magnified the law and satisfied Divine justice on account of your crimson sins. Believe and live. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). The moment you believe on Christ you obtain eternal life to start with, power to overcome sin to go on with, and glory to end with.

A. M.

THE GREAT SWISS LANDSLIP.



LIKE an island in the midst of the somewhat monotonous green of the Swiss vineyards, lies the smiling village of Yvorne. It presents a fair picture this autumn evening, in the year 1886—a picture having for background the sombre pines, and for frame a semi-circular sweep of the mountains. It must have looked much the same three hundred years ago. The old historian says: "The situation was on a declivity extending gently from east to west, in a fertile place." The villagers, too, bore a good character, for he continues, "Also, they had no beggars there, but all, even to the least, supporting themselves honestly by their goods and labour, were simple people, hard-working, far removed from evil practices."

The Great Swiss Landslip.

Over this peaceful scene and industrious people hung a terrible danger. The mountain behind threatened to descend and overwhelm them. Fissures were opening in the solid rock, and at length the Valaisan peasants could observe a modification in the profile of the mountain. Human effort could not ward off the danger; alas! that human prudence did not cause the villagers to flee from it. But their houses and fields were dear; they did not realise their imminent peril, and they waited on.

How like the conduct of the unconverted in the present day! They have been warned that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Nevertheless, engrossed in daily toil, or in the pursuit of pleasure or gain, they do not make haste to "flee from the wrath to come."

The people of Yvorne paid for their simplicity with their lives. On the morning of the 4th of March, 1584, the upper part of the mountain began to slide. The mass gained speed and impetus as it descended, sweeping before it the little hamlet of Corbeyrier, and rushed down upon Yvorne with a motion like a tidal-wave and a roar like the loudest thunder. Sixty-nine houses were covered, and all who were in them buried alive. Some twenty persons were seen running towards the valley in the hope of saving themselves, but they were in a moment overtaken, crushed, and covered with earth.

The Lord Jesus Himself, in the days of His flesh, applied to awakened consciences the lessons drawn from similar disasters. Then, as now, self-righteousness would point to such a tragedy, as evidence that those who suffered were "sinners above all men." To the indifferent and self-righteous alike, the Lord makes reply, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

A touching incident was brought to light at Corbeyrier that memorable day. An infant was found alive and well in its cradle, but over the cradle lay the dead body of the mother, who, having wound her arms about it in order to protect her child, was bruised to death by the ruin of the house. The poor mother could not remove her little one out of the place of danger, but in the place of danger she could die for it. So our Lord Jesus Christ "gave Himself a Ransom." Will you trust Him, and be safe from the wrath to come?

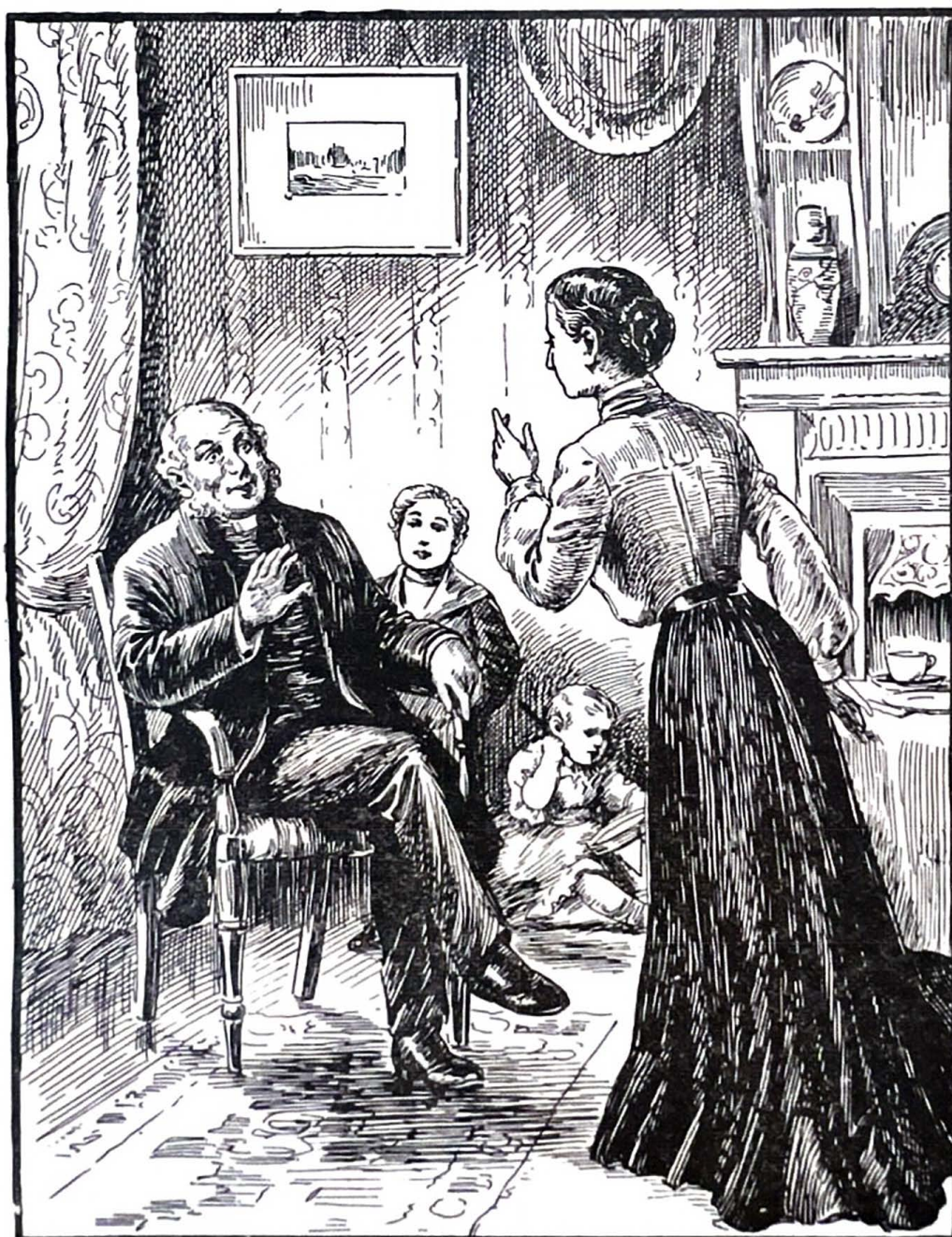
Time has healed the scars left by the landslip at Yvorne, but deep below is the tomb that has been closed for three centuries. Eternity will not heal the soul-scars of the rejector of Christ. Trust Him now and be saved.

A. P. M.

A MEAN WAY OF BEING SAVED;

— OR —

"I WAS GLAD ENOUGH TO BE SAVED IN ANY WAY."



"TUT, TUT, TUT, THAT'S NONSENSE," SAID THE MINISTER.

"Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnstone, "you may call it a mean way if you like, but I can assure you I was glad enough to be saved in any way."

A MEAN WAY OF BEING SAVED;

OR, THE CHICAGO CLERGYMAN'S BELIEF.



VER 20 years ago a woman attended the ministry of a popular preacher in the city of Chicago. Though learned and eloquent, his preaching did not satisfy the longings of Mrs. Johnstone's heart. He then discoursed on Christ's life as a perfect example to be followed, but denied that salvation was obtained through His atoning work. Mrs. Johnstone went to a Gospel service conducted by an earnest evangelist—a friend of mine. The seeking soul was convicted of sin, and was led to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. One day the minister paid Mrs. Johnstone a pastoral visit. He was not long in the house before the new-born soul from a full heart told him that the Lord had saved her.

"Tut, tut, tut," said the so-called "minister of the gospel," "that's nonsense." "Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Johnstone somewhat warmly; "it is not nonsense. I am saved through the Blood of Christ." "Well, well," said the "D.D.," "it is a MEAN WAY OF SALVATION, to be saved by the death of another." "Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnstone, "you may call it a mean way if you like, but I can assure you I WAS GLAD ENOUGH TO BE SAVED IN ANY WAY."

Preachers of such a doctrine are "blind leaders of the blind," and are deceiving and deluding the people. There is no use in ignoring the fact that the unregenerate are lost and need a *Saviour*, not a *helper*. Of what use is it to exhort the unsaved to walk in Christ's footsteps? As well tell a blind man to see. A starving man needs bread, a thirsty man water, and a dead man life. Sinners, according to Scripture, are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2. 1). They must, therefore, have *life* ere they can walk as Christians. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God *hath not life*" (1 John 5. 12). You may seek to walk in Christ's footsteps, and may diligently endeavour to keep His commandments, but even if you succeed what about the "old score" that is against you in God's book of remembrance? You must first be delivered from sin's penalty and thralldom ere you can do your *duty* to God or man. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and . . . thy neighbour as thyself" (Mark 12. 30, 31) is God's perfect standard of law keeping. Have you done so? If not,

A Mean Way of Being Saved.

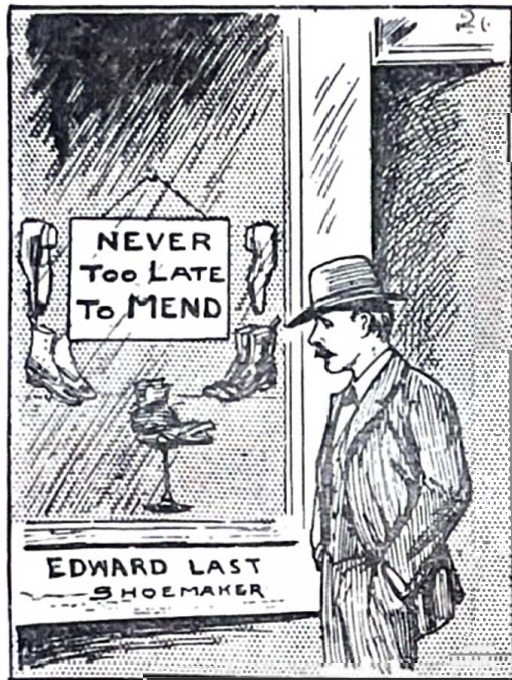
remember that "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend IN ONE POINT, he is guilty of all" (James 2. 10).

"The law that shows the sinner's guilt
Condemns him to his face."

"What must I do to be saved?" you ask. Thank God, that question is answered in the words of Holy Scripture: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is not by believing anything *about yourself* that forgiveness is obtained. It is through *believing on Christ* Who paid the ransom price for your deliverance with His precious Blood. "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). The work that saves was "finished" by Him on the Cross of Calvary, and you are not required to do anything *meritorious* to obtain salvation. The Jews asked the Saviour, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" The Lord's answer was: "This is the work of God, that YE BELIEVE ON HIM whom He hath sent" (John 6. 29). How grand! How simple! By believing on Christ, eternal life is obtained. We are not saved *for* our faith any more than *for* our prayers or tears. We are saved *through* faith in CHRIST'S GLORIOUS WORK OF ATONEMENT. "It is *the blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17. 11), and "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22). Christ, the Lamb of God's providing, was slain. DIVINE JUSTICE IS PERFECTLY SATISFIED WITH WHAT HE DID FOR US. In proof of this God raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand. Peace has been made through the Blood of His Cross (Col. 1. 20), and all believers have "redemption through His Blood, even the forgiveness of our sins" (Col. 1. 14). Don't attempt to work, pray, or pay your way to heaven. Believe on Him Who did it all and paid it all, and you will become a child of God and the possessor of eternal life. Do not, however, procrastinate. "*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 21). To-morrow may be too late. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, *but the wrath of God abideth on him*" (John 3. 36). If still unsaved, unconverted, unforgiven, the wrath of the Almighty is resting upon you. Flee from the wrath to come. Flee to Christ, the sinners' friend, by believing on Him as your Saviour. He loved *you* and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20, 21). Why not *now* believe on Him and pass from death unto life?

A. M.

THE SHOEMAKER'S STRANGE MOTTO.



"NEVER too late to mend." Such were the words that I read in a shoemaker's window in December, 1893, in the east end of the city of Toronto, Canada. The shoemaker had laid hold of a common saying, and utilised it for business purposes. However much the saying may hold good in cobbling, it has no place in the matter of the soul's salvation. Oftentimes we hear of godless, careless people, when spoken to about eternity, declaring that it is

their intention to "turn over a new leaf" and "do better."

God's Word shows us that man in his natural state is "beyond repair." "They that are in the flesh CANNOT please God" (Rom. 8. 8). It is "too late to mend," for the Lord Jesus has said, "Except a man be BORN AGAIN, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). God has brought in the whole world guilty before Him (Rom. 3. 19). For persons to think that it is "never too late to mend," and that prayer saying, psalm or hymn singing, sacrament taking, alms giving, or religious observances can secure salvation, is a fearful delusion.

Though the unsaved are "condemned already," the world being their prison cell, a free, full, and present salvation is pressed upon their acceptance. Through Christ's death and resurrection pardon is brought within their reach, and by believing on Him who "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust," forgiveness can now be had. By resting on the finished work of the Lord Jesus, a sinner dead in trespasses and sins obtains eternal life, is born into the family of God, and becomes a joint-heir with Christ. Then you will know the meaning of the saying, "The things I once loved now I hate, and the things I once hated now I love." You will not be a "mended" sinner, but a regenerated one. The passage of Scripture in Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians will then apply to you: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

A. M.

THE GOOD BLACK DOCTOR.

A FEW years ago a servant of the Lord—Dr. C. J. Davis, a native of Barbadoes, West Indies, familiarly called “the Good Black Doctor” by the soldiers amongst whom he laboured during the Franco-German War of 1871—on his way from London to a town on the sea coast (where he



DR. C. J. DAVIS, A COLOURED PREACHER AND TEACHER,
AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO BIBLE STUDY," ETC.

was going on his Master's service, and also with the hope of recruiting his health a little, which had become much broken down by arduous duties), entered a railway carriage in which were several passengers. Having had to hurry to the station, he sat down and, leaning back in his seat to recover his breath, looked out of the window. Presently the train moved on, and as they passed the busy crowds still left on the platform, he heaved a sigh as he thought of the multitudes rushing through this world without, perhaps, any concern about eternity or

their precious souls. It might be the heavy sigh, or his colour and general appearance, that attracted the notice of an elderly lady seated opposite him, for he soon became conscious that she was regarding him with marked attention. She said to her companion: "What an interesting looking person that is! He looks ill. What a fine race of people he must belong to! I wonder who he is?"

The Good Black Doctor.

Do you think he is a Turk or a Hindoo?" "I think he is an Indian," said the young lady. "I wish we could speak to him," continued the elderly lady; "I quite long to tell him the way to Heaven. How sad it is that such a fine, intelligent-looking people should bow down to images and stocks and stones! What a pity we can't speak to him! for he doesn't seem to understand a word we say." "Perhaps he may be able to read English a little, if he cannot speak it," suggested the young lady. "You might offer him a tract," said one of the gentlemen. The elderly lady opened her bag, and from a number selected one, which she presented to him with a smile and a motion to read it. He received the tract, bowed his thanks, and read it in silence.

While he was reading it, they talked together about the desirability of increased exertion, on the part of this Christian land, to send the gospel to the heathen, and much was said about the great good accomplished in various parts by missionary efforts, &c.

Availing himself of a pause in the conversation, our friend in good English thanked the lady for her care for his soul, telling her it was an all-important object to him, adding: "I heard you say, madam, you longed to tell me the way to Heaven; have the kindness to tell me how I may be *sure* of going there—I want to hear that. This tract does not tell me how I may be *sure now* that I shall be saved. It tells me to repent of my sins and to pray, but how can I know when I have prayed and repented enough? Can you not tell me plainly how I may be sure of getting to Heaven? Have you no other book that tells a poor sinner how he may get to Heaven?"

"Oh, yes," said the lady; "the Bible, which is the Word of God, was given on purpose to show the way to Heaven. *Read the Bible and pray*, and you'll be sure to go to Heaven."

"Can you show me in God's Word where that is said? Where does it say that if I pray I shall go to Heaven? I want to be sure of that. Have you a Bible, madam? and can you point out the word which plainly tells how I may be sure of that?" She had no Bible in her bag. The other three passengers were appealed to for a Bible, but no one carried a Bible about with them.

At length our friend drew the precious volume from his pocket, and holding it up said: "Is *that* the Book *y* mean, madam? If it be the Word of God, given on purpose to

The Good Black Doctor.

show the way to Heaven, it will surely give plain directions. Will you kindly show me where? ”

The lady took the Bible, and, turning over the leaves, confusedly said: “ I do not exactly know where to find what I want to show you, but it says if you *repent* of your sins and *pray earnestly* you will be saved.”

“ That does not satisfy me. How am I to know that I have prayed enough to satisfy God? Can you not point out one portion that is enough to rest upon? ”

Turning to her companion, she said: “ Can you find it? ” She answered, “ No.” The poor lady asked the others in turn; and the Bible was offered to each with the entreaty that they would point out some portion that told plainly how the sinner was to get to Heaven. But all confessed their inability to recollect where such passages could be found.

The lady returned the Bible, and said: “ Well, I cannot find the place, but if you will call upon the Rev. Mr. — when you reach Folkestone he will tell you. He is a very good man, an evangelical clergyman, and he will be happy to direct you.”

“ But, madam, we may never reach Folkestone. The train may run off the line, and we may be all killed. We may have a collision. Many things may happen. I do not know that I may live to see Folkestone. Can none of you Christians tell a poor foreigner how he may be saved? You are moved with pity for his darkness and ignorance; can you not help him to the light? ”

“ I have told you you must *pray*,” said the lady. “ The Bible says so.”

He took the Bible, and opening it at John 3. 14-16 read out the verses: “ ‘ 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. 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.’ ” Then John 5. 24: “ ‘ Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.’ ” And Acts 13. 38, 39: “ ‘ 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, from which you

The Good Black Doctor.

could not be justified by the law of Moses.' Are these the portions you mean, madam?" he asked.

"Yes, that is what I could not remember."

"But you told me I must *pray* and *repent*. This precious Book tells me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Praise to His Name! The poor foreigner can trust that blessed Word and know he is safe for Heaven—safe through the work of that Lord Jesus Christ which was finished on the Cross more than 1800 years ago, and is happy in knowing he is justified from all things in virtue of that blood shed for sinners, and not by his own prayers and repentance—happy in knowing He has made peace by the blood of His cross!"

Can *you* thus speak of yourself as *saved*? If not, oh, turn to the sin-forgiving Saviour at once. Do not tarry, for if you put it off the door of mercy may be closed, and you may be lost for ever! Remember, to-day is the day of salvation—"now." If you trifle with God's salvation now, what can await you in the future but punishment and wrath!

Our coloured friend then proceeded at some length to set forth to his astonished fellow-travellers the love that led God to send His Son into this world to die for sinners, and the love that brought the Son to do the will of His Father. He told them how He who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners—He who knew no sin—was "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, angrily; "this is no place for such holding forth. It is neither the time nor place, sir."

"Where is the time and where is the place, in this Christian land, for a Christian to speak of Christ?" calmly, but earnestly, he asked.

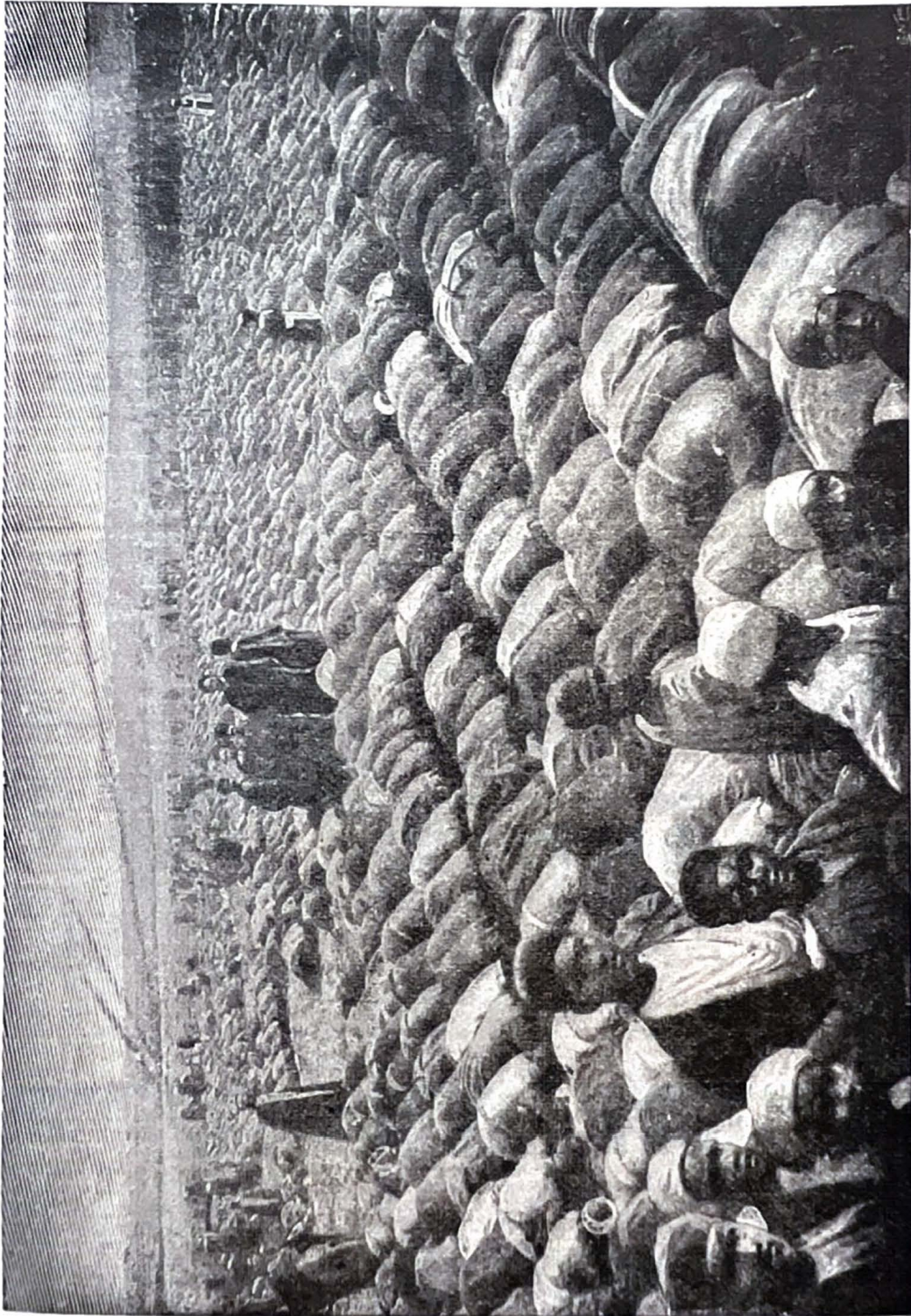
"Sunday is the time, sir, and the church is the place, but not a railway carriage. This is a very improper place."

They had reached the end of their journey, and parted to meet no more on earth, for "the Good Black Doctor" was seized with a severe attack of smallpox a few days after his arrival at Sedan, and was soon after taken to be for ever with the Lord.

Let the black man ask you the straight question, "Are you happy in knowing Christ has made peace by the Blood of His Cross?" Can you speak of yourself as one who is saved?

ENGLISH MAHOMMEDANS.

By F. ORTON SMITH, B.A.



PERSIAN MOHAMMEDANS PRAYING.

Hundreds of devout Mohammedans praying with their faces to the ground. They believe that prayer brings them half-way to God, fasting brings them to the door of Heaven, and almsgiving takes them right in

ENGLISH MAHOMMEDANS.



IN the *London Daily Mail* of the 15th of February, 1905, an English gentleman who some years ago espoused the Mahommedan cause, "explains the reason for his change of faith." He says: "I was first struck while on a visit to Turkey by the manner in which the Mussulmans acted up to their faith. The pilgrims that I saw on the road to Angiers (*sic*) made their ablutions and said their prayers in public places without fear of ridicule, and with a fervency that was remarkable. I thought there must be something in a religion that caused people to act in that way. Then I found that Islam taught the existence of one god, which I thought more rational than the doctrine of the Trinity, in which as a Wesleyan I had been reared. Then the Islamic religion is so essentially practical. Its followers are prohibited from the evils of intemperance, gambling, and bad language; but they are not asked to do anything beyond their natural strength, and above all are not confronted with perplexities."

It is scarcely with the thought of taking up the Mussulman's challenge that these lines are penned, for the very words "Turk" and "Mahommedan" call up visions to the English reader's mind of untold cruelties and the degradation of women in a manner that is revolting beyond anything he cares to think of. Advocates of the Turk's religion do not need to be answered, "for their folly shall be manifest unto all men" (2 Tim. 3. 9). But the above quotation is made because it sets forth in simple and concise language reasons why the Mahommedan religion (or indeed any other religion than that of the disciples of Christ) must needs prove itself acceptable to man in his natural condition, fallen yet proud, so that it is not surprising if some have gone far out of their way to deceive themselves with it.

Many a rejector of the Gospel does for himself just that very thing which Mahommedanism comes forward to do for him, reducing the standard in order that his sin may not appear sinful. If you tell a man that it is not sinful to have four wives it takes a good deal to make a sinner! But while man is easily deceived, God is not. He will not abate His claim, and it was His purpose "that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful" (Rom. 7. 13). If a beggar and a prince were to stand together in a darkened

room who could say which was the better dressed? So a man may be quite content with his own condition, and imagine himself all that could be desired so long as he keeps in the darkness of his own imaginings. But "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all" (1 John 1. 5). To pretend that sin is not sinful may be an easy remedy, but to no sane man can it commend itself as likely to prove effective in the great day when the books are opened and the dead are judged out of the things written therein (Rev. 20. 12). A man may open his mouth wide in self-justification, like the Pharisee in the temple (Luke 18. 11), but in the righteousness which God's Word presents he has a standard to which it is quite impossible for him to attain, and his mouth is stopped—the object of God's law (Rom. 3. 19).

What is he to do, then? Not to go on attempting the impossible. Some have done this in all sincerity until they have wept at their failure, and weeping have accepted God's full provision for their need in the work which the Lord Jesus accomplished on Calvary's Cross, where He "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." Others, refusing to weep, are still "going about to establish their own righteousness" (Rom. 10. 3) by "ablutions" and "prayers," for instance, while the Word of God declares, "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Romans 4. 5).

An excuse for rejecting unpalatable truth is often found in the fact that there are "things hard to be understood" (2 Peter 3. 16). Friend, if you could understand every single thing to be found in God's Word you ought on that very account, as a reasonable man, to reject it, for that would prove it beyond contradiction to be merely the product of a finite mind like your own instead of being a revelation from God Himself.

Reader, take care! Do not plume yourself on being any better than the Turk. "To whom much is given much shall be required." Your judgment will be more severe than his in proportion to your greater opportunities (Luke 12. 47, 48). Take the place which God has assigned to you in His Word as a sinner, and accept the sinner's Saviour, then you will be able truthfully to say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16).

BURIED IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.



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

Such an event, narrated in the daily press of August 2, 1905, and such events constantly being recorded in the newspapers day by day, afford an overwhelming argument for circulating the message of salvation, raising the warning cry, and urging on old and young the absolute necessity of having the great question of the salvation of the soul settled without a moment's delay. Preparations may be made for the nuptial day, the holiday, the birthday, and other great events of life, but first and foremost preparation should be made for the Judgment Day. Others may be reached, this must be. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27). As to the religious convictions or eternal destiny of this esteemed young lady so suddenly cut off we have not one word to say. As to the future of the living reader we make bold to declare that *unless you are "born again"* you will neither "see" nor "enter" the kingdom of God (John 3. 3, 5), and as an unconverted sinner by night or day, at home or abroad, you are "condemned already" (John 3. 18), and "in danger of eternal damnation" (Mark 3. 29). Let the sudden home call of so many of your fellow-men urge you to "*flee* from the wrath to come," to the outstretched arms of the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you (Gal. 2. 20), and whose voice still cries, "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Millions have accepted Him as their own personal Saviour, and have found "joy unspeakable" in life, "peace which passeth all understanding" in death, and an eternal weight of glory hereafter. Rest not till experimentally you know—

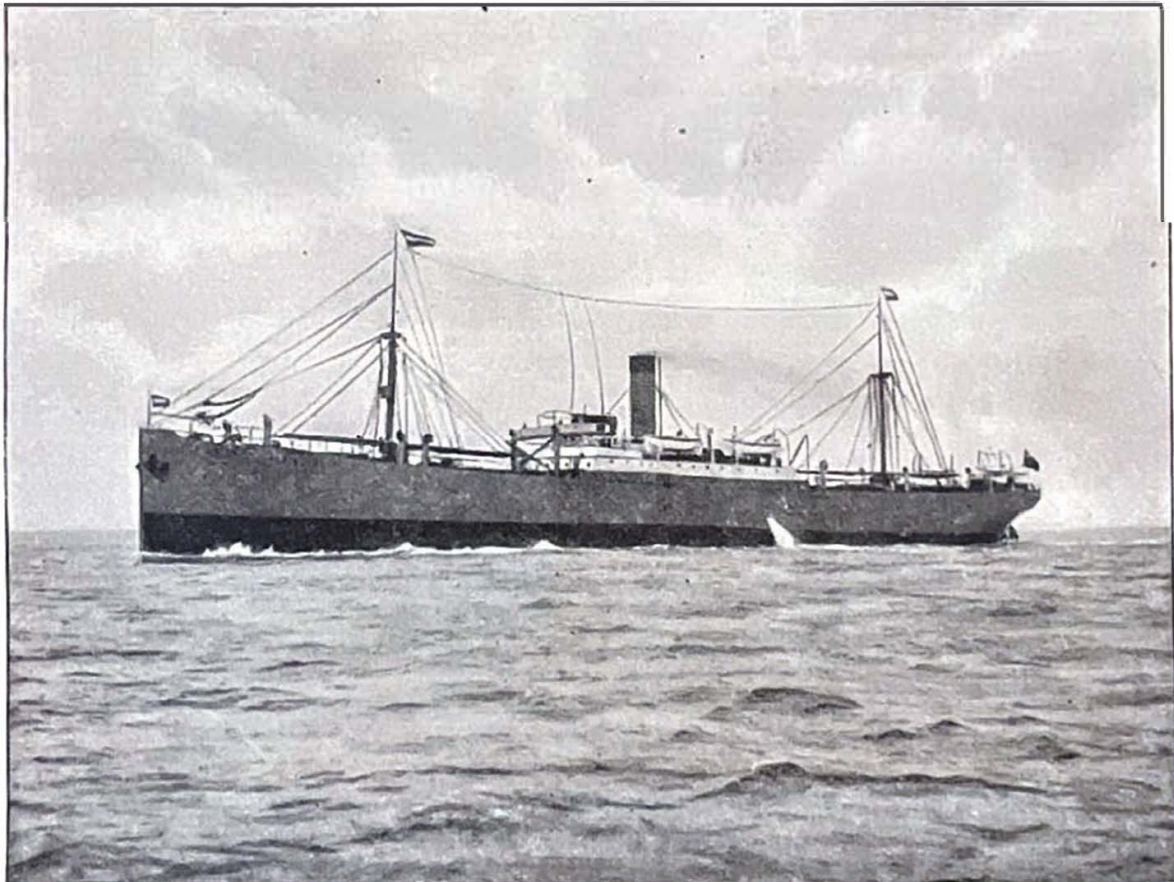
"The joys of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven."

HyP.

THE CAPTAIN'S MARKED BIBLE.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON was a frank, manly fellow, a good specimen of a Scotch skipper; captain of a coasting steamer. Like most respectable persons in highly-favoured Scotland, he was a professor of religion, but, alas! he had never been truly converted to God.

Mrs. Anderson was an earnest and decided Christian, and was naturally anxious that her husband should become one too. Shortly after she had accepted Christ as her Saviour,



"A MANLY FELLOW, CAPTAIN OF A COASTING STEAMER."

the Captain's steamer sailed for a port on the Tyne, in which a devoted Christian, known to Mrs. Anderson, resides. She wrote him a letter, stating that her husband's ship was expected to be on the Tyne, and she had asked the Captain to call on him. On the steamer's arrival Captain Anderson paid a visit to Mr. M'Gregor, who, after some general conversation, inquired of the Captain if he was saved. "I hope so," was the reply. Being desirous of ascertaining the ground of his confidence, Mr. M'Gregor asked a few leading

The Captain's Marked Bible.

questions, the replies to which convinced him that the Captain was expecting salvation because of *his own doings*, instead of of on the ground of *Christ's finished work*.

After conversing together for a considerable time Mr. M'Gregor took the Captain's Bible and put a pencil mark around the precious words of John 6. 47: "VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HE THAT BELIEVETH ON ME HATH EVERLASTING LIFE." On separating, he quietly said to the Captain, "I AM AFRAID YOU WILL MISS IT."

When alone in the cabin of his steamer that night Captain Anderson pondered the searching words that had been spoken to him by the earnest soul-winner. The sentence, "I am afraid you will miss it," was carried home in power to his heart and conscience. Was he a *real* Christian? Had he ever experienced the *great change*? Was he prepared to meet a holy and righteous God? Had he ever been "born again"? After deep soul exercise he became convinced that he was unsaved, and consequently a Christian only in name.

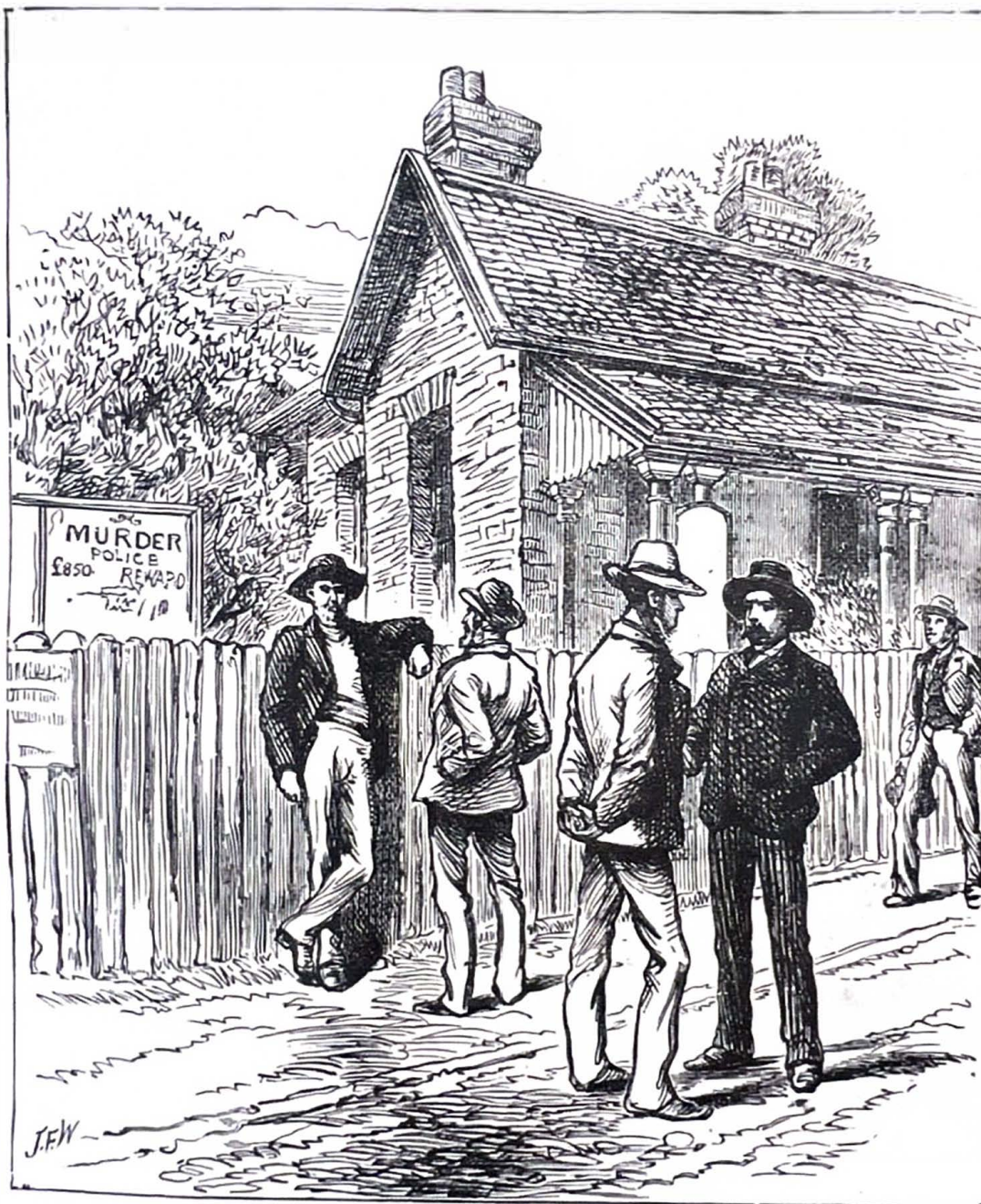
One day, whilst his steamer was at a port in the Western Highlands, he opened his Bible, and his eye rested on the MARKED VERSE, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." He began meditating on the glorious words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you." The speaker was the Lord Jesus, and what He said was of the deepest importance. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." What was meant by *believing on Christ*? Did he not believe on Him? Had he not *always* believed on Him? Those who believed on Christ were in possession of "everlasting life." He had not yet obtained that priceless gift, *therefore* he had never really believed on Christ.

From childhood he had been taught to believe that Christ died for "sinners," but believing *that* had done him no good. Believing that Christ died for *other people* could afford him no rest or peace to his troubled spirit. As he pondered the words of the marked verse the Holy Spirit revealed to him the blessed fact that CHRIST HAD DIED FOR *him* and borne the judgment due *to him*, and by *simply believing on Him* he was saved and had eternal life. Then for the first time in his life he could truthfully say: "God loved, God gave, I believe, and I have everlasting life."

Though twenty years have come and gone since then, Captain Anderson is a happy believer, and rejoices in Christ as his Saviour and Lord.

A. M.

THE AUSTRALIAN DETECTIVE'S STORY.



ABOUT the middle of the year 1883, as a police detective, I was doing duty in the city of Collingwood, Victoria, Australia. On a lovely evening, as the twilight faded, and darkness began to spread its mantle on all around, I heard a confused sound of voices in the distance. On the alert to quell disorder, should this be required, I listened attentively. Presently through the dusk I saw a party of eight or ten persons marching towards me singing, and this refrain caught my ear :

“ We're marching on to heaven above—Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love—Will you go?

The Australian Detective's Story.

As I listened, an indescribable feeling came over me, and for an instant my false peace and security had received a shock. An arrow of conviction had entered my soul, and for the first time in my life I thought about my eternal welfare. In the earlier days of my service I experienced rough times in the wilds of Australia in the pursuit of outlawed felons—men who had imbrued their hands in their fellow-creatures' blood. Yet, knowing not the moment I might be shot down from behind a tree, I had no fear of death, or thought of an endless eternity, but could curse and blaspheme with the utmost unconcern. And yet here in a quiet spot, with nothing to excite the slightest anxiety, through a simple hymn faithfully sung by a few Christians, I trembled at the fear of death and judgment.

The singers passed on, and I was left standing convicted of sin. For about a fortnight I battled with my convictions, till unable to bear up any longer under the load of guilt, or resist the strivings of the Spirit. After being relieved from duty one evening, instead of accompanying my comrades to the barracks, I sought out a Christian blacksmith of my acquaintance and unbosomed myself to him. Well I remember how he laid his hammer upon the anvil, and, putting a hand on my shoulder, told me, as gently as a little child, of a precious Saviour's love. "How God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." "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). "Thus you see," said he, "God has done His part ; will you do yours ?" Not yet fully comprehending salvation by grace alone, there arose the question in my mind, "What must I do to be saved ?"

For about a week longer I struggled to grasp the truth of God's redeeming love, and at last I was able to joyfully exclaim, "It's all in believing," as I realised that I was snatched as a brand from the burning by the matchless grace of God. Yes; I, a godless detective, ever to the front in deeds of wickedness, from boyhood a bold scoffer at Christianity, and a blasphemer at God's holy Word ; a defiant blackguard, that hesitated not to take God's holy Name in vain, wickedly rejecting His offers of mercy, and trampling under foot His only begotten Son. Yes, I, that was all this and much more, am now saved for time and eternity.

Let me commend you to Jesus. He is both able and willing to save you, for He has saved even me, and now keeps me till the day of His Glory. Praise His Name. w. j. d.

THE COLONEL'S STORY;

— OR, —

HOW HE FOUND "JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING."



"LEAVING HIS HANSON AT THE DOOR."

"The Colonel determined to go. Leaving his hansom at the door, he said to the driver, 'Wait till I return, and then drive me as hard as your horse's feet can be put to the ground to London Bridge Station, and I will give you a sovereign'."

THE COLONEL'S STORY.



WAS invited out to lunch at an English Colonel's bungalow amid the orange groves of Florida some years ago. He related to me the story of his conversion. It was to this effect: Years before, in England, the Spirit of God awakened him to a sense of the awful position in which, in common with every unsaved man and woman in the world, he stood before God. Sin is an awful thing, and must be punished by God. The weight of unforgiven sin rested upon his spirit. Well might his trouble be deeper than any earthly one. Eternity, heaven, hell, joy, misery were all involved.

Just at that time Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in the Agricultural Hall, London. It was *infra dig* for an officer of Her Majesty's army to attend a mission service held by itinerant American evangelists; but soul anxiety does not stand on ceremony. Ordinary conditions of society are swept away, and leave the mind of the anxious sinner only possessed by one thought, to the exclusion of all else. All else sinks into the most utter insignificance in face of the overwhelming question, "What must I do to be saved?"

The Colonel determined to go. Leaving his hansom at the door, he said to the driver, "Wait till I return, and then drive me as hard as your horse's feet can be put to the ground to London Bridge Station and I will give you a sovereign." He heard Moody preach, but no light came to his troubled soul. He heard Sankey sing, but the melody only seemed to mock his anxiety. Like a man in despair, he sat to the very last moment possible. Just as he passed out of the building, Sankey was singing a hymn, the refrain of which was to this effect, "Come to Jesus now." He flung himself into the hansom, and whilst he was rattled through the gas-lit streets, this simple refrain was ringing in his ears. As he journeyed by the express train from London to Eastbourne, he was on his knees in a first class compartment, alone with God, and the words, "Come to Jesus now," echoing again and again in his soul.

The Spirit of God drove the message home, for between London and Eastbourne he found "joy and peace in believing." He knew the story of God's love in giving Christ, he knew the story of Christ's finished work on the cross; now it was brought home to him in living power, and he found himself an object of God's love, and a participator in the

The Colonel's Story.

results of the atoning work of the Cross. The intolerable burden of his sins was gone. In short, he was saved.

Yes ; it is all as simple as that. It seems too simple in the eyes of many, but when the soul is weighed down by the burden of its guilt, and finds out its utter inability to do one thing towards its salvation, it is just this simplicity that suits it.

God exalts His Son, and presents Him to the ruined sinner as the only Saviour. "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). "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1).

Yes ; the glorious fact is true that God is so satisfied with the work of Christ upon the cross that He has raised Him from the dead and seated Him in glory, and through Him blessing flows to every worthless sinner who accepts Him as his or her Saviour.

My reader, if unsaved, let the winsomeness and simplicity of the Story win your heart, and may you, too, find "joy and peace in believing."

A. J. P.

THE GOSPEL FREE.

WE have heard it objected that Salvation is not *entirely* without conditions, for it is only whosoever *believeth* hath everlasting life. Well, we admit that on the sinner's part believing (or receiving) is required. But surely that can be no objection to the Gospel. You do not expect that God will *force* you into His kingdom, whether you are willing or not ? God deals with us as with morally responsible beings. How, then, can you find fault with the freeness of His salvation ? He has provided everything—He has spread the feast ; and He now says, *Eat*. Is not that free ? You see yon public fountain of water, free to all. Does the thirsty traveller find fault with its freeness because he must *drink* ere his thirst is quenched ? Nay. How then can you complain of the Gospel, because you must drink before you partake of its benefits ? You must see clearly that it could not be otherwise. God has provided everything in order that you might be blessed with life everlasting. And all that remains now is this : Are you willing to be thus blest ? w.s.

SAVED, AND SURE ABOUT IT.



"WE STOOD FOR A FEW MOMENTS TOGETHER."

I WAS very much touched a few days ago by the case of a man with whom I held a short conversation, while arranging for a little work he was doing for me. I had selected some reading matter to give him, both of the Gospel and of teaching for the children of God, which I was offering to him. "And what do you think is suitable for me?" he asked. "I do not know; it is according to what you are. Are you a believer?" I answered. "Yes," he said, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and have for many years. But the trouble with me is, I do not know

whether I am saved or not. I made a profession of religion, and have gone on with the church, but I have not any peace, for I do not seem to know so as to be sure about my salvation."

And this case is only a specimen of a great many who, as they call it, have joined the church, and have gone on with religious duties, hoping that, in some way and at some time, they will get rest and assurance, knowing not that God's first word is peace, and that He has made everything as sure as His own throne, and delights to have all who believe perfectly happy in His own happiness. In infinite kindness He is bringing forth the truth to satisfy these anxious souls, who have found all their doing, and feeling, and praying unsatisfying.

It is most blessed when He leads them thus, as in the case of this man—to whom I had only to show what God had said. Therefore, opening the New Testament as we stood for a few moments together, I said, "Let us see, now, if God has anything to say to you on this matter. Here in John 3. 36, we find, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' And now we will turn to chapter 5. 24, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life!' Then let us look at the next chapter. In verse 40 it says, 'This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one that seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.' And then see verse 47, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.' And now I will turn you to 1 John 5. 11-13. 'And this is the record, that that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life'."

"Well," said my friend, his eyes filled with tears of joy, "I never saw that before! I have been reading the Bible for years, and yet never saw these words. Why, they are plain enough. God says I have eternal life, and I know that I have! I thank you for showing me these words. What a burden they take off my mind!"

"And now to confirm all this, we will read a few words

in John 10. 27-29. 'My sheep hear My voice and I know them; and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish (or cause themselves to perish), neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, who gave them Me, is greater than all, and none shall be able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.' Is not that secure?" I answered.

"Oh, yes! yes! I never saw that before. How thankful I am I can never fall out of His hands. Thank you for showing me, and thank God for the blessed assurance." And then we clasped hands heartily in the sense and fellowship of the new relationship, knowing each other as well as though we had known one another for years, though that morning was the first time we had met.

There is but one way of getting peace in the matter, and that is by going to God, not by prayer, but in His Word. That alone gives light. There is no trouble of conscience and heart that it does not meet perfectly. The Word of God must settle every question between the soul and God. And it must be simple and direct. And this is just what it is. There is nothing can be substituted for the plain expression, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." And be assured that if God did not mean it, and did not mean that it should be taken just as it stands, He would not have written it. He is incapable of misleading in such an awfully momentous matter. It would impeach His love and His truth to think of it. God has said that the believer is saved, is a son of God, is as Christ is, is in heavenly places now: let the heart rest on it, and let none gainsay it. God says it, I believe it, and I am saved and certain of eternal glory. M.T.

THE GREATEST OF BLESSINGS.

I HAVE known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and, with all the experience of more than three-score years can give, I now on the eve of my departure declare (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act upon the conviction) that health is a great blessing; competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, loving, and faithful friends and relatives; but the greatest of all blessings, as it is the noblest of all privileges, is to be a Christian.—*Coleridge.*

"GOD LAID MY SINS ON JESUS."

A FEW years ago a friend of mine was preaching the Gospel in the neighbourhood of Orillia. Amongst those present was a the wife of a farmer in the district.

Mrs. Davidson was a devout, religious woman, and an active church member. Some years previously, at special "revival" services, she "went forward" to the "penitent bench" and "got religion," as it is phrased. She obtained peace, but it was peace with herself, and not peace with



COUCHICHING LAKE, ORILLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

God. As the years rolled by she became less and less satisfied with her "conversion." The Holy Spirit had been dealing with her, seeking to show her that she was resting her soul on experiences instead of on the finished work of Christ. On the evening referred to the preacher took for his text the familiar passage of Scripture: "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" (Isaiah 53. 6). Man's state as a wanderer from God was dwelt upon. All have gone astray from the path of obedience. Each one of us has taken his own way instead

"God laid my Sins on Jesus."

of God's. We wanted to be masters, pleasing ourselves instead of Him. Though some of us have gone farther astray than others, all of us have wandered from God. How were we to get back to Him? Not by works, prayers, almsgiving, sacraments, or ceremonial observances. There is one, and only one way—through the sacrifice of Christ.

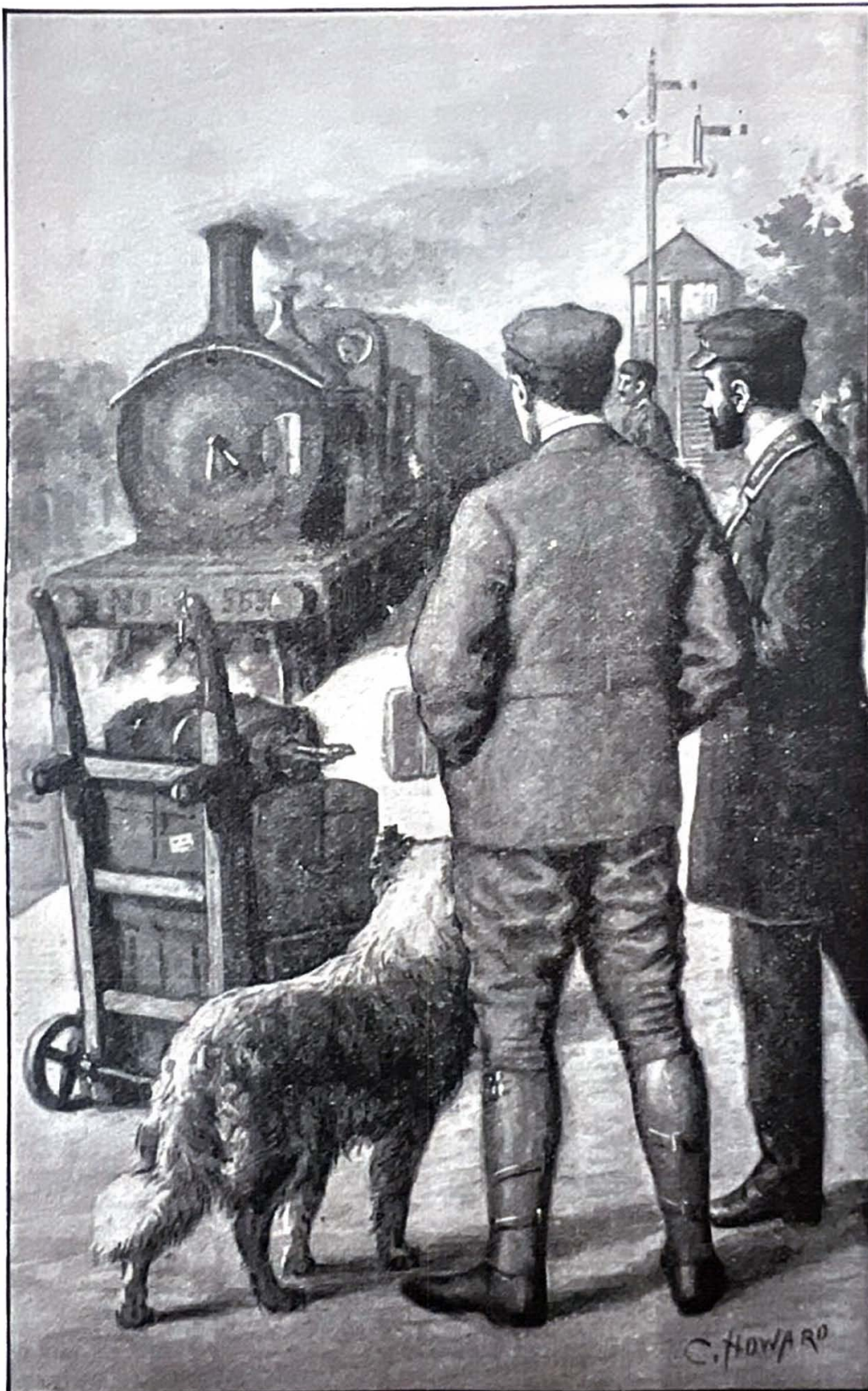
The Holy Spirit that evening carried home the word in living power to Mrs. Davidson's heart. At the close of the service she asked the preacher, "How can my sins be put away?" Taking his Bible he turned to the Scripture he had been preaching from, and read, "ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY." Mrs. Davidson admitted she had "gone astray" from the Divine pathway. "WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY." She confessed that she had many times pleased self instead of God. She acknowledged she was a sinner, deserving of nothing but wrath and judgment. "AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL." The preacher sought to show the anxious soul that she could not lay her sins on Jesus; that *God did it eighteen hundred years ago*. Jesus is not now on Calvary's Cross. He is seated on the throne of glory, at the right hand of the Majesty on high. By His death He bore sin's penalty and paid the ransom with His precious Blood. "Who His own self *bare our sins in His own Body on the Tree.*" Mrs. Davidson was asked if she believed on Christ as the One who bore her sins when He hung on Calvary's Cross, had she to bear them?

The light of the glorious Gospel of Christ flashed into her soul, and for the first time in her life she saw God's way of salvation. Formerly she supposed that peace with God was obtained partly through what she did for Christ, and partly through what Christ did for her. Now she saw that God laid her sins on the spotless head of His only-begotten Son; He was wounded for her transgressions and bruised for her iniquities. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and she exclaimed, "Thank God, I see it! God laid my sins on Jesus. Now I can say I am saved."

Remember that Christ has eternally settled the "sin question" by His death on Calvary. "To Him give all the prophets witness that through His Name *whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remissions of sins*" (Acts 10. 43). Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and your many sins shall all be forgiven, and you will be able to say, "Now I know that I am saved."

A. M.

THE ARTIZAN AND THE BIBLE.



"AS THE TRAIN RIPPED ON ITS ONWARD COURSE."

THE ARTIZAN AND THE BIBLE.

"LESMAHAGOW, return, to-day," expressed my plan for the day as I made application to booking clerk at Eglinton Street Station, Glasgow, on January 3rd, 1904. *En route* to a Christian Conference, I wanted a quiet read of the Grand Old Book, so selected a poor-looking carriage, and a compartment as near the engine as possible, the portion least used as being most disastrous in case of collision. Nicely seated and Book just opened, the train was about to start when a respectable looking artizan hurried into the compartment. The severity of the frost, the danger from microbes in such old rolling-stock opened the conversation, then my fellow-traveller suddenly enquired, "What's that book your reading?" "The Bible, sir." "You don't believe it!" "Yes, I do." "No, you don't." "Yes, sir, I believe it all." "Well, I don't!" "Oh, I did not say *you* believed it; I said *I* believed it," I replied, and after a little more "sparring" as the train sped on its onward course I said, "Man, I have long wanted to meet a man like you; a sensible working man who, while not believing the Bible, yet knows the Bible fairly well, for I have often wondered if it were possible *by reading the Bible only* to be unable to believe it on account of the difficulties, contradictions, and peculiarities which you mention. I have read it now for 30 years, and though there is very much in it that I can't understand, there is nothing in it that I can't believe. Tell me, did you get your doubts from the Bible or from other books?" "Oh, from the Bible," replied my companion. "But have you not read other books?" "A few." "Any one specially?" "Yes, Paine's 'Age of Reason'."

This led me to know how we stood, and remembering the old adage, "The Christian is often argumentatively wrong, but spiritually right," I decided to take my stand not on the ground of *reason*, but on the tried and proved ground of *experience*. Letting my friend have his innings, in which he used strong, free, yet not uncourteous language against the Bible, I plied him with thrust No. 1, "Man, tell me this, spite of the frost, the microbes, and the uncomfortable journey, are you really and truly a happy man?" "No, man, to tell you the real truth I am not." "Well," replied I, "don't you see I have the better of you, for I believe this Book. I believed in the Christ of this Book in 1874, I was made happy that night, I have been kept happy ever since, and I can say this cold day of January, with frost,

microbes, and all, if this train goes smash I have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

"Oh, well! oh, well! don't let me upset your belief in that Book," replied my infidel friend, not being accustomed to or quite liking this turn of the argument. "Now, don't have any fear on that score, for surely as fellow-men we can speak freely and frankly to each other, and I admire your frankness and fairness," I replied, as I prepared thrust No. 2.

Listening to a few citations from the "Age of Reason," I weighed up my friend, middle aged, well fed, sensible looking, settled job, so broke in, "I should judge you are a married man?" "Yes," said he. "Family?" "Yes," again. "Man, how do you get on with the youngsters? I fancy I see you taking your wee lassie on your knee and looking into her blue eyes." He sat up and stared. I had hit it—one girl among boys, blue eyes. "Yes, man, I can see you sitting in the big arm-chair taking your own child on your knees, looking her straight in the face, and telling her whatever she does she is not to believe in the Bible or the God of the Bible! I suppose you do it with your children?" "Not a bit of it," said he with vehemence; "they go to the Sunday school like any other man's bairns." "Well, well," I retorted; "it's a mighty poor thing you've got. It doesn't make the father happy, and he dare not teach it to his offspring. Good neither for old or young." "Thank God," I continued, "the salvation I have through faith in the Lord Jesus made me happy, and I can tell my loved ones that God so loved them, that He gave His only begotten Son to die on Calvary's Cross on their account, and if we believe on Him, commit our souls to Him, we have everlasting life now, and will meet an unbroken family around the throne of God in heaven."

A few more words as to the solid satisfaction to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ eliciting from my fellow-traveller a voluntary admission that "he wished he were truly satisfied on one side or the other," the train slowed up into Hamilton West, and the conversation which had opened with a tinge of bitterness ended in a friendly handshake, both feeling that we were not only fellow-travellers in the same earthly train, but fellow-travellers to the great terminus—Eternity; a parting word to "rest not till satisfied with the knowledge of salvation through the Blood of the Lamb," and a peculiar longing that should we never meet on earth again we may

unite in that glory song, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

Ah! deep down in every human being—deeper in some than others—is the settled conviction that—

(1) There is something in LIFE, some tie above the mere creature ties of earth, an inner consciousness that man is an ever-existent being having a relation to his fellows because of the creative link with God, for "in Him we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts 17. 28).

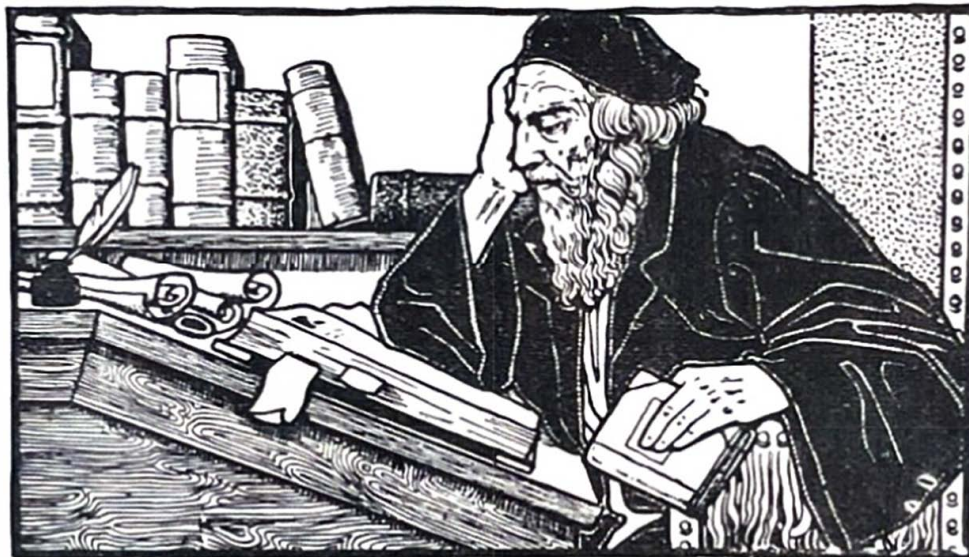
(2) There is something in DEATH. The still, small voice crying aloud that after all we do not die like the brute creation. The parting of that which "God breathed into man" from the body, making death a solemn moment to all. Death! the king of terrors, and the terror even of kings.

(3) There is something in JUDGMENT. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). In childhood, boyhood, manhood, even down to hoar hairs, that inward preacher Conscience cries, "Get ready for death! prepare for judgment!"

(4) There is an ETERNITY! "I wish I were satisfied on one side or the other," was the railway traveller's way of expressing his conviction that as a man he knew he was going to eternity—to be on one side or the other even there! You know it too. In a hundred years from now you will either be in heaven's glory or hell's gloom for eternity!

Beloved fellow-traveller, in the express of Time to the great terminus of Eternity, whether infidel or nominal Christian, old or young, if not absolutely certain at this moment that your sins are forgiven, your soul is saved, and your seat in heaven is secured, let me plead with you to haste to some quiet spot, and alone with God let your weary, aching heart flow out to Him in contrition. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29); test His unconditional promise, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37), and you will be "fully persuaded that what He has promised He is able to perform" (Rom. 4. 21). Millions have put the matter to the test, why should not you? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31); then should dangers affright, death ensue, worlds go smash, or eternity dawn, you will be able to say, "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

CAN WE HAVE THE ASSURANCE OF SALVATION?



IT is surprising how many intelligent persons there are who imagine that it is impossible to be assured of salvation. Again and again we have been told that "no one can know" that he is saved until the "great day." When testifying to the grace of God in saving we have been charged with "presumption."

As most who read these lines accept the authority of Scripture, it will be well for us to turn away from men's "opinions," and see what God's Word says on the subject. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isaiah 8. 20). (1) THE WAY OF SALVATION. "What must I do to be saved? And they said, *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ*, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). "Whosoever *believeth in Him* shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "*All that believe* are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39). "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, *he that believeth on Me* hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47).

From these and many other passages of Scripture it is manifest that salvation from the penalty of sin is obtained *by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by faith alone* (Rom. 3. 28). (2) THE ASSURANCE OF SALVATION. How, then, can one have the assurance of salvation? The answer is, *through God's Holy Word*. The Blood *secures*, and the Word *assures*. It is affirmed that it is "presumption" for anyone to say

Can we have the Assurance of Salvation?

that he is saved. If, however, God says I am saved, which would be the greater "presumption"—to believe or to disbelieve Him? Think on this important fact, that the early Christians evidently enjoyed the assurance of salvation.

"What saith the Scripture?" "By grace *are ye saved*" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "*We know* that we *have* passed from death unto life" (1 John 3. 14). "Being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God" (Rom. 5. 1). "*We know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, *we have* a building of God, an house not made with hands" (2 Cor. 5. 1). "Therefore we are *always confident*" (2 Cor. 5. 6). "By which *ye are saved*" (1 Cor. 15. 2). "I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you* for His Name's sake" (1 John 2. 12). "These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God; THAT YE MAY KNOW THAT YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE" (1 John 5. 13).

From such Scriptures it is abundantly evident to any unprejudiced person that believers in the early days of Christianity had assurance of salvation, forgiveness, and eternal life. How did they obtain it? THROUGH GOD'S PRECIOUS WORD. They did not "feel" that they were saved; they *knew* it on the authority of Scripture. Think on the last passage quoted: "*These things have I written*"—not these happy feelings have I given unto you—"THAT YE MAY KNOW THAT YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE." If the Scriptures were written that believers might have the assurance of eternal life, why should not we claim the blessing? "He that believeth on the Son *HATH everlasting life*" (John 3. 36). I believe on the Son of God, that He died for MY SINS, and rose again from the dead, and God says *I have* "everlasting life." I don't "feel" that I have "everlasting life." I *know* I have it *on the authority of God's Word*, and I *feel* happy because of it. Could I have any better ground of confidence? May the Scripture I am about to quote be burned into your soul. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: *he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son.* And this is the record, that GOD *HATH GIVEN TO US ETERNAL LIFE*, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 10-12). Why continue calling God a liar? Why not now believe on Christ, and obtain eternal life as a free gift?

A. M.

"PLEASURES ARE LIKE POPPIES."



AND is a fellow to have no pleasure?" said a young man to his friend, who had laid on his book a card on which these words were printed: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

His idea evidently was that to become a Christian was to bid farewell to all pleasure. And this thought is shared by many more, especially by young men. They have read the lines:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;

'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die;"

"Pleasures are like Poppies."

but all their experience has failed to convince them that religion will make them happy in life, whatever it may do at death. It has been the very reverse of sweetest pleasure to them. The Lord's day is a weariness to them. The practice of reading the Bible and bending the knee in prayer has long been given up, and as for attending a religious service during the week, the idea hardly ever crossed their mind. They imagine a Christian's life to be a kind of continual penance, devoid of all happiness, and without any attraction for them. Now, we are quite disposed to grant that a life of *mere religiousness* must indeed be a dull one; but a religious life is not necessarily a "Christian life." Many are religious who have never been "born again." Such religion can only be bondage, for being in their natural condition with unrenewed affections, they are without the capacity to enjoy God or to delight in heavenly things. But there is no life so really and fully happy as that of the one who has become a child of God through faith in Christ.

Dazzled by the changing beauty of earth's joys, you have eagerly hunted after them with untiring energy, but as your hand seized the longed-for pleasure it seemed to elude your grasp and leave you unsatisfied; and you are almost ready to say, along with Scotland's greatest poet:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowflake on the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever."

Has not this been so with what are called harmless and lawful amusements? But what of the pleasures of sin? Do you not know something of the scorpion sting of remorse which they leave? They may have been sweet in the mouth, but how bitter was the taste afterwards? And then, will the world's pleasures stand you in good stead as you pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death? Even now does not the thought of God and Eternity take from them any enjoyment they might otherwise afford? And are pleasures so easily spoiled worth having? Are joys which lose their power to cheer as the cold waves of Jordan sweep round your feet really worth seeking? Is it worth while hunting after a happiness which must fade with time and be unknown in eternity? No! Let us have pleasures that will last, that will leave no aching void, and that will lose none of their brightness in the light of eternity.

"Pleasures that are for evermore"—such are the pleasures of those who are really saved and born of God. A. G. B.

THE LOST SOUL;

— OR, —

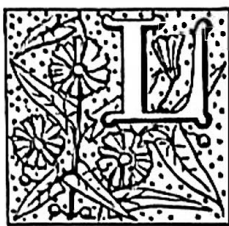
"PRAY THAT I MAY GET WELL AND GO TO THE CONCERT."



"OH YOU HAVE COME AT LAST; NOW DO NOT LEAVE ME!"

"With noiseless steps I went up stairs to her room; gently I opened
the door of that half-darkened chamber, and,
oh, shall I ever forget the sight!"

THE LOST SOUL; OR, CHRIST REJECTED.



LOST! lost! and lost for ever! You shrink from the words and say, Oh, but can it be? Is it a reality? Yes! yes! It was a terrible reality never to be forgotten by me; and, though it is years since, I seldom can think of it without weeping, and the remembrance of it has often sent me with a word of warning to others; and this terrible death scene, of which I was an eye-witness, has often brought from me the cry, "Escape for thy life!"

It was in the autumn. We had removed from town to one of a cluster of villas looking upon the distant hills. Some time after we had come there a gay young couple came to live next door. A few days after their arrival I saw the lady walking along the footpath near our windows; she was young, and her dress and bearing marked her as one of the world's chosen ones. As her graceful form passed up and down the shrubbery I was struck with the delicacy of her appearance and the look of unrest upon her fair young face that told its own tale. No peace! My heart rose in silent prayer to God that He might send me with a message to her soul. Next day I called. On asking for Mrs. —, the servant told me she was ill, but she thought she would see me. I went in and soon found myself in earnest conversation with her. During my visit she frankly told me that though only a few months married, and her heart thoroughly occupied with the world in every form—its ballrooms, its concerts, its parties, yet she was very unhappy; and in a simple, child-like way she said, "We have been watching you and your husband pass up and down, and we think you look so happy!" The moment had come; I thanked God for the opportunity to speak, and said, "You are right, we are happy, and the secret of our happiness is, we know Christ; we have peace with God through believing in the finished work of Christ, and we have in Him what the world has never given you, and never can give you, for the end of all its joys is eternal misery."

As I pressed upon her the necessity of conversion tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, "But no one ever told me that before; is it all true?" "Yes," I answered, "for God's Word declares to us, 'Ye must be born again' (John 3. 3, 7), and 'Except ye be converted, . . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven' (Matt. 18. 3)." I pressed upon her the necessity of accepting Christ now, and

The Lost Soul: or, Christ Rejected.

rose to leave. Slowly and solemnly she said, "Well, I would like to have your Christ, but I love the world, and though I am often unhappy, yet I could never give up my dancing, and you know," she said, as a hollow smile played upon her lips, "I sing at private concerts, and they say that 'A.'s voice is the best voice there'." I said, "Remember, they that reject Christ here will have to spend eternity in hell."

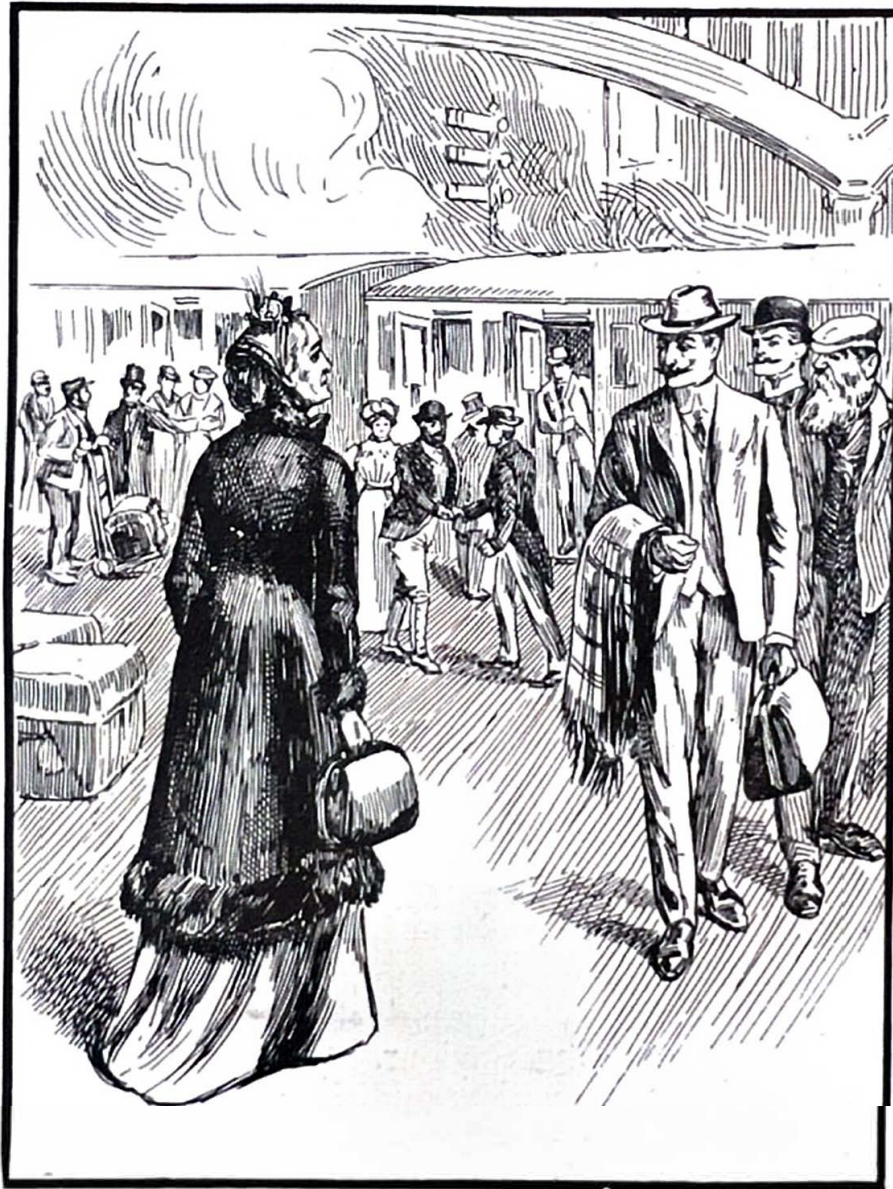
A few days after this, on returning from a walk, I found Mrs. — had called. I hastened to return her visit, and found her more miserable than before; struggling to assume a gaiety she did not feel, she met me by saying, "Oh, let me tell you about the concert I am to sing at next week." "Stop," I said, "there will be no singing in hell!" "Oh," she said, "don't speak in that way, I cannot bear it; speak of your Jesus if you like, but not of hell!" Again I told her of His love for sinners, but her mind was full of her coming concert, her dress, her songs, &c. And as I parted from her very sad, she said, "When the concert is over I will come and talk to you"; but the weeks passed, and she came not. One morning a message came to me from Mrs. —. "Do come at once, I wish to see you." I rose quickly and dressed, and soon found myself at her door. It was opened by a sister, who said: "Oh, come in; A. is very ill, and is very anxious to see you." With noiseless steps I went up stairs to her room; gently I opened the door of that half-darkened chamber, and, oh, shall I ever forget the sight? There on the bed lay A. in the ravings of fever. Her graceful form was racked with pain, she almost screamed, "Oh, you have come at last; now do not leave me," and sitting up in bed she grasped me with a strength that only fever gives. "Have you sent for a doctor?" I whispered to her sister. "No," said A. wildly, hearing me, "he will only tell me I am very ill, and you know I must be at the choral meeting next week. I am to sing at the concert," and so saying she fell back on her pillow in a swoon. I pointed to her sister to take my place, and hurried from the room. In a few moments my husband was off for the doctor. It seemed long till he came; never shall I forget that hour while anxiously listening for his footsteps. I bathed the burning brow, and pleaded with her to let me cut off her once lovely hair, and as she again half swooned, I did so, hearing her murmur all the time, "But the concert! how can I go to the concert without my

hair? and it was so beautiful! Oh, they said A.'s hair was so beautiful!" At last I heard the doctor's hurried footsteps on the stair, and left the room. As he came out I met him; his anxious face told all. "Doctor, is she dying?" "Yes, dying fast; but don't tell her! I am going for another doctor, but I know it's too late." The doctor had told me to give her a stimulating draught every quarter of an hour till he returned; she heard the order and asked for it whenever I entered the room; drinking it down she exclaimed, "Oh, I can live a quarter of an hour upon that, surely I am not dying?" "Yes, A." I said, "you are dying; but I can tell you of One who died to save just such as you." Gently I told her in very simple words of that One who met the prodigal in the far-off land and the dying thief upon the cross, but she almost threw me from her, and said, "I cannot hear it now, when I get better I'll come and hear about your Jesus, but not now," and again she swooned. I prayed, oh, as I had never done before, and as I rose from my knees I found her large dark eyes, already glazed by the hand of death, fixed upon me. "Oh," she said, "pray to *your* Jesus, He *will* hear *you*; but *I* don't know Him, and I cannot hear about him now." Eagerly I asked, "What shall I pray to Him for?" Horror filled me as she answered, "Pray that I may get well and go to the concert."

Again I pleaded with her about her soul, but it was no use. She had rejected Christ all her life, and she would not have Him now. Hours passed and the doctors came only to say, "Sinking fast!" Her husband and friends arrived to see the end of fair A., and I would fain have left a scene so terrible; but she held me in her grasp. Every quarter of an hour, as I gave her her draught, she said, "Oh, I can live upon that—it must make me live—I cannot die!" and then in plaintive accents she wailed out, "I'm too young to die; I'm only twenty-one: I'm too young to die! Father, will you take me to the concert next week?" "Yes," said her father, "I will." I was a stranger to her friends, and, seeing she was sinking fast, I passed away from a scene so awful. In a few moments all was over, and the soul of A., the rejecter of Christ, had passed from the world and its pleasures, its balls and its concerts, into the realities of eternity. "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish" (Acts 13. 41). "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life" (John 5. 40).

A NEW HAMPSHIRE WOMAN'S LOVE.

A TALL, elderly lady, bent with care, has been a daily visitor at the railway station of Manchester, New Hampshire, U.S.A., for many years. Nearly every week-day for thirty long years, in winter and summer, spring and autumn, has she appeared on the platform with travelling



"FOR THIRTY LONG YEARS SHE VISITED THE PLATFORMS."

bag in hand. As the trains arrive she eagerly scans the features of all the male passengers as they pass before her, and then retires sad and dejected.

The key to the story is this. Thirty-five years previously she was one of the *belles* of Manchester, and had many suitors, but the man of her choice followed the sea. One day he left her for a voyage, arranging that the marriage

A New Hampshire Woman's Love.

ceremony should be performed on his return. From that time till now she has neither seen nor heard anything of him. The grief and disappointment thereby occasioned brought on a long and serious illness. On her recovery she expressed to her friends her firm belief in her lover's faithfulness, declaring that he was alive, and would eventually return and make her his wife. She has hoped against hope, never giving up the thought that he will yet come back and claim her as his own.

Such is the touching story of a woman's love, as told in the columns of a leading Chicago newspaper, and one cannot but be struck with the strength and intensity of her affection, whilst at the same time sympathising with her in her disappointment. How true are the words of Scripture: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it" (Song of Solomon 8. 7). There is a love that is even more intense than a mother's; a love that is stronger than death and mightier than the grave; a love that embraces the world in its grasp, and therefore embraces the reader. "What love do you refer to?" asks one. "Whose love?" inquires another. God's love to a guilty world, we reply. Harken to the wondrous words of the Lord Jesus: "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).

For thirty tedious years the American waited for her lover, daily expecting his arrival at the railway station. If you are twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, or even seventy years of age, during all that time God has been seeking to win you for Himself, and longs to pardon and cleanse you from all your iniquities. If you doubt His love to *you*, gaze by faith on that suffering Saviour. "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5). "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust" (1 Peter 3. 18). The Cross manifests God's hatred of sin and His love for the sinner. His love to us was so great that He gave His only begotten Son to be "made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). By the death of Christ every barrier has been removed. God's justice has been satisfied, His law magnified, and, on the ground of His perfect atonement, every sinner is invited and entreated to accept of eternal life as a free gift.

A. M.

THE END OF IT ALL.



IT was his last birthday,
and forgotten and alone
the brilliant and handsome
Byron took up his pen and
in bitter disappointment
wrote :

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of life
are gone.
The worm, the canker, and
the grief
Are mine alone !"

He had followed the bubble
of fame, but it had burst in
his grasp. He had reached
the zenith of popularity,
and had been flattered by
royalty, but he died for-

saken and unattended upon a foreign shore. The day was
when he had drunk deeply of the sparkling draughts of this
world's pleasure and lust, but the intoxicating cup had been
rudely dashed from his hand, and the bitter dregs alone
were left him. He had loved the world, and had been one
of its most ardent votaries, but when he looked for much
from it, and needed its support the most, it failed him, for
from his pen we have also these lines :

"Where is the world?
. . . . I looked for it. 'Tis gone !
A globe of glass,
Cracked, shivered, vanished,
Scarce gazed upon—
E'er a silent power dissolved the glittering mass,

A doleful story. Yes, but a true sample of the way in
which the world treats those who have served it most and
loved it best. Fleeting and empty are its best pleasures.
"Vanity" is written across its most cherished treasures.
"Vexation of spirit" and disappointment are the portion of
all who seek satisfaction in it. But this is not *the end of it all*,
for beyond Time there stretches THE VAST FOREVER. The
fixed realities of Eternity must follow the trifles of earth.

Let your thoughts travel on ahead of you—think of your
dying day. Shall the night dew of eternal darkness gather
on your brow, or shall the light of God's wondrous salvation
fill your soul with radiance in that supreme moment? Look

The End of it All.

ahead ; think of the time when you shall have changed the holiday attire for the shroud, when you shall have ceased to sing and joke, when someone else will sit at the desk or grace the drawing-room in your place. I bid you at this moment to LOOK INTO ETERNITY, and as you do so I will put a weighty and pertinent question to you : "*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?*" (Mark 8. 36). But this is not the end that God would have you reach. He cares for the souls of men even though they do not care for themselves. He cares for your soul and desires your salvation. Your life may have been one record of guilt, your soul stained with unnumbered sins, yet to you God offers pardon, for "*Christ died for the ungodly*" (Rom. 5. 6). He came into this world to seek and to save the lost. He came to seek and to save you, by dying for you. You are not *too* bad for His saving grace and power. He is willing and He is able to save you even to-day.

Oh ! the cross of Christ is wonderful, it is there we see the love of God declared, He "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

In the death of Jesus God has found a perfectly righteous way of blessing men, for the precious Blood of Jesus has met all the claims of divine justice. God can now welcome to his home and His heart even the worst of sinners. He can pardon every sinner who will turn to Him pleading the precious Blood. You need not fear to approach God to-day. He is stretching out His hands to me and bidding you come, and He will receive you just as you are.

You cannot make yourself better. You cannot take away the stain of one sin from your soul, but the precious Blood can take them all away, and make you fit for the love-lighted home of the blessed God. The grace of God can save you, His love can make you happy, His power can deliver you from the thrall of sin, and enable you to live for His glory now.

The great proof that God is satisfied with the work of Jesus is that He hath raised Him from the dead and seated Him in the highest heaven, and it is because of the great value of that perfectly finished work which Jesus did that He can now offer pardon to you without money or works on your part.

"God's blessing is free,
He sends it to thee;
Believe His wonderful love."

J. T. M.

JOHN'S DILEMMA;

— OR, —

"THE NEW PREACHER AND HIS NEW DOCTRINES."



"John was in the field ploughing with his yoke of oxen when his difficulty came to a climax."

JOHN'S DILEMMA.



HE little village of Greenville, with its surrounding farming district, were distinctly disturbed—no doubt of it. The cause of the disturbance was this: A new preacher had come into their midst, and was preaching new doctrines—at least new to the people of Greenville and neighbourhood. These people, and their fathers before them, had listened to the pulpit and platform ministrations of some old-fashioned men, who evidently “believed the Bible from Genesis to Revelation,” as they were wont to say: they believed in a heaven and they believed in a hell, and to them both were literal and real.

And these old-fashioned preachers had the “courage of their convictions” too, for they had fearlessly preached what they believed. Now, this preaching had produced excellent results. From time to time people had been awakened about their sins, and led to cry out with one of old, “What must I do to be saved?” and receiving the Divine answer, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,” had believed on Him to the saving of their souls, and were thereafter seen by those who came in contact with them to be new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Like Noah of old, the testimony of God’s Word had produced fear of coming judgment in their hearts, and they found refuge in the “Ark”—even in Christ. Now, those who had thus been “delivered from the wrath to come” believed that this was the only kind of preaching sanctioned by the Bible, so when the new preacher came and preached that there was no hell, or at least that it was not as bad as the Bible and the old-fashioned preachers declared it was, they began to oppose his teaching as not of God. Some of his arguments seemed plausible. He declared that God was loving, kind, and good—they all agreed with him there—but he went on to say that He was *too good and kind and loving to send anybody to hell*; then they remembered that He had said, “The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God” (Psa. 9. 17); and that “Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire” (Rev. 20. 15); and so they denounced his doctrines as being of Satan, and not of God.

Now, John — was a farmer, and he had attended several of the new preacher’s meetings. He was unsaved, but more than once had it been forced on him that he ought to be

John's Dilemma.

saved—that he was trifling with danger and exposing himself to the wrath of God. But here was a way out of it. This preacher seemed to be a smart man; he could talk well, and he seemed to be quite sure of his position, and even quoted some Scripture—especially from the Old Testament—to prove that there was no hell. It was a *comfortable* kind of doctrine to think that you could go on, and live as you had been doing, and end in heaven at last.

John was perplexed. On the one hand was the plain teaching of the Bible, which said that there was a hell, and no one could escape it and get to heaven but by being born again. On the other were the “explanations” of the new preacher. Which was right? John was in the field ploughing with his yoke of oxen when his difficulty came to its climax. He argued with himself thus: “It seems more likely that God, who is a God of love, would save everybody, and it seems unreasonable to think that He would send anyone into eternal torment. But the Bible says He will, and I’ve always believed *that*. I think, however, that the new preacher may be right; there is no hell, but”—and here his oxen came to a stand-still, and he stood looking at them, and, speaking aloud to himself, he exclaimed—“*I’d give that plough, and the yoke of oxen to boot, if I was sure of it!*”

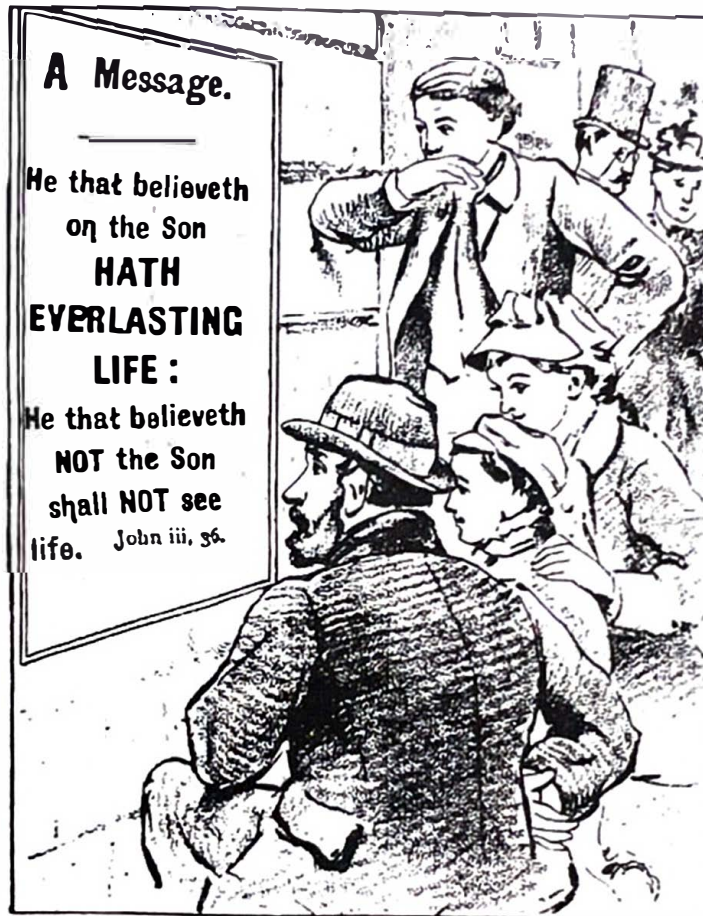
Aye, there’s the rub! How is he, or anyone else, to be *sure* of it? How is such a matter to be decided? Can human reasonings do it? This was what the new up-to-date preacher was giving. This is what he would have them substitute for the plain truth of God! But God has spoken and His word is true, and all the reasonings of men cannot make it anything else than the truth!

How emphatic are the statements of Scripture! How they silence all the puerile reasonings of men who would deceive the hearts of the simple. It is a fatal defect of the whole system of error that only one side is considered. Now, “God is love,” but the same epistle that declares the fact in these words says that “God is light.” And not only is God’s *mercy* seen in the Gospel, but His *righteousness* too. He is a “thrice-holy God” (Isa. 6), and will by no means clear the guilty. But grace has found a way whereby He may be “Just, and the Justifier of all who believe on Jesus” (Rom. 3. 26). That way is through the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. Believe, then, now on the Lord Jesus and be saved (Acts 16. 31). T. D. W. M.

THE PECULIAR POSTER.

"**H**ERE, Sam, you are one of the religious sort, come here and tell us the meaning of this. Why do your kind of people put up *these* bills on the walls? Why don't they keep *these* things to themselves?"

"Why? They have as much right, if it comes to a question of that sort, to do so as the auctioneer has to display his bill, or the railway company their bills."



"Yes, yes, of course ;" but what is the meaning of it?"

"Just what it says. Read it the same as you would read anything else. Use the same thought in reading it as you would in reading another poster and it will be clear enough."

"But will you just explain it a bit to us?"

"It needs very little explanation," replied Sam. "Thanks be to God, the Bible is plain enough to them who want to understand. It is difficult only to those who *won't*. These words tell us that everlasting life belongs to those who believe in the Son of God, that is, to those who take Him to be their Saviour, their Teacher, their God—to those who give themselves to Him as completely as a man gives himself to serve the King when he enlists as a soldier."

"But what if a man does not believe?"

"Then there is the other thing, he shall *not* see life. If you will have Christ as your Saviour from sin, you will have everlasting life. That is God's way. It is Yes or No. It matters not what you are, unless you are 'born again,' become a *new creature* in Christ, you cannot see the kingdom of God. 'Ye must be born again' (John 3. 7). Now be clear on this point—no new birth now means no new heaven by-and-bye."

LIFE IN A LOOK.

IN the journeyings of the Children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan they murmured and spoke against God and Moses, and said: "Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light



(or despicable) bread" (Num. 21. 5). We are told that "the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died" (verse 6). As they saw their loved ones perishing around them, they confessed their sin and entreated Moses to plead with God to remove the serpents. God commanded Moses to make a serpent of brass and fasten it to a pole in the midst of the camp. All who looked upon it were to be healed. "It came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, *when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived*" (verse 9). This story is a striking illustration of man's condition as a sinner and of God's gracious provision for his deliverance. The serpent's poison brought death to the body, and sin brings certain death to the soul. The bite of the serpent was fatal, and so is the venom of sin. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom.

6. 23), and all of us are sinners by nature and practice. What, then, is to become of us? If "the wages of sin is death," and we have earned the "wages," is there any way of escape? *Must* we perish eternally? God provided a remedy for Israel, and He has provided a remedy for us. There was one, and only one, remedy, and it was of divine appointment. There is but one remedy for the disease of

sin, and God has provided it for all sin-bitten ones. To-day multitudes are despising God's provision, and are endeavouring to heal themselves. Prayers, good works, tears, sacraments, and religious observances are in turn tried, but human efforts are valueless. The Lord Jesus declares God's way of salvation in the familiar words: "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). The Israelite, though at the gates of death, if he had but one faint, glimmering look at the uplifted serpent glistening in the sunshine, would be immediately cured. So of the sinner who looks to, or believes in, the Lord Jesus, bleeding and dying for him on the Cross of Calvary. On account of Christ's death, every one who believes on Him obtains the free forgiveness of all his sins (Acts 10. 43). If the bitten Israelite had looked at his wound, at Moses, or at the pole and failed to see the uplifted serpent, he would have died. You may believe in your believing, or in your feelings, or in your repentance, but in order to be saved from sin and death and hell you must *believe in Christ*. "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22). We are not saved *FOR* our faith, nor *for* anything *we* do. We are saved solely and wholly *on the ground of what Christ did for us*.

Though the brazen serpent was uplifted for all bitten Israelites, only those who looked on it were benefited. Though Christ has been "lifted up," none are saved but those who believe in Him. Do you say that you don't feel sufficiently the evil of sin? Never mind your "feelings." Whether the bitten Israelite felt "deeply anxious" to be healed or not, if he looked to the serpent, he was cured. "Oh," says one, "I must first get rid of my sins." That is a terrible mistake. The bitten Israelite did not first obtain healing and *then* look to the brazen serpent. Look to Christ *as you are* and *where you are*. Look to Him *in your sins*, that you may be saved by Him *from your sins*.

"If you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all."

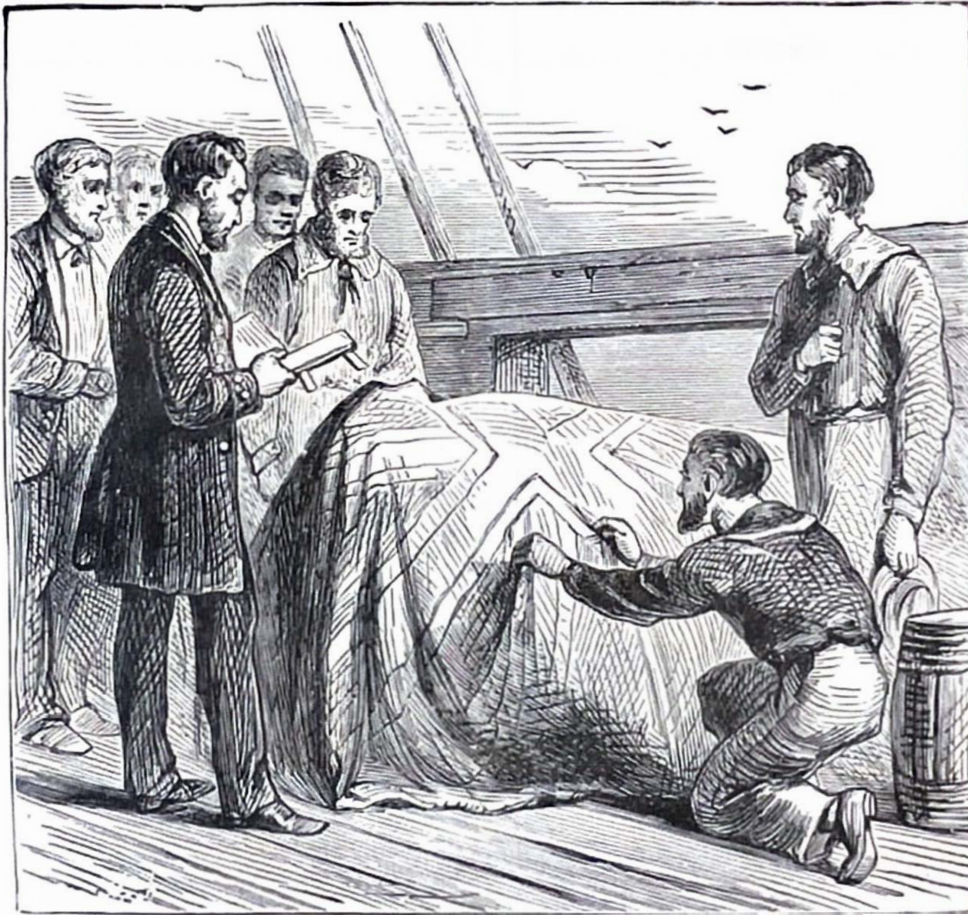
All bitten ones who did not look to the brazen serpent perished. All who don't believe on Christ are eternally lost. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). Believe and live.

A. M.

A SAILOR'S STORY.



At a meeting in the town of P——, a young sailor asked liberty to tell how he had been saved. Permission being granted, he spoke somewhat to the following effect: "I am but a young man, yet I have seen as much of this world's wickedness as men double my age. Since a very little boy I have been following a seafaring life. In one of our voyages we got becalmed up the Mediterranean. The men being idle, began to drink rum and play cards in the forecabin, till



"WE LASHED HIM IN HIS HAMMOCK."

numbers of them were intoxicated. My messmate was lying in his hammock ill with fever. He seemed very sick, and none of us could afford him any comfort. Above the noise of the revelling we heard a piercing cry. We listened, and all we could hear was that awful and solitary word,

'Hell! hell! hell! hell!'

We looked at one another, and though some tried to laugh, most of us were awed. One in his drunkenness shouted, 'Give him a drink of rum.'

A Sailor's Story.

"I ran to the water-cask and took from it a pitcherful, but on reaching him, I observed his soul was about to pass into eternity. His eyes were set, and his lips moved, and as I bent down to listen to the gurgling sounds that proceeded from his throat, I heard that same terrible word, 'Hell! hell! hell!' and he died. The sounds did not die out of my ear, but kept ringing through my very soul. Day after day they followed me, and wherever I was, at the wheel or on deck, aloft or below, on watch or in bed, I heard them. When we lashed him up in his hammock and lowered his body over the side of the vessel into his watery grave, my heart failed me. As I heard the splash in the water, it seemed to say to me, 'THERE IS ONE GONE TO HELL, AND YOU SHALL BE THE NEXT.' The pangs of conscience took hold of me, and my life's sins stared me in the face. I did not know what to do; Satan tempted me to jump overboard, but I knew right well if I did, that my soul would be where I feared my messmate's was—IN HELL.

"On reaching port I at once made for some place where I could hear what a sinner had to do to be saved. I found my way into a room like this, and heard a plain working man speaking of Jesus. He told us of His precious blood that was shed to put away sin, and as he described Him hanging on the tree groaning, bleeding, dying for lost sinners, the just One, for us the unjust, the weight of guilt upon my soul seemed to roll off as a mighty burden. Light, joy and peace filled my heart, and since then I have been going on my way rejoicing, no longer fearing to go down to hell, but waiting for the day when Jesus shall come to receive His ransomed ones to Himself; and I shall for ever be with *Him* in heaven."

Reader, if *you* were dying now, whether would you go to *heaven* or *hell*? The sailor knew that he was saved, and all his sins forgiven. Do you know this? Face the question honestly. If you are converted to God you would go to heaven; but if not, you would be eternally lost. No longer sport upon the brink of a never-ending hell. Time is short. Eternity is at hand. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Turn ye! Turn to Him now. Turn to the cross of Calvary. It was by looking *there* that the sailor's heart was filled with peace and joy—"There is life in a look at the crucified One,"—gaze on Him groaning, bleeding, and dying for thee. What more do you need? Justice is satisfied with what He has done. O believe Him and be saved. "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).