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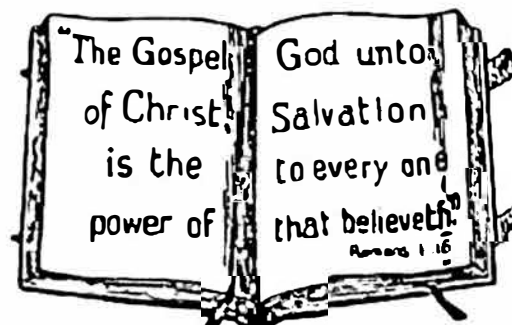
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"ONLY ONE MAN."

IS it possible that the great God above can care for one soul amongst all the millions of the earth? It is, for the One who came to tell us all we know of the heart of God said: "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15. 10). God desires that all should be saved; but He and all His angels rejoice over *one*. Have they rejoiced over you yet? The lifeboat men will save the whole of the shipwrecked crew if they can; if not, they will rejoice to be able to bring



"HE HAD LASHED HIMSELF TO THE WINDLASS."

"Only One Man."

even one safe to land. An instance of this is to be found in the records of the Deal lifeboat.

Looking out through his glass late one spring evening Richard Roberts, the brave captain of the boat, descried a new wreck upon the Goodwin Sands, and close to it a solitary man. He was running wildly about, afraid of standing still lest the treacherous sands should suck him in. Only one man! was it worth while launching the lifeboat for his sake? The lifeboat men had no question at all about that, for as soon as the tide would permit there was a rush for the belts, and over the wild waves the boat leapt to the rescue. But to save that one man was no light matter. The night was inky black, and their eyes could see nothing. The waves rolled over the boat, and though they shouted and strained their ears for an answer, no voice could be heard above the noise of the sea. They cast anchor and waited through the long night for the dawn. With the first grey light they caught sight of the object of their search. He was not more than four hundred yards away, staggering towards the boat that had come to save him. It was but the work of a few moments to get him off those deadly sands into the safety of the boat. Unable to save himself, help came from without. So "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). Have you welcomed Him? Has He saved you?

He was captain of a Norwegian brig which had run on the sands the morning before, and he had seen the six men that formed his crew drowned before his eyes. He had lashed himself to the windlass, and thus escaped the fate of the rest. When the tide fell and the wreck stood out of the water, he unlashd himself, and had for hours run up and down the sands, returning to the wreck again when the tide rose and night came on. He received a royal welcome when he reached the town of Deal, and, depend upon it, not one of the gallant lifeboat men grudged the labour and the hardships they had undergone because there was only one man to save.

Oh! the value of one soul none can estimate; the world is naught in comparison to it. For one soul, as well as for millions, Jesus died. For one soul he seeks to-day, and *that one soul is yours*. Welcome Him, welcome Him now. Then over your one soul there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God.

J. T. M.

HOW VENICE WAS SAVED.



VIEW OF VENICE.

WHEN Venice was "Queen of the Adriatic," not only because of her beauty, but because of her wealth and power, she had many enemies. Doubtless numbers of these were made by the arrogance of her rulers, while some were her foes because they were jealous of her greatness. About the year 1378 several of the neighbouring States formed a strong confederacy in the hope of humbling her pride and destroying her power. In this the State of Genoa took the lead. A fierce war was the result, and most of the fighting took place upon the sea.

It happened about this time that an epidemic broke out in the Venetian fleet, which carried off a great number of the fighting men. In this weakened state the Genoese opened an attack upon them, and drove them into Venice. Enraged at this reverse, the fickle Venetians took the Admiral, Vettor Pisani, and cast him into prison. There he lay for some time, and though he loved his country, he was unable to render her any assistance. Meanwhile the successes of Peitro Doria, the Genoese admiral, continued, and in one engagement he took 5000 Venetians

How Venice was Saved.

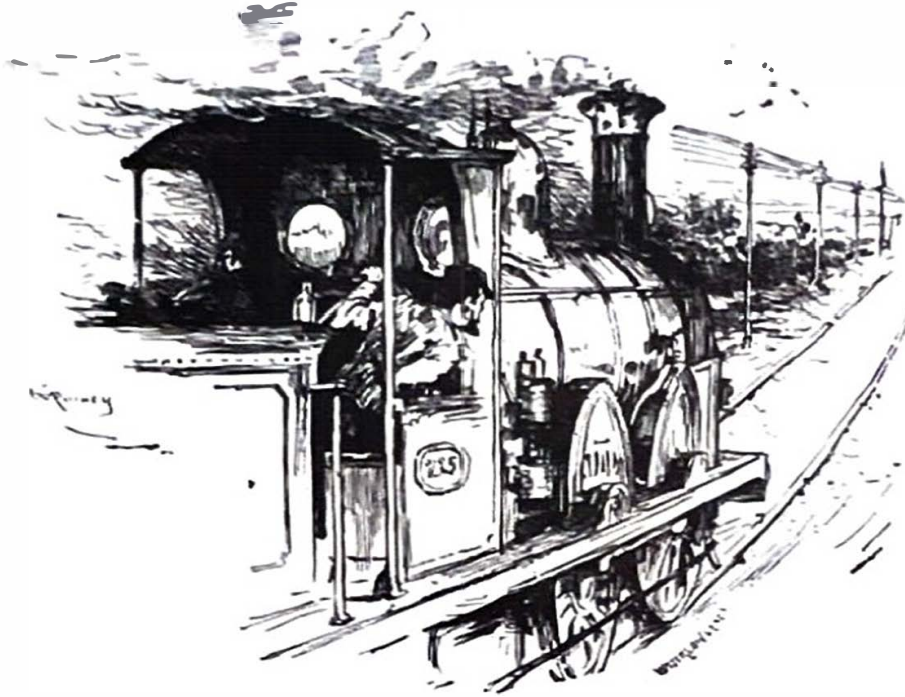
prisoners. This made him certain of final success, while it reduced Venice to the verge of despair. This was deepened when the Genoese fleet appeared before the ramparts of the city. It was then hastily decided that the only chance of saving the city was to treat for peace, and delegates were sent out offering to make very great concessions; in fact the Venetians were ready to give up everything to the invaders but their liberty. Doria answered with a bitter sneer, saying there should be no peace for Venice until he had entered the place a complete conqueror, and bridled the bronze horses in the square of St. Marks, and he at once prepared to blockade the city and reduce it by famine.

In their extremity the Venetians remembered the man whom they had despised and treated unjustly. Pisani was taken out of prison, and besought by the Senate to defend his country. This he gladly undertook to do, refusing the adulation of the people, and the honour which the Doge of Venice would have put upon him. He was a man of vigour and decision, and soon had a fleet equipped, and gave battle to the invaders. The tide of victory now turned, and instead of the Venetians being forced to surrender, they drove the Genoese into the harbour of the town of Chioggia, which they had taken some time before. Here they held out for a while, but in one battle they lost very heavily, and Doria was killed; then they yielded to Pisani, who dictated terms to them which were most honourable to his people. Thus did the one whom the Venetians had accounted unworthy of their confidence become their deliverer.

Joyous news! There is a Deliverer, One who cannot fail those who trust in Him. He is the One whom men despised; the One whom they set at naught and reviled in bitter scorn, naming Him "The Nazarene." But all this changed not the love of Jesus. He would meet the foe on the behalf of poor sinners, "who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." He has met the foe, and in single combat has gained a glorious victory. He died for our sins, but has risen again from the dead, and now a happy and eternal deliverance is the portion of all His people, and they will share for ever in the fruits of His victory. How do you stand with regard to Jesus? Have you thankfully bowed to Him and accepted Him as your Saviour? If not, you are still exposed to the relentless power of the foe.

J. T. M.

WHERE JOHN 5. 24 SET HIM DOWN.



"ON THE FOOTPLATE OF HIS ENGINE HE KNEW NO FEAR."

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

By-and-bye this lady got up a tea meeting for railway-men and their wives; he was invited with his better half and all the small members of his family. They accepted the invite and went; but he was not to be trapped in a tea-cup, so went to the meeting after the cups were cleared away.

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

How strange that men should dread this all-important question! Is it that, feeling they are not saved, they fear to face the great fact? Friend, whether anyone asks the query or not, you are either saved or unsaved.

One Sunday afternoon this frightened character became a subject of the very salvation he dreaded. He hardly knew it at first, "but," said he, "I determined to follow

Where John 5. 24 Set Him Down.

out John 5. 24, and see where it led to." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

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

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

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

"He that heareth My word"—first step.

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

"Hath everlasting life"—third step.

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

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

"IS HELL A REALITY?"

SOME men, clever men too, say no. But how do they know that? They have reasoned and argued themselves and others into the belief that there is no hell. They have taught it from platforms, preached it from pulpits; but what authority have they for their statements? Have they ever gone into eternity themselves and returned? Have they met others who have done so? Or on what grounds do they say there is no hell? Is not the wish father to the thought in their case? In their heart a trembling wish arose that there was no hell, for they knew they had sinned. As the wish is strengthened, the thought grows, unbelief in the old-fashioned doctrine increases, and at last the out-and-out lie, "there is no hell," is actually believed. For our part, we never listen to those dreamy reasons. We have an old Book by us, by which we stand or fall, and it declares plainly, emphatically; roughly, some may say; but never mind that if its meaning be clear: "THE WICKED SHALL BE TURNED INTO HELL" (Psalm 9. 17).

THE GERMAN GIRL AND JOHN 3. 16;

— OR, —

WHAT DID HE GIVE?



A GERMAN GIRL AND HER DOMESTIC PETS.

"But what did He give," inquired one. "I don't know," said the little girl; "but it was very good of God to give anything to the world. She was right. It was, indeed, very good of God to give anything to a guilty, sin-blighted world.

THE GERMAN GIRL AND JOHN 3. 16.



RETCHEN, a little German girl, thought that God only loved good people. She did not know that God loved sinners, and wished to bless and pardon them. In a rather strange way she was led to change her mind about Him. Whilst walking along the road one day she picked up a piece of paper. She looked at it, and read the printed words in German. They were not familiar to her, though, thank God! they are to many: "FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE——" Here it stopped, the rest of the verse being torn off. "God loved the world," she said to herself. This was a new idea. It was, indeed, "good news." God loved the "world," then He loved everybody. "God loved the world," then He loved *me*, said Gretchen, for I am part of the "world" that He loved. This was sound reasoning.

You may be firmly convinced that He loves "religious" persons or "good" people, but are you quite sure that He loves *you*? Whether you believe it or not, it is perfectly true that GOD LOVES YOU. There was a time when the sun did not shine, but there never was a time when God did not love. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for *God is love*" (1 John 4. 8). He loves the "world," and therefore He loves you.

"What did God give?" was the question that puzzled Gretchen. Her heart grew lighter and her face became brighter as she dwelt on the blessed thought that God loved *her*. She was so ignorant of Bible truth that she did not know what God gave to the "world." Still she had laid hold of the fact that God loved her. She went home smiling. "What makes you so happy, Gretchen?" was asked of her. Putting her hand in her pocket she produced the paper: "For God so loved the world, that He gave."

"But *what* did He give?" inquired one. "I don't know," said the little girl; "but it was *very good of God to give anything to the world.*" She was right. It was, indeed, very good of God to give *anything* to a guilty, sin-blighted world. We *deserved* nothing but banishment from His presence. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23); but He did not give us the "wages." Yet He loves us in spite of our sinfulness, our ingratitude, obstinacy, and rebellion. He *manifested* His love in a wondrous way. "God so loved the world, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON." God

has given the best gift that Heaven could afford—the Lord Jesus.

He gave Him to be “made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him” (2 Cor. 5. 21). He gave Him to be “wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities” (Isaiah 53. 5). He gave Him to pay the ransom price for our soul’s deliverance with His precious blood (1 Tim. 2. 6). He gave Him to be spit upon, mocked, reviled, scourged, and crucified that you and I, O fellow-traveller to Eternity, might be delivered from sin and wrath and hell. If you have any doubt about His love to you, gaze on that bleeding, suffering, dying One, and hearken to that mournful cry: “My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?” (Matt. 27. 46). Why did God forsake His only begotten and well-beloved Son? There is one, and only one answer to that question, and that is that you and I might not eternally perish. It is God’s desire that you should not perish. It is His wish that you should spend Eternity with Him in the glory.

“THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.” How simple, how grand, how glorious! “Whosoever believeth in Him.” Do *you* desire to be delivered from the wrath and curse due to sin? Do you desire to obtain “everlasting life” as a *free gift* at this very moment? Then “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,” and it is yours. “Everlasting life” is not promised to those who pray, work, strive, vow, or feel. It is only given to those who believe in Christ: “Whosoever believeth in Him” *has* salvation to start with. Have *you* everlasting life? “No, I have not,” you reply. Then you don’t believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. You may believe a great deal *about* Him, and not believe *in* Him. You may believe that He is a great Saviour, an all-sufficient Saviour, and the only Saviour, without believing on Him as your own Saviour. He loved you, and died for you on Calvary’s Cross, that you might be His—spirit, soul, and body. What He did and suffered is enough. It has satisfied all the claims of a holy and righteous God, and it should be enough to satisfy you. Eternal life may be yours *now*! Why, then, delay? Why not believe on Him now? Believe on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you and you will be able to say:

“GOD LOVED: GOD GAVE.

I BELIEVE, AND I HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.” A. M.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TEXT.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. L.

THE FARMER WHO WAS BORN TWICE.

AN elder of the Church, highly respected for many years, took the lead in Church matters, taught in the Sunday school, and considered himself a right good Christian. He had a son who was a converted man. They went together to a revival meeting, and in one of the addresses given it was urged that we must be born a *second* time, or else we shall die *twice*—not only our natural death, but also the second death, *i.e.*, death eternal



THE BUSY HARVEST-TIME.

(Rev. 20. 14) and the speaker repeated: "BORN ONCE—DIE TWICE! BORN TWICE—DIE ONCE."

This thought kept ringing in the ears of the elder all that night. Next morning, being harvest-time, he was walking through his fields, but still the idea would not leave him. At last he burst into tears, and said to his son, "I fear I have only been born once, and I shall die twice; I feel the second death." His Son pointed him to the Saviour, and had the joy of seeing him "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29) and find

The Farmer who was Born Twice.

peace in believing. He lived many years after that, and often confessed how long he had been a mere professing member of the Church without having experienced the second birth. How is it with you?

Everyone is born into this world once, and if he is not born again into the kingdom of God, he must assuredly die twice—first his natural death, and then death eternal. "Except a man be born again, he *cannot* see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

You have been born once into this world, and there is before you two deaths—first, that of the body, when your time comes to die and be buried; afterwards you will be raised from the dead and stand before the Great White Throne to be condemned to the *second* death, the death eternal of the soul.

But there is an alternative—there is a second birth possible; you may be born anew into God's kingdom and thus escape the second death. By believing in Jesus Christ the Son of God, you *are* born again, made a child of God; in which case, should you die before the Lord comes again, you will never die eternally, but you will be translated into His likeness, and "shall not come into judgment" for your sins.

Flee, then, from the wrath to come, while you have the opportunity. Turn unto God; accept the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved with an everlasting salvation. CHEYNE BRADY.

ONE WAS SAVED—ONE WAS LOST.

A YOUNG man who had lived a "fast" life was at length aroused to concern about his soul. On being shown the freeness and simplicity of the Gospel, and the great love of Christ, he said: "How can I offer him a withered flower?" His life had been spent in the service of the devil and the world. The bloom of his life had passed away. He had given to self and the world the vigour of his days, and now it seemed as if he were bringing the dregs to Christ. Yet that young man was saved. It is the fewer number that thus turn. It is true that the thief on the cross was saved. But as an old writer says: "One was *saved*: we there learn no one must despair. But one was *lost*, and we have there the warning that no one must presume." God is now calling on you to turn. See that you refuse not. w. s.

THE SERGEANT AND THE SHELL.

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



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

The Sergeant and the Shell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYP.

PAYING HER WAY TO HEAVEN.



"A NUMBER OF WOMEN OUT SHOPPING."

BEING in a store one day on business, I took the opportunity of speaking to one of a number of women out shopping about her soul. Giving her a tract, I asked her if she was saved. "No, sir," she replied, "I cannot say I am. I think that would be a very hard question for anyone to say 'yes' to." "Well," I said, "I have been able to say 'yes' to it for a number of years." "Well, sir," she remarked, "I have been a member of the church for sixteen years, and ever since I joined I have paid a good sum as my share for the support of the minister, and other expenses of the church. I try my best to do what is right with all, and I am hoping in the mercy of God, for He is merciful."

Paying Her Way to Heaven.

"True," I answered, "He is merciful, but it is impossible for Him to lie, and He says, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God' (John 3. 3). Have you been born again?" "No, sir; I do not think I have." "Then you could not 'see the kingdom of God' if you die as you are. Hell would be your portion." "Now, sir," she exclaimed in a somewhat excited manner, "if that is true what is the use of belonging to the church, and paying out hard-earned money to keep it up, if, after all, one has got to go to hell if not 'born again'?" "It is Christ alone that saves," I replied, "and Satan is seeking to cheat you out of your soul by making you rest upon your church membership, moral character, and so-called good works, instead of resting, as a guilty sinner, on the finished work of Christ." "Ah, well," she replied, "I suppose we must do the best we can, and hope in the mercy of God."

After a few plain words, in which I sought to show her the foundation of sand on which she was building her hopes, I left the store, never, perhaps, to meet her again in this world.

This woman was being deceived by the devil, the enemy of God and man, and though not born again, was made by him to hope she was going to heaven. To tell a poor sinner that if he belongs to the church and does his best he will get to heaven, is not the Gospel of the Bible, but "another gospel" invented by Satan, and the object is to lead those who believe it more securely and comfortably down to hell than they would otherwise go. Beware, then, of resting your soul on anything short of Christ, and what He did on the cross for the ungodly.

God says: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Mark, then, eternal life is not "wages"—it is the "gift" of God, therefore it is to be *received*, not *purchased*. Again we read: "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8).

Do you ask: "What must I do to be saved?" If so, we answer you in the words of Scripture, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Come to Him as you are in all your sins; come to Him just *now*.

"Do not tarry till you're better,
Or you'll never come at all."

T. D. W. M.

"THE ONE OUTSIDE THE FOLD;"

—OR,—

"NOTHING BUT THE GRACE OF GOD COULD HAVE DONE IT,"



"I FELT THEY HAD A CALM AND HOLY JOY."

"I heard of one or two 'conversions' among the young ladies whom I was in the habit of meeting in society; I saw the change in their demeanour when making afternoon calls; I felt they had a 'calm and holy joy' which I did not possess."

"THE ONE OUTSIDE THE FOLD."



DON'T want to be a Christian," I said ; to be obliged to give up everything that makes life pleasant, and go about with a long face all the rest of my days! No, thank you; I am very happy as I am." So saying, I turned away from the earnest, pleading face of my sister, and banished the disagreeable thought from my mind. I was perfectly content to go on with the life I had hitherto led. Why should I give up the world? I had all that anyone could desire—a happy home, plenty of friends, and balls and parties without number. If I became a Christian I should have to relinquish the latter, so of course it was absurd to think of it!

Just about this time some Gospel meetings were being held at the Assembly Rooms, and were crowded to excess each day. I heard of one or two "conversions" among the young ladies whom I was in the habit of meeting in society; I saw the change in their demeanour when making afternoon calls; I felt they had a "calm and holy joy" which I did not possess; but when reminded of the wonderful change that had come over these gay worldlings, I laughed at the idea, prophesying that "it would soon wear off!"

"Won't you come and hear for yourself?" entreated my sister. "It can do you no harm to go for once." But I steadily refused, and plunged deeper than ever into a whirl of gaiety and worldliness.

One day, however, my mother begged me to leave a note at the house of a lady who lived close by. "I think you may have to wait for an answer," she said, as she sealed and handed it to me. At first I rebelled. I knew the lady to whom the letter was addressed was one of those "converted" people whom I dreaded to encounter; but at length I consented to go, determining in my own mind to let her see that I had no intention of being spoken to about my soul, should she attempt to introduce the subject. So, feeling no doubt very grand and superior, I set off.

"Mrs. C—— was at home. Would I please walk upstairs?" was the answer to my inquiry. I followed the servant, inwardly resolving to "hold my own," whatever happened. To my horror, when we reached the drawing-room I found myself in the midst of one of the dreaded "meetings" I had heard so much about. There was a look of surprise on the faces of all the occupants of that room as

"The One Outside the Fold."

I entered, which brought the hot blood with a rush to my cheeks. Mrs. C—— rose to meet me, and in her gentle way motioned me to a seat near the door; and the reading continued as before. I shall never forget my feelings as I sat there! Fear and indignation strove for the mastery. I saw it all! I had fallen unsuspectingly into the trap that had been laid for me by my mother and Mrs. C——. Now there was no escape. Gradually the words that were being spoken forced themselves on my hearing. Curiously and critically I listened, wondering what there could be in that dry and uninteresting Book to light up the faces of one and all; then, somewhat wearied with listening to what was like so much Greek to me, I set to planning how best I could slip out of the door, and run downstairs without being noticed.

During the prayers that followed the reading, a lady who had been sitting close beside me pleaded with God for "the one outside the fold," entreating that the Lord would not let me leave the room without a blessing, and oh! how wonderfully He answered that prayer! Deeper and deeper those words sank into my wretched, sinful heart. I felt as I knelt there that a holy God was searching me through and through, and all my sins like a great wave came sweeping over me, carrying all else before it! What had I been doing? How had I dared to turn away from the God who was at this moment reading my very soul?

Terrified, I arose from my knees, and stood as though in a dream, whilst all the others, with the exception of the one who had prayed for me, left the room. She came across to me, and asked me that question I had always dreaded—"Are you saved?" "No," I answered abruptly. "Do you want to be?" For a moment I hesitated. "I am too wicked," I said, falteringly. "Oh! you don't *know* what I am, and all the dreadful things I have done," I continued, battling with the great, choking sobs that would come, in spite of my efforts to keep them back.

"Never mind what you have been, or what you have done," was the quiet rejoinder. "If you know yourself to be a sinner, just listen to what God says to you." And opening her Bible she read: "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for *the ungodly*" (Romans 5. 6); and, "I came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance." "But," I said doubtfully, "how do I know that was meant for me? How can I know that God wants *me*?" My

"The One Outside the Fold."

companion did not answer, but turned again to her Bible, and from the last chapter of the Revelation read this verse: "*Whosoever* will, let him take the water of life freely." "Now," she said, "do you suppose God has left you out in that '*whosoever*'?" "No," I answered slowly, while the wonderful truth began to dawn across my mind. "Then if you believe it was for you as well as for the rest of the world that Christ died, and if you accept Him as your substitute and Saviour, you *are* saved. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life'" (John 5. 24).

I needed no more! I saw it all as clearly as possible, and a joy I had never experienced before, even when I had imagined my happiness complete, flooded my whole being. Oh, the wonderful grace of God to a wretched sinner! I had entered that room proud, rebellious, stiff-necked—I left it humbled and broken down by the sight I had had of the love of Christ, which led Him from the Throne of Glory to the Cross of Calvary for a poor, unworthy one like me. I left home a proud worldling, with hard thoughts concerning God and His people; I returned home, my heart aglow with the love of Christ, singing,

"Vain world, farewell! from thee I part,
The Voice of God has reached my heart."

From that moment when I "believed," the current of my life was changed. "Old things passed away, and all things became new." With delight I made a round of calls on those whom I had before laughed at, and with a sort of horror, I turned from that which I once imagined was "happiness." Nothing but the grace of God could have made me do this; all praise to His blessed Name.

Ah! have you never felt, in the midst of the giddy whirl, a sensation of dissatisfaction and discontent, as if everything was not *quite* as it should be? Oh, the heart-aches, jealousies, and bitter feelings that exist in this great, weary world! Christ alone can satisfy and fill the aching void. Will you not come to Him? There is no question of "giving up" this thing or the other. When Christ enters the heart, all else sinks into utter insignificance, so that one gladly and willingly turns from what fails to satisfy, to rest in that great love (John 3. 16; Eph. 3. 18, 19), the length, breadth, depth, and height of which no mortal can fathom.

"A SAIL ON THE LEE BOW!"

—OR,—

THE BURNING OF THE "KENT": A THRILLING TALE OF DANGER AND
DEVOTION ON THE HIGH SEAS.



"A PALE FACED MAN RUSHED ON DECK SHOUTING 'FIRE!'"

"Presently through the hatchways thick volumes of smoke rushed, and with a cargo of five hundred barrels of gunpowder aboard, there seemed little chance of saving the ship."

"A SAIL ON THE LEE BOW!"



SAIL on the lee bow! rang out the sailor who had mounted the foretop; "A sail on the lee bow!" How that cry thrilled every soul upon the burning *Kent*, and raised them in a moment from the depths of despair to the height of ecstatic hope.

The *Kent* was a new ship bound for Bengal, with a troop of soldiers and other passengers, making in all 641 souls. On her fifth day from England she got into a violent gale, and from that time until her doom she had evil weather. The storm

was bad enough, but when in the midst of it a pale-faced man rushed on deck shouting, "Fire! fire!" the consternation and terror can be well imagined.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leaped overboard with frantic yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave."

Presently through the hatchways thick volumes of smoke rushed, and with a cargo of five hundred barrels of gunpowder aboard, there seemed little chance of saving the ship.

In the desperate hope of overcoming the fire, the captain ordered the lower decks to be scuttled and the lower ports to be opened. The sea rushed in with great force and for the time checked the fury of the flames, but the ship became waterlogged and began to go down.

The ports were closed again, but every effort made to put out the fire and keep the *Kent* afloat seemed but deferring the terrible end that awaited those six hundred and forty souls. Everyone by this time had given up hope, and many had crowded directly over the powder magazine, hoping that the explosion would put a speedy end to their suffering. Then it was that the cry, "Sail on the lee bow!" rang through the ship like an electric shock. With great eagerness every eye scanned the horizon in the direction indicated, and there, sure enough, they saw at length a vessel plunging

"A Sail on the Lee Bow!"

into sight out of the grey gloom. Distress signals were instantly hoisted and minute guns fired.

In reply the *Cambria*, as the vessel proved to be, hoisted the British colours and crowded all sail. She was but a small brig of two hundred tons, and the seas were making a clean break over her; often she seemed half buried by some of them, but on she came, head to the gale, and presently lay as near by the *Kent* as the explosive character of her cargo would permit with safety. Again keen distress wrung every heart, for it seemed very evident that owing to the smallness of the would-be rescuer all on board the burning ship could not be saved.

"The women and children first, and see that any man who presumes to get into a boat until they are safe is instantly cut down," cried the colonel of the regiment; "then let the juniors amongst the men follow." Far into the night, across mountains of waves, backwards and forwards, from one ship to the other, the frail boats plied until at length the fire became so fierce that further endeavour was impossible. At about one hour past midnight the fire reached the gunpowder, and with a roar that seemed to hush the storm into silence, the *Kent* blew up, then the darkness of the night settled down on the sea, closing up the awful tragedy of a ship on fire. The *Cambria* and her crew did well, for out of those 641 souls 520 were crowded into her narrow space, and three days afterwards she was moored in Falmouth Harbour.

"A sail on the lee bow!" Never would that one cry, so laden with hope, be forgotten by those rescued souls. It meant hope and salvation for those who needed it most desperately. There are the same blessings, certain hope and perfect salvation, for others who need them equally. But from whence can these come? From Jesus the Son of God, and we cry, "There is a Saviour at hand."

To Joseph the angel Gabriel announced: "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). To the shepherds of Bethlehem the angels sang: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day a SAVIOUR, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2. 10, 11).

Old Simeon, taking that Blessed and Holy Babe in his arms, could say: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation"

"A Sail on the Lee Bow."

(Luke 2. 29-30). Jesus Himself said: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). The Apostle Paul, by the Holy Ghost, proclaims: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1. 15).

Yes, there is a Saviour, and He is close at hand. You have no need to fear. If you desire to be saved, He can and will save you.

The *Cambria* could not offer to save all upon the doomed *Kent*. But Jesus offers to save all sinners, and only those who neglect or reject His salvation will be lost.

The officers, soldiers, sailors, and passengers of the *Kent* attended a solemn thanksgiving to God for His providence to them, ere they left Falmouth, while Captain Cook of the *Cambria* and his gallant crew were richly rewarded by the Government.

Ay, and those who trust in the Lord Jesus are filled with thanksgiving, and will never let Him hear the end of it. In heaven above they'll sing: "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. Amen" (Rev. 1. 5, 6). And the prayer of the writer is that you may be amongst that happy and blood-washed company.

J. T. M.

FOR HIS FRIEND.



NE of the ancient Romans was being pursued, so that he might be put to death. In order to save him his servant clothed himself in his master's garments, well knowing he would fall into the hands of the pursuers and be mistaken for the man they were after. He was captured and put to death instead of his master, who caused a statue to be erected as a monument of gratitude for the poor servant's fidelity and affection. That man died for his friend; "but God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Yea, the saved of the Lord bear testimony that it was while we were *enemies* we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son. Has your heart not been broken by the wonderful love of Jesus in dying on the accursed tree, that *you* should not perish? Christ died for the ungodly. Have you believed in His Name?

W. S.

THE REPEATED QUESTION;

— OR, —

"MY MASTER WANTS YOU ON HIS SIDE, AND I BELIEVE YOU SOON WILL BE."



SOON AFTER HE HAD TO TAKE LEAVE OF HER

"She saw the subject was not pleasant to him, and immediately changed it. Soon after, he had to take leave of them; but the subject haunted him in the train."

THE REPEATED QUESTION.



N a stately old mansion, situated in one of the prettiest country villages in the West of Ireland, there lived, not many years ago, a widowed lady and her only son. Her husband had been an officer of high rank in the army, distinguished alike for his bravery and his noble character; and their only son, Trevor, seemed to have inherited his father's disposition, causing his mother at times much anxiety as to his future career. She was a Christian, and had set her heart on her son becoming a clergyman; while he could think only of the glories of military service.

In reply to some spirited declaration of what he meant to do when an officer, she would sometimes say, gently, "I want my boy to enlist in God's army, and be a true soldier of Jesus Christ." To which he would answer, with characteristic candour, "I don't know the drill yet, mother." An active Christian took a warm interest in the son of his old friend, and would often speak to him of God's love to him in Christ. But, though he warmly respected religion, he had not as yet realised his *need* of a Saviour, and the words were quickly forgotten. Time passed on, and, when he had finished school, he tried to persuade his mother to allow him to enter a military college, with a view to his being trained as an officer. Seeing that he was determined to enter the army, she at last gave a reluctant consent to what seemed to her the blighting of her long-cherished hopes. But God had heard the mother's prayers, and, seeing the end from the beginning, was about to answer them. Trevor had not been many days at the college, when, walking one morning in the grounds, he met an old man who had seen much active service, and who then held the position of drill-sergeant in the college. Looking very earnestly at young Trevor, he asked, quietly, "Are you saved?" Surprised, and somewhat indignant at the straight question, he answered, not too courteously, "*No; I'm not,*" and passed on, ruminating as to what the query meant. "Saved!" That pre-supposed a lost condition. This made him feel rather uneasy, and he determined not to think of it at all, and to avoid the old man as much as possible. That, however, was not very easy; frequently he met him—some times two or three times a day, and then, perhaps not again for several days. But the greeting was invariably the quiet

The Repeated Question.

question, "Are you saved?" At last, his indignation was fully aroused, and he began to positively dislike the old man, who did not seem to mind the anger and abuse his interrogation called forth, and repeated it on every possible occasion, in spite of such answers as, "Mind your own business"; "I'm *not* saved; and I hate the very sight of you," and so on. But the Holy Spirit was working in young Trevor's heart, convicting him of sin, and showing him his need of salvation, until he became thoroughly miserable, and, at last, determined to leave that college and remove to one at B——, where he thought he would see life, and forget all that was troubling him. Before he had quite decided on this course, he went to visit his sister, who had lately been married, and resided some little distance off. He spent a very pleasant day until towards evening, when they were sitting together in the garden, and she remarked, "What do you think, Trevor? the clergyman here asked me the other day, was I *saved*." She was not prepared for the effect her words produced on her brother. "*Bosh!*" he exclaimed, angrily. "Is that rubbish to follow me everywhere?" rising, almost determined at once to depart. She saw the subject was not pleasant to him, and immediately changed it. Soon after, he had to take leave of them; but the subject haunted him in the train; and when he arrived at the college he at once wrote to arrange for his transfer to B——. The day came on which he was to leave, and, going up to the old man, he said, bitterly, "Look here; it is all your fault that I am leaving here, and if I go to the bad at B—— you will have to answer for it." "My Master wants you on His side," was the quiet reply, "and I believe you soon will be." "Not I, indeed," was the only answer Trevor vouchsafed, as he strode away more incensed than ever. In this mood he got into the railway carriage, and tried to anticipate the fun he would have at B——, for he had made up his mind to drown his unwelcome conviction in every pleasure and amusement that came in his way. It was a long journey, and his fellow-passengers changed and re-changed without his paying much attention to them, until at last he found himself alone with an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be observing him attentively. He was particularly fine-looking, and his noble face and manly bearing attracted young Trevor, when he suddenly leaned over, and, looking him full in the face, said, in a tone of earnest inquiry, "Young man, are you saved?" Those hated words again!

The Repeated Question.

Was he never to escape from them? Surprise and vexation were clearly depicted in his face and tone as he curtly answered "No," and turned all his attention to the passing scenery. But his companion was not to be silenced thus, and, by a few questions, drew from him the circumstances of his journey, and his intentions to seek forgetfulness of it all in sin. We need not record all their conversation; but the light shone into Trevor's heart, and in that railway carriage he passed "from death unto life." He saw his need of a righteousness outside himself, and how the Lord Jesus Christ had met that need. had borne his sins, and had made an atonement for them. Taking his place as a sinner, and believing in the work of Christ for him, he left the train a forgiven and justified soul, henceforth to live, not unto himself, but "unto Him who died for him, and rose again."

A short time after, he was struck with Mark v. 19—"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." It seemed a message to him. While waiting for guidance in the matter, he received a pressing invitation to visit some relatives who lived not far from his home, and, taking this as an answer to prayer, he accepted it. A goodly number of guests were present on the evening of his arrival, among them his mother; and, after dinner, she had the joy of hearing him tell them of God's dealings with him. God blessed this confession in a remarkable way: many were awakened, and ere the close of his visit he had been the means of leading several to Jesus. He gave up his military ambitions, and is to-day an earnest and devoted servant of God, having been instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of souls.

Here let me ask you the old soldier's question—"Are you saved?" Have you seen yourself in the light of God's Word—a sinful, helpless creature; and, realising the depth of your need, have you taken the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? In Christ there is pardon, acceptance, and peace for you. Outside Christ there is no mercy, no salvation, no hope. Oh, do not delay; your time may be shorter than you think. *Just now*, take the sinner's place, and claim the sinner's Saviour—for "**BEHOLD**, *now* is the accepted time;

BEHOLD, *now* is the day of salvation."—2 *Cor. vi. 2.*

F. C.

NEWS FROM THE WANDERER;

— OR, —

HOW AN OLD STORY WAS RE-ENACTED
AND AN OLD TRUTH RE-ILLUSTRATED.



NEWS FROM THE WANDERER.

"I thought of my mother, and resolved if I got out of jail I would be done with my wanderings, and would return home. Just before my liberation I wrote to the old folks at home, telling them all."

NEWS FROM THE WANDERER.



UHAT home is there in stately castle or lowly cot but could tell a tale of "a wanderer" in present or preceding generations. The "prodigal" of old with his weariness of home restraint, anxiety to see the world, sad journey down the road to ruin, with the humble retracing of his steps and welcome home, so faithfully portrayed by our Lord in Luke 15., has been re-enacted in all times and in all climes.

Amongst the many stories of actual life none is more simply and straightly told than one recounted by the chief actor, in a large tent some years ago:—

"Friends," said he, "I have been thinking to-night a bit about my past history. I remember, when I was but a youth, how I became tired of my home, and thinking I was man enough to manage my own affairs, I resolved to run away. I did so, and for a long while I wandered about from county to county. No one knows the hardships I encountered, yet my proud heart would not allow me to return home again. One night I came to the town of Preston, and having no money to get a lodging, I rolled myself up on a gentleman's doorstep, a bit off the pavement, to get some shelter from the bitterly cold wind. I fell asleep, but could not have slept long, when a policeman gave me a poke in the ribs, and shining his lantern into my face, asked what I was doing there. I told him, 'Trying to get a little shelter and sleep'; but he marched me off to the police station, where I was charged with being on a gentleman's premises for an unlawful purpose. Being without a friend, and unable to give a good account of myself, I was sent to prison. The first night in the cell, as I sat thinking, while the moonlight shone in, my thoughts went homeward. I thought of my mother, and resolved if I got out of jail I would be done with my wanderings and would return home.

"Just before my liberation I wrote to the old folks at home, telling them all. Then as soon as I was free I set out for home. Oh, how often I stopped and hesitated, wondering if my friends would welcome me or not; but at last I reached the town. As I stood hesitating and leaning my back against a wall, a woman who had known me came up, and looking into my face, said, 'Is it Will Peters?' 'Yes,' I said, 'what's left of him.' 'Well,' she said, 'you are going home now, ain't you?' 'I don't know,' I replied.

News from the Wanderer.

'Yes, do,' she said; "your mother will be glad to see you, and you won't have her here long. I believe she is dying; she is very ill." When I heard how my mother was, I decided, and away I went home. My sister met me at the door, and after gladly welcoming me, said, 'Will, don't make a noise, mother is so ill.' I crept upstairs without my boots into the room where my mother lay. As she saw me, she cried out, 'Will! Will!' and the next moment I was in her arms, and as she pressed me to her bosom, I could feel the hot tears falling from her eyes upon my cheeks; and, oh, how they spoke to my heart of that welcome I so little deserved, and which a mother alone could give. Ah, friends, that was a warm welcome home the wanderer had; but when, as a poor sinner, I came to Christ, He gave me a warmer welcome."

Will Peters had wrong thoughts of his friends, so has every wanderer from God. God loves you though "*far off*," and desires that you should be "*made nigh*" by the Blood of Christ" (Eph. 2. 13). The Cross of Calvary has demonstrated for all time that whilst God hated sin so much that He hid His face from "His dear Son" (Col. 1. 13) in the hour of untold woe, yet He so loved the wandering sinner that "He spared not His Son, but delivered Him up for us all" (Rom. 8. 32). Gaze on that sight of all sights till your heart is drawn out in adoration to exclaim: "The Son of God, who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20).

Will Peters was welcomed—sins and all, rags and all. Money gone, character gone, constitution blighted, life wasted, yet love remained. Wanderer from God, with your face toward Hell and your back toward Heaven, unlovely though you be, yet God loves you, and Jesus will welcome you. His own words are, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). He delights not only to have "news from the wanderer," but to have the wanderer himself.

Whosoever returns to God confessing his sin, and accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, is welcomed and saved. Then begins a true "merriment" (Luke 15. 24), which shall never end. Weary and heavy-laden one, come right away to Jesus and declare,

"Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

HYF.

D. L. MOODY'S DYING TESTIMONY.



ROUND TOP, NORTHFIELD, WHERE MR. MOODY IS BURIED.

HE had been called from a boot store in an American town, he had toured the world "holding forth the Word of Life," his voice had been heard by over one hundred millions of men and women, his name had become a household word all over the world, his fame had spread far beyond the bounds of the English language. But now his pilgrim journey is about done, the great testing moment of a man's life has come—the grappling with the grim monster Death, the straight look into the great Eternity, the inwrought consciousness that in a few hours he must "give account of himself to God" (Romans 14. 12).

Is that salvation which reached him in his early days, which made him the man he was, any use to him now? Turning to those gathered round his bedside at his home at Northfield, U.S.A., on that eventful 22nd of December, 1899, he said: "I see earth receding, heaven is opening, and God is calling me."

The precious Blood of Christ, the atoning work of Calvary which he loved to preach, gently loosed the cords of earth and opened the gates of glory. Nothing but "the Gospel of Christ" (Rom. 1. 16) can give solid, lasting peace in health and strong consolation in death. It did for Moody and millions more. It will do for you. "It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Hear, believe, and live.

HYP.

TWO BROTHERS AND THE BALL;

— OR, —

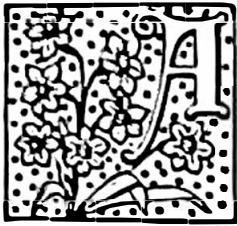
"THAT NIGHT WAS THE VALLEY OF DECISION FOR HIM.



"HE WAS BENT ON BEING AT THE BALL.

"That night, as he was dancing in the ball-room, he was observed to stagger and fall. When picked up he was unconscious. A physician was sent for, but before he arrived life was extinct."

TWO BROTHERS AND THE BALL.



At a Gospel service held a number of years ago a gentleman told a thrilling story which moved the hearts of those who heard it. He said that he and a companion of his had attended meetings nightly for a considerable time. Both of them became impressed and concerned about their soul's salvation. They had been invited to a ball which was to take place on a certain evening, and neither of them had accepted Christ as his Saviour. The one pleaded with the other to accompany him to the meeting, but he was bent on being at the ball.

That night, as he was dancing in the ball-room, he was observed to stagger and fall. When picked up he was unconscious. A physician was sent for, but before he arrived life was extinct.

The narrator of the story went to the Gospel service, heard the glad tidings of great joy, believed the message of mercy, and was saved. On reaching home he was overwhelmed at seeing the dead body of his companion, who was his own brother!

"How very sad," you say. Yes, sad, sad indeed! One attended the Gospel meeting and accepted Christ; the other stifled conviction, resisted the Holy Spirit, went to the ball-room, and was suddenly called into eternity. That night seemed to be the "parting of the ways," and he went the road that leadeth to destruction. That day was the "valley of decision" for him, and his choice cost him his soul!

His brother and bosom companion on that eventful night went to a Gospel meeting, believed on Christ, and passed from death unto life. What a wondrous contrast!

Oh, the multitudes of persons that are "almost persuaded" to be Christians and yet perish in their sins. Some ball, dance, amusement, or pleasure stands between them and the acceptance of Christ. Satan, the arch enemy of souls, whispers in their ears, "Enjoy yourselves! There is no hurry;" and listening to the tempter's voice they become careless, callous, and indifferent. Perhaps the reader has had serious thoughts of late about his eternal destiny. You have been thinking of the day of reckoning, of the time when you *must* meet a holy God. You are aware that it is only those who are washed in the precious Blood of Christ who enter yon glorious home, and you have not been cleansed in the crimson tide. Something, it may be, has come between

Two Brothers and the Ball.

you and Christ. Surely you won't allow anything to stand between you and Him. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Are you a believer or an unbeliever, a Christ acceptor or a Christ rejecter? Which class do you belong to? If still out of Christ, God's refuge from the storm of wrath that is about to burst upon this ungodly world, tarry no longer. "Flee from the wrath to come." Believe on Him who shed His precious blood to save you from a Christless eternity.

"Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain.
Look not behind; make no delay;
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.
Hasten, traveller, hasten."

Come *now* to the Lord Jesus and you will obtain rest and peace by believing on Him who suffered sin's penalty and died that you might spend eternity with Him in the glory.

A. M.

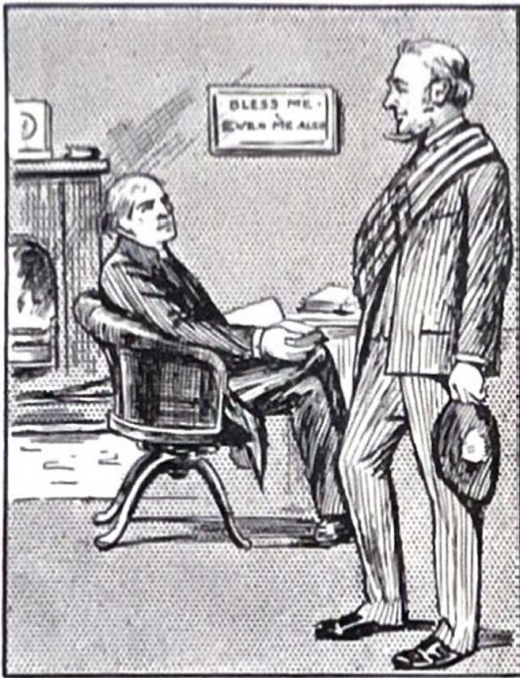
WORKING AND DOING.

"**A**ND have you been saved yet?" "Well, I am just working away, doing what good I can."

This is where you find many who are honestly seeking to get to heaven. They are *working*, and they are *doing*. But God's Word nowhere says we are to *work* or to *do* in order to be saved. On the contrary, it says: "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Surely this is plain enough. Yet people will keep working and doing when Christ has *finished the work* and done it all. Many speak as if they were saving themselves. They speak of working for God, while they forget that it is impossible for works to commence until you are born—that is, born again, born of God. You must have life in Christ before you can work, for the dead in sins cannot work. Come to Jesus first. Let Him have all the glory of saving you. Then, after you are saved, you cannot do too much for Him, for then the grace of God will teach you that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, you should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world (Titus 2. 12), and be careful to maintain good works (Titus 3. 8). Begin, however, by ceasing your own efforts, and resting solely and only in the finished work of the Saviour. It is not your *doing*, but the Saviour's *dying* which brings salvation.

w. s.

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.

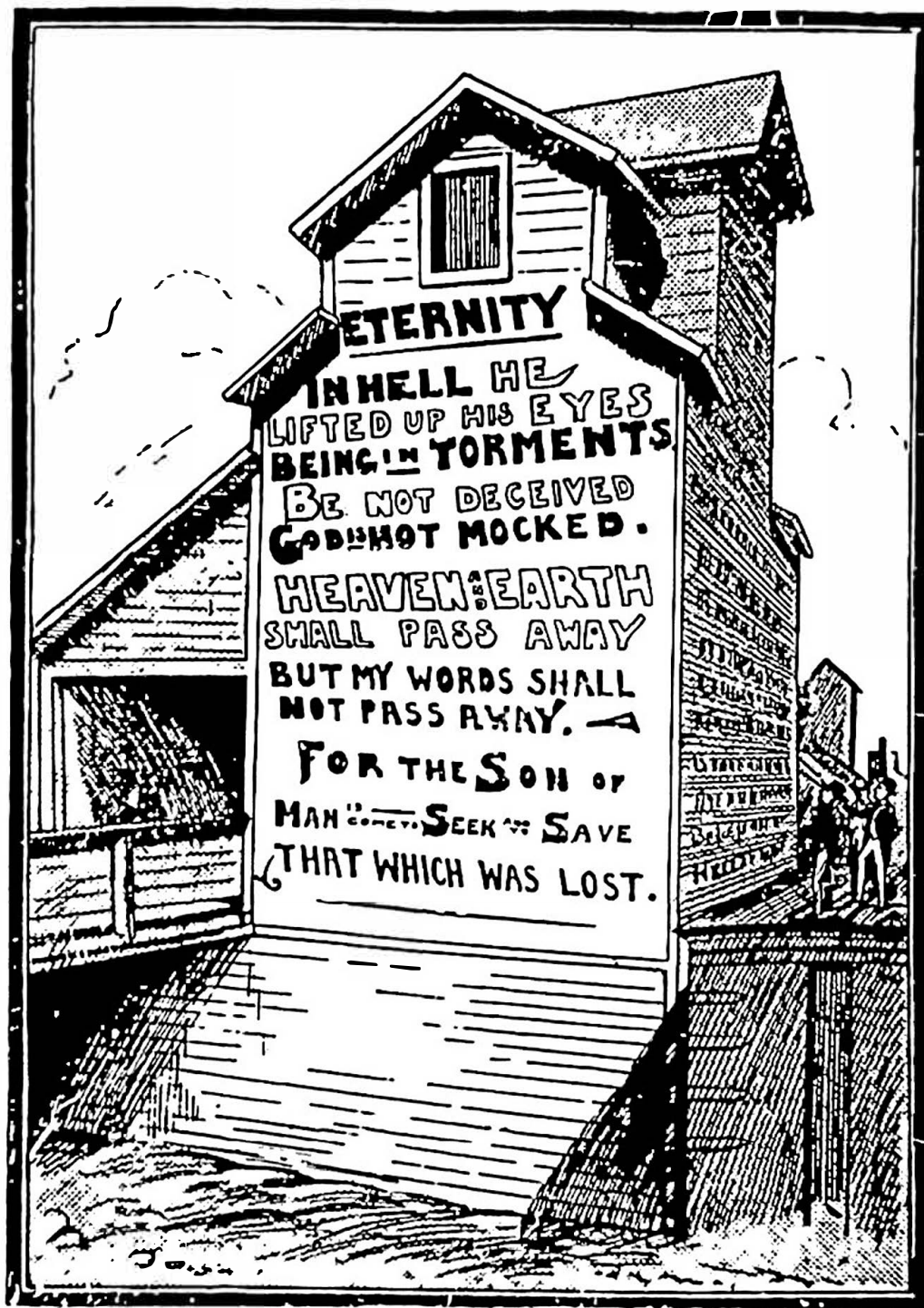
Don't attempt to fit yourself for God's presence. All the fitness He requires is to know your need of Him. Come to Him as a *sinner*—not as a saint. You say you don't feel anxious enough, and you don't feel sorry enough about the past. True, perfectly true. You are not told to come to Christ as a "convicted" 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 AMERICAN BIBLE ELEVATOR;

— OR, —

"CAN A MAN PAINT WHAT HE LIKES ON HIS OWN PROPERTY?"



SKETCH OF GRAIN ELEVATOR AT LEBANON, KANSAS, U.S.A.

"Train-men became exasperated at the questions fired at them concerning the so-called Bible Elevator. In short, the Bible Elevator became such a consummate nuisance that in desperation the railroad people appealed to the Courts."

THE AMERICAN BIBLE ELEVATOR.

"CAN a man paint what he likes on his own property?" is a question that has been keenly discussed in the Kansas Courts. It seems that Mr. E. D. Hyde, of Lebanon, in the State of Kansas, is the proprietor of a grain elevator adjoining the track of the Rock Island Railroad. On the side of his elevator he has had painted in large letters various texts of Scripture, such as "Be not deceived, God is not mocked"; "In hell he lifted up his eyes being in torments"; "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost"; "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." The question, "Where will you spend Eternity?" is also painted. These and similar Bible messages meet the eyes of the passengers as they enter Lebanon Station. "Annoyance and trouble followed," says an American paper, "for passengers strolled over to the elevator and stood transfixed before the painted accusation until their trains had gone by. Train-men became exasperated at the questions fired at them concerning the so-called Bible Elevator. In short, the Bible Elevator became such a consummate nuisance that in desperation the railroad people appealed to the Courts."

The truth is men don't like to be reminded of the fact that they *must meet God* and be judged for their sins. Neither railway men nor newspaper men like to have staring them in the face the warning message: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). And yet they are the words of the Almighty God. Men may deny that they will yet have to stand before the judgment throne, but denying facts can never alter or affect them. Scripture declares that "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil" (Eccles. 12. 14).

Remember, unsaved reader, that if *you* continue your present course, you will yet receive the wages of sin, which is eternal death. You may doubt or deny your accountability to your Creator; you may despise His mercy and spurn His love, but remember you can only do so to your eternal loss. God calls upon you to repent and believe the gospel. During all your life He has been stretching out His hand to save you from darkness and death and woe. Yet you have set at nought His counsel and despised His reproof. What, then, will God do? "I also will laugh at your calamity; I

will mock when your fear cometh" (Proverbs 1. 24-26). Another text on the elevator is the solemn declaration of the Lord Jesus Christ regarding the doom of the unbeliever as contained in Luke 16. 23: "In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." We doubt not much objection would be taken to this Scripture by those who deny that there is a hell. It is wonderful how many there are who assert that "there is no such place as hell," in the face of God's Word. The wish is doubtless the parent of the thought. Whatever men may say, we should believe God. The Lord Jesus does not tell lies, and what He says must be true. If there were no hell, would He ask the Jews the question: "How can ye escape the damnation [condemnation] of hell?" (Matt. 23. 33). There is a hell, and if you are not a true Christian you are fast hurrying to it. Harken to the words of the Most High: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psa. 9. 17). There is, however, no reason why you should ever be there. God swears by His own existence that He has no pleasure in your death (2 Pet. 3. 9; Ezek. 33. 4).

Another text on the elevator shows Christ's object in coming to earth: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10). All who are not "born again" of the Holy Spirit (John 3. 3); all who are not "converted" to God (Matt. 18. 3) are "lost." Thank God, they are not *hopelessly* lost, and need never be. There is peace, pardon, and salvation for them. The Lord Jesus longs to save *you*. He died to deliver you from the penalty and dominion of sin. He is now seeking—not to punish but—to *save* you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou shalt* be saved" (Acts 16. 31). His precious Blood cleanses from all sin (1 John 1. 7). Through His sin-atoning death God can righteously forgive all who believe on Christ (Rom. 3. 24-26).

Another Scripture is: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away" (Matt. 24. 35). How blessedly true is this saying of the Lord. Whatever men may say, however learned or gifted, the words of Christ are eternally true. Are you going to believe Him? There is no use in going by the opinions of this, that, or the other *man*. God tells us that His thoughts are not our thoughts and His ways are not our ways (Isa. 55. 8, 9). Let the water of God's Word remove your opinions.

The American Bible Elevator.

"Where will you spend Eternity?" is also painted on the elevator. We would earnestly, yet tenderly, ask the reader, Where will *you* spend Eternity?

"Eternity! Where? It floats in the air

With friends now in glory or fiends in despair."

Face the question fairly and squarely. Dying as you are, where will you spend Eternity? Are you really saved by the precious Blood of Christ? Are you really regenerated by the Holy Spirit? If not, whatever you are, or have been, you are a sinner in your sins wending your way to everlasting woe. Why not now accept of eternal life as a free gift (Rom. 6. 23) from the pierced hand of the Son of God?

The American railway men, we are told, did not like to have questions about the elevator "fired" at them. They did not wish to think of the Eternity that awaited them. The "Bible Elevator," says the newspaper writer, became a "consummate nuisance," and "in despair the railroad people appealed to the Courts" to have—not the elevator but—the words of the Living God removed. The real reason why so many desired the Scriptures removed from the elevator is manifested in the following quotation from the newspaper: "They stood transfixed before the PRINTED ACCUSATION." Yes, the Word of God condemned them. They knew that they were sinners deserving of punishment, but hated to look on God's declarations regarding the certainty of their punishment. Unsaved Britishers, Americans, Canadians, Australians, and in fact all persons who don't know the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour, desire to please themselves instead of God. They don't wish to have their false peace interrupted. They need to be awakened from their slumber of death and led to see their guilt and danger. At the risk of being considered a "consummate nuisance," we hoist the danger signal and tell you that there is danger ahead. Hell is at the end of a Christ neglecter and a Christ rejecter's life. It is at the end of your journey, oh, fellow-traveller to Eternity, if you are still an unbeliever. Flee from coming wrath and judgment and escape to Christ. He is God's shelter from the storm that is about to burst upon this Christ-rejecting world. Tarry no longer. "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36. 18).

A. M.

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

The Lost Soul ; or, Christ Rejected.

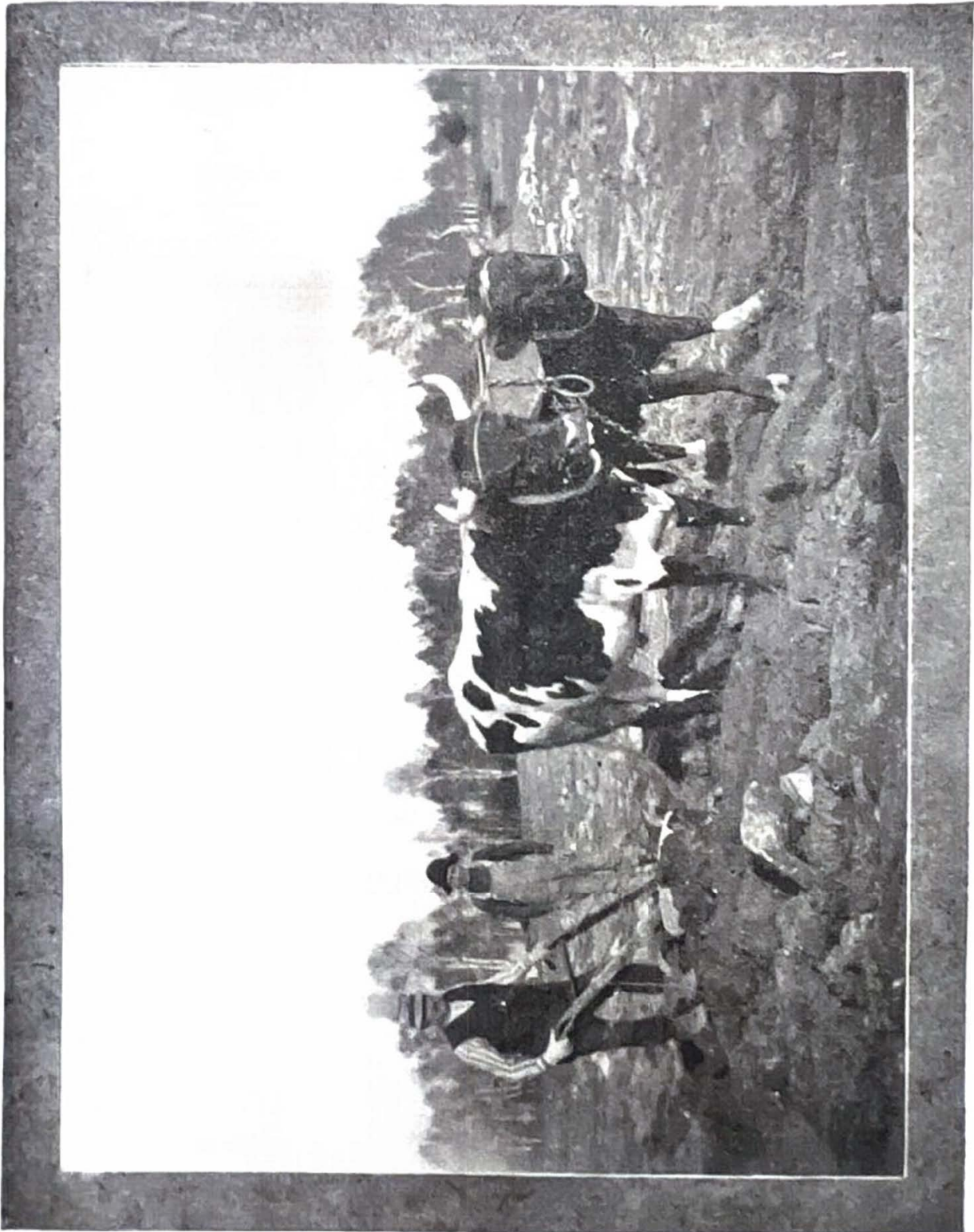
hair? and it was so beautiful! Oh, they said A.'s hair was so beautiful!" At last I heard the doctor's hurried footsteps on the stair, and left the room. As he came out I met him; his anxious face told all. "Doctor, is she dying?" "Yes, dying fast; but don't tell her! I am going for another doctor, but 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).

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!*”

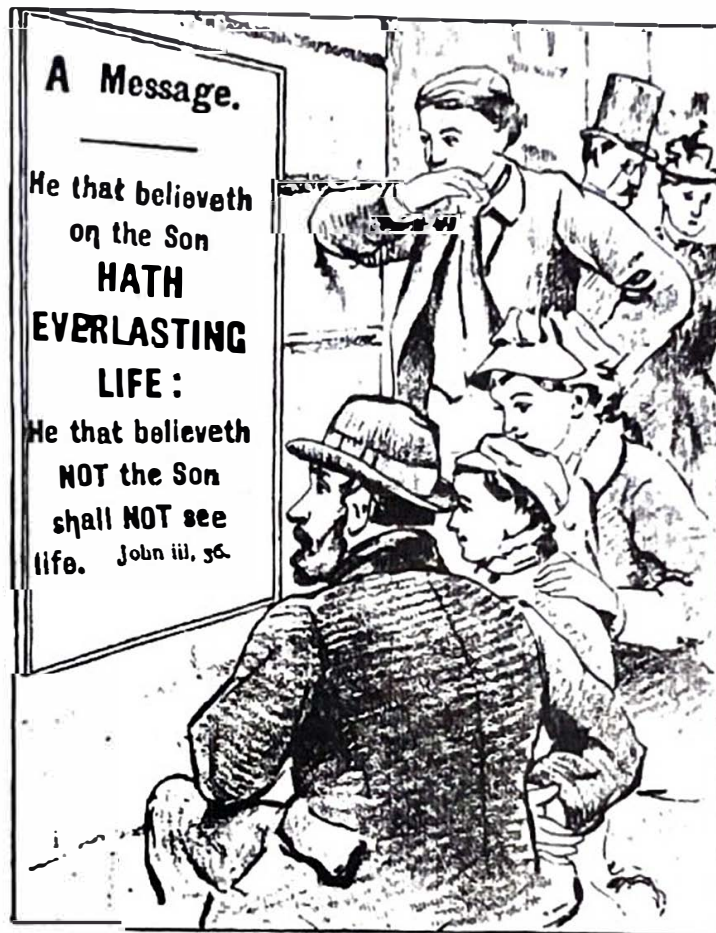
Aye, there’s the rub! How is he, or anyone else, to be *sure* of it? How is such a matter to be decided? Can human reasonings do it? This was what the new up-to-date preacher was giving. This is what he would have them substitute for the plain truth of God! But God has spoken and His word is true, and 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?"

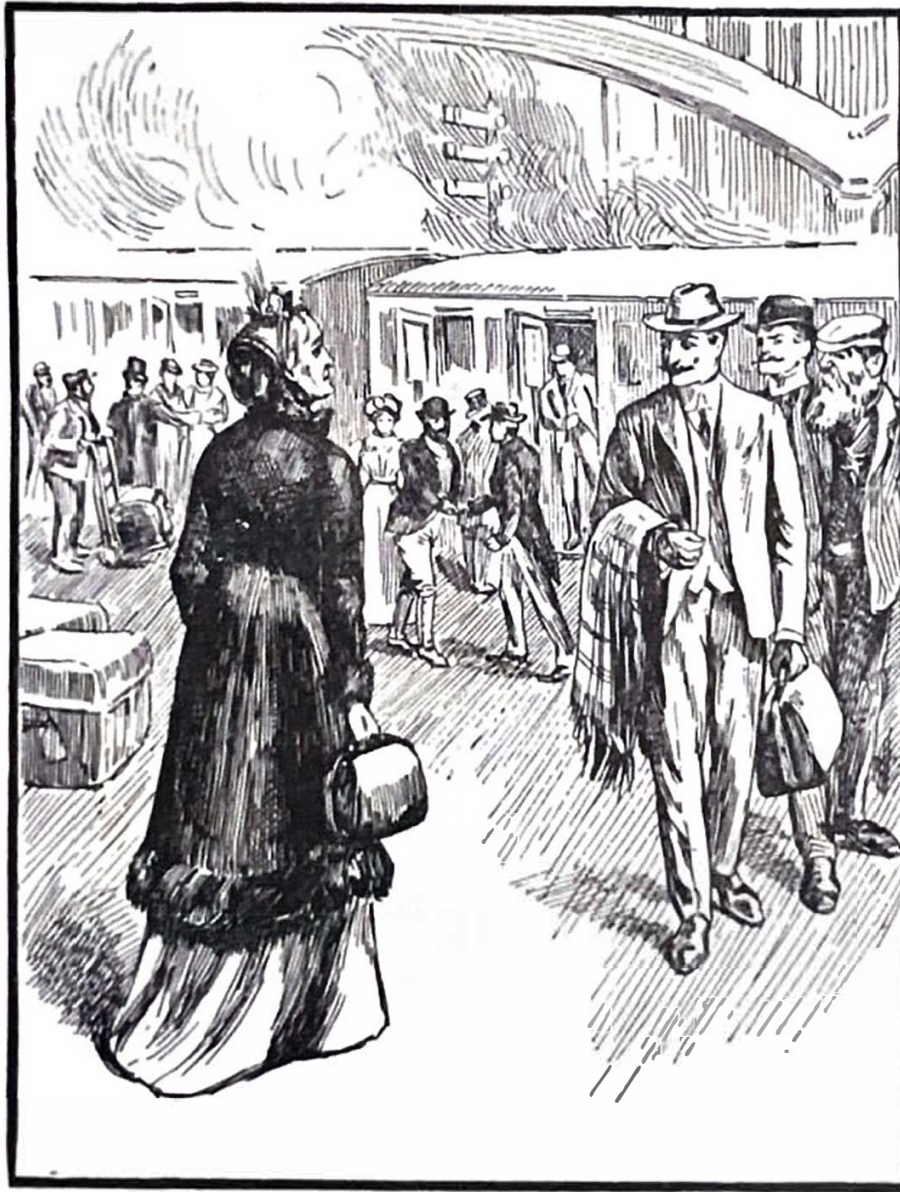
"It needs very little explanation," replied Sam. "Thanks be to God, the Bible is plain enough to them who want to understand. It is difficult only to those who *won't*. These words tell us that everlasting life belongs to those who believe in the Son of God, that is, to those who take Him to be their 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."

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 PLATFORM."

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.

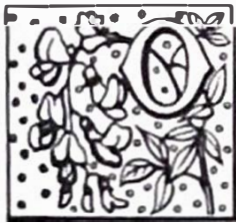
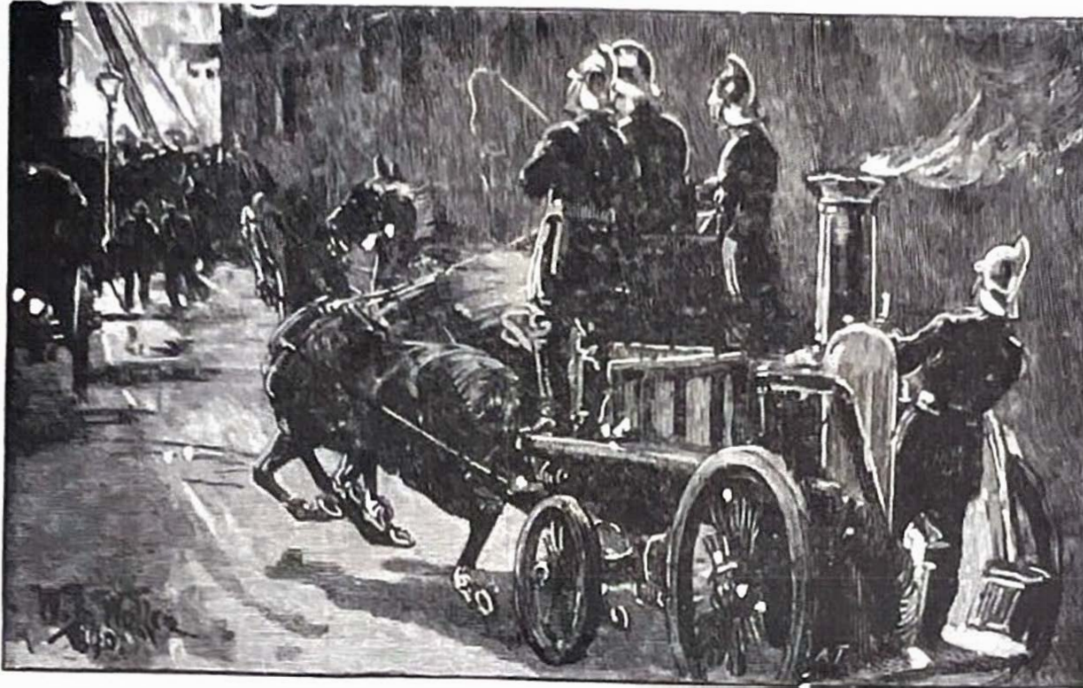
ceremony should be performed on his return. From that time till now she has neither seen nor heard anything of him. The grief and disappointment thereby occasioned brought on a long and serious illness. On her recovery she expressed to her friends her firm belief in her lover's faithfulness, declaring 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.

AWAKENED, BUT LOST!



ONE bright summer Sunday afternoon a couple of Christian men took their stand, as they had often done before, at the Soldiers' Monument in the city of D—— to sing and speak for Jesus. Though they were not eloquent, nor able to sing with much of earth's melody, yet both could sing with the heart and with the understanding, and could also tell of a personal acquaintance with the One reproachfully called the "Friend of publicans and sinners," but of whom God testified, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye Him." And there was evidently a charm in the "old, old story of Jesus and His love," for the people gathered—a motley crowd mostly of humble, working folk—and for half an hour or more the simple service went on uninterruptedly.

Suddenly a suppressed cry of "Fire!" was heard, and soon it was seen that smoke and flame were issuing from the lower floors of a saloon and lodging-house a couple of blocks away, and as the engines and fire-ladders came scurrying past, many in the crowd naturally left to view the fire; but still quite a number remained and the meeting proceeded, though the sympathies of the preachers went out to the imperilled inmates of the burning building. Taking their cue from the incident, the preachers told of a coming day when the guilty world would be saying, "Peace and safety," sudden destruction should come upon them "as upon a

woman with child, and they shall not escape." And then "the gospel of the happy God" was told out; how that "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," also the "royal proclamation" of "peace through the Blood of His Cross" for everyone that believeth (Acts 13. 38-41).

Meanwhile the fire, which had been started by the upsetting of a lamp in the bar-room, had done its deadly work, and the firemen had been bravely fighting the flames and arousing sleeping inmates from their drunken stupor, and carrying from the upper floors of the burning building some who were completely prostrated. One poor fellow, awakened by the firemen, relapsed into sleep, and his charred remains were subsequently recovered from the ruins. But where was his soul? Ah, what an awful example of the "sudden destruction" referred to by the street preachers!

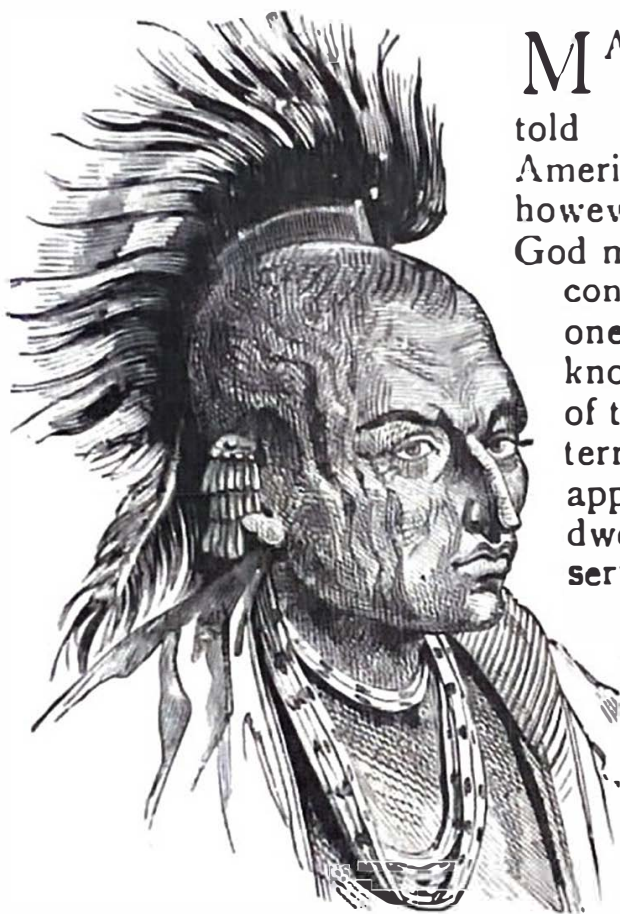
And has it no voice for you, unconverted friend, as you read these lines? May not as sudden an exit from this life into the next be yours, even though you would scorn to be in such company on the Lord's day? Remember there is only one way to be prepared for the appointed meeting with God which follows death (Rom. 4. 25), and that is to be sheltered by the Blood of Christ. The Christian is "saved by grace, through faith"—the transaction taking place, not after this life, but the moment the condemned sinner trusts Christ and His finished work for pardon and acceptance with God. Are YOU saved or lost?

E. S.

KNOWING THE LANGUAGE.

AN old writer has said that "they who would enjoy heaven must have some experimental acquaintance with the language of its inhabitants." But in the case of many it would seem that they are intending to enjoy heaven without the slightest attempt to learn the language of Canaan. There, for instance, is a man who tells you he intends to be in heaven some day. But he has no wish whatever to talk on heavenly subjects. He enjoys the world and the things of the world. His heart is set upon earthly things. Yet he tells you he has a hope of heaven. Vain, delusive hope! They that are on their way to heaven are cultivating an experimental acquaintance with the language and ways of a heavenly people. Is this the case with you, my reader? w.s.

THE INDIAN WARRIORS 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. 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."

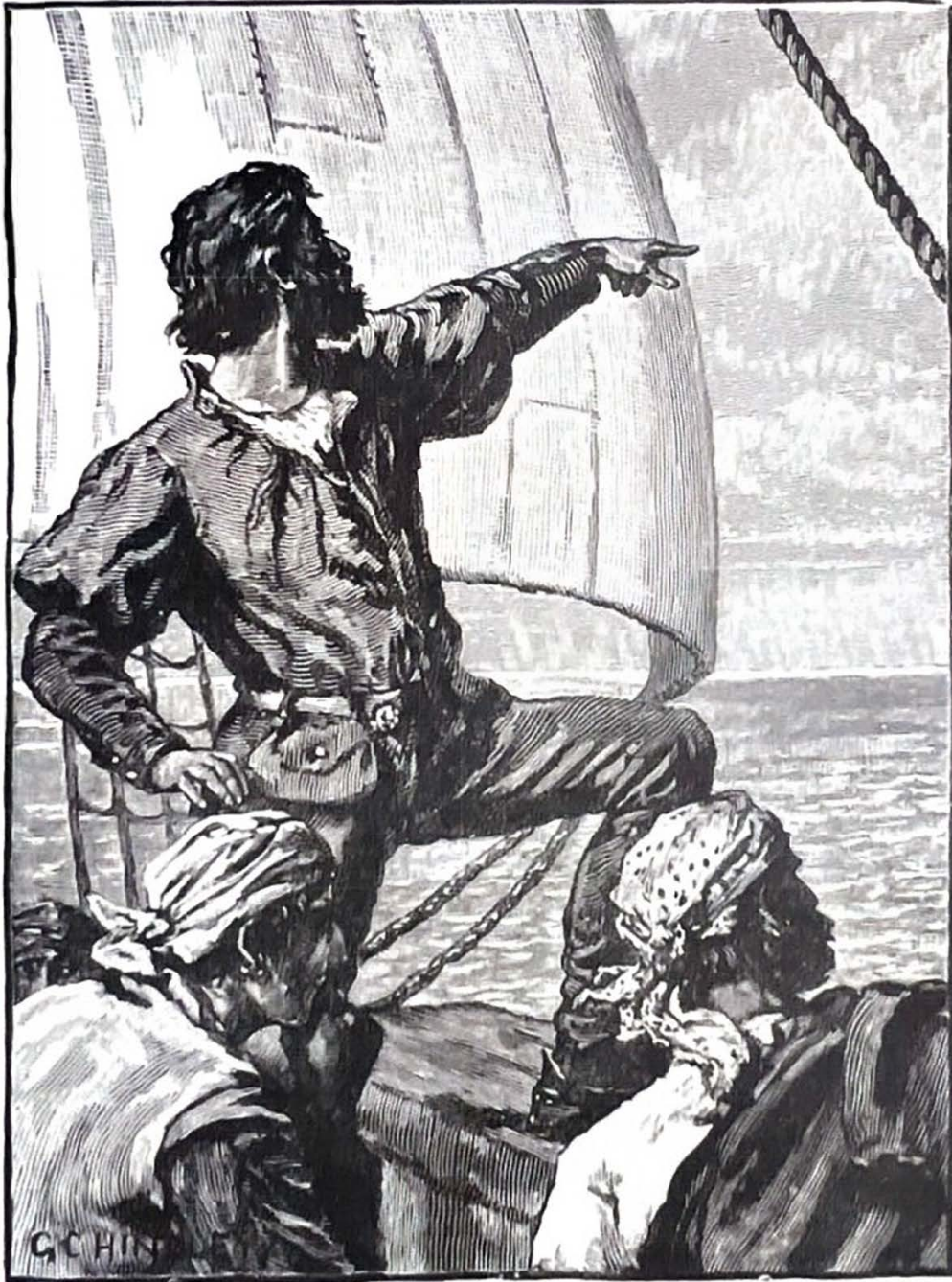
Now, the Indian always wears a scalp-lock for his enemy when he is on the war-path; so to test the reality of his profession the missionary said, "Let me cut your hair." Ah! here was a test which he had not counted upon. The tribal Chief to undergo such a degradation? No wonder he halted a moment and 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 Chineese, 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.*

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 fragrant 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

Boundless Wealth and Perpetual Youth.

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.

"YOU HAVE ONLY TO ACCEPT."



YOU are anxious to be saved. There is One who knows all about you and is ten thousand times more anxious *to save you* than you are to be saved. Perhaps you have been urged to *pray for forgiveness*, and told that you would get it if you were "earnest enough." If this is what you are doing, you are on the wrong track. God is now *beseeching you* to be reconciled to Him. Harken to His blessed words, as spoken through His servant the Apostle Paul: "*As though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God*" (2 Cor. 5. 20). If you were to continue pleading with and praying to God till you were 100 years old you could not make Him more willing to save you than He is at this moment. He sends His servants to *plead with you* to be *reconciled to Him*. You are not told to "ask" for His pardoning grace. You are not to plead with Him for mercy. You are to stretch out the empty hand of faith and accept His love-gift and praise His holy name. Through the wondrous work accomplished by Christ on Calvary's cross the claims of offended justice have been fully met, and you are welcome to life and light and joy through faith in Christ's precious blood.

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.



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 SYDNEY CLERK AND HIS CHUMS.



"THREE DAYS AFTERWARDS HE CALLED UPON MR."

"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.

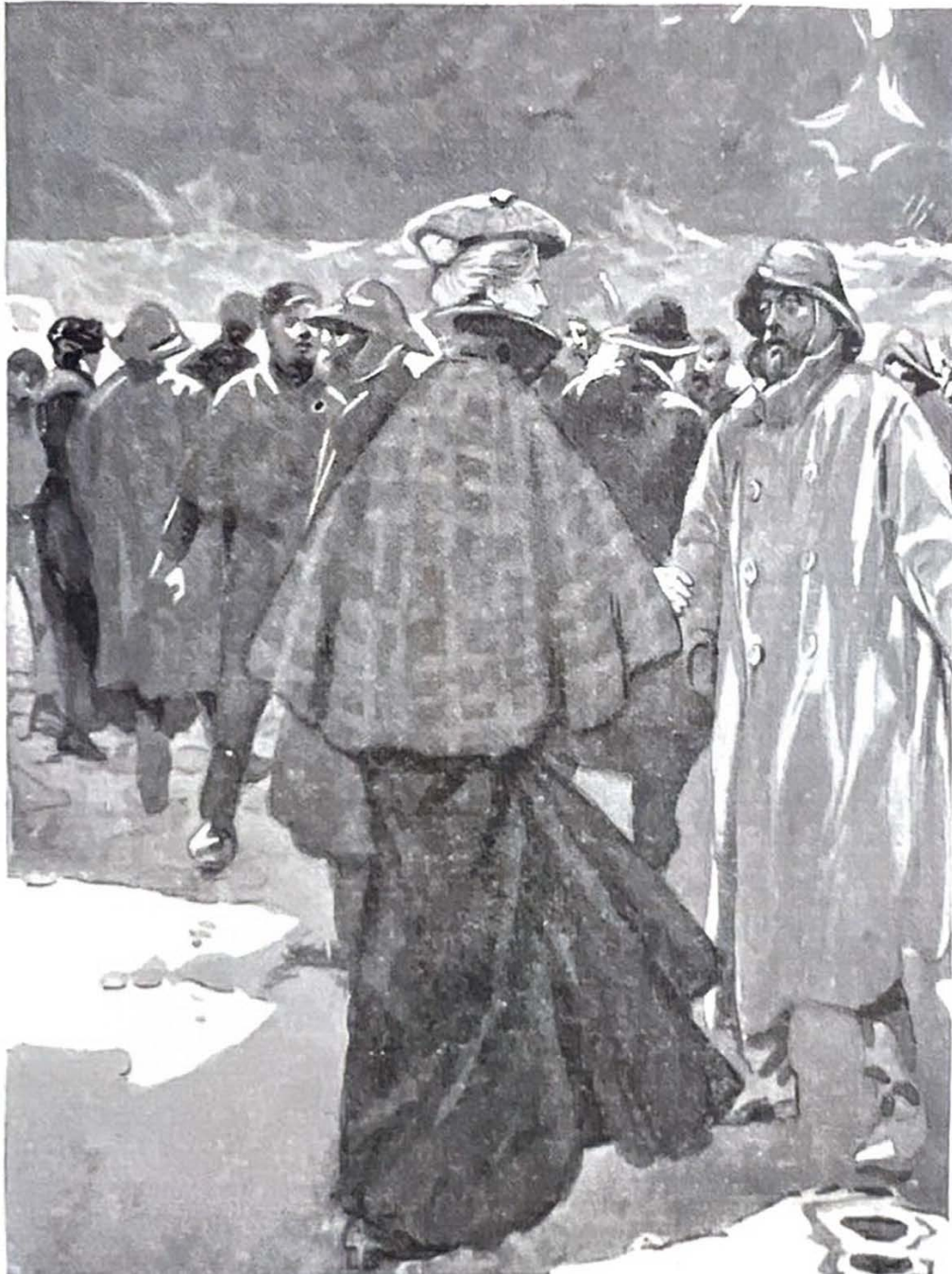
Coming into my room, he told me all about it—about locking his door that night lest anyone should see him; how late into the night he read his Bible, and a little book called "Believing and Living." Then, how most suddenly he saw the full, simple, glorious truth—Christ dying instead of the sinner, nothing 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.

THE BEST MAN LOST;

— OR, —

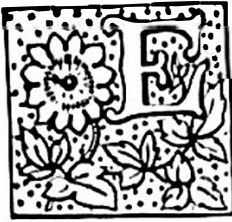
"CEASE FROM YOUR OWN EFFORTS, AND ACCEPT GOD'S WAY OF ESCAPE."



"THE BEST MAN IN THE CREW," SAID 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 Inverlochry 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

The Best Man Lost.

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

The Best Man Lost.

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.

BROWNLOW NORTH'S CONVERSION:

A THRILLING STORY OF SIN, SALVATION, AND SERVICE.



A WELL-KNOWN SCENE IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

"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.' 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."

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

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 ONLY QUESTION;

— OR, —

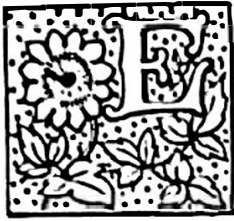
"I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING, PAY ANYTHING, OR SUFFER ANYTHING
IF I COULD BE SAVED TO-NIGHT."



"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.

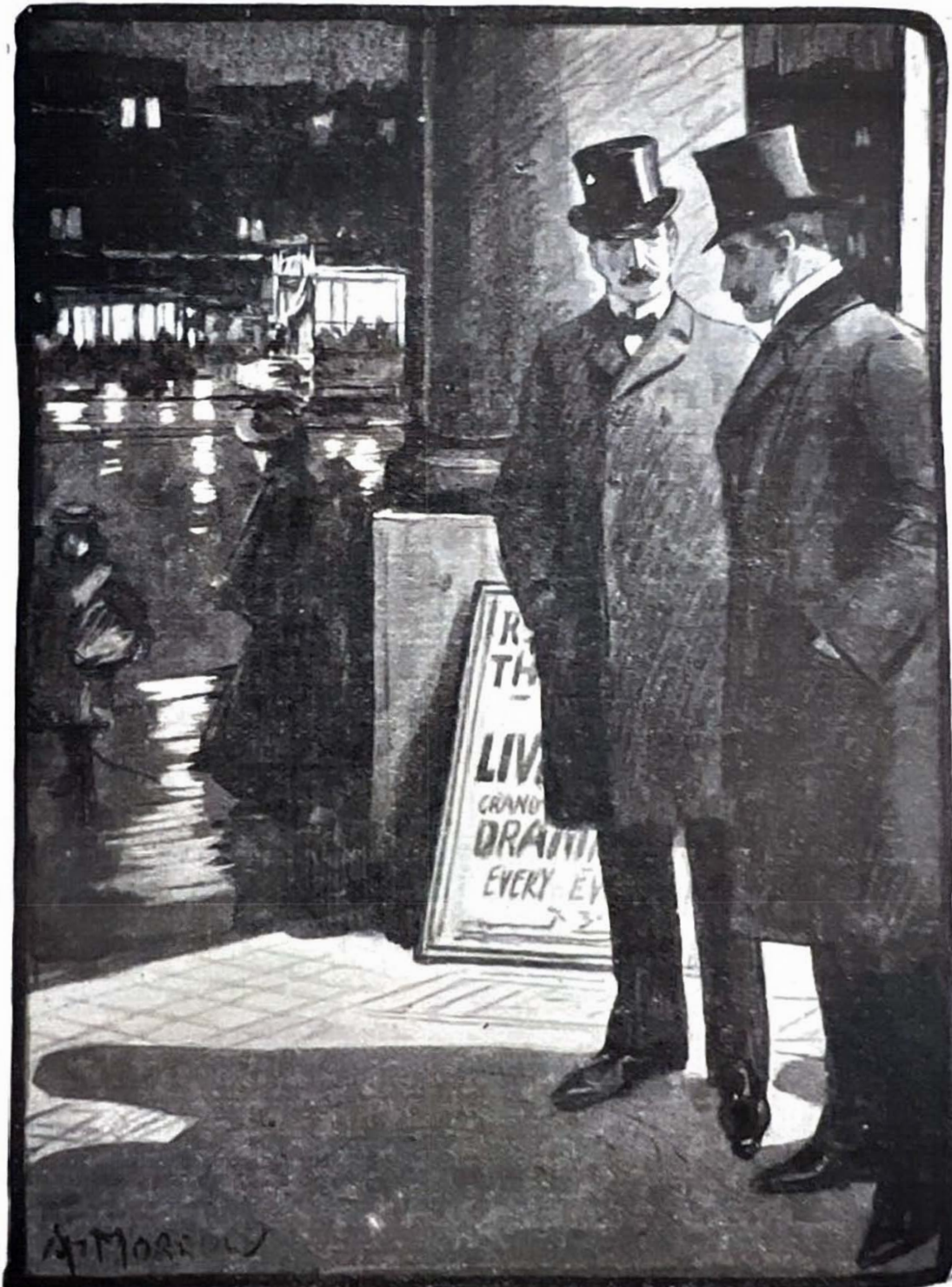
Years have rolled away, but Miss West still manifests by her life the reality of her conversion. Good works are still her delight, but they now spring from a higher motive, and she has a peace which increases as she grows in the knowledge of her Father's righteousness, and deepens as she apprehends more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

"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.

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.

v.

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.

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.

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? HYP.

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 Levisky, 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 know 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 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.

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 5

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.

NOBODY, BUT WANTED.



"A WELL-DRESSED MAN WAS ELBOWING HIS WAY."

WAS it the famous Ardlamont case, in which the lamented Comrie Thomson, the famed Edinburgh advocate, took a leading part, that the papers gave an interesting retort by one of the witnesses? The precincts of the Court-house were crowded by persons eager to hear the trial. At the last moment a well-dressed man with a Jewish cast of features was seen elbowing his way to try and gain the ear of the policeman on guard. "Who are you?" angrily enquired a man in the front. "*Nobody, but I'm wanted,*" quietly retorted the witness as he took advantage of the temporary interruption to press forward.

"Nobody, but wanted." What a volume of meaning in the words! Who am I? In the sight of God, in the light of my past transgressions and of the future judgment-day, I realise

Nobody, but Wanted.

that "in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7. 18), and acknowledge my inclusion in the sweeping condemnation, "There is none righteous; no, not one . . . for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3. 10, 23). Then, lest I should think I am exempt from the Divine verdict, and think I am a "somebody" instead of a "nobody," the Scriptures declare, "If a man think himself to be something, when he is *nothing*, he deceiveth himself" (Gal. 6. 3).

"Nobody," said the Edinburgh man, meaning that it mattered little who he was—the great point was, he was "wanted."

"Nobody," say I, as I think of myself, a mere unit amongst the fifteen hundred millions of men and women living in the world to-day. "Nobody," as I think of the myriads of men, women, and children who have lived since the world began. "Nobody," as I think of "the great multitude which no man can number," which shall assemble around the coming great judgment throne. "Surely every man is vanity" (Psa. 39. 11).

"Nobody," and fit for nothing but to be banished from the presence of a thrice holy God for ever and ever. Yet, I'm "*wanted*." Wanted by the Lord Jesus Christ, who left heaven's throne, lived a lowly life, died a shameful death, was raised by the power of God, and ever liveth on heaven's high throne, "able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). I may be sinful, I may be worthless, I may be a "nobody," but I am wanted by the Lord of Life and Glory, for His own invitation is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*" (Matt. 11. 28).

Millions have accepted His invitation all down the ages, and not one but has been wanted, welcomed, and saved with an everlasting salvation. Shall I, then, unreservedly and wholeheartedly exclaim:

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come,"

and thus be "saved" (Acts 16. 31), have the knowledge of sins forgiven (1 John 2. 12), and have the assurance of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" (1 Peter 1. 4)? Or shall I refuse so gracious an invitation and neglect "so great salvation" (Heb. 2. 3), live without Christ, die without Him, and be lost, eternally lost? "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" *HYF.*

**"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.