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GOD'S GLAD TIDINGS.

SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

OOR weeping world that it is!
Surely its few fleeting pleasures do
not compensate for the want of
the true joy which cometh from
God only.

Tell me, poor earth-loving, pleasure-seeking soul, have you found perfect happiness? Can your pleasures give a peace which remains with you in the dark hour of sorrow, all the same as when everything around looks bright for you? You know well that if you answer truly, you must say, "It is not peace." The world *has* its pleasures, it is true, but so transient are they, that before you have but half enjoyed them, they have passed away from your grasp—leaving you naught but a greedy thirst for something more exciting, another pleasant hour, which, in its turn, will leave but an aching, unsatisfied, craving heart, to seek for yet a little more.

Will you listen while I tell you of the Lord's loving dealings with one, who like you, be-

lieved that there was some real happiness to be found *somewhere* on earth, apart from God. And I pray God, for Christ's sake, to bless the simple story to your soul.

I was young, about fourteen years of age, and long bright years of happiness seemed to stretch out before me. I had a kind father, a comfortable home, in short, numberless blessings denied to many around me—and yet I was not happy, far from it—God had given me a craving, yearning heart, which trifles could not satisfy. I looked forward eagerly to the time when my school-days should be over; it seemed so nice to be somebody, and allowed to enjoy the parties in which my elder sisters *appeared* to take so much pleasure; and I fondly thought that there would be nothing but brightness in my life, when allowed such “privileges” as they. Then, too, I should have leisure to go about and visit the poor, gain their love through kindness, and while finding happiness in helping others, should please God by these abundant good works. With all this, I gloried in the name of Protestant, and should have looked with pity (contempt, perhaps) on anybody who believed that he could be saved by aught but faith. So blinded are poor souls who have not given the God of Light a place in their hearts.

About this time a servant of God came, by my father's invitation, to preach in our neighbourhood ; he was a lawyer, and struck by the novelty of hearing one of his profession preach the gospel, with crowds of others, I went to hear him, little knowing, nor indeed caring, what good things God in His great mercy had in store for me.

After the meeting he came to our house, but having heard of his faithful dealing with souls, we young people kept as much as possible out of his way. We soon saw that he sought opportunities of speaking to us, which we as diligently sought to deny him.

One of my sisters and myself, once finding ourselves alone with him, were about making our escape, when he got between us and the door, and looking earnestly into my face asked, " Have you got everlasting life ? "

The question startled me a little, but what right, thought I, had he to ask it. I had *not* life in Christ, nor did I want to have it just then, but I feared if I said this to draw out a " lecture." For politeness sake I must give some answer, and not daring to say what was untrue, at length ventured,

" I think I have not."

" Why do you think so ? "

" Because I don't *feel* that I have."

“What do you want to feel? God does not say that you must *feel* anything,” and he opened my father’s Bible which lay on the table, at Rom. x. 9, and read, “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe* in thine heart that God hath raised *him* from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*,” marking with his pencil the last four words.

“Will you not believe this?”

“I shall try,” (and I honestly meant to do so some time).

“No, you must not *try to believe*: simply take God at His word. It is not *try* to do anything, but just believe what God says, and “thou shalt be saved.”

I listened carelessly at the time, but God’s word was not to “return unto him void,” so, in spite of myself, again and again it came back to me, “Thou shalt be saved.” How I began to long that the promise might be made good to me, and as day after day passed by the longing grew stronger. One by one I saw careless ones convicted and converted around me, and yet I was unsaved. My sins pressed heavily upon me, I felt that they were crushing me down to hell; I knew that there was but one way of escape—faith in Jesus—for I had read the word, “If thou shalt

believe in thine heart ;” but it seemed as though I could never believe.

I saw the newly-converted ones with bright, happy faces rejoicing, and thanking God for having saved them without any effort of their own. I heard them say, “It is simply to believe.” I wished with all my heart that I could feel as they did, but my difficulty was, *I* had not faith. *How* was I to believe? *What* was I to believe? I could not make it out, and almost grew distracted; I did not then see that it was simply to *trust God* for salvation, that it was to lie down *helpless*, and let Jesus take me up and save me—that it was just the letting go everything to which I was clinging, and dropping *helpless* into His arms. How shall I describe the agony which filled my soul? There I was, a bad, helpless sinner, trying with all my heart to do the *great work* of believing (for such it seemed to me), in order that my soul might be saved. I had yet to learn that it is not faith, *as a work*, but *grace* which saves, through faith, and that not of myself, but by the GIFT of God. It must all be God’s *free gift*: no amount of faith would be sufficient to purchase it.

As I have said, no words can describe my misery. I could not rest by day, nor sleep at night, without being terrified by awful

dreams of the Lord's coming, and leaving me behind in the world lost for evermore.

Life had become one horrible agony. I now tried to find amusement in drawing, of which I had been very fond, always keeping a little Testament under my board, which I read for comfort, and which was quickly hidden away if anybody came near. I was too proud to let others see that I suffered. I laughed when they spoke to me, for I did not want them to pity me, while in truth their kind words almost broke my heart.

I tried sometimes when alone to drown thought in study; but every effort to forget served but to bring back with double force the thought of the future which I dreaded. One day I found a bottle of chloroform which had been left about, and hailing it as a welcome treasure, carried it off to my room, thinking that this was something which should afford (at least for a little while) the luxury of forgetfulness. Every day I inhaled it, and so succeeded in passing in sleep some of the terrible hours.

At last it was nearly all gone. With a couple of drops in the bottle, wearied and worn, and utterly hopeless, in despair I threw myself upon my bed, but finding I could not sleep, took up a little book which years before had been given

to one of my sisters at Sunday School. Its title struck me, "Are you Saved?"

I opened it eagerly, and read—"Reader, whoever thou art, thou must die soon, it may be very soon, the clod of the valley shall cover thee, and the worm shall feed upon thee. But *thou hast an immortal soul*, which must live on through eternity."

There was little comfort there, but as I read, it went on to show how the poor helpless reader could not bring anything to God, which could be accepted as the price of His salvation. At length my eye rested on the words, "For your righteousness is but as filthy rags."

My "righteousness!" There it was plainly enough written—not my unbelief, but my very righteousness—and in this of course were included the good things of faith, which I had been striving so hard to get up, in order to propitiate a righteous God. The words were God's, and, oh! with what power He spoke them to my trembling heart. Why, if God would not accept my best righteousness, what had I got to do but cast myself at His feet, helpless, filthy, and let Him wash and save me? Then came into my mind another blessed word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Never, never shall I forget that moment,

nor the flood of light and joy which burst upon my soul.

Blessed, blessed Jesus! I was washed and forgiven, and it was Thy precious blood that had done it all! It was Thy death in bitter agony which had purchased all this joy and brightness for me.

Years have passed since that day, and still that Saviour is my loving Friend. Oft have I wandered from Him, and grieved His loving heart, and yet He has never let me go, never given me up. I could never tell you of half His longsuffering kindness, His tender, watchful love. O, He is so loving, so faithful. I have seen loved ones taken away from my side tasted sorrow and suffering, yet He never forsook me. His gentle hand has wiped away my tears, and when almost overwhelmed with grief, I have felt Him drawing me so gently, closer, closer, to His loving heart. There is no *real* grief for one who is *resting* there. I tell you nowhere but with Jesus, is there *true* happiness. The sinner's Saviour, and the sinner's Friend—if you only knew Him as such. The One who shed His blood to save you from hell, the One who died to put away the sins, which you could never bear into God's presence. Oh! think of the love which led Him to all this shame and suffering! Can

you refuse to take Him as your Saviour? Will you deny Him the joy of saving you? You would not if you knew how sweet it is to have Him for your Friend.

Dear soul, do you not want Jesus? *You are a sinner, you need a Saviour.*

Jesus wants to save you. Will you not trust Him to do it? And, oh! He is such a loving Friend.

“Earthly friends may fail or leave thee,
One day soothe, the next day grieve thee;
But THIS FRIEND will ne’er deceive thee,—
O, how HE loves.”

Perhaps you are saying in your heart as you read this, “I am not friendless; I am not lonely; I do not want Him for a Friend.” Your life may be a scene of brightness now; but, ah! the dark day of sorrow may not be far distant, when every bright flower will be swept away from your pathway, every joy forsake your life; when the friends you love best shall be torn from you; those who are dearer to you than life parted from you, and you left crushed, and broken-hearted to bear your sorrow alone. Would it not be sweet to have the sympathy of Jesus *then*? When your life is darkened and your spirit broken, and you are still expected to smile and look glad—would it not be sweet to have a friend like Jesus, into whose willing ear you could whisper your griefs,

knowing that there was no disappointment, no lack of sympathy there? Do not put it off, I pray you. Let not Satan blind you longer. Oh! do come to Jesus, believe on Him, receive Him as your Saviour, and then, *only* then *indeed* you will know true joy. A.

MERCY.

WE are told that John Newton was asked to preach to the prisoners in Newgate Jail; and that, instead of making an onslaught on their sins, he chose for his text—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Such was the effect of his preaching that tears of contrition flowed down the cheeks of his hearers. They caught the spirit of the preacher, who, in speaking of salvation from sin, felt the application of the truth to his own case—that he, once the blasphemous African slave-trader; now the believer and preacher of the truth—had, indeed, been the very chief of sinners; but had been saved by the sovereign

mercy of God. His soul was filled with the sense of this mercy, and the tears streamed down his own face whilst speaking to others. The effect was wonderful.

We are told of a young opera singer, who, whilst on her way to the stage, overheard an open-air preacher. She listened for a moment. A hymn was sung, the words of which were used to awaken her soul. She passed on to the opera, possessed of new thoughts and feelings. The time came for her to sing her solo. To the surprise of all the words of the hymn sounded clearly forth through the crowded place of amusement, instead of the expected song. These words were—

“Depths of mercy can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear
Me, the chief of sinners spare?”

Again the effect was wonderful. Such words were unexpected in such a place. Yet they told their tale, and the newly converted ballet-singer bade farewell to the stage for ever. But the mercy of God had been apprehended by her poor guilty soul, and her former ways of sin were, therefore, abandoned.

How divinely suitable is this mercy! Harken to the penitential prayer of David. “Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness; according unto the

multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions" (Ps. li. 1). What hope had the guilty monarch but in the mercy of God. Nought but the multitude of His tender mercies could meet the multitude of David's terrible sins. Or, again, listen to the heartfelt breathing of the publican. "God have mercy upon me a sinner." Even he, and, remember, that we have no list of crimes detailed against him, as we have, alas, against the king, could appear only to the sovereign mercy of God. He felt that he was "a sinner," nay "*the* sinner," as the original reads, as though, unlike his companion in the temple who had also gone to pray, his case would not bear comparison. He was *the sinner*, no matter what his neighbour might, or might not be. His guilt, great or small in the sight of man, was enormous in the sight of God and in his own, and, hence, he had hope nowhere but in the sovereign mercy of God. Well, he went down to his house justified! Sure and certain result of proper self-condemnation.

I have often wondered what sort of welcome the prodigal expected as he came slowly homewards from the distant land. You remember that he had arranged a confession and prepared a prayer; and, thus armed, he neared the house of his father. Well did he

know that he could plead no merit. He had not a single extenuating circumstance in his career of self-will and sin. All he could say was "I have sinned, and am no more worthy." He felt this thoroughly. He purposed disowning personal titles of every kind. Nay, he would ask for the place of a "hired servant." And, yet, could he hope for favour? Let us see. The father ran, mercy flew, to meet him. The far-seeing eye of love had noted the first movement in his heart, had traced each homeward step, and was now on the wing to bid him welcome. The confession over, and, before the utterly inappropriate petition had crossed his lips, we see him clothed with the robe, the ring and the sandals, and himself escorted to the father's board, there to satiate his hungry soul on such a repast as never could be supplied in the land of his misery. What a welcome! How surprising! Such is the way of mercy. And, observe, the style of such clemency gives to God's mercy a character unknown to the self-complacent compassion of man. If I show you mercy I exalt myself and belittle you. Not so in the case before us. Nothing elevates the sinner in God's thoughts and his own, more than the taking of this first step on the path of truth. It morally dignifies the man. It places him

on proper ground as to his conscience. It engenders confidence in God. It is really the dawn of eternal life. If nothing be so humbling as sin, so nothing is so elevating as holiness, and holiness begins with self-judgment.

How intensely refreshing to turn thus to the Scriptures and trace the ways of our thrice holy God, in His display of mercy, "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins" (Eph. ii.). Charming combination of words in the same verse! "Rich in mercy" and "great love;" and that, too, notice, when we were "dead in sins!" Now, what is the result of the meeting of such mercy and such a sinner? Why, "quickenings and raising up together with Christ, and seating in Him in the heavenly places," too! Blessing immediate and complete! Who would not throw himself into the arms of such mercy? David, in Ps. x. 1, said, "I will sing of mercy and judgment." And no wonder! Sing, yes, sing in time and through eternity of mercy!

"How shall I meet those eyes
Mine on Himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize
Mercy from first to last."


Ah, my reader, all that I can say to you is, "Taste and see that the Lord is good." Only *taste* of His grace and you will *see* what you

never could conceive. Such grace, such love !
You need mercy because you are a sinner,
Thank God, He is rich in mercy.

Again, you need not fear to approach Him,
be your sins what they may, forasmuch as He
is *rich* in mercy. The mercy of God tells out
His willingness to save. The blood of Christ
declares His justice, and the Word of God
supplies full assurance to every one who
believes. J. W. S.



HOPERS AND PROFESSORS, BUT WITHOUT CHRIST.



T was a stormy day, and the rain
that had beaten in heavy showers
for some time had partially ceased,
when I set out in search of a few
scattered cottages in a lonely part
of Huntingdonshire, thinking the Lord
had a message for some precious souls
who had never yet heard His voice.

After walking some little distance, dropping
the seed of the word of life, I was about to
turn back, when my attention was arrested by
two neat cottages standing side by side amongst

a group of trees. Hesitating at first as to whether time would permit, I determined to hurry on to them, and leave at least a simple tract, showing God's way of salvation.

As I knocked at the door of the second, a woman came forward, saying, "I don't know you, but will you please to come in?"

"I did not mean to stav," I replied, "but just came to leave you a little paper about the Lord Jesus Christ. Are you going to heaven?"

"I *hope* so," she said.

"But on what ground do you hope so? If your soul is not saved, God says you are '*without hope* and without Christ in the world.' What makes you hope?"

Looking up, she replied sadly: "I really can't answer you, I wish I could."

"How do you think of getting to heaven then, for surely no sin can ever enter there. What are you going to do about your sins?"

"Well, I try, I strive and pray."

"But do you think for all this God will pass over your sins? He is a righteous God, and will '*by no means clear the guilty.*'"

"Oh! then, I don't know how I shall do, for I'm sure I'm a sinner. Oh, yes, I know that, and I know He wouldn't pass over my sins: which is the way, then?"

Oh! the poverty of words, to tell out, at

such a moment of eternal importance, the value of the person and work of the glorious Christ of God. Looking to the Lord to speak through His feeble child, I told her the sweet story of the Father's love in giving His Son—of the love of Jesus in taking the sinner's place, and bearing the punishment for sin, "the just *for* the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18); how the righteous God hid His face while Christ was the sin-bearer, and how those peace-giving words were uttered: "It is finished." It was joy to tell her there was no more need of her prayers, her strivings, her tears to obtain immediate salvation, for that Christ had done the work, He had paid the debt, and that God had accepted the payment.

I left her then, and stepping into the next cottage I quietly laid a tract on the table, saying,

"Here is a little paper about the Lord Jesus. May I ask you, Do you know Him?"

"Know Him!" she replied, "I should think we do. Do you think we are all heathens? We have heard as much about religion as anybody."


Alas! how manifest that here was a heartless, hopeless professor. Ah! my reader, if thou be but a mere professor, beware, lest thy profession carry thee down to the pit; or it may

be may be that thou art a hoper—a broken-hearted, convicted sinner, afraid of God, yet hoping in His mercy. It is ever so where grace works in the soul. The holiness of God terrifies ; yet grace, like the presence of Jesus, draws to the very one of whom the soul is most afraid. Cast away, then, every doubt. Let these eternal things be solemn realities to thy soul. Let Christ have evermore the only place in thy heart. Henceforth let that blessed Saviour who died on Calvary become the rock of thy salvation, and you will cease to be a mere hoper or professor. Remember the words of Jesus: "He that believeth **HATH** everlasting life."

D. L.

SAVED AND UNSAVED.—As in this world, there are only two classes of men, the saved and the unsaved ; so, in eternity, there are but two ; those who shall be for ever in happiness inconceivable in the paradise of God ; and those who shall be for ever in hell, " where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." It is a solemn fact, that once born into this world we can never cease to exist ; and our life here is but as a moment compared with that unending existence which is the portion of all men. What madness, then, to forget eternity, and live as if this moment were everything !

“IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN
DEATH.”

OW Satan, the adversary, loves to get precious souls to deal in generalities—such as the above—how he hates to see any work which leads one, he considers to be his lawful captive, to individualise—that is to learn in the presence of God that the question of his or her salvation, aye, and of condemnation, too, for all that, is an *intensely* PERSONAL matter.

Not long since the following remarks may have been overheard in a little town, situated in some of the most beautiful scenery of our English Lake district. Now this town, I must add, was not different to other towns, neither are the inhabitants “sinners above all Galileans” (Luke xiii. 2). Christ’s servants preach God’s salvation, and seek to press home upon their hearers the reception of that salvation, and, “Now is the accepted time.” But that old saying is as true in K——, as anywhere else. “One man may lead a horse to water, but nine can’t make him drink.”

"Have you heard? How shocking, how awfully sudden!" says one neighbour to another.

"What is it?" is the reply.

"Why, poor, dear Mrs. A. went to bed quite well, last night, and in the morning her husband found her dead and cold beside him!"

"Dear, *dear* me! Why I saw her in chapel only last evening, and we *had* a stirring sermon, and now she's gone, poor woman. How true it is, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' an ominous shake of the head accompanying that last sentiment, perhaps.

A few hours after, again the same language pretty nearly. "How sad, there's poor young B. who was going to be married to Mary J., has just fallen down stairs—fractured his skull—never spoke again, and is now dead."

Knock number two, at the consciences of precious souls in K.—May it prove to be so in your case, dear reader. A few more strokes of the hours on the old town clock, and with subdued voice one relates to another how Mr. D. just went into E.'s shop to buy a little oil for his lamp, was stricken down then and there, and died on the spot. Tap number three.

"Well, this *is* solemn," and "Whose turn next?" "Ah, yes, but you know, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' " To all appear-

ances after a few tolls of the bell, and the blinds in a few houses were pulled down for some days, K—. goes on just as if nothing had happened. Business, or hopes thereof, when the season comes round for visitors, occupies the inhabitants for six out of the seven days of the week, and on the other, the first day, a little respectable religion, and no more.

Dear reader, precious soul, cannot YOU remember how rap after rap has come to YOUR door, and you have tried to get from under each one as it came? How you strove to shirk the individual, the personal application of the warning voice to YOUR own soul, "Be ye ready," and tried to dive into such generalities as we have been mentioning above. But one day, sooner or later, YOU *will* have to meet God, and that about YOUR OWN sins, too, not about mine—for it is written, "So then, every one of us shall give an account of HIMSELF to God" (Rom. xiv. 12). Do look the truth straight in the face, as to *your* present condition, before a holy God, and then learn the blessed provision He Himself has made, for such as YOU. Yes, YOU; do not try any longer to get from under it—"YOU," not "WE." "In the midst of life YOU are in death." Dead in trespasses and sins. A child of wrath even as others. Does not Mrs. A.'s case

remind one of the warning the Lord Jesus gives in Luke xvii. ? Almost immediately, He had said, "Remember Lot's wife," He adds, "Two shall be in one bed, the ONE shall be taken, the other left." How individual for both, the one taken for judgment, the other left for blessing.

Then, again, young B.'s case takes one to the xiv. of Luke's gospel, where we read, "A certain man made a GREAT supper." Do YOU know—have you been reconciled to—that *certain* man ?" All that He does is "*great*," for He is "the *Great* God." "And He bade many," and YOU have often had an invitation, too, and you know it well. "But they all, with one consent, began to make excuse." But when yoke of oxen, or land, or wife come between the soul and Christ, and hinder the enjoyment of the Great God's loving provision, of the Father's fatted calf of Luke xv., it is sin—it is ruin. Have you been led by that loving tender, Servant, to "come in," to take YOUR place at that table, or are YOU hardening YOUR heart, and refusing to fill a place at that board ? God forbid !

And then, does not the case of the old man struck down while purchasing a little oil for his lamp carry one's mind back to that solemn parable of the ten virgins in the 25th chapter

of Matthew's gospel? YOU know it well—at least the text. Remember the whole of the ten are spoken of as virgins; in outward behaviour alike, not a flaw in their moral character, all went forth to meet the bridegroom—BUT, what then? Though all had the lamp and wick of profession, five, or only one half, are related to have had oil in their vessels. You know what keeps the wick of your lamp alight—oil—and you know what a horrible smell a cotton wick makes after being lighted and there is no oil to feed the flame, when it smoulders and smokes, and goes out, leaving nothing behind but a stench.

Well, dear reader, have YOU—allow me to be personal—*have* YOU oil in *your* vessel? or is it a little Sunday blaze, mere smoke, and worse stench, and that reaching up into the nostrils of the holy God, who sees through it all—but cannot detect one spark of individual self-judgment before Him, or one atom of simple faith in His word.

Now, dear friend, it is not only personal and individual, this having to do with God and His Christ, but it is so real: What an intense relief would *you* find it, at once, to take your true place, aye, among the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind, and to find that as such, and because YOU are one such that rich


provision which the holy God has Himself provided, is for YOU.

Was it not He Himself who gave His *own* Son, and did He not pour out all His, righteous wrath upon Him when hanging between the two thieves on Calvary, and has He not raised that blessed One from among the dead, and set Him at the right hand of His majesty on high; in proof of His perfect satisfaction in that wondrous person and work? And is He not now by His word beseeching sinners? (2 Cor. v. 20) Yes, beseeching YOU to be reconciled to Him.

Yes, He is waiting to be gracious. May YOU learn now as YOU read these lines, "That the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation" (2 Pet. iii. 15), that "Salvation *is* of the Lord" (Jonah ii. 9), and "That *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2), then you will thankfully enjoy having personally to do with a loving God, and as you move along a little while longer in such a scene of death as this world is, you will be able to say in all simplicity, but in all reality, "In the midst of death I am in life," for "HE is my life."

S. V. H.

THEN AND NOW.

 WAS a poor lost, weary, miserable, and guilty sinner—afar from God, and alien from my fellows. I stood in utter darkness, with the shadow of death hanging over me, and the pit of hell close to my sliding feet. Deeper and deeper I sank in the quicksands of despair. Rudderless, tempest-tossed, and wrecked, I drifted on the sea of life, to an everlasting eternity, Eternity! The word burned into my brain. Where should I spend eternity? And the voices of the damned seemed to answer me (I was so near them in my ruin) crying out, “With us in hell! With us in hell!”

“O God,” I cried, weary with the strife, and with the burden of my sins crushing me down deeper and deeper, “O God, where art Thou? Is there not mercy? From Thy eternity look down and help, and save. I am a sinner, and I know not what to do, or where to go.” And then methought I heard, beyond the darkness, a voice which said, in accents softer than the sweetest breathings of an earthly love,

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” And again I cried, “Where art Thou, Lord? I cannot see Thee. Rest! Thy rest and peace I want. What must I do to be saved from this horrible hell—this lake of fire?” And, lo, I deemed a great light shone about me, and a vision swept before my wondering sense. I saw One nailed upon a tree, with the thorn-crown on His brow—the nail-prints in His hands and feet—and the spear wound in His side.

I saw Him there—and, weeping, I fell down before His blessed feet, the hardness of my nature softening as I wept, and prayed there, beneath the shadow of His unutterable love, And as I gazed upon the cross, methought it was whispered in my ear, echoing through every chamber of my heart, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

With untold gladness flooding all my being, I cried aloud, “He died for me! He died for me! Lord, Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.” And again the message came, and thus it spake—“Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.” And then there was joy in the presence of the holv

angels that stand about the throne : for a brand had been plucked from the quenchless flame, a wandering sheep had found the fold at last, and a lost and ruined soul, tottering on the brink of hell, had found a Saviour's hand to guide him from darkness into light ; had found that all a sinner wants to light him up to heaven is the lamp of a dying Saviour's love ; and that the blood of a crucified Redeemer, is the only passport to glory, to the golden gates, beyond which are the many mansions round about the throne.

And now the pen of gladness wrote the promise on my heart, " I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And I thought that when I gazed again, I saw a vacant cross, while from the heaven of heavens I heard the sound, " Take up *thy* cross, and follow Me." And I knew that He who died there for my sins, was now at the right hand of the majesty on high, for my security. And I am treading the narrow road that leads to Him ; the road marked by His blessed footprints ; feeling that " underneath me are the everlasting arms," and before me the white robe of His love, and the eternal happiness of His presence for ever and for ever.

H. W.

NEWS FROM HEAVEN.

News from heaven to earth has sounded,
 News which angels hear with joy ;
 News at which all hell's confounded,
 News from Him who cannot lie—
 "CHRIST HAS DIED," and in His dying,
 Made atonement, full and free,
 And His blood, THY need supplying,
Sinner, e'er avails for thee !

"*Christ has died !*" Yes, this the tidings—
 Died where death had ruined all ;
 Died that souls in Him confiding,
 Might be saved from death and thrall :
 So man's enemy destroying,
 And by death, to save the dead,
 Thusthe blessed news supplying—
"Christ has suffered in our stead."

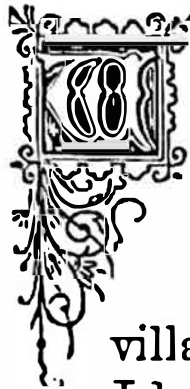
"*Christ has died !*" No more He'll suffer
 On the cross, His work was DONE !
 Nothing more has He to offer,
 Life is found, and victory won !
 Won for whom? The poor and needy ;
Art thou lost ? IT IS FOR THEE !
 O let such a love now woo thee !
 Now believe, and now be free !

"*Christ has died !*" and millions know it,
 Know it for their endless gain ;
 Life they HAVE—to God they owe it,
 They in life with Christ shall reign,
 "*Christ has died !*" and glory's portal
 Now is opened—opened wide !
 Sinner, with a soul immortal,
 Hear it—"Christ, God's Christ, has died !"

Still the news through earth is sounding,
 Every clime its echo hears ;
 Sin abounds ; but grace, abounding,
 High o'er all man's sin appears,
 Sweet and blessed news from heaven,
 Sent for sinners TO BELIEVE ;
 Lost one ! would'st thou be forgiven ?
 Look to Jesus ! look—and live !

A.M.

"I AM NOT FIT FOR GOD, SIR."



BEARIED with incessant labour and the throng and confusion of city life, I sought a little rest in visiting and distributing gospel tracts amongst a cluster of quiet rural villages, some eighty miles from London.

I had been invited by a devoted Christian lady living in the centre of this district, who knew almost every cottage, if not every person, for many miles around. On the night of my arrival, she had received a pressing invitation from a friend to visit a dying lady a few miles off, who was without God, was known to be rejecting salvation, and rapidly passing away.

Next morning, amid all the glories of an English autumn, we were on our way to the village, my intention being to visit some of the cottages while my hostess and her friend sought an interview with the dying lady. The moment I found myself alone in that quiet village, a strange despondency and shrinking crept over me. In those little cottages were living souls, and I was in possession of that precious truth.

which might be life to everyone ; but there stood I powerless and ashamed.

"What a fool you are ! Who will listen to you here ?" Satan seemed to whisper sarcastically.

Shortly an old man came tottering along. He must have reached eighty years. Tremblingly I ventured a word on the realities of death and eternity, asking him if he was prepared for so solemn a change.

"Prepared ? most certainly !" exclaimed he, with a power of voice in strange contrast with the weakness of his body. "I have lived as decent a life as any of my neighbours, and been a far better man than most. Why should I fear ?"

"Very likely ;" I replied. "But have you *no* fear for the future ? You have surely sinned against God ? What are you going to do with your sins ?"

"That is my business," he rejoined sharply, "not yours. You think because we live in a village we are all heathens. We know as much about religion as you city folks. God is merciful, and I am content," and on he passed, as self-satisfied as the temple pharisee who thanked God that he was not like the poor self-condemned publican who stood afar off.

"Serves you right," chimed in the enemy. "Did I not warn you not to make a fool of yourself?"

I could have wished myself a thousand miles away. In my own eyes, I felt myself a perfect moral coward. But from very shame I dare not give up: so going to the nearest cottage I ventured a gentle rap. There was no response; again I rapped, but to no purpose.

"There is no work for you here," said the devil, with greater boldness.

I passed on to the next, and to the next, still with the same result. With a sinking heart, I turned away, but, passing the window, I clearly saw more than one figure concealed, and evidently watching me from behind the curtain.

"They know what you are after," tauntingly said Satan, "and I tell you they will have none of your cant here."

I was ready to believe him, but at that moment a small lonely cottage, a little distance off, caught my eye, and another voice seemed to whisper, "Try there."

I had to pass the window before I reached the door, and had evidently been seen, for "Come in!" greeted me the moment my fingers were on the door, and as soon as I entered: "I thought you were coming to see me," said the same voice.

I entered. There sat a poor invalid woman, a little over middle age, sickness and suffering stamped on every feature.

"You are an invalid, my friend, and I can see you have been a great sufferer," I began.

"Yes, sir; this poor body is all wrong. I seem all out of joint, and it has long been so, and the Lord knows I do indeed suffer," and her head dropped, as it were, on her bosom.

I gazed in silence on that sad face, for it seemed to tell of more than bodily pain. She saw I waited for more. Again she fixed her eyes on me—a cloud passed over her face, and, with a faltering voice, she began—

"But——"

"But what?" I said. "Have you another sorrow besides your sickness?"

"Ah, sir, you seem to know; I am sure you are kind. I can tell you all about it. Indeed I have, indeed I have."

"If a stranger may share your sorrow," I replied, "I would like to do so. I have had my own, and I know what a comfort it is for another to share it."

"I have a daughter, sir—poor thing! She is not at home. She has gone astray; and as I sit here and think of her—of what she may be doing, or what she may be suffering, it may be in some wretched den of infamy—I know

not where she is ; she may be gone. Oh, God ! my poor child ! my poor child ! ”

Then came the sorrowful, but oft-told, tale of the simple village girl going forth into this wretched world—a lamb amongst wolves, to be admired, to be tempted, to believe a hollow, lying promise, and, in the end, to find herself deceived, disgraced, a cast-away. Patiently, sorrowfully, I listened. It seemed as if she were better able to bear the agony by telling it all out to another.

“ Not that I excuse her, sir,” she added, “ Oh no, God knows that ; but a widowed mother’s heart can’t but yearn over her wandering child.”

Something told me that she had not even yet told me all. I felt assured there was a hidden-up grief not yet brought to light.

“ What with your sickness and your child, God’s hand seems heavy upon you. But tell me, have you not yet another sorrow ? ”

She looked at me as if her very heart were laid bare. For a little time she was silent ; then the big tears began to roll down her care-worn face, and she sobbed out :

“ Oh, sir, you seem to know all about me. No, no, that is not all. My sorrows have made me think of God as I never did before, and it has made me very miserable. I am not fit for

God, sir, indeed I am not; and it's a great load on my poor heart. I don't know how to live."

The spell once broken, she spoke freely about herself. Never did any poor soul more fully confess how great a sinner she had been. Again the big tears rolled down that sorrowful face, nothing but bitter things could she tell of. Putting her hand upon her heart she sobbed out:

"It's here, sir, it's all here; I am a poor sinner, I know I am not fit for God."

Without saying a word, I opened my Bible, and turning to Matthew's gospel, read—"Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands; saying, Prophecy unto us, thou Christ, who smote thee? When the morning was come, all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus, to put him to death. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had plaited a crown of thorns they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews. And they spit upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head. And after they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and

led him away to crucify him. And they crucified him. And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads, saying, If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross. He saved others, himself he cannot save. He trusted in God, let him deliver him now, if he will save him; for he said, I am the Son of God.”

Oh, how intently she listened to these solemn words! She wondered why I read them. She had spoken bitter things against herself. I had read the cruel wicked things that had been done to the Son of God. Looking her full in the face, I said, “ You have been telling me that your heart is terribly wicked before God; now I want to know how wicked you really think it is. I am sure you have been searching it deeply—tell me, do you think if you had been in that crowd, and your heart had been left to its own wicked workings, that it is bad enough to have joined in all this? ”

She was startled. It was a new thought. She hesitated, and then for a while she was silent. At that moment I believe she was really measuring herself before God. I dare not interfere. It was solemn work. At length she lifted up her eyes, the tears streamed down her cheeks. It was clear she had settled the question, and in a trembling voice she said—

"Yes, sir, if I had been there I do believe my heart is bad enough for that." Enough, enough, I thought, and we wept together.

Again I opened my Bible, saying, "You have been thinking a great deal about yourself: now I want you to hear a little about God."

"But I have thought about God, too, sir; a great deal," she broke in, "and the more I think the more unhappy I become. You know He is so righteous, so holy, and I am so unlike that, so wicked."

"All very true, but God is not only righteous and holy, there is something else equally true, and that is, 'God is love.' I will read to you in a few words, what God says of you and me; and then I will read what God has done *for* you and *for* me, in spite of all our wickedness."

I now turned to Rom. iii., "There is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that understandeth; there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one."

"Oh, yes, sir, that is all true, every word of it," said this sin-stricken sinner. Verily, she knew she was "guilty," and her mouth was "stopped before God."

" I know well that you are miserable because you are not ' righteous,' but a poor, defiled guilty sinner. But what if, sinner as you are, God Himself should provide a righteousness for you, should Himself place it upon you, and so make you righteous in His sight, what if God Himself were to tell you not only that your sins were forgiven, but that He could deal with you as perfectly righteous?"

She looked incredulously at me, and sorrowfully shook her head, as if such a good thing were utterly impossible.

" Then listen to His own word," I continued, and again I read from the same chapter, ' But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets.' So, you see, besides God being righteous in His own ways, He has got a righteousness for others, which is not got by keeping the law or being good. Now listen while God tells you what that righteousness is and how you can get it. ' Even the righteousness of God which is by faith in Jesus Christ.' So God has got a righteousness, and it is by believing in Jesus Christ. It is ' unto all ' that is, preached and offered to every poor sinner, but it is ' upon all them that believe.' Every sinner that believes in Jesus is ' justified freely by His grace, through the redemption

that is in Christ Jesus.' So, you see, this is all by the kindness of God, and it is through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, for Christ has redeemed by the shedding of His precious blood, every sinner that believes in Him. 'He was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification.' God has got a righteousness for you—not your own, God's righteousness—and I believe He, in His mercy, has sent me this morning to tell you of His willingness to make you righteous before Him."

Poor soul! She was quick to believe her own badness, slow to believe in the righteousness which God had provided for her. Again I turned to the Gospel, and read, "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land, unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." "Now," said I, "as a believer I can answer that solemn question; He was forsaken of God, because He took my place, and bore my sins in His own body on the tree."

With this poor woman there was no sudden leap, as it were, from all the horrors of darkness into the full blaze of divine light. There was a need for both planting and watering, and in due time God gave the increase.

Just at this moment, my friend and her companion passed the window. On entering, the latter was not a little astonished to find her well-known neighbour in such distress, and at once exclaimed :

"Why, Mary, *you* in trouble about your soul? *You* not saved? We all thought *you* one of the best Christians in the village."

"Yes, ma'am, but you see it's not what we think of one another, but what God thinks of us; and I have found out I am not right with Him."

My work was done, the seed was sown, and I left the watering and watching over it with my friend, from whom I afterwards heard that it had taken deep root, and was bringing forth fruit to the glory of God.

My two friends had been unable to gain access to the poor dying lady. How she passed away I know not, but fully do I count on meeting in heaven that poor sorrowing and sin-stricken woman. That she was "not fit for God" had been the burden of her soul; but she lived to learn by faith that there was One who, though He knew no sin, yet had He been made sin for her; that she, sinner as she had been, might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

“THEIR FAITH IN CHRIST SAVES
THEM.”



VERY young in life I was married to as fine a young English captain as ever set foot on board a vessel. He was an upright and noble-minded man in all his ways, and I loved him with the deepest and tenderest affection.

He was a Protestant, I a Roman Catholic. I longed for his conversion to the true faith, as I then considered it, but the Lord has since opened my eyes and shewn me that it was I who needed conversion. Well, we had not been many years married when he was lost at sea, and I never heard of him again.

I was thus left a lonely young widow, with a vast void which nothing could fill ; and if the tear was out of my eye, it was never out of my heart. I had lost the one in whom my soul delighted, the light of my life, and my one absorbing object. I had lost everything. But more than this, I was passing through the deepest distress of soul, because he had died “out of the church,” and therefore, a heretic. Was he not lost? To think of the myriad ages of eternity rolling on, and he lost ! It was almost beyond what I could endure. I

wept, prayed, fasted, till one day the question was raised in my mind, “*Are all poor heretics lost, beyond all hope?*”

I passed the night in agony, arose early next morning and went to confession. In my distress, I said to my confessor, “I cannot find it in my heart to believe that all the poor heretics are lost: are they?” To my astonishment and delight he whispered,

“*No; their faith in Christ saves them.*”

I left the chapel and hastened home with the words ringing in my ears. “Their faith in Christ saves them.” “Their faith in Christ saves them.”

Night came on, and I retired to rest with a faint ray of hope that after all, my lost one might have had faith in Christ, and would be saved. As I lay on my bed I became distressed and anxious about my own salvation. I fell asleep, and dreamed that I saw the blessed Saviour at a distance. But so far was He from me, upon the top of a high mountain, that I felt I could never reach Him. My soul longed after Him, but I felt fast bound where I stood, and could not move. My distress was awful. I felt I must perish, for I never could reach Him where He was. Then I thought He saw my sore distress, and drawing near, He looked on me with infinite com-

passion. I saw His head, His hands, His side, His feet, and that lovely face once so marred. As He drew near, I asked Him to save me.

Then in my dream I thought He pointed me to a place where I had seen some people go in on many occasions, and He said,

“Go there, and thou shalt hear words whereby thou shalt be saved.”

“Not so Lord” I said, “they are heretics, I could not go there.” Thereupon He left me, and all was dark, and I was wretched, and lonely, and miserable.

The words that he had uttered, “Thou shalt hear words whereby thou shalt be saved,” now took possession of my mind. But the idea of going to a small room, up a dingy passage, was too much for my poor, proud and rebellious heart. Yet had HE not said it?

As night came on, I watched for two quiet people, whom I had often seen going to that despised place of meeting. A few minutes after they had gone in, with trembling heart and faltering steps, I followed and listened at the door. Some one was praying, but presently all was silence. Quietly pushing open the door I crept in. At the further end of the room was a tall solemn looking man at a desk, reading from a book. As I entered he raised his eyes, and fixing them upon me read :—“WHO

SHALL TELL THEE WORDS WHEREBY THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

Not for a moment, then, could I doubt that the Lord had spoken to my soul. Presently the speaker went on to tell of the utter ruin of man—whether religious or worldly he was lost. Of necessity he must be saved, or perish for ever. This was all new to me, but in full accord with the deep sense of ruin I was then feeling. Then he showed how God had provided, in the death of His Son, for the deepest need of the vilest sinner on the face of the earth. From that same book he read how that Christ had died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; and that simply and absolutely because of what He had done, apart from our prayers, tears, or good deeds, a poor sinner obtains the forgiveness of sins, and is brought right home to God. Then he further pointed out how all this is simply by *faith* in Him. That all who *believe* are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses.

Never can I forget the sudden joy these words brought to my poor troubled heart. Quietly I left that little room rejoicing in God my Saviour; and then I felt the full force of what my confessor had said. "THEIR FAITH IN CHRIST SAVES THEM."

* * *

FOURFOLD TESTIMONY TO THE "PRECIOUS BLOOD."



N aged and much used servant of Christ is about to depart—quietly awaiting the summons.

By his public ministry of the word and by his writings on the word, he had been blessed beyond many to anxious souls, and also to the building up and strengthening believers in their most holy faith. As he lies prostrate in body, he beckons from the further side of the room, a loving brother in the Lord, who is watching the life ebb slowly away. This fellow pilgrim, on reaching his bedside and leaning down to listen, catches in accents, slow, solemn, yet decided,—

"I—wish—to—say—ere—power—of—utterance has—passed—away—that—I—find—the—blood—of—Christ—quite—sufficient—to—enter—heaven—with—OH!—THE—PRECIOUS—BLOOD—OF—CHRIST."

A few years before, the listener to these emphatic words was lying in his tent during the Crimean War, racked with pain, tossing

to and fro, not only from bodily sickness, but an accusing conscience. "The accuser roaring;" for he had known what "joy and peace in believing" were, and had rejoiced with "joy unspeakable;" but the adversary had got an advantage, had dragged him back into the world, and now, coward as he is, was the first to take occasion of weakness of body, to parade all the failures of the one we speak of, hinting what a sham it had all been, and how that now he was on the high road to the lake of fire.

Reader, let me ask you, if you be a "backslider,"—do you not know something of such painful experiences, and no excuse to make; all, all too true, as far as you are concerned, and the terrors of judgment before you? and have you found an answer, or are you still in the sad state we describe? Read then, and may the "joy of *thy* salvation" be restored unto thee.

Oh! the agony of mind surpassing the agony of body for some time, till, like a flash of lightning across the dense darkness, the cry came from the parched lips, "THE BLOOD OF JESUS IS DEEPER THAN HELL!" The gloom was gone, "the light" returned, the joy restored, all was bright; may *we* not say, "Oh! the precious blood of Jesus"

Another servant of Christ is struck down

in the midst of being much used in the Lord's service with a severe illness, and laid by. How often God has to show His servants He can do without them—down here, "*not up there*," as one once said to the writer of these lines. Lay them by! ah! it is a wondrous schooling time for the saint and servant, when laid aside by sickness! Again the accuser roars, "Ah! it's all very fine, you never were converted, never really believed," and so on; harassing the poor mind. "But," mentally replied the troubled one, "I know the day, the instrumentality God used when I was converted." No adequate answer to the adversary. All dark, "Well then, see how much I have been used of God, how many have got blessing through my preaching." It won't do, no ground of comfort, not a ray of light! The buffeting continues, until the eyes are raised to a text seen over the foot of the bed. Oh! the peace-giving, joy-restoring, power of one word from God—"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN." The accuser is settled, and a flood of light comes in.

"Not a cloud above: not a spot within,
Christ died—then I am clean."

Once more. Amid much poverty and miserable surroundings, a young woman is passing out

of this world. She is visited, exhorted to pray, to repent. All right in their place—in God's appointed time. Little of the finished and accepted work of Christ is set before her. Another visitor appears on the scene. The person and work of God's Christ is sought to be set forth, again and again, but no response, no acceptance of the truth, and consequently no joy.

Eternity is getting near ; the time for reception of the truth getting less and less ; the visitor feels the powerlessness of human argument, of the persuasiveness of men, but looking up, says.

“ Do you believe what God says ? ”

“ Oh ! yes, indeed I do.”

“ Do you believe He means what He says ? ”

“ Yes ! ”

“ Then *God* says, ‘ The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin ; ’ and if what He says is true, and He means what He says. where are *your* sins ? ”

No response !

The questions and answers are again gone through, but not a word in reply to the last “ Where *are your* sins ? ” The third time, more emphatically are the questions put, the blessed word as to the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus is again earnestly pressed, and again is pressed the solemn question, “ *Where are your sins ?* ”

Thank God, the answer now is clear and distinct: gone—cleansed. All is bright now, the word carried home by the Holy Spirit had done its work; all is peace, and in a few days she is with Him,

“Whose precious blood had made her meet
To dwell with Him in glory.”

The departing saint, the harassed backslider, the troubled servant, the dying sinner, one and all bore testimony to the power and preciousness of the blood of Jesus.

Can *you*? Do *you*? If not *WILL YOU*?

S. V. H.



“DONE HIS VERY BEST, AND YET
LOST.”

RETURNING the other Lord's Day from a meeting in Pimlico, I had half crossed Vauxhall Bridge, when a piercing cry for help came from the water beneath. Looking over, I saw that a boat had capsized, and two young men were wildly struggling for their lives. It was a heartrending sight. The long narrow boat, as they clung to it, continually turned over and over. Now they held

on by the side, the next moment they grasped the keel. To add to the horrors of the scene, one had his face severely cut, and was bleeding profusely. It was clear that a few minutes would end the desperate struggle.

At this instant a fast steamer darted across the river to the rescue. Instantly a life-buoy was thrown to them, but they fell short. Both made a desperate plunge to grasp the buoys, but failed. Excitement became intense, and it was clear that the wounded man from loss of blood and sheer exhaustion, must go down. Poor fellow! he seemed to have the same thought, for at once giving up the struggle, he fell back in the water, evidently to die.

At this moment, a boat pulled with tremendous vigour, but unseen by the dying man, rapidly approached. The man was sinking, but the next instant two strong arms had seized and lifted him clear out of the water, and—he was saved!

All eyes turned to the other man, and the stronger of the two. The buoy had been again thrown out. With a desperate effort this time he had caught it. Gently those on board drew him through the fast flowing tide to the side of the steamer, and many were the hands ready to help the moment he was within reach. Already he touched the steamer, and more gently

still they drew him up, clinging like a dying man to the buoy. With bated breath, all watched the issue; another moment, and "Saved!" would have burst from every lip. Alas! his head dropped, his grasp relaxed, his strength was gone, and, falling beneath the paddle wheel, he was seen no more!

The rope was strong, the buoy all right, but *his* strength was not enough. "Poor fellow," I said, "he has done his very best, but yet he is lost!" My heart sickened, and I thought how many poor sinners, at the last moment, having done their utmost to save themselves, drop down into death, and are lost for ever.

The wounded one, the one who gave up all hope, was saved by another, and that when he had given up all efforts to save himself. The strong one, self-reliant, struggled to the last, and was lost.

Reader, how suggestive! Are you struggling amid the waves and billows of the wrath of God? Conscience-stricken and convicted of sin, are you labouring to save yourself? Oh, give up the thought. Strive no more. One there is mighty to save, Himself having borne the judgment. He says to you, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

J.

“DO YOU LOVE JESUS?”

BEING in London one day, on business, I had just alighted from a cab, and was about to follow my usual custom of handing a tract to the cabman, when this question from him greeted my ear :

“Do you love Jesus?”

What a delight it was to me to hear these words, and to find in him a follower of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His question seemed to ring in my ears all the day, and I have often since thought what an example that cabman was of following the command to preach the word, and to be instant in season, and out of season. I shall probably never see him again in this world, but God grant that his searching question may be blessed to the salvation of many souls.

And now, my reader, I would repeat this question and ask you, “Do *you* love Jesus?” and if you cannot honestly answer that you do, ask yourself why you do not. What! not love Him who *died* for you? “Who was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for

our iniquities." "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." All this for *you*, and *yet* you do not love Him? Is it possible?"

Surely there are times when you feel that life was not given merely to live to yourself? No; there is a far higher object—to live to the glory of God. Oh! believe me, if your affections were given to Jesus, who *gave His life for you*, not only would you never regret it, but every day you would feel more and more the great happiness of knowing your sins to be forgiven for Jesus' sake. Oh, the joy of being able to look up to God as your Father in Christ Jesus, telling Him all your wants, and seeking His guidance in all things.

Once more, then, dear reader, I ask you, Do you love Jesus? And, oh, if you cannot say that you do, I beseech you, *before it is too late*, to turn to Him. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have merc_y

upon him ; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon.”

“Hark! my soul, it is the Lord ;
’Tis thy Saviour ; hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lovs’t thou Me.”

E. B.



“HE WILL NOT SAVE ME NOW.”



IN a town in the West of Scotland, a few years ago, the Lord was working in a marked manner in bringing souls to Himself. Some of His people had been pleading with Him for months, for blessing; for although there was a form of godliness all around, it was without the power. He heard the cry of His children, and sent two evangelists to proclaim the gospel of the grace of God to perishing sinners.

Night after night the story of the cross was told, and many young people—engaged during the day at the factories—were attracted to the evening meetings and were brought to the Lord. One young girl awoke the other members of her family at midnight, by a song of praise. She could not rest until she found the

Saviour. There was joy in the presence of the angels over many new-born souls.

We love to join the song of those who marvel, as for the first time they know what it is to be carried by the Shepherd, all difficulties in one moment overcome, nothing now left but to share the joy of Him who sought and found them. Surely *they* know not His heart who would stand outside and refuse to join the dance and the song.

My object in writing this paper is not to tell alone of joy. Mine is a story of warning to those who think it is time enough to seek the Saviour when they are about to die.

Among those who attended the meetings regularly, was a young and delicate looking girl, named J. She had been often spoken to about her soul, but no response had been obtained. The last night of the meetings came; the happy countenances of many reflecting the peace that reigned within. J. was there; in her face were traces of anxiety and thought. As we were leaving, a Christian woman much interested in the Lord's work, said, "J., are you going away without Christ?" She looked sad, but did not reply.

Months passed away, and J. shook off all thought about her soul. She had no word of warning at home, for her mother was unconverted.

Her health, always delicate, became more so. One morning, on rising, she said to her mother :

“ I feel very ill, I cannot go to my work, to-day.”

Her mother said, “ If you feel worse, you had better go and see the doctor.”

“ No,” she said, “ I will not do that, for he might say I shall not get better,—and mother, I could not bear to hear him say that, for I am not fit to die : I must try and go to my work.”

She went, and returned at the usual hour, saying, as she entered the house :

“ I am much better ; I shall go and buy something for supper, for I am very hungry.”

She did so : and partook of the meal with more than her usual appetite.

Wearied with the day's toil she soon after went to rest ; during the night her distressing cough aroused her mother, who gave her something to soothe it. Once more she lay down, but was soon again disturbed. Her mother, alarmed by the violence of the cough struck a light, this time blood came in considerable quantities from her mouth. “ I am very ill,” she said, “ send directly for the doctor.” While her brother went for him a Christian woman who lived in the next house hearing the sound of voices came in ; J. said, before she had time to speak to her :

"I am dying, I am not ready," the answer was :

"I believe you are going, dear J.—do look to Christ, He will cast out none who come to Him."

"It is too late," she said, "He will not save me now," and, as the doctor's step was heard at the door, she expired !

Say not there is time enough to have the great question as to your soul's salvation settled, take warning by this sad account, and listen to the loving accents of the Saviour ever calling wandering ones to Him. Do not trifle with such love, nor doubt the welcome you would receive were you to respond to His call. Those who have had the Father's kiss, and know the joy of having sins forgiven and forgotten, cannot describe it to you : it is joy from above, and will last for ever. Are you seeking rest ? It is vain to expect it in the world's pleasures, its friendship, or its so-called love.

The invitation of the Saviour is still the same as when he was on earth, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"Rest in Jesus, there repose,
Shelter find from all thy foes
Let His name be all thy plea,
For His words are, "Rest in me."

B.

THE SCEPTIC SAVED.



AS I sit in my room the portrait of a young man reminds me that I have never yet carried out a purpose, due to him and due to God, of telling the story of God's grace to him, and also of his confession of Christ.

For five years we had been working together in one place of business; he was a young man of great talent and promise, but, as I feared, without God and without hope.

I had often seen that his companions were professed sceptics; together they mocked my profession of believing in Christ. Occasionally I observed on his desk infidel books, and anything I said to him was only listened to because as his senior he was bound to show me a measure of respect. The bitterness of his spirit, his opposition to truth, or to my naming the Lord was very manifest.

A few years of London life with its confinement, and seductions to a young man of energy and ability, were sufficient to germinate the seeds of consumption, and he was at length compelled

to return to his old home. He spoke only of having taken a holiday, but his increased debility soon made it manifest that he had come home to die.

It was one Lord's Day that I went to see him for the first time. I found him sitting by the fire in a large and comfortable dining room, his sister who was in attendance on him, quietly withdrew as I went in and sat down beside him. I had many inquiries to make about the state of his health and other things, to all of which I received pleasant answers. At length I spoke of sin, and God's remedy for it. For a moment or two he allowed me to proceed until I quoted Scripture, then he turned and said—

“With regard to those things you had better keep your own opinion to yourself, as I have mine, and as for the Bible it is only a collection of old manuscripts.”

I begged him not to allow Satan to deceive him with such a lie, but he retorted—

“There is no Satan, it is a mere get up.”

I said but little more to him, as he met everything in the same way. At length I rose to go, my Bible in my hand, but I could not open it. I thought of praying, but I could not pray. My heart was sick. I felt that I had failed, that every weapon was powerless. I held out

my hand to say farewell, and almost choked as I said—

“My dear fellow, you will not hear me now, but if ever the day should come when you feel your need of Christ, I shall come most gladly to see you, and tell you how you may be saved. Believe it or not, as you like, there is no rest for you, until you put your head on a Saviour’s bosom, and although you will not hear me, I shall never cease to pray for you.”

Thus I left him, and weeks passed away. I heard occasionally that although his strength was failing, and his friends were dropping off, he was still as hard as ever. At length his sister told me he wished to see me. I got the message on Saturday, and again on Lord’s Day morning I was found at his side.

He lay in the same room on a couch near the fire, made up like a bed for him. I sat down, but he took little or no notice of me, his eyes seeming to be fixed on the wall.

Presently I spoke of the sufferings he was passing through; but he said nothing. Then I asked—

“Have you found out yet that there is no peace for you until you rest your head on your Saviour’s bosom? Do you wish now to lay it there?”

His lips quivered, and I saw an evident struggle to keep down emotion; but he was as

weak as a child, and his feelings mastered him. Taking his hand in mine I asked—

“Have you ever tried to come to Jesus?”

“I have tried, hard, hard,” he replied, and then he burst into tears and sobbed like a child. I could have wept with him, but mine would have been tears of joy, for I silently blessed the Lord, and owned His work of grace.

The weeping seemed to do him good. He was calm now, and listening earnestly like a child, as I laid before him the truths of the gospel.

I told him how we had destroyed ourselves, and that help had to come from God, the God against whom we had sinned. How God had loved us and laid help on One who was mighty to save. How He gave his only begotten Son to bear our sins and their punishment. How God had laid our iniquities on Him, and how He Himself bore our sins in His body on the tree, and died the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. I told him Christ had risen again, and that although He had been despised and rejected of men, God had exalted Him and given Him a name above every name, and how as a Saviour, He ever liveth at God's right hand to save to the very uttermost all who come unto God by Him, and that him that cometh He will in no wise cast out.

I pointed out to him that God was seeking him, and that the struggle in his heart was because of the unwillingness of his spirit to bow to God, the enmity of his heart against God, and pride which rebelled against becoming a recipient of grace and an object of mercy. I spoke of God's love in Christ, of the shepherd seeking the lost sheep, the father rejoicing to receive back the lost son to his heart and house, then I added—

“If the Saviour were here now, visibly, and offered you pardon, would you not gladly accept it from Him?”

“I wish He would take me, but my heart is so hard, so wicked,” he replied.

“Do you not remember that the prodigal said, ‘Father, I have sinned,’ yet the father kissed him? God has only that one way of receiving sinners. All have sinned, there is no difference, and all are kissed in divine love; and upon all who believe God puts the best robe. You feel anxious for mercy and grace now— anxious to be accepted and blessed; but the truth is that God has been loving you, longing for you, and it is He who is most desirous for your salvation and blessing. He has done all for you, removed everything out of the way, that you may come straight to His arms and heart.”

The next time I called, a smile of welcome

on the pale but now calm and peaceful countenance told me that the struggle was over, and that the Lord had found His own.

He was graciously spared for six months after this, to give evidence of a true work of God. Several times he seemed to be recovering strength, and once I asked :

“ Would you not like to live, and to come back to business and life again ? ”

“ I have thought of it sometimes,” he replied, “ but I am afraid my life and its associations have been amongst a bad class, as you know (meaning sceptics), and I do not think the Lord will try my faith so much, I feel so weak.”

We spoke together of the delights of the paradise of God, and the everlasting character of all connected with it; the joys for evermore at God's right hand, now made our's in Christ. Thus I left him, soon to go into the presence of the One who had loved him and given Himself for him.

As we parted, I felt that his heart was knit to mine, and mine to his. Yet it was a parting without sadness, and without a tear, for he was so happy in Jesus, and I was so glad that he was just getting safe home.

We had often spoken of the Lord's coming for us, and so I said,

“ Jesus may come even yet, and then we shall go together.”

He smiled, and replied, "It is all one; for if He does not, I shall at any rate be with Him, and we shall meet there soon. It will only be as a moment until we meet again—the time will not seem long when I am with the Lord."

His end was peace, and his rest shall be glorious. Reader! will yours be the same?

J. S.



GOING TO HELL AND NOT TROUBLED ABOUT IT!

Poor B—— was a man I had known for several years, as a steady, sober, upright and moral man. A person writing to me about him said that if it were possible for any to get to heaven upon the ground of morality, he believed B—— would be there. But then it is not possible, as I knew he had not got Christ. When I heard that he was very ill, and not likely to last many days, my heart yearned to bring the Name and Person of Jesus to bear upon his poor dark, but self-satisfied mind. After some conversation about the Lord Jesus dying for and saving sinners, none but sinners, I asked him if he could take his place among

that class for whom Jesus died, and whom Jesus had saved? He replied, "Perhaps he was not so good as he ought to be, but that he didn't know that he had done anything very bad."

"Well, B——," I said, "if you have only committed one sin, whether small or great, that sin is in God's book, and He will not take you into heaven so long as that single sin stands against you. You are in a very solemn position unless you are quite sure that God has nothing in His book against you."

"Yes," he said, "it is rather solemn," but added in a satisfied tone, "I am not much troubled about it, you know."

"Then I think, my friend, that it is quite time you should trouble about it," I replied. "You are going out of this world not knowing what is to be your future destiny; you may be in hell before to-morrow morning, and you are not troubled about it! Oh, think of it, going into everlasting darkness, and not troubled about it!"

Poor B—— for the first time in his life seemed aroused; his conscience was reached, and for some days there was an awful struggle between the powers of darkness and light; but in the end the Lord Jesus triumphed, and shone into his poor dark mind with a light that

scattered all darkness, and gave him sweet and blessed peace. In a very simple but expressive way he described the great change that had taken place. He said that all his life he had been "*looking down*," but now he could "*look up*." From that day to this he has been "*looking up*," for though this was some years ago, contrary to all expectation, he has lingered on in weakness and suffering, still "*looking up*," waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus.

Alas ! multitudes are hastening along that broad road as untroubled as if there were no sin, no God who must deal with it, and no everlasting perdition at the end of the journey. What a terrible awakening will be your's should you find yourself, spite of all God's warnings, plunged into that never ending condemnation !

Are you, my reader, one who may be on the road to hell and not troubled about it ? Do you say you don't know, then let this dear man supply you with a test ; are you "*looking up*," or "*looking down* ;" are your hopes in Christ, or in this world ? Oh, if you are looking down, may the Lord in mercy arouse and trouble you ; if you are looking up may He continue to comfort you to the end.

W. H.

“THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN.”

Luke vii. 48.



WHOSE words are these? His who spoke as never man spake. His who not only spoke the truth, but who was, and is “the truth. Reader, you need not fear to trust His words.

Fear to trust your own heart—your own thoughts, or the thoughts of your fellow men. But believe the words of Jesus. He said, “Thy sins are forgiven.” Whose sins? The woman of whom the Pharisee said, and said rightly, “She is a sinner.” She *was* a sinner. This the Lord knew, in whose presence she stood. She knew it too. And yet the Lord said to her, “Thy sins are forgiven.” Yes, He said these sweet, and never-to-be-forgotten words to a woman who was “a sinner.” The Lord also said of her, “Her sins, which are *many*.” “*Many*.” She was a “Five hundred pence debtor” indeed!

What sayest thou, reader? Art not thou a “Five hundred pence debtor,” too. “I am,” dost thou say? Remember, then,

what the Lord said to the woman whose sins were many, “ Thy sins are forgiven.” How sweetly these words fell upon the ears of “ a woman who was a sinner,” whose “ sins were many.” From that moment and onward she knew her sins were forgiven—the Son of God, the Saviour, had told her so. Would she, could she, doubt His word? Oh, no. She stood before the Son of God perfectly forgiven. Not one sin remained. Not one could the eye of the holy Son of God see on that soul.

She could say the sins of my early youth, and of my riper years are all gone. My secret sins, and open sins ; the sins of my heart and of my outward life ; all the sins that ever came out of this sinful heart of mine are all gone—all forgiven, for Jesus said, “ Thy sins are forgiven.”

What a boon this woman received on that day ! She was happy in receiving, and Jesus was more happy in giving, for He has said “ It is more blessed to give than to receive.” Have you, dear reader, received the blessing of forgiveness of sins ? If not, why not ? Is not He, think you, willing and waiting to give it you, and to give it you this day, even while you are reading these lines ? He is, blessed be His name. You surely see your need of forgiveness.

None can enter into peace now, or into heaven hereafter without it. You have sinned against God, and your sins are many. If one sin unfits the soul for God and for heaven, and it does, surely your many sins do. Forgiveness of sins is what you need, and you may have it, and have it to-day. Christ has died, and now all things are ready, even forgiveness of sins is ready—all ready and waiting for all who can truly say, "I have sinned but Jesus died for me."

In the 51st Psalm David confessed and said, "Against Thee have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." And his sins, though so great and many, were all forgiven. The publican confessed, and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," or rather "the sinner;" and "he went down to his house justified rather than the other." The prodigal confessed, and said, "Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee," and he was forgiven. See that you do not attempt to cover your sins, "For whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesses and forsaketh them shall find mercy." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

But say you, Am I the person to whom Jesus says, "Thy sins are forgiven?" Yes! if you

have come to the same Saviour as the woman did; if you have faith as the woman had. For though she washed his feet with tears, her sins were not forgiven because of her tears, and though she wiped His feet with her hair, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the costly ointment she bought, yet she was not forgiven because of all this, but because of her faith. “Thy faith,” said the Saviour, not thy tears or thy ointment “thy faith.”

To all who believe on or look to Jesus, He says as surely as He said to the woman, “Thy sins are forgiven.” This He now says to you, dear reader, if with your heart this very moment you can say, I do believe on Jesus the Son of God, who died for my sins, and who rose again from the dead, and is now at the right hand of God in heaven. God has said, “*All* who believe are justified from *all* things.” Justified, not only forgiven, but forgiven and clothed with the righteousness of God.

If, then, you believe, you stand this very moment before God with no sin upon you—none against you, and in the perfect righteousness of God, and “being justified by faith you have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

J. B.

THIRSTING.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price ' (Isaiah lv. 1).

"After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst" (John xix. 28).

"And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue ; for I am tormented in this flame " (Luke xvi. 24).



WE have in these three Scriptures thirsting in three entirely different circumstances, and it will well repay us, I feel sure, to ponder over them a little.

"Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters" (Is. lv. 1).

This is a general, world-wide invitation to poor needy ones to come and be satisfied. Thirsting is a felt need, that craves something to satisfy it, and surely there is a deep deep need in this poor world, known or unknown. Whether felt or not, it is here ; and a need, too, which it is thoroughly impossible for any of the resources of this world to meet. Though we hear plenty of boasting about the wonderful

inventions, comforts, and enlightenment of this present age, yet where amidst it all can we find anything that will meet the need of a single poor thirsty soul? A person may seek this thing and that in vain. He may try this pleasure and that amusement, and the other pastime, but it will all prove of no avail, the need will remain the same as ever; nay, *deeper*, and he will be constrained to say with Solomon of old, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." This is the testimony of the wisest man that ever lived.

The joys supplied by the God of this world fail to satisfy for more than a passing moment. Like the wine at the Cana of Galilee feast, when it was most wanted, it was all gone; and this is always the way with the devil's wine, when the time of real felt manifest need comes then there is no more to be had. True, at Cana of Galilee Jesus was there to supply what was wanted: and still Jesus is ready waiting to supply all that is wanted, wherever people are empty enough to be filled by Him. But there is a time coming when not only will the devil's supply be all out, but Jesus will rise up too, and say, "Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

But one great difficulty to be met with every

day is this, people go on from day to day without feeling this need as they ought, without really knowing they are thirsty. Truly said the Lord Jesus to the woman at the well of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." Drink, and drink, and drink again, as much as you like, and you are still a thirsty one. But Jesus was there to give as He was at Cana of Galilee, and is still able to supply that which shall put need out of existence for ever. Thank God, there is plenty of living water for the poor thirsty sinner now; enough and to spare for any poor prodigal who is empty enough to receive it. Now the voice sounds out loud and clear, "Ho, every one that thirsteth come to the waters, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

But let us pass on to the second instance of thirsting, which we find in John xix.: and here we might, as it were, "take our shoes from off our feet," as we gaze on the person of Him who now comes before us as thirsting. It is none less than Jehovah's fellow, for in the 28th verse we read,

"Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst."

Ah, who can fathom it? We may well bow our heads and worship. He who created the universe now exclaims, "I thirst." Nailed to an ignominious cross, by the very creatures He had made, he could then say, "My tongue cleaveth to my jaws." And what did they give Him? "Vinegar." Ah, Lord Jesus, great, indeed, was thy love; unmeasured, untold eternity alone will unfold it! But why, let us ask, was He thirsting on that cross? Ah, in the answer to that we get the glorious gospel of the grace of God. He who is the brightness of eternal glory, was found thirsting on Calvary's accursed tree, in order that we who rest upon, and thus honour His finished work might never, no, never thirst. He thirsted, I never shall. He suffered for sin, I never shall. He bore the wrath of God, I never shall, because He did it all for me, ever blessed be His name, and now we can joyfully sing—

"Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."

It is finished, yes, all the thirsting, all the groans, all the suffering, all the wrath-bearing, are finished, are ended for ever and ever, by Jesus for all who put their trust in Him. Fain would we stop and gaze upon Him, the Maker of the

Universe, the Fountain of Living Waters, the true and real Refresher of our souls. He stands in the place of need, He thirsts. The holy One has truly emptied Himself for me, as the Scripture declares "He who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich."

Well, our hearts can better feel than express this heart-bowing scene. Hard, indeed, must be the heart that can turn from such a scene, carelessly or indifferently.

The third and last instance of thirsting is recorded in Luke xvi.,

"Father, Abraham, have mercy upon me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame."

Solemn instance of thirsting this! But alas! it is an useless thirst, a thirst which shall be unquenched for ever and ever.

It was a happy, thrice happy, thing in our first instance that there was plenty of water, full and free to supply the need of the poor thirsty one; and it was ten thousand times happier to be able to see in that blessed subject of our second picture, Jesus as our substitute. But, oh, what shall we say now when we see a man for whom those waters flowed in vain, a man for whom Jesus the substitute was no

attraction. A man who could live and die with one object—*himself*—as far as we can gather; for it was all purple and fine linen, together with sumptuous fare every day—that was for *himself* surely? He dressed, he ate, he drank; what more I know not. He may have been kind, charitable, benevolent, religious, and much more, but one thing is certain, he was Christless, and as such hopeless. Awful reality!

If thirst is not quenched in time there will be no chance of its being quenched in eternity. And, oh, what a terrible place to thirst in. A place where the Lord Jesus plainly tells us “the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” The worm, the conscience, the memory, the fire, the judgment of God, never abating, never ending.

“Come unto me,” says He who thirsted once on Calvary, “all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters.” Whose fault, then, is it if the thirst is not quenched? Ah, there can be but one answer. No honest soul would ever throw the blame on God. No souls thirsting in hell but will have to own that they are only reaping as they have sown; and throughout the solemn countless ages of eternity will the memory

ever remind the poor thirsty one that he or she refused to take of the water of life, when offered by the loving Saviour's hand.

Jesus, knowing full well the nature and character of that awful eternity, came here and hung on Calvary's shameful cross as the forsaken One, as the suffering One, as the dying One, under the weight of our sin, and the wrath of God upon it; and after He had said "I thirst," and they had given Him vinegar, He cried. "IT IS FINISHED." Wondrous news! Now a fountain of living water is opened, out of which any and every poor thirsty sinner may drink without fear. Oh, what madness, then, to turn away from this living water and rush on to the place where thirst is never quenched. Reader, consider, oh, consider it, I beseech you, before it is too late. Come to Jesus at once and drink, and thy soul-thirst shall be quenched for evermore.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The Living Water, thirsty one
Stoop down and drink and live.
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."

J. H.

DEATH ETERNAL — LIFE EVER- LASTING.



ONE stormy January night I was alone in my room, suffering from severe bodily weakness. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, the rain beat with great fury, and everything, both from without and within, tended to depress me.

About a week before this, I had been brought to know Him, whom to know is life eternal. For some days my joy was unbounded, so much so, that I could not sleep, all I could do was to praise and adore Him, who had loved me and had washed me from my sins in his own precious blood. The happy feeling, however, had passed away; and I began to think the Lord had forsaken me. I had thus to learn that feeling is not Christ, and that He is our peace, even Jesus, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—a peace, blessed be God, which cannot be affected by our fitful frames and feelings. I was, therefore, bemoaning myself in the words of the poet—

“Where is the blessedness I know
When first I saw the Lord.”

At this moment, Alice, a young lady friend who was living in the same house, entered my room, and said in a voice peculiar for its sweetness :

“ You must be very lonely here by yourself. I have brought my work to sit with you a little;” and then added in her playful way, “ I know you are very nervous, and I suppose you are frightened lest the roof should tumble in upon you this stormy night.”

“ Thank you,” I replied, “ you are very kind and thoughtful.”

She remained with me till the bell rang for evening prayers, and, to my grief and shame be it recorded, I had not courage enough to speak one word for my Lord and Master. Little did I think that this was the last opportunity, and that before the light of another morrow she was to be launched into eternity, unsaved.

On the night above mentioned, Alice was observed to be unusually cheerful and lively, and was found pleading with some friends whom she wished to contribute to a bazaar about to be held for some charitable object. After supper, on retiring to rest, she complained of being rather tired, and when she came upstairs, as far as I remember, neither of us spoke a word.

At two in the morning I was awakened by a

strange sound. I listened, and soon found Alice had been seized with convulsions, and was struggling as if in a fit, in the agonies of death. The doctor was soon on the spot, but only to tell us that all was over, for she was dying. All I could now do was to pray for her, and more than once I exclaimed, "Would to God I could die for thee, dear, dear Alice." But He who doeth all things well ordered it otherwise, and in two hours and a half she was gone.

For some days I was filled with horror. My grief knew no bounds, and at times the thought would arise, Is it possible that one so beautiful, so amiable, and so spotless in her character, can be lost? But the Word has expressly declared, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus must needs be washed in the cleansing blood, as well as the woman who was a sinner.

There was one blessed result from the death of Alice. A companion was so alarmed with her sudden end that she became most anxious about salvation, and through the Lord's goodness at once accepted Christ as her Saviour. I had many sweet conversations with her afterwards, and we often talked over the solemn event, concluding generally by Lizzie saying, "It was the means of leading me as a lost sinner to the feet of Jesus."

Shortly afterwards she left town, and I heard nothing of her for nearly a year, when I received a letter from her father, informing me that Lizzie had gone home to be with the Lord. Her end was peace, and as her father expressed it, she was only too glad to leave a world which had long before lost all attractions for her. Thus, what was death eternal to the one, the Lord used to the means of life everlasting to the other.

S. H.



THREE GREAT EVENTS.

“The Bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut.”—Matt. xxv. 10.



HERE we have three great facts affecting different persons—the first, concerning Christ, the Bridegroom; the second, concerning those who were ready; and the third, concerning all others.

First: the great fact concerning Christ is, “*He came.*”

Secondly : Concerning those that were ready, "*They went in.*"

Thirdly : concerning all others, "*The door was shut.*"

First : It had long before been said that He would come. Some had doubted, some had mocked at it, others had half believed, a few had expected it, not one had fully realised the nearness of the time, or how suddenly He would come—quickly as He Himself had often declared. But "He came" just as it was written of Him, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to many as a thief in the night, and what had been written, doubted, believed, forgotten, became an accomplished fact, *He came.*

Second : They that were ready went in with Him. A few were ready. Blessed ones indeed they were. The Master came and found them watching, loving His appearing, looking for Him, prepared too, suitably prepared for such an event, for such a Person. His coming, instead of startling and perplexing them, rejoiced and gladdened their loving, true, faithful hearts. His glory burst on them, but they knew and believed in Him, as the all glorious One. They had often pictured His coming, and even antedated some of the joys of that day, but all their imaginations were short of

the glory. Eye had not seen, ear had not heard—it had not entered into the heart—the things that then were seen prepared for them. They had often feared that they might not be ready for His coming; often had they slumbered, and even for a time the hope of it was almost lost; but He came, and they were ready, so “they went in with Him.” The one longing, the one desire of their hearts, was now for ever satisfied.

Thirdly : the door was shut.

It had, however, stood open for many a day ; messages of love and grace, invitations, thrilling and pressing, had often been sent out. Few of those who were now shut out could say that they had never known of the open door, or heard of the invitations to all to come ; indeed, it was well known that no one had ever been excluded who sought entrance while the door stood open. If it had ever appeared shut to any who approached, there could be seen over it in golden letters, “Knock, and it shall be opened to you.” The King Himself had declared—some had even heard the words from His own lips, and He had caused it to be written down for all who would care to read it—that if any came He should in no wise cast them out. Many counting on what they had heard of His grace had delayed, thinking doubtless

that He would bide their time. Some were always purposing, but never acting; they were wont to say to one another, "The door is still open," but now at length, in blank dismay, they see that the door is shut.

Many even now attempted the door, but the darkness was so great that they could only grope. Their lamps had gone out. They were left in the blackness of darkness for ever. Others knocked and called on the Lord, but He declared from within that He never knew them. This was true, for although they had often heard and disregarded His pleadings, they had never sought to make His acquaintance, nor had they presented themselves before Him at any time, to seek, or gain His favour. And now between them and Him there was a shut door which no man could open. God had shut it in perfect righteousness, shutting in for ever with the Lord all who had received Him, and shutting out for ever from His presence those who had rejected Him.

With which of these two companies will you, my reader, spend eternity? These are solemn realities. Delay is dangerous. Soon He may rise up and shut too the door, and the day of mercy will be gone for ever.

"'Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom,
Then the last low long cry, 'No room, no room!'
Oh, woeful cry, 'No room!'" • • •

SOLEMN CONSIDERATIONS.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment."—(Heb. ix. 27).


YES! there is judgment coming,
Sinner, hear it!
And the day is fast approaching,
Sinner fear it;
'Twill unman thee!
Should'st thou pass from earth away,
Dead in sin and Satan's prey,
It will be an awful day
O beware, beware!

Yes! there is a throne uprearing,
Sinner, hear it!
Every moment it is nearing,
Sinner, fear it!
'Twill confound thee!
When that throne is once erected,
And the lost are there collected,
Every thought will be dissected,
O beware, beware!

Yes! there is a Judge soon coming,
Sinner, hear it!
Loud His trump will soon be sounding,
Sinner, fear it!
He will spurn thee!
Heralded by unknown grandeur,
Clothed with unearthly splendour,
Thou to Him account must render,
O beware, beware!

A. M.

THE PALACE BALL.



T pleased God that for some time I should reside in one of the gay capitals of the Continent, during which time I naturally became acquainted with the British subjects, who formed almost a family circle there, and who consisted for the most part of the members and attachés of the Embassy.

While residing amongst them, however, I found that, though kind and generous-hearted, ready to strain every nerve, and spend time and money in helping an English stranger and traveller, or in caring for the shipwrecked or the unfortunate, with but a few exceptions, they did not wish to be troubled about religion; some, who in their native land had been Sunday-school teachers, had now succumbed to the worldly and pleasure-seeking spirit of those around them, and the Lord's Day had become to them mostly a day of amusement. Unwilling to join them in their forgetfulness of God, and anxious to awaken some of them,

I began to preach the gospel, at first in a drawing room, and subsequently in a chapel. The effect of this soon brought out man's natural dislike to God, it greatly irritated some, and created a gulf between us.

Winter came on with all its usual gaiety. Balls, concerts, and receptions became the order of the day. All were looking forward with high expectation. There was one noble family the youthful members of which we were especially interested in. One of them a young lady of great attractions, and the only daughter, had just finished her education in England, and was about to make her debüt in the world.

Her parents were particularly annoyed at the preaching, and their former never to be forgotten kindness, was now almost changed to bitterness, while their daughter evidently shared this feeling.

Never did any member of that household come near the meetings; and tried by every effort they could put forth to hinder others from going to them. Nevertheless, the Lord graciously owned and blessed our efforts.

The gay season was in its infancy, when a noble lady and mutual friend called on this young lady, and spoke of the meetings, anxious to awaken if possible a desire for spiritual

things. She found her mind and heart thoroughly engaged with preparations for balls and parties. "See," she said, "how many invitations to balls I have got already," and she threw down card after card, some of them sparkling in gold and colours. "Fourteen balls," she exclaimed; "and, look, here is the best of all, an invitation to the palace." Sure enough the card bore the royal arms; it was from the king, desiring her presence at a ball to be held at his palace.

The fondest hopes of the girl's parents seemed realised; her own highest desires, too, in this invitation to the palace ball. Our friend found every attempt vain to draw her mind away to serious subjects. The dresses she was to wear, and which were already in preparation, were the only theme on which she could speak.

One ball passed after another, until it was within a fortnight of the much-desired and longed-for palace ball.

It was the close of a grand ball at the Russian Ambassador's, where she had danced during the night, as usual much admired and sought after; her brother had accompanied her, and as the ball ended, he found the sledge awaiting. She came out with her cloak thrown loosely round her, from an intensely overheated atmosphere into one of intensest cold. In the

recollection of the oldest natives there had scarcely been such a winter.

Throwing herself into the sledge, which had stood waiting for a considerable time in the cold night air the furs doubtless penetrated by the frost, they were driven at the utmost speed over the icy streets, but the effect of all this was a chill to the poor girl.

She arrived at home when all were asleep, and in the hope of sleeping it off, she went to bed; but the morning found her in a state of fever, and her throat seriously inflamed. In vain did she attempt to throw it off, the doctor had to be sent for, who ordered her at once to bed, and to have the usual fever-remedies applied.

This at last she agreed to, on condition that the dress for the palace ball should be proceeded with, and that the doctor would have her quite well before that time.

Despite all efforts, however, the malady assumed a serious aspect. A nurse had to be sent for to watch her; the throat was getting worse, the fever increasing, sleep was leaving her, and her brain was soon in high inflammation.

The nurse was a Christian widow; not, however, able to speak much English. From her I heard the account of those terrible nights and days that followed.

At times the invalid fancied they were making her ball dress, and she urged them to sew faster, that it might be ready; telling them how to trim it; and how important it was for her that it should be ready; then she thought the time had come, and they did not let her go; at such times she would try to rise and burst through the hands of the attendants, as if she must go at once. At other times she seemed to be at the ball, the whirl and excitement all around her, and she herself dancing with the king. The doctor soon pronounced the malady infectious, and no one must cross her chamber door who cared for life.

Thus cut off from those she loved, but in her frenzy heeding it not, another day or two passed away; her reason, however, never returning. Once there seemed a lucid moment; a sudden thought had crossed the fevered brain, and death, eternity, hell, flashed before her. She cried, "Give me a Bible," but no Bible was near, and then her thoughts changed. She must not die, they must get out the dress, she would go to the ball; and thus, while urging them to hasten the preparations, her soul passed away from a body already blackening in dissolution.

Her mother, soon after bursting into the room, threw herself on her knees by the couch

of death, and cried, "Oh! my darling, my darling, my darling, speak to me." But all was silence, the silence of death.

A day or two after we laid her in a grave cut through the snow and ice, and that evening as I crossed a square on my way to the little chapel, I could see the palace illuminated; hundreds of windows flashed their brilliant glare of light across the icebound lake. Equipages of various descriptions dashed through the grand entrances, and I remembered then, what I had forgotten for the time, that it was the night of the palace ball. On this her whole heart had been set: for months had she been preparing for it. To her it was the grand event of the winter, the climax of her youthful ambition and joy. In view of it no thought of God or eternity, of eternal life or of death could find a place in her heart. Enjoyment—a night's excitement—was of more value than eternal realities. But, alas! the word had gone forth, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

J. S.



THE LEPER CLEANSED.

“WHEN he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him; and behold there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, I will, be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed. And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded for a testimony unto them.”—(Matt. viii. 1-4.)



THESE verses bring before us in a beautiful manner the way in which the Lord meets the need of a sinner. He had been teaching upon the mountain, and after He had finished His discourse, great multitudes followed Him. Some, perhaps, attracted by the words of life which had fallen from His lips; some attracted by curiosity, but all doubtless filled with an earnest desire to see and hear more of this wondrous person who “taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.” “And behold, there came a leper.” It is impossible to enter into the awful depth of misery brought before us in these words. Here was a man afflicted with a loathsome disease, so terrible,

that men shrank from him with horror, and would stand aside when he passed, lest they should contract defilement by his touch. And not only so, but he was shut out from the service and worship of God, being alone in a place of separation, entirely outside and beyond the range of man's remedies; utterly unable to do anything towards his own cure; helpless, hopeless and incurable, unless God in His mercy came in and interposed on his behalf. This is a terrible picture, but yet it is but a type of sin, which God has given in His word.

Has it ever struck you, dear reader, that if you are unsaved, that you are in a far worse condition than this poor leper? For it is a solemn fact, that man unwashed in the precious blood of Christ, however refined, however cultured and educated, however unblemished his character in the eyes of men, yea, however *religious* he may be, yet before God he is but a lost, guilty, hell-deserving sinner. Possessed of an evil nature, a "carnal mind, which is enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7), he is unable to approach Him, either to worship or to serve. Separated by sins, he is daily and hourly adding to the awful load, which, if unpardoned, will eventually drag his soul down to the everlasting lake of

fire, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Do not think, beloved reader, that I am drawing the sinner's condition too darkly, for it is impossible to do this. The word of God abounds with the most solemn declarations respecting the lost and ruined state of man by nature. Let me give you a few of them. "Without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12). "Children of wrath" (Eph. ii. 3; Rom. ii. 21, 32; Rom. iii. 9, 18). Why does God thus bring before us the condition of man? Why does He shew him his helpless state? In a word, Why has He concluded all under sin? Is it that He might judge and send him away for ever from His presence? Satan would fain persuade you thus; but, dear unconverted reader, as you value your immortal soul, listen not to his insinuations, for God is a God of love, and but shews you the imminent danger you are in, in order that He might, in the riches of His grace, deliver you from it, and give you eternal life.

You will mark that this poor leper *felt his need of help*; he *realised his condition*: and while on the one hand he knew that his case was hopeless as far as man was concerned, that his own efforts were unavailing, yet he had come to this point that One was *able* to

relieve him. This is a blessed conclusion to arrive at, and one that man has to come to if he would be saved. It is not sufficient to feel your need of salvation. Many do this, but alas! they try to get it by adopting plans of their own; to merit it by so-called good works, which are but "dead works" in God's sight; and it is not until every imagined resource has failed, every prop has broken, and the soul stands in the presence of God, thoroughly convicted, fully persuaded that it is shut up to the mercy and grace of God alone that the blessing flows in. What was the blessed result of this man's conclusion? *He came to Jesus!* Let me ask you, Have you come? If not, let me beseech you to come at once. He only can help and save you; and your lost state demands immediate relief.

But the question might present itself, "How am I to come? Am I not to try to feel myself better? Am I not to seek to live to God?" You are to come, dear soul, just as the leper came. He sought not to improve his condition, but in all his vileness, leprosy, poverty, and degradation he came to Jesus. And it was thus that Christ received him. As he was. Thus He receives the sinner now as he is. And rest assured that if you come He will not send you away, however great a sinner

you may be, for His own blessed word is, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." But it may be that you have a difficulty, as this man had, for you will observe that while there was living faith in that Blessed One as to His perfect *ability* to meet his need, yet there remained a little lingering doubt in his mind as to the *willingness* of the Saviour, and therefore the cry which came from his heart was, "Lord, *if thou wilt*, thou *canst* make me clean."

How quickly Jesus dispelled all his doubts! No sooner did the leper take his place at His feet than the hand was outstretched, and the word fell from His lips, speaking peace to that anxious one, shewing His combined willingness and ability, "I will, be thou clean." It may be that you are anxious about your soul; that you know that Jesus alone can help you, and yet you have not come. You are allowing your doubts and fears to keep you back. If so, all that I can beseech you to do is to come, doubts, fears, and everything, to the feet of Jesus, and you will find that the same One who met gladly the deep need of this leper, will help and save you. Think not that Jesus has altered, that His heart of love has changed. No! He is still the same. Although no longer here, yet in the glory He is waiting to be

gracious, waiting to breathe peace to the troubled soul. His word is still, "I will." To all who are laden with sin, and are groaning under the hard bondage of Satan, He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). And to those who have found that the empty vain things of the world cannot satisfy, and who long for something which will give them lasting peace, His gracious words are, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" (Rev. xxi. 6). Be encouraged by the reception which this poor sinner got, and come at once, and He will dispel your doubts, allay your fears, and set your soul at rest in His own blessed presence.

You will observe that it is not a question of time. "*Immediately* his leprosy was cleansed." Many dear souls imagine that conversion is a gradual thing, needing a long course of religious experience; but the word is very plain on this point. One moment we see this man in all his wretchedness, and the next cleansed from every taint of leprosy. And so it is with the poor sinner. As soon as there is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ the blessing flows in, and the delivered soul, although but a moment before steeped in iniquity and sin,


can go on its way rejoicing ; “ clean every whit ; ” made whiter than snow, and fit for the presence of God. This leper was *thoroughly* cleansed, and in full assurance he could go and “ offer the gift that Moses commanded for a testimony unto them ; ” and all who have now to do personally with the Lord are *perfectly* cleansed from all sin.

I feel that I cannot close this paper without solemnly warning all who read it, if yet unsaved, against putting off for a single moment the all-important subject of the soul’s salvation. Time is fleeting, and soon the long-suffering mercy of God will draw to a close, and stern unrelenting justice will take its place. “ Now. ” is God’s time ; for His word tells us that “ *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation. ” “ God *now* commandeth *all men everywhere* to repent. ” “ Come, for all things are *now* ready, ” and while we can proclaim a *perfect* salvation, because accomplished by the blood-shedding, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ ; a *universal* salvation, because God goes out in grace, and says, “ Whosoever will ; ” a *free* salvation, for “ the *gift* of God is eternal life, through Christ Jesus our Lord ; ” yet it must be a *present* salvation, received and enjoyed *now*. But the future of the sinner out of Christ is death, judgment and

the lake of fire ! Come then, as you are and take the salvation which the God of love presents to you by virtue of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

W. E. W.

“BUT IS THERE NO BETWIXT
AND BETWEEN.”

 HIS question was asked me by a working man, as he sat opposite me in a railway carriage, going from D. to B. I had given him a little book which led to a conversation on matters of eternal moment. I had told him there were only two classes of people in the world—the saved and the lost ; the righteous and the unrighteous—when he asked the question, “ But is there no betwixt and between ? ” In reply to his question, I offered him the Bible, and said, “ Find me in all that book, from Genesis to Revelation, one passage that hints at such a state as ‘ betwixt and between. ’ ” He did not take the book, nor did he say there was in it any one passage that taught there was any middle position between being lost and saved. Nor is there.

Reader, as thou art reading these lines, how does the matter stand with thee? "Behold, the judge standeth at the door." And art thou unsaved? If so, what wilt thou do? Go on unsaved another hour of thy short uncertain life? Oh, no, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Now at this moment there is no "betwixt and between." Thou art either guilty before God, or justified by His grace; either in Christ or out of Christ. Which is it? If there has been no repentance toward God, no faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, no turning to God, no looking to Jesus, then thou art still in thy sins, unsaved, and going on in the broad road that leadeth to destruction. I know there are many who "profess that they know God," many who, like the five foolish virgins have the lamp of profession in their hand, but when the Bridegroom came they were shut out. So it will be when He comes; they who will be found "ready" at that moment will enter in with Him to the marriage; the door will be shut, and the unready will knock in vain, and say, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." The only "betwixt and between" in that day will be the closed door; where, then, wilt thou be? Which side of that closed door—inside or outside? There will be no "betwixt and between" in eternity. It will be either heaven or hell, and

the only "betwixt and between" will be the "great gulf," and the "great gulf" will be "fixed"—yes, "fixed" for ever, so that the only "betwixt and between" will be the "great gulf." What, dear reader, sayest thou? What wilt thou do? Remain as thou art—unsaved. If this should be thy resolve, what folly. Nay, rather flee, and flee now from the wrath to come. Thy sins are many, and are now, it may be, "between" thy soul and God—"between" thee and heaven. But there is forgiveness. Come to Christ, and come at once; and then shall thy many dark and hateful sins be forgiven thee. God says, "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.) And, "He was manifested to take away our sins." "All who believe are justified," that is cleansed "from all things." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and then thy sins, nor ought else, shall be "betwixt and between" thee and Christ, and thou shalt go on along life's way, whether it be rough or smooth, short or long, saying and singing, as Rowland Hill used to do—

"And this I do find
We two are so joined,
He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind."

J. B.

THE VOICE OF GOD.



ONE evening as a minister of the Gospel was passing along the streets of Perth, he heard three soldiers who were walking behind him, making use of bad language, when one of them, probably to outdo the others in profanity, expressed the awful wish "that God Almighty might damn his soul in hell to all eternity!" The servant of the Lord immediately faced about, and, with a look of deepest compassion, said solemnly,

"Poor man! What if God should say, 'Amen,' and answer that prayer?"

He then passed on; but the soldier stood still, as if suddenly struck with a bullet, and hardly recovered himself sufficiently to reach his quarters. There his distress of mind grew deeper, until his distraction was so great, that it threw him into a fever, under which he had the most awful forebodings of eternal misery.

The words were few and simple, it was neither them nor the manner of utterance that could account for the terrible distress of this

vile sinner. What was it, my reader, that thus harrowed up the man's conscience? It was that God had spoken in that short sentence to his soul. He had heard God, not man: and was so conscious of this, that he was under the full conviction that it was an angel who had spoken to him in the street, and that God had sent him to do so.

He told those about him that he was beyond the reach of mercy, and when asked why he thought so, said, because God had told him so by an angel from heaven! Of course he was mistaken in this, but it serves to show how fully persuaded he was that the message was not man's but God's.

Ah, my reader, how immense is the difference this makes! When, for example, you listen to a sermon or a Gospel address, if you are occupied with the instrument, if he is occupied with himself or his audience, the whole thing is human and worthless. Week by week, thousands, yea, tens of thousands, sit down to hear much that is true, but powerless on this account. It is neither by oratory, eloquence, nor excitement, that souls are brought to Christ. If faith is to "come by hearing," it must be by hearing God, and in no other way. "The report" must be received as His very own utterance to have

any effect on the soul "dead in trespasses and sins."

The poor, ignorant heathen, listening to a missionary for the first time, are not unfrequently converted by dozens. Why? Because in their very simplicity, they regard him as one sent of God; they hear God in the word he speaks. The nominal professor hears "the minister," and it may be believes, but whom does he believe? The minister, just as Simon did of old. (Acts viii.)

Our soldier did not. He thought an angel from God had spoken to him, because he had heard God and no one else in what was said; hence, finding himself in God's presence, he saw his own vile blackness too vividly to escape the horrors of a ploughed-up conscience. It is thus, I doubt not, that "the dead, small and great," will realise the righteousness of the judgment that awaits them when they stand before the "Great White Throne."

All the sins of a lifetime had risen up before this man's soul, and he felt as he judged himself in the light of the presence of God, that he deserved the doom which he believed God had announced by His messenger.

At last, it occurred to some one in the hospital, to ask him to describe the supposed angel he had seen in the streets of Perth, and on his

doing so, a well-known minister was recognised from the vivid description which the poor man gave. He was asked whether he would like to see him again? and replied,

“ Oh, I would wish of all things to see him ; but he will not come near a wretch like me ! ”

The servant of Christ was fetched at once, and set before the convicted sinner, Christ crucified and risen again, “ able to save to the uttermost ALL that come unto God by him.” “ Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world ! ” Look to Him, exclaimed the preacher. “ As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that WHOSOEVER believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.” See Him on the cross bearing sin, forsaken of God, enduring all the judgment due to sin, exhausting the whole penalty, and crying, “ My God, my God ! Why hast thou forsaken me ? ” In conscious perfection, integrity, sinlessness, yet “ made sin ” there, in infinite love for sinners ! Only believe in Him and all your sins shall be at once forgiven, for God hath said, “ Be it known unto you, that through this man [His own Son], is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things.”

The convicted sinner listened as to the voice of God, and believing Him, got peace to his troubled soul at once. After this, the agitation of his mind being gone, he speedily recovered, and became as remarkable for his piety and consistency, as he had previously been for his profanity.

By his desire, the minister who had been so remarkably used in his conversion, procured his discharge from the army, and the man obtaining more suitable employment, settled in Perth, and continued to "adorn the doctrine of Christ" to the end of his days, thus proving out to all who knew him that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" salvation not only from the awful doom that once threatened his never-dying soul, but also from "the dominion of sin," to which he had so long been a miserable slave.

Will you, my reader, now and henceforth hear in the GOSPEL THE VOICE OF GOD ?

J. L. K.

THE GRACE OF GOD.—Grace has reference to what God is, and not to what we are; except, indeed, that the very greatness of our sins does but magnify the extent of the grace of God.

THE THREE EXCUSES.

Luke xiv. 16-24.



THE parable of the Great Supper in Luke xiv. 16-24 may well be called the story of God's readiness and man's reluctance." The words, "Come, for all things are now ready," tell out forcibly the fulness of God's love to satisfy the heart of every needy soul. "They all with one consent began to make excuse," shews the reluctance of all to accept the proffered grace.

Now mark the character of the three excuses :—

First : Something to see.

Second : Something to prove.

Third : Some one to love.

The first said, "I have bought a piece of ground, and must needs go and see it. I pray thee have me *excused*." The merely buying the land did not prevent his going, but he wanted to *see* it in preference to the bountiful host who not only made the supper, but in the pressure of his grace sent a second invitation to "Come!" "The lust of the eye" is as deadly as when in Eden the woman "*saw* that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes." That look wrought a world's ruin,

and brought down the awful sentence, "Thou shalt surely die."

The eye is made to see, and it longs for satisfying sights. God proposes in His word to shew you a sight that can *save*. The world proposes to shew you sights attractive, scientific, instructive, and amusing — sights which exactly suit the natural eye; but it never has, nor never will produce a sight that can save. Jesus said, "This is the will of him that sent me, that every one that *seeth* the Son and believeth in him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Again, saith the prophet, "*Look* unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." And again, "*Behold* the Lamb of God."

"See Him for our transgressions given;
See the blest Lamb of God from heaven,
For us, His foes expire;
Rejoice! Rejoice!! the tidings hear,
He bore, that we might never bear
The Almighty's righteous ire."

All other sights are eclipsed. Whoso seeth this sight shall behold in that glorious future, the celestial city, where Jesus Himself, the Lamb, shall be the light thereof, where His servants shall see His face and shall reign for ever and ever. But when heaven and earth shall have fled away before that face, where! oh, where! shall your gaze be fixed then? If

not joyfully beholding the Saviour's loved face with the triumphant band, who untiringly adore and praise Him, then must your eyes be for ever filled with your first and last look of the Lord Jesus Christ, "for every eye shall see him." And since before His look heaven and earth fly away, surely the impenitent sinner, unwashed, unpardoned and unbelieving, shall, because of slighted love, bear that look of indignation fixed indelibly upon his memory throughout the awful ages of eternity.

The second one excused himself by saying, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to *prove* them." The "labour of the ox" bringing much increase, was more to him than what could have been his without labour; but he must prove them rather than eat the supper, and thus prove the hospitality of the rich provider. Many are thus deluded and prevented from proving the certainty of God's word, the fulness of His salvation, and joy in God through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Do you wish to prove the world? You will find it like the mirage which tantalizes the thirsty Arab of the desert; or an ignis fatuus, to lure you into the quagmire of eternal perdition. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." King Solomon had all the resources of the world at his com-

mand, but he pronounced it all vanity and vexation of spirit. Your day of grace ebbs rapidly, and your heart has been too long enthralled by "lying vanities," to the forsaking of your own mercy. It may be Satan has already lulled you to sleep. But awake! O sleeper. The herald of peace sounds a sweet note for your ear. Grace as an ambassador from the court of heaven brings a message of mercy and salvation for your acceptance; yes, *presses* it upon you, beseeches you to be reconciled to God before the thunder-clap of judgment peals from His awful throne to strike a death-knell in the ears of every neglecter of salvation. The rich man found himself in hell as the result of his wretched choice—he *proved* the friendship of the world. He *proved* also beyond doubt the certainty of the lake of fire.

The third excuse was, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." This was short but conclusive. He did not even ask to be excused like his neighbours. Had he really wished to go, he might have taken his wife with him, but the fact was he had some one to love in preference to the bountiful provider of the feast. So with many now: any one and everything is loved better than God. The most lovable, amiable, and attractive object here must "fade as the leaf," and as the flower

of grass fall away. Yet how reluctant is the heart to attach itself to something higher than that which even at its "best estate is altogether vanity." One loved a dead father rather than a living Christ. Another, so morally attractive that, Jesus seeing him, loved him, turned his back sorrowfully upon manifested love, because he had great possessions. His heart was governed by and chained to his treasure, "mammon." Heavenly treasures were spoken of in vain to him, even by the lips of the heir of all things. Others love the praise of men rather than the praise of God. Reader, what do you love; upon whom are your affections centred? Never was such a noble object pressed upon your love as the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

You may say, "That is true, but I cannot love Him." Nor can you ever love Him by *trying*. You do not love any one by effort. No, love is a spontaneous thing, springing up as naturally as plants from roots, and wheat from planted seed. The heart was formed to love. God in grace produces love in our hearts to Him only by making known His love to us. "We love him, because he first loved us," is the cry of every child of God, and is the true secret of being able in simplicity to love Him. Do not attempt to get up love in your incorrigible

heart; but receive His love and be satisfied with it. A young convert once said, "I see the love of Jesus to me, and now find it an easy thing to give my heart to Him." Another said, "Jesus came and stole my heart away, and I mean to let Him keep it." May it be yours from this moment truthfully to say—

"Saviour, I come, Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

This is the gospel whereby you may be saved. "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures, and he was buried, and he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 1-4.) Reject not His word, or it will judge you in the last day. Spurn not a love which yearns over you for salvation, despise not the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long suffering, lest you be found outside the door of mercy, to *see* no ray of hope, to *prove* no grace, to *love* no Saviour, but be lost for ever.

If a believer, it will be your high privileges now to "*see* Jesus crowned with honour and glory," to "*prove* what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God," and "to *love* him because he first loved us."

T. R. D.

“JESUS IN THE MIDST.”


“Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one ; and Jesus in the midst.”—John xix. 18.



H, what a scene was that ! what a centre ! what a dividing line ! What a moment in the world's history ! The crucified Son of God the centre of malefactors : the crucified Son of God dividing the one from the other. And while the cross as a literal thing is taken down, as a fact it still stands, and from that day the crucified Jesus separates the inhabitants of this world into two distinct peoples. With “wicked hands” the world put to death the Son of God. From that moment the world has divided off into two lines, a few with broken hearts, confessing their sin, have found mercy and forgiveness ; the rest of the world are still under the charge of murder, and the impenitent murderer shall never escape. No one can be neutral : guilty of blood, or, redeemed by blood ; which is it ? Oh, the marvellous grace, “Jesus in the midst” of malefactors, dying the just for the unjust ! On which side of the cross are you ? Are you on the side of him who “railed on him,” or, are you with him who acknowledging his own guilt, said, “Lord, remember me” ?

* * *

THE PAMPALUNA DEATH-KNELL.



OUR army," said an old French gentleman, "lay encamped on a hill near Pampaluna, in Spain. It was during the Peninsular war; and on another hill just opposite was the English army, which was very much smaller, and like a little flock of goats, as compared with ours. We made sure of victory, Monsieur, but were waiting for something, I don't know what, before making our attack. The English, I suppose, thought it best to act on the defensive, as their forces were so much less numerous than ours. And so we lay opposite each other for a few days. Every morning we could hear the English sounding the *reveille* at sunrise as plainly as if it were in our own camp, for we were only divided by a narrow valley, and we used to laugh and mock their call by sounding our trumpet in defiance."

As I heard this I could not but think of the two companies now on the earth each taking opposite sides, one the world lying encamped

in the wicked one, the other the Church of the living God, the one so large, the other so small, rising morning by morning to sound the gospel call which bids the sinner "awake and arise from among the dead," the "dead in trespasses and sins."

They hear, but too many mock or reply in defiance with the music and merriment of this world's pleasures, while others who do not consider it "respectable" to mock, simply hear and go their own way, abiding still where they are. There is, indeed, a third party who may be called "the camp followers," and who, like the gipsies and other vagrant bands that followed both armies in the Peninsular, take either side as suits their convenience, pilfering from and making use of both, nominally of "the Church" but really of the world, "whose God is their belly, whose glory is in their shame who mind earthly things."

Will my reader ask himself to which of these three parties he belongs? God owns only that which is *real*. He has nothing to say to shams but to judge them, and there are really but two parties—the saints and the world. On which side of the valley are you?

The question is a solemn one, and *must* be answered soon. Life is short—at best uncertain; eternity is long and inevitable.

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This is true both of the spiritual kingdom and of that which God will shortly set up in this earth.

"But," continued the old Frenchman, "I have never forgotten that English morning call; and never shall, Monsieur, although I have never heard it since. I can repeat it now;" and in proof of it he sounded the notes with his mouth so exactly that I could have supposed I was listening to the bugle.

"What fixed it so on your memory?" I inquired.

"Ah, Monsieur! It was our death-knell!" exclaimed the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head, "It was our death-knell. One morning, Monsieur, we heard it for the last time. Yes, it was *the last time*! We mocked it as usual—that melancholy sound; and then the battle began. Ah, those terrible English! Our army was put to the rout; we were badly beaten, completely crushed. Many a comrade who was alive and well when that melancholy music came over the valley at sunrise, lay dead and cold before the night; and those of us who escaped have ever since called the English trumpet '*The Pampaluna Death-knell*.'"

The gospel trumpet is either "a savour of life unto life" or "of death unto death;" which is it to you? "To him who worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly," (wondrous grace!) it is the savour of life unto life, for "his faith counted for righteousness;" but it is written also, "Behold ye despisers and wonder and perish: for I work a work in your days—a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." To such it is a savour of death unto death; they hear to their own eternal condemnation!

To the soldier in the little army on the hillside the morning call was the signal that aroused him to all the activities of *life*; to the large army on the opposite hill it became at last the signal of *death*. But "now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Will you obey the call? "Christ died for the ungodly;" God says so, believe *Him*, and "being justified by faith" *you* will "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," "whom God hath called to be a Prince and a Saviour, and to give repentance and remission of sins." "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord SHALL BE SAVED," for "this is a faithful saying and worthy of

all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and "God commendeth his love toward us for that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." These and many more sweet notes of peace and love to the lost and ruined are sounding *now* from the Gospel trumpet. *Will* you hear and believe? "Hear, and your soul shall live."

Presently another trumpet sounds, "the last trump" heard only by the saints and calling them all to arise and march along the heavenly way, the path of life their Lord has already trodden, upward and homeward to the Father's house. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed" and all "caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." (1 Cor. xv. 52; 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.) Then the *gospel trumpet* calling upon sinners to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved, will be heard no more. Those who have heard and rejected or *neglected* it, will have heard it *for the last time*, and it will prove to them the knell of *death eternal*; for "he that *believeth not* the Son shall not see life, but the WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM."

Reader, will you learn a solemn lesson from
THE PAMPALUNA DEATH-KNELL?

K.

“YOU WOULD WISH YOURSELF OUT OF IT IN HALF-AN-HOUR!”



ONE evening, walking down towards the Victoria Station, Pimlico, just as I was about to step off the pavement and cross the road, a cab came tearing along at full speed. Evidently the fare wished to catch a train just starting—the last for that night—perhaps. How many miss the “last train” for heaven—though they have nothing to pay for the ticket—they *just* miss the “last train.” Take YOUR seat *now*, my dear reader, the door is open wide—“all things are *now* ready” (Luke xiv. 17).

The cab passed close by me, so that I had to draw back a little, and from under the horse's nose, as it appeared to me, sprang a young girl, whom I caught to prevent falling on the curb, and to whom I remarked:—

“That was a near thing for you, my girl.”

“Yes, indeed it was,” she said, evidently much scared.

“What would you have done had you been knocked down?”

"Oh! I should have got a doctor to set me to rights," was the answer, somewhat lightly made.

"But suppose he could not have set you to rights?"

"Then I should have died."

"And where would you have gone to, had you died?"

"To heaven, *I hope*," was the immediate reply.

"Ah! my child, you would have wished yourself out of it in half-an-hour."

"You're right, sir," said the girl, after a short pause, "You **ARE** right, sir."

An honest girl—so far—a moment's thought told her heaven had no attractions for her. It is what everybody says: "*I hope* to go to heaven." But what a bottomless, baseless hope, a **HOPELESS** hope, but she was honest, and it gave me an opportunity of putting the greatness of God's love to sinners before her, and the finished and accepted work of the Lord Jesus on the Cross for such as she and I were. I told her also how God's holy claims had been so completely met by His own dear Son that He raised Him from the dead in proof of His satisfaction, in that "**FINISHED**" work, and that until we knew our deep need as sinners, we have no desire for the One who

gave His Son, or for that blessed One who gave Himself. And that place would not have any attraction for us, for it is the person who makes the place. It is the fact of having One who has loved me and died for me, and gone to prepare a place for me, that draws the heart away from this scene, and causes a longing to be with Him—not merely in a place of safety, a sort of just another place instead of the lake of fire—but being with Him, who, by His Spirit, through the word, has touched a chord in one's poor cold heart, and leads out the affections of the new nature after "Himself," the One "*who gave Himself*." The hope of being with Him is a real thing to the believer, which the precious blood has secured; for it has fitted the person of the sinner who trusts the word of God, to be for ever with the Person who has shed that blood so to fit him, as is often said, "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." He—Jesus—Lamb of God—has done both (read John xiv., as to the place, and 1 John i. 7, as to the person.

Well, my reader, have you not often said :
"I hope to go to heaven when I die?"

"Would you like to die now—then?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"I'm not prepared."

Aye, and more than that, if you are honest, as honest as the girl I quote, it is true YOU would wish YOURSELF out of it in half-an-hour.

Is it not so? Then give up talking of *your* hopes, and turn to God's Word, and there read that as a child of Adam you are under judgment. Own it; bow to the truth, as in Rom. iii. 3-18, and see what God says about YOU—YOUR full length portrait; and further, YOUR miniature, in verses 22-23: "For there *is no difference*, for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Then step calmly, quietly—yet boldly, into the very next verse, the 23rd, and hear Him say TO yourself, and OF yourself, "Justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus—whom God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in his blood." Believing this, you will be enabled to say, "In whom I *have* redemption through his blood—the forgiveness of sins—according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7); and further, "I *know* whom I have believed, and am *persuaded* that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day"; and then "believing," "knowing," being "persuaded" by the word of God, "which liveth and abideth for ever," you will indeed be able to say, Being justified

by faith—standing in grace—and *rejoicing* in hope of the glory of God (Rom. v. 1-2).

“How shall I meet those eyes,
Mine on Himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize;
MERCY from first to last.”

God grant it to you, dear friend.

S. V. H.

HOW I CAME TO BE WHERE I AM.

LIKE the rest of the Lord's children,
I cannot boast of anything I have
done, why He should show me
such favour; but marvellously
kind has He been to me; and as
I pen these lines, my heart swells with
gratitude to Him, who not only sent
His Spirit to call me, but forced me in, and
though—

“I was a wandering child
And did not love my home,
Nor did I love the Shepherd' voice,
But lov'd afar to roam,

yet I am in the fold; and how I came there
is as follows :—

The world and I somehow could not get on together. Though I was fond of pleasure, yet the world could not satisfy my mind. Something within has made me see beyond the things of time by inquiring, How about eternity?

But though I was often spoken to when in the midst of the world's delights, yet I drove those thoughts away when I could, but sometimes they lingered, which made me very dull and sad, and almost despondent.

As time wore on, this voice spake oftener and louder; troubles came and illness too, and with it sickening thoughts of death and eternity; but though when in sickness having made resolutions to consider my latter end, yet as soon as I was well again the impression made quickly left me.

At last, after years of dissipation, commenced by trying to drown those thoughts of hereafter, I was visited in an alarming manner. I awoke from my sleep one morning with God's voice ringing in my ears, demanding satisfaction for my sins committed against Him.

I jumped out of bed and rushed into the street in desperation; but oh! the awful agonies and tortures of conscience I endured. I was almost mad: but the loving hand which convicted me of sin brought me to my knees,

and at the top of my voice I cried for mercy. After a short time I was more composed, and retired to my room, where I prayed in agony of mind. For two or three days almost incessantly I cried to God, while the burden upon my soul was almost overwhelming. I lay down, but could not rest, and all I could do was to cry, "*I'm* lost, lost! too late! too late! no mercy for me." I thought I could hear the cries of the damned; while again I could hear the songs of the redeemed, which filled me with despair, and I could think nothing but that I was in hell. The worm of a guilty conscience had begun to gnaw, and I felt it would be *for ever*. While I was in this state, though I was in the same house with a professor of religion, yet from that individual I received no comfort or consolation. Another professor came and stared at me, but he likewise had nothing to say; and since I have become acquainted with the truth I am able to discern that both of them, alas, are merely professors.

An old woman, who was nearly frightened out of her wits, did manage to say, "You are not lost, for you are alive yet, and there is time to repent." About the third day I was going to a cupboard for my medicine (and you must know I was reduced wonderfully in so short a

time), a voice from within very softly but quickly said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and immediately the burden was gone. I did not know what to make of this: it was so sudden; but while I was waiting, expecting the burden to return—but of course it did not—I thought I could see the Saviour sitting at the right hand of God, and immediately I had faith to trust Him.

I was led to the Word of God, a book which though I knew much of it when younger, yet for years it had not been touched by me, save once or twice when I tried to reform, after having been troubled by those thoughts of an hereafter. I opened it, and my eyes fell upon Isaiah lx. 1, which says, "Arise, shine, thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." I was struck with these words, for they were applied to my mind with power, and they were a source of comfort to me. I must here inform the reader that the plan of salvation never entered my mind, but I had received the witness of it by my burden being removed. How I rejoiced and shouted for joy, when I felt the burden gone; and well do I remember the new hopes and new desires which filled my mind, and how I went for a long walk, and poured out my soul in gratitude to Him, who had dealt so kindly with me. A

transformation had taken place, and I had no one to thank but God. Glory be to His most Holy Name!

Having pointed out how I was converted to God, I would add a few remarks in conclusion by way of encouragement to believers, to put their whole confidence and trust in God their Father ; though since my conversion (which is several years ago) I have been tried greatly by the devil, the world, and the flesh, yet can say Jesus is the same to-day as He was then,

“Ever present truest Friend,
Always near His aid to lend.”

I have been led by His Spirit through some dark time, yet all things have worked for my good. Look not to man for help, for vain is the help of man. If my salvation had depended upon man's assistance I should have been lost ; but now I am saved, saved for ever ! But should these lines fall into the hands of one who is unsaved, let him learn that he is under the wrath of God, and it will abide on him if he does not become acquainted with my Saviour.

R. F.

ANSWERING FOR MY MASTER.



SEVERAL years ago, it pleased God to visit the village of W—— with a time of blessing, during which many souls were saved, and Evangelistic services held in a little chapel were much blest.

On the evening of the last meeting, I was about to leave the chapel, when I observed a young woman sitting in a pew, with her head on the book-board, not seeming to be aware that almost all others had gone.

I went to her and asked the cause of her apparent distress, and as she lifted her head for a moment, I could see the traces of deep anxiety, almost despair, as she said,

“I have been seeking the Lord for a long time, and have come to all the meetings, hoping that I might get peace to my soul; but others have found peace, and gone away rejoicing, while I am going away once again, disappointed,” and she added “I fear Christ does not care for me, I am such a sinner. I don't know what to do.” Then she laid her face down on her hands and wept again.

I asked her name ; she said it was Annie S——, then I asked where she resided, and she told me.

“ Annie,” I said, “ do you believe me, when I tell you I know where you live ? ”

“ Oh yes,” she replied, “ and if I offered to take you home, this dark night, could you trust me to do so ? ”

“ Certainly,” she replied.

“ Could you shut your eyes, and trust me, if I offered to take you by the hand, and promised to lead you home ? ”

“ Oh yes,” she said, scarcely able to repress a smile through her tears, at my odd questions.

“ Well, Annie, I continued, you wish to get to heaven ; you do not know the way, all is dark, and I could not guide you, although I would most willingly, but do you think Jesus knows the way ? ”

“ Oh yes,” she replied.

“ If He were here to-night,” I said, “ and held out His hand to you, saying, ‘ Annie, I will lead you home to God, I know the way although all is dark to you,’ could you shut your eyes and trust Him ? If He said, ‘ Give me your hand and trust me altogether,’ what would you do ? ”

“ Oh,” she said, “ I would give Him my hand and my heart too.”

"That'll do," I said, "Annie, dry up your tears, and go home rejoicing; leave all to Him."

"But have I nothing to do," she asked.

"No," I said, "Annie, nothing to do, only to *trust*; and He is here now. He heard you say you would give Him your hand and heart, and I know Him well. He saves all who trust Him as you have done now, and I am mistaken if He has not even already set the angels rejoicing over you, because you have put your trust in Him as your Saviour and your Friend."

"Oh," she said, "it is easy to trust Him if that be all. He is well worthy of that, but I thought I had something to do or something to get."

"That's your mistake, Annie," I replied, "you have to do much after you have believed in Jesus, for you have to praise and thank Him for ever, and to get more than I can tell you, for all things are yours, but God requires nothing from a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner, full of enmity to Him, but to believe or trust in His only begotten and well beloved Son, and thus to be saved and get life everlasting."

"So Annie," I added, "as eternity will be too short to utter all His praise, you had better begin to-night to thank Him as your loving Saviour, as the Son of God who hath given Himself for you. Good night, Annie," I said,

“ I shall answer for my Master taking the hand and heart you have given Him so willingly. He will guide you all the way, and love you to the end. You have put yourself in His hand, and none can pluck you out of it ; good night.”

Two years had passed, and 600 miles had long separated me from that village, when one morning, I found a letter on my desk, addressed by an unknown hand. On opening the envelope, I found it was from Annie S——, and on reading it I learned that she had been very ill ; indeed, was then supposed to be dying, but could not restrain herself, weak though she was, from writing to me, to tell me that my Master for whom I had answered, had proved to her more than she could have desired, that from that evening her heart had been His, and His hand had led her safely along, and now on the bed of death she feared no evil, for He was with her, His rod and staff comforting her, and this letter was intended to gladden my heart, she knew it would.

Thus simply, and in less time than I have taken to write this incident, God brought a soul out of darkness into light, a light which never faded, but kept increasing until it made the eveningtide of her life a bright one.

Have you, my reader, long walked in darkness, and wondered what you had to do ; have you

gone hither and thither seeking rest but finding none? Cease your doing, Jesus alone can save, and He does it perfectly, completely, His work is perfect; if you try to do anything you spoil all, God will not have the work of Christ made light of, for He has made much of it, and if you honour the Son, the Father will honour you; if you trust Jesus and His finished work, God immediately joyfully receives you, puts on you the best robe, accepts you in the Beloved, and having justified you, will assuredly also glorify you together with Christ.

Jesus is near you now, and asks you, "Will you trust Me, and leave all for Me to do?" Does your heart reply from its depths, "Yes, Lord, I will?" Then let me answer again for my Master, and say to you as I said to Annie—"Fear not, for He is able to keep you and all that you commit to His trust. God has laid help on One who is mighty to save to the uttermost, and to carry you right through, keeping you from falling by the way, and presenting you in the glory at length. All this He does with exceeding joy."

Do not rob Him of this joy.

"Jesus, my Lord, I know His name,
His name is all my boast,
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Or let my hope be lost.

I know that safe with Him remains
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust
Till the decisive hour."

J. S.

TWO IMPORTANT EVENTS.

READER, an important event happened to you, it may be twenty, thirty, or more years ago; I say an important event, whoever you may be, rich or poor, heir to the proudest name the world can give, or to the humblest lot in life—you were born! This event can truly be called important, for it is to you pregnant with the most momentous consequences, compared with which the rise and fall of empires are as nothing. Reader; another important event will happen to you. You will die! It may be the Lord will come first, and then believers will be caught up to meet Him in the air, as we are told in 1 Cor. xv. We (*i.e.*, believers), shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

But this does not alter the fact that if you are unsaved when this blessed event takes place, the day will come when you must die; the time may be long or short, but come it will, whether years roll over your head, or only days. And after death—what? Annihilation? No. Hear what God says: “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.”

Let me, then, earnestly ask you a plain question. What would be your condition should either of the two events we have been speaking of happen—as happen they may at any moment? Are you trying to get salvation by endeavouring to keep the law? God says “that it is evident that no man is justified by the law in his sight” (Gal. iii 11). And we find in Luke x. that, in order to be saved by keeping the law, it is necessary that “thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.” Can any man that ever lived say he has done this? And remember that if you have failed only once in your life, instead of every day, and every hour of the day, you are condemned under the law, “For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend *in one point*, he is guilty of ALL” (Jas. ii. 5-10). Paul,

who in his natural state could say, "As touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless," when on his way to Damascus, the light shone upon him—a light brighter than the noonday sun—and the voice from heaven revealed to him what he really was in God's sight. Paul, I say, was then compelled to own himself the chief of sinners, and affirmed by divine inspiration that "by the works of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

No; though the law is holy, just, and good, our nature is so utterly bad, that we cannot be justified by the works of the law. Oh! what a mercy to know that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and that now "we are not under law, but under grace." But perhaps you say you are better than your neighbours, you are not a drunkard or a thief, in fact, you are depending for salvation on your own righteousness, but God condemns those who are going about to establish their own righteousness, calling it "filthy rags," and furthermore says, "There is none righteous, no not one." We find Job—before he had seen God, or knew himself—declare, "I put on righteousness, and it clothed me," but when God is manifested to

his soul, he learns what he is, owning himself to be vile, and cries, "I abhor myself in dust and ashes." Job, of whom we read, "he was perfect and upright," could not come before God, on account of his own righteousness. Neither could Paul, for what does he say? "That I may win Christ, and be found in him, *not having my own righteousness*, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (Phil. iii. 8, 9). Do you ask if you can neither be saved by the law, nor by your own works of righteousness. What must you, then, do to be saved? I answer, God in His infinite mercy has made it plain in His holy Word, so plain, that the most ignorant who come on the ground of being lost and ruined sinners, without strength, and dead in trespasses and sins, may learn; for it is to such that the words of our blessed Lord are addressed, "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 v. 24).

I beseech you, therefore, if you are not already sheltered by the precious blood of Christ from the wrath to come, to take God at His word, and believe on

the Lord Jesus Christ who came down to earth to bear our sins on Calvary's cross, and is gone back to heaven to prepare a place for those who believe. But remember that He who tells us that he "who believes on the Son hath everlasting life," also tell us the solemn truth, "that he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.) What an awful thought, to have the wrath of God abiding on us! To-day, then, ere it be too late, receive the message of grace by faith, and then instead of the *wrath of God*, you will have *peace with God*—instead of a *certain fearful looking for of judgment*, you will have *boldness in the day of judgment*—instead of having *no hope* beyond the mutability of this vain world's glory, you will have the *certain hope* of the immutability of God's glory. And lastly, whatever may be the changes that the fleeting years may bring, you will be able to look forward to that bright day when

"Cloudless morning shines,"

and the sorrows of time give place to the joys of eternity.

H. M. D. P.

THE LAST NIGHT.



HE last night ! ” To hundreds this will be literally and positively the last night of their earthly existence. The sun that rose this morning has passed the meridian. It will soon sink in the west, and darkness will pervade the hemisphere.

In the chamber of sickness, a neglected lamp throws its feeble rays on the sunken and pallid features of a dying mortal. The silence of the scene is broken only by his low moanings of debility and distress, mingled with the sobs of a sorrowing family—the sad communings of a mutual and admitted helplessness. It is his last night. The sun will rise again, but not for him. The world will be gay and gladsome; mirth and music will draw together their votaries; but the grave will be his dwelling-place—corruption and the worm his companions.

The last night is dark and desolate, if the kind Saviour sheds not the light of His smile upon the soul; but where He cheers—a trust

ful Friend in that trying hour—even the night is light about the dying bed.

Mrs. — was a young woman of amiable disposition. Her family were nominally connected with a Christian congregation, and with them she attended on the public worship of God. She became a mother, and for a few days rejoiced in the consciousness of danger passed, and of a new and tender affection implanted in her heart. But symptoms alarming to her medical attendant appeared. He expressed his fears to husband and parents, but they waived the intimation, and strove to sustain their own hopes and to rally her drooping frame.

But their perplexity and distress did not escape her notice. Like a flash of lightning, the conviction burst upon her mind that she was going to die. For a moment it paralysed every power, and then her pale cheek grew flushed and her languid eye sparkling, and her voice, that had spoken in soft whispers, became strong. Her speech too was at times loud and resolute in expressions of determination not to die; and at times plaintive and touching in appeals to her loved ones to save her from approaching death. *But it was her last night.* What shrieks, what tears, what prayers there were during those hours in that cham-

ber of anguish, need not be recounted. In the morning, all was still ; the voice was hushed ; the fair round cheek was cold and rigid. She was dead.

I knew a young man who, though not more than nineteen years of age, had long been a cheerful and efficient helper to his widowed mother. He fell into a declining condition of health. Hopes and fears had their usual alternations in the minds of his friends. He himself was convinced that death was approaching. It was not a painful conviction, except on account of his mother and sisters ; for his soul was stayed on Christ. Calling to see him on a Lord's day evening, he extended his hand, and in a solemn manner said,

"Dear sir, I am near my journey's end ; this is my last night." So it proved. Before morning he fell asleep in Jesus, full of trust, full of hope, full of peace and joy. It was his LAST NIGHT ; but a day was at hand for him, brighter than the sun can make—a day of heavenly glory.

Reader, if this should be *your last night* on earth, where would you spend eternity ?

Hear the word of the Lord, "As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment : so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." (Heb. ix. 27, 28.) † † †

“ RISE ! THE SAVIOUR CALLETH
THEE.”

“ Come unto me.”—Matt. xi.

SLUMBERERS in enchanted bowers,
Rise ! the Saviour calleth you ;
Waste no more the precious hours,
Wake to love so pure and true.

Dire destruction is before you,
If you still refuse His call :
But a home of radiant glory
If you now before Him fall.

Why, O why, be still delaying ?
Surely life's a noble prize,
Ye in paths of folly straying,
Turn to Jesus and be wise.

Turn to Jesus ; He will save you,
His is an almighty power ;
Turn to Jesus ; He'll receive you,
He is willing—turn this hour !

Turn to Jesus ; *turn or perish !*
He has waited long for you ;
Thoughts of self no longer cherish,
Jesus only keep in view.

Turn to Jesus ; start for glory !
Leave, O leave the world behind,
Then proclaim the blessed story,
“ Jesus came the lost to find.”

A. M.

THE GRACE OF GOD.



OLD WILLIE, the besom maker, had been a farm labourer, but old age had come upon him, and he was no longer able to plough and sow, to reap and thresh; for his poor old legs were too stiff even to keep up with the horses in the field, and his bent arms, once so "strong to labour," could handle the flail no more. He was, therefore, turned off like a worn-out horse on a common, to pick up a livelihood as he best could—the fate of most farm labourers if they live to "a *good* old age," as people say (in spite of the word which saith, "Then is their strength but labour and sorrow"), and if they die early and out of Christ—what then? Whether they live or die, therefore, if they are ignorant of Him, their condition is pitiable.

To live to be cast off, and left to perish! To die and "after this the judgment," which would my reader choose? Choose rather to be *saved*, and that at once, for "thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," and then, *safe* for time and for eternity, you will have nothing to fear, whether you live on or die early.

But Old Willie had not made that choice.

If he had ever heard the Gospel, he had paid no heed to it, and hence his "strength was but labour and sorrow." He had a son, however, named Matthew, a young labourer, as he himself had been ; and Matthew did what he could for his old father out of his scanty earnings. Still that was but little, and hence poor Old Willie had to cut brooms as he best might, and having made it into besoms, he went trudging slowly and laboriously about the country to "earn a penny" where he could.

"Misfortunes" are said "never to come singly," and poor Willie had not long been cast off by his old master when his son Matthew was taken ill. Three young Christian men, hearing of it, came to see him in order to read the Word and put the Gospel of the grace of God before him, and it was then that Old Willie found out, for the first time in his life, that there is such a thing on the earth as *grace*, grace that cares both for body and soul.

I have often wondered what the poor world would do without "the grace of God." But for that grace there would assuredly be none to care for the wretched, the helpless, the destitute—even as to *this* world's sorrows—much less as to that which is to come. The worldling may mock at "the saints," as he calls them, derisively, but let him come into poverty, distress and

trouble, and who but they will care for him then ?

Well, Matthew's visitors showed him how that " Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," that He went to the cross ; and there " He who knew no sin " endured the whole wrath of God against it, bowed His holy head beneath the stroke of judgment, and with His dying breath declared to all who will believe Him, " It is finished."

Old Willie sat beside his poor son's death-bed and listened. To him it was all new, and as marvellous as new, and he drank in every word.

How earnestly his visitors spoke of the love of God in glory, " His only begotten Son," " delivering Him up for us all," " the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God ! " How solemnly they read with tears in their eyes the dread sufferings of Christ in Matthew xxvii., and reminded their hearers that it was *for us* He suffered thus !

That solemn cry, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " rang in his ears all night ; and when his young visitors came again next evening, as soon as their work was done, (but for " the grace of God " they would have been in the tavern, or idling on the bridge, or gambling in the lanes), and read of the Good

Shepherd that giveth His life for the sheep, and how His sheep should never perish, neither should any pluck them out of His hand. Willie, who had had the care of sheep in his day, and knew what helpless silly things they are, and prone to wander, and unable to take any care of themselves, felt that *such* a Shepherd was just what he needed.

But his visitors showed from the Word of God that the sheep must be *washed*, and Old Willie knew the need of that, too, and had often helped in it on "sheep-washing" days; thus his attention was the closer, and when that precious Word was read, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool," poor Willie felt he could understand both the need and the possibility of it; and when, further, they showed that God hath said, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," Old Willie *believed, and was saved*.

Have you, my reader? Think of "the *grace* of God" that thus stoops to "reason" with *you*, that you too may be saved! Think of the *love* that gave the most precious gift He had—His only begotten Son. Think of the sufferings of Christ!

Old Willie did, and from the moment that he *believed God*, his whole heart was His. Whether poor Matthew received the Word was never known. He died; but his old father lived on—a monument of the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men; that brought salvation to him; and from that hour he was fond of saying in his quaint old way, “The lads came to see my son Matthew, but the Lord *catched me* that night, and He’ll *niver* let me go.”

From that day and forward his new Master took him up and cared for him, and although it was little he could do to serve Him, “the grace of God” took care of him, and he found that “Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.”

His little besom trade now became a means of spreading abroad the knowledge of Christ, for in going about to sell the produce of his labour, he had many opportunities of testifying for Him, which he never failed to do, and the burden of Old Willie’s story was ever “the grace of God” that “*catched me* that night, and will *niver* let me go.”

He is now “for ever with the Lord,” and his worn old body lies in the old churchyard

“Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

The feathery broom now grows and blossoms untouched by poor Old Willie's hand, but its golden summer glory is not so beautiful as the tale of grace he told—"THE GRACE OF GOD."
K.



THE DEVIL FOILED.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a seaman on board one of Her Majesty's ships in the Mediterranean was brought to Christ, and for a few days was very happy.

Very soon, however, his happiness was clouded over, he began to doubt and fear, and to think he was too bad to be saved. Of course thoughts like this come from the father of lies, for never yet was there any one too bad to be saved. In his trouble he went to an old seaman on board who knew the Lord, and asked what he should do. "Next time the devil bothers you," said the old man, "take out your Testament, and read him Ephesians ii." The next afternoon as the young seaman was at his work on the upper deck of the ship, the devil began assailing him

again, so he dropped his work, and went forward on the forecastle, where, sitting down on one of the gun carriages, he took out his Testament and began to read the second of Ephesians.

He commenced reading in a low tone to himself, but gradually his voice got louder, and soon all unconsciously he was reading aloud. Such an unusual occurrence soon attracted attention, the rest of the seamen on deck crowded round the reader, and listened most attentively, his evident earnestness claiming their interest.

As soon as the chapter was finished the young seaman said, as if addressing some one, "There, will that do for you?" He had read the chapter to silence the devil, and was addressing him.

A reply came from a very unexpected quarter "Yes, Bill, it will do for me," said a lad of sixteen or thereabouts, stepping forwards, and sure enough the "reading" of the Word had been blessed to him, and he had been "saved by grace through faith;" and when I last heard of him he was known as a child of God.

I do not know if the reading of the chapter had any effect on the rest of the men, but I do know that it "was enough" for the devil, for the young seaman never doubted his salvation

again. How could he when he believed it was *all* of grace through faith and all the *gift* of God?

Now, dear reader, I leave this chapter with you, read it carefully, note what it says about the blood of Christ, by which alone peace is made between God and the sinner.

Look again at the description God gives of you. *Nothing* could be worse, and it was *when* you were in that state God loved you, and brought salvation to you. I want you always to meet the devil with this.

He will tell you, you are very bad: just refer him to Ephesians ii. 1-3, and tell him to paint you blacker than that if he can. He will tell you, God can't love you: just read him verses 3-9. There is nothing like the Word of God to silence him.

And now, in conclusion, let me ask you to consider carefully verse 10. You see there are good works in which God hath ordained that we should walk, and see how they come *directly after* the verses that tell of salvation. This is God's way, dear reader. Salvation first of all, and then good works *because* you are saved.

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."

A.

SIX WORDS—OR SEVEN ?



WHAT a strange question—Six words—or seven? What does it mean? Read on, dear soul, and then see which of the two queries you are now able to endorse as your own experience.

During the last war with the Maoris, in New Zealand, an officer of the Royal Artillery, while leading his men into the bush, received a bullet wound in the lower part of his face, which shot away his lower jaw, and with it his tongue. He was picked up by some of his men, laid on a stretcher, and carried to the rear of the fighting line, where the surgeons awaited their wounded. But Captain M—— was beyond their help: he needed no doctor now; nor had he then to seek the Good Physician, for he had known Him for many years, and laboured for Him too—as several men in his battery could testify who had been led to Christ through the instrumentality of their captain.

His wife had got as near as she could be

allowed to the fighting, when the stretcher party bearing her beloved husband reached where she was, and they recognised each other. He motioned for writing materials, as power of speech was gone, owing to his poor jaw being smashed, and his tongue carried away. When writing materials were handed to him, he had just strength enough left to put down these six words, "PEACE, PEACE, DEEP AS A RIVER,"—and he was gone.

Do notice he had not then to try and make his peace with a Holy God. No, no, he knew peace *had been* made over 1,800 years ago by Jesus, God's dear Son, as it says in Col. i. 20, "Having made peace through the blood of His cross." Oh! that precious blood, which not only has made peace for all who believe, but which "cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i. 7). The "Peace, peace, deep as a river," this dear man enjoyed was not of his making, but of HIS, who "suffered the just for the unjust," that He might bring us to God. Hence, he could calmly write these *six* words, in the face of what, to the unsaved, is *death*, but is being to the believer put to sleep by Jesus.

Turn we now to another scene. Another is rendered speechless. This time it is not a bullet-wound in action, but a terrible disease, which

in time has closed the throat, and prevented any communication between the patient and those around but by writing, though breathing and feeding are sustained by artificial means through the skill of the surgeon.

This man, of whom I write, after being ill some time, one day suddenly motioned for writing materials, which upon being given he raised himself up in bed, wrote something, and fell back a corpse. What was the horror of the person with him on looking to see what he had written—the last dying effort of the patient, to plainly decipher just seven words—but what an awful sentence. Dear reader, mark it, for it is true. “*My soul will soon be in hell.*”

Now do you see the importance of the strange question at the head of this paper. Six words—or seven? Which would it have been with YOU had you been called away last night? For do let us bring things closely home to ourselves, and that at once. Though suddenly summoned by an accident, or after a lingering illness, would it have been, “Peace, peace, deep as a river,” or, “My soul will soon be in hell.” The six words, or the seven? The suddenness of the one did not for a moment disturb that peace, and the length of time the other laid ill did not alter his state, or fit and prepare


him to meet God ; though I know many think this, and put off caring for their soul's salvation, thinking they will be prepared by it. Not so. God's time is "*now*." God's day is "*to-day*." Do not, then, put it off, but closing with God's offer of mercy, believing what He says, learn that "All is done." "It is finished." And then, come what may, sudden or lingering, it will be with you, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

S. V. H.



THE DYING GIPSY.

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—(Luke xix. 10).

 FEW years ago, a company of gipsies were carrying on their trade, and their depredations too, in the neighbourhood of the town of N—— (I. of W.), and had rather suddenly taken their departure, thinking, perhaps, it was unsafe to remain longer. Be that as it may, they did not wait for one of their number, who was too

ill to travel, but heartlessly left her behind, in a low lodging-house in the town.

Here she was found by a young christian, who was visiting the poor in that locality. The poor woman's condition was wretched in the extreme—forsaken by her own people, perhaps by her own children, sick and dying—she was left to the mercy of strangers; but the God of mercy had His eye upon her, and sent His child to seek her out. It was evident that her life was fast drawing to a close; and while caring to provide needed comfort for the poor body, Miss W. lost no time in seeking to save the soul. She spoke to her of Jesus; but she had *never heard His Name*, and she knew not her need of a Saviour. She had heard of *God*; but of Him her ideas were altogether vague.

She was ignorant and dark as any poor heathen; but her visitor knew that the entrance of God's word giveth light; that "the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" so, looking to the Lord for His Spirit's guidance, she read to her of Jesus, in His life "going about doing good," and of His sufferings and death. The poor, sick one's attention was arrested; she seemed to admire the kindness and love of Him whose ear was ever open to the voice of suffering and the cry of need, and whose hand was ever

ready to heal and help. She was moved with indignation, too, at the recital of His treatment by man. The next time Miss W. called, the poor woman eagerly asked her to tell her "some more about that good gentleman" of whom she had read last time. In vain did her christian friend put before her that Jesus was the Son of God, who "was made flesh, and dwelt among us." In vain (it seemed), did she explain that His sufferings and death were for our sins. She was confused and distressed, though deeply interested, for she now saw something of her need as a sinner, but she could not understand how Jesus could be *God* as well as man, nor how His precious blood could cleanse her from sin.

To open the blind eyes, to turn from darkness to light, is the work of God ; and confiding in His almighty power and boundless compassion, Miss W. left her. When she called again, the stamp of death was on the poor gipsy's face, and she appeared unconscious ; but presently she lifted up her hands and eyes heavenwards, and pronounced with emphasis the blessed words : "*Lord Jesus !*" She said no more, and her visitor, remembering the word, "No man can call Jesus *Lord*, but by the Holy Ghost," gave thanks to God, who had so graciously drawn this poor wanderer to His

beloved Son. With Him she now rests, until He comes to make a display of the riches of His grace in untold hosts of such redeemed ones, washed, sanctified, glorified, while many who (unlike this poor gipsy), have, from their earliest infancy, heard the name of Jesus, and have been again and again entreated to come to Him, will be *shut out* from that glorious company. Why? Oh! my reader, lay it to heart. "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Once more is the gracious invitation sounded in your ears: "Come unto me." Once more are you reminded that "*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

C. P.

FRAGMENT.—Man may withdraw himself from the presence of God while grace lasts, but he cannot when God will judge him. Satan will help you to hide; your best friends will help you also to keep away from the presence of God, to forget and deny it; but this will certainly not go beyond the time of grace which is granted you. Therefore, while it is called to-day, if you hear His voice, harden not your heart.

J. N. D.

“JESUS HAS DONE IT ALL: I HAD TO BELIEVE IT.”



It was during the summer of 1875 that my sister and I were asked to visit a sick girl. We found her in bed, suffering much pain.

“I have been afflicted fourteen years,” she said, “and gradually, I feel, getting worse.”

“And are you prepared to leave this world?”

“Oh! no,” she replied, “I wish I were; if I could only feel I was saved I should be so glad, but I have a weight *here*,” pressing her hand to her heart, “I wish that was gone. I do pray, and I have a praying father, and I feel I want to repent.”

“Can you listen to me whilst I give you a little illustration?” I asked. “If I had a shilling in my hand, and offered it to you as a gift, would you *feel* it before you took it?”

“Certainly not,” she replied.

“That is what God is doing. He is offering you Jesus; before you feel that you have Him you must receive Him into your heart.”

“But I am so wicked,” she repeated.

"You are just the one Jesus came to save: 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;' 'They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.'" I read the third chapter of John's Gospel, directing her attention to verse 16, and going back to the serpent-bitten Israelites (Numb. xxi.), pointed out to her how they were healed by looking at the brazen serpent, to all of which she listened with great attention. Having asked the Lord to open her heart and enable her to look to Jesus, we took our leave, trusting He would bless our visit.

We called several times, and at last were rejoiced to know that light had broken in upon her soul. I now frequently went to see her alone, and often read and prayed with her. At times she would appear to be tempted by Satan with all sorts of doubts and fears. The Lord's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Unusually impressed with the solemnity of a soul between life and death, and feeling fully persuaded that the Lord would not leave her, I took courage, for He says, "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." Soon I heard how happy she was; and on entering the room her face brightened up, and she said—

"I was wishing to see you, to tell you how

happy I am ; the very night after you left I was in great distress, and felt there could be no mercy for me, but I pleaded earnestly that Jesus would show Himself to me and teach me how to believe. He answered my prayer, and now I am happy. I could not wait until morning before telling my father of the joy I knew now was my own, so I called up my parents, who rejoiced with me."

"And are you now quite prepared to die?"


"Oh! yes;" she replied, "I shall go to be with Jesus."

We thanked the Lord together for revealing Himself to her, and sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." It was sweet to see how she tried to point out the way of salvation to an old lady who visited her. She was not satisfied with knowing herself safe in Christ, but wished to point others to Him who had done so great things for her. The next time I visited her I found her much weaker, and, in answer to my question, she said—

"The Lord is very good. He will never leave nor forsake us, even in our greatest weakness. I often think of what Jesus suffered for me, and it makes me patient." But, after all, she did not die, for it pleased the Lord to spare her life, and she now bears testimony of His great love to her.

E. R.

“JUSTIFIED.”

 TELL you, this man went down to his house justified." Luke xviii. 14. Who spake these words? Jesus. Of whom did He thus speak? Of a poor publican. Despised by those who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others. Classified with sinners—those openly so—and known as sinners, in the city, town, and village. Poor man! Many may have thought, and even said, "There is no hope for him in God." But it is written, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon: for my thoughts are not your thoughts: neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Blessed be God! He despises none. Grace looks on them, in whom no merits

dwell. It sees them lost, and meets them as they are. Grace knows, and needs no handmaid—no lever to raise the objects on which it lavishes its blessings. “By grace are ye saved,” Scripture states, and states again. “For the grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men.” Here is another scripture statement: “Grace of God bringeth salvation.” It must be true; “for scripture cannot be broken.” “Saved by grace.” How joyful the sound! Yes,

“Grace is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears,
When conscience charged, and justice frowned,
'Twas grace removed our fears.”

Dear reader, has grace met your case. You have heard that salvation is “not of works lest any man should boast.” “Ye are saved by grace.” Do you know that joyful sound? I repeat the question. Let it search your conscience. Do you know the grace of God in truth? Thank God if you do.

But the question was, Is there any hope for this publican—the sinner? Yes, is the only answer that can be given. There is hope for the hopeless. “Without hope,” is your condition, if you are Christless. But there is hope for you. Christ Jesus is the Saviour of those who are without a Saviour. “It is a

faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

Now, let us look at the movements of this man—the publican: for each one is brimful of meaning. We read he “went up to the temple to pray.” God is in his thoughts now. He turns to God who abundantly pardons. He may have been a God-forgetter in the past. (Are you, reader?) But he remembers God now, because he has come to himself. Like the spendthrift in the 15th of Luke, he had sown to the flesh, and he reaps a plentiful crop of misery, hunger, and filth. When he came to himself, he thought about his father’s home. His thoughts led to words, and his words ended in action. “He struck the iron while it was hot,” and left the scene of his starvation and misery for his father’s house—the place of joy and plenty. At last, he learns a father’s grace in a father’s kiss; a father’s love in a father’s home—at a father’s table. He hears, to his own joy, a father’s joy in his salvation. Just like God, and the repentant and believing sinner. Received by God “according to the riches of his grace.” His need is met “according to God’s riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

Reader, you may have been a God-forgetter.

Have you a thought of God now. Make haste. Time is short. Jesus is the way to the Father. Believe in Him. It is written, "Ye are all the children of God *by faith* in Christ Jesus."

"He went up to the temple to pray."

"It is not thy tears of repentance, nor prayers,
But the BLOOD that atones for the soul."

Now, in virtue of the atoning blood, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Reader, how needful and all important to be saved. How simple—*call*! How certain—SHALL BE SAVED! How universal—WHOSOEVER!

"He stood afar off." Just where you are, reader, if you are out of Christ. But you may be made nigh. Christ is "preaching peace to them that are afar off." It is written of them who have believed through grace, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." This may be your portion NOW.

He knew his unfitness for the presence of a holy God. Do you know that you are, apart from Christ, unchangeably unfit for God's holy presence, and you are now everlastingly fit for the "everlasting burnings." Solemn statement! Weigh it well; because the human heart rejects the truth, that man is fit for hell.

"Would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven." He knew he had no claim on, nor, any title to heaven. Neither did he, as he was, entertain the thought of being there. How could he lift up his eyes unto heaven? What was heaven to him, a sinner? Nothing. He knew it, too; for "he would not so much as lift up his eyes unto heaven." But God could and did look down from heaven upon him. What a mercy. If we cannot look up unto heaven, because of sin and guilt, God can, in grace, look down. If we, in consciousness of, and sorrow for guilt, and in shame cannot lift up our eyes to heaven, God can and does with joy, look down; for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." If we have no claim to anything—and we have none—God delights to give us everything His love can give.

"But smote upon his breast." Self condemnation, remorse, shame, and sorrow, are the characteristics of a truly awakened sin convicted sinner. Do you know, dear reader, what it is to be before God self-condemned? All the past upbraiding, the present condemning, the future terrifying? Grace is your refuge.

Observe, now, his prayer. What does he pray for?" God be merciful to me a sinner."

Mercy, mercy alone, is what the penitent one asks for before God. Just what he needed. Just what God delights in, and He can show it. This poor man cried, and the Lord in His great mercy heard.

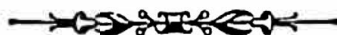
“ Nothing but MERCY will do for me,
Nothing but MERCY—full and free :
Of sinners chief—what but the BLOOD
Could calm my soul before my God.”

“ To me,” he says, not us. His need is desperate. His cry is a heart cry. “ A sinner,” or “ the sinner,” he adds. He covers not his sins, nor does he seek to shelter himself behind excuses. A sinner he owns himself to be ; the sinner, the chief. Oh, how real he was ! God heard. God answered, justified, and saved. Therefore Jesus says, “ I tell you, this man went down to his house justified.” Happy man ; for, “ Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin ” (Rom. iv. 7, 8).

Reader, is that blessedness yours ? The thought may sometimes rise that this blessedness is but for a favoured few. It is written, “ The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him ” (Rom. x. 12). Why hesitate ? Why delay ? Mercy is free to ALL. Come now. Believe on Him who justifieth the un-

godly, and your faith shall be counted for righteousness (Rom. iv. 5).

Reader, What are you? A justified one, or, a condemned one? Do you say, "How am I to know my state?" Let Jesus tell you what it is. "He that believeth on him (God's Son) is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18). Oh, hear His word now, and live. It is not heard in hell. G. L.



THE HYPOCRITE'S HOPE SHALL PERISH.

Job viii. 3.

"By many a deathbed I have been—
And witnessed many a parting scene
But never one like this!"



REQUESTED by a young friend, I called to see a sick woman, and found her with a Bible on her bed, and various tracts and leaflets lying near her. I saw they were beautiful hymns for believers, not one setting forth the simple gospel for lost sinners.

She told me that she did not expect to re-

cover; the doctor had said her case was hopeless, and she had been dismissed from the infirmary as incurable.

"And what about your soul? Is that safe?"

"Oh, I am not afraid to die;" she said lightly.

"But *after death* the judgment! How will you meet that?" She was silent.

"Do you not know that you are a *sinner* and that God is *holy*? How can you stand before Him?"

"Oh, I am not afraid, she answered; and taking up a hymn that lay on her bed, entitled, "Himself hath done it," she told me some kind ladies brought her those beautiful papers to comfort her.

I endeavoured to put before her something of what sin is in the sight of God—something of what it cost the Son of God to atone for it—His agony, and death on the cross! She knew it all—she knew, "of course we are all sinners," and "of course Christ died for sinners," she was not so bad as many others, and she had no fear but that all would be right in the end. With an aching heart, I left her; and when next I called, she seemed bent upon preventing any appeal to her conscience, by talking of her beautiful books; and how she had been enjoying them, and how she had been praying, &c., &c.

I tried to speak plainly to her, but had no

liberty, for I felt that she was wilfully closing her eyes and ears, and hardening her heart.

Once more I saw her, but she was "very sleepy," her "head ached," and she "wanted rest." I left her, and went downstairs, where I saw the woman who nursed her, and speaking to her a little about her charge, I asked, why she always left the room when I came.

"Oh," she said, "Mrs —— does not like me to stay; and, indeed, I don't wish to, for I can't bear to hear her talk religion to the ladies who come, she's so different behind their backs."

About a week after this, a sudden change in the sick woman's symptoms, induced her nurse to summon the doctor. Looking on her seriously—he said, "I can do nothing, she is dying!" Then the disguise fell off. In agony of mind she implored a neighbour, to send for a clergyman. But by the time he arrived, her distress had increased to terror; and she shrieked wildly, "Is there no hope? Oh! save me, save me." The clergyman tried to soothe her, but the terrified woman tossed herself on the bed, and screaming frightfully declared that the devil had come to take her away—she could see him at the foot of her bed!

The clergyman fled in horror from the scene, while the two women tried to hold the poor creature still, and calm her; but their efforts

were useless ; with another fearful shriek, she tore herself from their arms, fell back, and expired ! Surely the witnesses of that sight could never forget it.

Reader, this is a true story ! Will you lay down this book, and try to forget it ?

Where are you ? Are you *professing* the name of Christ without possessing Him as your Saviour ? Take warning, I beseech you. Lay aside your empty profession, and come to Jesus, as a guilty hell-deserving sinner. There is mercy for such—pardon, cleansing, and eternal life, for all who come just as they are, with nothing to plead but their own misery and guilt, and the precious assurance of the Lord Jesus, “ Him that cometh I will *in no wise* cast out.

The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth such from all sin, and the door is open now that “ whosoever will ” may come ; but the day is near, and *how near* none can tell, when the door will be “ *shut !* ” And then many will cry in vain : “ Lord, Lord open to us,” and the only response will be, “ I never knew you,”—Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity ! ”

P.



THE LOST !



HE old man was sitting in a chair when his visitor (sent for by his own desire) entered the room. He was a man of some means, being the owner of a large court, chiefly inhabited by Irish, adjoining the house he lived in, the side door and window of which opened into it, so that he could keep an eye on his tenants. There were no back windows to any of the houses, no means of entrance or of egress but one narrow passage which passed his window, and opened into the street beside his own front door, so that no tenant had any chance of making a "moonlight flit;" and he had no mercy on those who did not pay week by week, but simply seized their goods and turned them out.

His wife conducted a chandler's shop, and he expected all his tenants to deal there. He was over seventy years of age, and had been for many years addicted to gin drinking. When disposed to be facetious, he had been known to stand at his shop door with a jug and an ale glass in his hand, and beckoning some

passer-by across the narrow street, would inquire whether he liked gin? On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he would fill the glass (holding, perhaps, two-thirds of half-a-pint) and, drinking it off, would tell his disappointed observer, with a derisive grin, to go and do likewise if he was fond of it! In this way he sometimes ran no little risk of ill-usage, but as his Irish tenants were always at hand, and knew he could reward them for their assistance, few had the temerity to quarrel with him. In short, he was the suzerain of all who lived in his own court, and his authority extended even further amongst the poor, on account of their too frequent need of credit at the shop in the hard winter. But woe to those who did not pay at last! He was as bitter as he was covetous, and knew no pity. He had never known want himself, had reigned supreme in his own locality, had "lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton," but now he was dying—yes, dying in his chair!

There was no organic disease; he had had an iron constitution, as hard as his own heart, and might have lived another ten years possibly, or even more, but long continued, habitual dissipation had shattered his iron strength, and he was now breaking up. He had passed a fearful night from delirium tremens, and it

was this that had induced him to send for the visitor.

“ Well, Mr. K.,” said the latter, “ why have you sent for me ? ”

“ Why, I’m not very well,” said the old man with a whine, “ and I thought I should like to have a talk with you.”

That he was in any danger he was not going to believe. He had had himself dressed and put into his accustomed chair that he might cheat himself into the belief that there was nothing seriously the matter, only he was “ not very well,” that was all.

Ah, dear reader, it is an awful thing for a sinner to face death, and the judgment after death, with his eyes wide open to what is coming, yet with his heart so hardened by iniquity that the very judgment he shudders to contemplate cannot bring him to repentance.

That his own conscience convicted him of being a sinner, a grievous sinner, an habitual sinner, a sinner for many a long year, day and night, pitiless, vengeful, covetous, dissipated he well knew. There was no need to tell him that hell was before him, it was his congenial sphere—even heaven would have been a hell to him, for if there was one thing he abhorred more than another, it was holiness, and if he hated any one most intensely it was God’s

Christ! Oh; yes, he was a sinner, an old sinner, his conscience told him so; and though he might try to frame excuses, his heart failed him in the very attempt.

But it is one thing for a man to know that he is wicked by the light of his own conscience, and quite another thing to learn it *in the presence of God*. The woman of Samaria knew she was wicked full well, so much so that she was ashamed to meet her neighbours, but it was not until she found herself in God's presence that she knew what it was to be a sinner in the divine sense. In God's presence this old man had never been, nor did he mean to be if he could help it even now. All he wanted, if he could have it, was "religious consolation." *That* he did not get, for his visitor knew of no consolation out of Christ, and when he set *Him* before him from the Word, the perspiration stood in great beads on the old man's forehead! He would have blasphemed if he had dared, but a horrible dread was upon him, and he kept silence.

His visitor spoke of the love of God, in the gift of Christ; of His death for sinners on the cross, and how Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, said, "It is finished, and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost." He showed him from the Scriptures that faith

in this one word, "It is finished," would suffice to save his soul; for that Christ, once "delivered for our offences, was raised again for our justification"—that he had only to take Him at His word to be saved at once and for ever.

As he thus spake the old man snatched convulsively at a glass that stood at his elbow, and with quivering hand dipped it into a small open keg which lay on the ground beside his chair, and which his visitor supposed contained water to allay his feverish thirst. Again and again, some three or four times, did he repeat the act, until the agitation of the fluid betrayed its real nature to the sense of smell. It was gin, raw, strong gin, with which the wretched man was seeking to quench the flame of torment which the very Name of Jesus roused in his rebellious heart. Yet the "universalist" professes to believe that the damned can and will come to Christ at last!

"A certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation" was full before this aged sinner; like Felix of old he trembled, but like him, steeped in wickedness he would not, he could not, "repent toward God," nor how could He be his Object when he hated Him and wanted to be saved *from* Him not *to* Him, if there were any way? And if not, he would try to drown the very thought of Him in gin! How

many of the poor and needy, the widows and the fatherless, the helpless and the destitute. he had oppressed—triumphing in it that he might drink their very life-blood in the form of gin, and mock them as he did so—God alone knew. His career of lawless wickedness was now closing; his sins open and manifest to all had gone before to judgment, and that judgment already threw its lurid light around him even here, yet *that* could not bring him to “repentance toward God,” much less give him “faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ,” who alone could save him; and if not to such a man here on earth, how can the lost in the abyss of doom eternal, ever know either the one or the other? The Word he abhorred; God and His blessed Christ he hated; how, then, could he be saved? The Word, by the Spirit’s power, must bring the sinner, if at all, into the presence of God, where alone he can learn his need of a Saviour, and find Him. “It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God.” Does He teach in the abyss? Is His Word there?

On the following day the visitor went again to see the old man. He was on his bed now—he could put off death no longer. He had tried to shut out God and His Christ, and most fearfully had he succeeded. He had thought to find in gin the waters of Lethe,

but instead of that, the very flames of hell (so he said), surrounded him. Delirium tremens, with all its horrors, had come on again; and no wonder, for he had been drinking deeply, desperately, from the moment that his visitor left him until his brain was fired, and he, carried shrieking to his bed, declared that he saw the flame "that never shall be quenched," and felt that an irresistible power was hurrying him into it! He called aloud for help, but he called not on Jesus. Like the rich man in Hades, he called to man for the mercy he had never shown, but he appealed not to God. He writhed in such anguish as the forever lost alone can know. He clutched the bed-clothes and fought and struggled with the awful shadows which a guilty conscience raised before a frenzied brain; but never once, not even in his ravings, did he name the Name of the Lord.

What opportunities he may have had in the past, how oft he had "done despite to the Spirit of grace," how oft "blasphemed that worthy Name by which we (believers only) are called," God alone knew; he died as he had lived, steeped in wickedness, his dying senses maddened by the idol for the sake of which he had sacrificed the poor and the needy, and his own body, soul, and spirit! In his last

dread agony he seized his wife's arm with a grip so terrible that, old and feeble though he was, the marks remained for weeks afterwards, so desperate was his last fierce effort to hold back from the abyss that yawned to receive him.

Dear reader, this is no fiction. The writer saw it all. May it have due weight with you if you are ignorant of Christ. The abyss is not only for the openly vicious and profane, but for all who reject Christ; and as to the dream of the universalist, though it may soothe his pillow while he dreams, it will not save him from hell nor out of it when he awakes to the solemn realities of the Divine attributes, and the awful condition of THE LOST!

J.L.K.

“HOW CAN I BE QUITE SURE?”



THESE words were spoken by a sweet, fragile, delicate girl who lay on a couch, suffering from spinal disease. She had lain long; indeed, she lay always thus; the little bed or couch, for it was both, being lifted from room to room, or into the garden, as she wished; and although she saw other children romping and merry around

her, and she had never known a romp, yet she was always sweetly happy, always content; her tiny fingers constantly at work, and her active mind at work as well.

Everybody loved her because she loved everybody. All who knew her, took an interest in that little invalid; few that called had not a little gift, or at least a kind cheering word, for one, who had such a weary time, and such a weakly frame. Years had passed, almost all the years of her short life on earth had slipped away, on the day I allude to. I sat by the side of her couch, and, I doubt not, it was the thought that she might very soon have to leave this world, that prompted her to ask the question—

"How can I be quite sure?"

I knew what she meant, for I had often spoken to her of the bright home above, to which the Lord was gathering His blood-washed and blood-bought little ones. While she was tolerably well, and while all went smoothly, the foundation of her hope had not been so much looked at, but now she was very feeble indeed; her hands could no longer hold the needle or the book; and she felt that her strength was fast decaying. This doubtless led her to think more of what her security was, of how she could be quite sure that the couch

would give place to a throne ; and the earthly home, with all its abundant comforts, and its many dear friends would be exchanged for the bright mansions in the Father's house. The sense that she would soon be dying, made it all-important that she should be *quite sure*, for eternity depended on it.

I felt the dear child's question go home to my heart ; her deep anxiety I could read in her large, lustrous, tearful eyes. What could I say to her ? What would you have said ? Imagine a dying child gazing up into your face, and asking you how she could be quite sure of heaven when earth was gone ; quite sure that Jesus might not after all cast her out ; quite sure that her sins might not rise up against her, and sink her in perdition. I felt the importance of her question, and as she was a child I could only speak to her in a way a child could understand.

"Do you think your mother loves you ?" I asked. I knew her mother had watched over her and cared for her, as if she had no other object to love and care for, that she had expended all she could on her ; that in fact no mother could have loved a child more tenderly ; and the look the little one gave me told me that she was thinking so, too, as she replied, "I know she loves me very much."

"But if she went into town to bring you home some grapes could you trust her? Does she love you so much that you could be sure she would bring them when she promised?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I know she would," said the little one.

"Well," I asked, "when Jesus the good Shepherd went out to seek His lost sheep, and found it, where did He carry it?"

"Home," she replied.

"Are you quite sure He did not drop it by the way?" I suggested.

"If He had done that He would have lost all the joy," she answered.

"Then," I said, "do you think He will fail to bring you home, and present you in the presence of His Father's glory with exceeding joy? Jesus rejoiced when He found the sheep which He had lost; but the joy could only be complete and full when He brought it home, where they could all join with Him in His joy." "Can you not," I added, "trust Him to bring you safely home? He waits to rejoice over you: all His joy would be lost, if He dropt you by the way, if He did not present you His blood-washed lamb, without a spot, in the presence of his Father. That will give Him exceeding joy, and for that, He passed through all the suffering

and shame, and had to say, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.' This joy His Father set before Him, so that it sustained and cheered Him, and enabled Him to endure the cross." "And besides," I continued, "can you not trust His word (the Scripture which cannot be broken), when He says, I will never leave you nor forsake you?" "My sheep, He also says, "shall never perish, neither shall any, (devil or man) pluck them out of my hand.'"

I said no more, for I saw that my words were cutting a heart that was keenly sensitive, and now sorrowing deeply, that even a single fear should have crossed her mind.

"I did not distrust Him," she said—"at any rate I did not mean to; but now I will trust, and not be afraid, for I know He loves me dearly. I only wanted to be quite sure. I felt so afraid for a little, but I know now He will be with me."

* * * *

A few days later I was called to see my little friend passing away. As I entered softly into the chamber of death, I could see her mother's face turned away from the bed, as if gazing into the fire; but it was only to hide the terrible struggle she was passing through. The tenderest chords were being touched in that mother's heart, and the treasure of years

was being taken away; she could not bear to look into her child's face, to see that the change had come, that death was rapidly approaching, that the moment to say farewell had come; she could not bear to see her little one labouring for breath, struggling so hopelessly against such fearful odds with a weakened worn-out frame.

I turned to the couch where lay my little friend breathing heavily and slowly, her hand and arm flung over the down quilt. Looking into my face with a sweet smile, she said, "Sing!" Thinking of a hymn she liked, I began—

"We know there's a bright and glorious home,
Away in the heavens high."

I saw, however, by her face that she was not satisfied with my choice, and bending down to her I said, "Could you tell me what hymn you wish me to sing?" One word more she succeeded in uttering—"Joyful."

I have had many a hard task set before me, but somehow, at that moment, that one seemed to be the hardest of them all. With a well-nigh choking voice, and with a well-nigh breaking heart, to sit beside one so near by ties on earth, and so dear by everything in heaven and earth that can bind heart to heart, while her mother and mine sat there and wept; when I knew,

too, that sisters and brothers sat in the adjoining room, not one able to speak a word to another—amid all this suppressed and terrible grief, to sing, “Joyful” seemed almost impossible; but knowing that it was her last request, and looking up to the One who had triumphed over death, and who was enabling that little one to triumph over it too, I sang—


“Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more;
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.”

The smile upon her face assured me that the song pleased her; her heart seemed to enter into the chorus, and to run on in hope to the glad moment when she would meet us all again in the home above. One word more was uttered, as if to pour sympathy, and comfort, and hope, and love, into her mother's heart, paying her back not with silver and gold, nor any such corruptible things, for all the life-long tender care and the watchings through days and nights of pain and sickness. With a last loving look and sweet smile she said, “Mamma,” and then the Shepherd folded the lamb in His bosom and had His joy—a joy we could not grudge Him, for He had given His life for that little one, and greater love had none of us than this.

J. S.

FACE TO FACE WITH GOD.

Psalm cxxxix.



IT is a solemn moment, when any soul wakes up to this fact, that it has to do with God—must sooner or later have to do with Him. Let me tell you this, beloved reader, whether you believe it or not, face Him you must; learn the truth as to your condition you must; remember, “All things are open and naked to the eyes of him with whom we have to do.” Are you alive to this solemn truth? The Psalmist had discovered it. “O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me.” Would you like to be searched by God? Is there anything that you would seek to cover over and hide from His gaze? Ah, beloved, it is impossible. The Psalmist is brought to this consciously, that the eye of an omnipresent God searches him through and through. Have you been brought to this, my reader, or have there been times when you have been startled, when you had it brought suddenly to your remembrance that God was looking on? Have there not been deeds done under the cover of night, that you would not have dared to do

in the light of day? God took note of it, "For the darkness hideth not from thee."

But the Psalmist discovers something else, he comes closer home, so to speak; he learns that God knows his thoughts, his ways, his words. "Thou understandest my thought afar off." Would you like your thoughts during the past week exposed? For what have been your thoughts, my reader? "Thoughts of evil, and that continually." That is God's estimate of them, and yet God has *understood* every thought afar off. "And art acquainted with all my ways;" not an act has escaped the eye of God. You may well tremble, beloved unsaved soul, as you realise that God has understood every thought, is acquainted with every act, and knows every word you have spoken. "For there is not a word on my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." And for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account in the day of judgment.

"Thou hast beset me behind and before and laid thine hand upon me." Ah, beloved reader, what a moment when God lays His hand upon a poor sinner, and he is brought face to face with God. He may make you feel the burden of your guilt, but God deals with the sinner in perfect love. If He lays His hand upon you, it is a hand of tenderest grace and pity.

It is not to drag us before the bar of justice. This is the day of God's superabounding grace, and His object, that he may bring us to Himself.

What is the first effect of the felt presence of God on the conscience of the sinner? Why that he feels how unsuited he is for that presence, and seeks to get away from it. Take Adam in the garden of Eden for instance ; he had got sin upon his conscience, he had disobeyed God, and when he hears the voice of the Lord God, what does he do? Go at once to meet Him? No, beloved, but he runs away and hides behind the trees of the garden—puts something between him and God.

Then take the case of poor Peter, in the boat at the miraculous draught of fishes. They had been toiling through the night and taken nothing, and yet one word from the Stranger by his side brings all that multitude of fishes into the net. Who but God could command the fish of the sea? Peter realises that he is in the presence of God, and he falls down at the feet of Jesus, beseeching Him to depart, because he was a sinful man. Peter has the consciousness that he is not fit for the presence of God. So here in our Psalm, when he realises that God has placed His hand upon him, what does he begin to talk about?

“ Whither shall I flee from Thy presence ?” Of course he learns how futile all such strivings are, but I speak of the moral effect of the presence of God upon the conscience of a sinner.

Seeing that you must have to do with God, a God that knows you through and through, the all-absorbing question surely is : What is the character of the God with whom I have to do ? Can we know God ? Has God revealed Himself ? He has, my reader. But where ? In the person of Him who was God manifest in the flesh, His own beloved Son, the man Christ Jesus. “ No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father he hath declared him.” God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself not imputing trespasses. God has revealed Himself as a just God, and yet a Saviour. God in Christ has come into this world in perfect grace not looking for anything from man, but bringing everything to man.

Come with me, my reader, to one or two scenes in the pathway of that blessed One. Look at Him for a moment, as He draws near to the city of Nain, that city of beauty, and lo ! we see meeting the Son of God upon its very threshold a funeral—Death ! And who is that following close to the bier weeping so

bitterly. Ah, it is the mother of the one who lay dead, whose body she was now following to the grave. Death had already placed his mark upon her and left her a widow; and now, as if to fill up to the brim her cup of sorrow, she has lost her last prop—her only son—and now she follows him broken-hearted to the grave. But the eye of Jesus takes in that scene in a moment. Has Jesus a heart that can be touched with human woe? Listen to His words of divine sympathy, though coming through human life, "Weep not." But is that all? Is He only a man? Has He got only sympathy? Nay, my reader, divine power was there as well as divine sympathy. "Young man, I say unto thee, arise." Now for the finishing touch in this wondrous scene, "He delivered him to his mother." Matchless grace! He does not claim him as His own. He gives him back to the widowed heart, and binds up the broken-hearted.

Beloved reader, "I draw your attention to this, because I want thy soul to remember that *God was in Christ*, God was displayed, and I want thy heart to be won to the God upon whom thou hast turned thy back. Did I say "I want?" Nay, God wants to win thy heart back to confidence in Himself. But let us away to another

scene—to the village of Bethany. Death has again been busy; this time a much loved brother has fallen a prey to his power. Jesus was absent, and He, in His own wise purposes, stays away, although He hears that Lazarus was sick. They tell the Lord that if He had been there, their brother had not died. But let us go with Him to the grave, and as in silence we follow Him we hear the deep groan of His troubled spirit. What caused that groan to come from the lips of Jesus? Ah! my reader, He was feeling the sad havoc sin had wrought; and methinks he looked forward to that moment when He Himself was to taste death in all its bitterness, when He should taste death for you, my reader; when He should bear in His own person upon the cross the judgment due to sin; when He would have to endure the hiding of the face of God; when He would, by the shedding of His own precious blood, lay the foundation upon which God could righteously forgive every poor sinner that turns to Him, and in virtue of which every trace of sin's sad story will for ever be done away. Methinks all this was present to the mind of Jesus at that moment; and as they stand around that tomb they see (Oh wondrous grace) the tears flowing down His cheeks. "Jesus wept." Tears of divine sympathy rolling down a human face! Ah! beloved, Jesus

could take it all in. Not only did He feel the sorrow of Martha and Mary, but he could feel how marred God's fair creation had become—how sin had spoiled everything. But Jesus is the resurrection and the life, and soon the life-giving voice of the Son of God pierces to the very depths of the tomb, and he that was dead came forth. My reader, why do I call your attention to these circumstances in the life of the Lord Jesus Christ? Because I want you to remember, that in every act, every word, God was displayed; and that you, seeing the wondrous character of the God that you must meet, may be led to flee to Him at once, for pardon, and for peace.

T. H. W.



CONVICTED AND CONVERTED.



WHEN I was about eighteen years of age, I was a worldly, pleasure-seeking young man, caring little for God or His Word. I was a frequenter of every place of amusement, public-house, bowling-green, and the like. My sister's husband, also a worldly pleasure-seeker, was my chief companion; we were accustomed to

go often together to the public-house in our town, for the purpose of gambling; and on Saturday afternoons especially we generally resorted thither. One Saturday we had agreed to meet there as usual, and I, having finished my work before my friend, thought I would go and wait for him there. I went, and before he arrived I had played several games, and lost all the money I had in my pocket. Not wishing to disappoint my friend, I purposed returning home for more money. On my way from the public-house to my own home, the thought struck me, What am I doing? there is a heaven to gain and a hell to shun. Am I gaining heaven and shunning hell?


When I reached my home, instead of getting some money, I found a Bible and began to read, hoping to ease my conscience by so doing, but soon remembering that my friend would be waiting for me, I resolved to go and tell him that I could not accompany him, and that I intended to lead a better life; this was a difficulty, and one I feared, as I knew I should be ridiculed; but I felt it must be done. I went to his home, and was met at the door by his wife, my sister. I asked, "Where is Edward? I want to speak to him." She answered with a pleased expression, "Go upstairs and you will find him."

I went up, dreading to meet him, and wondering how I should explain myself, but to my great astonishment, found him with a Bible in his hand; *he also had had a conviction that he was going on the wrong road*, and had resolved not to go to the public-house that afternoon, and by God's help to give up such practices altogether.

We were both deeply impressed, and felt that the hand of God must surely be in this, thus arresting the course of two sinners in the same hour : from that time we went hand in hand from conviction to conversion. My friend, however, was not long spared to bear witness to the truth ; he was cut off, quite suddenly, in a railway accident, soon after his conversion. May this account be a warning to many who may try to stifle their consciences and harden their hearts against the "still small voice ;" perhaps the message will not be repeated, perhaps they may not again be impressed or checked, and then find on a death-bed that it is "too late." Oh ! while this day of grace lasts, let me say to all who are not saved, "Do not delay." M. E. B.

LIFE AND PEACE.—It is most important to understand the distinction between *life* and *peace*. The former is the result of being linked with Christ's *Person* ; the latter is the result of His *work*.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN SOUL?

OME time ago, I called to see a young woman whom I had visited two or three times before. She was a great sufferer, and had been in the hospital several times, but without receiving any benefit. When I had visited her previously, she was able to move about the house, though constantly in pain, but now I found that she was bedridden. I was startled and shocked to see her pale, death-like face as she lay fixed to that bed of suffering, scarcely able to move a limb. A sad scene it was, from an earthly point of view, but I knew, thank God, that the poor invalid's hopes were not centred in this world, with its fleeting pleasures, but in Him who gives to His loved ones those pleasures which last for evermore. Her prospects were not that fatal mirage which Satan spreads before the worldling, and which the poor deluded one pursues with eager gaze and outstretched hands, till it suddenly vanishes from view, and gives place to a picture as sad and real as the other

was brilliant and delusive—"a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." Her prospect was the bright and glorious hope of dwelling for evermore with Him who had loved her and given Himself for her.

Happy for her that she had this blessed consolation, for she had much to try her besides her own ill-health. Death had been busy in her little home since I had seen her last. Her father and sister had both been taken from her within a very short time. Her sorrow for her father was not hopeless sorrow, for he was a believer in the Lord Jesus, and she knew she should meet him again, but her sister, ah! that had been a very different parting.

Some time previously, this sister, whose home was at some little distance from that of her parents, was seized with a kind of paralytic stroke. She was, however, in great measure, restored to health, and a few months after, paid a little visit to her mother and sister at N——.

Some evangelical meetings had recently been held in the neighbourhood, and another sister, brother, and brother-in-law, had been converted. C——, *though unsaved herself*, yet was very pleased to hear of their conversion. She especially noticed the effect in her brother-in-

law. "There is a change in J——," she remarked; but when spoken to about her own soul, she was indifferent; so completely had Satan succeeded in blinding her eyes. Poor C—— could rejoice in the effect of grace on others, but closed the door of her own heart against its pleadings. One day, only a week or two before my visit, she and her mother were sitting together in the invalid's room. C—— was seated near the foot of the bed, apparently in her usual health, and they were all engaged in conversation, when, with a sudden scream, she fell to the ground. Her mother rushed forward to support her, and as she strove to raise the prostrate form, the dying lips uttered the sad, despairing cry: "It's another fit, and *I'm lost!*" Those were poor C——'s last words. She became unconscious, and in three or four more hours, the once indifferent soul had passed into eternity, awakened at the last moment to the realisation of her fearful condition. "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

Dear friend, how is it with *your* soul? Perhaps you are not an irreligious person; perhaps, like poor C——, you are even interested in the conversion of others; you are pleased when you see the drunkard transformed into a steady, earnest servant of God; the proud Pharisee throwing aside his mantle of self-

righteousness, and taking refuge at the Cross of Jesus ; the hardened infidel bowing his head and receiving the Gospel as a little child.

It may be that there has been what is called a revival in your neighbourhood ; God is working all around you, and crowning the efforts of his servants with blessing. You have been attending the meetings ; you have seen eager crowds listening with riveted attention as the evangelist pleaded with them of present mercy, and warned them of judgment to come : you have seen numbers of anxious inquirers remaining behind, too much in earnest to think about anything but the one great question. You have seen them afterwards, filled with joy and peace in believing : all this you have seen ; you have felt excited and interested, perhaps you have even invited people to go to the preaching, and you have joined with your Christian friends in their conversation about the work, and about the blessing God in His mercy was showering down. But what about *your own* soul ? Have *you*, individually, taken your place as a poor, lost sinner, and come to the Lord Jesus for salvation ? If not, oh let poor C——'s sad end be a warning to you. Her sister told me that those last terrible words, " I'm lost," had been ringing in her ears ever since. No wonder ! Only think of a soul entering eternity without God—with-

out hope—lost, and lost *for ever* ! And yet this was one who, like you, had rejoiced to see the effects of conversion in others. Oh, be warned in time ; make sure *now* that you are safe in Christ, or the day will come in which you may see that poor vile sinner whom *you* invited to the Gospel meetings, rejoicing in the presence of His God—washed in the blood of the Lamb, while you are consigned for ever to that abode of misery, where shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

C.H.P.


THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Oh, speak of Jesus ! of that love
 Passing all bounds of human thought,
 Which made Him quit His throne above,
 With God-like, deep compassion fraught ;
 To save from death our ruin'd race,
 Our guilt to purge, our path to trace.

Yes, speak of Jesus ! of His grace,
 Receiving, pardoning, blessing all ;
 His holy, spotless life retrace—
 His words, His miracles recall ;
 The words He spoke, the truths He taught,
 With Life—eternal life, are fraught.

Oh, speak of Jesus ! of His death ;
 For sinners, such as me, He died :
 “ 'Tis finish'd,” with His latest breath,
 The Lord, Jehovah Jesus, cried ;
 That death of shame and agony,
 Open'd the way of life to me.

DAVE AND SAM;
OR,
A LETTER AND ITS EFFECTS; HALF A
BIBLE, AND A FULL GOSPEL.

AVID B—— was a great lover of pleasure. Every amusement within his reach he eagerly followed. No family tie was allowed to come between, and heedlessly he hurried, with the crowd of pleasure seekers, down the road which leads to destruction. His widowed sister, a believer, earnestly pleaded with him, as did others, warning him to flee from the wrath to come. But David B—— treated them all alike. As soon as any one began to speak to him about his soul, he would run away. But God was pleased to save him notwithstanding.

During last November his sister felt it much laid on her heart to pray for him. One night that feeling grew so strong, that she sat up in bed, and by the light of the lamp wrote him a long letter.

Five weeks after that letter had been sent. she received the following reply:—

"Dear Jessie, I shall come down in a day or two. Have grand news for you. Am plucked as a brand from the burning, and have got the pearl of great price."

His sister's joy was great. She wrote asking him to come at once, and on his arrival sent for a Christian neighbour, who rejoiced and praised God with them, that the lost one had been found.

I now give, as near as possible, from his sister's account, the details of his conversion.

The firm for which David B—— was working, was in one of the busiest parts of London. Having received an order for the country, he waited for his labourer, but he did not arrive. There was no other man on the works but Sam D——, a drunkard, whom David B—— refused to take with him. But being told by his employer to engage some one in the country, provided Sam D—— could not keep steady, they started.

After working there a few days, the letter from David B——'s sister arrived. He read it and went to work with a heavy heart. More than once he resolved to leave it. Sam D——, noticing his silence, exclaimed, "Dave, what's the matter with you? No whistle, man?" But David continued in his taciturn way, scarcely able to go on with his work. Again the

silence is broken by Sam : " Are you ill, Dave? Sure, something is the matter with you."

" I am not ill, Sam, but have received a letter from my sister, and she is a Christian. If it will do for you, what it has for me, read it."

Sam D — took the letter with him, but did not return it again for some time, when David B — in his turn had to say : " What is the matter with *you*, Sam?"

" Dave," replied Sam, " if this is all true what your sister has written, we are lost, man."

" Yes, I know it. But what can we do, Sam? Let us go over there and read it again."

And for two hours they sat on a heap of stones, reading the letter and wondering what they could do. At last Sam suggested that he would go home and see if he could get a Bible.

" Dave," said he in parting, " I'll pray for you." " What?" thought Dave, " Sam the drunkard, with whom I refused to work, *pray for me?*" The thought seemed to turn him upside down. " Thank you, Sam," he replied, " but from this moment I will pray for myself."

No. There was no Bible in Sam's house, and it came to Dave's turn to make a search in his house. So he went home to London that night, but no Bible could he find.

As a last resource, his wife's trunk was searched. There he found *half a Bible*.

On coming to Sam the next day with the result of his search, a new surprise was in store for Dave, who found Sam in tears before his wife, begging her pardon for the unkind, harsh, and often cruel, treatment she had received at his hands, when in his drunken fits. His poor, unconverted wife, though unable to account for the change that had come over her husband, was but too thankful for it and deeply moved, whilst listening to her husband's and David B——'s account of what the Lord had done for them.

Hours were now spent by David B—— and Sam D—— in searching over the torn treasure of that half of the Bible, thus recovered from the bottom of Mrs. B——'s trunk. They "inclined their ears unto wisdom, and applied their hearts to understanding; they cried after knowledge, and lifted up their voices for understanding." They "searched as for hidden treasures," for the way of salvation in the incomplete half of the sacred volume, so eagerly perused by their eyes and fingers. The plough of divine conviction and repentance was furrowing their consciences and hearts to their very depths, as the two-edged sword entered deeper and deeper into their souls,

discerning the very thoughts and intents of their hearts, and laying them bare in the presence of a thrice holy God, whose eyes are purer than to behold iniquity, and who will by no means clear the guilty. They trembled at the foot of Sinai, but the "*way of peace*" they as yet knew not. They were not able to discover it in that, however precious and indispensable portion of the divine oracles. It was not to be found there. But the "Lord, who giveth wisdom, and out of whose mouth cometh knowledge and understanding," soon brought them into the full broad daylight of Gospel *peace* and *deliverance*.

Five weeks had thus been spent by Dave and Sam in searching the sacred leaves they possessed, for the way of salvation, without finding it, when they decided to go to some "Gospel meeting." They made inquiry, and found one. Though arriving rather late, they were just in time to hear the text, Luke xv., which formed part of the letter of David B——'s sister. The glad tidings of God's full, free and rich grace through and in Christ Jesus greeted their ears, and sank down like spring showers into their thirsty hearts. Then and there they felt the "*Father's kiss*." The filthy rags had been taken away from them, and they found themselves "*clothed with change of raiment*," even

"the Best Garment — Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness." They each, as it were, found a ring put on their finger, and shoes on their feet, before they were aware of it, and their hearts re-echoed the music and dancing in the Father's house.

"There and then," writes David B——, "it pleased God to open up to us both, how wonderfully He had stretched forth His hand and grasped us from going down into the pit. We could bear it no longer, and must go home and make it known to our friends. They, too, were liberated from the chains of Satan."

"All my wonder is," David adds, "that I did not see the simple way of salvation before."

And now, reader, "*Where are you?*" and, "*Whither are you going?*" Remember, *you have to do with God*, before whose eyes all things are naked and open. And how would you stand in His presence, before whom even the holy angels cover their faces, if you should be summoned into eternity this night? You would have to enter eternity either in the filthy garments of your sins (Zech. iii. 3), because of not having believed in, but *rejected*, the precious blood of the Son of God, which alone could cleanse you from sin; there to wait with all unbelievers, for that awful day of eternal judgment, and for that still

more awful place, where there is *no hope*, but only such a repentance, as is, like that of Judas, *too late!* Or, you will stand before God "clothed with change of raiment," all your iniquities passed away (Zech. iii. 4); yourself, justified by faith in His blood (Rom. iii. & v.); yea, clothed in Christ as your righteousness before God, "Who has made him, that knew no sin, sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 21).

"Passing onward, quickly passing,
Yes, but whither, whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions,
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward—
Yes, but whither, whither bound?"

Passing onward, quickly passing,
Many in the downward road;
Careless of their souls immortal,
Heeding not the call of God.
Passing onward—
Trampling on the Saviour's blood.

Passing onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will swiftly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever gracious One:
'Come and welcome:
'Tis by Me, that life is won.' "

J. A. E. W.

"HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN CHRIST?"



FEAR you are deceiving yourself. You must forgive me for telling you so, but I am persuaded that you do not know the Lord, and that you are entirely mistaken in supposing that you have ever believed in Him. It was the mere excitement of the moment, and you are trusting now to the frames and feelings which were then aroused, and taking them as a proof and evidence to yourself that you are saved. That is not Christ; it is yourself—you are wholly occupied with yourself, and have never looked beyond yourself to Him who died for sinners."

These words were addressed to a woman who had become very religious. She was a widow, having recently lost her husband. When he was dying, some minister had visited him, and prayed a loud and exciting prayer, "crying aloud," as did the prophets of Baal, in stentorian accents, and working himself and his hearers into a state of excitement wholly unfit for the solemn presence of God. The

poor woman, whose feelings at such a moment were, of course, easily moved, had been wrought up into a state of fervent religiousness; tears in abundance had been shed, and she had felt so changed, so good, and was so thankful to herself for feeling so, that she had never forgotten herself from that moment; and, even in telling her visitor all about it, she was evidently ready to weep then, not about her husband, whom she really seemed to have almost forgotten, nor yet for the Lord's goodness—but for her own.

As for the minister, he had gone away with the pleasing idea that two persons had been “savingsly impressed,” viz., the dying man, whose soul had departed while he was praying, and the woman, whose convulsive sobs had satisfied him that she must have “got the change;” for he did not know that “the heart is deceitful above all things,” and sometimes moves its owner to pour out tears, not over the precious love of Christ, but as an oblation to its own goodness in being so ready to become religious.

In her account the woman said not one word of Christ; His finished work upon the cross for sinners, His precious blood, His ceaseless love, His risen glory, His superabounding grace, were nowhere in her thoughts; and, as

she was too evidently well pleased with herself, her visitor felt the truest kindness was to upset her idol and break it to shivers, which, having done, he left her to think over it.

When he went to see her again she was civil but reserved. She made no objection to his reading the Word and setting Christ before her—how could she, if she was religious?—but she said nothing. Doubtless she had seen her minister in the interim, and he, not liking to lose the credit of having been used to “savouringly impress,” had soothed her fears, and aided her to put her broken idol together again.

But it could not last. The woman was taken ill and laid upon her deathbed, and her visitor went again to see her.

“Now, Mrs. ——,” said he, “have you ever known Christ?” and her answer, given with a groan, was, “I wish I had.”

My reader, what do you think of that? Can you imagine any delusion more terrible for a sinner than that in which this woman had been for so long? expecting some day to die and to awake in heaven, but instead of which, to “lift up” her “eyes in hell!” And yet, but for God’s mercy, this would assuredly have been her doom as the direct fruit of that mere religious excitement which is now all but universal, and which substitutes the feelings of

nature, the delusions of the heart, the religiousness of the flesh, for faith in the risen Son of God!

There are two conditions alike dangerous to your everlasting peace. One is, that deadly apathy which hears the Gospel over and over again unmoved, until an intimate acquaintance with it is mistaken for faith in it. The other is, the state of religious excitement, into which this poor woman had been brought by the vociferations (one cannot call them prayers) of her minister. Do you belong to either of these self-deluded classes? If you have a shadow of a doubt about it, go at once to Christ. He is ever willing, ever ready, ever gracious, ever saying, “COME UNTO ME.” It is Himself you must have to do with, and nothing short of that, is salvation.

Well, this poor woman lived but one week from the time she was first laid on her death-bed; but within that short period, Christ revealed Himself to her. She was visited every day; the Gospel of the grace of God, a personal Saviour, and the power of His blood were put before her; prayer was made to God for her continually, and the blessed result at last was, that she was able to “rejoice in the Lord.”

Excitement there was none; but “joy unspeakable and full of glory,” deep, real, and

enduring there was; and her testimony, clear as the note of a silver bell, rang through the locality in which she lived—and died, and was long remembered afterwards.

Nature may be “savingsly impressed” and wonderfully furbished up externally, until, like the “whited sepulchres” of old, it is “indeed beautiful outwardly,” while within it is full of corruption. But nothing short of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will save the never-dying soul; nothing less than a “new creation in Christ Jesus” will suffice. Dear reader, HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN CHRIST THUS? J. L. K.



TWO THINGS GOD HAS FOUND.

“*Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.*”—Dan. v. 27.

“Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.”—Job xxiii. 24.



ELSHAZZAR is holding a great national festival, entertaining a thousand of his lords. A more imposing spectacle could scarcely be witnessed. “While he tasted the wine” (verse 2), to lend splendour to

the scene, he orders the magnificent vessels of silver and gold, that formerly were in the temple of the Lord, to be brought in. Inflamed with their contents, and thoughtless of God, he, and that gay company, praised that "which sees not, nor hears, nor knows." This might have been the consummation of all his efforts to provide a feast for the great and the mighty. Little did he think "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." But in a moment, with an intoxicated stare, his eyes are transfixed with the sight of the "fingers of a man's hand," writing upon the wall; and, to be brief, God's man, Daniel, who had owned (chap. ii. 20), "Wisdom . . . is *His*," and who presently revealed to him that a part of that writing contained the telling language of inspiration. "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

In keeping with his promised reward to the man who should unfold this mystery, Belshazzar orders Daniel to be clothed with scarlet, and the chain of gold to be put about his neck, knowing that there was no possible escape for him from judgment. "In that night was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Now, my reader, may God bring home very close to your heart, be you rich or be you poor, one of the divine principles on which He con-

stantly acts in dealing with man. Do you think this judgment came without previous warning? I say, No. God never acts in that way. Let Scripture answer for itself. The antediluvians had 120 years of warning, during the building of the ark. As Noah made ready the gopher wood, it said, as he went on building, *warning*. The length, the breadth, the height, said *warning*; the lower, the second and third stories said *warning*; the window and the door said *warning*; pitched within and without said *warning*—in fact, every tap of the hammer, every movement of chisel and saw spoke *warning*. Again, Jonah's announcement to the Ninevites was a "forty days' " *warning*. Scripture abounds with proof that before God strikes He warns.

Look at Belshazzar's *warning*, the closing language of Dan. iv. runs thus: "And those that walk in praise He is able to abase." Whose voice is this? Why, it is that of his great ancestor, Nebuchadnezzar. One day his heart swelled with praise; his eye had probably taken a glance over that mighty city Babylon, and what a city! History informs us that two millions of men were employed in its construction. Sixty miles was it in circumference; twenty-five gates had it on each side of the city: a street running through to the corres-

ponding gate on the other side, making fifty streets fifteen miles long. *At each* end of a bridge, spanning a branch of the Euphrates, there was a palace; one palace a mile and a half round, the other seven miles and a half round. In the centre of the city a mountain had been built by Nebuchadnezzar 400 feet high. That city had a temple, and in that temple an image which cost ten and a half million pounds sterling!

This gigantic city with all in it to gratify the eye and heart, led undoubtedly to the following language: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of *my power*, and for the *honour of my majesty?*" While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, "O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed *from thee.*" The result was that he became as a beast for a time, until he could "praise, and extol, and honour the king of heaven."

Now it appears this event should have been the special warning voice to Belshazzar. Mark the language of the prophet, "And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou *knewest* all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven. . . . thou hast praised the gods of silver and

gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know, and the God *in whose hand thy breath is*, and whose are all thy ways, hast *thou not* glorified."

Now whatever your position in this world, you have had your warning note, and perhaps very distinctly, too. Have you humbled yourself, or have you lifted up yourself like Belshazzar? There is a solemn time coming for all such. Hearken to this, "Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Mark, you may not be *doing* wickedly, or, in other words, living an openly sinful life; you may be, perhaps, a moral, respectable person, but if you have not bowed to this, "All have sinned," you are still walking in pride. At the name of Jesus every knee must bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. The greatest atheist that ever lived if he continue to the end unrepentant, must bow and must confess. Now is the time to bow and say, "I have sinned." Do you say, "I don't see the need of all this, I have never done anything very wicked." True, perhaps; it is not so much what you have done, but what you are; it is

not said of Nicodemus that he had done anything very bad, but the remarkable thing is, he is the only person recorded, to whom the Lord Jesus said, "Ye **MUST** be born again."

How did God weigh Belshazzar in His balances? To weigh is to test or try, and God has tested and tried man under law, and *found* he came "short of the glory of God." How was that? Because man was "*weak through the flesh*" (Romans viii. 3); and how did He find a ransom? "God *sending* His own Son in the *likeness* of sinful flesh." Look at His immense compassion upon your weakness: "The *Man* Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all." You say, Explain the word *ransom*. It means the price paid for the redeeming of a captive; as robbers in foreign countries will seize a distinguished person sometimes, and hold him captive until a certain amount has been paid for his redemption or deliverance. You may be a captive of the devil, and perhaps willingly so; or you may be a captive, and groan for deliverance; well, let me tell you, the price has been paid for your deliverance—do you desire to know the cost? With joy, as one of the redeemed captives, I rejoice to tell you, it is *His precious blood*. That was God's fixed price, without any abatement, inscribed as "*without* shedding of blood there is no

remission." Torrents of blood had been shed, but that never took away one sin, until "He offered himself *without* spot to God." No ransom had been found. But "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." This, beloved reader, is God's ransom—a ransom of His own providing — "I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM." If you say — your heart humbled and broken because of sin—"I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not," then will God say of you, "Deliver his soul from going down into the pit . . . and his life shall see the light."

In closing, let me tell you Christ may come at any moment, "for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Those ready will go with Him to the marriage, and the door of mercy will be for ever shut. If you accept Jesus at once, you may have the joy of looking forward to *sudden* translation, and so to be for ever with the Lord. If you refuse and rebel, I can hold out no other hope for you than *sudden* destruction, and no possible escape.


“Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.”

“Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee,
Sinner, heed its gracious message,
To the blood for refuge flee.

Take salvation,
Take it now, and happy be.”

T. W.

AN APPEAL TO YOU.

EAR reader, do *you* love Jesus? If you do not, I am sure you cannot know all He has done for you. He left a beautiful, pure and happy home in heaven, where sin is not known, to come to this earth, where there was nothing but sin and sorrow, that He might die for you, so that you, if you only believe on Him, might live for ever with Him in heaven. “He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life” (John iv. 47). These are His own words to you, dear reader. Will you not believe on Him, and have everlasting life?

He *died* for you. I do not think any realise

quite all that Jesus did for them. "He, who knew no sin, was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." All the agony He suffered at Calvary was for sin. Will you neglect so great *salvation*? You can never be saved by your own works. You must believe on Jesus, and know that you are a sinner and need His blood, which He shed on the cross for you. He is calling you now to come to Him. Come, then, before it is too late. He may come very soon. It will be *too* late then. Think of the awfulness of being *too* late. Oh! do not, then, put off coming, but come now, *at once*. If your sins are many it will make no difference, for if you believe you can truly say, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin" (1 John i. 7).

Do not stay to ask whether you will not be more prepared to come when you have put off some of your sins, or when you have had time to do some things for which God may be better pleased with you. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8). You are still in the flesh if you have not, by faith in Jesus, received eternal life.

If you think you are too sinful for Jesus to save, just remember that Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous but *sinners* to repent-

ance" (Matt. ix. 13); and, also, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). All are sinners, and if you do not know yourself to be such you cannot come to Jesus.

None, except those who are saved, have perfect peace. I ask you, dear reader, if you do not trust Jesus, Have you perfect peace? You cannot answer truly that you have, for it is only Jesus who gives peace, and He only gives it to those who believe on Him. It was only to believing disciples that Jesus said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John xiv. 27). The world can never give peace.

Oh! dear reader, come to Jesus now, stop here while you read, and pray to Him. Let your prayer be, "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." He will answer your prayer if you only ask Him from your heart. Soon death may overtake you, and then how awful if you are not saved through the precious blood of Jesus!

Dear reader, believe on Jesus now, and then you will be able to say with joy, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12).

A. E.

"THAT ONE VERSE."

HAVE read that there was an old negro in the West Indies who was very anxious to learn to read the Bible. He lived a long way from the missionary's house. Yet he would come to learn a lesson whenever he had time. It was such hard work, and he made so little progress, that the missionary got tired, and told him one day that he had better give it up.

"No, massa," said he, with great earnestness, "me nebber give it up till me die;" and pointing with his finger to the precious words he had just spelled out in John iii., 16—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"—he said, with tears in his eyes, "It is worth all the trouble, massa, to read *that one verse.*"

"That one verse," had brought him salvation, and filled his heart with gladness; and had also intensified his anxiety to learn to read the book that told him of the God who

had so LOVED the world. What unspeakable blessing ! What indescribable joy to a sinner when the truth “ *that one verse* ” comes to him, “ not in word only, but in power and in the Holy Spirit, and in much assurance ! ” Evidently it had come in that way to the poor negro. Has it come in like manner to you, dear reader ?

Who can reckon the number of sinners that have found the “ only begotten Son of God,” and life, peace, and joy in believing in Him as presented in “ *that one verse*.” The good news to a lost world, “ *that one verse* ” contains, have been blessed to the salvation of multitudes of sinners who have believed through grace. “ *That one verse* ” is enough by grace for *any sinner now*, under the sun, in any clime, of any grade ; high, low, rich and poor ; it is enough for you, and *it is for you*, dear reader. That universal word, *whosoever*, means *you*, or *anybody* else in this wide world.

Duncan Matheson, “ the Scottish Evangelist,” found peace and joy by believing in the “ only begotten Son of God,” as He is presented to all in “ *that one verse*.” He says, “ I was standing on the 10th December, 1846, at the end of my father’s house, meditating on that precious word which has brought peace to countless weary ones ; ‘ God so loved the

world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I saw that God loved me, for I was one of the world. I saw the proof of His love in the giving of His Son Jesus. I saw that 'whosoever' meant anybody and everybody, and therefore *me, even me*. I saw the result of believing—that I would not perish, but have everlasting life. I was enabled to take God at His word. I saw no one, but Jesus only; all in all, in redemption. My burden fell from my back, and I was saved. Yes, *saved!* I could not contain myself for joy; I sang the new song, salvation through the blood of the Lamb. I felt the calm of a pardoned sinner; yet I had no thought about my safety. I saw only the Person of Jesus." Oh! it is the person of Jesus—"the only begotten Son of God," that saves. When *He is the object* the heart cleaves to, then there is true peace, joy, and stability. Then it is not so much one's safety; *that* is settled for ever—or a question of escaping hell, and gaining heaven, but the all-attractive object is that *wonderful Person*, "the only begotten Son of God." He is all. As another one said who—through that word, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37),—had also got salvation "It was not so much what He

said, as the seeing WHO said it. Ah, sir, that's a glorious I.” It is, indeed, blessed, to be enabled by grace to rest in Himself, and to say,—

“ We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see.”

Paul said, “ I know whom I have believed.” Not what I have believed. Your theology, or what you believe, may be sound or unsound ; I do not know ; but do you believe in “ the only begotten Son of God ? ” Is your heart finding its delight in Himself ? That is the question. “ He that hath the Son bath life ; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life ” (1 John v. 12). See to it, dear reader, that you have come to Him, and believed in Him, “ the only begotten Son of God.” He alone can save, and satisfy. See to it, that you are not merely a religious sinner, or a doctrinal believer, or “ a Christian by profession,” for no matter what you are, or where you are, by rites or ordinances, the Word declares that you are condemned already if you do not believe “ in the name of the only begotten Son of God ” (John iii. 18).

I know a man who was, I may say, instantly made to see his sinfulness, and his portion as a sinner—death and judgment—when alone in his bedroom. The sight brought him to his knees, and he entreated God to show him how he could be saved. “ *That one*

verse” was brought before him in wonderful light and power. He had known it from a child, could repeat it perfectly. But on account of the light and power by which it was brought home to his heart, he saw and read it, as he had not done before. He believed the record true, and trusted in “the only begotten Son of God,” and was saved there and then.

With a heart full of joy and peace he sang that night—

“My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign ;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.”

Dear reader, I again ask, Where are you? Can you say, with a joyful, thankful heart, “That wonderful Person,” “the only begotten Son of God,” in “*that one verse*,” is my Saviour? If not, to-morrow may seal your doom—the delusion, judgment, and the lake of fire.

G. L.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.—To what do you belong? The World? If you do, and remain so, it is all over with you, for God is going to send His Son again into the world to deal with it about that terrible act of crucifying His Son. The world has easily forgotten it, and can keep His birth with mirth and revelry—but His *death*, is that remembered, and *its own act* in His death?

HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT JESUS ?

Oh, how can you live without Jesus, my friend,
That Saviour, so tender and true—
Whose love knows no measure, no change, and no
end,
And who offers it freely to you?

Is there never a season of sadness and pain,
When your heart, in its desolate cry,
Complains that all human resources are vain,
Its deeply felt need to supply?

Then how can you live without Jesus? One ray
Of His love would make sorrow depart
Like phantoms, before the bright dawn of the day,
That His smile would light up in your heart.

Is there never a time when, with pleasure's bright
wine,
Your glittering cup sparkles gay ;
And yet, when your draught is the deepest, you
pine
With a thirst it can never allay?

Then how can you live without Jesus? He gives
Living water, of such healing power,
That he who drinks humbly for evermore lives,
And never thirsts more from that hour!

Is there never a time when your sins' heavy weight
Seems to crush your soul down to despair,
And the threatening woes of Eternity's state
With their terrors your spirit will scare?

Then how can you live without Jesus? Alone
He can bear all your burden away.
No other escape! His blood must atone:
His life must your penalty pay.

Or, if you can live without Jesus, my friend,
Will you venture without Him to *die*?
Alone, dare you enter the world without end?
Stand alone in God's presence on high?

And why should you live without Jesus? oh, why?
You have nothing to do but believe;
And why without Him should you venture to die,
When He offers your soul to receive?


He is all that you need: He entreats you to
come:

Come at once—He invites you "To-DAY."
To-morrow may seal your eternity's doom;
At your peril you dare to delay.

No longer, then, live without Jesus, my friend!
That Saviour, so tender and true!
His love knows no measure, no change, and no
end,
And He offers it freely to you!

E. J. A.

“WHAT’S WAGES, FATHER?”

 LITTLE one had just returned home from her school one Lord's Day afternoon, where a servant of Christ had been addressing several hundred children. She ran up to her father—one of those careless, indifferent sort of men—one who does nobody any harm (so he thinks), and is quite satisfied with himself—spending the Lord's Day over his newspaper and his pipe—"Father," said this little one, "What's wages?"

"What's wages, lass? Why wages is what I bring home on Saturday nights, and give to mother to buy all sorts of things for the house—your clothes, too."

"Father, what's the wages of sin?"

"Nonsense, child, where did you hear this stuff?"

"But, father, what's the wages of sin? Shall I tell 'ee, father? The wages of sin's death, father!"

Turning to his wife, he angrily said, "I won't have this child go to that school any more, to bring home such things as this."

"Father," persisted the little one, "shall I tell 'ee where they pays them wages?"

"No, never mind, I don't want to know."

"Father, the devil pays them wages in hell, father."

The father now is at last arrested, and again turning to his wife, says, in a subdued voice, "If thee'll rock th' cradle, I'll go to meeting to-night."

He went, and "the day" alone will declare the result of the arrow which his little girl was used of God to shoot into her father's conscience.

Doubtless you know what wages mean, my reader, and have heard that passage from the last verse of Romans vi. over and over again—"The wages of sin is death"—and, may be, taken no heed to it. May the quaint, but startling, questions put by this little Lancashire lass to her father arouse thee, my friend.

The servant of Christ had been addressing the children on that last verse of Romans vi., and what laid hold of this little lamb was the first part of that verse, "The wages of sin is death." Another Scripture (Heb. ix. 27) reads, "*But* after THIS the judgment;" and after the judgment, "the lake of fire" (Rev. xx.). What an awfully solemn connection and

sequence those three passages present—DEATH, JUDGMENT, HELL.

Dear reader, may the Holy Spirit of God, as you read these words, convey their solemnity to your inmost soul. “ Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,” says another Scripture. What have YOU earned? From a Holy God, I mean. What have YOU sowed? God is righteous as well as holy—just, as well as loving, and He will keep His word, for He is the “ God that *cannot* lie ” (Titus i. 2). Again I ask, and beg you to answer it in His presence, what have you earned, were He to settle up with you? What crop would you expect from the seed you have sown? Is not DEATH the answer to the first, and JUDGMENT to the other?

Oh! what a mercy for you! I have found it to be so for myself—that the apostle was not allowed to stop in the middle of the verse, but the same Holy Ghost which led him to write “ The wages of sin is death,” compelled him to add, “ but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Does the first condemn you? Has it been an arrow from God to *your* conscience? Do you see that all you have earned has been *death*—and then *judgment* has followed in your mind’s eye, and its awful consequence—*Lake of Fire*?

Thank God—He wounds but to heal—read on, and believe, too, the second, “But the gift of God is eternal life”—and find that comfort which it is intended to convey. Further back in the epistle, in the 4th chapter, 15th verse, it says, “To him that worketh NOT, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” “Worketh not.” Well if you don’t work, that is, “if you cast your deadly doings down,” you can’t earn wages, that is plain. What then? Why the gift of God just comes in and suits a poor worn out wages-worker like you, and you will find it such a reality, and be glad enough that through His grace you gave up “*wages*” and accepted God’s “gift,” and so instead of “*death*” and its “after this” “*judgment*,” you possess “eternal life” in Christ, and the sequence of that is, “When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.”

Reader, ponder these solemn contrasts—

WAGES—GIFT.


DEATH—LIFE.

LAKE OF FIRE—GLORY.

May you give up the “*wages*” and accept the “*gift*” on the spot—NOW.

S. V. H.

TO-NIGHT OR NEVER.

T the close of a meeting, held some time ago in a mining district in England, a stalwart miner walked up to the preacher, in deep anxiety of soul, to inquire what he must do to be saved. God's Word, through the power of the Holy Spirit, had touched his heart, and he had made the awful discovery that he was a lost sinner on the way to eternal perdition.

The servant of Christ unfolded to him God's simple plan of salvation. He showed him how God, in infinite love and pity, had given His own Son to be the sinner's Substitute, and bear the punishment of sin in the sinner's stead. He showed him, from God's own Word, how Jesus Christ, the ever blessed Son of God, came into this world "to seek and to save that which was lost," and how He, of His own free will, gave His life a ransom for us. So that God's righteous sentence of *death* as the wages of sin, having been borne by our Divine Substitute, all who simply believe in Him and rest on His finished work are saved. Still all seemed dark to the poor miner. The

burden of unforgiven sin weighed Him down. Hours passed away, the preacher urging him to look away from self and sin, and to "*Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world,*" but still no impression seemed to be made, and, as it was now eleven o'clock, he told the man it was time to go home, and suggested that he should come to the meeting on the following evening. With a look of determination and agony in his face, the poor man replied, "No, I won't leave; it *must* be settled *to-night* or *never*!"

They remained together. Hours passed away in darkness and agony of soul, till at length, as the clock struck three, the glorious light of Divine truth suddenly burst upon him. He saw and believed the simple fact *that the work of Christ on the cross had satisfied the justice of God on account of all his sins*, and joy and peace flowed into his heart. He rose from his seat, and, clasping his hands together, cried out in an ecstasy of joy, "*It's settled now : Christ is mine !*"

He thanked the servant of God, who had been the instrument of leading him to the Saviour, and soon afterwards went to his work in the coal-pit, a happy and rejoicing, because a *saved* man.

In the course of the day a sudden crash was

heard by those in the neighbourhood of the coal-pit, and soon it was rumoured that part of the roofing of the mine had fallen in, burying some men beneath it.

As quickly as possible men were set to work to excavate the earth, in order, if possible, to rescue the poor fellows who were known to be underneath. After working for some time, they heard a sound, and digging with renewed energy in the direction whence it proceeded, they soon came to the poor miner. ~~Life~~ was not quite extinct, for he was speaking. Eagerly they listened, and the words they caught were these :—“*Thank God, it was settled last night.*” They were the last words he uttered. When taken out, life was extinct. The happy, redeemed spirit had departed “to be with Christ, which is far better.”

Little did the poor miner think how solemnly true these memorable words, which he had uttered on the preceding night, were to prove in his own case—“*It must be settled TO-NIGHT or NEVER.*”

A. M.



FROM FILTHY GARMENTS TO THE
FAIR MITRE.



IF a poor sinner like Joshua wishes to stand before God, Satan will be sure to stand on his right hand to resist him. He comes as the serpent to *beguile*, and as the lion to *resist*. He is both cunning and strong. He tempts a man to do evil, and then goes and accuses him before God—subtle as a serpent, powerful as a lion. It is most awful to think we have such an enemy—leading us into evil often against our wills, through our desires, and then taking the very actions to which he has instigated us, and accusing us day and night before God—standing at our left hand of weakness in his subtlety, and at our right hand of strength to resist. He will first show you, you are a sinner, and then when you come like a poor suppliant, saying, “Nothing in my hand I bring”—then he is ready to resist. He will let you do anything—even pray—but not take hold of God.

In the 2nd verse of Zechariah iii. we

read, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan!" The Lord takes up Joshua's cause, and Satan's charge, while Joshua remains quiet. "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."

We see God here in three aspects in His own purposes.

1. In a direct rebuke against Satan. "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan!" In the first sin Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed Satan—the immediate cause of all; and when God preaches the Gospel, He begins to preach it—not to Adam, not to Eve, but—in the teeth of Satan. "I will put enmity between *thee* and the woman, and between *thy* seed and her seed." The simple good news of the bruised conqueror is spoken in the face of all opposition. Adam and Eve stood by, hearing the glorious tale of the vindication of God's own nature, not putting it into man's trust, but taking it into His own keeping. And I believe they both trusted that glorious Gospel; for immediately after, we find Adam, instead of accusing the woman as the one who had brought death into the world—taking God at His word and the fulness of His promise—calling her *life*. What if God had said, "I will put *friendship* between thee and the woman?" if He had shut us up into friend-

ship with Satan for all eternity? But they heard a whisper of the Gospel, wafted on the breeze of the garden in the cool of the day, in that one simple text breathing the promise concerning the woman's seed.

Thus, we see Adam believing this little testimony about Jesus, whom God revealed and preached; and so the Lord traces up evil to its head, saying to Satan, on behalf of each brand which He plucks from the fire, "The Lord rebuke thee."

2. In pleading man's cause, not from any sentimental pity; but to show forth the praise of the glory of His grace, declaring His counsels in choosing Jerusalem—loving Jacob and hating Esau. Why did he hate Esau? Because he deserved it. Why did He love Jacob? Because He chose to do so.

3. In manifesting His actions in plucking the brand out of the burning.

And this is the history of every chosen one.

In these three statements the whole counsel of God is shown forth.

There will be thousands of these brands as specimens gathered out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; from the east and from the west: from the north and from the south.

From these *three* things—*rebuked, chosen, plucked*—we come to other *four*.

If we are to be plucked, we must begin very low. In the 3rd verse we see Joshua clothed with “filthy garments.” If any are saying, “I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing,” they have no right to come; but if I have found out that my garments are filthy, it makes me take my place beside Joshua. If you have never committed sin in your life, you would have a white robe: but how is it with us now? We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God; and what you think to be a white garment of your own washing, is only reduced to a very suspicious colour, and will be always dingy when compared with the snow-white of the divine glory.

The wedding garment of our own wearing is good enough, as long as we are outside; but the man was speechless when brought into the presence chamber of the King. Let the tread of God’s foot be heard in the garden; or the rustle of His presence amongst the leaves of the trees, and conscience has no effort equal to the occasion. Adam calls himself naked in spite of all his fig-leaves, and aprons, and coverings. Ah! my friends, your only chance is to take your side by Joshua with your filthy

garments, just as they are ; and not try to come inside the *line* which God has drawn, with them unchanged.

The difficult thing is not to try and climb up to God ; but to *get down* to the place from which God will pick you up. Every action from the cradle up to the present time, if you are not converted, is as filthy rags. Before a man's conversion, he has ever done a good thing Godward. Do you say, "*That's too strong !*" Not a bit of it. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." You may please your neighbour ; you may please yourself with your amiability and charitable actions, and upright character, and all that ; but it is *impossible* to please God :

"Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy laws' demands."

Picture an army coming against a city. I am inside the guns. Amongst the rebels I see an old companion of mine whom I know to be a kind-hearted amiable man. I ask my captain if I may aim so as to miss my mark at that man, for I know him to be such a good-hearted fellow. "No," the captain would say, "he's on the rebels' side." It is not his character, but his position which must be looked to. Are we outside the city ? then the aim of the law must take effect, notwithstanding

our kindliness of nature. Being on the rebels' side is the test.

As "naked" I must come like the prodigal son to his father for dress, and the "best robe" will be given me. That's the humbling bit. If you could get up a nice feeling, one nice little white spot, and come and present that; but oh! to have to come in rags, without a bit of effort to stitch them up or wash them. This is what humbles a man, these filthy rags;

"Just as I am."

Faith gives God His true place by my taking my right place. The greatest leap, and the chief thing that honours God is a poor ragged sinner coming and saying—"Lord, Lord, here are my filthy rags."

Perhaps some of you are saying, "May I come to Christ, *although* I am such a sinner?" No; for you don't know what Christ is, nor what you are, but you may come to Christ *because* you are such a sinner. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." So it is *because* you are such a sinner that you may come with your ragged garments and filthy rags. What I called fair before, I call filthy now, and what I called respectable before, I call ragged now. Don't try to *feel* that everything you have done is

bad, but honour God by *believing* that all are filthy rags from beginning to end

Now God does all. He addresses Joshua; not Satan now. The intensity of *passivity* of Joshua was equal to the *activity* of God

1st. "Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee." Blessed be His name! I believe it because He says it.

When I was a boy, I used to pray to God to put away my sins. Not all my prayers could sweep my sins away. "I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee," He said to me. I do not feel it; oh, no, I believe it. Every sin is still *in* my heart, but, blessed be God, not a single sin is *upon* me, because "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Remember this difference between *in* and *on*. *On* Jesus, not *in* Him. *In* me, not *on* me.

2nd. "I will clothe thee with change of raiment." Not only are the old rags taken away, but God clothes me, and I am ready to sit down at the King's table. Here we see it is not something that I have done, but what Christ now is. Not Christ going on to the doom of sin, but Christ risen. He has made iniquity to pass. "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel;" not only negative, then I should be naked, filthy garments taken away, unclothed;

but positive, clothed with change of raiment. Not only have I my title in the blood, but my fitness as "accepted," not in *Christ*, or the *Righteous One*, or the *Lord*, but "*in the Beloved*," the only One of whom it can be said "*the Beloved*;" we stand clothed in the Beloved; this is our fitness. He says to His Father, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me," and "as He is (not was), so are we in this world."

3rd. "Let them set a fair mitre upon his head" (v. 5). Here we get our priestly position—the man with the filthy garments not only changed, clothed, but made a king-priest." A "royal priesthood" is what the apostle says of all believers. Some talk of priests and mitres as being the exclusive possession of a few: but oh, what an honour for every saint to be a king and priest unto God!

4th. There is yet a fourth privilege—a road for you to walk in now, a path which God has set before you. "This is the way, walk ye in it." "If thou wilt *walk* in my ways, and if thou wilt keep my charge, then thou shalt also judge my house." "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" We are to sit on the Throne with "the BRANCH." He is our Hope, and during the "little while" we are to be "looking for that blessed hope, and

the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Blessed be His name! but He never asks us to walk until He has made us changed ones, clothed ones, mitred ones. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." This is the hope. We are running the race now; we have need of patience. Let us run unhindered. The Christian is stimulated with thoughts of rewards—rewards which are sure—and gifts to be given. Many Christians get wearied and discouraged on account of the way, because they do not see things from the Lord's point of view—thinking of their sins, not knowing that the Lord has clothed them. The greatest calamity would be to feel we were what we should like to be. "By the grace of God, I am what I am." And what is that? "A poor sinner, and nothing at all"—but knowing that "Jesus Christ is my all in all." And taking God at His word, I will seek to run in the way of His commandments.

"I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie."

W. P. M.

“HE DIED FOR ME.”



HE simplest incident will sometimes awaken the deepest reflection, and lead the thoughts into the most blessed paths of profitable meditation; especially if a name which has a ready answer in the heart is mentioned.

You know,” said a Christian lady to a girl whom she found one day ill in bed, “that Jesus died for *us*.” “Yes,” replied the feeble voice, “but I know something better than that; *I know He died for me.*” A chord was struck in the visitor’s heart which instantly vibrated to the touch of these telling words. They were friends in a moment and for ever. The dear uniting name was precious to both. They were *one* in Christ Jesus. Conversation led them to speak of the time, the means of the girl’s conversion, and other circumstances familiar to the mind of the Christian friend. It was a moment of real joy. It calls to mind an anecdote connected with the American war.

During that disastrous war between the Northern and Southern States of America, a

traveller, when visiting those scenes of desolation, entered what may be called a soldiers' cemetery—the place where the slain had been buried after the battle of Chickamauga. The visitor's attention was arrested by a man planting flowers on one of its lonely and humble graves. He softly drew near, feeling that the scene was hallowed by such memorials of tender love.

“Is it a son that lies buried here?” kindly inquired the stranger. “No,” was the reply. “A son-in-law?” “No.” “A brother?” “No.” “A relation?” “No,” was still the brief reply. “Whose memory, then, may I venture to ask, do you so sacredly cherish?” Pausing a moment to give vent to his emotion, he gave the following account of the young volunteer whose memory and remains were so dear to him:—

“When the war broke out, I was drafted to go and join the army. No draft money was given me, and I was unable to procure a substitute, and made up my mind to go. Just as I was leaving home to report myself for duty at the conscript camp, a young man whom I had known called on me and offered to go in my stead. ‘You have a large family,’ he said, ‘which your wife cannot support when you are gone. I am a single man, I have no one de-

pending upon me, I will go for you.' He went. In the battle which was fought here, the dear generous young man fell dangerously wounded. He died in the hospital, and was buried here. Ever since his death it has been my desire to visit the place of his interment, and having saved sufficient money for that purpose, I arrived yesterday, and to-day found his grave." Having concluded his touching story, he again bent over the grave, planted another flower, and, we doubt not, watered it with his tears.

The inquirer passed on, but his heart was too deeply affected with a sight, such as he had never seen before, and such as he is not likely ever to see again, to go far away. He returned to look once more on that sacred spot. But, oh! what a touching sight now met his eyes! Not only was the volunteer's grave garlanded with flowers, but a rough board was placed at the end of the turf, on which were simply carved these few, but weighty words—

"He died for me."

Nothing more. Nothing could be added without marring its perfectness. We know not which to admire most—the grateful love, the refined taste, or the sublime sentiment, of this poor, remarkable man. It stands alone, we hesitate not to say, in its great idea,

amongst all the epitaphs in the world. Surely he must have known Him who died the sinner's substitute, and the confession of faith, which has been long on record, "*Who loved me, and gave himself for me.*" There is only one great original. But, oh! what a lesson, what an example, what a rebuke, to me, to thee, my reader, to all mankind!

The volunteer died in generously taking his poor neighbour's place and saving him from the consequences of joining the Southern army; but the blessed Lord Jesus Christ died to save us from the consequences of sin—eternal misery. Not merely from poverty and suffering in this life, but from the torments of hell for ever—where the worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched. "If one died for all," as the Scriptures plainly teach—though all will not be saved, for all men have not faith—who then can be guiltless if grateful honours are not shown to His name? We are not asked to garland His tomb, or to inscribe our faith on His cross; but we are asked to believe in His love, and in His dying for us of His own voluntary will. And faith will always make His love and His death as personal as Paul did; "*who loved me, and gave himself for me.*" Not merely, He died for *us*, or *them*, but "*He died for me.*"

The dying girl had, as it were, raised her board; gladly would she have placed it in the window, or fastened it on the housetop, that she might tell all who passed by, “ Jesus died for me ; ” but better far, those precious words were written on the imperishable tablets of her heart, and the offerings of her love were not a few flowers that bloom only for a day, but the confession of *His* love in songs of praise for ever. The simple but strong faith that delights in these words, is sweet to the heart and brings us near to Himself. “ Jesus died for me.” He me; He me. There is no truth more plain in Scripture, and none more assuring or comforting to the heart. The cross is the fullest expression of His love, and the foundation of all our blessing. Though now in glory the Lord puts nothing between our hearts and Himself, and neither does faith.

And wilt thou, my dear reader, allow a devotion of heart around that silent grave, to excel thine to a risen, living Saviour, who bids thee come to Him and dwell with Him for ever? God forbid! Awake, awake, from thy long sleep of sin; arise, arise, to the consciousness that Jesus died that thou mightest live — live for ever. Let thy gratitude be proportionate to the greatness of the sacrifice, thy

faith proportionate to the dignity of Him who died, thy zeal to the deliverance accomplished and the salvation secured. She had the same spirit as one who exclaimed, "Could I, grave these blessed words, 'He died for me,' on every tree that grows, on every leaf that quivers, on the face of all rocks; and could I herald them forth on the wings of the wind, I would tell the vast universe of God that 'Jesus died for me'—that I live through His death, and shall reign with Him in glory for ever." "Would," said another, "that I could stand on a platform high as heaven, and that my voice could reach every soul on the earth, then would I proclaim to all that 'Jesus died for me.' " This was faith, love, gratitude, and zeal for the Lord's glory. Go thou, my dear friend, learn of Jesus and do likewise. J.L.K.

HOW I WAS SAVED.



ONE Sunday evening in September, 1879, I was at chapel as usual. Although I was unsaved, the Spirit of God had been striving very much with me. On this Sunday, during the service, I looked up, and it seemed as if I saw Jesus, and He looked at

me with such a loving look ! His look seemed to say, " Come unto me," but I did not come then ; I put salvation off still a little longer. I have often thought since how terrible it would have been if I had died then, but our merciful God gave me another opportunity to come. On the next Sunday I was at chapel again, and after the service there was a meeting for prayer, and after that a dear friend, who had been pleading with me to come, and pleading with God to save me for some months, came and spoke to me about my soul. But it seemed no use, she had so often spoken to me ; then she said, " Shall I speak to Mr. H. (the preacher) for you ? " But I said, " Oh, no." Thank God, she did not listen to me, but went and asked him to speak to me. They both told me that Jesus had done all the work, and I was to come just as I was and believe in Jesus, and accept Him as my Saviour ; and they spoke and prayed with me for some time, and my friend asked me if I could trust Jesus now, but I said, " I cannot feel." I was waiting to feel I was saved instead of believing. " Oh," she said, " do not wait for feelings, but believe ; ' Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' " And then I said, " I do believe," and from that moment I have put my trust in Jesus. Although

I have been very unfaithful yet Jesus is still the same ; and now He is my precious Saviour.

But, oh, how wretched I felt while I was waiting for feelings instead of trusting ! I felt as if I was a prisoner, and would have given anything to have got away ; but how different it was when I believed in the Lord Jesus ! Now I know that I shall see that dear Saviour soon.

I have heard some people say, "We cannot be sure our sins are forgiven ; it is too much to be sure about, but we hope, if we do our duty and do what is right, we shall be saved at last." Thank God, we may be sure, for the Spirit of God beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God ; not, we hope to be, but, we are. Who shall condemn us now, since it is God Himself justifies ?

Oh, dear unsaved one, why art thou still outside and staying away from this loving Saviour, who is waiting to receive you ? Is it for feelings you are waiting ? Oh, do not wait any longer, but come just as you are—sins and feelings and everything else—and fall down at the feet of Jesus, and say from your heart, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief." Do not put salvation off any longer. It may be you are saying, "I am quite well and strong, there is no hurry ;" but think how many there

are who are alive and well in the morning, and perhaps meet with an accident during the day, and are dead before night. And then it is so uncertain when the Lord will come and take His people home. How dreadful it will be for you to be left behind! Oh, do come before that door of mercy is closed for ever. It will be no use for you to knock then; and then there will be a day when you will have to stand before God. How will you be able to face Him, if you have not accepted His offered salvation. There will be no excuse, for it is as free for you as it is for anyone else. Let me beseech you in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. How dreadful it will be to hear those dreadful words fall from those dear lips, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," instead of hearing Him say, "Come in, thou blessed of my Father." The Lord is so willing to save, He is waiting for you to come; He is a great deal more willing to save you than you are to come; do come at once, for "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." My earnest prayer is, that God may indeed come with great power on this poor sinful world, and save many precious never-dying souls, and we will give Him all the glory now and for ever.

M. J. B.

A SAILOR'S STORY.



At a meeting in the town of Preston, a young sailor rose and asked liberty to tell how he had been saved. Permission being granted, he spoke somewhat to the following effect:—

“I am but a young man, yet I have seen as much of this world's wickedness as men double my age. Since a very little boy I have been following a seafaring life. In one of our voyages we got becalmed up the Mediterranean. The men being idle began to drink rum and play cards in the fore-castle till numbers of them were intoxicated. My mess-mate was lying in his hammock ill with fever. He seemed very sick, and none of us could afford him any comfort. Above the noise of the revelling we heard a piercing cry. We listened, and all we could hear was that awful and solitary word,

“‘Hell! hell! hell! hell!’

“We looked at one another, and though some tried to laugh, most of us were awed. One in his drunkenness shouted,

“‘Give him a drink of rum.’

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

“ On reaching port I at once made for some place where I could hear what a sinner had to do to be saved. I found my way into a room like this, and heard a plain working man speaking of Jesus. He told us of His precious

blood that was shed to put away sin, and as he described Him hanging on the tree groaning, bleeding, dying for lost sinners, the just One, for us the unjust, the weight of guilt upon my soul seemed to roll off as a mighty burden. Light, joy, and peace filled my heart, and since then I have been going on my way rejoicing, no longer fearing to go down to hell, but waiting for the day when Jesus shall come to receive His ransomed ones to Himself, and I shall for ever be with Him in heaven."

Reader, if *you* were dying now, whither would you go—to *heaven* or to *hell*? The sailor knew that he was saved, and all his sins forgiven. Do you know this? Face the question honestly. If you are converted to God you would go to heaven; but if not, you would be eternally lost. In His word He declares that "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that FORGET"—not hate, despise, blaspheme—but "FORGET God" (Psalm ix. 17).
A. M.



DEAD SOULS MADE TO LIVE.

LISTEN to this magnificent passage, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." (Isa. lxi. 1).

So sung Isaiah concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, some seven hundred years before He came. Was it fulfilled? do you ask. Ah! yes; and that most minutely. Follow me to Luke iv. 16-21, "He found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again

to the minister [or attendant], and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, *This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.*"

Why did He not go on to read, "And the day of vengeance of our God," &c. ? Ah ! the reason is obvious. It wasn't the time yet to declare "the day of vengeance ;" He had only just begun His public ministry. It was not till He was rejected by the Jews at the end of His ministry, that He declared the day of vengeance, in the most pathetic, bewailing language ever uttered, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord " (Matt. xxiii. 37-39.) There shall be a day of vengeance, too, for Christendom. Have you never read ; "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking *vengeance* on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall be punished

with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power ; when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe ? ” (2 Thess. i. 7-10) “ because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved ; and for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie ; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness ” (2 Thess. ii. 10-12). How dreadful ! O Christendom ! O individual unsaved one, these solemn, soul-piercing words of Jesus, “ O Jerusalem ! O Jerusalem ! ” &c. have a practical application to you. You must know how often—oh, how very often !—the Lord has sought to draw you to Himself, to save you, but *ye would not !* “ Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.” What if He is almost ready to declare *your* day of vengeance !

But I must return to my main subject. Come with me, then, to another passage, Luke vii. 19-22 : “ And John, calling unto him two of his disciples, sent them to Jesus, saying, Art thou he that should come, or look we for another ? . . . And in that same hour, he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits ; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. Then Jesus, answering, said unto

them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. Observe particularly, "*the dead are raised.*" Yes, blessed, for ever blessed be His glorious name! He *raised the dead.* And in raising the dead body to life, it was only, of course, illustrative of His power to communicate life—eternal life—yea, His own life, to the dead soul, and in doing both did He emphatically "bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captive, and open the prison to them that were bound."

Let us now read the passages where these cases are recorded, and compare them one with another, in order to get the lessons suggested thereby.

1. Jairus' daughter (Mark v. 22, 23, 35-43). Now let children attend particularly to this case. She was just twelve years old—the very age of some of you—yet she died. Ah! don't think *you* are sure to live to be old. By far the most die young. Go and ask the grave-digger if that is not true. One-fourth born never see seven, and one-half never see seventeen years of age. A little time ago I was taken to see a poor little dying boy. He was just skin and bone—wasted away to shadow, and just about

twelve. I brought the truth of God to bear upon his conscience to awaken him. I told him he was dead spiritually, and needed life, but that Jesus would give it him. In short, I preached the gospel to him. I sung these lines several times over to him at his bedside on my knees—

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘ Come unto Me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast.’
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.”

The truth seemed to lay hold of him, poor little fellow. Jesus seemed to “ take him by the hand,” as He took this girl’s, and as he now seeks to take *yours*, and said to his soul, “*Arise.*” Shortly after he called all in the house to his bedside, and blessed them, and prayed for them, and made them all promise to meet him in heaven. He then asked them to sing these lines, in which he joined in a wonderfully clear voice, and then fell quietly and sweetly asleep on the bosom of Jesus.

Jesus, you see, raised this little damsel to life, and restored her, for the time being, to her rejoicing parents, and at the same time no doubt, He saved her soul as He did this boy’s.

Let Jesus take you by the hand. How warm and kindly His hand is! The way He does that now is by speaking to your hearts. Oh, listen to His sweet voice, as He whispers your very name, as it were, in your ear. The first one this damsel would *see*, bending over her as she opened her eyes, would be Jesus; then I'm sure she would *love* Him all her days. Again, she *arose* and *walked*, and *ate*. Think of these things, dear young *saved* souls; and may the Holy Spirit apply them—*seeing* Jesus, *loving* Jesus, *arising* out of everything low and wrong (Col. iii. 1-3), *walking* in His footsteps, and *eating* the strong meat of the Lord—yea, feeding upon Himself.

II. Come now to the case of the young man—the widow's son of Nain (Luke vii. 11-15). Ah! young men died then, you see, and young men die still; and if they should die wrong now, all will be wrong with them for ever. Christ is not here now to raise the dead body, to give another opportunity. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie;" "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." Ay, young men die. I've seen several die, and what was remarkable was the great change upon them, more ways than one. They were not like the same lads at all—quite toned down. You would never have thought, to have seen them then, that they had ever

sneered and laughed in a workshop, or at a street-corner, or in a public-house at conversion and converts. The bluster and the brag were quite gone then. The wildest of them were quite crest-fallen then—as meek as lambs, the veriest cowards. Oh! but it is one thing to see a young man in good health amongst his “chums” at the gate of the factory, and another thing altogether to see him pallid, emaciate—dying *alone*. Ay, young men die. Oh, young man, young maid *arise*! Hear at last the voice of Jesus, “Hear, and your soul shall live.” “The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and *they that hear shall live*” (Isa. lv.; John v. 25). “Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God” (Rom. x. 17).

III. The third and last case is that of Lazarus of Bethany (John xi. 1-44).

Let me say a word to hoary heads here. “The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be—aye, *if it be*—found in the way of righteousness,” if the owner of it be saved in short; but if not, what then?

Ah, this is rather a serious matter for you, dear aged unsaved souls. Suffer one word, and I will speak to you faithfully but respectfully, as your gray hairs most surely demand of me.

Do you not see something awfully symbolic

of the spiritual condition of dead souls in all these cases? All were dead, surely dead. The first was young and but just departed—scarcely yet cold. The second was on the way to the grave. But in this last, death has had its full power; he is buried, and corruption is most manifest.

Behold here the picture of your deplorable and alarming condition. You are not warm, lying in bed, newly dead as you were when a child, nor are you merely on the way to the grave as you were when a youth. No, no, you are, alas! far beyond that now. You are in the last stage of moral and spiritual corruption. You are “dead four days,” “twice dead,” “dead in trespasses and sins,” “past feeling,”—*in the* grave, forsooth—buried in sin, even in vice, it may be, superstition, scepticism, indifference, insensibility or hypocrisy, formality, legality, self-righteousness: by this time how offensive to God! Oh, wretched, wretched, almost hopeless state. But don't despair for all that. Jesus is able to save to the uttermost. He can call you forth. Still He is, as it were, at your grave's mouth, and He “weeps” over you.

Oh, listen to His life-giving voice as He calls—“LAZARUS, COME FORTH!” *to you now!* Be alarmed at your state, but don't despair. To

despair is worse still. To despair is the very thing Satan wants you to do. We are not ignorant of *his* devices. He told you once you were too good to need conversion, now he tells you, you are too bad to be converted. Once he told you you were too young, now he tells you you are too old. That's just his way : but don't believe him, he is 'a liar from the beginning. Blessed be God, a man *can* be born again when he is old, though I daresay it rarely happens. I knew one man who seemed to be saved in his 90th year. Yes, indeed, an old, dead, buried, offensive sinner *can* be saved, and this, I hope, may be illustrated in the case of more than one coming forth to life at the call of Jesus as He thus speaks to you by His Word and Spirit. L. L.

A RELIGIOUS MAN SAVED.



HERE lived, some time ago, in the neighbourhood of the city of Edinburgh, a decent, respectable man. John L——, besides being known and much esteemed as quiet, steady, and obliging, was also what the world would call a "religious" man, being a member of a Presbyterian Church, and a

regular attender thereof. On Sundays he was to be found in his pew, and the preacher had few hearers who were more attentive to his ministrations than John. Notwithstanding all this, he was

“ A stranger to grace and to God,
He knew not his danger, and felt not his load.”

The scales with which Satan had blinded his eyes were removed, and he saw from the Word of God that he was a ruined and condemned sinner. His danger was apprehended, and he earnestly prayed to God to be rescued from the eternity of misery that was awaiting him. The load of his sins pressed heavier and heavier upon his guilty conscience. He had not the remotest idea that he was such a sinner. He had supposed himself to be a “middling” sort of a man—“neither very good, nor very bad.” Now he viewed himself as a vile, filthy, condemned criminal: and the prospect of having to stand in the presence of a holy God in judgment, with all his sins on him, nearly drove him to despair.

John heard of meetings being held in Edinburgh. It had been stated, men and women had gone to these meetings, and had been “converted.” All this sounded strange in John's ears. If it was really the case that

drunkards, liars, thieves, harlots, and sinners of all grades of character were being "saved," there was surely hope for him. He therefore resolved that he would go and see for himself, and if possible "get the blessing." On reaching the meeting-place he took his seat "between two," expecting that, should the "blessing come down," it would be sure not to miss him. Instead of listening to the simple story of redeeming love, as proclaimed by the preacher, he kept looking *round the walls of the building*, expecting something "mysterious to happen." It never struck him that any "blessing" that could be received was to be obtained by "the truth" *spoken*. He thought, perhaps, some *voice* might whisper in his ear, "John, your sins are all forgiven," and when, after the meeting, a christian worker pressed on him *the truth*, he said: "I know all that already; if you have nothing but that, I may go away home."

On leaving the meeting in Edinburgh, John retraced his steps homewards, nothing having "happened" at all. For several days he got more and more miserable. He was constantly occupied with his *feelings* and his *sins*; and he derived no peace from the consideration of either. What was to be done? He was perplexed. At last he resolved he would go to

the minister of the church of which he was a member, and ask him how he was to be saved; but this came always up before him: "ALL THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN SETTLED BEFORE I JOINED THE CHURCH."

One evening he found himself within a few yards of the "manse" door, but as he approached it, his courage failed him. The thought that he had been a professor of Christianity, and yet a hypocrite, kept him from going in at once. He said to himself, "I will lift the knocker as far as I can get it: *if it falls I will go in*: if not, I will go home." Raising his hand he placed it on the knocker, and on lifting it, it fell. The door was opened, and he found himself face to face with the minister. Having explained the object of his visit, he was shown from God's Word that Christ had suffered on Calvary's cross for sin, and that on *this ground* every sinner was invited, nay urged, to "take" salvation as a "gift" through simple faith in the divine testimony. John, however, thought that there was something more "to be done" *by him before* God would save him. Like Naaman, he had "made up his mind" *how* he was to be saved; and, like thousands of others, he thought that he must "do" or "feel" something before he had salvation.

For some time after he had the conversation with his minister, he grew worse and worse. He began to think that there was "no hope" for him. His wife, who ought to have been his best friend, was his worst enemy, though very fond of him. She cried, "peace, peace" to his soul, when there was no peace. She declared that he was "good enough," and did not understand why he was so frequently talking about his sins. He was a very "decent," "respectable" man, and a "member of the church" besides—and no one could blame him for being dishonest, or anything of that kind. She gave it as her firm opinion that "ONLY WICKED PEOPLE NEED TO BE CONVERTED;" and, as he was not a wicked man—in her eyes—he did not need conversion. Poor woman! like thousands of others in this so-called religious land, she had the idea that only openly wicked sinners require to be "born again."

John struggled on, still trying to be saved in *his own way*. Satan suggested to him that he was one of God's "reprobates," and was not "elected" to be saved. His agony and misery became so insupportable, that one day while at work he threw it down, and rushed out of the door, crying, "There is no use of a damned man working." From God's Word

he saw that he was "condemned." "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John iii. 18). His wife, fearing he was going to commit suicide, seized hold of her Bible, got on her knees, and earnestly prayed to God to give her husband "peace." Some time after, he returned, and seeing the Bible open, he advanced to give it a "cuff," when his eye caught hold of a verse: "*I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved*" (John x. 9). Like a flash of lightning the truth burst into his soul. He perceived he had been seeking to obtain salvation in the wrong way. *Now* he saw that Jesus had died *for him*—had borne the judgment due to *his sins*—that God was perfectly satisfied *on this account*—and that through believing the "good news" he was saved, and had eternal life. Jumping up, he turned round and caught his wife in his arms, saying—"O WIFE, I HAVE BEEN AT THE WRONG DOOR." Peace filled his heart, and he rejoiced in the knowledge of the fact that he was saved according to the Word of God.

Reader! Have you been trying to pass into salvation by "wrong doors?" Thousands and tens of thousands are daily doing so. Christ is not simply *a* door, nor the *best* door, but He is *the* door—the only door through which a sinner can obtain peace and pardon. Many

are trying "praying." That is not *the* door. No sinner is promised pardon on any such ground. You may pray as long as you please, but you are seeking to enter by the *wrong* door. Have you been at the door of ordinances? It is a *wrong* door. Ordinances won't save you. You may be a regular attender at church or chapel: be very zealous for the upholding of what you believe to be truth: have family worship morning and evening: attend the prayer meeting and the communion table—but if you don't "enter" through Christ, you will never be saved. Whatever your opinions may be, take God's own simple way of salvation. You cannot be saved by anything *you* can "do;" but even now you may have eternal life by believing in what has already been done for you by *another*—by Jesus Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou *shalt* be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). "All that *believe are justified* from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). 'He that *believeth on Me hath* everlasting life" (John vi. 47). You may think it "too easy" a way; but it is God's, and surely He knows best. Christ is "*the way, the truth, and the life.*" "*I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved*" (John x. 9). A. II.

THE TWO COLLISIONS.



T was a lovely summer's evening, when a young man, T. W., after the business of the day, proposed to his sister H. a row upon the Thames, which was cheerfully accepted.

They had gone some distance up the river, enjoying the cool air, and the beautiful scenery on either side, when on emerging from a curve in its course, they saw a boat with a single occupant, driving furiously down the stream to meet them. T. directed his sister as to the helm, and while shouting to the occupant of the boat, applied himself vigorously to the oars; but in vain—the boat ran them down, and being a large one, upset their little craft, and the sister was thrown head foremost into the water, sinking immediately. As “by a miracle,” T. said, the little boat righted, and he retained his place in it. The man who had done the mischief rowed on, being appealed to in vain for help, while the distressed brother looked in agony at the spot where his sister had gone down. Whether he called upon God in his distress, I

cannot say, for he was an unbeliever; but presently she rose to the surface, and he stood up, and seizing her by her clothes, drew her into the boat, fearing at the same time it would overturn, and they would "both go to the bottom," for there was no one within sight or hearing. But God was watching over them in tender mercy, preserving the sister (who was a devoted Christian), for further service to Him, and the brother to be a monument of His grace.

They returned home in due time, and related, to the great joy of their sisters, their wonderful escape. T., was full of astonishment and admiration at H.'s "perfect calmness" under such circumstances—she, full of thankfulness to God, who had kept her quiet, and preserved them both from a watery grave.

The whole affair—the upsetting of the boat and the rescue, was, of course, but the work of a few moments, though it seemed to them a long time, especially to H., who afterwards described to the writer all that passed in her mind whilst sinking.

Her whole life came up in review before her, she found herself in the presence of God, and everything naked and opened before the eyes of Him with whom she had to do. She felt the solemnity of her situation, but she had no fear,

for she knew that the precious blood of Christ had atoned for her sins, and put them away for ever; and she was "unspeakably calm and happy" in the prospect of death, for she knew she would be with Him who loved her, and had given Himself for her.

Years rolled on—these young people were separated, and had homes of their own—the sisters, who were all believers, proving amid varied circumstances of joy and sorrow what a treasure they had in Christ. The brother, after trying in vain to quench his thirst for happiness in the world's polluted streams, had made up his mind to reject the Bible as the revelation of God, and so silence conscience, and every appeal made to him as to his eternal interests. He laughed at his sisters' concern for his soul, and professed to be "perfectly at ease." But was he? Are *you* at ease, young man, young woman—the child of Christian parents, yet trying to forget what you have been taught, and mingling with the giddy throng of this world's pleasure-seekers? Are you? Then hear what God says to all such. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Again T. was on the Thames with another of his sisters, C. They were coming from Jersey, and had taken the longer passage to London for the benefit of the sea air, for T. was now far gone in consumption.

They had had a beautiful voyage, but the third night was so excessively hot that several ladies, who had retired, left their cabins, and returned to the saloon. The gentlemen were playing at cards—the invalid amongst them; and as his sister lay and watched his handsome, and everchanging face, her prayer went up to God for him, until he retired, and she fell asleep; but about three o'clock she was startled by loud and exciting sounds. There was a shouting of men—screaming of women, and an ominous tramping overhead. C. sat up and looked round—not a soul seemed left below but herself, and feeling sick and faint, she lay down again, committing herself to God, and entreating that her beloved brother and other passengers, who were unprepared to meet Him, might be spared in this hour of peril. In a moment a crash was heard, and the vessel shivered and rocked—then another shouting, screaming, and rushing over the deck. By-and-bye the sounds subsided, and T. came down to the saloon, pale and trembling, to seek his sister, who, he had just dis-

covered, was not on deck. When he saw her, he asked in an excited tone what she meant by lying there—did she not know that “we might all have been lost?” She replied that she felt there was danger, but was only anxious for him and others, as she knew herself safe, come what might. He was vexed by her composure, but soon recovered himself, and gave an account of the catastrophe. It seems that when the vessel was entering the mouth of the Thames at daybreak, a large ship steamed out of harbour, apparently with no watch on deck, and was bearing down upon them. The captain saw the danger, but raised his voice in vain, for she kept on her course, and but for God’s mercy, they might have been lost.”

At this critical moment, the mate of the vessel seized the helm, and turned her, so that, with the smashing of the paddle-box, and a slight grazing and shaking, they escaped, while their deliverer, a tall, powerful man, fell down on the deck, white and rigid, like one dead, as soon as the danger was past. It was not long before he was restored, and every one’s fears were calmed; and (such is the folly of man’s heart) many began to rally each other about the terror they had shown.

Dear reader, I have brought these two scenes

before you to awaken the inquiry : How would it be with you in such circumstances ?

Should *you* feel “unspeakably calm and happy” in the immediate prospect of having to stand before a holy God ? Could *you*, believing yourself “appointed unto death,” *knowing yourself safe*, spend your last moments in praying for others ? Such is the blessed privilege of the children of God. You may be in no danger of drowning ; but are you *sure* of living another day, or another hour ?

Many and many a soul is called away without a moment’s warning, and God may say to you : “*This night* thy soul shall be required of thee !” Then where, oh ! where would you be ? Can you bear to think of the “worm that dieth not, and the fire that never shall be quenched ?” Yet these must be your portion if you die without Christ. Or, if the Lord should come and take His people up to be for ever with Him, according to His promise, what would be your feeling to find your father, your mother, and others whom you love all gone, and yourself left behind, with *no hope* ! Would not your agony and despair be intensified by the recollection of having been often warned of your danger, and entreated to come to Christ for salvation, and you *would not come* !

Once more I beseech you, ere it be too late. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die!" "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life."

The young man of whom I have written, although once careless as you may be, had his eyes opened to his danger—sought, and found the Saviour, and some time afterwards died rejoicing in Him; and his sister, about thirty-six years after the first incident related, fell asleep in Jesus; her last audible notes of triumph being: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" "More than conqueror through Him that loved me!" P.

PAT C.'S EXPERIENCE.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting."



ONE day, as Pat C. was turning over a heap of manure in a field in which he was working, his eye lighted upon a piece of printed paper, which he took up and, just out of curiosity, first glanced at and then was led to read the words on it.

This paper happened to be a page out of that book which, to Pat C., was up to this time a

sealed one, I mean the Bible, and of which he was then entirely ignorant ; except, perhaps, as to a few passages from the New Testament, found in his manual of devotion, called, " The Garden of the Soul." Well, the paper Pat found in his dung-heap, and took up and read, proved to be a page of that part of the Bible called the book of Ecclesiastes, the seventh chapter, and it reads thus—

1. " A good name is better than precious ointment ; and the day of death better than the day of one's birth.

2. " It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting ; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart.

3. " Sorrow is better than laughter ; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

4. " The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning ; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth."

And so on. But the words which God by His holy Spirit, used to arrest Pat, were those at the head of this paper. " It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting," and he said to himself, " I have often been to the house of feasting," as he thought of the fairs and wakes and jollifica-

tions he had attended times out of number, and which had left also not only a sore heart, but, not unfrequently, a sore head as well. "But I have never been to the house of mourning;" and he could not get this passage in the second verse of our chapter out of his head. Neither did God intend that he should, and this worked and worked in his soul till he became uneasy, and really learnt what the "house of mourning" for an unsaved sinner, is. Bit by bit his own heart was discovered to himself, and he found out what mourning for sin was—what that godly sorrow which needeth not to be repented of, is. He understood, too, that apparent contradiction in the third verse, "Sorrow is better than laughter," for it also says in the sixth, "The laughter of fools" is "as the crackling of thorns under a pot. This also is vanity."

Dear reader, do *you* know anything about this exercise of a soul which has been pierced by the two edged-sword of God's Word? He knows how to wield it. He knows what portion to apply, whether from the Old or New Testament, for it is all His Word, and "every word of God is pure" (Prov. xxx. 5), and "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness" (2

Tim. iii. 16). Have you learned, too, that feasting is often "the end of all men?" Have you not practically said with those of old, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?" and given not one thought to what is beyond? Oh! yes—bear with me—you know you have, and have wished there was no hereafter; and when conscience—even *natural* conscience—has been at work, you have envied the very dog you have spurned, knowing that it had not an immortal soul, but that you have; that it was an unaccountable creature, but that you are a responsible being.

Well, God who had begun the good work in Pat, through this passage, according to His own word, "performed," or as it is in the margin, "finished" it; and when I met Pat C. some fourteen years since, he had learned something of the fourth verse—"The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning," for He who wounds but to heal, had used some of His servants to pour in the oil and the wine of His word, and to bind up Pat's wounds, as the good Samaritan did to the wounded Jew in the tenth chapter of Luke; for he was rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven, of eternal life in Christ, and delighted to assemble with God's people, to remember the blessed Lord in His death in the breaking of bread and drinking of

wine on the first day of the week, according to the loving, parting desire of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

Since then our friend Pat has gone to be with Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him, and has learned experimentally that "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth," for what is called "death," is, to the believer; the "departing to be with Christ, which is far better;" to be "absent from the body, is but to be present with the Lord." For such an one has been to the house of mourning and learnt what it is to be forgiven, and is now justified on the ground of taking God at His word, which is embraced in the little word of five letters—FAITH. Death is, to the spirit of the believer, what the opening of the wired door is to the caged lark, it allows it to soar up to Him who is at God's right hand—to the One who died that he might live.

The place where Pat found this leaf of the Bible—a manure heap, and all the consequent dealings of God with him, calls to one's mind that verse in Hannah's outburst of worship in Sam. ii. 8, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill, to set them among princes, to make them inherit the throne of glory." From "*dung-hill*" to "GLORY!"

May you, too, learn this lesson, that the "house of mourning" is better than the house of feasting; learn that God "Now commandeth ALL men EVERYWHERE to repent" (Acts xvii. 30); and at the same time that He has sent out the message of reconciliation as conveyed in the words of the 5th chapter 2nd epistle to the Corinthians, last two verses—"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." God "COMMANDETH," but the same God, as it were, "BESEECHES."

Listen to both; believe, rejoice; then warn and tell the good news to others, as Pat C. did.

"Come!" 'tis Jesus gentl calling,
 "Ye with care and toil opprest,
 With your guilt, howe'er appalling—
 Come, and I will give you rest."
 For your sin He "once has suffered;"
 On the cross the work was done;
 And the word of God now uttered
 To each weary soul is "*Come!*"

"Come!" for angel hosts are musing
 O'er this sight so strangely sad;
 God "beseeching"—man refusing
 To be made for ever glad!—
 From the world and its delusion
 Now our voices rise as one;
 While we shout "*God's invitation,*"
 Heaven itself re-echoes '*Come!*' S.V.H.

SALVATION.

"I will rejoice in Thy salvation."—Psalm ix. 14.

SALVATION, free Salvation,
Soul-cheering is the sound,
Salvation, full Salvation,
In Christ alone is found.

This glorious Salvation
Is my soul's source of joy,
The assurance of Salvation,
Nought earthly can destroy.

Through faith in this Salvation
Death's sting has lost its power,
Christ gives with His Salvation,
Peace in the dying hour.

Life's cordial is Salvation,
It calms the troubled breast,
Through Jesu's full Salvation,
I shall be ever blest.

While here on earth Salvation
My noblest theme shall be,
In heaven I'll sing Salvation
To Christ who died for Me.

For free and full Salvation,
To heaven my song I'll raise,
For free and full Salvation
My Saviour ever praise.

J. D.

“ JIM, THAT’S THEE ! ”

A True Tale in Verse.

THE crowd collects in yonder street,
Where noisy mirth had been ;
But still and solemn, all is now—
What can the stillness mean ?

The ribald joke was heard before,
And maddening laughter rose ;
But now the storm is hushed, as when
The summer zephyr blows.

With blackened face and gaudy dress,
Four motley objects stand ;
The leader there, demure, devout,
A book holds in his hand.

From which he reads ; ah ! see the tears
Which from his eyelids flow ;
How strange ! yet how this comes about,
It will be mine to show :—

They long had plied their sorry trade—
From street to street had passed,
Until upon this very spot
They find themselves at last.

About again to raise the laugh,
And oft-told jests retell,
It *happened*—shall we pass it thus ?—
It happened this befell.

Advancing from the gathered crowd
A stranger intervenes ;
And now we very soon shall know
What this strange stillness means.

With book in hand, he thus accosts
The leader of the band :

“ If you a portion of this book
Will read, as there you stand—

“ Distinctly read—that all may hear,
This shilling yours shall be.”

To earn a shilling with such ease,
The leader filled with glee.

He to the task himself addressed,
With sober face and mien ;
For now the title of the book
He, half alarmed, had seen.

“ The BIBLE ” was the sacred Book
From which he was to read ;

“ The BIBLE,” precious, holy Book,
Of interest vast, indeed !

The fifteenth chapter of St. Luke
To read he now began ;
Sure none before had ever heard
It read by such a man !

The crowd closed in ; for smaller space
Than usual now would do ;
And such a strange, unwonted sight
A larger concourse drew.

The strangely beauteous tale commenced
‘ Mid deep attention given,
That tells the prodigal’s return
Lights up the joy of heaven.

The tale which thousands linger o’er,
As by it held in thrall ;
Oft used by God, with power divine
As His effectual call.

The holy, sacred border line,
To souls in search of peace,
Where fear, and doubt, and unbelief,
And all misgiving cease.

Sweet wondrous tale! from lips divine;
Tale of immortal fame!
Where God speaks forth in every line,
Yet undivulged His name!

God's vengeance in the flood was told;
God's glory's seen above;
God's kindness view in fruitful fields—
But *here* behold His LOVE.

He reads about "a certain man
Who had two sons of yore,"—
They listen, for to them it seems
As never heard before—

"And how the younger son desired
The portion to him due;
Receiving which, alas! to tell,
From home he soon withdrew.

"And to the country far, far off,
His wistful visit paid,
Where all his substance soon was gone,
And he an hireling made."

And here the reader slowly paused,
When, startling 'twas to see,
His dark companion looking up,
Say "SURELY, JIM, THAT'S THEE!"

Proceeding on, with sadder voice—
"And when he all had spent"—
The voice was heard again to say,
"Ah, Jim, 'tis *thee* that's meant!"

About the famine next he read—

“ And to want began,”

Ah, *now* the *voice of God* he heard,

It said, “ *Thou art the man.*”

It needed not another voice,

For God spoke through His Word,

Yet, in the old familiar sound,—

“ That's thee, Jim,” oft was heard.

The interest deepened—on he read—

“ When to himself he came,

He thought upon his father's house,

And breathed his father's name.”

There was an earnestness so strange,

Which held in thrall his tongue,

It seemed as from *his* very heart—

'Twas *his* confession wrung.

And, oh ! the zest with which he read—

In solemn tones, and low,

The contrite prodigal's resolve—

“ I will arise and go,

“ And say, before thee I have sinned,

And sinned before high heaven ;

Father, unworthy to be thine,

Yet—can I be forgiven ? ”

A gleam of light spread o'er his face,

His heart was almost won ;

The heavy load was rolling off—

He was that very son ?

“ And he arose,” he sweetly reads,

“ And to his father came.”

Ah, now the spark of heavenly love

Was kindling to a flame.

Yet more—“When yet a great way off,
His father saw, and ran
To meet his son,” his radiant smile!
Describe it, ye who can!

“And fell upon his neck, and kissed
His prodigal returned.”
The work was done—his soul was saved—
His heart within him burned.

As, after storm the calm prevails,
And billows cease to roll:
Peace, like an even river, now
Seemed flowing o’er his soul.

’Twas easy for him now to read
Of what the father said
About the shoes, and ring, and robe,
With which he was arrayed.

He felt it all;—a wanderer once—
A pilgrim far from home;
Yet like the prodigal of yore,
“He to himself had come.”

’Twas God’s own shaft—His mighty power
That pierced him through and through,
When, looking up, his fellow said—
“Why, Jim, that’s surely you!”

He long had fed upon the husks
Which swine esteem so good;
But now he fed on richest fare,
And found it dainty food.

Once nigh to perishing, but now
(With joy it made him laugh)
The most loved of the house—at home—
And, feeding on the calf!

For so he read, "And hither bring
The fatted calf, with glee,
And kill and dress, and let us eat,
And let us merry be :

"For this my son was lost, is found,
And lives who once was dead."
Imagine with what bursts of joy,
These wondrous words were said !

He seemed to hear the swelling chords,
The music, dance, and song ;
Nay, more ! he knew himself was now
One of the happy throng !

O, wondrous grace ! God surely "moves
In a mysterious way,"
How little he, indeed, had thought
Of being saved that day !

There, on the spot ! just as he was ;
Ah, yes ! "without one plea,"
He looks ; he lives ; his chains are snapped,
Believing, he is free !

Then next he reads about the son,
Outside the festal hall,
Regardless of his father's joy,
'The music, dance, and all.

Yet how love e'en goes forth to him—
'The father leaves the joy,
As fain to welcome to the feast
His waiting elder boy.

He reads, with tears, his heartless words,
"Thou never gavest me
A kid that I might sit and feast
With my friends, merrily.

“ But at the moment this thy son
Returns, with misery filled,
Thou—spendthrift, shameless, as he is—
The fatted calf hath killed ! ”

“ *My* friends ! ” “ *Thy* son ! ” Alas ! alas !
Cold, heartless, callous one !
But no ! it cannot hush the joy
Which inside has begun.

This outburst of his anger serves
But to enforce the plea—
“ ‘ *Tis meet,* ’ the Father’s precious words !
“ That we should merry be.

For this thy brother, who was dead,
Now liveth, safe and sound ;
And he who long, long time was lost—
No longer lost, is found. ”

“ FOUND, ” was the echo of his voice ;
“ FOUND ! ” and he closed the Book ;
Now to the bright blue heavens above,
No more he feared to look.

He knew he had a Father there,
Who gave His Son to die ;
He knew that strange, mysterious power—
The “ Abba, Father, ” cry.

His task was done ; the crowd dispersed,
The testimony given ;
One precious soul, at least, was saved—
One born again, from heaven.

How many more, God only knows,
Received the loving call,
And found in Jesus, Spirit taught,
Their Saviour, and their all.

One loves to trace the ways of God,
Almighty, loving still,
Who can, in all his want, bring back
The long lost prodigal.

'Twas not by chance the offer came—
In reading he was free ;
'Twas not by chance the spoken words—
“ Why, Jim, that's surely thee ! ”

Links in the golden chain of love,
Nails by the Master driven,
Drops in the river—all to bring
An outcast soul to heaven.

Take courage, Christian ! Weary not ;
Sow—by all waters—sow !
The time is short ; with love to Christ,
And love for sinners glow !

Recorded in the book above,
Is every effort made :
God never will a debtor be,
Thou shalt in full be paid.

And oh, the joys that thee await—
When, shining as the sun ;
The Master in that day shall speak
The rapturous words, “ Well done ! ”

A. M.

A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS ;
OR, THE WAGES OF SIN.

“**R**EMEMBER, my boy, ‘The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.’ ”

Such were the words uttered by a mother in the city of L——, as she bade farewell to her son, who was leaving home to pursue his studies at the University of Edinburgh.

Few young men had been so highly favoured as S——. Born and nurtured under Christian influences, his father a preacher of the gospel, and his mother a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus, S—— ought not to have been ignorant of the blessed truth that saves the soul. Though many prayers were presented on his behalf that he might be early led to make Christ his friend and counsellor, hitherto he had given no proofs that he was a Christian. On the contrary, as he had grown older he had become more and more careless and unconcerned about his salvation. Whilst attending the university, instead of taking heed to his parents' counsel, and choosing Christians as his associates, he made young men his com-

panions who cared nothing for the things of God, and whose only aim was to live for self and the pleasures of the world.

Night after night, in company with such, at the theatre, billiard room, and other places of amusement, was S—— to be found. In the course of time, he became a leader among them, seemingly, outstripping his fellows in drinking, gambling, and other evil practices. Ultimately his behaviour became known to the university authorities, and he got notice to leave the college.

With blighted prospects and withered hopes, he crossed the Atlantic; and through the influence of friends, obtained employment in a bank in the city of Toronto, in Canada. Here he resolved to begin life afresh, and inwardly determined that he would for ever renounce his old habits and be an entirely different person. For a short time, he really seemed to have become "a new creature," but his vows and resolutions were not strong enough to hold him, and soon the old desires and habits gained the ascendancy, and he was completely overpowered. Again he pursued his old course, "sowing wild oats" as quickly and as thickly as he could, doing his best to banish all thoughts of the *reaping time*.

His course of conduct reaching the ears of

the bank manager, he was dismissed from his situation. "The way of transgressors is hard," and poor S—— found by bitter experience the truth of the Scripture. Lower and lower he fell; farther and farther he wandered from God; deeper and deeper he plunged into folly and sin. Hungry and weary, he sometimes walked the streets all night, without a cent in his pocket or a roof to shelter him, not knowing how he was to obtain his breakfast. Hope sank within him, and despair took possession of his soul. His misery became so intolerable, and his agony so intense, that he resolved on committing suicide. With this object in view, he started one evening for the G—— Common, a retired place in the west-end of the city of Toronto, taking with him a pistol, powder, and shot. Whilst loading the pistol, the ball fell out and rolled on the ground; and when groping in the darkness for it, the words spoken by his mother on leaving home years previously, rang in his ears and thrilled his soul—"Remember, my boy, '*The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.*'"—He was completely overwhelmed. Home associations were recalled, and hallowed scenes of happy boyhood days came up before him. The words "the wages of sin is death" took hold of his inmost being,

and sank deep into his heart. "If I take away my life, I shall receive the wages I have so richly earned, and then to me it will be an eternity of misery and despair." Such thoughts filled his mind, penetrating and permeating him with anguish and agony.

At the remembrance of his mother's words, and stung with remorse of conscience, S—— hurriedly left the G—— Common and entered the city.

Special gospel services at this time were being held in Toronto by an earnest and gifted evangelist. S—— resolved that he would go and hear for himself the one who had been causing so much stir, and through whose preaching so many had professed conversion. On the evening he attended, God gave the preacher a message, which was carried home in living power to S——'s heart and conscience. Deeply moved and impressed by what he had heard, yet unwilling that others should know it, he rose to leave the building, refusing to remain to the meeting for conversation. As he was making his way out he felt an arm lay hold of him, and on looking round discovered the preacher, who prevailed on him to remain behind. "Young man," said he, "you wish to be saved, and there is no use in denying it."

"You don't know who you are talking to,"

was the reply. "I am the worst man in the city of Toronto."

"Whether you are or not, God loves you and wishes to save you."

"I cannot believe that, for I am a very great sinner."

"The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost; and if you are guilty of all the sins a man can commit you cannot be worse than lost."

After conversing with him for a short time, the servant of Christ read that exquisitely precious portion of God's Word containing the essence of the Gospel—John iii. 16—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." On learning S——'s name the preacher read it thus:—"For God so loved S—— that He gave His only begotten Son for S——, that, if S—— believes on Him, S—— shall not perish but have everlasting life."

"Is that all that God expects me to do?" eagerly asked S——.

He was shown that God's "great salvation" was a "gift"—that *on account of what the Lord Jesus had suffered for sinners* God could now, consistently with His justice and holiness, forgive all who believed on His Son.

S—— was amazed at the simplicity of the way of salvation. It seemed to him “too good news to be true.” Still, God said so in His word, and it was impossible for Him to lie. That night he believed that God loved *him*, a guilty, ruined, and condemned sinner; so loved him as to give up His only begotten and well-beloved Son to die for him; and, through believing the good news, he rejoiced in the knowledge of the fact that all his sins were forgiven.

I need not say that as there was joy in heaven at the repentance of such a sinner, there was aboundings of joy and thanksgiving when his mother first heard the glad news that her long lost son was found again.

Reader, the “old, old story” which gave peace to S—— is able to do the same for you. However vile, degraded, or wicked you may be, as you read these lines, you can be saved. You may have again and again “resolved” to give up your sins, but you soon found out you were as bad, if not worse, than ever. You have “tried” to be a Christian. Don’t TRY any more. It is not by TRYING but by BELIEVING that sinners are saved. It is not by what YOU do or feel that you can obtain salvation; IT IS THROUGH BELIEVING ON WHAT JESUS DID AND FELT FOR YOU. ARE YOU WILLING TO BE

SAVED NOW ? If so, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as the one who died for you and bore sin's judgment, and you will KNOW, from the Word of God, that you are saved and have eternal life.

May the language of your heart be that of the following well-known lines :—

“Just as I am, *without one plea,*
But that THY BLOOD WAS SHED FOR ME,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
 O, Lamb of God, I come !
 Just as I am, and WAITING NOT
 TO RID MY SOUL OF ONE DARK BLOT,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
 O, Lamb of God, I come !”

A. M.
 Canada.

WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?



UNCONVERTED man! have you come up to the standard of the glory of God?

“I am better than my neighbour.”

Measure yourself by the glory of God. God has only one standard, and that is Christ. All who come short, even to the smallest degree, are unfit for heaven. Good, moral people think there is some difference

between what we call great sinners and little sinners. God says there is no difference in His sight. If a man comes and says, "I cannot *feel* all this, that there is no difference (who could?), but I *believe* it, for God has said it," that man believes God and not his own feelings.

I was speaking to a lady some time ago. She said, "There *must* be a difference." I said, *God* says there is none, as in Romans we have, "For *all* have sinned, and come short of *the glory of God*," and I tried to illustrate it thus:—

Suppose there are some men wishing to get into the Queen's body-guard, and the qualification is that each must be six feet high. They are measuring themselves by themselves and comparing themselves with themselves, which is not wise. One man says, "I am the tallest man in the village, *I* shall be admitted." Here is a man five-feet-six, eight, ten, eleven—they forgot one thing, they forgot to put themselves along a six-foot rail, and measure themselves with it. So here is a sinner; he measures himself with his neighbours. Have you measured yourselves with the *glory of God* and said, "I am as He is?" The day of trial comes. The man of five-feet-six is measured and rejected, likewise the rest, till he comes to the five-feet-eleven man; he takes him and

puts him beside the six-foot measure. He is short, and *he* is rejected too, *just as really as the five-foot-six man*. What Scripture tells us is this, there is no difference, "for all have sinned, and come *short* of the glory of God." And if you have come short *one inch*, it is the same as if you came short six feet.

You think you are as good as your neighbour. Are you better than Moses? When he saw God's glory he exclaimed, "I exceedingly fear and quake." Moses could not stand before God.

"And David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand, stretched out over Jerusalem. Then David and the elders of Israel, who were clothed in sackcloth, fell upon their faces." Neither David nor the elders of Israel could stand before God.

When God's glory appeared in the temple, "the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud."

Are you better than the priests? Job, who was reputed to be a perfect man and upright before God, when he got into God's presence exclaimed: "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

So Job was not able to stand before God.

Isaiah breaks forth and says, "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." Are you better than he?

Ezekiel exclaims, "When I saw it, I fell on my face."

Even the disciples when they saw the glory of Jesus, "fell on their faces and were sore afraid."

Paul also, when he saw the glory suddenly shine round about him, a light from heaven, was terrified, and fell to the earth.

Oh, unconverted reader! in the light of such testimony can you stand before the glory of God? But let me tell you of one who could so stand, and on what ground he was able thus to stand in the glory of God.

John, who lay in the bosom of Jesus, was unable to stand when he saw Him in glory. But when He came with the touch of His glorious almighty resurrection, power, and put it on him, and identified Himself with that power; now, not only was John able to stand, but to gaze on Him and all the judgments and torments, and give the hallelujah to His God. John was then as much at home in the midst of thundering and wrath as on the tender breast of his loving Lord. There is a ground on which you, too, unsaved soul, can stand, and unmoved

gaze on the glory of God. That is resurrection ground. Christ died for you: God raised Him from the dead, that believing on Him, you might be justified in His sight. Christ having taken your place in judgment, God will put you in His place of resurrection, and there, like John, you will be able to gaze on the full glory of God. Will you leave the old ground and take the new? If so, on the authority of God's word you shall be saved for ever.

W. P. M.

"NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."



HE was a poor woman, well up in years. A humble cottage was her home. Asthma had been her complaint for years. At last it laid her on what proved to be her death-bed. I was called upon to visit her; and when I saw her, it was evident to all that death was near.

Death was near to the poor woman (it may be near you). She was pillowed up in her bed. It was heavy work for her to breathe. Under such circumstances I was anxious to know her state before God. Oh, it is all-important to know without a doubt how one stands before God.

I read to the suffering woman several parts of Scripture, which unfolds God's rich mercy, and great love to *ruined man*.

I asked her several questions; but no reply was given. I concluded that her disease prevented utterance. Neither was there any movement of the head indicative of "yes" or "no." When about to leave her, I felt led to ask her one more question.

"If you die to-night, where shall you go?"

She very faintly said, "Heaven."

"Are you sure?"

She whispered, "Yes."

"May I ask why are you so sure of going to heaven?"

She seemed to gather together the little strength remaining to give an answer. Then she said, "Because I am *resting on nothing* but the *blood* of Jesus."

"Then you have nothing to fear?"

She answered, "No."

"We shall meet above?"

She bowed her head in reply. I left, gladdened by such a testimony from one on her last foot of time to the *grace* of God, and to the *blood* of Jesus. Next day she departed to be with the Lord. It could not be anything else; because she was "*resting on nothing but the blood of Jesus!*" "*Nothing*

but the *blood of Jesus!*” Let it be repeated—“*Nothing but the blood of Jesus!*” It is *enough* for a holy God. It is *enough* for the real believer. It is *enough* for you, reader. God says, “I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls; for it is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul” (Lev. xvii. 11).

Peace has been made by the *blood*. Sinners of the Gentiles are *made nigh* by the *blood*. Believers are NOW *justified* by *His blood* (Col. i. 20; Eph. ii. 13: Rom. v. 9). Christ Jesus is “the propitiation *through faith in His blood*” (Rom. iii. 25). Reader, have you “*faith in His blood?*” If not, do not give yourself any rest until you can say, “I am *resting on nothing but the blood of Jesus.*” Him we can praise *now*, and *for ever*, for His wondrous love manifested in laying down His life for us.

“*Love* moved Him to die ;
On this I rely ;
My Saviour hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
But this I can tell,
He loved me so well,
As to lay down His life to redeem me from hell.’

G. L.



“NO MAN LIVING KNOWS THAT HE IS
SAVED.”



FEW months ago, while travelling in a railway carriage in the south of Scotland, I began to distribute some gospel books amongst my fellow-passengers.

A tall, stout man, sitting opposite me, while reading the one I had given him, shouted aloud :

“ And he was quite right.”

I asked what he meant. Holding the book in his hand he replied :

“ The man spoken of here, when asked if his sins were forgiven, replied that no one could be certain of that, and I believe he was right.”

I remarked that that was only his *opinion*, and he might be wrong.

“ Oh but,” said he, “ no man living knows that he is saved, and I don't care how good he is, he cannot be certain of it on this side of the grave.”

“ Then surely you don't believe God's Word.”

“ Oh, yes, I believe every verse of it, from Genesis to Revelation.”

Opening my Bible I read: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, *that ye may know that ye have eternal life*" (1 John v. 13).

"You say, 'No one can know,' and God says, '*Ye may know*,' whether should I believe you or God?"

Immediately he burst out saying, "I don't care what you say, we can never be certain about it till we die, we must just do what we can, and *hope* for the *best*."

"Friend," I replied, "I am sorry to hear that you don't believe what God has said."

"But I do believe the Bible."

"Does K-N-O-w read H-O-P-E in your version?"

To this he made no remark, excepting that no one could *know*, and that it was "great presumption" in any one "going the length" of saying he was saved.

I replied that if what he said was correct, he would require to get a pair of scissors and cut out the following Scriptures:

"I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake*" (1 John ii. 12). The apostle John states that the sins of those to whom he was writing were forgiven. If the apostle knew this, *they* surely knew it themselves.

"*We know* that we have passed from death

unto life" (1 John iii. 14), John does not say, "I who have attained to such holiness know," but "*We know.*" *They* knew it. They did not *hope* that this great change *would* take place. *They knew it had taken place.*

"We are *always confident*" (2 Cor. v. 6). Paul did not say, "It is great presumption in any one to be confident;" nor did he say, "I who am so nearly perfect am confident," but, "*We are always confident.*"

My friend listened to the Scriptures and my remarks on them, but declared that he would still hold to his opinion that "No one could be certain."

Reader, have *you* hitherto imagined that no one could be sure of his sins being forgiven while here on earth? If so, lay aside your "thoughts" and "opinions" and believe God's Word.

Men say, "No one can be certain."

God's Word says, "*Ye may know.*"

Men say, "It is great presumption to go that length."

God's Word says, "These things have I written *that ye may know.*"

Men say, "We can only hope."

God's Word says, "We know."

Men say, "You can never be confident."

God's Word says, "*We are always confident.*"

Reader, whether will you believe God or man? "Tell me how I can be sure of it," I hear one ask. You can only know it through believing what God has said in His Word. You cannot *feel* saved: you cannot *feel* your sins forgiven, but thank God you can *know* it, and *know it now*, as you read these lines. You and I deserved to die eternally on account of our sins, but Christ died for us. The punishment that we merited He took. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities;" and now Jehovah declares, "By Him *all that believe* are justified" (Acts xiii. 39). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36). Don't wait for any "experience" or "feeling," but rest your soul on the bare Word of God, and you will *know* (not "feel") that you are saved and your sins forgiven.

† †


NOTHING MORE!

I was a poor lost sinner,
 Nothing more,
 Then came the gentle Saviour
 To my door.
 He told me how I'd grieved Him
 With my sin,
 And all that He had suffered
 Me to win.

He told me of His cruel
Death of shame,
He spoke of all His sorrow
And His pain.
He said that He had borne it
All for me,
That with Him in His glory
I might be.
He asked me but to trust Him,
Nothing more,
He seemed with loving kindness
Welling o'er.
And I—all sick with sorrow
And with sin,
Took all my heavy burden
Unto Him.
And then my sin and sorrow
Rolled away,
He turned my night's black darkness
Into day.
And I—could only praise Him,
Praise and sing,
For oh, my heart with gladness
Loud did ring.
And now—I never doubt Him,
No not I,
But in His arms of mercy
Still I lie.
He may, my path with sorrows
Scatter o'er,
But I—just wait for Jesus—
Nothing more.

E. D. E. N.

THE HEART SATISFIED.

F I die before the morning, you'll know I am quite happy." So said a dear old woman, over eighty years of age, every night as she lay her head on the pillow during the last fortnight of her life. Do you wish to know what made her sure she should be happy after death? *Faith* in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Being justified by faith we *have peace* with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Peace with our holy God,
Peace from the fear of death,
Peace through our Saviour's precious blood,
Sweet peace, the fruit of faith."

But not only was this aged saint happy in the prospect of death, but for many years past her conversation and whole deportment told of unclouded happiness, though she lacked all that the world considers essential to happiness. She lived alone in a bare scantily furnished cottage, and on the coldest day there was not an apology for a fire; but thankfulness and contentment met both rich and poor who visited that humble dwelling. She would sometimes say, "I have more than Jesus had, I have a pillow, He had not where to lay His

head." The neighbour who lived in the adjoining cottage could hear her blessing the Lord for everything, and at all times.

On several occasions people remarked on her living quite alone, and, even at night, having no one else in the house, but her unvarying reply was, "I am not alone, not alone, Jesus is with me."

Surely she "walked with God," and kept His words, and the Lord fulfilled His promise by making His abode with her (John xiv. 21, 23).

Do you want to be *happy*, dear reader? Who is there who is not seeking happiness in some way or other? Perhaps you have sought for it by frequenting one gay scene after another—by intellectual pursuits —by change, or, may be by indulging every vicious appetite, but have one of these things ever given happiness? Have they not left an aching void which presses the heart when alone?

There is One who gives *not* as the world gives, and He says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall *never* thirst," and again Jesus says, "If *any* man thirst, let him come unto *me* and drink." Yes, HE is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and all His ways are ways of peace and *happiness*.

R. M. W. B.

“GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!”

IN a secret drawer, I have a braid of fair hair, and a little photograph—all that a poor departed one had to leave me, and I look on them as heirlooms of great value. The heart that gave these would have given thousands of gold and silver; but gold and silver she had none. No gravestone marks the spot where she lies amongst the crowded and nameless poor in an old city churchyard in Scotland. There were coffins at her head and at her feet, coffins, too, on every side of her, and more to be laid above her. It was a sickening sight, to see a loved and tender creature laid in such company; for all kinds lay there, both drunkards and vagabonds. But amid her strange and now quiet companions was she laid, till the first resurrection from the dead.

It was in a strange way I got to know her. One evening as I left a meeting a young girl asked if I would call and see a cousin of hers who seemed to be in consumption, and about whose soul's salvation she was in dread.

I wrote down the name and address of Maggie B——, and after some prayer for guidance, and that the presence of Christ might be with me, I easily found the street and the door. This work of visiting was somewhat strange to me, and I felt like an unwelcome intruder, where I had no right

to come. It seemed the most difficult task I had ever undertaken, but trusting in the One who had never failed me, I made a bold attempt and knocked. After some delay I heard a voice within, and then the door was opened by an elderly woman who made a sign that she was quite deaf. I entered and found a poor sickly girl of sixteen, the only other occupant of the apartment, who said, "Come in, sir, my mother is very deaf." Maggie, for this was she, lay on the bed half dressed, clusters of fair hair lay loosely on the pillow; her face was pale, but her cheeks had the flush that spoke of disease and death. I thought her beautiful, but trembled at the thought, "Can she be unsaved?"

I explained to her first who I was, and how I came to call on her, and she owned to having heard of me, although I could see she had no wish to see or speak with me, especially on serious matters. I then asked after her health, how long she had been laid down, when she told me frankly that the doctor gave her no hope of ultimate recovery, as the lungs were seriously affected. After a few more inquiries, I soon found that though she had gone to church, she did not profess to be anything.

"I suppose you did not join the church because you were not converted—did not know the Lord?" I suggested, and an inaudible reply seemed to give consent to my supposition. "But," I said, "although you did not think about the need of being converted while you were well, surely you cannot put away such thoughts now, when, if the

doctor be right, you may soon exchange this world for eternity. It is true," I continued, "for God has declared it in His Word that, except we be converted, we shall never enter into heaven; and I am sure it is as much a matter of importance to you as to me, that when the Lord Jesus calls us we should be found ready to enter heaven."

Observing that no answer was likely to come, I went on, "I was once well and strong. I had no fear of sickness or death when I saw the necessity of being born again, and realised the great importance of coming to God and getting acquainted with Him, so that I might be at peace. I heard Him speaking to me in His Word, saying, 'My son, give me thine heart,' and at length I gladly answered, 'My Father, take my heart, be Thou the guide of my youth,' and He has received me graciously—although my sins were like crimson, He has washed me in the blood of Jesus which cleanseth from all sin; so that He says I am whiter than snow."

In this way at some length I told her how graciously God had dealt with me in saving my soul, during which I scarcely dared to look at my hearer as I went on telling an experience of God's love which was yet fresh in my heart. I now glanced at her, and found that she had sunk down on her pillow, and that her face was away from me, towards the wall. I felt sure that she must be angry and annoyed, for as I rose to go away, I could see that she was not asleep. Dread-

ing lest I should not be allowed to enter that room again, I longed to clear my soul of the blood of that poor lassie, and so I said, "I see you do not want to hear about Jesus, who loved you and gave Himself for you. He is the Good Shepherd, and is seeking lost sheep. I fear you are a poor, lost sheep, but you do not want the kind, loving Shepherd to find you. Let me tell you He would take you up on His almighty shoulders, and put His everlasting arms round you, and carry you home rejoicing. What a joy it would be for you to know that He had you safe in His arms, that you should never perish, and that no one could pluck you out of His hands. Can it be that He will have to say to you when you appear before Him, 'I called, but ye refused: ye would not come to me that ye might have life.'"

After this, oh how earnestly I prayed the Lord to have mercy on that poor Christ-rejecting soul; yea, even if it cost all I had, if only He would save her from such a fate.

Only a few days of this terrible anxiety was bearable, and the third afternoon found me in that street, on that stair, and knocking at the door once again; the hesitation had gone, I felt I must see her, and know if there was any hope.

The same old woman opened the door with a smile on her face as she said, "Come in, my lassie will be glad to see you to-day." I entered, and there sitting in her bed was Maggie, her face turned full to me, beautiful indeed, and radiant

with a new heaven-born joy. Holding her hands out and taking my hand in both of hers she said, “I am saved, Jesus has forgiven me, I know Him now as my dear Saviour, He has washed all my sins away in His own blood.”

The change in her face and manner was so great, that I could not doubt the reality of the inward work of divine grace. Besides I had the sense in my own soul that my prayers for her had been answered, as I sat down and begged her to tell me how all this had come about.

“Your words pained me,” she said, “I tried to shut my ears to them, but they had reached my conscience and my heart. I saw myself cast out and lost, and I knew I deserved to perish, for I had been a great sinner, and had known the right way often when I had chosen the wrong. I felt that God would be righteous and just if He condemned me and sent me to hell, yet I did not want to perish. I wondered if God would have mercy on such a sinner as I. You said seek Him, and I began to seek Him, I cried to Him for mercy, I tried to confess my sins, but they rose over my head, they seemed to get more and worse. I got deeper and deeper in distress as the night wore on, but I wept and cried to Him to save me, and as the morning broke Jesus came and revealed Himself to me. I saw Him to be my Shepherd, my Saviour, my Friend. He took away my burden and gave me peace. He has done everything for me.”

I could only thank the Lord as I heard the

simple story of how she had sought and found the Lord, of how she had come to Him, and He had not cast her out.

I said, "Maggie, your story reminds me of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' When Christiana had got in and the girl Mercy stood without, weeping and afraid that the Lord would not open to her, Christiana heard loud knocks, so loud that they startled her, but when Mercy got in, and asked what the Lord thought when she knocked so loudly, if He seemed angry? 'Nay, said Christiana, He did but smile as He went to open the door,' and I am sure our good and gracious Lord must have been pleased to see you so determined to have mercy and pardon before you fell asleep."

"How glad I am," she said, "that you came back to see me. I was afraid that I had insulted you, and I did not like to send for you."

Putting her hand below her pillow, she drew out a Bible, and said, "I have been reading God's Word, and I find it very good, I never seemed to have had any idea of it, or what was in it, till now."

Taking the book out of her hand, I opened at several places, and read such passages as the parable of the lost sheep, and said, "Is it not very sweet to think that the good Shepherd has even already awakened true, full joy amongst the angels over such an one as you, and that He says now that none shall pluck you out of His hand."

From that day her chamber became a Bethel.

Boldly and brightly did she confess Christ to all as her newly-found Saviour, mourning that she had put off so long to seek the Lord, and beseeching and warning others, her old companions, not to leave it, as she had done, to a deathbed.

Some of the girls whom she used to accompany to the dancing, she begged to go no more there. “Oh, to think,” she said, “that I was learning to dance while my soul was unsaved, and while I was ready to perish at any moment God might have called me.” Some of her companions were very much affected. They had been accustomed at six o’clock, when the works closed, to come up to her room and inquire for her. She had been a favourite with them all.

Taking up the little hymn book one day, she pointed to that one,

“I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,” &c.

and said “That hymn just suits me. It is quite a picture of what I was.” I read the last verse,

“I love, I love the Shepherd’s voice,
I know I love the fold,”

and added, “How well it is that we can see our pictures in the last verse as well as in the first.”

During the months that passed away before the Lord called this beloved child to Himself, she grew very rapidly in spiritual life and understanding of the Scriptures, and to those who were near her, by night and by day, the change was most remarkable. Like most of the Lord’s followers, she had

much tribulation in the world, although her world was bounded by the four walls of her room, and those she saw were mostly her relations and their acquaintances. While she lived, not one of her friends at home seemed to be converted to God. Sometimes her mother seemed broken in spirit, and glad to see the change in her daughter.

Her father often taunted her, saying, "I don't believe in deathbed conversions"—alas, he knew nothing of conversion for himself.

It was on the afternoon of a Lord's Day that I paid my last visit. Several pillows supported her poor worn-out frame. Her fair long hair still appeared in all its freshness ; it lay loosely on the pillow just as when I first saw her.

"Come near me," she said, tenderly, and putting her hand from beneath the clothing she drew mine to her, and held it while I sat beside her, and received her last instructions. I told her it was the Lord's Day, and that I was going to the Sunday School. "If you have any message," I said, "I shall gladly take it to my scholars ;" all of whom had visited her.

"Do you think they are all converted?" she asked.

"I cannot tell," I replied ; "I fear not, although I hope some are, I fear some are not."

"Tell them," she continued, "a poor dying girl begs them to seek the Lord while He is to be found, and to call upon Him while He is near. I am dying with one sorrow, nothing can take it

away, though I am saved and forgiven. I have the deep regret that all my best days were spent in the devil's service, and only my last days of sickness and confinement given to the Lord. Oh, that I had sought Him early and served Him, I could then have had no regret; it would have been such joy, but He has been gracious and merciful to me. I wish all my friends were saved," she said. "Will you pray for them when I am gone, and come to see my mother?" This I promised to do, and she went on to tell me that she had given her Bible to her father to keep in memory of her, and begged him to read it. "The little hymn book you gave me I have given to my mother," she added. "The hymns will cheer her, and make her look up, when I am gone. I have asked father to be kinder to her, and to give up the drink, for it is only when he has it that he is so passionate. My sisters," she continued, "are very hard. Sometimes I have thought Sally was anxious, but it has always past away; maybe they will remember my words when I am away, and meet me in heaven, yet."

"Well, Maggie," I said, "you will soon be going over the river and up the hill now, and when you get to the gate, as John Bunyan puts it, have you no misgivings, are you quite sure Jesus will take you in?"

"He knows me," she replied, "and I know Him, and I trust His promise, and the One that bled for me on Calvary will never cast me out."

"I almost wish I could go along with you," I said, "it seems as if, like Christian and Hopeful, we had come all the way together, but, unlike them, we must part at the very gate, you to go in to gaze on the Lamb, and to be for ever in His presence; a crown of gold on your head and to dwell in one of the many mansions in the Father's house, where all is light and glory, where the streets of the city are burnished gold, and your companions will be the redeemed. You will soon be seeing the king in His beauty, and casting the crown He gives you at His feet, while, with all the hosts of heaven, you own Him worthy of all glory and honour and praise. It seems hard for me to have to go back to perhaps years of toil and temptation and fighting."

"It is only for a little while, any way," she answered, "and I know when I am with the Lord the time will seem so short, it will not be like any length of time till you come; and I am sure the Lord will let me come to meet you, and to welcome you; I will be so glad to see you again, and to meet where we shall never part again. We have often had very, very happy times speaking about J  sus, but to be with Him will be delightful, and for ever, too."

So with a few more words I said, "Farewell," and in a short time after that she passed away: her last words as she took her upward flight were, "Glory! glory! glory!"

Thus passed from life to eternity, from earth to

heaven, from a weary life of toil and suffering, to an eternity of rest, a poor comb-work girl, no longer to endure the dust and noise of the factory, nor to have her ears greeted with the obscene language, and the oaths and curses, of her fellow workers, but to enjoy the company of those who, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, serve Him night and day in His temple.

J. S.

"WE MUST DO SOMETHING ;"
OR, THE COACHBUILDER'S CONVERSION.



SOULS were being saved at the gospel meetings held in ——. Entering the workshop of a coach-builder in the place, I asked if he had attended any of the services. "No," was the curt reply, "and I don't mean to."

"Why not?"

"Because you are teaching false doctrine."

"What false doctrine are we teaching?"

"You are telling the people that they can be saved by simple faith in Christ; and I believe *we must do something.*"

"What, then, can you do?"

Thinking for a little while, he replied, "Well, really I don't know."

I noticed two wheels lying on the floor, one painted, varnished, and ready for use; and the other in a half finished condition. Seizing a spokeshave which lay near, I placed it close to the finished wheel, as if about to scrape the paint and varnish off, when the coachbuilder firmly grasped my hand, and asked me what I was about to do.

"I am going to finish this wheel."

"Why, man," said he, "it's finished."

Raising my hand again, as if I had not heard or understood what I was told, I seemed about to repeat the experiment when the coachbuilder, impatiently, if not angrily, exclaimed,

"Did I not tell you that that wheel was finished? If you wish to use the spokeshave try it on the other one."

I said, looking into his face, "You objected to my doing anything to the wheel for the simple reason that it was ready for use, completed, finished. I could not improve it, and I could not add to it: now, let me ask, what were the last words of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said—IT IS FINISHED" (John xix. 30).

"When the Lord Jesus uttered these words,

was everything that was necessary for your soul's deliverance completed? Or, was something left undone? Have you to add to Christ's finished work?"

The conversation was blessed to the coach-builder. He was led to see that God was perfectly satisfied with what Christ had done: and that no works, prayers, or happy feelings of his were necessary to obtain salvation; and by resting on the "finished work" he had the assurance of the living God that his sins would be all blotted out.

Reader, do you imagine that you have something meritorious to do in order to be saved? Have you been thinking that Christ has done His part of the work and you have to do yours? If so, be undeceived. Your "part" is to cease working to obtain forgiveness, to cease praying for salvation; to cease looking into your heart, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ who suffered and died for you. *God is perfectly satisfied with the finished work of Christ*—He is not satisfied with your works or prayers, your church attendance or religious observances—but He is satisfied with what Christ did for you on Calvary's cross. "This is the work of God that ye BELIEVE ON HIM whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29). The great work by which sin has been put away is

finished, and God asks you to believe on Him who did it all and paid it all. It may seem to you to be "too easy" a way, but it is God's way, and His only way of saving lost sinners. Though an "easy way" it is not "too easy," since it is obtained through believing in another who suffered the penalty of our sins, and died in our stead. No longer hesitate. Time is passing, eternity is nearing.

"Weary, working plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
CEASE YOUR DOING: ALL WAS DONE
Long, long ago.
'It is finished,' yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me is it not?"

† †

"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"
OR, HOW A DRUNKARD WAS SAVED.



THE outbreak of the war in America, between the Northern and Southern States, L——, a young man, the son of a clergyman, joined the Federal army, and not long after was appointed first lieutenant. The regiment to which he was assigned was principally composed of young men who had the reputation of being "hard drinkers."

Up till joining the army, L—— had never tasted intoxicating drink, and the first glass he had he relished, and longed for more. In the same week that he had liquor for the first time, on three evenings he went to bed drunk. His mother hearing of his conduct expostulated with him, and urged him to give it up altogether; but he replied that the officers all drank, and if he did not he would be considered singular, and would be looked down upon; and the result was, before he was twenty-one years of age, he was one of the worst gamblers and heaviest drinkers in the army. The appetite for drink, day by day, and month by month, increased, until at last it became uncontrollable, and he indulged in it without restraint.

On being married he resolved he would renounce drinking for the sake of his wife, whom he dearly loved. One evening he said to himself, "This is my last drink; I won't take any more;" but, alas! little did he know the power of the chains that bound him.

After being ten years in the army he resigned his commission and led a life of dissipation and debauchery. Every now and again he made resolutions to amend his ways and "turn over a new leaf," but soon he was as bad as ever, and eventually his wife and children were forced to separate from him.

While in the city of Washington, his eldest child, a girl ten years old, said to her mother, "Mamma, I would like to go to Washington to take care of papa."

"No," said her mother, "there is no use in you going; father would only abuse you."

"Oh no, mamma," said the child, "papa won't hurt me; and, besides, there is no one to care for him. I do wish to go."

Mother's consent having been obtained, she proceeded to Washington, and reached the house where her father was staying, and found the way to his bedroom. On awaking from a drunken sleep he found his little girl by the bedside tenderly watching over him. One evening while returning to his lodgings, having been more successful in gambling than usual, he said to himself, "After all, of what use is the money to me? To-morrow it will be all gone. I am going down, down!" At the remembrance of his past conduct, his life of sin and misery, despair took possession of him, and he resolved he would put an end to his wretched existence.

With this object in view he purchased a bottle of chloroform, and on reaching his lodgings retired to his bedroom, undressed, and went to bed with the poison in his hand.

Just as he was about to plunge into eternity

his child knocked at the door, and said, “I want to sleep with you to-night, papa.”

“No, you must go to your own bedroom, and sleep there,” was the father's reply.

“But, papa,” said the dear girl, “I want to stay with you: I have been thinking of mamma all day, and I'm so lonesome;” and, getting into the bed beside her father, she put her arms round his neck, and he had not the courage to put her away.

Thus was he mercifully spared from rushing unprepared into the presence of a holy and sin-hating God. Ofttimes his little guardian angel would put her arms round his neck, and say, “If you will only believe in Jesus, papa, He will make you a good and sober man.”

Deeper and deeper he sank in the moral scale, and gave free reins to his lusts and passions. Finally he left Washington and removed to the city of Chicago. Here he resolved that he would never touch a drop of drink; but not very long after he was overtaken, and became worse than ever.

“It is of no use in me trying to stop drinking,” he said; “I cannot.”

Bloated and besotted he entered a large building in the city of Chicago, which was being used for gospel preaching, and taking a seat in one of the back galleries he watched

the people as they entered. When the hour arrived there was a dead silence ; all eyes were turned towards the platform, and in a clear, full voice a hymn was sung, the refrain of which was,

“ Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
Oh, what shall the harvest be ? ”

This question was carried home in wondrous power to L——'s conscience. Bye-gone days were recalled. He remembered his father's prayers and his mother's tears ; his wife's pleadings and entreaties, and his child's tender care and love : his sin and folly, vows and resolutions, and he was stung to the quick.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE ? WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE ? rang in his ears and made him tremble. He knew that the harvest for him, if he continued in sin, would be a dreadful one—an eternity of misery and despair in the lake of fire. The address followed the singing, but he heard it not. His whole being was absorbed by the question, “ What shall the harvest be ? ” During the night while in bed, he seemed to hear one asking, “ What shall the harvest be ? ” and in the darkness he fancied the words were written on the walls in letters of fire. Whatever he did, wherever he went, the question followed him. He did his very best to *forget* ; he strove hard

to *banish* all thoughts of the harvest of anguish, agony, and remorse that awaited him. But it was of no use. The arrow was fastened in a sure place, and do what he might he could not get rid of it.

The thought of the harvest of shame and misery that awaited him, became so insupportable that L—— determined he would bear it no longer, and he resolved to go to the "Tabernacle," where the gospel services were being held, and see if anything could be done for him. It never entered into his mind that he could receive the full and free forgiveness of all his sins without FIRST becoming "good." He had supposed that IN ORDER TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN he must renounce his bad habits, reform his ways, and amend his life, and God would save him.

One evening, at the close of the gospel address, he found his way into the "inquiry room," and was spoken to by one who sought to show him his guilt and danger.

"Oh!" was the reply, "you need not tell me that; I know what a sinner I am."

"Don't you wish, then, to become a Christian?"

"I do; but I cannot stop drinking—I have tried it and cannot stop, and I don't believe that there is any hope for me."

“If you believe on the Lord Jesus,” said the servant of the Lord, “He will take the appetite away.” This was something altogether new to L——. “I had never,” to use his own words “dreamt of such a thing—I had never heard such a thing as that the *Lord Jesus would save a drunkard in his drunkenness*, and make him whole every whit.”

That night, when the gospel was presented to him in its simplicity and fulness, he believed it and rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven. He believed that the Lord Jesus bled and suffered for him on the cross of Calvary; that He had paid the ransom price with His precious blood, and by receiving the “glad tidings” made known to him in the Word, he was saved, and had eternal life (John iii. 16, 36; v. 24).

Several years have passed since that happy day when Jesus washed his sins away. During that time he has been manifesting the change wrought on him, by works of faith and labours of love. At the present time he preaches the gospel of the grace of God, and the writer, when in Chicago recently, had the pleasure of hearing him. Since that memorable night he declares that he never had the slightest desire for drink. The appetite has been completely taken away, and he seeks wherever he goes to

“ Tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour he has found.”

Reader, whatever you are, or have been, God is sincerely desirous of saving you now. Religious or irreligious, moral or immoral, educated or illiterate, “Ye must be born again” (John iii. 7). You may or you may not have been addicted to drinking; but one thing is certain, you need the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. Take your place as a lost, hell-deserving sinner, and receive the gift which God is beseeching you to accept. “The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life” (Rom. vi. 23).

A. M.
Canada.

OLD MAN, ARE YOU SAVED?

“**A** HOARY head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness,” says the Proverb. But it is only so in connection with righteousness, for if in the way of ungodliness it is no token of honour to him who has it, but rather a sad memento of a wasted life.

J. N. had long been a faithful servant of the devil, and tottering upon the edge of a drunk-

ard's grave. Once he was possessed of means, but had squandered it; property, furniture, family, all was scattered. From door to door he sold from a humble pack to earn a scanty living. One day a lady met him in a house, spoke kindly to him, and pressed the fact of a Saviour and His love. An arrow of conviction pierced his conscience, he felt his guilt in the presence of the Holy God. Shortly afterward I first saw him listening with anxious face as I preached at a street corner. When invited he readily accompanied me to the preaching room, and afterwards pressed me to visit him. With a friend I went next night in search of the old man. In an odd out-of-the-way corner we found him, after climbing a very steep flight of stairs.

The garret contained little else than a table, a mattress, and a few boxes. A candle stuck in a bottle served for a lamp. By the flickering light the old man looked the picture of misery and despair. His pinched features, grey hair, and sunken eyes gave him a weird appearance. A few sentences in a strong Northern accent sufficed to relate his tale of neglected grace, wasted life, and desire for salvation. It was for sinners Jesus died; so we gladly unfolded the blessed story of the cross, and glory of the Son of the Father, whose death had given

God a righteous basis and title to raise the beggar from the dunghill, and set him on high among princes, to cause him to inherit the throne of glory. That God was not asking from man, but giving to man, pardon, life, and glory through Christ Jesus the Lord. He drank in the living water like a child. His last doubt as to whether Christ would accept him was for ever dispelled with the word, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." From that hour the darkness was passed and the true Light shined. To him all things had become new. Christ became everything and in everything to him. Many a blessed hour I have spent with him in prayer and praise. He made the Bible his constant companion. He joyed in God through the Lord Jesus Christ. All saw the proofs of the new creation, for he had changed masters, the slavery of Satan was exchanged for the service of the Lord.

Old man, have you peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ? If not, He wants you to have it. Christ died on purpose to make peace by the blood of His cross. Was ever love like His? Only let that love find its way into your heart and it will make a new creation of you.

T. R. D.

“ OH, WEARY, WEARY, AND ALONE.”

OH, weary, weary, and alone,
I drifted o'er yon shoreless sea;
My sail was rent, my compass gone,
And white-wing'd Hope was far from me.
The waves made moan, and would not cease,
I wept aloud for morning light;
No beacon fire, no star of peace,
Shone through that wild and stormy night.

Alas! alas! the seas ran high,
My bark became their cruel sport,
And who could hear my anguish'd cry?
What hand could guide me safe to port?
Ah, there was One who watch'd me through
The chaos of mine ocean grave:
'Twas Jesus Christ, the Pilot true,
The Lord Omnipotent to save!

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the hour
That brought deliverance to me;
The voice of love, the voice of power,
That quell'd the proudly raging sea.
It echoes yet—I hear it now—
The music of His “ Peace, be still!”
His name is on the vessel's prow,
The helm He turneth as He will.