
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



THE
GREAT SEAL
OF THE
GOSPEL

The Spirit and the bride say Come
And
Whosoever
Will
Let him take the water of life freely. Rev. vii. 17.

1419 e. 3009

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE GOSPEL.

□

A. MARSHALL.



"HE THAT HATH
RECEIVED HIS
TESTIMONY HATH
SET TO HIS
SEAL THAT GOD
IS TRUE"

(John 3. 33).



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

From an Old Painting.

The Great Seal

OF THE

Gospel.

True Tales and Forcible Facts
of men and women setting their
“seal that God is true.”

EDITED BY
ALEXANDER MARSHALL,

Author of “God’s Way of Salvation.”

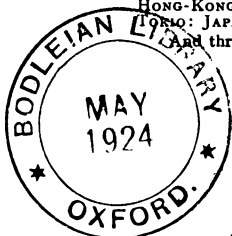


PICKERING & INGLIS
LONDON AND GLASGOW.

H-44-22.

OFFICES AND AGENTS

LONDON: PICKERING & INGLIS, 14 Paternoster Row, E.C.
 GLASGOW: PICKERING & INGLIS, 229 Bothwell Street.
 NEW YORK: THE BOOKSTALL, 113 Fulton Street.
 NEW YORK: LOIZEAUX BROTHERS, 1 East 13th Street.
 NEW YORK: GOSPEL BOOK DEPOT, 65 Bible House.
 BROOKLYN: CHR. ALLIANCE PUB. COY., 3611 14th Ave.
 CHICAGO: WM. NORTON, 826 North La Salle Street.
 BUFFALO: S. S. TRACT SOCIETY, 37 Market Arcade.
 BOSTON: HAMILTON BROS., 120 Tremont Street.
 PHILADELPHIA: GLAD TIDINGS CO., 6133 Catherine St.
 PHILADELPHIA: J. J. SIEGRIST, 4432 Cleveland Avenue.
 LOS ANGELES: BIBLE INSTITUTE, 536 South Hope Street.
 DETROIT: CENTRAL BOOK DEPOT, 1273 Forest West.
 BALTIMORE: A. HARDCASTLE, 709 Calvert Buildings.
 MINNEAPOLIS: J. H. FLEMING, 123 Seventh Street.
 PORTLAND, ORE.: A. BAIN, 264 Stark Street.
 SWENDEL, PA.: I. C. HERENDEN, Bible Truth Depot.
 SPRINGFIELD: PUBLISHING HOUSE, 336 W. Pacific St.
 YORK: GRACE PUBLISHING HOUSE, 325 W. North St.
 DALLAS: C. H. DEAN, 1009 Woodlawn Avenue.
 OAKLAND: WESTERN BOOK DEPOT, 1817 Telegraph Ave.
 TORONTO: A. SIMS, 5 Simpson Avenue.
 TORONTO: TRACT SOCIETY, 8 Richmond Street, E.
 TORONTO: EVANG. PUBLISHERS, 858 College Street.
 WINNIPEG: N.-W. BIBLE DEPOT, 184 Alexander Ave.
 WINDSOR, ONT.: C. J. STOWE, 419 Ontario Street.
 ORILLIA, ONT.: BIBLE BOOK AND TRACT DEPOT.
 KITCHENER: CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO.
 EDMONTON: TURNBULL'S DEPOT, 10125A 100th Street.
 SASKATOON, BIBLE DEPOT, 223 W. 22nd Street, East.
 VANCOUVER: E. M. JACKS, 2290 Fourth Avenue, W.
 VICTORIA: VICTORIA BOOK DEPOT, 1027 Douglas Street.
 SYDNEY: A. DALRYMPLE, 369 Elizabeth Street.
 SYDNEY: CHRISTIAN DEPOT, 170 Elizabeth Street.
 MELBOURNE: BOOK DEPOT, 288 Little Collins Street.
 BRISBANE: QUEENSLAND BOOK DEPOT, Albert Street.
 AUCKLAND: H. L. THATCHER, 135 Upper Symonds St.
 DUNEDIN: BATES & LAWSON, 38 George Street.
 PALMERSTON NORTH: JAMES G. HARVEY, Main Street.
 CHRISTCHURCH: G. W. PLIMSOLL, 84 Manchester Street.
 BELGAUM, INDIA: W. C. IRVINE, Christian Depot.
 BANGALORE: A. M'D. REDWOOD, Frasertown.
 ITALY: A. BUTTRUM, Galleria Guerci, Alessandria.
 HONG-KONG: M'KENZIE, 13 Cheung Chow Island.
 TOKYO: JAPAN TRACT SOCIETY, 30 Tami-ika, Akasaka.
 And through most Booksellers and Colporteurs.

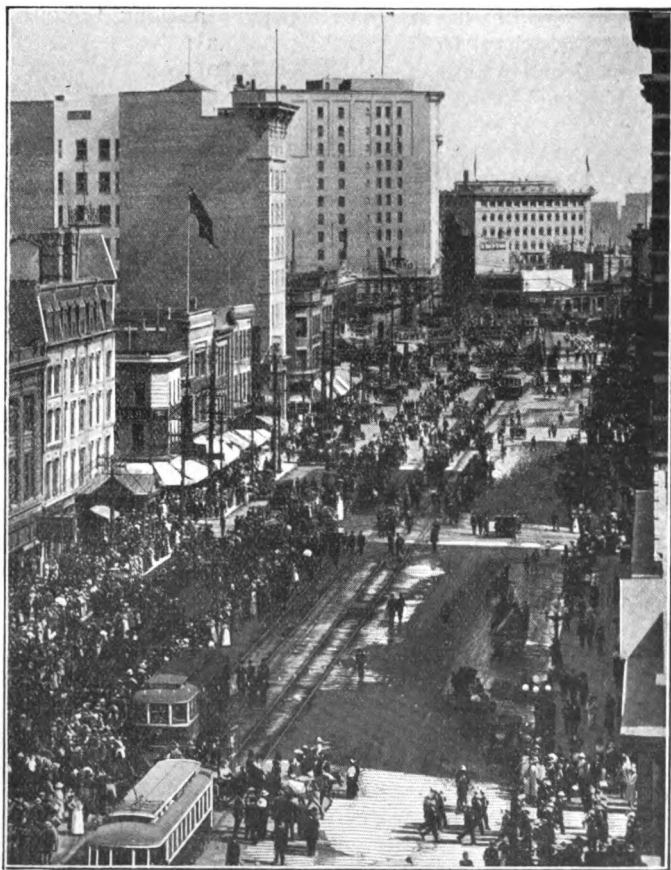


Printed in Scotland by Pickering & Inglis.

DONALD SMITH'S DISCOVERY;

— OR, —

"I WISH I HAD DONALD SMITH'S ASSURANCE," SAYS ONE. IF THAT IS SO REMEMBER THAT DONALD HAD TWO "ASSURANCES," AND THE ONE PRECEDED THE OTHER.



View of Portage Avenue Winnipeg, Canada.

As Donald walked along the street in which the meetings were held one of the workers gave him an invitation to the service, which he accepted.

DONALD SMITH'S DISCOVERY

DONALD SMITH lived in Edinburgh, the Scottish metropolis, and was proud of his native city, as most Scotsmen are. He had the unspeakable advantage of being brought up in a Christian home and had sound and Scriptural instruction in the things of God. Mrs. Smith's yearning desire was that her son Donald should know Him, whom to know is life eternal.

Donald had wrong thoughts of God, of His Word, and ways; these wrong thoughts produced wrong feelings, which were manifested in an attitude of rebellion against his best and dearest Friend. His mother sought to lead him to the Saviour, but he determined to enjoy the world's pleasures and amusements, and do his utmost to forget that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after *this the judgment*" (Heb. 9. 27).

Multitudes are doing their utmost to banish from their minds thoughts regarding the future. They are going to have a "good time," as they call it, *here* and "let the future take care of itself!" Are you endeavouring to forget that you must meet a Holy God and give an account to Him of the deeds done in the body? Remember, "God hath appointed a Day in the which He will judge the world *in righteousness*" (Acts 17. 31).

Donald's mother frequently spoke to God on behalf of her son, and spoke to him on behalf of God. But alas! the young man turned a deaf ear to his mother's entreaties and warnings, and in order to get away from her "preaching and praying" he emigrated to Canada. By doing so he thought he would get away from God.

In the autumn of 1920 the writer was holding evangelistic services in a hall in Winnipeg, the commercial centre of the great north-west. One night Donald Smith was present. He had gone to the city to visit a friend at the hospital. This friend was so ill that he could not be seen. As Donald walked along the street in which the meetings were held one of the workers gave him an invitation to the service. Donald accepted the invitation and was arrested that night by the message he heard.

When the after-meeting for personal conversation was announced the young Scotsman remained, and was spoken to by a worker who inquired of him if he were saved. On his replying in the negative he added he desired to know

Donald Smith's Discovery.

what he had to do to be saved. Mr. Alexander read several verses in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which speak of the ruined condition of man. "I understand all that," said Donald. "I know I am a sinner, and if I die as I am I will go to Hell. I am certain that I deserve to go there. How am I to be saved? is the question that concerns me."

When Mr. Alexander saw Donald's whereabouts spiritu-



VIEW OF BROADWAY, WINNIPEG, SHOWING TRAMCAR ROUTES IN CENTRE OF BOULEVARD.

ally he read the wondrous words of Isaiah 53. 5: "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." As the soul-saving words were read to him, Donald seized the Bible and, gazing upon the Scripture, exclaimed, "Oh, I see it! Christ was wounded for me, and by His stripes I am healed"

He then told Mr. Alexander what I have stated regarding his treatment of his mother, and of his leaving Edinburgh for Canada. "Please excuse me," said he; "I must go to

the hotel and write my mother and let her know that I am saved to-night."

"I wish I had Donald Smith's assurance," says one. If that is so remember that Donald had two "assurances," and the one preceded the other. Donald became assured that if he died that night he would go to Hell. That was His *first* assurance. If you were to die to-night, where would your soul be? In Heaven or in Hell? WHICH? Face the question fairly and squarely. There are but the *two classes*, saved and unsaved, travelling on two roads, the broad and the narrow; journeying to two destinies, Heaven and Hell. To which class do you belong? Which road are you travelling, the broad road or the narrow?

Donald Smith's *second* "assurance" was that he was saved—saved through simple faith in Him who was "wounded for his transgressions, and bruised for his iniquities." Can you say "Christ was wounded for *my* transgressions, and by His stripes *I* am healed?" If not, why not? We are not "healed" of the disease of sin by anything we "do," "feel," or "experience." Through *believing on Him* who loved you, and gave Himself for you, you obtain eternal life as a free gift and a present possession (John 3. 36; 5. 24). Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ now and you will be enabled to say truthfully:

"All my sins were laid upon Him—

Jesus bore them on the tree;

God, who knew them, laid them on Him,

And, believing, I am free."

A.M.

"SO NEAR" YET "SO FAR."

REMEMBER many go far on and reform many things, and can find tears, as Esau did; and suffer hunger for the truth, as Judas did; and wish and desire the end of the righteous, as Balaam did; and profess fair and fight for the Lord, as Saul did; and desire the saints of God to pray for them, as Pharaoh and Simon Magus did; and prophesy and speak of Christ, as Caiaphas did; and walk softly and mourn for fear of judgments, as Ahab did; and put away gross sins and idolatry, as Jehu did; and hear the Word of God gladly, as Herod did; and yet all these are but like gold in clink and colour, and are watered brass and base metal.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

HOW I PASSED FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

EARLY in the year 1874 a great wave of blessing came over Glasgow and many other parts of Britain, preceded by a profound repentance. Although quite a youth I observed gentlemen and young men who seemed to be impressed with the need of salvation; and I noticed a



JOHN S. ANDERSON, WHO LABOURED MANY YEARS IN ITALY.

very general growing absence of swearing and all kinds of improper language. But what about myself? I saw bills all over the city announcing that Moody was coming.

I was fifteen years of age, and had just entered business, and many young men know what a transition that is; but there was in my heart a lack that all the excitement of

business could not fill. I listened to the greatest preachers, but they only pacified me for the moment. I became miserable. One day I bought a note-book and determined to write in it everything, word or deed, I did wrong. Day by day the lines, yea, the pages were soon filled. My mother saw me one evening dull, and asked me what was the matter with me. "I have no peace, mother." "You, my best boy!" Yet with all my goodness before men, I was a "lost" sinner in the sight of God, and I knew it.

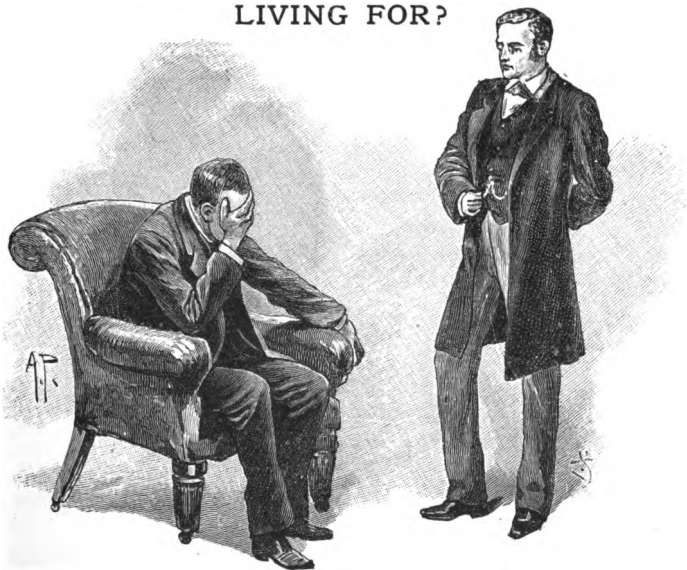
One evening I heard that there was to be a meeting. I made up my mind to attend. When the address was finished I could not tell what it was about; my one thought was, *How can I be saved here and now?* and I purposed not to leave the building until I knew that. Nearly all the people had gone away when a gentle voice whispered in my ear, "Are you a believer in Christ?" "No, sir, I am not, but I have determined not to leave this seat until I am." He then read gently John 3. 16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I asked him kindly to read it again. He did so, softly, becomingly, and I arose, saying to him that I saw it now. That little word *so* had got hold of me. I realised that the Lord Jesus had loved *me*, had died for *me*, and, believing on Him, I there and then received "everlasting life." My joy knew no bounds. I took farewell with my kind friend, left the building, and went home singing my first hymn all the way.

When I got home I found all my family at supper, and my mother asked me where I had been. "I have been to the Cross, mother; I am saved. May we pray?" We all went down upon our knees, and I prayed for every one of them, and God heard that prayer; all of them have been saved.

Six years afterwards I went to Italy to preach the Gospel, and for over thirty years have seen many Roman Catholics, Atheists, Anarchists brought to Christ and made happy. I can truly say, "What hath God wrought?"

Have you a lack in your soul that no one can fill but God? Listen to Him now, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." J.S.A.

IS THIS WORLD ALL THAT IS WORTH LIVING FOR?



FOR twenty years I lived for this world, seeking happiness in it, trying hard to satisfy the cravings of my soul with its husks, such as dancing parties, concerts, races, fairs, picnics, games, and amusements of every description.

One day a fellow-workman quietly asked me, "*Is this world all that is worth living for?*" I ran from his presence as I could not bear to have my peace broken with questions about eternal things, but I could not run from the question. My peace was broken; I saw my lost condition; I was miserable; I resolved to live a different life. But no peace could I find, until one morning, while walking down the street, the line of a hymn came into my mind, "*One there is above all others, oh! how He loves.*" I asked myself, Can it be possible that He loves me? In a moment the answer came from God in the Scripture, "For when we were yet *without strength*, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). I said, "Why, that is just me, for I am *without strength and ungodly*, and if Christ died for such, He died for me." So there and then I trusted Him and was filled with joy and peace in believing. I was eternally saved and abundantly satisfied! Praise the Lord! J.S.

THE REALITY OF DEATH.

PERSONS who are great in the earth have many flatterers. The famous QUEEN ELIZABETH was surrounded by them in an exceptional degree. In the hey-day of her prosperity she rather welcomed flattery; but it is recorded that she resented it earnestly when it was offered to her in the presence of death. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," says the historian, "who assisted her last moments with his consolations, said to her: 'Madame, you ought to have much in the mercy of God; your piety, your zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation which you have happily established, afford great grounds of consolation for you.'" "My Lord," replied the Queen, "the crown which I have borne so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour, when I am so near my death."

Elizabeth was right. Good works, and even zeal in the cause of truth, avail nothing as a ground of salvation from the wrath to come. "It is the Blood that maketh an atonement for the soul, . . . and without shedding of Blood is no remission" (Lev. 17. 11; Heb. 9. 22). The precious Blood of Christ, once shed at Calvary, is the sinner's only hope. The Saviour is now enthroned at the right hand of the Majesty on high, the proof before all the universe that His sacrifice has been divinely accepted. Nothing more is required. Without labour and without cost salvation is now available for all. Neither good works nor sacraments have anything to do with the matter. "It is of faith, that it might be by grace" (Rom. 4. 16).

Let me ask, Upon what are *you* resting for salvation? It is possible to be a zealot for Protestantism as opposed to the errors of Popery, and yet perish miserably. It is possible also to crowd one's life with kindly deeds, so that our fellowmen are constrained to honour us as notable philanthropists, and after all be lost eternally. He who persuades himself that any of these things will be accepted as a title to Heaven is self-deceived; and he also would endeavour so to persuade another is a flatterer to be shunned as one would shun a plague. With God, nothing counts but Christ and His Blood. This suffices for the eternal blessing of every sinner who believes, whether sovereign or subject, peer or peasant, religionist or rascal. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" (Psa. 2. 12). W.F.

HOW BARBARA GOT THE BLESSING.

JUST AS A PATIENT TRUSTS ENTIRELY TO YOUR SKILL AND CARE TO NURSE HER BACK TO LIFE, SO MUST YOU AS A WEAK, HELPLESS, UNDONE SINNER, TRUST ALONE IN THE GRACE OF GOD.



She was a Nurse in the City.

Having been born in the far North of Scotland, she had that sterling devotional character which has attached itself to the Highland people the wide world over.

HOW BARBARA GOT THE BLESSING.



HAVING been born in the far North of Scotland, she had that sterling devotional character which has attached itself to the Highland people the wide world over. Coming into the great city of Glasgow, she maintained the same devotional spirit, partaking little in gaieties.

Religious, yet unregenerate, having a *form* of godliness, yet lacking the power, she was a stranger to "the Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. 1. 16), and therefore was unsatisfied as to the present and unhappy as to the future.

Often spoken to concerning the necessity of the new birth, the assurance of salvation, and the danger of remaining unprepared for Eternity, she apparently remained unmoved, and manifested a prejudice rather than a preference for those who knew their sins forgiven and rejoiced that their names were written in heaven (Luke 10. 20).

Yet deep down in her bosom the yearning desire was "Oh, that I knew where I might find HIM!" (Acts 17. 27), the same yearning as, at some time or other, is found in every bosom, for the heart has many a resting place, but only finds its true haven in the sinners' Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Wednesday, 12th September, 1906, proved an eventful day in her life. Meeting a relative who had long prayed for her conversion, he sought to bring her to decision for Christ. Finding that 99 points of her prejudice to the definite knowledge of sins forgiven had vanished, he tried to roll away the rooth. Recounting to her the story of "Let go the Twig," how a lady, anxious about her soul fell asleep and dreamed. In her dream she was suspended over an awful chasm clutching to one single twig. A lovely Form appeared underneath, and a gentle Voice said, "Let go the twig, and I'll save you!" In her desperation she let go, and found herself "safe in the arms of Jesus."

"What twig am I holding on to?" asked Barbara. "The twig of self-righteousness," replied her relative. Coming to a halt in Sauchiehall Street (the part of the city which they had reached in their interesting journey), the soul-winner said: "In order to be saved you must trust entirely to the Lord Jesus Christ. Just as a patient in the ward, weak and helpless after a severe illness, trusts entirely to your skill and care to nurse her back to life, so must you as a weak, helpless, undone sinner, lay aside all merit, cry the publican's cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner' (Luke 18. 13), believe, and be saved."

Then like a wise soul-winner, judging that the moment of

moments had arrived, he put the Eliezer appeal, "WILT THOU GO WITH THIS MAN?" Will you here and now trust the Lord Jesus Christ as your only Saviour in this life and the life to come?" Slowly but not less surely came the Rebecca response, "I WILL GO," and there, amid the busy scenes of Glasgow's popular thoroughfare, that which had been bound on earth was bound in Heaven. She realized that through faith in Him who was delivered for her offences and raised for her justification (Rom. 4. 25), she had passed from death unto life, and was saved with an everlasting salvation.

How gloriously simple! After years of weary striving her soul to save, after months of vain search for peace within, she had obtained salvation in a moment (Rom. 10. 9), salvation for nothing (Luke 7. 42), salvation through simple faith (Rom. 5. 1), salvation for ever and ever (John 3. 16; 5. 24).

Not only her but *you*, whoever *you* are—religious or reprobate, long anxious or indifferent, apparently careless or convicted to the core—may be saved *now*, for "behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). Own your title, put in your plea, rest alone on His mighty sacrifice, trust alone in His precious Blood, and though you are a modern "chief of sinners," you will be "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God" (Acts 26. 18).

"Now," said the happy soul-winner to the happy soul newly won, "let me tell you this. As you have honestly committed your all to the Lord Jesus, if He lets you slip into Hell after all, He will never be able to hold up His head in Heaven." Amazed, the young convert could only look with wonder and enquire, "Is it really so sure as all that?" "Yes," said the Christian worker, "let me repeat with all reverence—If the Saviour whom you have here and now trusted does not preserve you through life and present you faultless before His Father's face with exceeding joy, He will have broken His word and stained His character. Listen! 'This is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day. Verily, verily, I say unto *you*, he that believeth on Me H-A-T-H Everlasting Life'" (John 6. 39, 40).

Thus Barbara got the blessing, and, like the eunuch of old, she went on her "way rejoicing" (Acts 8. 39). Thus may you at this moment receive the greatest of all blessings, Everlasting Life. Will you take it here and now and be blessed? *hup.*

HE CAN BREAK EVERY CHAIN.

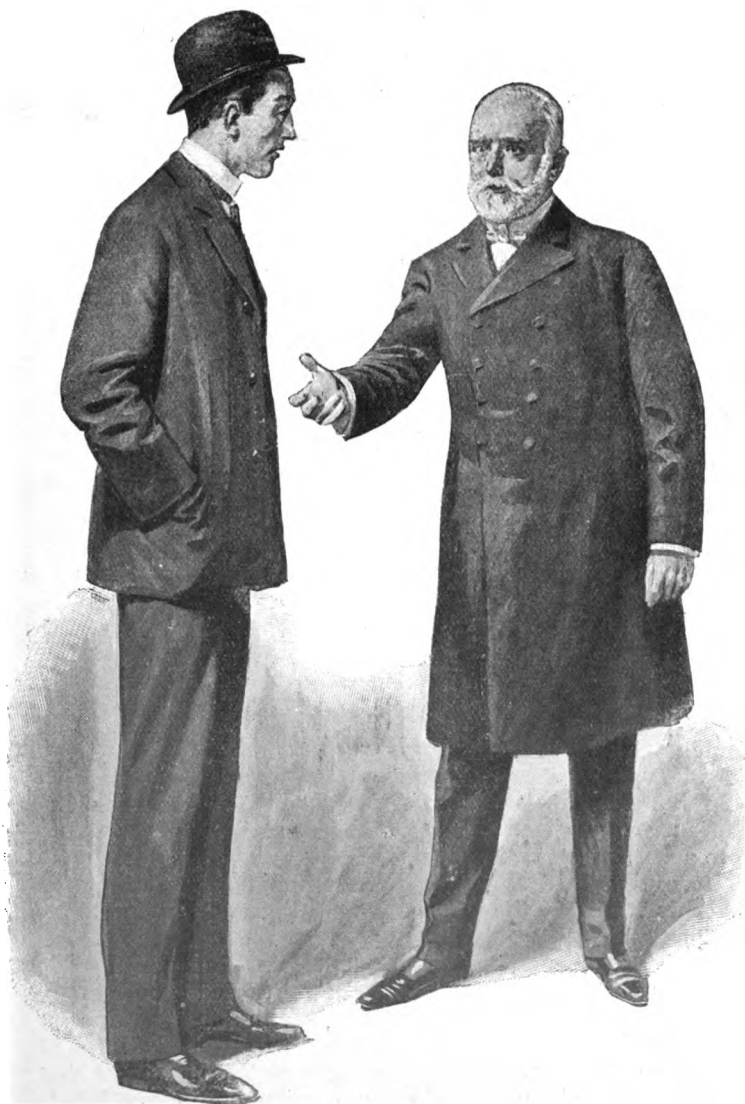
A VISITOR to the seaside had been giving a Gospel address one evening last summer. Just as he was about to close a middle-aged man came forward and asked to be allowed to speak. Permission being given he began by saying he was a living witness to the truth—that Christ could set the sinners free from every chain of sin that Satan had thrown around them.

I will tell you how He did it for me. Thirteen years ago I was well known in boxing circles in the city of Liverpool. Nothing so delighted me as to watch a good fight, or boxing contest, and I took part in many myself. The craving for strong drink had laid hold of me, and because it was ruining my health I tried hard to give it up. I had signed the pledge many times, but a few nights after I would go home rolling drunk. Then I had a passion for cards and gambling, so you see the devil had cast some pretty strong chains around me.

But I had a praying wife. One day she said, "Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are coming to Liverpool next week; will you take me to hear them?" I said I would, not knowing who they were, so next Thursday my wife told me that the American evangelists had arrived, and that I had promised to take her to hear them. "Evangelists! There's a boxing practice on to-night; I want to go to that." However, my wife had a way of her own, and she got me to go to that meeting. I tried to give her the slip after getting inside the door, for the official said, "Ladies up stairs, and men in the body of the hall;" but she hung on to my arm, and we sat down together. I paid little attention to the preaching, my thoughts were at the boxing practice, and I was sorry to miss it. Coming out, my wife asked me what I thought of the preaching. "Very good for those it suits, but I am not one of them."

Strange to say, the next few days I felt very miserable, and commenced to see what a miserable sinner I was, and I thought, could it be possible for me to be saved? On Monday evening at tea I asked my wife if she wished to go to hear Torrey and Alexander again. She was not free to go, so I went alone. I remember waiting outside an hour before it was possible to get an entrance. I can't tell you about the preaching, it was the hymn at the close that laid hold of me. I knew it well, learnt it in Sunday school.

He Can Break Every Chain.



DR. TORREY URGING A MAN TO ACCEPT 'THE GIFT OF GOD,' ETERNAL LIFE.

He Can Break Every Chain.

"When I survey the wondrous Cross." I stood up with the rest and sang till we got to the third verse, "See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down." That broke my heart, and I sat down weeping. Presently a gentleman came to speak to me, and asked, "did I wish to be saved?" Indeed I did, if it were possible; but I had such a sense of my own sinfulness that I told him that God would have a very hard case if He undertook to save me.

My friend opened his Bible and read such passages as "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15), and "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). I said to him, "but what about to-morrow? You don't know the men I work amongst and the temptations I have to meet." "Do you believe that God is *able* to save you to-night, and to forgive your sins for the sake of Christ?" he asked me. I answered, "Well, seeing that He is Almighty I believe He has the power, though I tell you I am a hard case." He turned to other Scriptures, proving that God was *willing* as well as *able* to save me that night; and seeing He could do that, would it be any difficulty to Him to *keep* me for the rest of my life. We got to our knees, and realising the true meaning of the words, "See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down," I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, trusting Him for pardon and cleansing through His Blood, and to be delivered from all the power of the enemy.

I told my wife about it when I got home. She had been praying for six years that God would convert my soul. Next morning I told my fellow-workmen what had taken place. They said, "All right, we'll give you a week to see how it works." They had seen me trying to reform many times, but this time God was working, and His work was done with power.

A few days later a prize fight was announced. My mates said, "Of course you'll go." I turned it over in my mind; of course I would never engage in a fight again, but would there be any harm in going to *see* one? I sat at my tea that evening with the greatest longing to see that fight. A spiritual conflict was going on in my heart; which side would win? I'll tell you what I did. I

slipped upstairs and went on my knees and told God just how I felt—that I knew He had forgiven my sins through the Blood of Christ, and saved my soul. I asked Him to take away the desire to go and see that fight. He took it away just then, and I went down stairs giving thanks for the victory gained.

It was the same with cards, and the same with drink. One hot afternoon I was walking along a country road feeling very tired and thirsty. A public-house sign came in view, "Bass' bitter ale sold here." Well, if there was anything I enjoyed it was a glass of Bass' bitter; I longed to drink as much as I could of it. Oh, what a strong temptation it was! But I lifted my heart to God and told Him He had done so much for me in saving my soul, would He take away the craving for the beer? Before I got up to that public-house I had not the slightest desire to go in. "The Lion of the tribe of Judah can break every chain, and give you the victory again and again." Trust Him, my friends, and you will prove that He is mighty to save and able to keep. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by HIM." COME NOW. B.B.

SAVED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

A YOUNG man who had lived a "fast" life was at length aroused to concern about his soul. On being shown the freeness and simplicity of the Gospel and the great love of Christ, he said, "How can I offer Him a withered flower?" His life had been spent—yea, wasted—in the service of the devil and the world. The bloom of his life had passed away. He had given to self and the world the vigour of his days, and now it seemed as if he were bringing the dregs to Christ. Yet even that young man was saved. We mention this as a word of encouragement—not encouragement to remain in sin, but encouragement to flee to Christ *now*. It is the fewer number that thus turn, after a life spent in the gratification of fleshly desire. It is true that the thief on the Cross was saved. But as an old writer says, "One was *saved*; we there learn that no one must despair. But one was *lost*, and we have there the warning that no one must presume." God is now calling on you to turn. See that you refuse not Him that speaketh from Heaven.

w.s.

"YOUNG MAN! GOD HAS SET HIS HEART UPON THEE."

SUCH were the words uttered by a preacher, and the Lord carried them home to the heart of a youth in the congregation. He had been the child of many prayers, and had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with God's simple and glorious plan of salvation, but these opportunities were misimproved and the great concerns of Eternity put off till some more "convenient season." At the age of fifteen he left home to serve an apprenticeship at the drapery trade. Removed from parental influences, he turned a deaf ear to his father's prayers and his mother's tears. He broke his promises, and instead of reading the Bible, devoured sensational literature. His course of conduct began to be manifest to his employers, and he was ultimately dismissed from his situation with his character gone and prospects blighted. He returned to his parental roof, and while at home attended the chapel, not from any desire to hear the Gospel preached, but to please his friends. It was his custom to take a *novel* with him, and read it during the sermon. One evening when the preacher announced his text the young man took out a novel from his pocket and pored over its pages. Coming to an uninteresting part of the book, as the sermon was about half over, he looked up just as the minister shouted, "Young man! God has set His heart upon *thee*." The thought flashed across his mind like lightning, "What! God has set His heart upon me! Is it possible that God loves me?"

In an instant he trembled from head to foot. Sins committed in the past started up before him, and his condition as a sinner was vividly realised. His agony of soul was so great that he feared the earth would open and his guilty spirit be plunged into everlasting destruction. For two whole days he was in the very depths of despair, until his thoughts were directed to Calvary where he saw the glorious truth that Jesus had died for him and had borne the penalty of sin. The moment he knew that Christ had completely satisfied God's justice on account of his sins, peace and joy filled his heart.

Does the peace, joy, and satisfaction of sins forgiven fill your heart? "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). Believest thou this?

"ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME."

DR. JULIAN SAYS: "NO OTHER HYMN CAN BE NAMED WHICH HAS LAID SO BROAD AND FIRM A GRASP ON THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD."

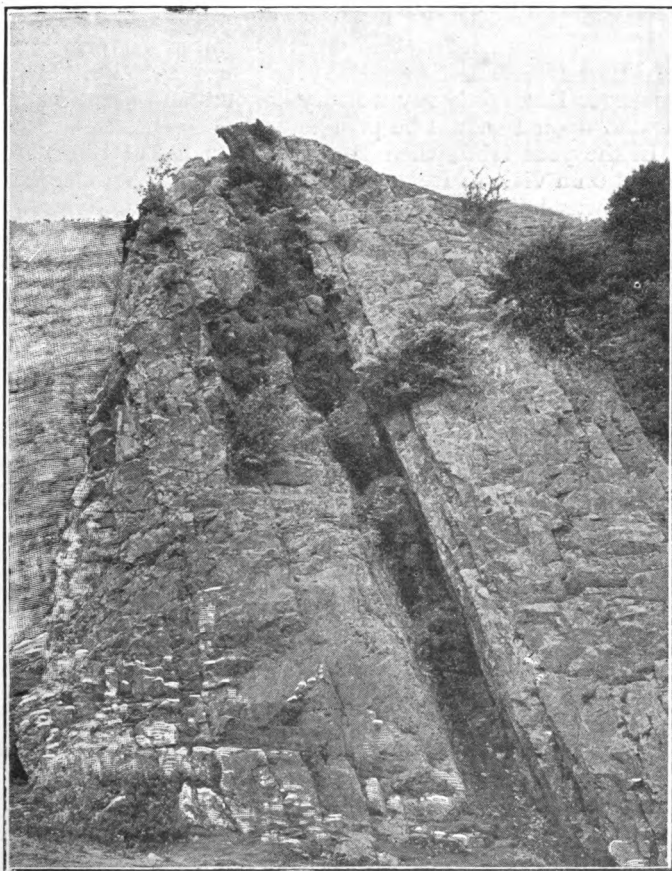


Photo by Graystone Bird.

"Rock of Ages," Burrington Combe.

Toplady was overtaken by a severe thunderstorm, and took shelter in the cleft of a rock at Burrington Combe, Devonshire, in the south-west of England. Soon after this he wrote the hymn. The rock, since then, has been called "Rock of Ages."

D

“ ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.”

WHEN a well-known religious magazine asked its readers to send in lists of the hundred hymns they liked best, Augustus Montague Toplady's hymn stood at the top. Out of 3500 lists received, 3215 were given for “Rock of Ages.”

When Prince Albert, the Consort of Queen Victoria, was dying he repeated it frequently. “For,” said he, “if in this hour I had only my worldly honours and dignities to depend upon I should be poor indeed.”

In the year 1756, when Toplady was a lad of 16 or 17, whilst on a visit to Ireland, he attended a Gospel meeting which was held in a barn at the village of Codrington. Though brought up under Christian influences and well educated, the youth was utterly ignorant of God's way of salvation. The meeting was addressed by a simple, earnest, illiterate Christian, who took for his text Ephesians 2. 13, “Ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ.” Toplady was amazed by what he heard of God's provision for his deep need. He learned that God loved *him*, so loving him as to give His beloved Son who made peace by the Blood of His Cross, and died that he might be ransomed from sin and death and woe. Ere he left that humble barn he was able to take up the words of the poet and say:

“ By nature and by practice far—

How very far from God!

Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him

Through faith in Jesus' Blood.”

When referring to his conversion, he said: “Strange that I who had so long sat under the means of grace in England should be brought right unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, 'midst a handful of people met together in a barn, and by the ministry of one who could scarcely spell his own name. Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous.”

At the age of twenty-two Toplady entered the ministry of the Church of England. He was the author of several popular hymns, and died in the year 1788. If Toplady had done nothing but write “Rock of Ages” his life would have been a fruitful one.

The Writing of the Hymn.

It is said that Toplady was overtaken by a severe

“Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.”

thunderstorm, and took shelter in the cleft of a rock at Burrington Combe, Devonshire, in the south-west of England. Soon after this he wrote the hymn. The rock, as on front, since then, has been called “Rock of Ages.”

Dr. Julian says: “No other hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp on the English-speaking world.” Better than all, the hymn has been owned of God in the conversion of many souls. The first line is exceedingly suggestive:

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.”

The “Rock” has been smitten. The divine explanation is found in 1 Corinthians 10. 4, “And that Rock was Christ.” Because He was “wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities” (Isa. 53. 5), the living waters are flowing from the smitten “Rock” freely for every sinner. Yes, the “Rock of Ages” has been cleft for thee, oh unsaved reader, and for every sinner out of hell. Praise His holy Name!

“Let me hide myself in Thee.”

God wishes that you should cease hiding *from* Him, and it is His yearning desire that you should hide *in* Him. It is He who is spoken of as a “covert from the tempest” of God’s fierce and righteous indignation against sin. Many are “hiding” themselves in religious ordinances and observances, instead of in Christ, who loved them and gave Himself for them. As you read these lines, may you be enabled to say:

“Thou blest Rock of Ages,
I’m hiding in Thee.”

“NOT THE LABOUR OF MY HANDS
Can fulfil Thy law’s demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and THOU ALONE.”

Neither law-keeping nor righteous living can atone for sin. Many are sincere in the belief that if they “do the best they can” they will obtain God’s pardoning mercy. Though such may be “sincere” in their belief, they are sincerely mistaken. “Without the shedding of blood is no remission” (Heb. 9. 22). Future good conduct cannot atone for past disobedience. Works, prayers, groans,

sighs, or tears cannot atone for the past. "God requireth that which is past" (Eccles. 3. 15).

When one is brought to apprehend his true condition as a lost, guilty, and ruined sinner, he will desire to know God's way of peace. So long as there is any hope of the sinner being able to do anything meritorious to obtain God's pardoning mercy, there is no hope of anything being done. When one is brought to the end of his resources there is good news for him. How important the lines:—

"[Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands."

"By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3. 20). The unsaved reader cannot "fulfil the law's demands," and "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James 2. 10). The next verse tells how salvation is secured:

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace.
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

There are really but two "religions" in the world—man's religion and God's. Man's religion is: "Something in my hand I bring;" while God's is: "*Nothing* in my hand I bring." You must come empty-handed to Him for salvation. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). Come to Christ as you are, without any qualification other than that you are a sinner. Your need is your claim. Come as a "naked" sinner to Him for dress; come as a "helpless" sinner to Him for grace, and you will obtain eternal life as a free gift and a present possession. A.M.

HOW ROBERT SHARP WAS SAVED.

WHEN a lad of fourteen years God began to speak to me in a very definite way. As I grew up I made up my mind to break away from the constraining influence that I had been under at home, and that I would swear and be like other boys. One Sunday I thought I would shun the morning meeting, preferring to get away with my companions, but God spoke with a louder voice than ever

How Robert Sharp was Saved.



ROBERT SHARP Cowdenbeath, now with Fred Elliott in Africa.

I had heard before, and the lines of that hymn came to me :

“ A mind at perfect peace with God—
Oh, what a word is this ! ”

Then I seemed to hear a voice from Heaven saying, “ Your mind is not at peace with God.” I looked up as if answering God, and said, “ No.” From that day I was an unhappy youth. Yet I was determined to fight against this striving within. A great football match was to be played in Cowdenbeath on the Saturday. I went there in search of happiness. Instead of being occupied with the game, I was watching the spectators, who were only in a frenzy of excitement. I knew that was no good to me. It was the real thing I wanted, not the froth.

I resolved to go home that Saturday evening, after finding this world was only a wilderness. I realised now

How Robert Sharp was Saved.

that I was a sinner, and needed to be saved, but how was I to know it? I had heard stories of some opening their Bible and reading the first text their eye lighted on, and from that got peace. I thought I would try this method, and so I opened my Bible, and my eye fell on Ephesians 2. 8, "BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH, AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES, IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD." I knew it was grace, and nothing that I could do, but as yet I was not saved.

That long, weary, and miserable night passed; the next day was Sunday, and I made up my mind that I would be saved, and that the next time my mother spoke to me on the subject I would be ready to listen. I knew I would not have long to wait, and so it turned out. On that Sunday evening, about eight o'clock, my mother brought the realities of eternity before me as she had done many, many times before. I cried out, "Mother, I want to be saved; tell me how." And there, in the presence of my mother and youngest sister, who was three years older than I was, I began to ask all the questions I could about God's salvation. By being brought up in such a home I knew the truth of the Gospel, and although my mother told out the simple story of Calvary, I said, "Yes, mother, I believe all that, but I am not saved; and if the Lord comes to-night I am not ready to go." They sat till after midnight pointing out the way of salvation, but, oh, the way seemed dark. I had to plead with them to go to bed and leave me, which they did. Then I thought I had better go to bed, but not to sleep, and there, tossed about with no one with me but God, I prayed in earnest: "Oh, God, Thou knowest I want to be saved and be ready to go when the Lord comes to take His own home to be with Himself, and I cannot sleep until this question is settled." At that moment I realised that not prayer, but faith was required. "By grace are ye saved, through *faith*." I believed that when the Lord Jesus died on Calvary He died for *me*. Alone with God, under the very shadow of Calvary, I accepted Christ as *my* Saviour. I felt as if a thrill of joy came through my whole being. I sent back the cry, "Yes, Lord, I am ready," and since that I have never had one doubt about my salvation. The Devil may have tried in various ways to keep me back, but he never came with the weapon of doubt. Praise God, I knew I was ready to go. I was not afraid to meet God now. R.S.

A STARTLING QUESTION.

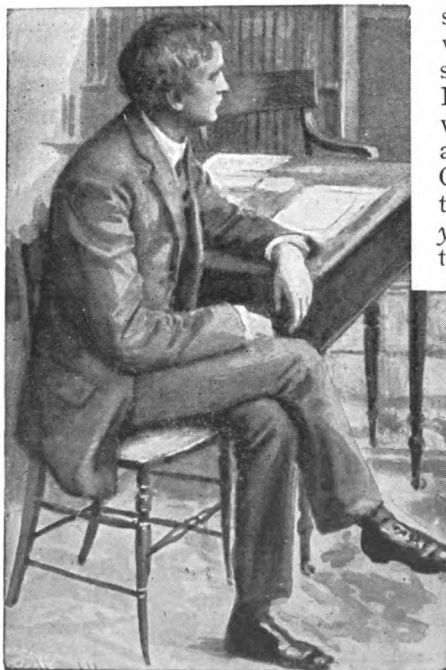
A YOUNG man was in the habit of attending Gospel meetings conducted by an earnest evangelist. Through the truth proclaimed his eyes were opened to see his sin and danger. As he thought on the terrible doom that lay ahead of him if he continued neglecting the salvation of God, he became troubled. The preacher spoke of ruin by the fall and redemption by the blood. The Gospel of the grace of God was told out clearly and tenderly, but the young man hesitated. How many like him are halting between two opinions—whether they will accept God's "unspeakable gift" or procrastinate. The arch enemy's fatal lullaby, "TIME ENOUGH! TIME ENOUGH!" was listened to and believed, convictions were stifled. The Holy Spirit was resisted; Satan finally triumphed, and he became a "Gospel hardened sinner." The gosseller had his eye on the procrastinator, and one day he said to him, "IS THE DEVIL TO HAVE YOUR SOUL AFTER ALL?" The young man's reply was a solemn and sadly suggestive one: "Yes, sir, I suppose that is what it will come to at last." "I suppose so, too," said the servant of Christ, "but mark my words, when you get to Hell don't murmur at your hard bargain; you have made it yourself, and you have made it with your eyes open." "Yes, sir," said the Christ neglecter, "I know that, and I'll stand to it."

What a sad admission and confession and resolution. A mortal man deliberately choosing the world for his portion instead of Christ, and Hell at the end. And he made it, in one sense, with his eyes "open," and yet, alas! they were blinded by Satan (see 2 Cor. 4.4). Is the reader following in the young man's footsteps? Are you a Christ acceptor or a Christ neglecter? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2.3). Escape is impossible. *Now*, while the door of mercy is open, when the Holy Spirit strives, gaze by faith on the bleeding, suffering, dying, Lamb of God, and find life in a look at the crucified One (John 3. 14, 15). God *desires* to save you. He will not, however, *coerce* you. He will not *compel* you to be saved. But if you turn a deaf ear to warnings and entreaties and die in your sins you will discover, if you don't do so now, that there was no one to blame but yourself. Stop! Look! Listen! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16.31). A.M.

MAY I BELIEVE IT?

"WHAT is the matter?" I said one day to a young man who was looking very gloomy. "Ah, sir, my sins!" he replied. "What about your sins?" "I shall be lost," he said. "Can you read?" "Yes." "Will you read this verse, 'All we like sheep have gone astray?' Have you gone astray?" "Yes, and am very unhappy." "And we have turned every one to our own way," I continued; "you have turned to *your* way, for God says, '*All* have turned to their own way.'" With tears in his eyes the young man admitted he was one of those who had turned to their own way. "Now," I said, "will you read the next line? '*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all*' (Isa. 53. 6). Is that true?" "Sir, may I believe it?" said the young man. I replied, "You will be lost if you do not believe it; but if you believe, you shall be saved." His face became radiant with joy as he said, "I believe."

"Then you are saved?" "Yes." He was saved through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had loved him, and died on the Cross for him. As the Saviour died for *you*, will you follow this young man's example, trust Him now, and you, too, will be saved and happy — ever more. Neglect this great salvation and you will never know what *true* peace of soul is either in this life or the life to come. This is a great question. Face it and settle it now. w.s.



"WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?"

"TO THINK THAT DAVIE HARVEN COULDN'T SLEEP FOR THINKING OF HIS SINS! IF IT HAD BEEN SOME MEN I KNOW I COULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD IT."



"I wanted time to draw my breath!"

I assured him, or at least I tried to assure him, that he had no need to worry himself on that score, because I didn't know within the bounds of my acquaintance any other young fellow half as good as he was.

E

"WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?"

IF personal goodness can take any man to Heaven Davie Harven was bound to get there. Of all the young fellows I have ever known he beat them all in real clean living. If righteousness means right living, then he was a righteous man. He was honest to the core, and considerate to others. And he wasn't a sour, long-faced fellow. No amount of coaxing could induce him to go into the public-house. "Come in and drink a bottle of ginger beer," we would say. But would he? Not he!

We often at night, when the day's work was done, took a stroll together, and I was always the better of his company. He never said a bad word, and though I can't say that about myself I could never use any bad words when I was with him. There was something about him that kept me from using improper words. And he always tried to see the best side of everybody.

Now, what do you think? I met him one night last week, and we had scarcely spoken three minutes together when he nearly took the breath from me with something he said. The tears were in his eyes when he said it. I was so much astonished that although I was quite sure I had not picked him up wrong, I couldn't help saying, "What was that you said?" Fine I knew what he said, but I wanted time to draw my breath together. What he said was that he was so much troubled about his sins that he had scarcely slept any for two nights. I assured him, or at least I tried to assure him, that he had no need to worry himself on that score, because I didn't know within the bounds of my acquaintance any other young fellow half as good as he was. He gave a sort of sad smile when I said so, as if he had doubted it, and with emphasis I repeated what I had already said. I was quite confused. I believe I was even a bit annoyed. He replied that I might think that, but that he was a poor sinner, and didn't know how he could meet God in the state he was in.

What he said was like a foreign language to me, and I slipped away as soon as I could. To think that Davie Harven couldn't sleep for thinking of his sins! If it had been some men I know I could have understood it. Or if it had even been myself, for I have done some shady things. I have reason to repent of some things I have

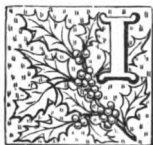
done, and lots of things I have said, but the idea of Davie not being able to sleep about his sins completely unnerved me.

But though I slipped away from him his words didn't slip away from me. In fact, they gave me a bad night. The feeling grew upon me that if he couldn't sleep for thinking about his sins, what was to become of me if I didn't think about mine? Yes, and more than that, I began to wonder what was to become of me if I couldn't get rid of them? In goodness I knew he was far above me, and the thought that a good fellow like what he is was so troubled agitated me frightfully. If he didn't sleep no more did I. I think I counted nearly every hour that the clock struck. I wish I knew somebody to speak to that wouldn't laugh at me. Some of my companions would laugh nicely, I am sure, if they knew. But I will keep quiet. Maybe the feelings will die down. All the same I wouldn't like to die as I am.

Five nights have passed since I met Davie. This is Monday. It was last Wednesday that we met. I met him to-night again. He came running forward, and shook hands with me. His face was beaming. "Did you hear the news?" he said. "What news!" I replied, looking as unaffected as I could, though a perfect tumult of feeling surged up in my soul the moment he put the question. "I have found rest to my soul," he said. "My sins, which were many, are all forgiven. The Lord Jesus is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and He has taken away mine," and on he went, while all the time I stood like a condemned criminal. I managed to blurt out that I was glad to see him looking so happy, but he said that "happy" wasn't the word for it, that he had got a peace that passeth understanding. He said he hoped I would get the same rich blessing he had got, and then he left me.

He has made a great impression upon me, and I can't let the matter rest here. I wonder how he knows his sins are forgiven? But I think he told me. Yes, he did. He said that the Lord Jesus as the Lamb of God, when He died on the Cross, took away the sin of the world; that this would never need to be done again; that the work of taking away sin was finished, and that he had found peace by believing that the Lord Jesus took away his sin. J.C.

A SCENE IN A PRISON CELL IN GENEVA.



IN the city of Geneva, Switzerland, nearly a hundred years ago, a man was condemned to death for the crime of murder. According to the Genevese law he was to be shut up for twenty-eight days in an underground cell, and then to be brought out for execution. When the death sentence was pronounced by the judge, an agonising cry of "mercy, mercy," was heard from the prisoner, but all felt that the sentence was a righteous one and could not be commuted.

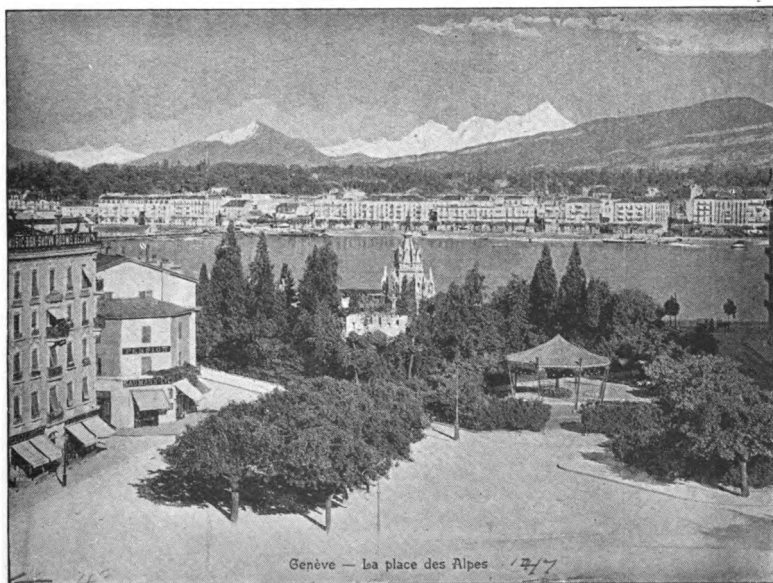
One who heard that despairing cry, a member of a small community called "Momiers," noted for their godliness, determined to do what he could to carry the Gospel to the prisoner. He sought admission to the condemned cell, but the law forbade any but the jailer access, and he was refused. Nothing daunted, he wandered around the prison seeking to discover the whereabouts of the cell in which the prisoner was confined. At last he came across it and found a small opening, from which some rays of light reached the dungeon. Sitting down close to the grating, in a clear voice he read the third and fourth chapters of the epistle to the Romans. When he came to the fifth verse of the fourth chapter, "To him that *worketh not*, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness," a voice from below called out "Read these words again." Again the words were read slowly and distinctly, and as no further sound was heard the Momier left.

He returned several times and read portions of God's Word until he was discovered and brought before the Governor of the prison, who questioned him regarding the object of his mission. "I wanted to tell the prisoner where the mercy he cried for can be found," was his explanation. "And where is that," inquired the Governor. "In Jesus," said the Momier, quietly, and repeated the wonderful words of John 3. 16. "Well, if you have anything to tell him that will do him good," said the Governor, "I will grant you admission to his cell for half an hour each day; it will be better than making a disturbance outside."

The Momier was delighted at the prospect of seeing the prisoner and telling him face to face the story of redeeming

A Scene in a Prison Cell in Geneva.

love. He was taken into the prison in charge of the jailer, and after walking through a long passage they came to an iron door which was unlocked and the Momier found himself in a dark, dark cell, eight feet square, in which the condemned man sat on a straw bed, heavily ironed. When the Momier spoke the prisoner said, "You are the good man who read me those wonderful words. Tell me more of Him who *justifieth the ungodly without works*." The soul-winner spoke of man's guilt and condemnation, of Christ bearing



THE WORLD-FAMED CITY OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

sin's penalty, dying in our room and stead, and by faith in His precious blood a sinner is justified apart from works.

"And is there hope for me?" anxiously inquired the murderer. "I have been a great sinner. You see how man judges me; and what must it be in the sight of the holy God?" "There is hope," said the servant of Christ, "because Jesus offers to undertake your case, and He is mighty to save. You are in this cell condemned to die for

A Scene in a Prison Cell in Geneva.

the sin of murder, but if any one loved you enough to die in your place, that he might bear your punishment instead of you, do you not think that the law would be satisfied, that you might be righteously forgiven? Now this is just what Jesus has done to save you from death."

Day by day the Christian worker visited the jail, and eventually the prisoner believed on Christ, and obtained peace, pardon, and eternal life. The young convert was so overpowered by the thought of God's wondrous love in forgiving such a wretch that he turned to the jailer who had just entered the cell and said, "I have a last request to make; will you grant it to a dying man? I want you to take me through the prison that I may speak to every one of Jesus and mercy." "I have no power to remove your irons," said the jailer, "or I'd willingly oblige you, for you have given me almost no trouble, and that's more than I can say of those that's been shut up here; the only thing I have had to complain of at all is that you have sung hymns so desperately loud the last few days, and it seemed rather unnatural like, considering what's before you; but as I said, I dare not take off the irons." "I do not wish it," said the new-born soul; "let me go as I am."

From cell to cell the condemned man crept, weighted by the fetters, and told the astonished inmates what great things God had done for him; that he had no fear whatever of the future, because his sins were pardoned and his soul saved. Then came—the end.

What do *you* think of eternity? Are you certain that your soul is saved? Are you prepared to meet a holy and righteous God? If not, is it not time that the great question regarding your soul's salvation was settled?

If you are willing to be saved now in God's way, remember the words that amazed the condemned murderer: "TO HIM THAT WORKETH NOT, BUT BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH THE UNGODLY, HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS" (Rom. 4.5). The work that saves was "finished" at Calvary. Whenever *you* believe the Gospel of the grace of God, the "good news" regarding Christ's atoning sacrifice on *your* behalf, you ARE "justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." A.M.

HOW J. W. ARTHUR GOT ASSURANCE.



JOHN W. ARTHUR, Glasgow.

J. W. ARTHUR, one of the foremost and most respected business men in the city of Glasgow, who passed Home at the age of 73, thus relates his experience.

“Brought up in a home and by parents where everything was helpful to all that was good, I cannot remember a time when my thoughts did not go out towards God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour. Still, with all I was not satisfied. As a

schoolboy, and as a student, my constant desire was to *know* salvation—to *know* God. Many a long country walk alone brought its introspection. Many a heart searching for years failed to give me the certainty I longed for.

“But 1874, that brought light to so many, was to give me also the assurance of salvation. I find in a diary, date 27th December, 1874, ‘I can look back on 1874 as the very best year I have lived, just because I can say humbly but assuredly, *I am saved.*’

“One night in March I went to hear Moody preach on ‘Decision.’ He pressed home the offer of God’s great gift. I left the meeting, walked about several hours of the night, and at last brought face to face with John 6. 37, ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,’ I made God’s gift my own, as I had never done before.

“I can honestly say that right on from March, 1874, I have *known* my Saviour, and not for one hour in all those years has my assurance been shaken. I would not live my busy life without the Lord Jesus Christ, but having Him I have all.” J.W.A.

LITTLE CHARLEY'S KISS OF PEACE.



A S day followed day, so did hope follow hope in the mind of a bright boy about eight years of age, as he asked his nurse, "Do you think I shall get *quite* well?"

Charley, the patient, suffering from pulmonary consumption, was an inmate of

one of the London hospitals, at times visited by a preacher of the Gospel of the grace of God, who appreciated that even very young persons, knowing themselves sinners, can be saved by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (Eph. 2. 8). The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple (Psa. 19. 7). It was through reading this very "law of the Lord" in the Psalms that light shone into his enlightened heart. He specially meditated, in his child-like way, upon those wonderful words: "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him" (Psa. 2. 12).

Charley thought about that expression time after time. When the preacher left one afternoon, thinking he and the fragile form might not meet as usual on earth again, he momentarily turned his head, put his hand to his mouth, and blew a kiss. The boy had known a mother's affection shown by the blowing of a kiss, and instantly it crossed his mind that it was to be a signal of affection to the risen Lord in Heaven.

When the preacher next entered the ward his eyes were filled with tears as he heard how Charley had passed away. "Did he say anything, nurse?" "Yes, sir; just before he died he said, "Tell the gentleman I have kissed the Son."

Have you "kissed the Son?" Why not *now*? A.D.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"THE SUBJECT OF "REVIVALS" AND "REVIVALISTS" WAS SOON INTRODUCED, AND THE FARMER MADE THE ADMISSION THAT HE MIGHT, AFTER ALL, BE MISTAKEN."



"The Daughter of a Respectable Farmer in the Neighbourhood."

Mary bore her father's bitter taunts with wonderful patience, and so lived Christ in her home that her parent was compelled to admit that the "new religion" had wrought wonders on her.

F

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

A NUMBER of years ago an evangelist was conducting Gospel services in a village in the North of Scotland. Through attending the meetings quite a number of respectable "religious" people discovered that they were on the "clean" side of the broad road leading to destruction. Amongst such was the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood.

When Mary found rest and peace to her weary soul through faith in Christ she longed to see her father brought under the sound of the Gospel. Though a regular communicant at the Presbyterian Church, he had never experienced the great change of conversion to God. Though making no profession of being regenerated he compared himself favourably with some who did, and declared that he had "as good a chance" of reaching Heaven as they.

The farmer railed at "revivals" and "revivalists," and declared that those who attended the special services were "fanatics." There was one thing, however, that he could not get over, and that was the change in the life of his daughter. Mary bore her father's bitter taunts with wonderful patience, and so lived Christ in her home that her parent was compelled to admit that the "new religion" had wrought wonders on her, and eventually came to the conclusion that there was "something" good in the "revival" after all.

With the consent of her father Mary tendered an invitation to the Gospeller to pay them a visit at the farm. This he did, and was warmly welcomed by the farmer and his daughter. The subject of "revivals" and "revivalists" was soon introduced, and the farmer made the admission that he might, after all, be mistaken. The servant of Christ saw that the Holy Spirit had been dealing with him, and he felt hopeful of his conversion. The evangelist asked the farmer if he believed the Bible. Astonished at being asked such a question the farmer replied, "I have, it is true, faults and sins enough, but oh! I think I have not *that* sin on my head." "Are you sure that you believe every word that God speaks to you in the Bible? Many think that they do, but are mistaken." The reply given was, "I believe everything that God says in the Bible to be true." "If that is so, let us turn to the

53rd chapter of Isaiah, verse 6, and then read the familiar words, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Pausing at the first clause of the verse, "all we like sheep have gone astray," the preacher asked, "Do you believe God's description of you here to be true?" "Oh! yes, sir, I do; I must confess that, like a sheep, I have gone astray." "We have turned every one to his own way," was then read, and the question asked, "Do you believe God's description of you here to be true?" "Yes, that also describes me. I have turned to my own evil ways times without number." Raising his thumb from the last clause of the verse the soul-winner said, "Mark closely what follows, 'AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL.'"

Quicker than the lightning flash the soul-saving truth of the Gospel was laid hold of and carried home in the power of the Holy Spirit to the farmer's heart, and he exclaimed, "I see it! I see it all now! I never saw God's Word in that light before. THE LORD HAS LAID ON CHRIST ALL MY INIQUITY, AND HE HAS TAKEN MY PLACE." Thus the Scottish farmer found joy and peace in believing on Him who bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and died that we might not perish but have everlasting life (John 6. 47).

Has the reader ceased WORKING for salvation, or is he on the *doing* line which ends in darkness, death, and destruction? The work that saves was completed by Christ on the Cross.

"The Lord *hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*" Everything was fully done by Christ when He exclaimed "It is finished." Atonement was accomplished, justice was satisfied, and God was glorified.

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

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 14, 15).

A.M.

SAVED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.



JOHN THOMPSON, the Cockenzie fisherman, was once preaching in one of the slum districts of Edinburgh. At the close of one of his services a lady approached him and invited him to preach in her house on the Wednesday following. To this he readily assented; but to his surprise, on looking at her card, he found the address of a residence in the west-end of the city, and an indication that it was to be a drawing-room Scripture reading for residents in the neighbourhood. Accustomed mostly to fishermen, hardy sons of toil, and to slumdom, he wondered how he could face an aristocratic audience. After several little ideas of his own as to the method of conducting such a meeting had all appeared futile, he said: "If John 3. 16 is good news for the sinful poor, it may after all be good news for the sinful rich." He went, preached, got through, and left, inwardly vowing that he delivered his first and what he felt sure would be his farewell drawing-room sermon to aristocrats.

Three weeks after the same lady came up the same aisle of the same hall, and began, "Mr. Thompson." Thinking it was another invitation, he was just on the point of summarily refusing, but a tremor in her voice caused him to listen. "Mr. Thompson, I want you to visit a maid of mine dying in the infirmary, who specially asks to see you." Agreeing, he got the number of the ward and bed, and set out. Readily finding the subject of his quest, he wondered why she had sent for him till she explained. "Mr. Thompson, I have something special to tell you. I was a servant in the house where you preached three weeks ago. I had been ill for many months; I felt I was going to die, and I was not ready. Oh, how I longed to know my sins forgiven, and to be right for eternity! How glad I was when I heard of the meeting to be held in the drawing-room by 'the Cockenzie fisherman.' I saw you come, cross the hall, enter the drawing-room. I heard the door closed. I felt, 'Oh, there's no hope for a poor servant girl getting saved.' Burdened and weary, I longed for salvation, and, oh, Mr. Thompson, I know it wasn't right, but what do you think I did? About the middle of the meeting I crept up to the door, put my ear to the

Saved Through the Keyhole.



'I CREPT UP TO THE DOOR, PUT MY EAR TO THE KEYHOLE.'

keyhole, and heard you just then exhorting the ladies and gentlemen to put their names into God's great *whosoever*, and God would save them and satisfy them for evermore. That was just what I wanted, and standing at the door I said in my heart, 'Well, if none of those fine ladies and gentlemen put their names into God's *whosoever*, Maggie Shields puts in her name,' and right there the burden from my heart rolled away, and peace and joy filled my soul. Now, Mr. Thompson, I feel my time on earth is short, but I wanted to tell you that though I am only a poor servant girl I can die happy, for that *whosoever* took me in."

Why not, like Maggie Shields, and all the host who shall gather around the Throne of God in Heaven, say, "God loved the *world*, therefore He loved *me*?" "*Whosoever* believeth shall not perish, therefore as *I* believe *I* shall never perish." Put in your name *now*. HYP.

AN ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY.

WE live in a state of uncertainty. We are all asking, "What next?" We know not what news the morning paper will bring, and we can say, like Job of old, "No man is sure of life" (Job 24. 22), "For we know not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1). Yet here you have a certainty; you can "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT" (Num. 32. 23).

Remember it is *your* sin. This message is not for you to pass on to the man at the "next bench," or the woman "next door;" it is *your sins* which have hid God's face from you (Isa. 59. 2). There are plenty of people who will, like David, go to avenge other people's sins, but the message still comes, "Thou art the man" (2 Sam. 12. 7). You need to look this matter in the face and confess, as David did, "I have sinned," that you may hear the gracious words, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin."

But what if your sin is not put away? You cannot get away from your sin, for God says "it will find you out." Even Cain, the first murderer, realised this when he cried, "Every one that findeth me shall slay me" (Gen. 4. 14). You cannot get away from your sin even if you make your bed in Hell, or if you take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, it will still be

An Absolute Certainty.

"finding you out" to your heart and conscience. The sin of Judas found him out when he cried, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood" (Matt. 27. 4). Oh, if your sin has "found you out" follow the example



"WE ARE ALL ASKING, 'WHAT NEXT'?,

of the publican and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner" (Luke 18. 13). "For God has made the Lord Jesus Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5. 21). Haste to the Lord Jesus *to-day* and be saved.

J. M'K,

THE MESSAGE ON THE STONE.

THERE is a stone in North County Down, on the shore at Strangford Lough, which is called the Butter-lump, or Giant Stone.

Many years ago the writer, with another young believer, painted a text of Scripture on this stone as follows: "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" (Amos 4. 12). During the many years that have rolled by thousands of persons have seen these very important words and have read them, both young and old, rich and poor. Some of the great and

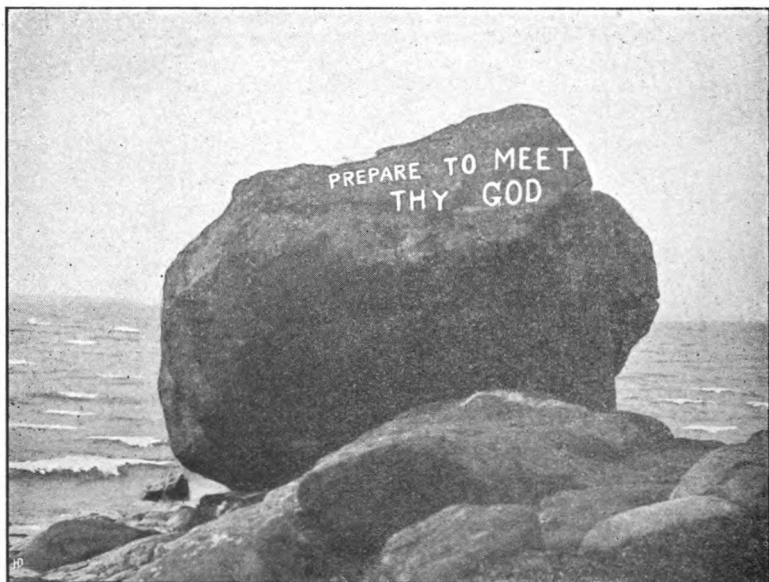


PHOTO OF THE STONE ON THE SHORE OF STRANGFORD LOUGH.

noble of earth have read these very solemn words, and some of them have passed the boundary line of Time into Eternity.

The word "ETERNITY" appears also on the other side of this big stone. You are travelling to Eternity. Where will you be in Eternity those years that have no end? Heed the message. Look away by faith to yonder Cross and see the Lord Jesus Christ dying for you and say:

" Jesus, I will trust Thee,	Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Trust Thee with my soul;	Thou canst make me whole."

C.M.C.

THAT LITTLE BLACK BOOK.

"AS SOON AS HE SAW ME, HE CAME FORWARD AND ASKED,
'HAVE YOU THAT LITTLE BLACK BOOK FROM WHICH YOU
READ TO ME YESTERDAY?'"



"Have you that Little Black Book?"

I drew out a copy of the New Testament. Without a single word I opened it and slowly read: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

G

THAT LITTLE BLACK BOOK.

COLONEL TECK was a popular man, prominent in politics, successful in business, and had been elected Mayor of the city. Although his name was quite familiar to me we had never met until unexpectedly introduced at the Hotel of Manitou Springs, Colorado. Scarcely had we shaken hands before he said, as he resumed his seat, "Do you see that lady sitting there?" He pointed to a genteel, well-dressed and quiet lady at some distance on the veranda, and then remarked, "She made me swear the other day."

"It surprises me to learn," was my reply, "that a lady so gentle and refined in appearance could make you swear; who is she?" "I don't know her," he answered, "but we sat near each other at separate tables in the dining-room, and I noticed that a fly kept alighting on her nose. She brushed it away again and again, but it persisted in its attack, and as she was a lady and could not curse, I cursed it for her." "Did your cursing drive away the fly?" "I cannot tell; but it was a satisfaction to curse it."

Instantly running my hand into the breast-pocket of my coat, I drew out a copy of the New Testament. Without a single word I opened it and slowly read: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." At once arising from my chair, I bowed and said, "I am glad to have met you, Colonel Teck;" and immediately took my departure.

The next morning, leaving my room and descending to the office floor, I saw him pacing to and fro with a look of deep thoughtfulness. As soon as he saw me, he came forward and asked, "Have you that little black book from which you read to me yesterday?" "Yes; it is always with me." "Please," he added, "sit down on this seat and read again." We sat down, and he paid no heed whatever to the persons walking about. Several passages were read, setting forth the character of God and the character of man, and the holiness and love of the One, and the sinfulness and hatefulness of the other.

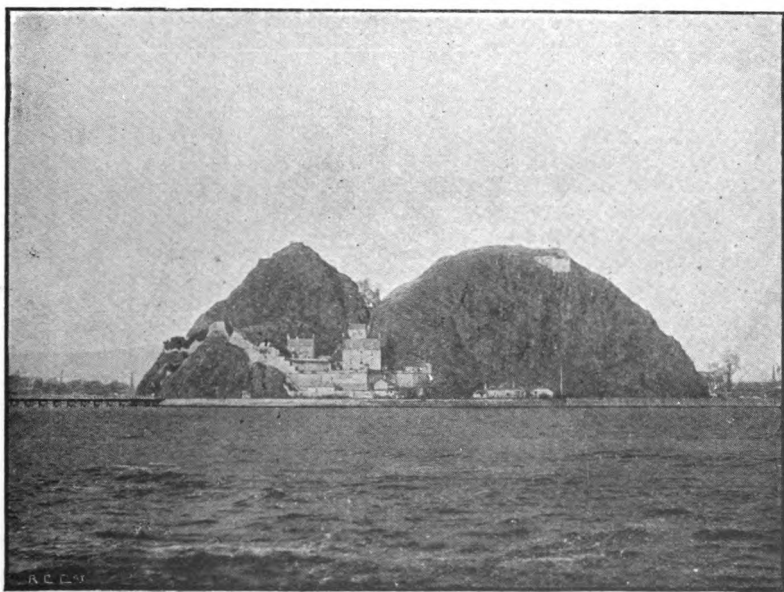
Then followed passages declaring the absolute need of regeneration, the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for our sins, the value of His precious blood, and the essential importance of faith in Him in order to obtain salvation. Perhaps

That Little Black Book.

twenty-five or thirty minutes were thus occupied, and not a word of my own was spoken. At length we parted, and I saw him no more, as he left that day for some other place.

About three months later a gentleman called at my house a little after ten o'clock in the evening, and said, "Colonel Teck is anxious to see you at once. He is quite unwell, so that he cannot come to you; will you be kind enough to visit him at your earliest convenience?" After a walk of half a mile I was shown into his room, and found him dressed, although lying on a bed. He began the conversation without the least delay; and his words are, as far as possible, precisely repeated.

"Ever since you read to me out of that little black book that memorable morning on the veranda of the hotel at Manitou Springs, I have never escaped the wonderful verse. God loved the world, and therefore God loved *me*. God gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth



Wm. Dunning's Conversion.
(*Next page*).

DUMBARTON CASTLE, ON THE CLYDE.

in Him should not perish, and whosoever includes *me*, too. I have sent for you to say that I believe in Him as *my* own Saviour, and I cannot rest, I cannot wait until morning, before confessing Him."

He confessed that he had been all his life a frightful sinner, unbelieving, profane, drunken, and that he had utterly neglected even the outward forms of worship, not having attended a Church service for many years. But he adored the grace that could save the very chief of sinners. Are you "saved by grace?" DR. JAS. H. BROOKES.

HOW GOD SAVED WILLIAM DUNNING.

I WAS born in the year 1869 in the village of Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire. Belonging to a religious family, I was taught to say my prayers from infancy and to hold in reverence the Bible as the Word of God. I was obliged to go to Church regularly, and commenced to attend the Sunday school when little over three years of age.

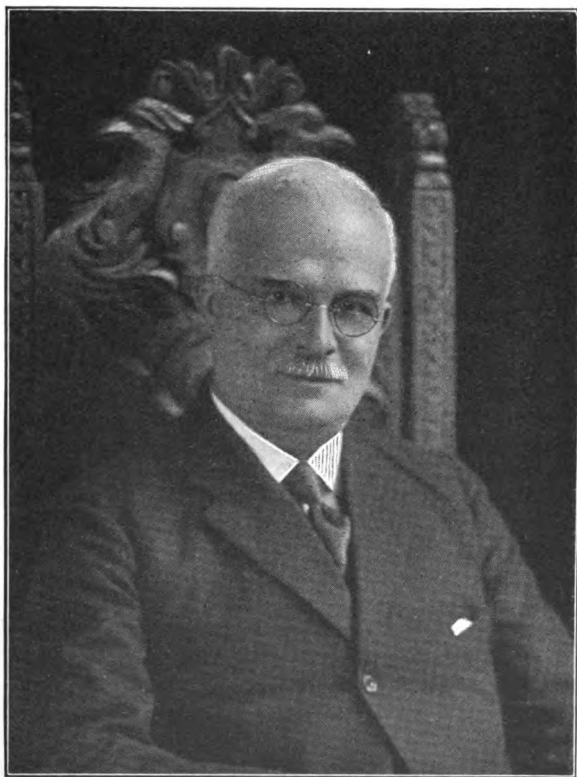
At eighteen years of age I left home to make my way in the world, exchanging the quiet village for the bustle of the busy town. In the company of an elder brother I journeyed to Dumbarton on the Clyde, famed for shipbuilding and other kindred industries. Suitable lodgings having been secured for me, my brother returned home, leaving me to my own resources. Left to myself a strange feeling of loneliness took possession of me, and it was then that I became the special target of the evil one. Freed from all parental restraint, Satan suggested that I should now have my "fling" and enjoy life to the full.

One evening after my arrival in my new surroundings, taking a walk along one of the busy thoroughfares wondering what I should do and where I should go, while within there was a great fight going on as to whether Christ or Satan should have the control of my life, I heard the singing of a hymn from an open-air Gospel meeting. Stopping to listen to the music, a Christian worker gave me a warm invitation to the meeting in an adjoining hall.

Scarcely knowing what I was doing I yielded and then accompanied the Christian worker to the meeting. The speaker dealt faithfully with sin and its awful consequences. God spoke to me that night in a way I never

How God Saved William Dunning.

had experienced before. That grand old text which has led many a darkened soul into the light was lovingly set forth, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3. 16). I learned for



WILLIAM DUNNING, Evangelist in America.

the first time in my life that I was the sinner Jesus came to save. Another Scripture was read to me, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36); and that night surely if feebly I trusted my soul for time and eternity to the Lord Jesus Christ and His atoning

work and passed from the power of Satan unto God.

Many years have passed since then, and like others I have had my trials and difficulties, but I have all along proved the Lord Jesus not only to be a Saviour who saves to the uttermost, but "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18. 24). Make His acquaintance now by trusting your soul to Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). W.D.

SAVED THROUGH A GOSPEL BOOK.

I WAS born in Staffordshire, England, and emigrated to Canada a number of years ago, eventually settling in Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. I was a thorough worldling, unconcerned about my soul's welfare, but had the good fortune of possessing a friend who regularly sent me a monthly periodical which kept before me my true spiritual condition.

I was invited to attend some special Gospel services which were being conducted by a Scottish evangelist in the city. Night after night found me in the meeting-place, and I became deeply interested in what I heard. My false peace was disturbed, and I was led to see that I was a guilty, helpless, undone sinner, hurrying to the bar of a holy God.

In my trouble a booklet was given me, entitled *God's Way of Salvation*, which I read carefully. As I perused its pages I said to myself, "I can do no more; I will give up trying to be saved." In turning over the pages of the booklet my attention was directed to the examination of a popular difficulty, entitled "I don't feel any change." The writer, in referring to it, says:

"Of course not. How could you do so; so long as your mind is occupied with your feelings toward God, instead of with His feelings toward you? If you continue to look into your cold, wretched heart you will become more and more miserable. By dwelling on its coldness, or hardness, your want of love or want of sorrow, faith or feeling, you must be unhappy. Peace is not derived from looking within; it is only to be found by looking to Jesus, by thinking of what He has done and suffered for us, and not by anything we have done or suffered for Him.

So long as you don't believe on Jesus you cannot have that

Saved Through a Gospel Book.

love to Him you ought. You must *first* believe in His love and death for you; and the moment you know that the mighty work has been finished, that justice has been satisfied, peace will fill your heart, and love will flow out and over to Him who loved you and gave Himself for you."

In a moment I saw the soul-saving truth of the Gospel of Christ, and I exclaimed, "Jesus loves me! Jesus loves me!" The weight of unforgiven sin rolled away, and I was gloriously happy. I have had to learn many lessons



PARLIAMENT HOUSES, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

in the school of God since then, but I can truthfully say that "The dear old story of a Saviour's love is sweeter as the days go by." To you I would say, Don't think of your *feelings* toward God; think of and meditate on His amazing love to you as revealed at Calvary's Cross. God is satisfied with the atonement of Christ, and if He is satisfied with what Christ did for you, surely you ought to be satisfied also. Will you accept Him here and now? A.E.B.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHANGE.

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

What a mercy he made the discovery! He learned that all his "righteousnesses" were as "filthy rags" (Isa. 64. 6), and longed to obtain forgiveness from God. Soon after this he saw that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10. 4), and that by believing on Him who bore sin's penalty, loved him, and gave Himself for him, he had eternal life. By faith he gazed on that Blessed One who was wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities, and passed from death into life—from darkness into light. No longer did he attempt to obtain a righteousness of his own in which to stand before God. He was now clothed in divine righteousness—"the righteousness of God which is unto all and upon all them that believe" (Rom. 3. 22), and began to work—not *for* salvation, but *from* salvation—not *to* the Cross, but *from* the Cross. When he said that he was the worst sinner in the village he justified God and condemned himself. He knew that he was accepted in Christ, felt, like the great Apostle, that he was "the chief of sinners."

Are you working *for* salvation, or *from* salvation? Are you working to be saved, or because you are saved? A.M.

WORKING OR BELIEVING—WHICH?

DAY AFTER DAY ON RETURNING FROM HIS WORK THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER TOOK HIS BIBLE AND READ A CHAPTER UNTIL HE REACHED THE END OF THE BOOK.



He read the Bible Three Times Through.

The dear fellow thought that if he read a chapter a day he would, somehow or other, "feel better," and be more fitted to meet a holy and sin-hating God.

H

WORKING OR BELIEVING—WHICH?



WORKING man in the West of England, who had been greatly concerned about his soul's salvation, listened to a faithful preacher of the Gospel telling out God's way of peace. In the course of his address the servant of Christ quoted the familiar, yet ever to be remembered, Scripture: "Behold, NOW is the ACCEPTED TIME; behold, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION" (2 Cor. 6. 2). Those precious and solemn words gripped the countryman's soul, and laid hold of his inmost being, and he said to himself, "If these are really God's words, I'll better commence now and *work for salvation*."

On reaching home he took down his neglected Bible from a high shelf, where it had lain for years, and wiping the dust from its covers, began reading the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis. The dear fellow thought that if he read a chapter a day he would, somehow or other, "feel better," and be more fitted to meet a holy and sin-hating God.

The words, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," were burned into his soul. Wherever he went, whatever he did, they continually appeared before him. He could not get rid of them, but did not then know that the words were a message of hope and comfort from God to him. But, alas, like so very many others, he had wrong thoughts of God's character. He did not know God. He determined to do what he could to obtain God's pardoning mercy, but was ignorant of the fact that all the time God was beseeching him to accept of it as a free gift. Scripture reveals God's attitude to mankind sinners as such: "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5. 20). Day after day on returning from his work the anxious inquirer took his Bible and read a chapter until he reached the end of the Book. When he reached the last verse of the last chapter of the book of Revelation he did not "feel any better," and was as afraid of God as when he commenced his irksome task.

Three times over did he peruse every chapter of the Bible, from the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis until the last verse of the New Testament. On the third reading of the Scriptures he thought to himself, "If reading

Working or Believing—Which?

the Bible through three times does not bring me peace and joy, and make me less frightened to meet God, nothing else will. I shall try no more." And he returned the Bible to the shelf where it had formerly lain so long. The seeking soul was utterly ignorant of the fact that all the time God loved him and longed to bestow on him salvation as a free gift. During the time that he was striving and struggling to merit forgiveness God was saying to him, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1.18).

About two years after he had given up reading his Bible he heard that the same preacher was to speak in the same place, and he resolved to attend. As he sat in one of the back seats of the building he was startled by hearing the preacher quote the wonderful words of the fourth chapter of Romans, verse five: "To him that *WORKETH NOT*, but *BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH THE UNGODLY*, HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS." "To him that *worketh not!*" He was amazed at what he heard. "What!" he said to himself; "is it possible that God says salvation is not obtained by working?" He listened again. "To him that *worketh not.*" Yes, it was perfectly true. "What!" he thought, "God tells me not to work; and here have I been working for two years to get peace, and God tells me not to work, but that I *am justified by believing in His Son*. Thank God, I see it all now! I HAVE BEEN WORKING INSTEAD OF BELIEVING, AND GOD TELLS ME TO BELIEVE INSTEAD OF TO WORK. Now I see how reading the Bible could not save me. It must be God's free gift from beginning to end." From that moment the darkness was dispelled, and the young believer rejoiced in Christ who paid the ransom for his deliverance with His precious Blood.

Many are working *for* salvation, instead of *from* salvation; working *to* the Cross, instead of *from* the Cross. Nearly nineteen centuries ago the Lord Jesus Christ eternally settled the *sin question* at the Cross of Calvary. Harken to His triumphant exclamation as He offered Himself to God as a sacrifice for sin, "IT IS FINISHED" (John 19. 30). The glorious work of atonement was then accomplished. All God's holy claims were fully met.

Divine justice was thoroughly satisfied. God was glorified WITH WHAT CHRIST DID FOR US, and all that we have to do is to believe the "good news" of the "glad and glorious Gospel" and enter into peace, life, rest, and liberty.

If, from this day until the day of your death, you did not commit a single sin, you could not be saved; for sinners are not saved by WHAT THEY DO, but by virtue of WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE FOR THEM. "To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, HIS FAITH is counted for righteousness."

Is the reader working *for* or *from* salvation? If you are working *for* it you are on the doing line which ends in death and destruction. God says, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." *Believe and live.* "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Remember the time is "NOW." A.M.

THE KLONDYKE GOLD MINER.

THIS is a world of changes. Some lose all they possess in a moment. Some make fortunes, but when made they very often ruin the owners, if not in time, then in eternity.

A man went off to the goldfields of Klondyke, succeeded in finding a fortune, and took ship to return home. One dark, chill night the steamer struck a sunken iceberg in the icy waters off Vancouver. The ship began to sink. The man seized his bag of gold, jumped overboard, and perished. His gold dragged him down, body and soul, too, we fear. It is not every one who ends his fortune and his life so tragically, but, if you look well behind the scenes, how many end just as disastrously.

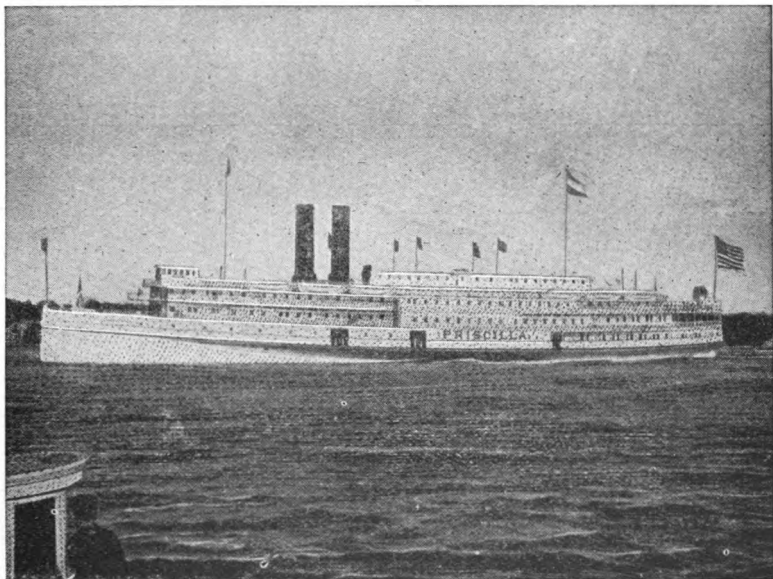
When will men look at the great end of things, and ask themselves the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

But it is far more sad to think of the multitudes who are professedly on their way to Heaven who will never get there. The Klondyke miner made no profession, but what of those who do so, and are unconverted? In the great parable of Matthew 25 we read of ten virgins, and it is to these that professing Christendom is likened. All outwardly alike, all possessed lamps and vessels with their lamps, all professed to go forth to meet the Bridegroom.

The Klondyke Gold Miner.

Alas! five of the ten were foolish, and had no oil in their vessels with their lamps. When the Bridegroom came the wise went in and the foolish were shut out. Five were not READY, and left the getting ready till TOO LATE.

Oh! you *unconverted* Church members, sacrament-takers, and Sunday school teachers, be warned in time. If the Lord were to come at this moment, would you rise



"AFTER FINDING A FORTUNE HE TOOK SHIP TO RETURN.

to meet Him, or would you be left to perish in your sins, discovered to be a *professor*, without being a *possessor*?

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that you are ready when you are not. What shall be the eternal profit or loss of your soul? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36).

Why not now believe the glad and glorious Gospel, how that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 3)? The Gospel is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth. W.H.T.

FIFTY YEARS A SAVED SINNER.

FROM my earliest days I had a great reverence for religion on Sundays, greatly enjoyed the services of the Church of England; but with my Sunday clothes was laid aside my religion; in fact, so devoted was I to the pleasures of the world that in company with others we would play cards till the clock struck twelve on Saturday night, and commence again as soon as it struck twelve on Sunday night. I record this to my shame, but to show the danger of such things.

There came an epoch in my life in the year 1859, the sudden death of my dear father. This wrought a change, but not *the* change. From then up to 1864 the things of the world had much less attraction for me, and when after much preparation on a certain Easter Sunday morning I for the first time partook of the sacrament. I verily thought within myself that I was graduating for Heaven.

Well, this delusion was about soon to be dispersed, for in 1864 circumstances led me to resolve no more to attend where we had been wont to attend every Sunday. Learning there was a godly minister preaching at the Baptist Chapel two miles away, I interviewed him, secured seats for my family, asking him to give me an outline of his theological views as I was an entire stranger to non-conformity. He briefly ran through the pure doctrines of the grace of God. I said, "Excuse me, Mr. G—, but I think those doctrines are dangerous ones—*once saved, saved for ever.*" He replied, "They are the doctrines of this Book (placing his hand upon the Bible) which I preach, whether men hear or forbear." "Well, you may consider that pew engaged, and you will see us on Sunday."

That day came round and found us twice in our seats. I was deeply interested, having been accustomed to listen to a mixture of laws and grace. I longed for another Sunday to come round. At last it came; with it, under the Word and the Spirit of God, a deep conviction settled upon my mind that I was on the wrong line altogether. With baptismal regeneration, ordinances, and sacraments I was, after all, a lost sinner, posting my way down to the pit of woe. Oh! the week that ensued, till at length the third Sunday came round, which found me not only *interested* and *convicted*, but, praise the Lord, *converted to God*. I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved.

Fifty Years a Saved Sinner.

John 5. 24 and John 10. 28 under God's Spirit settled the matter, and from that night to the present day I have never doubted my eternal salvation, because I am not looking *within* but *without* at what the Lord Jesus Christ did for *me* at Calvary. I have had my ups and



C. W. GOODSON, ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND.

downs, gains and losses, prosperity and adversity, sickness and health, but faith in Him remains the same through it all. At seventy-seven years of age I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, that I, so unworthy, should have been translated into the Kingdom of God's dear Son. c.w.g.

"THE GOOD BLACK DOCTOR."

DR. C. J. DAVIS, or "The Good Black Doctor," as he was more familiarly called, was one day travelling from Charing Cross Station by the express to Folkestone. His companions in the compartment were a bright-faced, middle-aged lady, her husband, and two other ladies.

The train started, and the doctor, donning a travelling cap, leaned back apparently asleep. In a few minutes he heard the lady opposite say in an undertone to her husband: "Dear me, John, what a handsome black man that is. He must be one of the Indian princes over for the Exhibition. Oh, how sad to think of him being a heathen and knowing nothing about God and Heaven! Fancy him bowing down to idols! I would give anything to speak his language."

Now came the opportunity for which the black doctor had been silently praying, and, sitting up, he said in good English, "Can you tell me, madam, *how I can get to Heaven?*" "Well, you must be good, read your Bible, pray to God, and attend to Christian duties, and then you may get to Heaven," replied the lady. "But can I be certain that is the right way?" queried the black doctor. "Oh, yes, quite certain, for the Bible says so." The doctor produced his New Testament, and there she tried to find portions of Scripture to back up her statements concerning the way to Heaven, but could find none. Then the good doctor opened it at John 3. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and showed her that instead of getting to Heaven by being good, doing good, and outward observances, as she had told him, God's Word said it was *by believing in His only begotten Son*. Instead of her way of DO, the Bible way was DONE; that all who, realising themselves to be sinners, looked to the sin-atonement sacrifice of the Son of God on Calvary were saved.

Thus the supposed poor, dark heathen was able to set before the supposed enlightened white passengers the true way to Heaven.

On the pier at Folkestone the younger lady touched his arm and said she would like to thank him for explaining the way of salvation as she had seen that all was *done*, had believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. HYP.

WHO STOLE THE £20 NOTES?

CAREFULLY FOLDED UP AND ENWRAPPED WITH A PIECE OF RAG, WITHIN A STEEL TOBACCO BOX, WERE THE MISSING NOTES, THE WHOLE £120.



Counting over the Six Twenty-Pound Notes.

Reflecting again, he remembered whom he had seen in the quarry, and, suspecting the man, he accused him. But the quarryman, instead of confessing the truth, denied the charge with indignation.

WHO STOLE THE £20 NOTES?



HE sun shone gaily, and the farmer sat on a low wall overlooking the quarry where a man was working. He was no doubt thinking over his last sale of farm produce, for he had not been there long before he drew out a roll of notes and examined them. They were six in number, and for £20 each. How far in thought the farmer travelled we know not, or whether he was meditating how best to lay out his funds in seeds or stock; but he shortly turned his steps homeward. Not long had he been at his farm before he thought again of his notes, and to his chagrin discovered they were not in his possession. Trying to recollect himself, he speedily concluded he must have forgotten to take them from the wall, where they would still be found. But he was mistaken. Not a sign of any one of them rewarded his resolute, anxious search. The notes were gone. Who could have found them? Reflecting again, he remembered whom he had seen in the quarry, and, suspecting the man, he accused him. But the quarryman, instead of confessing the truth, denied the charge with indignation!

All the while the £120 was in his possession, for he had found and appropriated the notes. And though the poor farmer was nonplussed, and could do nothing but stop payment of the lost notes, which he did, yet did not God know? And now what did God do with this grievous transgressor, this liar, this thief? Man could do nothing, for no human eye had beheld the evil act. Satan was doubtless busy enough with the man, persuading him to stick to the lie, to face it out, and hold fast the money.

But what did God do with this man? Well, first of all he gave him ample space for repentance. For two long years He gave him this and constant mercies withal. Week after week He gave him strength to earn his bread, and health to enjoy it. And all this while the man kept up his character among men, and went to chapel or church, it may be, and heard the Word of God preached. Yet all the while, yea, for a hundred weeks, he hugged his sin and ill-gotten treasure!

And then God's hand was uplifted. The quarryman rose from his bed and went to his work as usual that day,

Who Stole the £20 Notes?

but it was *for the last time*. The finger of God, as it were, just touched the ground under the shadow of which he was working, and in an instant two hundred tons of rock and earth engulfed him, and the poor creature was BURIED ALIVE! A number of workmen set to work to recover his body, working late and early for two whole days before he could be reached. At length the mangled corpse was disinterred, and reverent hands conveyed him to his cottage. But, alas, when friends examined his pockets there was produced in the light of day the fearful disclosure of his guilt! Carefully folded up and enwrapped with a piece of rag, within a steel tobacco box, were the missing notes, the whole £120, just as they had left the farmer's hands when he sat on the wall two years before.

Sad, sad revelation of unconfessed guilt! And what had he gained by it? Had he not sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind? What, oh, "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world" (righteously even, and surely worse if unrighteously) "and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8. 36, 37). This very moment doth not *conscience* whisper to you many and many a sin in which you stand uncleared before those eyes which are as a flame of fire, the piercing gaze of a thrice-holy God? "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT!"

T-E.

ARE YOU LOST?

IS it possible to be *lost* and not know it? Yes, it is, alas, only too true. Many scout the idea of the certainty of being saved, but also illogically refuse to believe they are lost. Now there are no *three* ways about man's condition in the sight of God, there is no "*via media*" here; it is a solemn fact that unless a man can claim to be *saved* on divine authority, he is most certainly *lost*. The appalling situation of a *lost* sinner is not realised by such; yet the three parables in Luke 15 show this truth in the *lost* sheep, the *lost* coin, and the *lost* son.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost*" was spoken concerning the tax-gatherer Zacchaeus, who was a representative man of others who were lost, morally and spiritually, and the greatness of the need demanded the mission of the Son of God Himself. Have you heard His pardoning, life-giving voice? F.T.M.

“BUT HOW AM I TO COME?”

A SEEKING soul was being shown God's way of salvation by a Christian worker. In the course of conversation the servant of Christ invited and urged the anxious inquirer to "COME TO JESUS," and quoted the familiar and cheering words of the Saviour, spoken 1900 years ago to weary, heavy laden, sin burdened ones: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). "It is easy enough to say COME TO JESUS," said the troubled one, "but how to come is the question. If Christ were down here in person, walking the streets of Jerusalem, or walking along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, God knows how eagerly I would go to Him. I would cross the sea, and, having reached the land of Palestine, would inquire where He could be found, and never pause in my journey until I had cast myself at His feet with the cry, 'Lord, save me,' but He is in Heaven, and how can I come to Him?"

In seeking to answer the question let me say first of all a *physical coming* is not what is meant. If you had the wings of an angel and flew to the most distant planet in the heavens you would not be any nearer to Christ, in the sense He spoke of, as you are at present. He is absent from us in body, and we cannot reach Him on foot. Possibly you have a dear friend in Australia. How do you go to him? In thought you are beside him though thousands of miles of sea and land intervene. In *thought* and *spirit* we go to Christ. Men are alienated from the life of God through ignorance of His character (Eph. 4. 18). Their wrong thoughts produce wrong feelings, and the wrong feelings produce wrong actions. Trace a spring to its source and we find that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The reason why men don't love the Lord Jesus is because they don't know Him (1 John 4. 8). To know the Lord Jesus is life eternal (John 17. 3). "They that know Thy Name will put their trust in Thee" (Psa. 9. 10). To know the Lord Jesus as He is revealed at Calvary is to come to Him. Get to know His matchless love to you, as manifested at Calvary. There "mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other." He is a "just God and Saviour," praise His Holy Name! He so loved *you* that He bore the wrath and the curse due to sin that He might have you with Him throughout

"But How am I to Come?"

eternity. It is not enough to believe that He died for sinners; you must believe that He died for *you*. "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 21). Believe in His love and death for you, and you will obtain eternal life as a free gift as you read these lines. Come to Him as a "poor sinner" and nothing at all. Come as you are and where you are. There is no time to lose. "*Now* is the day of salvation." Hearken to the Lord's words: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though



One of the Sacred spots of Earth.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). "Come, for all things are now ready."

"It is only to come—not coming
And bringing a goodly gift;
Not coming in mended garments
That tell of reforming thrift;
Not coming with holy motives;
Not coming a certain way—
But coming—COMING TO JESUS,
Because He has said I may.

A.M.

A YOUNG LADY ARRESTED.

ARRESTED! Yes, on the way to ———, even as the Apostle Paul was whilst journeying to Damascus, and both alike travelling along the “broad way that leadeth to destruction,” even into the “fire that never shall be quenched” (Mark 9. 43).

One who through Sovereign mercy was “born of the Spirit” (John 3. 8) over 35 years ago has been asked to record how this miracle of grace was accomplished, which she is doing with the sole longing that through this her Master may be “magnified,” and that thereby some like-guilty sinner may have the eyes of the heart (Eph. 1. 18, R.V.) opened, being led to exclaim with joyful realisation and glad surprise, “The Son of God loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*” (Gal. 2. 20).

The subject of this exhibition of His free and unmerited favour was one of those who have been aptly described as being “a poor, rich heathen,” for whilst plentifully endowed with this world’s goods, she knew naught of the “unsearchable riches of Christ” (Eph. 3. 8).

On Saturday, 15th September, 1883, she sadly fears that no sin which had been presented by the Devil in an attractive aspect would have been resisted, but on the following day the glorious truth that “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Tim. 1. 15) was represented in an intensely realistic form, causing deep solemnising awe. Yet not until the next night was the Holy Spirit’s convincing power manifested, enabling the arrested one to declare with the great Apostle of old, “I saw a light from Heaven,” and through His grace *alone*, “I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision” (Acts 26. 13, 19).

With the recognition of the blessed fact that “He laid down His life for us” (1 John 3. 16), there came an almost overwhelming sense of the base ingratitude that had so long been manifested towards Him who “died for our sins” (1 Cor. 15. 3). This caused the writer to throw herself down at the bedside in an agony of tearful remorse. Yet weeping had no power to save her from sin’s penalty, “nothing but the Blood of Jesus” could accomplish so stupendous a miracle. Oh! that many might allow it to be worked in them through the reading of this simple narrative, so that the blessed Saviour may “see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied” (Isa. 53. 11). E.A.H

ISIAAH LOGAN'S TESTIMONY.



I WAS an ungodly youth, attending the senior class of young men at the Sunday school, beginning to feel too big to be much longer there. My parent's had given me a religious name, viz., ISIAAH, which constantly reminded me of "The Salvation of Jehovah," making me blush in the presence of ungodly men.

The Lord took my father to be with Himself, but this had little effect upon my sin-hardened heart, thirsting after the pleasures of sin. A few months afterwards my mother was about to pass into the presence of the Lord, and had expressed that I was the only one she was concerned about. A Christian conveyed this news to me as I sat in another room, and pleaded with me to accept Christ as my Saviour, and promise to meet my mother in Heaven. After some hesitation, during which I thought of what it meant to leave my old companions and the pleasures which we enjoyed together. Tears of repentance began to flow freely, when I cried, "I WILL!" There and then I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour, then, proceeding to the bedside, taking the hand of my mother, promising that I would meet her in Heaven, my Saviour was my Saviour, too. Old pals gave me a few weeks to "keep it," but I learned that He that saves is also able to keep. Jesus saves—Jesus keeps. I.L.

"FAREWELL!"

"FAREWELL!" Such is the title of one of a pair of beautiful paintings which, through the kindness of our beloved late Queen Victoria, now adorn the walls of the Royal Military Hospital, Netley.

"FAREWELL!" The scene is Waterloo railway station, London. A detachment of Guards are leaving for service abroad. In the foreground a stalwart officer is kissing *farewell* to his darling child and affectionate wife; near by a little girl weeps for her brother, possibly the drummer of the regiment. In the background a weeping wife is casting a *farewell* look at him whom she may never see again, whilst her two little ones weep out their heart sorrow at father's *farewell*; another hero is embracing his widowed mother. How sad it is to say "*farewell*!"

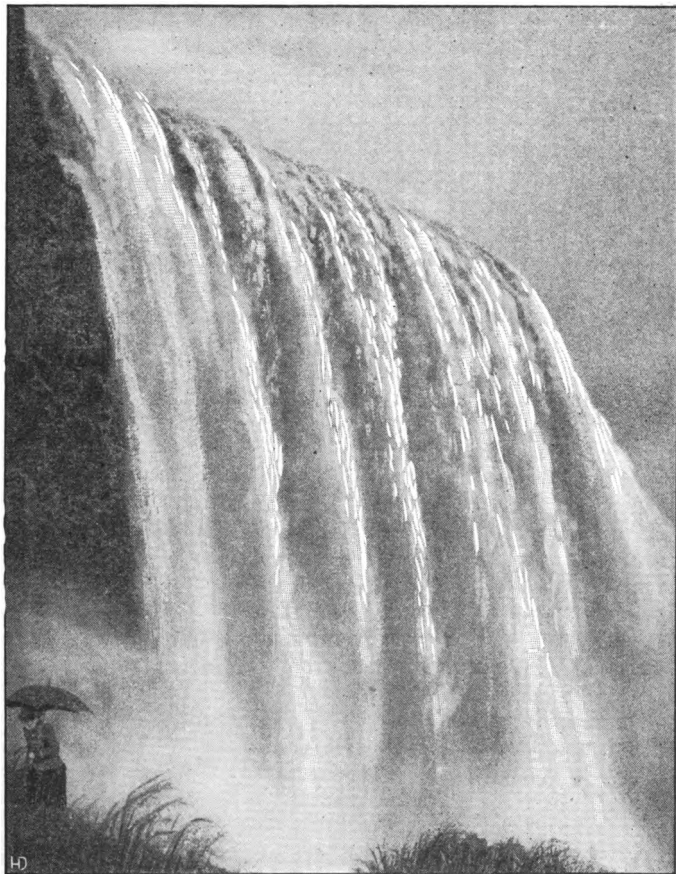
And well they may, for during the Crimean War in 1854-55 no less than 785,000 men bade a *final farewell* to the homes and friends they loved; during the strife between the North and South in the American War of 1860-64 fully 450,000 men said *farewell* to earth; while in the last tremendous World War the slain were counted by the million. No wonder, then, they feel to say *farewell*; and rightly so, when it is reckoned that during the last century over TWENTY MILLIONS of our fellow-men bade *farewell* to the stirring sights and scenes of earth and were hurried from the bloody battlefields of Time to the unsullied light and stillness of the Bar of God in Eternity.

"FAREWELL!" Ah, my friend, the time is rapidly nearing when the things which are seen and handled, and which now appear so *important*, will lose their charm, and the things which are unseen, and so often reckoned *unimportant*, but which, nevertheless, are eternal, will call for alarming interest. And herein lies the threefold blessing of the saved sinner, for he has (1) Peace in LIFE, and is not afraid to say *farewell*; (2) Joy in DEATH, and often triumphs most in bidding a final *farewell*; (3) Glory in ETERNITY, where *farewells* shall be said no more.

Oh, that you may be wise and consider your latter end, and get ready for the final *farewell*. God is satisfied with His atoning work for you, and all you have to do to be saved is to accept Him as your Saviour. Oh, believe now, and then, come what may, joy or sorrow, life or death, there is one word you will never be afraid to say—"FAREWELL!" HYP.

THE GREATEST OF ALL TESTS.

A "GOOD ENOUGH DOCTRINE TO GO FISHING WITH, BUT A POOR ONE
TO GO OVER THE FALLS WITH!"



The World-famous Niagara Falls.

The disputants became so excited that they got perilously near to the sweep of the current, and it was only by dint of hard rowing that they escaped being dragged down the Falls.

K

THE GREATEST OF ALL TESTS.



OUR men were fishing in the Niagara River, a short distance above the renowned "Falls," and got into a heated argument regarding Hell. Three of them maintained that there was no such place, while the fourth contended for the truth as revealed.

The disputants became so excited that they got perilously near to the sweep of the current, and it was only by dint of hard rowing that they escaped being dragged down the Falls. The danger being over the believer asked the others why they had been so excited, seeing that, according to their belief, there was no such place as Hell. One of them replied that it was a "good enough doctrine to go fishing with, but a poor one to go over the Falls with!" There is a Hell as well as a Heaven. He who tells us of the one speaks to us of the other. At the judgment of the Christless dead on the great day of reckoning it is distinctly stated that whosoever's name is not found written in the "Book of Life" will be "cast into the Lake of Fire."

Many try to persuade themselves that God "is too good" to send any of His creatures to Hell. As they find no countenance in Scripture for such a belief they appeal to *sentiment*, and assert that a "God of love" could never be so "unjust" as to cast man into such a dreadful place. They seem to forget, or ignore, the fact that God is "holy" as well as merciful, and has declared that He will "by no means clear the guilty" (Exod. 34. 7). God's pardoning mercy has but one channel through which it flows, and that is through the Cross of Christ. God's Holy Word declares that "the wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psa. 9. 17).

"Hell is a man's conscience" say some. If this be so then we may read Psalm 9. 17 as follows: "The wicked shall be *turned into his own conscience!*" That would be a strange place to be "turned into." What of those who seem to have no "conscience," or whose conscience is *seared*? It is to be feared that multitudes are in that terrible condition described in Scripture as "past feeling." In eternity they will be fully alive to their folly and madness!

Thank God, there is no reason why *any one* should go to Hell. Hell was not prepared for man, but for "the Devil and his angels" (Matt. 25. 41). It is not God's desire that

The Greatest of All Tests.

any one should go to the place of woe. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have NO PLEASURE IN THE DEATH OF THE WICKED; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for WHY WILL YE DIE?" (Ezek. 33. 11) is God's solemn declaration. When He swears by His own existence that He has "no pleasure" in the sinner's death, and that He desires him to turn from his evil way and live He ought to be believed. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is longsuffering to usward NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH" (2 Peter 3. 9). He has no desire, therefore, that the unsaved reader should go to the abode of despair.

"*Why will ye die?*" since God loves you and has no pleasure in your death. "*Why will ye die?*" since Christ died for you. "*Why will ye die?*" since God desires to save you from going down to eternal woe. Harken to His glorious declaration: "Deliver him (the sinner) from going down to the Pit: *I have found a ransom*" (Job 33. 24). At an infinite cost He has opened up a way whereby you can now be rescued from eternal perdition. What then is the "ransom" of His providing? "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6). God has accepted the "ransom" on your behalf. Christ's death *for you* is a perfect atonement to the injured honour of the divine character and government.

"Escape for thy life." There is danger ahead. "Flee from the wrath to come," else death may overcome you. Enter the door of mercy ere it is closed. A.M.

A GLASGOW CARTER'S CONVERSION.

A DAM BARR, a Glasgow carter, was blessed with a good mother, who sent him, when very young, to the Sunday school. Impressions were then made on his young mind that never left him. Even in his wildest days he never forgot a text of Scripture he had learned in the Sunday school, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 18. 3). At the early age of eight he commenced to work as a message boy, getting what he considered a handsome wage, namely, half a crown per week, with which he expected to make his mother rich,

A Glasgow Carter's Conversion.

At the age of fourteen he became a carter's boy, his duties being to assist the carter generally, and frequently helping him with barrels of beer to the publicans' cellars. At this time he learned to drink, taking the beer, like others, from the barrels; and, although so young, he became the worse of it. Thus a course of sin began which carried him for many years from bad to worse.

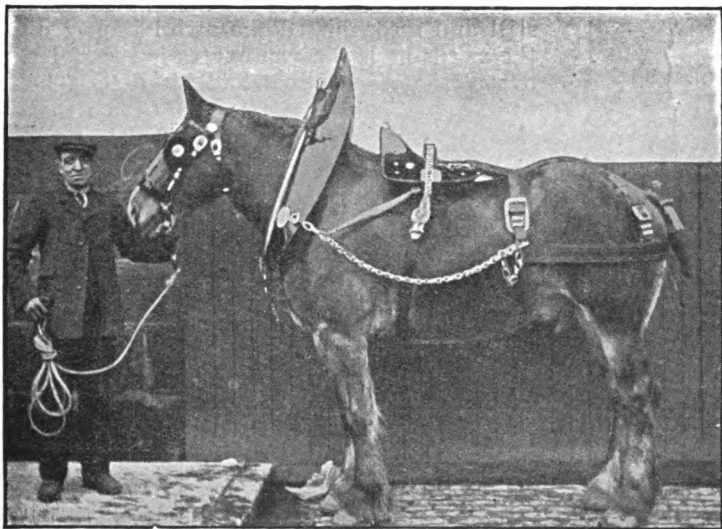
One night, when thirty years of age, soot begrimed from carting coal, and in his usual tipsy condition, he found himself standing at an open-air meeting at the corner of Maitland Street, held in connection with Cowcaddens Free Church. He went into the Church afterwards, and at the close of the meeting signed the pledge. He was spoken earnestly to about his soul, but did not that evening make any decision. One Saturday night about a fortnight later one of his late boon companions, James Crozier, who had a short time previously been converted himself and was interested in Adam, invited him to a meeting in Miss Junor's Hall. Adam replied, "I cannot go, my clothes are in the pawn." His friend, thoroughly in earnest, rushed home for the needed pound note with which the Sunday clothes were redeemed, and Adam was left without excuse.

He went to the meeting. On the following day, Sunday, his friend again came for him, and both went to Misses Junor's men's meeting in the afternoon at Garriochmill Road, and at night again to the Misses Junor's Hall. What a day that was! He had never spent one like it in his life. At the close of the evening meeting Miss Junor pled with him to accept the Saviour, and, surrounded by two or three of his old companions who were now rejoicing in their new-found joy, she, in her own inimitable way, pointed him to the Saviour who had died for his sins on Calvary's Cross, and as a proof that Christ's work had been accepted, had been raised from the dead (Rom. 4. 25). Miss Junor asked Adam if he would take Christ as his Saviour. "Yes, I will," replied Adam; and there and then, as a poor, guilty sinner on his way to Hell, but recognising that the Lord Jesus had died as his Substitute, he trusted his soul for eternity to the finished work of Christ, and entered into the blessed assurance of forgiveness of sins.

On Monday morning he reproved a fellow-workmate for swearing, and the man stood aghast and told his com-

A Glasgow Carter's Conversion.

rades, and they all wondered. When he told them that he was converted, they gave him one day to keep it, then a week, but day by day he has throughout these many years been growing in grace and testifying of the Saviour who has bought him with His blood. Having had little education, Adam was able to do little more than write his own name, but by the help of his daughter he soon learned to read and write, and along with his mates went out in



ADAM BARR, A GLASGOW CARTER, WITH HIS HORSE.

deputations, and in other ways availed himself of every opportunity of testifying for his Master.

Here is encouragement for any sinner, however far sunk in sin, to accept the Lord Jesus as their own personal Saviour. Let none think they are too good to need the same mighty Saviour who saved Adam Barr.

Adam has been in many parts of Scotland, England, Ireland, and United States and Canada, the Lord owning his work to the salvation of souls, and continues a living testimony that Christ "is able to save *to the uttermost* all who come to Him." Will *you* come? R.G.M.

A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.



SOME years ago a young constable left the station to take up his lonely night beat. A few minutes after leaving the station he was brought up most suddenly by a — *thought*! It was a strange and a most momentous thought. It presented itself so vividly before him that it escaped from his lips in these striking words: "WHAT A MERCY THAT I AM OUT OF HELL!"

After he had thus exclaimed, he stood still and reconsidered the awful import of the words he had given expression to. He owned that if he then had his deserts he would have been in Hell. He owned that the "counsel of God against himself" (Luke 7. 30) was perfectly justified. He knew he was a sinner—that is, an unconverted sinner, and that the unconverted, when they die, wake up where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Where the worm of a gnawing conscience dieth not, and the fire is not quenched! (Mark 9. 44).

He had heard men "explaining away" Hell, but he did not believe them, and probably no one else does in the depth of their hearts. It is a most unsafe belief and it is foolish to accept it unless absolutely certain of the fact. But meanwhile, God, who cannot lie, has declared that there is an eternal lake of fire which Christ rejecters and Christ neglecters must share with the Devil and his angels (Matt. 25. 41). All this our friend the young constable knew—knew to be true—and trembled!

"WHAT A MERCY I AM OUT OF HELL!" His beat that night was lonely and quiet, as regards his duty. But a tumult was going on within him. He could not shake the thought off, because it was an arrow of conviction shot from God's bow. He felt it hard to kick against its pricks. The Spirit of God was arguing with him. He wondered if he would finish that eight hours' beat out of a deserved Hell. It was a memorable beat to him. At its close, however, he had come to the conclusion, though naturally a little vaguely, that whatever the cost he would yield to God. It was a wise decision, not to be repented of for ever! He at once sought men who were well known

to be "converted." They told him of Jesus, how He loved him, how He came from the glory to seek and to *save* that which was lost—himself a lost sinner. They told him further how Christ died for him in shame on Calvary's Cross—for *him*! How the Lord Jesus was "made sin" that he, the policeman, might be clothed in a righteousness which was of God, and that His blood blots out all sins, and finally how to appropriate all these eternal benefits to himself *was just to believe*! He did believe there and then and so was converted. He now is secured from ever being in Hell, and it is simply through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

E.C.Q.

THAT DOES NOT ALTER THE FACT.

PERHAPS you do not believe in "original sin?"

Perhaps you do not agree with the "born in sin and shapen in iniquity" doctrine? You may say that it is not right that the children's teeth should be set on edge because the fathers have eaten sour grapes. But that does not alter the force of the truth of God, "THE SOUL THAT SINNETH IT SHALL DIE" (Ezek. 13. 4).

You may class yourself as good as the majority, and a good deal better than many. But are you included in the Scripture which says, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God?" (Rom. 3. 23). Have you, even in your own estimation, reached the standard that God desires you to reach? Have you lived that life which never "comes short" and "never goes beyond" (or transgresses) God's will? If you have not, you must plead "GUILTY" at the bar of God, and you must bear the awful sentence, "THE SOUL THAT SINNETH IT SHALL DIE."

"Shall die!" what does it mean? It means to be cut off from all we hold dear in this life. To leave friends and all the happy and holy influences in this world, and, above all, to be severed eternally from God. Nor is this all; it means to be shut in with all that is wicked and sinful, and to be with all the unrepenting souls for ever. "Oh," you say, "is there no escape from this terrible doom?" Listen, "Jesus was made a little lower than the angels, that He, by the grace of God, might taste death for every man" (Heb. 2. 9). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shall be saved." Will you believe now?

J. M'K.

WHERE JOHN 5. 24 SET HIM DOWN.

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

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

One Sunday afternoon this frightened character became a subject of the very salvation he dreaded. He hardly knew it at first, "but," said he, "I determined to follow out John 5. 24, and see where it led to." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

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

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

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

"He that heareth My Word"—first step.

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

"Hath everlasting life"—third step.

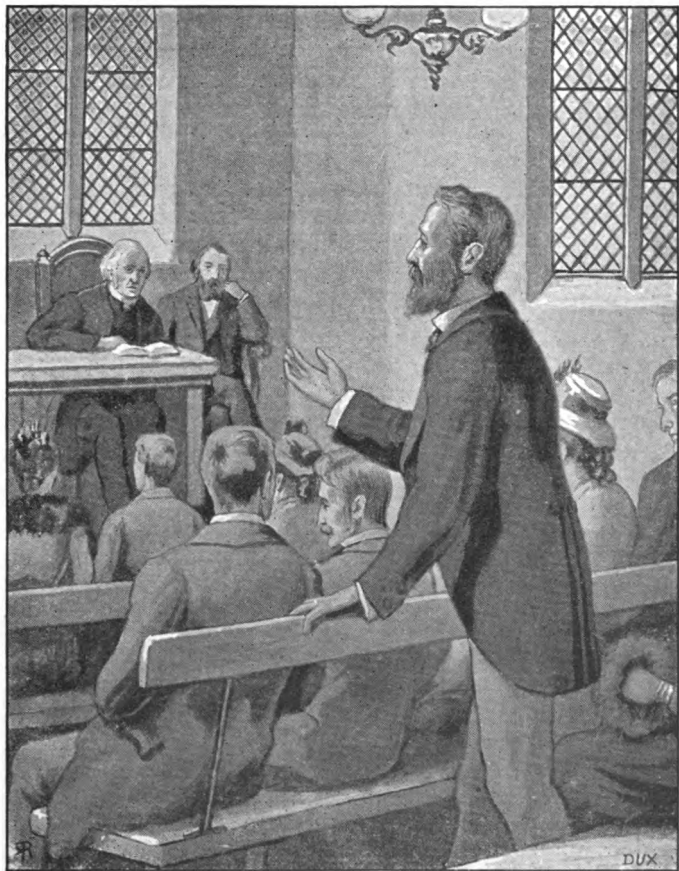
"And shall not come into condemnation"—fourth step.

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

THE DEACON'S STARTLING STATEMENT;

— OR, —

THE CONFESSION OF A WELL-KNOWN RAILWAY OFFICIAL, AN ACTIVE OFFICE-BEARER IN ONE OF THE CHAPELS OF THE TOWN.



"Last Wednesday Night on the Spot where I Stand."

"Last Wednesday night, on the spot where I stand, I discovered that I was going respectably and religiously to Hell, and now I am saved."

THE DEACON'S STARTLING STATEMENT.



OVER thirty years ago a wonderful work of grace was going on in a town in South Wales. Through the searching, faithful preaching of the Word many "professors of religion" were led to see that they had never experienced the great change of conversion to God.

Amongst such was a well-known railway official, an active office-bearer in one of the chapels of the town. At the close of a service held in the theatre he startled and surprised the audience with the following testimony: "You all know me," he said. "For years I have been a deacon in —— Chapel. Last Wednesday night, on the spot where I stand, I discovered that I WAS GOING RESPECTABLY AND RELIGIOUSLY TO HELL, and now I am saved."

What a remarkable "discovery!" Although he had been a deacon for years, taking the communion, earnest and zealous in Church work, helping to send missionaries to convert the heathen, and never converted himself; a very extraordinary but, it is to be feared, not an uncommon experience.

Would that many more unsaved "religious" people made the same "discovery!" One may say, "Surely you don't mean that good, "religious" people *need* to be "converted." Most certainly we do. The Lord Jesus says, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 18. 3). To Nicodemus, a learned Jewish rabbi, the Lord Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

If the reader is not "converted," "saved," or "born again" he is not a *true* Christian, and has no right to observe the "feast of remembrance." It is to be feared that many on applying for Church membership are not asked *when, where, or how* they were "born again," or for that part of it if they are "born again" at all. The result is that numbers of so-called "religious" people make no profession of being regenerated.

Some "religious" people, when asked if they are "saved" or "born again," declare that "no one can be sure about it until the Great Day," and speak of those who have ex-

The Deacon's Startling Statement.

perienced the great change as "presumptuous." The Lord Jesus declares that "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. 7. 13-14). From this we learn that the "broad way" is trodden by *multitudes*, and the narrow way by comparatively *few*. The Lord did not say few there be that *enter* the strait gate, but "few there be that *find it*." Other "gates" are mistaken for the "strait" one, other "ways" for the "narrow" one, and the "way of life" is missed. Speaking of a time in the future the Lord says, "*Many* will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name and in Thy Name have cast out devils, and in Thy Name done many wonderful works?" Here is surely earnestness in observance of religious duties, yet regarding such preachers and workers the Lord says, "I NEVER KNEW YOU." They had prophesied in His Name and performed "many wonderful works," and yet, after all, they were going "respectably and religiously to Perdition."

RELIGION WITHOUT CHRIST IS RUINING MULTITUDES OF SOULS! Where does the reader stand? Are you converted or unconverted, saved or unsaved? "I attend Church, take the communion, teach in the Sunday school, do as much good as I can and as little harm as possible," says one. That may be all true without you being a *genuine* Christian. Allow me to ask, "Do you know the Lord Jesus as your *personal* Saviour?" If not, whatever you may think of yourself, or whatever others may think of you, you are still on the "broad road," hurrying to everlasting perdition. A real Christian has two birthdays in the year, the first one, his *natural* birthday, the day of his entering this world; the second one, his *spiritual* birthday, when he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. "BORN ONCE, DIE TWICE; BORN TWICE, DIE ONCE," is a true saying.

Perhaps one of our readers who has not had this experience asks the question, "How can I be born again?" The Lord, in emphasising its necessity to Nicodemus, explained how it was accomplished in the familiar and oft-quoted words: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilder-

The Deacon's Startling Statement.

ness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life" (John 3. 14-15). The bitten Israelite was exposed to death on account of the poison injected into his system by the serpent. But God provided a way of escape. The wounded one was healed by simply looking at the uplifted serpent on the pole. Whosoever looked at the serpent lived. However near to eternity he was the moment his eye caught a glimpse of the brazen serpent glistening in the sunshine, that moment he was perfectly healed. Looking at Moses, or the elders, at his wound, or at the pole would do him no good. The *only* way of healing was by looking at the brazen serpent. Thank God there is one, and only one, way of healing for the sin-sick sinner, and that is by believing that the Lord Jesus died on the Cross for him, was buried and rose again. Such was the Gospel message the Apostle Paul carried to the unconverted Corinthians, by believing which they were eternally saved. "Whosoever believeth" in Christ, who loved him and gave Himself for him, obtains eternal life.

Neither works, prayers, tears, penitence, penance, or sacramental observances can deliver you from the wrath to come. If you have sought to *do your best* to purchase the pardoning mercy of God; if you have been trying to merit salvation, take the "lost" sinner's place and claim the "lost" sinner's Saviour and you are born of God. Christ's precious blood, and HIS BLOOD ALONE, is the ground of the Christian's confidence. GOD IS SATISFIED, GOD IS GLORIFIED WITH WHAT CHRIST DID FOR YOU. Are you satisfied with that which satisfies Him? A.M.

AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR.

IN the year 1854 a Russian ship was wrecked off the coast of Northumberland. Sailing from a port in the Baltic, she encountered very rough weather, and was driven on some submerged rocks very near land. Every hand on board was busy; men were engaged at the pumps. Their one object was to save the vessel. All efforts were in vain, however, for she was sinking rapidly. The coastguardsman soon sighted the doomed vessel, and a call for immediate assistance was at once despatched to the nearest lifeboat station. Very soon the mariners

After the Crimean War.

had manned their craft and were on their way to the wrecked Russians. Ploughing through the angry waves, the lifeboat was forging ahead; but, to their dismay, the crew, on nearing the distressed sailors, heard in broken English the cry, "Keep away! Keep away!" What could it mean?

Just at this time the Crimean War had come to an end. The Russians, not knowing that peace had been proclaimed, thought that this strongly built, well-manned boat was



VERY SOON THE MARINERS HAD MANNED THEIR CRAFT.

coming to take them prisoners and convey them to a British prison.

The captain of the lifeboat made several entreaties, but the only response was, "Keep away! Keep away!" After a great deal of suspense, the captain, well knowing that in a few moments every life would be lost if he did not get them from the ship, sprang on board the wreck with some of his men. They seized the Russian captain, dragged him into the boat, then one by one the shipwrecked crew followed. A short row and they reached the shore, just in time to see

their ship smashed to pieces. Kindness was shown to the poor fellows, quite different from what they expected. They were treated with love, provided with necessary clothing, and in due time sent home, free of all expense. If they had only known that peace had been proclaimed, how different their feeling would have been!

Perhaps you may be unconverted. Then let me tell you that you are like the Russians, you are sinking. But remember that the Lord Jesus Christ has "made peace through the blood of His cross" (Col. 1. 20). You have heard the story of the love of Jesus time after time, but in response to His loving entreaties you are saying, "Keep away!"

If this should be your attitude, delay not another moment, but come to Christ now. Like the captain in the lifeboat, I would fain take you by the hand, and, with all affection, I would point you to the Saviour of sinners.

That Blessed One, who has made peace, has so perfectly satisfied the claims of God that to-day He is seated upon the throne of God, and the moment is fast approaching when every knee will have to bow before Him, and every tongue confess Him as Lord.

Come now, ere you find yourself too late. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart" NOW! C.S.R.

"IS GOD ABLE TO SAVE ME?"

SUCH was the question of one who was manifestly in the power of the great enemy. "Yes," I answered, "God is able to save you. That is a settled matter. But the question is, are *you willing to be saved?*" This set things in a new light; and my inquirer had to look into himself for an answer to the question, why was he not saved? Now, unsaved reader, God is willing you should be saved—so willing that He has given His Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3. 16). You are invited to make the gift of eternal life yours; and the only condition is, that you receive it. You ask, *when* may this gift be yours. God answers, *now*. "Come *now*," He says (Isa. 1. 18). "Acquaint *now* thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job 22. 21). "Behold, *now* is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

W.S.

THE BLOOD.

“ Almost all things are by the law purged with blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission ” (Heb. 9. 22).

IT was the blood in Egypt
That sheltered Israel's sons,
And through the sacred Scriptures
The blood still constant runs.
But when we come to Calvary,
The *Precious* Blood we see,
And every true believer
Can say, “It cleanseth me.”
The Blood on Israel's altar
Did there in type proclaim
The justice and the mercy
Of God's most holy Name.
In due time came the Victim,
On whom our sins were laid;
The Lamb of God's appointing
Has full atonement made.
And when in Heaven we're gathered,
Before the throne of God,
We'll sing to Him who loves us,
And washed us in His Blood;
“Worthy art Thou, Lord Jesus,
For Thou for us wast slain;
The crowns of all creation
Are Thine, and Thou shalt reign.”

T. ROBINSON.



THE PARDONING of the "BLACK WATCH."

ON 29th May, 1779, a remarkable scene was witnessed on Castle Hill, in the city of Edinburgh. The famous Forty-second, or "Black Watch," Regiment of Scottish Highlanders marched with muffled drums and slow military tread. As they moved along, three empty coffins were visible, behind which walked three soldiers. The three men referred to had been convicted of mutiny, and were marching to the place of execution. Whilst the death sentence was being read a breathless silence prevailed. The prisoners' eyes were bandaged, and they knelt beside their coffins. The firing party raised their rifles and awaited the command to fire.

Sir Adolphus Oughton, instead of pronouncing the fatal word which would immediately usher the poor fellows into eternity stepped forward, and, raising his hand, spoke as follows: "In consequence of the gallantry displayed by the Forty-second Regiment, His Majesty has graciously pardoned the three prisoners. Resume your arms and join your companions." The effect produced by these few words was indescribable. The pardoned Highlanders felt that they had been given a new lease of their lives, and were deeply grateful for their deliverance.

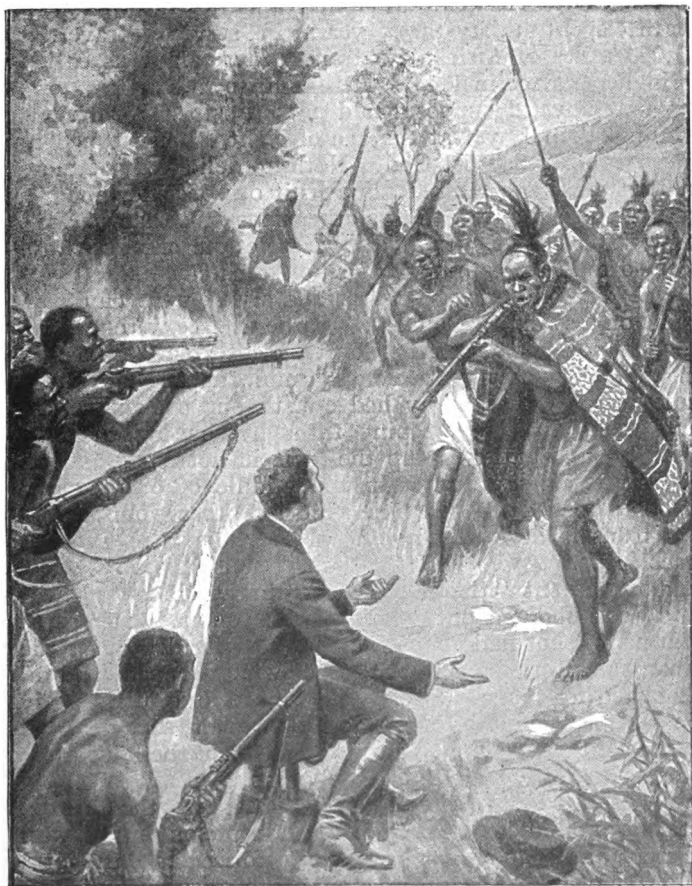
The soldiers awaiting their execution on Castle Hill, Edinburgh, illustrates the condition of the unsaved. The Word of God declares that "all have sinned" (Rom. 3. 23), that "all have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6), that "all have gone out of the way" (Rom. 3. 12), that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). What, then, is to become of us? The "whole world" has been brought in guilty (Rom. 3. 19). *Must* all be cast into the abyss of woe? On what righteous ground can a holy God forgive an ungodly sinner? Is there no way of escape? Thank God, a full, free, and present forgiveness is proclaimed to all on the ground of Christ's finished work. The Highlanders were pardoned on account of DEEDS OF BRAVERY DONE BY THE "BLACK WATCH" Regiment. "*Through this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him ALL THAT BELIEVE are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). Will you accept His pardoning mercy as a *free gift*? All who believe on Christ, who paid the ransom price with His precious blood, and satisfied the claims of law and justice, "are justified from all things."

A.M.

ARNOT, A KNIGHT OF AFRICA;

— OR, —

THIRTY THOUSAND MILES IN THE SERVICE OF THE MASTER
IN THE DARK CONTINENT.



F. S. Arnot Attacked by Robbers.

I repeated John 3. 16 to myself on my knees about two o'clock one morning, and that "whosoever" took me in.

ARNOT, A KNIGHT OF AFRICA.

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT, whose life story has once more been issued in popular form under the above title,* was born in 1858. Hearing the letters of David Livingstone read by the great explorer's children, a desire to "follow in his train" was kindled in the young man's heart. He went out eight years after Livingstone's death, spent thirty-three years in service, traversed 30,000 miles of African land and water, and was called to higher service in 1914. Here is his own story:

"Few boys, I suppose, had a more strictly religious training than I, yet at the age of eight I had learned to sin grievously against God. Nothing delighted me more at that early age than stealing fruit out of a neighbour's garden in company with two other boys, not that we were in want of food or even ate all we stole; our chief pleasure seemed to be in running the risk of being caught.

One day one of my companions and I were having a game on a swing in his father's garden. We were making a great noise, and eating plums which came from a tree in the neighbouring garden. Jimmie and I had cut a hole through the thorny hedge with our pocket-knives, and took turns in creeping through, shaking the tree sharply, and gathering up the fruit in hot haste and off again to our swinging. In the middle of our game a window opened, and Jimmie's older brother, John, called out to us to make less noise. 'No, we won't,' shouted back Jimmie, 'we will make as much noise as we please,' and on we went with our game. Again the window opened, and John shouted out, 'Thieves, be quiet.' It was as if a pistol shot had gone off at my very head. Surely he was not calling me a thief? The swing dropped, and off I started for home. I felt very wicked and guilty. My only safety, I felt sure, was to hide myself, so I kept hid away all that evening, and was glad when the hour came to go to bed, 'Thief, thief,' still ringing in my ears.

Next day I was sent on some message to the railway station, and had to pass the Hamilton prison on my way. I crept along, feeling sure that if a policeman only got a glimpse of me he would take me off to prison at once. I felt as if *thief* was written on my forehead and that every one I met knew all about me. I had not gone far when,

* New Life, published at 3/6 net (4/ post free).

to my horror, I spied a policeman in the distance; he was leading off a little boy to prison—a poor, bare-footed boy. In his other hand the policeman held a new pair of boots. I saw at once that this bare-footed boy was being taken to prison for stealing a pair of boots that he very much needed. How much more wicked I felt, for had I not stolen fruit time and again just for the fun of it? I watched the policeman lead the boy along until they reached the prison doors. The big door opened, the policeman and the boy went in; off I rushed for home, and hid myself.

At last bed-time came. I dreaded to pass another night; I could not tell anyone what a wicked boy I was. I knew I ought to tell God about it, but I trembled to do so at my usual evening prayer, so I waited until all were in bed and the house quiet, then up I got. Now, I thought, I will ask God to forgive me, but words would not come, and, at last, I burst into a flood of tears. I felt I was too wicked even for God to forgive; yet a glimmer of light and hope came to me with this thought: 'That is why Jesus died on the Cross for me, because I am so wicked.'

Among many texts of Scripture that my parents had taught me was John 3. 16. I repeated it to myself on my knees about two o'clock one morning, and that 'whosoever' took me in. I awoke next morning with a light heart; the burden was gone.

Some months later, in the summer of 1869, I met my old companion Jimmie in the town of Ayr. I felt I *must* tell him all about it, and yet I did not know how to begin. At last I hit on a plan. I proposed a walk to the cemetery, thinking when we got among the gravestones I would be able to say something about dying and about being saved. But before we reached the graveyard I managed to tell Jimmie I was saved, and that was the reason I had never again gone with him to steal fruit. Jimmie then told how from that same afternoon when his brother called 'thief' out of the window he had been anxious to be saved, and that he had made up his mind to become a minister, for he thought if he became a minister he would be saved. I told him I did not think so, and quoted John 3. 16."

The same Saviour who saved, satisfied, and used for long years F. S. Arnot is able and willing to save *you* at this moment. Trust Him now and happy be.

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

THERE is but one inspired definition of the Gospel in the Bible. "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel, which I preached unto you,...how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4). The Gospel does not tell us what Christ is going to do for the sinner when he believes; it tells us of what was done by Christ for him on his behalf on Calvary's Cross. The Gospel is not an invitation; it is the positive statement of accomplished facts. The unsaved reader may think that he believes the Gospel, but does not believe it in the right way. The fact, however, is, he does not believe it in any way. What is the Gospel you believe? "I believe that Christ died for sinners." That was not the Gospel which Paul preached to the unsaved Corinthians. What he preached to them was "Christ died for our sins." You believe that Christ died for "sinners;" do you believe He died for *you*? Believing that Christ died for other people will not deliver you from sin's penalty and thralldom. A general Saviour can never meet the needs of an individual soul. "I always knew Christ died for sinners, but it is only lately that I knew He died *for me*," was the testimony of one of old. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). For sinners, therefore for *you*.

Where does the reader stand? Are you a believer or an unbeliever? If you believe the Gospel of Christ you are saved. "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16). Through believing the "glad and glorious Gospel," a child of wrath becomes a child of God; an enemy of Christ becomes an heir of glory. By believing the "Gospel of the grace of God" regarding Christ and His "finished" work the unsaved reader passes from death unto life, from darkness into light. If, however, you continue believing that what Christ did is not enough, and that you have to do your "part," you will perish in your sins. Receive God's "glad tidings" and you will be able to say truthfully,

"I want no other argument,

I seek no other plea;

It is enough that Jesus died,

AND THAT HE DIED FOR ME."

A.M.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD'S WARNING.

THE great burden laid upon my soul this day is to proclaim the Gospel of peace to sinners. Many are busy in our day, as in the days of old, saying to sinners, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace" (Jer. 6. 14), and are thus sending them to sleep upon the very brink of Hell. When I look abroad on this great multitude my heart burns within me; I am constrained to lift up my voice like a trumpet. I know by sad experience what it is to be lulled to sleep by a false peace. Long did I think myself a Christian when I knew nothing of the Lord Jesus. I used to pray nine times a day. I used to receive the sacrament every Lord's Day; yet I knew nothing of Christ in my heart. I was not a new creature in Christ; I had not been "born again" (John 3. 3).

Oh, awake, ye



Church professors who have a name to live; arouse ye from a false security! You may perhaps have honest and outwardly moral lives, but if you depend on that morality, or join your works with your faith in order to justify you before God, you are making yourselves your own Saviour.

Some may be beginning to think they have been building on a false foundation. Perhaps the devil may strike in and bid you despair of ever being saved. But fear not, there is a Saviour for sinners. It was for sinners that Jesus came. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). And if you realise yourself the chief of sinners, verily Jesus Christ came into the world to save *you*. When Joseph was called out of that prison-house to Pharaoh's court we are told he stayed some time to prepare himself. But do you come with all your prison clothes about you?

Let there be joy in Heaven over some of you believing. Let me not go back to my Master and say, "Lord, they will not believe my report." Why should I despair of any? I can despair of no one, when I consider that Jesus Christ has had mercy on such a wretch as I am. He saw me in my blindness. He passed by me and said to me, "*Live!*" And the same grace which has saved me is ready to save you also if you will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ whom God has sent. Look up by faith and see Him whom your sins have pierced! Behold Him bleeding, dying! Behold Him with arms stretched out ready to receive you! Only believe, and the Lord Jesus Christ shall be your salvation.

But, it may be asked, can any who are born in a reformed country be unbelievers? Do not mistake *historical* belief for a *true* faith in the heart. Merely to believe that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, and such a Book as the Bible, is not faith any more than to believe there was a Caesar or an Alexander the Great. Faith lays hold on Jesus Christ for personal salvation; it says, "My Saviour, my Lord, and my God!" It believes God's record; it receives His Word even if reason and all else go contrary to it. This is the faith that brings the soul to God. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). G.W.

TO THE CHURCH OR TO CHRIST?

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR, rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, was burned at the stake in his own parish in February, 1555. It was in the reign of Queen Mary, of unhappy memory. A little before he was transported from London to Hadleigh Bishop Bonner visited him in his prison, and said, "I wish you would remember yourself and *turn to your holy mother Church.*" To this Taylor promptly replied, "I wish you and your fellows would *turn to Christ.*"

Such a conversation raises a question of vital importance to us all. Is salvation found in the Church or in Christ? Can the Church contribute, even in the smallest degree, to the salvation of men's souls, or are men absolutely shut up to Christ alone? This question is being more than ever discussed around us, and obviously none dare treat it as a thing of indifference. Eternal issues are at stake for every one of us. The bliss of the Ransomed or the woes of the Christ Rejecter are the two alternatives.

First of all, What is the Church? How does Scripture define it? The Church, in one aspect, is the sum total of all who have believed the Gospel since the Holy Ghost descended from Heaven upon the day of Pentecost; and in another aspect it is the aggregate of all believers on earth at any given time. All believers, whether Jews or Gentiles, stand united to the living Christ, and form "the Church which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all" (Eph. 1. 23). How can the Church save men's souls? Its individual members can speak of the wonders of divine grace, and can recommend to others the precious Saviour in whom they have put their trust; but beyond this the Church is absolutely without power. "Neither is there Salvation in any other, for there is none other Name whereby we must be saved."

It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again. It is Christ who says "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). To divert men's attention from Christ is a tremendously solemn matter. To put others alongside of Him is ruinous. Listen to the counsel of the martyred Rowland Taylor, borne down to us through the centuries: "I wish you and your fellows would *turn to Christ.*" To this we add our own hearty Amen.

W.W.F.

THE MAN WHO WENT TO PRISON.

IN the year 1809 the officials at Stafford county gaol were astonished at a man coming to their gates with his own commitment. He explained that the constable of his village was busy in the harvest, and so could not conveniently accompany him. It was not until after he had proven that he was really the person named in the commitment that he was admitted to the prison.

It must at least be said of this man that he acknowledged his guilt. Upon his own showing he was indeed the person who had transgressed against the law of England. But how many persons there are who have sinned against the law of God, yet in their pride and stubbornness of heart will not acknowledge it! They read in Holy Scripture that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23), yet they refuse to humble themselves as David did, confessing "*I have sinned against the Lord*" (2 Sam. 12. 13). They do not object to calling themselves "miserable sinners" when in the midst of a crowd, but to acknowledge themselves as individually guilty and undone they absolutely decline.

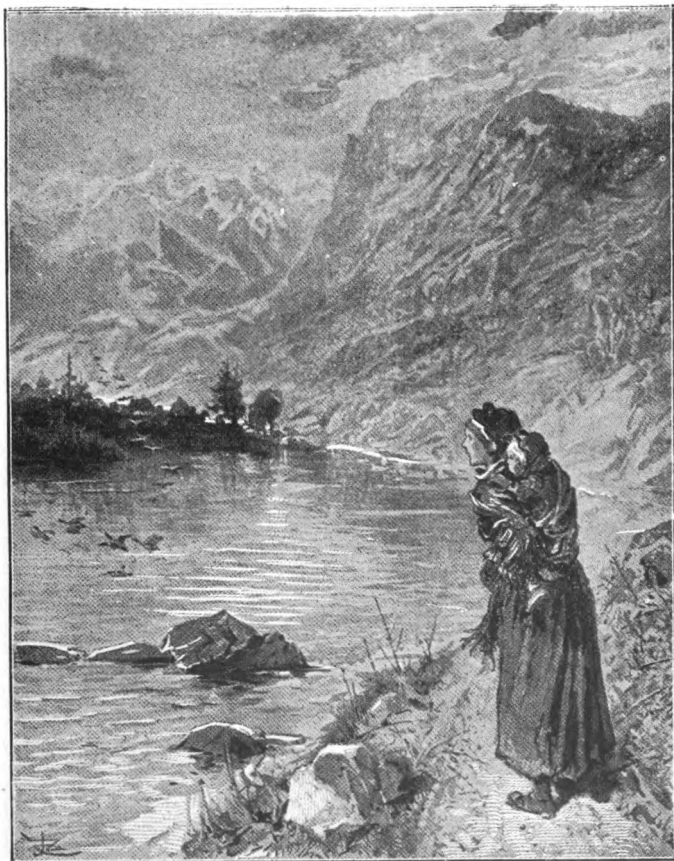
The man of a hundred years ago not only owned his guilt, he bowed also to the righteousness of the sentence which had gone forth against him. Here, again, many of our contemporaries deeply err. We often hear ungodly people asserting defiantly that they do not believe in Hell. Others, not daring to go quite so far, challenge the righteousness of God in sending men there. They forget that God is the Judge, not themselves, and that sin has so blunted their moral sensibilities that they are incompetent to form a just estimate of the gravity of sin.

"There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 5, 6). Do not waste precious time disputing with God, we beseech you. This were to fall into the snare of the Devil, to your eternal ruin. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, acknowledge yourself as guilty before Him, take your true place at His feet as one only worthy of the Lake of Fire, then put all your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be pardoned and saved for evermore. "The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him, for whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. 10. 12, 13). w.w.f.

THE HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LOVE;

— OR, —

DELIVERANCE TWICE FOUND IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.



The Highland Mother and Her Child.

“Praise be to His holy Name that my dear mother did not die in vain; for the love of my mother has been blessed in making me see as I never saw before the love of my Saviour.”

N

THE HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LOVE.



FROM the mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, carrying with her her only child, a boy two years old. The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day; but before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the lake. The wind was followed by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain hut which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge all hope of proceeding in that direction failed. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. The child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl; but the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend her from the piercing cold of such a night as that. But whatever might become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother then stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom at last in despair she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some heather and fern. And now she resolves at all hazards to brave the storm, and return home in order to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

The Highland Mother's Love.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the tops of the mountains, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance by the white ground, may now be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain-pass. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. The night before they had gone forth with lanterns and searched in vain. Daylight brought hope. They have reached the pass. A cry is uttered by one of the searchers, as he sees a bit of tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead! her arms stretched forth as if imploring assistance! Before noon they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood.

Many a tear was shed, many a sigh of affection was uttered from sorrowing hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers into the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation sought to improve for their soul's good an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed. That aged and faithful man of God had long ago been gathered to his fathers. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated this story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood, and he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor, tattered shawl, which she had wrapped around him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, in memory of our Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days later a message was sent to this clergyman by a dying man who requested to see him. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said:

The Highland Mother's Love.

"You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Lord's Day I entered your church, where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son." Here the voice of the old soldier faltered—his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "*I am that son!*" and burst into a flood of tears. "Never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never truly saw the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me; until now I never realised the meaning of the words, 'The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me' (Gal. 2. 20). I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the pastor's hand close to his breast, he added, "Praise be to His holy Name that my dear mother did not die in vain; for the love of my mother has been blessed in making me see as I never saw before the love of my Saviour. I see it; I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in *the cleft of the Rock*; but it is the **ROCK OF AGES!**"

And clasping his hands he repeated with intense fervour, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee!" (Isa. 49. 15). The Highland mother's love was for her darling boy indeed great, yet it fades into insignificance when compared to the love of God to sinful men. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Rest in that love! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved *you* and gave Himself for *you*, and you will be saved and commence to sing—

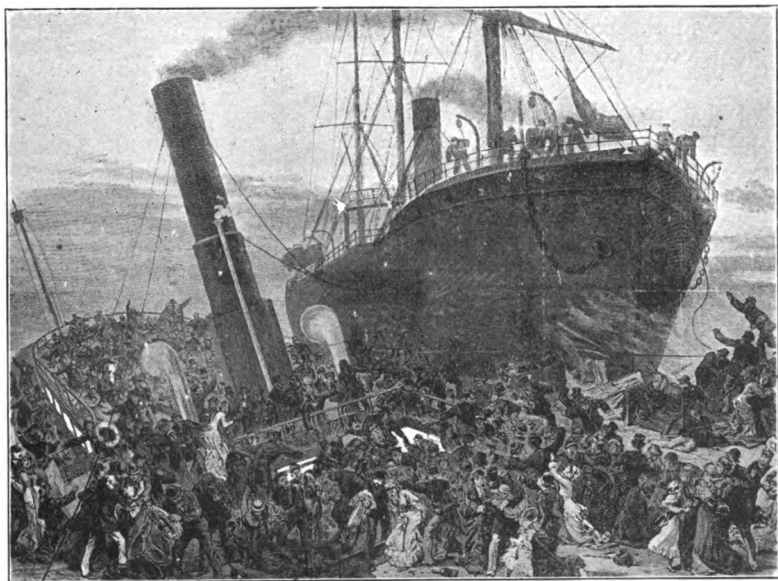
"Yea, fainter than the star's pale ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
Is all of love than man can know,
All that in angel hearts can glow,

Compared, O Lord, with Thine!"

NORMAN M'LEOD

WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE.

A CONSPIRACY had been formed to kill Archias, an ancient Greek magistrate. A friend, hearing of it, sent him a note warning him of his danger, which he was requested to read at once. In the midst of his feasting and pleasures, not knowing the death that awaited him, he put it away with the remark, "Serious matters to-morrow." For him no to-morrow was to come; that night he was slain. "To-morrow" was TOO LATE.



THE "BYWELL CASTLE" CRASHING INTO THE "PRINCESS ALICE."

King James I. of Scotland was dead—killed by his subjects in his own castle and in the midst of enjoyment. Little had he thought of danger that night as he left the banqueting hall and retired to his room. Little had he thought that before the morrow he would be cruelly slain. Yet he, too, had a chance of escape. That same evening a woman had knocked at the door and urgently requested that she might see the King. He, however, not wishing to stop the amusements, replied, "Let her come to-morrow." What folly! The listening to her message or not was to

When it was Too Late!

be for him a matter of life or death, but he still refused, putting her off till the next day, and then it was **TOO LATE!**

During the Zulu War some officers hurried back to see if they could save the Prince Imperial, who was missing from their company, but their errand was vain. He had already been killed by the assegais of the Zulus. They were **TOO LATE.**

The "Bywell Castle" and the "Princess Alice" steamers had come into collision. A few moments earlier and the engines might have been reversed, or the course altered, and the collision averted; but now it had happened, and several hundred people met with a watery grave. The engines were stopped **TOO LATE.**

How sad to think that all these events might have been prevented. Only a day earlier and Khartoum would have been saved. Only a few hours earlier and neither the Grecian magistrate nor the Scottish king would have perished. Only a few minutes and the life of the young prince might have been spared. Only a few moments and the "Princess Alice" might have been altered in her course and no collision would have taken place. Only a few hours or days, and with *you* it may be **TOO LATE!** The Door of Mercy may be closed! The Day of Salvation ended! "Too late! too late! may be the cry, **YE CANNOT ENTER NOW.**"

G-N-Y.

A MESSAGE FOR THE PRESENT MOMENT.



[T may be said of *thee* as was said of one of old,

THIS YEAR

thou shalt die (Jer. 28. 16), so boast not thyself of

TO-MORROW

(Prov. 27. 1), for God may say to thee as to the rich farmer,

THIS NIGHT

thy soul shall be required of thee (Luke 12. 20). Remember the Holy Ghost saith,

TO-DAY

if you hear His voice, harden not your hearts (Heb. 2. 7), for behold

NOW

is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation (2 Cor. 6. 2).

HYP.

“WOULD TO-MORROW DO?”

IT was the night of 6th November, 1910. The Gospel had been faithfully sounded out from the platform of Ebenezer Hall, and not a few had heard the pleading of the Spirit of God. Many earnestly desired to know their sins forgiven. Leaning against the corner of the doorway was a young man of perhaps twenty-four summers. He had not intended staying for the after-meeting; indeed he had left the hall and had walked two blocks homeward when he recollected that he had left his Bible in the building. After a struggle as to which course to pursue—whether to return for it or go on home—he went back and was arrested by the Spirit of God and prevailed upon to remain.

Noticing the young man standing with bowed head, and knowing him to be a hardened sinner, I went over to him and said, “Do you want to be saved?” “Yes, I certainly do,” he answered. “Do you think a year from now would be a convenient time?” I asked. “No,” he said. “Well, how would six months from now do?” Still he shook his head in silence. “Well, let us say a month from now?” Again he answered in the negative. Going still further, I asked, “Would to-morrow do?” “I might be dead before then,” he answered. Going to a quiet corner, we opened the Word of God at Isaiah 53. 5, and read it through. Then going back to it, I read it thus: “He was wounded for *my* transgressions; He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him; and with His stripes *I* am healed.” Turning to the young man, I asked: “Can you from the depth of your heart say all this of God’s dear Son, and accept Him as your Saviour?” Imagine my surprise when he turned to me, his eyes filled with tears, his face all aglow, saying, “Yes, thank God, I can!” “Well, if you can,” I asked, “will you thank God for it?” We knelt together, and I prayed, and then he prayed as only a new-born soul can, “Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that Jesus died *for me*.” As with him, so may it be with *you*. Christ was wounded for *your* transgressions; He was bruised for *your* iniquities; the chastisement of *your* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes *you* are healed. May you be led to believe it for Jesus sake! Remember “now is the accepted time, now is the Day of Salvation.” w.c.k.

"THIS IS JUST WHAT I WANT."

A HINDOO in India was awakened by the Holy Spirit to see his guilt, and danger but, alas, knew nothing of God's way of forgiveness. He longed to secure it, but was ignorant of the fact that it was obtained through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and through His merits alone. In order to make an atonement for his sins and get rid of its intolerable load he started on a pilgrimage with spikes in his sandals to a distant place. In the course of his journey he reached a mission-station, weary and worn and sad, and sat down under a tree. A Gospel meeting was held that evening, and the anxious inquirer listened with rapt attention. The servant of Christ based his remarks on the familiar but little understood words of 1 John 1. 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The preacher told out tenderly, earnestly, and simply the "old, old story" of God's unmeasured wealth of love to sinners; of His provision for their need in the gift of His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; of His death on Calvary's Cross as an atonement for sin; and by believing the "good news" of the "glad and glorious Gospel" a free, full, and present forgiveness is obtained.

As the Hindoo heard the "wonderful words of life" he threw off his spiked sandals, and exclaimed, "This is just what I want! This is just what I want!" Thank God the blood of Jesus Christ has lost none of its cleansing power. It has cleansed the darkest stains of the vilest offenders that ever lived. Whatever the reader is, or has been, it can cleanse every sin he has ever committed. It cleanseth from ALL sin—sins of omission and commission; sins of thought and word and deed.

A special sort of soap is advertised as a "matchless cleanser." It cannot remove or cleanse the stain of sin. "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord God" (Jeremiah 2. 22).

By simple faith in the blood of Jesus the reader will obtain the free and full forgiveness of his sins, however numerous and aggravated. "In whom we have redemption through His blood the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1. 7). "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

A.M.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL;

— OR, —

“EVERY EXPRESS TRAIN THEIR TRIUMPHANT VINDICATION.”



Engineer Watt explaining his Steam Engine.

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

B

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOW LONG WILL HE KNOCK?



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

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

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

time afterwards she was laid on a death-bed, and her folly in not accepting of God's "great salvation" was clearly apprehended by her, and in view of eternity she exclaimed, "LORD JESUS, YOU ONCE KNOCKED AT THE DOOR OF MY HEART; WON'T YOU CALL AGAIN?" But so far as I know she died as she lived—without God and without hope. "If any man HEAR My voice and OPEN THE DOOR, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me." Hearken to the *good news* of the Gospel of God's matchless grace. The Gospel does not tell of a work to be done by us; it brings good news regarding a work done for us by the Lord Jesus Christ, and is contained in the glorious words of John 3. 16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Let in the light of the blessed Gospel, and the moment you do so you will draw back the bolt of unbelief and welcome Christ as Saviour and Lord. Then you will be saved with an everlasting salvation. A.M.

"THE WORD THAT ASSURES."



JOHN WALBRAN, EVANGELIST, BELFAST.

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

One night the preacher spoke on the twelfth chapter of Exodus, dwelling first on the judgment of God on the unbelieving, of which the judgment of the first-born in Egypt was but a type. The three following passages were grouped together: “*He that believeth not* the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3. 36); “*He that believeth not* is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God” (John 3. 18); “*He that believeth not* shall be damned” (Mark 15. 16).

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

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

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

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

WHEN IS A PARDON OPERATIVE?

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

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

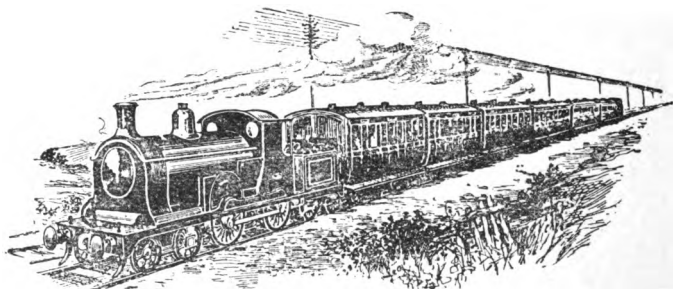
An appeal was sent to President Jackson, and he called upon the Supreme Court to decide the point with all possible despatch. Chief Justice John Marshall, one of the ablest lawyers of that day, gave the following decision: "A pardon is a paper, the value of which depends upon its acceptance by the person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

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

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

T.B.

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.



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

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

THE MERCHANT'S BOOK OF LIFE;

— OR, —

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



“Surprised in the Merchant's Office.”

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

THE MERCHANT'S BOOK OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE MEMORIAL OF THE CATARACT.

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

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

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

"SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME."

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

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

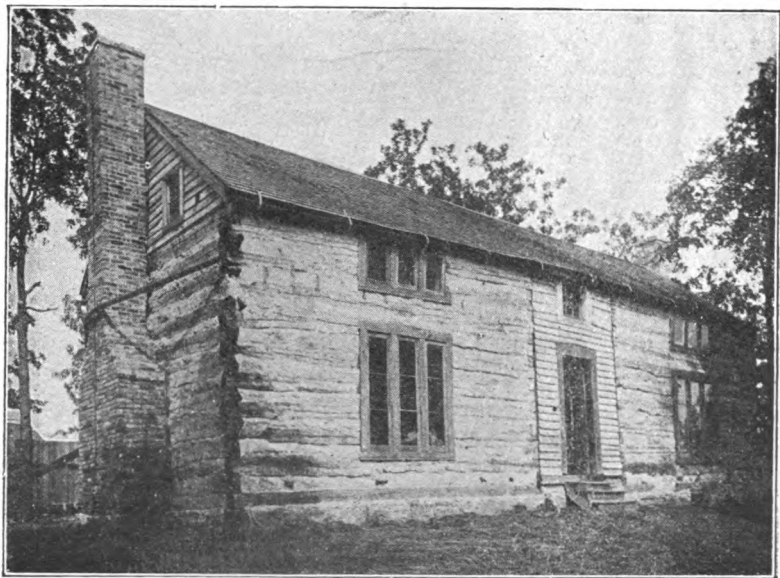


PHOTO OF TYPICAL LOG CABIN PARTLY BUILT BY GENERAL GRANT.

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

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



"Saved in the Nick of Time."

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

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

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

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

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

Where will you spend Eternity?

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

T.D.W.M.



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

By Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, City Temple, London.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"THE CITY DESTROYED."



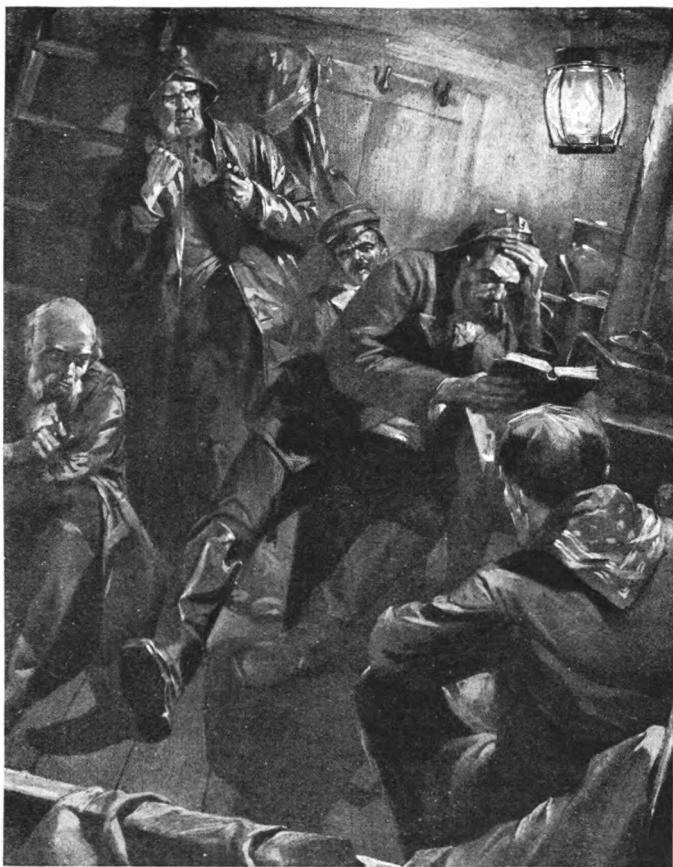
HE beautiful city of San Francisco is gone; there are only smoking ruins, ashes, and a few unsteady bare walls on the spot where years and years of the work of man had built monuments to civilisation and American enterprise. In a few seconds of shaking, of resistless destruction, the mighty earthquake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

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

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

WHAT CHANGED THE CAPTAIN.

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



"Reading to his Men in the Cabin."

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

D

WHAT CHANGED THE CAPTAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

SOME SUDDEN CONVERSIONS.

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



SUDDENLY CONVERTED WHILE ON HORSEBACK.

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

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

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

A reckless man riding home from market one day was

Some Sudden Conversions.

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

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

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

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

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

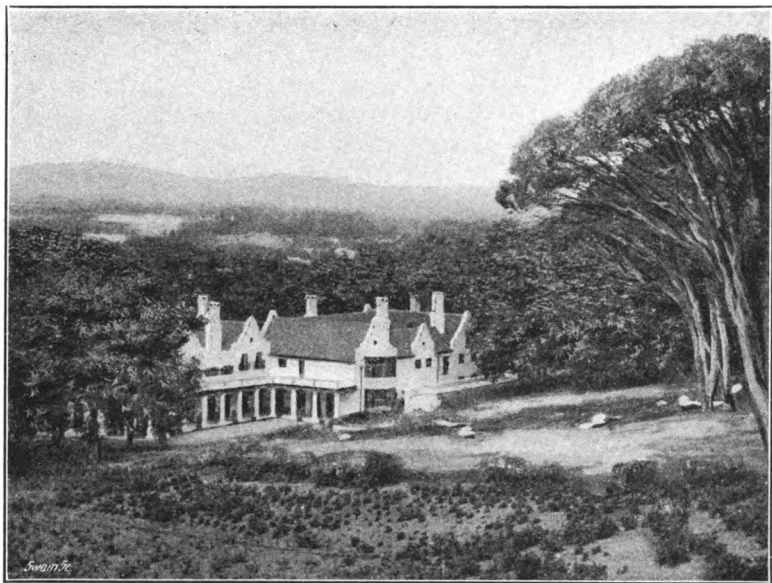
“There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at *this moment* for thee.”

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

NOT "DOING," BUT "DONE."

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

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



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

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

Not "Doing," but "Done."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"THE WORST MAN IN CARDIFF."

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

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

The Worst Man in Cardiff.

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

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



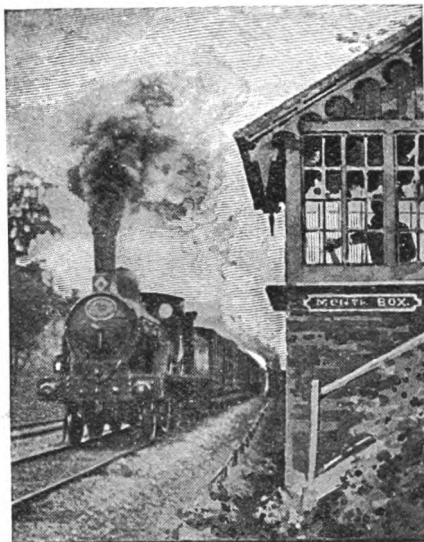
REVIVAL PROCESSION OUTSIDE CORY HALL, CARDIFF.

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

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

THE PORTER'S QUESTION,

AND ITS STARTLING ANSWER.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TWO GREAT DISCOVERIES.

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



"Could not Give Him that Which He Desired."

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

TWO GREAT DISCOVERIES.



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

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

Two Great Discoveries.

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

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

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

"PUT ON THE BRAKE!"

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

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

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

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

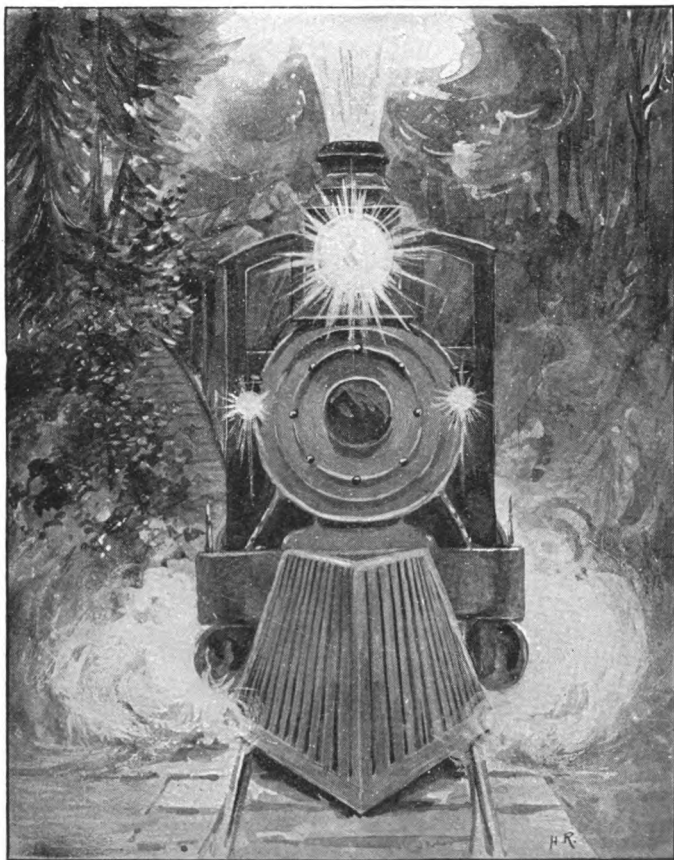
To be *getting ready* will not suffice. If those unfortunate victims of this fresh disaster had been like many of our readers, only just *getting ready*, their case would now indeed be awful; of all hope bereft, and for ever to lament their fatal folly in neglecting God's great salvation.

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

"Put on the Brake!"

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

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



THE EXPRESS WAS FLYING ALONG AT GREAT SPEED.

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

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

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

A. H. B.

HE SOLD HIS SOUL FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

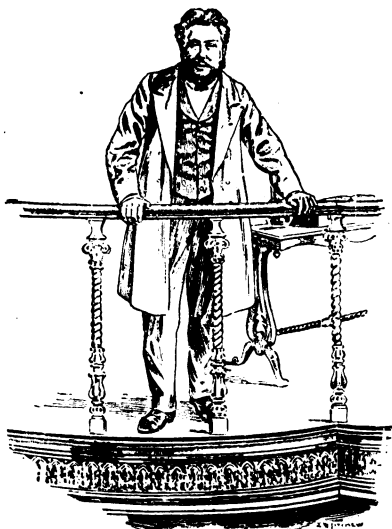
A CHRISTIAN going across some fields met a country-man, and said to him, "Well, friend, it is a most delightful day." "Yes, sir, it is." And having spoken to him about the beauties of the scenery, and so forth, he said, "How thankful we ought to be for our mercies! I hope you never come out without praying."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

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

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

He Sold His Soul for Half-a-Crown.

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



C. H. SPURGEON PREACHING.

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

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

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S MURDERER.



CHIEF LUBA AND BABY INNES.

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

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

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

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

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

TESTIMONY OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

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



Napoleon the Great on his famous White Charger.

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

TESTIMONY OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

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

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

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

HIS CONFESSION. Pacing the shores of St. Helena and looking back on his own remarkable yet chequered career, then comparing it with the life and influence of a Conqueror vastly different and immeasurably greater than himself—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—he made the following remarkable declaration to Count de Molonthon: "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires, but upon what did these erections of our genius depend? Upon *force*. Jesus alone founded His empire upon *love*, and to this very day millions would die for Him...I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man. None else is like Him; *Jesus Christ was more than man*... When I saw men and spoke to them I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts. Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the unseen,

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

HIS DECLARATION. "Across a chasm of 1800 years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart; He will have it entirely to Himself. *He asks it unconditionally, and forthwith this demand is granted.* Wonderful! In defiance of time and space the soul of man, with all its powers and facilities, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who believe in Him *experience* that remarkable, supernatural love toward Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the reach of man's creative power. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly *the divinity of Jesus Christ.*"

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

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

A HARVARD UNIVERSITY GRADUATE.

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

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

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

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

C. S. F.

THORNS IN THE PILLOW.

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



IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA IN WINTER.

Lumbermen moving logs which have been cut down during summer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE STRAY VERSE.

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



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

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

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

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

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

A POLICE SERGEANT'S CONVERSION.



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

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

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

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

"SAVED ALONE."

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



"She Immediately Began to Sink."

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

"SAVED ALONE!"



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

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

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

There are many families in which there are saved and

“*Saved Alone!*”

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

“*Saved Alone*”

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

Now, while the day of grace lasts; now, while the Holy Spirit strives with you, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and obtain eternal life as a free gift (John 6. 47, Rom. 6. 23). Why put off settling the question of your soul's salvation a moment longer? “As though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God; for He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him” (2 Cor. 5. 20, 21). Think of Him whose law you have broken persistently and repeatedly, whose commands you have trampled underfoot “*beseeking*” you to be reconciled to Him!

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

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

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

USELESS KINDS OF RELIGION.

By J. C. RYLE, Bishop of Liverpool.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Useless Kinds of Religion.

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



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

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

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

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

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

"ONLY BEATEN ONCE."

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

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

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

"Only Beaten Once."

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



WHO WAS ONLY BEATEN ONCE? DEATH.

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

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

THE LAST WORDS OF MIRABEAU.



MIRABEAU, THE FRENCH AUTHOR AND POLITICIAN.

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

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

"Blessed be God," said Preston, "though I change my place, I shall not change my company, for I have walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with God!" "Jesus Christ and a convoy!" cried Ralph Smith: "triumphant! glorious!" "If He shall slay me ten thousand times ten thousand times," said Rutherford, "I'll trust! Oh, for arms to embrace Him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp!" "I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield!" said the martyr Philpot. "The battle's fought," cried Payson, "and the victory is won for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness to all eternity." We hear Leland saying: "I give my dying testimony to the truth of Christianity. The Gospel of Christ has raised me above the fear of death, for I know that my Redeemer liveth." Now, search all the realms of infidelity, and see if you can find such testimony in the solemn hour of death. You search in vain. Infidelity knows nothing of triumph in life's latest hour; and the mere professor of religion knows as little. They, and they alone, who are saved for Eternity can pass rejoicing through the swelling of Jordan. Yet, whoever you may be, Jesus says, "Come unto ME all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Will you come? w. s.

HOW THE BEST BECAME THE WORST;

— OR, —

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



Nearing the Harbour

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

HOW THE BEST BECAME THE WORST.

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

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

THE MAN WHO ATE HALF A MILLSTONE.

CHINESE



因爲上帝愛世界
甚至被釘十字架
子賜過他地合他
凡信他嘅免至滅
亡又得永生



John 3. 16

in Chinese.

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

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

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

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

HOW I GOT A NEW START IN LIFE.

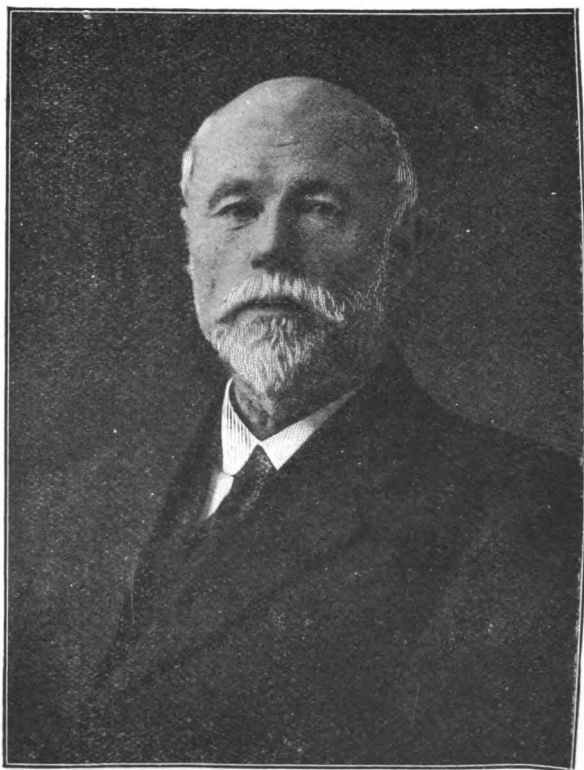
AT the age of twenty I was in the midst of what is called "Life" in the West End of London, drinking in—as the thirsty ox drinks in water—its pleasures and sins, as far as circumstances at that time would permit. I had been carefully brought up, and, for the sake of respectability, had been taught to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

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

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

How I Got a New Start in Life.

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



C. H. HINMAN AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

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

How I Got a New Start in Life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE RAMMING OF THE "VICTORIA."

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

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

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

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

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

HYP.

GIPSY JO;

— OR, —

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



"They Lived in Real Gipsy Fashion."

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

GIPSY JO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HUSBAND SAVED—WIFE LOST.

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

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

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

STRIKING INCIDENT IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.

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



THE CASTLE, THE BEST-KNOWN LANDMARK IN EDINBURGH.

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

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

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

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

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

THE BATTLE RAGING.

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

CONVERSION SUDDEN BUT SURE.



DR. ALEX. MACLAREN PREACHING.

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

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

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

A DEEP-DYED SINNER SAVED.

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

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

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

THE RICH LADY'S FATAL MISTAKE;

— OR, —

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



"She was a True Friend to Many."

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

THE RICH LADY'S FATAL MISTAKE.

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

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

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

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

The Rich Lady's Fatal Mistake.

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

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

How is Salvation Obtained?

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

The Rich Lady's Fatal Mistake.

Are you willing to be saved in *God's way*? Are you prepared to take the place of a condemned sinner, unable to do anything to save yourself? "Yes, I am." Then let me say that the hand of Him who is "mighty to save" is outstretched to pluck you as a brand from the eternal burnings. If you doubt it gaze by faith on Christ bleeding and dying *for your sins on the Cross of Calvary*. Harken to the words of Jehovah, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd" (Zech. 13. 7). He was *smitten* that we might be *liberated* from the penalty and slavery of sin. Believe in Christ's sufferings in your stead and you will be eternally saved. If, however, you delay accepting His pardon and persist in your folly and infatuation you will be lost eternally. A. M.

THE POPE'S CONFESSION.

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

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

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

The Pope's Remarkable Confession.

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



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

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

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

W. W. F.

A VENERABLE DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

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

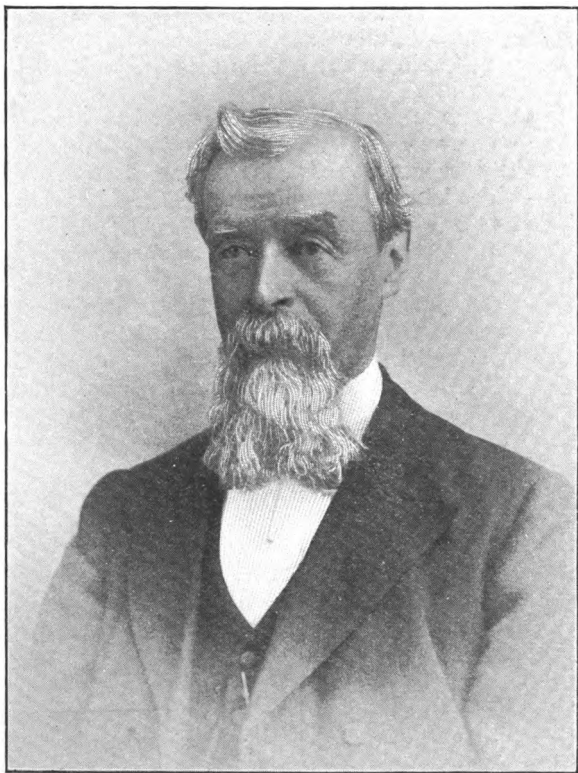
I had, like those of whom we read in Acts 17. 11, 12, to fight my way by examining the Scriptures, for although I was favoured with Christian parents and knew other children of God, few were Bible students, and aggressive Gospel work was seldom found even in evangelical places.

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

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

Testimony of a Venerable London Doctor.

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



DR. J. A. OWLES, OF LONDON.

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

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TEXT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PLAUDITS OR PERDITION;

— OR, —

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



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

L

PLAUDITS OR PERDITION.

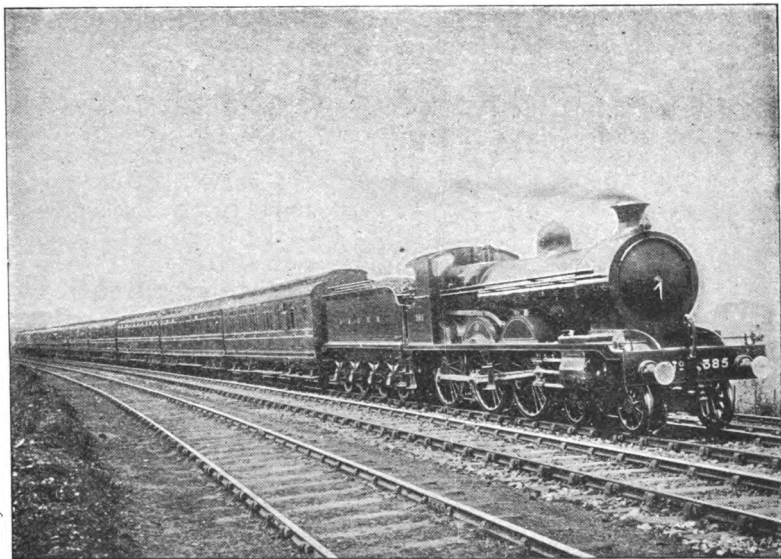
A FAIR was being held in one of the Western States of America. Among the attractions announced was a balloon ascent. The aeronaut, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, ascended in his balloon a few hundred feet, and then alighted on the ground. Numbers of persons expressed their disappointment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

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

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

Plaudits or Perdition—Which?

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



"A train had just started."

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

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

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

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

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

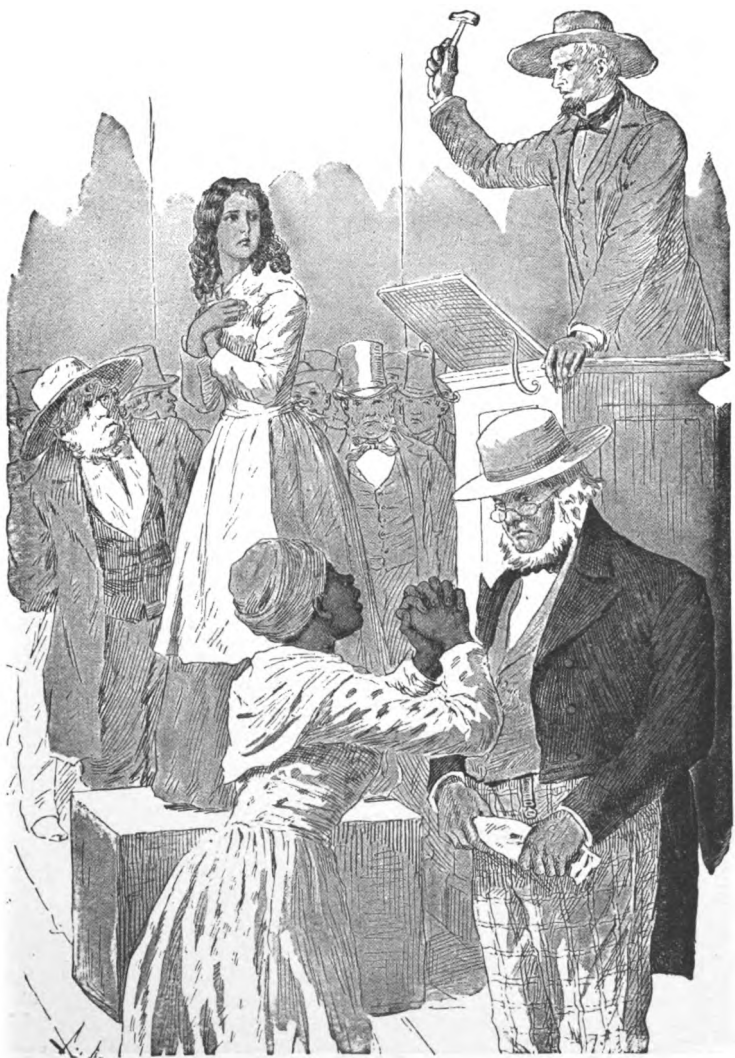
When the official asked her where she was going she didn't say that she didn't know. She knew where she was going, and she gave to her questioner no evasive reply.

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

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

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

THE OCTOROON SLAVE GIRL.



A SLAVE AUCTION MART IN THE OLDEN DAYS,

THE OCTOROON SLAVE GIRL.

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

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

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

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

' "JOHN THREE AND SIXTEEN DID IT."

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

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

THE MAN WHO SAW HIS GRAVE DUG.

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

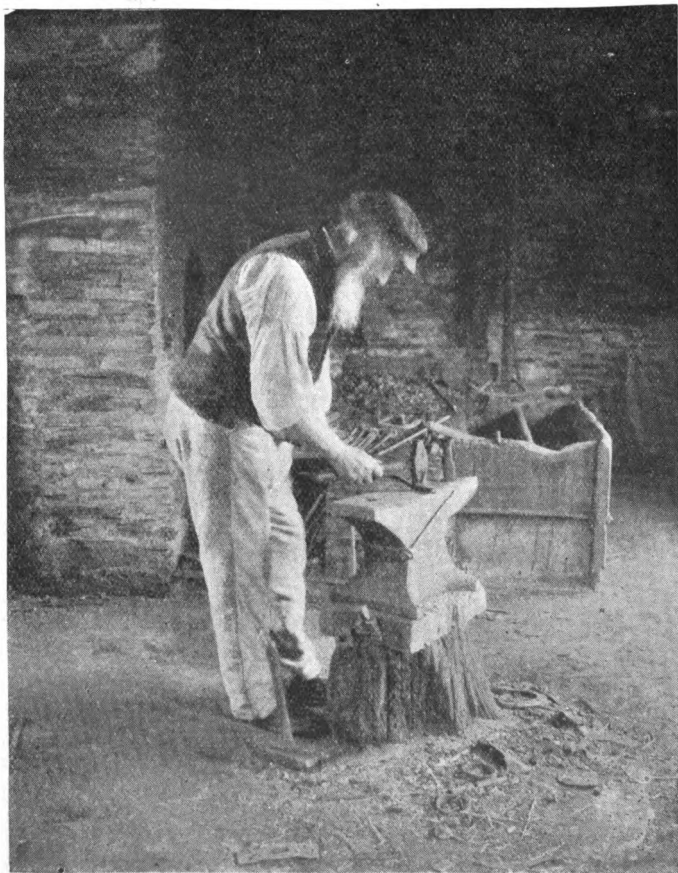
Thank God, John Hambleton's life was saved; and better than that, he obtained the forgiveness of sins and became the happy possessor of eternal life as a free gift from God (Rom. 6. 23). By faith he saw Christ dying in his room and stead, and found joy and peace in believing. He immediately commenced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

A.M.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE;

— OR, —

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



The Blacksmith at his Anvil.

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

M

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A VERY PERSONAL QUESTION.

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

A LOST ONE FOUND.

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

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

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

A Lost One Found.



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

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

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

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

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

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

"I FELT LIKE INTERRUPTING THE SPEAKER."

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

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

BURIED IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.

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

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

HYP.

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

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



"What a capital picture she would make."

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

N

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ALL THIS I DID FOR THEE;

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

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

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

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

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



