



The message

An Australian Monthly Gospel Magazine
for old and young.

This Priestly Care.

  OH! go to Him—the Christ of God,
In disappointment or distress!
When strength decays, or hope grows dim,
Go, still, and tell it out to Him—
Who has the golden oil divine,
Wherewith to feed our failing urns:
Who watches every lamp that burns
Before His sacred, gracious shrine.

BALLARAT AUSTRALIA

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“What shall it profit?”

IT was the time of the gold fever. Rich deposits had recently been discovered, and people crossed oceans and continents and cheerfully put up with all sorts of inconveniences, in order to dig up the precious metal. The one prevailing thought was GOLD! GOLD!

Among others Walt Reed was deeply smitten with the epidemic. He was a steady, hard-working young man, but he inwardly argued he might go on plodding and working all his life for a bare pittance, and never rise to an independency in the old-fashioned homeland. So, being quite free, he turned all he possessed into money, and crossed the ocean. Arrived in the land of gold, he lost no time in procuring a miner's outfit, and started for the diggings. An early arrival, he found no difficulty in staking out a claim. He did not carouse, did not gamble; he was persevering and determined. From the outset fortune seemed to smile upon him. Not caring to trust the doubtful security of the mine banks, he carefully secreted his fast-growing hoard where none ever suspected.

The work was hard, the conditions painful, and comforts there were none. Economy was studied at the expence of health, for the golden glitter destroyed all the warning premonitions. The golden lure said, “Another few months, and then!” So he plodded on, deaf to all but the amassing of

nuggets and dust in lavish quantity.

Then came a day when prudence dictated the necessity of the city bank for the greater safety of the "pile." Several other successful miners were under the same necessity, so a little company was organized; sufficient as it was thought, for its own protection. The journey ordinarily occupied a week, and lay across some of the thirstiest parts of the "never-never land." One night as the party were camped in the desert, about midway, a storm of great violence overtook them. Nothing was more favorable to the designs of two of the party, hitherto absolutely unsuspected. These had carefully noted Walt Reed's prudential disposition of his wealth, and this they stealthily abstracted, as well as that of several others. They loaded the horses they required, turned all the others loose and decamped. The scene next morning can be better imagined than described. Profound mortification was scarcely a sufficient description of it. Added to the loss of their hard-earned wealth they were in the midst of a vast, waterless desert, with a broiling sun overhead. Upon Walt Reed the blow fell heaviest. He had been so successful, so careful, so hard-working, and so sanguine of the happiness his wealth would procure him when carefully laid out. Now it was gone!

The rest of the party made up their minds to pursue their journey on foot. He only wished to be left alone to die. His already impaired health now gave way altogether. Unable to move him, his companions left him. As he lay there in the shade of his little tent in the baking desert he was indeed a pitiable object. He had "gained the whole world" (Matt. xvi. 26), for the whole world to him had been GOLD! Now it was gone. And health was gone

too. And evidently life itself must also soon come to an end. What a shipwreck of life!

Was he going to lose his soul too? Was he going to enter eternity with all his sins upon him, all his forgetfulness of God, all his neglect of what yet he knew to be of primary importance? "What a terrible mistake I've made," he moaned; "and, O God! I'm dying, too! Oh it was all gold with me—and the loss of my soul! What a deluded man I have been!"

Next day an out-station shepherd came upon him. Few words passed. The wilderness makes people taciturn. But the shepherd read "death" in the miner's face, so he kindly conveyed him to his own hut. One day as his host was departing he asked, "Have you anything I could read while you're away?"

"Oh, aye, I have a Bible; but perhaps you'll not like that?"

"Won't I?" replied the miner, with unwonted fervour; "it's just what I do want." He got the precious Book, and pored over its contents with feverish interest. Memory, helped by the Spirit of God, brought back portions once learned in the Sunday-school; especially was this the case with the third chapter of John. As he came to the 16th verse the whole sunlight of heaven burst on his soul, "*God loved, and God gave.*" He believed, and he knew that he was saved. He cried, "Oh, how blind I have been! I had almost lost my soul in that gold mine, but now God has opened up to me the inexhaustible mine of His love; He has made me a sharer in the treasures of heaven, and they are infinitely more valuable than the dross of earth! Praise His holy Name!"

He lingered for some time, but never regretted

the loss of his gold, for God had opened his eyes to better riches made his by the work of Christ on Calvary's cross. He passed away, rejoicing in the certainty of waking up in glory (2 Cor. v. 1-4).

Friend, read the third chapter of the Gospel of John; behold therein the love of God to a sinful world, *to you*. Put your name into the "whosoever." Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be SAVED.

E. C. Q.

If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little deeper and thou shalt find enough to humble thee.

Quarles.



Sunset and Sunrise.



*At end of love, at end of life,
At end of hope, at end of strife,
At end of all we cling to so—
The sun is setting—must we go?*

*At dawn of love, at dawn of life,
At dawn of peace that follows strife,
At dawn of all we long for so—
The sun is rising—let us go.*

Hidden.



IT was such a pretty, peaceful village that you would never have imagined that it was at variance with itself, or that bitter hatred was burning in some of the hearts within its walls. Yet such was the case.

It was built high upon the mountains, with beautiful trees and shrubs all round it, and grand views of hill and valley at every turning. It lay four miles uphill from the main road, and was little troubled by traffic or travellers.

And now it was all in an uproar, and the village elders had caused the confusion—rightly so, they thought.

The schoolmaster Li had been spreading a new doctrine—a doctrine which he had picked up in the far-off city a year or two before. Li had gone down there on business and had discovered a house in which some foreigners taught their foreign faith. The house had been empty at the time, but on it was written, "The Religion of the Lord Jesus." Li always said that "the empty house spoke and God gave the blessing." At any rate, he went back to the mission house when the missionaries were there, heard of Christ from them, bought a Bible, and returned to the village—a Christian.

Then he started to teach his family, and, really, the new religion spread so rapidly that the village elders felt bound to take some steps to check it. They remonstrated with Li many times, but in vain, and their annoyance deepened into hatred.

So one night when he was absent they burned down his house, and Li's cherished home and

furniture were soon reduced to a heap of ashes. His friends notified the district magistrate, and the elders grew alarmed. They knew that he would come to survey the damage, and they resolved to hide it. So they dug over the place deeply and carefully, and planted it with spring cabbages. It looked as if spring cabbages had been growing there for years when they had finished. This was just in case the magistrate should come in person. But they thought it much better that he should *not* come—he might hear awkward stories, and they preferred to intercept him.

So they left the village in a perfect turmoil of sorrow, indignation, and gossip, and went down the long slope to the main road. There were six of them, all elders of the village—grave, respected hitherto by the little community—and such engrossing thoughts absorbed all their minds that they walked in silence down the track.

They had to wait for some time upon the main road; but at last they saw a horseman, followed by one or two attendants, riding towards them. When he drew nearer, they knelt before him, and explained with due humility that they had come to save him the long climb up to their village, and were prepared to answer all his questions on the spot.

The magistrate looked relieved.

"I heard a report of destruction of property belonging to the schoolmaster called Li," he began. "Have you any knowledge of it?"

"None," said the chief elder. "None whatever."

"Has Li done anything to give offence in the village?"

"Yes; he has certainly given offence. He has taken up the Jesus doctrine of the foreigners, and calls himself a Christian. Worse than that, he is

spreading the false teaching as rapidly as he can."

"That is troublesome, and he deserves punishment. Yet you say nothing has been done to him?"

The magistrate addressed only the chief elder, who still knelt before him. The others stood motionless in the background.

"Nothing at all," said the chief elder. The spring cabbages did not seem to trouble his conscience at all. Perhaps he did not possess one.

"The village is at peace?"

"Absolutely."

"Then that is enough. But this matter of the Jesus doctrine is serious. You say it is spreading. Do many believe in it?"

"Yes: all Li's family and relations, and a good many others are interested at least."

"Ah! Well, I suppose you yourself are quite unmoved by it?"

"How could the honourable magistrate dream of such a thing? May I never dishonour the gods and traditions of China by listening to the cursed words of the Jesus doctrine!"

"That is right. Now about your friends. Is any one of them inclined to it?"

One by one the other elders drew back with gestures of abhorrence and denial. The magistrate watched each keenly and in silence.

The last one stepped forward and knelt by the horse. He lifted his face with deliberation and gazed calmly at the magistrate.

"I am a believer in the Jesus doctrine," his clear tones said. "I love the Lord Christ with all my heart and soul, and Him will I follow all the days of my life."

A dead, horrified silence.

"What is your name?" thundered the magistrate

at last.

"Andrew Chow," was the answer. "At least, that will be my name when I have been baptised, as I hope to be very shortly. The old name matters nothing."

"Go out of my sight," shouted the infuriated official. "Go home, like the skulking dog you are, and sneak back to your village. You are not fit to associate with these other men. Go!"

Andrew rose, and, without one backward look, he started on his uphill walk. No anger, no shame disturbed the settled peace of his face. On and on he went, his heart filled with a glow of happiness from this public confession of his Lord.

But four miles of climbing in the heat of the day in China can tire the strongest man. Andrew felt weary when he entered the village, and he sought his little house at once. Without waiting to sit down in his lower room or to speak to anybody, he went upstairs to the small chamber where his bed was standing, and, flinging himself down on it, he nestled comfortably into it, drew the quilt over his head, and fell swiftly and happily asleep.

What the magistrate said to the other elders after Andrew had gone will never be known. He stood in consultation with them for some time, and many varying passions flitted across their faces and his; but at length he turned and rode back to the city, and they started for the village. Their eyes were flashing and their hands clenched; the powers of evil were aroused, and murder was in their hearts.

"Andrew shall live no longer," they whispered. "He is not fit to live; and now that he is going to join the Jesus doctrine the village will be more than ever distracted. We must follow him, and put an

end to him and his new religion."

The four miles seemed long to them, because they prevented them from laying speedy hands upon their victim.

He was not to be seen in the street, so they marched straight to his house, crossed the courtyard, and approached the door; it stood open. They searched everywhere for him.

But they did not find him; and at first they did not dream that he had gone upstairs, and looked all round the house and explored the downstairs rooms again. At last they went up to his bedroom.

They searched every corner of it; they looked under the bed and the other Chinese furniture; they peered into a chest that held his treasures; they satisfied themselves that he was not in the room nor in the house, and they retired, baffled. Their angry passions cooled down after a while, and they decided that it would cause too great an upstir if they were to kill Andrew.

And where was he while they searched for him?
Still asleep on his bed under the quilt.

And why could they not find him?

Andrew explained that himself to a missionary who went out to the district a year or two later. He led him up to the upstairs room, and showed him how the elders had searched for him.

"And where were you, Andrew?"

"Here, sir; lying on the bed. I remember curling myself up and drawing the quilt right over me."

"But if one of your enemies had so much as touched the bed you would have been discovered."

"Ay, I know, sir; but the Lord hid me."

And that was all the explanation that was needed, seeing that it was the true one.

K. M. B.

= Sailing. =



IF you go down to the sea-side on a windy day and watch the sails go by, the fishing boats, or yachts, or sailing-ships, you will soon notice that they do not all go the same way. Perhaps you may see two close together, as I did the other day, and then in a little while if you watch them you may see them separate and go off in different directions. The same wind blows them all along, and yet they go different ways. Why is it?

Not long ago I was taken out sailing on the sea in a small yacht. We started out from the little pier near which the boat is moored, and we came back to the same place. Yet the wind did not change ; it was blowing all the time in the same direction. How was it done ?

Here is a verse which explains it :

One ship drives east,
One ship drives west,
By the self-same wind that blows ;
It's *the set of the sails*,
And not the gales,
Which determines the way it goes.

That is what makes the difference. It all depends on the man who is sailing the ship, and where he wants to go. The boat I went

out in was quite small, only big enough for three or four people, but there was a man in it who managed the sails, and held the tiller, and watched the boat's course, and altered the sails as they needed it so that we went in the right direction. There was one to help him who was all ready to do what he said, and at the word, "Let her come," the tiller was put down, the sails went across, and the course was changed so that we might go *where he wanted*. He knew how to manage the wind, or rather, how to make the boat sail before or against the wind. The harbour where we were sailing is very shallow in parts; we had to keep the proper channels, or we should have been on the mud-banks. Going out we had to tack backwards and forwards; but coming back we drove before the wind. The same wind sent us opposite ways.

We are like little boats, sailing on the sea of life. Which way are you going, your own way, or God's way? Which way do you want to go? Do you let the wind blow you about just as it likes, or have you made up your mind which way you want to go? The wind may be contrary; you may find it hard work to go in the right direction; but it cannot carry you far wrong if you know how to manage "the set of the sails," and if you have Christ as your Captain that you obey. "Set your heart and your soul to seek the Lord."

The man who managed the boat I went out in was called Will. Have you ever thought that it is your *will* which decides which way you go, and whether you go in the right way, God's way, or your own? Perhaps you say you want to go God's way, but you don't know how. There is one ready to bless you, to hold your tiller, to be your Captain and Sailing-master. Any ship would soon be in difficulties without a captain or someone who knew how to sail and to steer. He knows the way to sail your boat, and to keep in the channel, and off the rocks and mud-banks. He is able to teach you just what to do, and to guide you all the time. Do you know Who He is? He could say, "I delight to do *thy* will, O my God."

The man in whose boat I went out did not always know how to sail it, but somebody taught him. Now he can hold the helm, and haul the main-sheet—that is the rope that belongs to the mainsail—and say when the jib-sheet is to be let go, and put her about, and all the rest of it. How did he learn? By doing what he was told by somebody who did know. There was a small boy aboard the day I went out, and he could do things to help, but always he would say, "Dad, shall I do this?" The way for him to help was to do what the captain told him.

So it is with us all. The Lord Jesus

Christ is the One Who is ready to be our Captain and Sailing-master and Guide. He knows just what we ought to do to go the right way, and he will teach us if we trust in Him as our Saviour and Lord, and He is able to bring us safe at last to the haven where we want to go. We can say, "Teach me Thy way, O Lord"; "teach me to do Thy will." If He is really our Saviour He will do it, for He is able. We don't know the way, but He knows.

Sometimes quite big ships have to have a pilot on board, when they are going through a channel which the captain does not know. We always want a Pilot, for we cannot go right of ourselves, we do not know the dangers around, nor the rocks ahead. But He is ready, and He is able, to be our Pilot, to steer clear of all the dangers, and to bring us safe into port.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.



Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced.



A Man's practical worth is really on a par with the things on which his heart is set.

The Monthly Search.

Acrostic.

Give the names of those who offered the following prayers:—

"Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee."
 "Let me die the death of the righteous."
 "Shew kindness unto my father's house."
 "Feed me with food convenient for me."
 "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."
 "Behold, I am here, Lord."
 "Why doth Thy wrath wax hot against Thy people."
 Who said, when standing in Jehovah's sight,
 "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"
 Initial give his name; he sought to spare
 A sinful city by his pleading prayer.

Buried Text.

From six of these passages choose one word; from two choose two; and from one choose three. The whole forms a prayer found in the Old Testament.

Remove from me the way of lying.—Psa. cxix. 29.

Their heart is far from me.—Mark vii. 6.

They followed vanity, and became vain and went after the heathen.—2 Kings xvii. 15.

He that speaketh lies shall perish.—Prov. xix. 9.

Give me to drink.—John iv. 7.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.—1 John ii. 15.

Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty.—Prov. xx. 13.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb. xiii. 5.

The earth is full of thy riches.—Psa. civ. 24.

Some Remarkable Prayers.

Give the passages that describe the following prayers:

A prayer that won a bride.

A prayer that brought a cruel accusation.

A prayer that brought an angel's visit.

A prayer on a housetop.

A prayer that found out a secret.

A prayer that changed the wind.

A prayer offered by a king in fetters.

Prayers that opened a prison.

A prayer that obeyed Christ's command in Matt.

v. 44.

The last prayer of Jesus.

Enigma.

To whom do the following expressions refer ?

"Thy greatness is grown and reacheth unto heaven."

"A man subject to like passions as we are."

"The Jews' enemy."

"He had judged Israel forty years."

"Lame on both feet."

"He will be a wild man."

"He went out, not knowing whither he went."

"He clave to the Lord."

These eight initials give the name

Of one who to a ruined city came,

Rode round and viewed it, then, in spite of all

His angry foes, rebuilt the gates and wall.

Acrostic.

A prophet who prayed to God from the sea.

A widow who prayed in the temple.

A Roman soldier who "prayed alway."

The owner of a threshing floor who heard a king pray.

A blind man who prayed to Jesus for sight.

The capital letters spell the name of a son of Isaac, who prayed to be saved from his brother's anger.

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 35—Acts ix. No. 36—1 Chron. xix. 1-4, xx. 1-2.)

NO. 37.

A MAN and a boy are standing beside a group of men who seem to be deeply depressed. The child is silent, but the man speaks, and his words appear deeply impressive. Those whom he addresses look like soldiers who have been defeated, who have fled for refuge to a fortress, have been pursued, and are likely to be captured, so timorous and despairing do they appear.

Their leader is as utterly depressed as are his men ; not so the speaker.

When they point hopelessly all around to those things that increase their alarm, he speaks more powerfully than ever, sometimes with entreaty, at other times encouragingly. Then he seems to rise higher than ever in triumphant confidence. He points around, too, to the same things which fill their minds with fear.

We cannot hear his words, but from his gestures as he points upwards they must be something like these: "He has promised to preserve us ; greater is He that is on our side than all they that are against us."



NO. 38.

A YOUNG man is standing near a place of worship ; he seems deeply moved, the neglect that is so apparent in everything about the building.

The doors are actually closed up—it has not been entered for years. He causes them to be opened, and some of them fall to pieces in so-doing!

Then he calls together a number of men in one of the streets and speaks to them solemnly of the shocking neglect of all religion that has prevailed in the town.

They are roused to action by his words, and going to see for themselves I observe that they are perfectly shocked, as indeed they may well be, at the impurity and filth which they find in the place.

No. 39.

A PARTY of men in the distance, and a group near at hand. The actions of those who are far off, seem to excite the feelings of those who are near us, and apparently these change their plan or do not quite carry it out.

The remarkable thing is that the not carrying out of their original design, and the adopting of what appears a make-shift, fills them with the most profound astonishment, and to one of their number it means a complete alteration of his career.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust—with God.



Sin is like sound, and it finds the moral nature of man, like the atmosphere, a good conducting medium.

On Prayer.

(An Address to Converted Boys and Girls.)

OF course you pray. I would as soon expect you to live without eating or without breathing as to live without praying. Certain sea animals called Cetaceous rise from the ocean depths at intervals to breathe the upper air. If they did not thus ascend they would be drowned. And you must rise at times above the heavy atmosphere of this world, above your work, your lessons, and your play, to breathe the pure mountain air of quiet meditation and devotion.

Prayer should be Regular.

Twice a day bend your knees and speak to the Lord. And if you can add five minutes at noon, you will find that occasion a wonderful refresher. A few minutes after tea is an excellent opportunity also. If you are a bundle of habits, as some say, have grace to be a bundle of good ones, and see that regularity in prayer makes up a necessary part of the bundle.

Daniel prayed three times a day; and David says, "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray" (Psa. lv. 17). Imitate these men of God.

Pray when you are in need.

Every trouble, however small, is a call from God to turn to Him. He brings His

children into hard places to show those who pray how much they need Him, and how easily He can deliver them. No doubt He let Herod put Peter in prison so that the Church might pray him out again.

"Is any amongst you afflicted," says James, "let him pray" (Jas. v. 13). If you do not pray it is likely that the affliction will grow heavier. If you pray you will be relieved. If you pray about small afflictions you will not have many great ones to burden you.

I had a little talk on prayer with a dear boy of twelve who was laid aside for a day or two, "What do you pray for?" I asked him, "Oh, any little thing," he replied, as his eyes brimmed over with tender recollections. That is it: "Any little thing." You may be sure that prayer about little troubles keeps out more serious ones.

Moreover, such prayers are better than any amount of effort or worry. Stop trying, and pray. Stop grumbling, and pray. Stop your fuss and fret, and pray.

A score of men want to move a loaded train. They push for half an hour but do not move it an inch. A little boy of ten runs to the driver and says, "Please Mr. Engineer, will you move this train?" "All right, my little man," the driver replies with a pleasant smile. He pulls a lever, and in

a moment without any difficulty the ponderous load moves along the rails.

Who moved the train? The driver, of course. But would it not be quite as correct to say that the request of the little boy did what twenty strong men trying their best could not accomplish? Hezekiah could not defeat 185,000 Assyrians, but God could. So Hezekiah prayed, and God sent one angel who slew the mighty host in one night.

Praying is better than working. "Ask, seek, knock," the Lord tells us. Ask like a starving beggar who will not be refused. Seek like an eager prospector in search for gold. Knock like a lost traveller perishing in a blizzard. Needs are blessings, if they make us pray.

Prayer must be Real.

When you pray recollect Whom you address. You are in the presence of God, be silent before Him now and then and let Him speak to you. He says "Be still, and know that I am God" (Psa. xlv. 10). If you realise the Lord's presence you will restrain all haste and hurry, and all vain talking there. You would not rush into the presence of the king and out again with careless irreverence (Eccl. v. 1, 2. Find it).

A praying machine suits an ignorant Buddhist, but do not imagine that a loose string of words can please the Searcher of

hearts. I knew a little boy who forgot his prayers for a week and repeated them seven times on the following Sunday to keep up the reckoning. There is nothing real in all this, and it is a very sleepy conscience that could be satisfied with such pretences. Be real in prayer. Do not hurry. Take time. A child shoots his arrow anywhere. A skilful archer waits till he sees the mark, and then he shoots.

So be real and definite. Speak to the Lord as you do when speaking on the telephone to a friend five miles away. Prayer is far more effective than any telephone if it is properly employed.

Prayer must be in Faith.

When you put a letter into the pillar-box you exercise a good deal of faith. You believe the Post Office will collect and deliver your letter, and you expect your friend will answer it. Do you practise as much faith in praying?

Some letters which I receive go into the waste-paper basket. For various reasons they receive no replies. And there are some prayers which may be called waste-paper-basket prayers, useless prayers, rejected prayers. Such is a prayer presented without faith or expectation. It is as valueless as an empty envelope.

But do not have faith in your prayers, but in the Lord. In John iv. the nobleman did

not possess the assurance of his child's recovery because he had made a request, but because Jesus gave him the answer, "Thy son liveth."

In conclusion, be sure that

God never disregards any Real Prayer.

It is a great relief to tell him a trouble, or to make a request, and then to quietly wait in simple faith. He will not forget. He will not be slow. He is never too late.

A bushman lost in the Northern Territory wandered about in great distress from want of food and water. At length he came to the overland wire to Port Darwin. The nearest station was too distant to reach, and he determined on a desperate expedient to bring succour where he was. He climbed a pole and cut the wire. Relief came, but, sad to say, it was too late. His body was discovered a little way off stretched out on the desert sand.

No heart-cry for salvation can ever fail to reach the Son of God. No signal for relief from any child of His can miss the Father's eye or ear. Let His mercy to Israel in Egypt be evidence of this—read *Exod. ii.*

Well may David say, "For this shall everyone that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when thou mayest be found" (*Psa. xxx. 11*).

That time is NOW.

Hobart, Tas.

J. N. B.

How to Keep in a Glow.

"It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing"
(Gal. iv. 18).



A GLOW indicates health! We speak of "The glow of health," or "A healthy glow," and we like to see it and to be infected by it. A glow stimulates, radiates, purifies the system, imparts vigor to the motor nerves and pleasure to the sensory nerves, and banishes "that tired feeling" which makes life a burden. A glow, too, is catching—communicating a touch of magnetism to a friendly "shake of the hand"; and sometimes it leaps beyond the bounds of sympathy and enters the reach of telepathy, for it can make its influence felt even from afar.

The young convert in his soul is proverbially in a glow! Paul was when "straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues that He is the Son of God"—confronting, confounding, consuming by his fervent logic every opposition. Philip the evangelist was in a glow when with the gospel flame burning in his bones he ran after the Eunuch. Barnabas the great hearted was in a glow when with the eyes of Christ "he saw the grace of God" in the new-born babes of Antioch, and "was glad." Stephen the martyr, Apollos the eloquent, Epaphras the prayerful, all felt the sacred flame, and so did John the aged, the exile, the friendless, when he made the barren rocks of his sea-girt prison ring again with his old love song (Rev. i.).

Do some of us mourn that the fire of holy enthusiasm has died out of our spiritual being, or comes and goes by fits and starts? How is it to be

regained and retained? Permit a few terse suggestions from one who knows only too sadly what it is to feel at times as frigid, as lifeless, as sterile as an iceberg.

First and foremost we must

Keep ourselves in the Love of God.

If we crouch away down in some dark cellar of self-occupation, brooding over our badness or gloating over our goodness, we shall never keep warm—we shall freeze. God has placed us in the centre of divine affections—in Christ up there, in His Assembly down here. Let us keep where He has placed us—restful and receptive.

But something else is essential. To keep in a glow we must

Shoulder our Cross.

If we doze and drone in the sunshine the clouds will soon gather and we begin to shiver. Cross-bearing keeps us warm. Let us then shoulder our cross daily (Luke ix. 23), faithfully (Matt. x. 32-39), cheerfully (Mark x. 21-22). *Via lucis, via crucis*—"The way of light is the way of the cross" was a favorite motto of the early Christians. They never chose "the line of least resistance" when contending for the faith, as many do now. It is when we compromise and shirk the cross and get "at ease in Zion" that we begin to complain how cold things are, the Meetings are, the saints are, and perhaps, after a long pause, how cold we are!

Then to keep in a glow we must practise

A Healthy Walk.

And what is that? "Follow in His steps"—that embraces it. Two words are used in the Greek New Testament for "walk." One means "to walk along," or "to saunter." It is used in the classics to de-

scribe the restlessness of Aristotle and his disciples. They were called "Peripatetics," because in teaching and learning they wandered about—often in a circle. Alas! the walk of many Christians is an aimless saunter, for they walk in their own tracks and not in Christ's. But the other word means "to walk in a straight line," and is never used by God except to indicate a Christ-like walk. It means "to walk orderly"* like a file of soldiers! We know Who is the Leader of the file (Heb. ii. 5). To "walk as He walked" demands attention, patience, diligence, and calls into exercise every faculty. Thus we can keep in a glow.

But there is another ancillary factor needed. We must

Run with Patience the Race.

The course is open, the regulations are issued, the prize is offered. No competitor is handicapped, but all are exhorted to "lay aside every weight" to "gird up the loins" (1 Pet. i. 13), to put the foot firmly down (1 Cor. ix. 24), to stretch out the neck (Phil. iii. 12) and run "looking unto Jesus" for courage and endurance. What a little of this kind of running is in evidence amongst us. How many—but, stop! We must not find fault with others. What about number one? What are you and I after—money, pleasure, renown and other things "the first man" makes as his objective? Or is it "the prize of the high calling of God"? If not the latter, what is the reason? Lack of *affection*! "I will run in the way of Thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart." When the affections expand the feet run with alacrity, languor and laziness vanish, and the renewed soul gets in a glow.

* e.g., Acts xxi. 24.

But running is not enough. We "must," like the Master,

"Work while it is called to-day."

"He gave to every man his work" when He went away, and when He returns He "will give to every man according as his work shall be." Work puts us in a glow and maintains us in it. How often when the soul has felt frost-bound has the giving away a tract set it all in a glow! Work is a wonderful stimulant. Attending meetings, reading, prayer, and a separate every-day walk are divine essentials, but they do not cover what is meant by being "*adorned with good works*"—"rich in good works"—"*zealous of good works*." Christianity does not find it complement in self-gratification—spiritual self-gratification, I mean. "Martha served," and her service was acceptable, as surely as Mary worshipped and won the Lord's approval; and Lazarus sat and communed, a living witness to the power of resurrection life (John xii.). All combined in cheering and refreshing the heart of Christ at the supper they gave Him. Of course there is a grave danger of too much activity (as Martha on a former occasion learnt), but there is also a danger the other way about. A lady physician recently said that half her patients were ill because they did too much, and the other half because they did too little. Does not the Lord need our service? Who could doubt it. It is our bustle, our anxiety, our fault-finding with those who do not work with us, which, Martha-like, the Lord chides, but our service the Lord "who went about doing good" must have if we are to represent Him here. "Take heed to the ministry that thou hast received in the Lord that thou fulfil it."

Last winter a touching sight was seen in one of

the London slums. A number of ragged and shivering boys were waiting outside a public soup kitchen. But it was noticed that one lad with his feet in the slush had another lad on his back, holding him by the feet. When questioned he answered brightly, "Oh! he's a keepin my back warm, and I'm a keepin his feet warm."

And thus it ever is—in warming others we warm ourselves.

"By love serve one another"—"As we have opportunity let us do good to all"—"Be instant in season and out of season . . . make full proof of thy ministry."

Let us now gather up our points and focus them upon our own souls, and, after concentrating them thus, distribute them, as God shall enable us, in light and love in our lives—

Then in this cold sphere below—
We the great secret shall know,
And the right method will show—
How to keep all in a glow.

S. J. B. C.



Deu. xxxiii. 20.—It is one of the paradoxes of God's service that the more strength one puts into any work *He* gives, the more one has for the next.



"Guard me when I am off my guard," prayed one the other day. It is a wise prayer. Another prayed: "Give me to guard myself; but, Lord, guard my guarding of myself."

"Ask and ye shall receive."

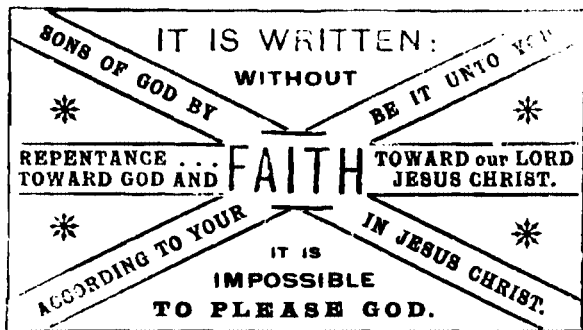


○ PRAYING ones, who long have prayed,
 And yet no answer heard,
 Have ye been sometimes half afraid
 God might not keep His word?
 Seems prayer to fall on deafened ears?
 Does heaven seem blind and dumb?
 Is hope deferred? Believe! believe!
 The answering time will come.

"Ask what ye will," His word is true,
 His power is all divine;
 Ye cannot test His love too far,
 His "uttermost" is thine;
 God does not mock believing prayer,
 Ye shall not go unfed;
 He gives no serpent for a fish,
 Nor gives He stone for bread.

Thine inmost longings ye have told,
 And pleaded in His Name,
 And agonized and wept—and yet
 The answer never came.
 Say not, "The door of heaven is shut,
 God does not hear me pray;
 I prayed—I trusted fully—but
 He knoweth not my way."

God heard you—He hath not forgot,
 Faith shall at length prevail.
 Yea, know ye, not the smallest jot
 Of all His Word can fail;
 Oh, if in faith ye really prayed,
 The answer to your prayer
 Must surely come, though long delayed,
 Some time—some way—somewhere.



IT IS WRITTEN:
THE

WHEN I SEE THE



REDEMPTION
THROUGH HIS

BLOOD

EVEN THE FORGIVENESS
OF SINS.



WITHOUT BREEDING OF

JESUS CHRIST
HIS SON

CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.

I WILL PASS OVER YOU



IS NO REMISSION



God's Chronometer.

CAPTAIN Rounceville's vessel was lost in mid-Atlantic, and likewise his wife and two little children. Captain Rounceville and seven seamen escaped with life, but with little else. A small, rudely constructed raft was to be their home for eight days. They had neither provisions nor water. They had scarcely any clothing; no one had a coat but the captain. This coat was changing hands all the time, for the weather was very cold. Whenever a man became exhausted with the cold, they put the coat on him and laid him down between two shipmates until the garment and their bodies had warmed life into him again.

Among the sailors was a Portuguese who knew no English. He seemed to have no thought of his own calamity, but was concerned only about the captain's bitter loss of wife and children. By day he would look his dumb compassion in the captain's face; and by night, in the darkness of the driving spray and rain, he would seek out the captain and try to comfort him with caressing pats on the shoulder. One day when hunger and thirst were making sure inroads upon the men's strength and spirits, a floating barrel was seen at a distance. It seemed a great find, for doubtless it contained food of some sort. A brave fellow swam to it, and after long and exhausting effort got it to the raft. It was eagerly opened. It was a barrel of magnesia!

On the fifth day an onion was spied. A sailor swam off and got it. Although perishing with hunger, he brought it in its entirety and put it into the captain's hand. The history of the sea teaches that among starving, shipwrecked men, selfishness is rare, and a wonder-compelling magnanimity the rule. The onion was equally divided into eight parts, and eaten with deep thanksgivings.

On the eighth day a distant ship was sighted. Attempts were made to hoist an oar, with Captain Rounceville's coat on it for a signal. There were many failures, for the men were but skeletons now, and strengthless. At last success was achieved, but the signal brought no help. The ship faded out of sight, and left despair behind her. By-and-by another ship appeared, and passed so near that the castaways, every eye eloquent with gratitude, made ready to welcome the boat that would be sent to save them. But this ship also drove on, and left these men staring their unutterable surprise and dismay into each other's ashen faces. Late in the day still another ship came up out of the distance, but the men noted with a pang that her course was one which would not bring her nearer. Their remnant of life was nearly spent, their lips and tongues were swollen, parched, cracked with eight days' thirst; their bodies starved; and here was their last chance gliding relentlessly from them; they would not be alive when the next sun rose.

For a day or two past the men had lost their voices, but now Captain Rounceville whispered, "Let us pray." The Portuguese patted him on the shoulder as he knelt down. All knelt at the base of the oar that was waving the signal-coat aloft, and bowed their heads. The sea was tossing; the sun rested, a red, rayless disc, on the sea-line

in the west. When the men presently raised their heads, they would have sung praise to God had they a voice; the ship's sails lay wrinkled and flapping against her masts; she was going about! Here was a rescue at last, and in the very last instant of time that was left for it. No, not rescue, yet—only the imminent prospect of it. The red disc sank under the sea and darkness blotted out the ship. By-and-by came a pleasant sound—oars moving in a boat's rowlocks. Nearer it came, and nearer, within thirty steps, but nothing visible. Then a deep voice: "Hol-lo!" The castaways could not answer, their swollen tongues refused voice. The boat skirted around and round the raft, started away—the agony of it!—returned, rested the oars, close at hand, listening, no doubt. The deep voice again: "Hol-lo! Where are you, ship-mates?" Captain Rounceville whispered to his men, saying: "Whisper your best, boys! now—all at once!" So they sent out an eight-fold whisper in hoarse concert: "Here!" There was life in it if it succeeded; and death if it failed. After that supreme moment, Captain Rounceville was conscious of nothing until he came to himself on board the saving ship.

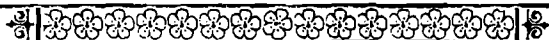
There was *one little moment* of time in which the raft could be visible from that ship, and only one. If that one little fleeting moment had passed unfruitful, those men's doom was sealed. As close as that does God shave events foredained from the beginning of the world. When the sun reached the water's edge that day, the captain of the ship was sitting on deck reading his Bible. The Book fell; he stooped to pick it up, and happened to glance at the sun. In that instant that far-off raft appeared for a second against the red disc, its needle-like oar

and diminutive signal cut sharp and black against the bright surface, and in the next instant was thrust away into the dusk again. But that ship, that captain, and that pregnant instant had had their work appointed for them in the dawn of time, and could not fail of the performance. The chronometer of God never errs!

And God's chronometer—God's unerring time-keeper—for shipwrecked, starving, thirsting, perishing sinners points to one moment—one little moment—only one moment of time in which forgiveness, salvation and life can be obtained, and that moment is NOW!

"Behold now is the accepted time"—a moment hence may be too late and your eternal doom sealed forever.

London.



Have You Got It?



YOU must *have* the truth before you can love it. If you do not know it how can you love it? When infidels speak of a love of truth, they never go beyond Pilate's question, "What is truth?" It is never a holding fast truth which they have got, but a casting doubt on what others believe. They profess to search for it and to be always ready to receive it, because they have never got it.

The Word of God gives you the truth, and it makes you doubt of nothing. It has no need, for it possesses the truth, and gives what is positive.

J. N. D.

Opportunity.



THE wise man says, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven" (Eccl. 3). Among these purposes should be the determination to possess the salvation of God, and among these seasons is the present "convenient season" for securing it.

Yet it is a lamentable truth that most people are careless of the purpose, and ignorant of the opportunity. Many are ready enough to stake their very souls in a hazard with the devil for a little bit of his world, for they suppose that even if they lose they can redeem the costly pledge somehow and at some time. How impatient Judas was to win those fatal shekels, "seeking opportunity" to betray his Master, as Matthew tells us, watching for the "convenient time," as Mark says, and looking for a chance to carry out his plan "in the absence of the multitude" (Luke xvii.). So do sinful men "give place to the devil" still (Eph. iv.), that is, they hand over to him their chances of salvation, and rarely recover them.

Time is opportunity for salvation and the service of God, but man's proverbial wisdom has given currency to the low conception that "time is money." Alas! the rust of man's worldling's gold and silver will eat his flesh as if it were fire. (James v.)

The present passing moment is the opportunity for salvation. Time enough is little enough, and it is quite possible that though time is proverbially brief, opportunity may be briefer still. Someone truly says that opportunity is the flower of time. The flower fades, and only the stalk remains, and

it may never bear another bloom.

The stream of time has no backward flow. It is this consideration that led to a young man's conversion. He was a thoughtful lad, and, as he stood on the bridge, he grew anxious about his soul. He saw the river running swiftly beneath him to the sea, and he thought, "There is not a wave of this rolling river that ever comes back, there is not a ripple ever returns. On and on it goes to the sea." Then the thought came, "Ah, opportunities, and appeals and books and providences and calls from God, you will never come back; on and on you go, on to eternity. And he never rested until he came to Christ.

Seize the *present* hour. When blind Bartimeus heard that "Jesus was passing by." He knew it was the chance of his lifetime, and he seized it. When the centurion "heard of Jesus" he knew that his opportunity had come, and he sent at once to the gracious Healer. When the multitude heard where Jesus was, they straightway brought to Him the sick and afflicted ones, and as many as touched Him were made whole. This was prudence to be imitated, for the Lord is still nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth (Psa. cxlv. 18).

On the other hand the procrastinator may have to face a shut door (Matt. xxv.): he may find that the night of endless despair having suddenly come (John ix. 4), he has lost the kingdom of God (Matt. xxi. 43), and all opportunities for salvation are forever "hid from his eyes" (Luke xix. 42).

The saddest reflection in all this sad theme is the truth that men defer their blessing in order to sin. Like the fish that traverse the paths of the sea they love the freedom of their own will, but shoals of

them are caught in the devil's net. What worldly prospect, what glittering gain, what secret sin is holding the lost ones fast who may read these pages?

What madness it is to hold the salvation of God in open disregard, and "plunge" so heavily in the speculations of worldly advantage and sinful pleasure! Eternal ruin is the almost certain end, for into the speculation enters the uncertain factor of life, and "Life is but a thread. Suspended by that thread the soul hangs over Eternity, and God has appointed the day, the hour, the moment when the thread shall be cut."

It was in Tasmania some time ago that a man came to a Christian with a very serious face. "I've had a dream," said he, and he proceeded to tell it. "I dreamed that I was walking in a lonely place and came to a deep pit which yawned at my feet. I glanced down into its depths, which seemed to be illumined with a lurid light, and there I saw a man with whom I had been formerly acquainted. I leaned over the awful pit to see more distinctly, supporting myself on my stick as I did so. Then I heard the man addressing me from the depths of hell, for such I knew the place must be, and he said, 'Take care there! If that stick should break, you will be in hell the next moment'—What does it mean?" inquired the man.

"It means just this," our friend replied, "that you are leaning on the rotten stick of time, and if that stick should break at any moment you would be precipitated into the depths of a lost sinner's hell. You are depending upon the chance of days to come, postponing your salvation, and continuing in sin the while. Take care that you are not suddenly cut off and lost for ever."

We do not know whether this man heeded the

dream and the warning interpretation, but the truth suggested by the incident could be disregarded by no one but an unfortunate victim whose eyes Satan had blinded (2 Cor. iv. 4). "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). It may be now or never.

Ballarat, Vic.

J. N. B.

What Many Men Say.



MANY men say: "The best friend we can have is a shilling in our pocket." Though that were true it should be remembered that there are no pockets in grave-clothes. But we cannot admit such a statement to be true, for the best Friend any man can have is Jesus. "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich."

He is a Friend on *this* side of death, and the same unchanging Friend on the *other*. Sad, sad is the fate of the man, at the end of life's journey, who has as his only friend "a shilling in his pocket"—who has not Christ. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36).

The Wedding Garment.



A GARMENT of sacrifices and religious ceremonials is that which the heathen tries to stitch together. The ascetic hopes to cover himself with a patchwork of self-torture and bodily humiliation; the formal religionist endeavours to clothe himself with rites and ordinances; the moralist invents a fair-seeming robe of good works and tries to be satisfied with it; the secular philanthropist trusts that his mercy to others will be an adequate dress. Many a member of a Christian church, who is yet a stranger to God, wraps his orthodoxy about him, and thinks himself splendidly attired.

All these are deceiving themselves; for even he who invests himself with a faultless creed may go through life provoking the scorn of the world, and step out of the door which death opens at last only to find himself in darkness and nakedness with his theological formularies warm upon his lips. There is a demand for better clothing than man has invented. Man's best will not do for God. You must have "a wedding garment" on to be accepted before Him. You can only be "accepted in the beloved"—*in Christ!*

ANTI-DIEU;

or, Against God.



I READ in the newspaper an item of intelligence which caused my blood to curdle. There are many dreadful things recorded in print from time to time, but this one struck me with peculiar force as most sad and awful.

It appears that in France a Society exists called the *Freres de la Cote*. It is increasing with alarming rapidity, and now numbers no less than 250,000 youths, mostly school and college lads between the ages of 14 and 20, who have been banded together to advance the cause of Atheism (which denies the existence of God), and to combat Popery (which denies the perfect sacrifice of Jesus).

On the arm of each boy who belongs to this Society is tattooed in distinct characters the sign A.D., which signifies the Latin and French words, "*Anti-Dieu*;" or, "*Against God*."

I daresay that many boys and girls who read this may wonder at the ignorance and Godless depravity of these French lads. But bear in mind that the prevailing religion in France is that of the Pope, and when people discover, as they often do, what a wretched farce it is, they conclude that there is no true religion at all! They do not know the Gospel, and, supposing there is nothing to choose between Romanism and rank infidelity, they choose the latter. Hence, at the last general census, or numbering of the inhabitants, ten million Frenchmen

signed themselves Atheists; and now we hear of this dark youthful Society which has for its watch-word and flag the reckless device—“*Against God.*”

Boys and girls, if you know not Christ as your Saviour, I am going to say something which will startle you. You are each and all branded with the same terrible device! Nay, do not tuck your sleeves up in alarm; you will not find it tatooed on your arm. The sad mark is more than skin deep. It is engraven on your very soul.

You say, “How do you know? you cannot see my soul.”

No, but God can: and what does He say? He says, “The carnal mind is enmity *against God.*”

Now, have you ever put your finger on that scripture and confessed “That is true of me?” You sin, do you not? Of course. Well, every sin against God comes from a hidden evil will, deep down in the breast, which He calls “the carnal mind.”

I have heard of a little boy who, in a temper, let fall a very bad word; at once he felt he had sinned against God, and ran to his mother and told her so. What did she do? Why, she fetched a mug of water and made him rinse his mouth out several times. Then she laid him on his back and put a sponge partly down his throat till the little fellow gasped out, “Oh, mother, I’m choking.” Immediately she set him on a chair and explained.

“Tommy,” said she, “that naughty word was in your heart before it came out of your mouth. I can wash your mouth out, but I cannot reach to cleanse your heart; only God can do that.” Then she put the Gospel before him.

And what does the glad tidings tell us about this? Simply that if you receive Jesus as your Saviour,

you will be born again, and God will give you His Holy Spirit. Thus you will have within you, not only the carnal mind, or the mind of the flesh, which is *against* God, but also, the spiritual mind, or the mind of the Spirit, which is *for* God. Then when the old mind tempts you to do evil, the new mind will prompt you to look away to Jesus for courage and strength, and in the power of the Holy Spirit you will overcome the wicked will.

You may shudder at the bare idea of having the ghastly motto of the *Freres de la Cote* imprinted on your arm, but remember that every evil thought is against God; every evil desire is against God; every evil word is against God; every evil look is against God; every evil deed is against God. "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned and done this evil" is the language of true confession.

A.D.—Anti-Dieu—"Against God" is graven upon that evil nature which still dwells in each of us. But if the new mind dwells there, then, though we may fail, yet it is true that we possess a new power and a new nature from God which is *for* God.

The Lord Jesus said, "He that is not with me is against me." There is no neutral (middle) ground. You are either with Christ and for God; or, with the world and against God. All those who are against God must ere long lose the day. But those who are for God—boys and girls included—are on the winning side. Thank God there is in this hostile scene a happy band of boys and girls who know and confess and rejoice that they are on the Lord's side.

And a greater than Moses still cries: "Who is on the Lord's side let him come unto Me." Blessed, indeed, is it to be by His side and on His side, fighting "the battles of the Lord" in the ranks of "the Lord's host."

S. J. B. C.

Creation and Redemption.



WHEN compared with the strength of man, the strength of an insect is most remarkable indeed. For instance, the busy little ant can carry a load forty or fifty times as heavy as himself, and the ordinary beetle can propel a burden a hundred times its own weight. The insignificant house-fly gives a hundred strokes of his wings in about two seconds, thus enabling him to go a distance of thirty-five feet in that time.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all insects is the dragon-fly. It goes through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and can stop instantly, or change its course backward or sideways without lessening its speed or changing the position of its body.

One little honey-bee will hang suspended from a limb, while from his body a hundred others will depend—one holding to another, chain-fashion; and you cannot see that the first bee wavers or feels his load heavy.

Behind all this—is God Himself. Here is Almighty power and wisdom, yet to save sinners God had to give His own Son to die. He could create a world by a word, but nothing less than the death of His Son could save it.

“Stop that Horse!”



“§TOP that horse!” The cry rang out on the busy street. A few yards away, a boy had struck a horse that was standing quietly, just to see him start. He had started, and now everybody on the street, and none more anxiously than the boy, was trying to stop him.

If the cry had gone up, “Stop that example!” people would have thought it the ravings of a maniac. Yet somewhere on that street was a man that had started something worse than a runaway horse. He had started a habit in a boy, by his example, that all the town might never be able to stop.

And if someone had cried, “Stop that book!” no one would have suspected that the writer of a hurtful story had been brought to see that he had started an evil influence that might never be stopped.

If people should cry out after all the dangerous influences that need to be stopped, but cannot always, the streets would be a babel of sounds: “Stop that hasty word!” “Stop that thoughtless jest!” “Stop that ribald song!” “Stop that pernicious leadership!” Instead of letting loose frantic horses, and mad dogs, and wolves, let us look to Christ—for in His own strength alone we

can do it—to start doves of peace, and angels of blessing, good influences, and Christ-like graces that will need no stopping.

J. F.

“Let us all go.”



SO said a weeping little girl of some three or four summers.

Her mother, a widow, had just died, leaving her helpless child wholly dependent on God's tender care.

“I want to see mother,” sobbed the little one.

“Mother has gone to heaven,” they said.

“Then,” said the little child, in pitiful tones, “Let us *all* go.”

“Let us all go.” Thank God it will be so—we know not how soon—with all of us who love the Lord. We shall *all* go. The bitterness of death lies in the thought of separation, but there is no such thought in connection with the Lord's coming again. “Caught up *together*” is the word. Sweet word. May we treasure it in our hearts. “Caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord,” and to be “forever with the Lord.” Blessed hope. We shall all go—all who trust and love the Lord; young, middle-aged, old—we shall all go!

Little reader, will *you* be among the number of those who go; or of those who are left behind?

S. J. B. C.

The Monthly Search.

Bible Eyes.

1. Whose eyes were dim through age ?
 2. What is it that blinds wise men's eyes ?
 3. Who wanted to be avenged for his eyes ?
 4. Who prayed that a young man's eyes might be opened ?
 5. What is it enlightens the eyes ?
 6. Who have eyes and yet do not see ?
 7. What eyes does Paul pray might be opened ?
- [1st answer in Genesis—then answers in rotation through the Bible.]

A City of Scripture.

- 1 Its first mention is in connection with an expedition by night.
- 2 It is next mentioned by a servant of God "in a vision."
- 3 Two other servants are described as seeing visions in this city.
- 4 The name of the city was mentioned by a mighty man when in a great passion.
- 5 It supplied wine and wool to "a merchant of the the people."
- 6 A remarkable incident is recorded in connection with its wall.
- 7 It was the home of a servant who prayed for his master.
8. A man travelled thither on an errand he never accomplished.
- 9 It was here that a sick man was secretly murdered.
- 10 A miracle of healing was wrought here.

A Bible Word.

1. These things are often named in connection with rejoicing, but seldom with mourning.

2. They are mentioned by a prophet as concerned in hypocrisy, and his words are quoted by Christ.

3. They are compared to "swords," "adders' poison," "poison of asps," "burning fire" and a "precious jewel."

4. The first chapter of 1 Sam. contains an illustration of their good use, and the sixteenth chapter of 2 Sam. of their evil use.

5. They are mentioned in a reproof to a heathen king.

6. They are also mentioned in a resolution of one of "these three men" (see Ezekiel xiv), and of another of "these three men" when he said, "I became dumb."

7. They are mentioned as defiled, in a vision seen by a prophet.

Acrostic.

The month in which God set his people free ;
 Who writes about "the fishes of the sea" ?
 Who burnt his mother's idols by a stream ?
 What owes its name to Jacob's wondrous dream ?
 Initials give a king on Israel's throne,
 While finals name a god he made his own.

A Bible Puzzle.

Chief prince of Meshech, smitten far from home ;
 A Jew in Corinth driven forth from Rome ;
 Town where a murderer fell at the tower-gate ;
 And one next Ivah named ; it shared its fate.
 These first and final names of cities spell ;
 Stories of giant strength they both can tell.



Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 37—Isa. vii. 3, &c. No. 38—2 Chron. xxix. 1-17. No. 39—Luke xvii. 11.)

NO. 40.

SUCH a crowd streaming down the road to the city! On they come by thousands and thousands. If you want to see them well, come on and climb up one of the sycamore trees that line the roadside, for the crowd will pass this way. What a strange cavalcade! Some mounted, some on foot, some wearing clothes that are not their own. Many of them are women, many children. They are not going into captivity—some look too happy for that—they cannot be returning home, or so many of them would not be sad. Under whose leadership are they marching? There seem to be four men in chief command. What kindly faces the leaders have, and what real concern they show for the huge multitude that is in their charge! But listen to the conversation of some as they pass by us, and they will tell you that these benefactors are their hereditary foes! Now they have reached the city. The multitudes flock into the streets. The leaders resign their charge and return home.



NO. 41.

I SEE a group of men more than twenty in number. They are standing together listening to the words of one who is in authority.

They have apparently a good long journey before them ; and see ! A book is given to them ; but it is not a guide-book, for there does not seem to be anything written on those blank pages.

The men start on their journey, but it is slow work, for there are a good many stoppages, and every time the book comes into operation.

Do they ride over the plains and along the valleys ? No, they have to walk every step of the way *and to carry that book* without which their journey would be useless.

No. 42.

A SOLITARY man. Not in the wilderness ; no, he is in the midst of a populous city. The noise of busy life fills the streets, and judging by the various costumes which we see and the different languages that we hear about us, we observe that this is no ordinary city, it must be a mart of commerce, a centre of activity.

Yet there is no greater solitude than a crowd if one be poor and unknown. But he cannot be poor, look at his dress. Come down with me into the courtyard of this grand house and you will find everyone talking about him. Let us go out into the streets, and even if we cannot understand the languages spoken by many in the crowd we shall catch his name. It is evident that he is not unknown—all unite in praising him.

Why then did he look sad when we saw him alone in that room ? Ah, it is no common emotion that sweeps over his soul—memory has brought before him scene upon scene of long ago, his hands are firmly pressed together, his lip quivers, his eyes fill with tears—the sight of *one face* is the cause of it all.

“Dwelling with the King.”

“There were the potters, and those that dwell among plants and hedges: there they dwell with the king for his work” (1 Chron. iv. 23).

ANYWHERE and everywhere we may dwell “with the King for His work.” We may be in a very unlikely and unfavourable place for this. It may be in a little bush life, with little enough to be seen of the “doings” of the King around us; it may be among “plants and hedges” of all sorts, hindrances in all directions; it may be, furthermore, with our hands full of all manner of humble, toilsome pottery. No matter! The King who places us “there” will come and dwell there with us. The pottery is just exactly what He has seen fit to put into our hands, and therefore it is “His work.”

There Must be a Change.

SOMETIMES the statement is made, “If it were not for someone living in my house, or in my house of business, or in the society in which I live, I should not lose my temper.”

Or another will say, “If my circumstances were different, I should be a different man.”

Not so. Neither circumstances nor people can ever put into us that which they draw out. What I mean is this. If there were two bells in front of us, exactly alike in form and colour, and one made of bell metal and

the other of wood, it would only require the slightest tap of the hammer to distinguish the one from the other. But the tap of the hammer did not put the tone into the bell; it only brought it out! And the disagreeable person who comes and touches us can never put the temper into us, but only brings it out; and the thing that comes and appeals to the selfish nature can never put it into us, but can only reveal what manner of men we are. Beloved, it is not the circumstances but ourselves that have to be changed.

And how is this change to be brought about? There is but one way—only one! You get it in 2 Cor. iii. 18.

“We Shall Choose.”

[Psa. xxv. 12.]

* *IN the way that He shall choose
He will teach us,
Not a lesson shall we lose—
All shall reach us :
Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.
Every lesson He shall send
Is the sweetest,
And His training in the end
Is completest.*

Recollections of J. G. Bellett.

"Whose faith follow" [Heb. xiii. 7].

HE was born in Dublin, Ireland, July 19, 1795, but his chief home in his early years was at North Lodge, 10 miles out. When about seven years of age he and his brother were sent to a school in Taunton, Eng., and used to spend their holidays with their grandmother, which were not only pleasant, but being linked with her wise training and heavenly example, were very profitable also.

Later, as J. G. B.'s talents developed, he was sent to the Grammar School, at Exeter, where his abilities and diligence made him a good scholar. He was also a good singer, which gave some respite from close study. At the examination at Trinity College, Dublin, he carried off the classical prize, a great honour, and later on received another for general answering.

J. G. B. once pointed his daughter up to a window, and said that one day, while studying in that room, the words came to his mind: "What will be the end of it all?" and kept on repeating itself, and he believed it was the dawn of a new life to him. His father was, at first, much displeased at the seriousness produced in all his children, but this was patiently borne, while the truths received were unflinchingly held, and in the end the father was led to the same Saviour.

After J. G. B.'s college course, he went to London to study law. There, at the age of 27 years, he wrote his brother thus:

"I hope that my heart, though dull indeed to learn the saving, blessed truth, is knowing more

and more of the fulness that there is in our God for all our desires, and the utter poverty in everything besides Him."

After reading the life of Henry Martyn, he wrote his brother: "If heaven is won by works, where Martyn is, I can never go, but as all my unworthiness is not too great for the cleansing of a Saviour's free love and mercy, may I prize such a Saviour with new delight and gratitude! I have been brought I trust, to see more and more that without the cross I must perish, for I am at best an unprofitable servant."

J. G. B. later returned to Dublin to work as a barrister, and also married Mary, fourth daughter of Admiral Drury. Their early married life was clouded by the death of four little ones. Of one he wrote as follows: "He is missed at every turn, and truly do I see the propriety of those words speaking of Rachel's sorrow for her children—'because **THEY ARE NOT.**' But sure I am that a day will come that shall prove not only the wisdom, but the infinite grace and goodness of all God's dealings, and equally sure that I see the necessity of His chastening, and I trust I pray in sincerity that it may accomplish its good purpose in us.

"Shall we lament that our dear child's lispings in our ears are changed to Hallelujahs in our Lord's? Indeed a naughty world he has left, as a friend said to me, 'He just looked on it, and seeing it was so naughty left it.'

"Henry Martyn's reflection in a moment of disappointment was, 'Who is it that makes friends and sleep and food pleasant to me? Cannot He also make solitude and hunger and weariness so many ministering angels to help me on my way?'

"It is so indeed. He can make the wilderness

blossom as the rose, or turn the fruitful field into barrenness. He can give songs in the night, or turn the morning into the shadow of death, and we are called upon to be learning more and more that without Himself nothing is day, and with Him nothing is night. The good Lord gives us all this blessed experience of Himself continually.

“‘It won’t do,’ says Rutherford, ‘to be living amid the rumbling of the wheels of second causes, saying, ‘If it had not been for this or that.’ We must get out of the hearing of that jarring and din of confused noises, and run up at once to God, with ‘It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth good,’ before the soul will find her rest.’

“Our blessed Lord says, ‘Lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.’ There is much now in the power of temptation, in sorrow of various kinds, in the witnessing of sin all around, to cause the head to droop and the heart to wither a bit, but once lifted up at the day of redemption it is lifted up forever.”

To his sister: “The sufferings of an infant deeply present the sinfulness of sin to us. We are ready to say, ‘Whathath sin wrought.’ But you remember those comforting words, ‘They die for Adam sinned: they live for Jesus died!’

“Some African Christians, on leaving their native town through persecution, went out singing, ‘Such honour have all His saints’—I would that this mantle may fall on us both.

“How comfortable to know that that which distinguishes heaven is not intellectual power, or high and honourable attainments of any kind, which our hearts naturally admire—but love—let us then live in love. ‘He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.’ Have we not some understanding of this? It is

hard to delineate, but it must be proved in the soul.

"I hope on Friday to see John Darby. You will grieve to hear that he has been laid up for nearly two months from a hurt in his knee. His poor people at Calary miss him sadly."

(Mr. Darby was one of J. G. B's dearest friends. They had been together at college, and afterwards were almost entirely of one mind on the subjects most prized by both. J. G. B. used to say, "If I deserve any credit, it was that I early discerned what was in John Darby.")

J. G. B. spent a part of each day in visits of Christian counsel and sympathy amongst the brethren and others.

He was always an early riser, and on winter mornings had his table by the kitchen fire, to read and meditate, and write, for some time before breakfast. He read aloud at breakfast and in the evening.

His wife's feeble health, and the decline and death of his dear boy most deeply wounded his loving heart, and gave occasion to his "Meditations on the Book of Job."

He wrote "Did you ever meet with the beautiful wondering of Jer. xxxi. 20, in Tyndale, I believe? Ephraim, my dear son! the child with whom I have all delight and pastime; since I first communed with him I have him ever in remembrance. My very heart driveth me unto him. Most lovingly and gladly will I have mercy on him, saith the Lord of hosts!"

"Though we may not have capacity to put things together, Scripture has. We should lean upon the Word as David leaned upon his harp, and press music out of it. We must leave reason with God; believing is ours.

"If there is an entertainment of the heart, this side the glory, it is tracking the moral glory of the Lord Jesus; as one says, the conception of such a character would be more wonderful than the reality.

"Do not stand upon your rights but be willing to be a cipher. We are to be but a cipher in the world's account (as a little child is) but in the arms of Christ.

"Think of the Lord and all His love in the simplicity of a believing heart. Keep your heart open to Himself, and He will pour in only light which, though at first it may rebuke, will for ever gladden.

"At the end, all Jacob's boast and confidence is in the sovereign grace of God. How happy it is to know that we, in like measure, must be 'debtors to mercy'! We have no title in ourselves, we are like the younger child, not the natural heirs of blessing. But God gives to those who deserve nothing.

"We may, as a practical word for our conscience say, that every circumstance of life may be used as a talent. I mean, if we seek to go through it, or to meet it, or be exercised in it or by it, in reference to Christ.

"Every opportunity, every advantage we should learn to regard as an occasion of service to the Lord, not seeking to turn it to our own account but to the account of His praise. And the more we love Him, the more this will be done. Happy it is when the heart is so true to Him that it can regard all things that arise, not in relation to ourselves, but as occasions of thus pleasing and honoring Him, to try to get out of every little event something that may tell Him that we love Him."

At the time of the trouble over the views of Mr. B. W. Newton, J. G. B. wrote "The Son of God," led to it by thoughts concerning His person, which

he felt to be erroneous. Much sorrow followed in his separation from the greater number he had ministered to for so many years in Dublin, and by whom he was greatly beloved. At first he stood much alone and felt it all most keenly, the temptation must have been great to silence conscience and remain with so many whom he loved. Others withdrew from his ministry, but God graciously gave him others in turn. He said: "We will not agree to differ, because that would be making little of truth, but we will love in spite of differences."

"Love does not wait for great occasions, but buckles on its service-suit at once, as Paul at Damascus."

"The service that humbles you is true Christian service."

"It is better to rejoice that our names are 'written in heaven' than to be able to report that 'devils are subject unto us.' Graciousness of mind is better than endowments."

"'What is that in thine hand?' says the Lord to Moses, and that which was in his hand and *which he had not to go far to look for*, was to be employed as the instrument of his ministry."

"'The God of *all grace*.' How little we let the majesty of such words in upon our soul!"

"There is no citadel for the heart like confidence in God. No accuracy of doctrine will give the soul rest; there must be the knowledge of a *Person*. Christ was the manifestation of God to man, and of Man to God. He was the Man in whom God could *delight*."

"God's ways with us never *end* in judgment. In Isaiah, and everywhere else, how all the different 'strains of judgment' lead up to and end in mercy and praise."

LITTLE TRIALS.

(2 Cor. xii.)



TRIAL or affliction does not become such in point of weight or magnitude, but only as it is ordained and regulated by infinite wisdom and boundless love. If God intends that a grasshopper should be my burden (Eccl. xii. 5), the grasshopper will be beyond my control. Not unfrequently the very minuteness of the trial constitutes its magnitude. Its smallness and utter nothingness would prevent a man naming it to others, lest thereby he should expose himself to ridicule. Hence he is compelled to bear his burden alone, and is deprived of the sweets of sympathy.

The Lord's object is simply this—to keep His people in a perpetual state of dependence upon Himself. What God intends to be a burden, shall be a burden; be it a headache or a heartache—a thorn or a threat—a prick or a push.



A Whisper.



TEACH me to live—Thy purpose to fulfil,
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine :
Renew my mind, subdue my wayward will—
Closer around Thee my affections twine.

(Preston.)

A Three-worded Text.

IT took but three minutes to deliver the sermon I want to tell you about. It was preached in no church or chapel, and it had no "firstly, secondly, thirdly," in it.

"Had it a text?" do you say.

Yes, it had. It was a three minutes' sermon on a three-worded text, and it was given to a congregation numbering only ten. But the result of that one little sermon will only be known in eternity.

A small group of colliers were standing on the bank of a large coal-pit in Staffordshire. It was "pay day," and they were waiting to receive their wages.

A fine well-built man of six feet two inches joined them, his pick on his shoulder, and his lamp in his hand.

"Why, Fred," exclaimed one of the group, "we were just talking about you. They say you've turned saint last week."

"Or is it angel?" said another; "if it is, you will soon have white wings, and must never go down to blacken them in a coal mine."

"Nay, nay, don't chaff him," said a third collier. "I tell you it's parson he'll be turning, and he'll be after preaching to us all."

"Good, let him begin at once!" remarked the oldest man amongst them. "Come, Fred, here's your congregation before you; can you make shift with this block of coal for a pulpit, and preach us a sermon?"

"Yes, yes," echoed a little chorus of voices.

"There's five minutes before they begin to pay the wages."

"Now then, Fred, mount the pulpit, and preach us a three minutes' sermon," said one; "I'll be clerk."

All this time, the collier addressed as "Fred" had not spoken, but just stood listening with a good-natured smile to the lively banter of his mates. Very quietly he stepped on the block of coal, amidst exclamations of "Ah! ah! a good joke indeed; fancy Fred Sharpe, of all people, turning preacher!"

The bright light from a large iron casket of burning coals lit up the features of the tall collier, showing the peaceful, happy look in his dark eyes. For a moment he bowed his head, and a silent cry went up for help; then he said, quietly, "Well, mates, I——"

"No, no, a sermon," they cried; "you must begin with a text, your reverence."

There was a moment's pause; again a swift upward glance, and the miner said in a low, earnest tone—

THE SERMON.

"My text shall be Christ's words to Saul of Tarsus: '*I am Jesus*' (Acts ix.), for during the last ten days those words have been constantly in my mind. You said, lads, that you wanted to know about the change in me, and I've been longing to tell you what God has done for me. You may well say Fred Sharpe is the last man you would expect to see on the Lord's side. A fortnight ago I was cursing and swearing, and saying I didn't believe there was a God. Now, today, by His grace, I can say I know there is a God, and I know that He's my Father; I know there is a Saviour, and that He has saved me; I know there is a Holy Ghost, and that He is willing

to teach and enlighten me."

By this time the little group of colliers had gradually drawn nearer to the speaker, listening in amazement to their fellow-workman, as he continued:

"My lads, do you say, 'How did all this happen?' Well I can scarcely tell you; but do you remember how Saul was changed into the apostle Paul? Do you remember how he suddenly heard a voice speaking from heaven? Well, mates, it was like that with me. I was journeying on fast on the wrong road; I'd had warnings and kind words from my friends, but I wouldn't listen to them, but then God spoke to me! You have, maybe, heard that on Wednesday week I lost the last train from Leek, where I had been marketing. For a wonder I was quite sober; it was a pitch dark night, and I had to walk that nine miles back. You know the bad road it is, and a bad time of it I had to find my way. In the bitter frost and snow I thought I'd never get thro'. Suddenly there flashed into my mind a few words my old mother, bless her, once said to me, something about two roads, and the one that led to God being lighted by His presence. Then all at once came the thought, 'Fred, you are certainly not on that, your life won't bear God's light on it,' and then, lads, I shall never forget how I seemed to see before me all my sins. As I stumbled along in the dark, my whole past life seemed spread out before me, and I couldn't bear the sight. For hours I stumbled on. Once or twice I cried out—aye, and the words came from my very soul—'Lord, it's all true, quite true, but oh, Lord, save me!' I don't know how time passed, but suddenly I seemed to be a little boy again, standing at my mother's knee, and to hear her teaching me to say, 'Jesus said Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' And I

who had cursed His Name and persecuted His people heard Him saying to me: 'I am Jesus Whom thou persecutest.' And with those words light came into my soul. Ah, and I was rescued, too, as you know, and brought home."

Not one of Fred's "congregation" moved or spoke; the falling of the burning coals in the fire basket was the only sound heard as he continued most earnestly—

"And now, lads, you know I am no preacher. I would I were, if I could reach your hearts, and just compel you to come to this wonderful Saviour. He's standing by your side, and He says, 'I am Jesus,' and Jesus means Saviour. Oh, lads, you know what I've been, and yet He has saved me, as He did the persecutor Saul; and I tell you He longs to do the same for you. Oh, won't you let Him?"

The sermon was done. There was a solemn hush as the collier ceased speaking; he buried his face in his hands, and prayed earnestly, then quietly slipped down from his block pulpit. As he did so, one of the men went up to him, saying—

"You said, 'Won't you let the Lord Jesus save you, as He has done me?' and I want to say before them all, 'I will,' that is, if He will have the likes of me."

"He said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no cast out,'" answered Fred, warmly grasping his friend's hand. "You've got His own word to depend on."

Before six months had passed, Fred knew that, through God's blessing on his words that afternoon, three of his companions were humbly serving and following Christ.

F. E. T.



A Soliloquy On Death.



THESE thoughts were written in the Diary of an Oxford Undergraduate. He came of an ancient and noble race, and had he lived, would have been the heir to a large estate. He was the pride of his parents, and the joy of his home. He fell but once through the influence of bad companions at the University, and for a very brief season. But he paid the penalty of his error with his life.

He found Christ on his deathbed, and after he went to heaven, his diary, stained with his mother's tears, was found, and the following is an extract from it:—

"I was actually on the bed, beside my poor brother Nigel, when he died. He so wished to have me close to him that mother let me lie there; and I did lie with my face almost close to his, till his dear burning hand grew cold and damp in mine, and I heard the last sigh, and the last gentle breath, and father whispered to me, 'Robin, your dear brother is now not with us, but with God.' I could scarcely believe it, for that breath was just like those which had gone before. There was no difference, only there did not come another. It taught me nothing as to the departure of the soul. Henceforth the body was still; the machinery by which life is carried on worked no more: it stopped at the moment when the soul left the body. And when I next saw what had been Nigel, it was body only, and body exhibiting the change which comes on as soon as the soul has fled. This had been creeping on even before his departure: but now the grey, cold shade itself was gone, and there was only the

waxy figure; not Nigel, nor anything like him, even when asleep, only his dear shrunken face seemed decked with his sweetest smile; the pain-worn expression had vanished away, for there was no more pain, nor ever will be to him, (Oh, that I had been more like him!) and his countenance had a calm, pure, holy beauty about it, which, for a while, dried my tears, for to my loving thought, his face was, as it were, the face of an angel.

Yet it was his body only; a body soon to be buried out of our sight. But the soul? How parted it from its companion, so noiselessly and imperceptibly? It had gone forth, fled, escaped, vanished! Through the closed door, and shuttered window, it had made its way; through the sky, and through that which lies around and above it; beyond suns and stars, and all the visible universe, to the land so very far off. (and yet, which all the while, for aught we can tell, may be very near,) the realms of the departed. Silent, unseen, impalpable, how and whither went it? Before my very eyes, so to say, and yet cheating me of the sight!

"And then, as regards itself, what was its consciousness—(for I am sure he was conscious to the last of the presence of those he loved here)—what was its consciousness as to things which we see not? what were its feelings as it passed out of this world? Did it hear God calling it, as once He called the child Samuel? Did it recognize the call as His? In the moment of departure, did it see (for the soul must surely have something like sight) the blessed angels welcoming and greeting it, ready to cherish it, and bear it company on its way to Paradise? In its strange, new, unclothed state, did they carry it in their arms, and shelter it beneath their wings? Was it blinded with excess of light, as it escaped

from the darkness of this world ?

"To doff the body, the sin-stained, worn out, fleshy frame, was it like some tremendous electric shock ? or a smooth, gentle, insensible gliding from one form of life into another ? Was all that dawned on it familiar (at least, to contemplation), or altogether strange and utterly unlike the pre-conceived opinions formed about the world unseen ? In what manner of place did the soul find itself ? and whom did it join ? Were the long yearnings of the heart, after years of separation, fulfilled and gratified ? Had it the joy of recovering its long-lost treasures, and, to use an expression from this life, which must have an analogy in the world of spirits — of seeing them 'face to face ?' What (for I am only thinking of the dead in Christ) did it find Paradise to be ? Were the teachings, the speculations, the surmisings, the guesses, the hopes of earth found to be essentially true, or was there no correspondence between the expectation and the fact. Who does not desire to know these things ? Who, most especially, that is in my condition, when he closes his eyes, in order to shut out this world and meditate on that to which he is drawing near, does not long for clearer intimations than we have been vouchsafed ?

"But we are sent into this world to walk by faith, not by sight ! And faith, if strengthened and confirmed, as it ought to be, by the discipline of life, should, as its trial draws near its close, if not able to remove mountains, be nevertheless able to pierce through the veil to some extent ; at any rate to wait with patience and watchfulness, simply looking up to Christ till the end shall come, which shall remove all doubt and lighten all darkness.

"And therefore, for the present, and perhaps

because in his present state they would pass man's understanding, the things of Paradise are, in their details, completely hidden from our eyes; and the passages of scripture which touch obscurely on the subject, rather bewilder and mystify us, than give us light. All is grave reserve; or metaphor; or clothed in expressions of uncertain meaning, till we come to the practical questions affecting life and godliness, and as to the manner how we are to prepare for our last hour, and to find support under it, and through it, and beyond it. We are not taught what Death is; but we are taught how to encounter it through Him Who has not only conquered it in His own Person and work, but in its highest sense, and prospectively, has abolished it for us. He is the Conqueror of death.

"This must be enough for me; and it is ten thousand times more than such a sinner deserves, that I should have anything of good and blessedness, however vague and shadowy, in prospect before me.

"Therefore, now that I am sitting, as it were, over against my own sepulchre, I must be full of diligence to watch, and wait, and trust, and not be afraid of the darkness, but fix my eyes, amidst the gloom, on the spot where the dawn will break. And I believe, weak as my faith is, that the sting of death has lost its venom, and I shall have less dread and aversion both to dying and to death. Through the depth of my distress, whatever it be, blessed words of comfort will reach me.

"And, God helping me, by His grace I shall keep the quatuor novissima (Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell) continually before me. For why, with the Gospel in my hand and heart, should I fear, if only I have the testimony of conscience that I am trusting Jesus, Who was Crucified for me? 'The

Breaker is gone up before,' and has broken an eternal breach, which all the powers of hell shall never be able to fill in, or close up again. Let me think of this: He has made the atonement; offered the sacrifice; paid the ransom; purchased redemption; discharged the debt. And, by so doing, has changed death, from a substance, into an unsubstantial shadow; has made its shock (if shock it be) the commencement of, and the birth into eternal life. 'There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus'—Ah! that is where I rest."

(Communicated.)



"Awake thou that sleepest."



I HAVE read that when the boiler of a steamship once exploded in the night, one of the survivors relates that he was hurled into the air while asleep. His sensation was that of one who was being transported swiftly and delightfully through the air. He awoke and found himself sinking in the waves!

Oh, religious sinner. Will it not be a terrible thing for you to dream away life under the illusion that you are flying toward heaven; and then wake up to find yourself sinking in the great deep of God's righteous wrath?



A Mistaken Conversion.

(From an Address on Acts viii, 26-40.)



THIS is one of those lovely stories of Evangelist and Convert so often told with infinite variety of detail, so interesting to souls possessed of grace, and so useful to any who desire to learn the way of God's Salvation.

Philip was a deacon (ch. vi.), but he was also an evangelist, that is, he was a man endowed with love to Christ and souls, and labouring hard in the service of both. Amidst all the fervour and the stir of the splendid gospel work in Samaria, he is instructed by an angel to leave that city and go to the desert region in the south.

Perhaps this was a disappointment to the Evangelist. But he was under orders, and had no thought of disobeying as Jonah did, so he at once said farewell to Samaria and the beloved young converts there, and faced Gaza. Such ready unquestioning obedience always marks a true servant. God speaks, the servant hears. Eternal wisdom plans, lowly submission obeys.

About the same time as Philip started south for Samaria, a foreign nobleman who had been visiting Jerusalem left the gate of that city to travel home to distant Ethiopia. He was a wealthy, distinguished, and honourable man, an officer in the court of Queen Candace and the Treasurer of her Kingdom. Further, this nobleman was an earnest religionist, which is not a frequent mark of political leaders. And, more than that, he had been converted.

Now, let no one scout the idea of a converted Statesman, because conversion is an absolute necessity for everybody. Christ plainly declares

this in Matt. xviii. 3, and He always says the last word. Let all keep silence before Him!

But though this Statesman had been converted, his conversion was a mistake. He was as good as unconverted all the time. Let me explain. Conversion means a *turning*, and everything depends upon what a man is turned to when he is converted. A true conversion is a turn to *God*. We have examples of this in the case of the people of Antioch who "believed and turned unto the Lord" (Acts xi.), and in the case of the Thessalonians who "turned to God from idols" (1 Thess. i.). Now this Ethiopian Treasurer had been an idolater, and had been converted, not to God, but to the Jewish religion. Ah, to be turned to Judaism from idols was not enough. You may change from one religion to another twenty times, and not turn to God once, but remain unconverted still.

Now Queen Candace's Treasurer, having been converted to the Jewish religion, had taken this long journey to Jerusalem *to worship*. Jewish worship was exactly the kind of worship to suit an unconverted man. There was a splendid ritual, with white-robed priests, devout prayers, impressive music, and solemn sacrifices, and all conducted in a magnificent Temple which was the wonder of the world.

But something was wanting in all this pomp and spectacle—something without which any religion attractive or austere is empty and disappointing. Listen, there was no Christ in it; there was no Holy Spirit there. The Son of God had been cast out by the religious people of the day, and His Spirit could find no home in that wonderful pile of costly stones.

Without Christ, without a Saviour, without the

Spirit, Judaism could render no worship to the Father (John iv. 23). Judaism could not give peace to an awakened conscience, nor satisfy a yearning heart. It was the worship of a by-gone day. It took no account of the fact that the Messiah had been here and returned to Heaven, from whence He had sent the Holy Spirit into the hearts of believers.

The worship in the Temple was Old Testament worship. Such Old Testament worship is still to be found, and the worshippers approve it the more if the devotions are ritualistic, splendid, and sensuous, though they themselves may be devoid of Christ and the Spirit.

How can such persons worship? Worship is giving heartfelt praise to God for sins forgiven, for blessings in Christ enjoyed, for the Father's name and heart made known. Unless these previous things are possessed worship is out of the question. Before worship can be given, these blessings must be taken. No wonder the Treasurer was going home perplexed and unsatisfied. He had begun with a mistaken conversion, and his religious was in consequence a huge mistake all through. And now he had been trying to give worship from an empty heart, with sins unforgiven, and the Father unknown. How could he be satisfied? No hungry soul is satisfied by what he *gives*, but by what he *takes*; and in Judaism there was nothing to take.

Let us consider this a little further. Are we to give or take? Is God demanding or bestowing? No one can give to God unless he has first received from Him. David recognised this when he blessed God for the people's gifts: "All this store that we have prepared . . . cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own." And again, "Of Thine own have we given Thee" (1 Chron. xxix.). When Jesus sent

Peter to find the money in the fish's mouth, He said, "That take and give" (Matt. xviii.). And when sending out His disciples His word was, "Freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x.). The fertile field receives the seed, the rain, the sunshine, and the tiller's toil throughout the year, and gives the harvest at the end.

The effort of the Ethiopian Treasurer was to give to God before he had taken anything from God, and this is the case with myriads still ; and the mistake is the greater because God is not asking for anything. He desires man to take freely from Him. Giving to God is impossible to an unconverted man. He is a spiritual bankrupt, a hopeless pauper. But if the unconverted man cannot give, he can take. Destitution does not prevent a beggar from taking alms, and all the wickedness of the past, and the weakness of the present need not prevent a sinner from taking pardon, peace, and power, since God is offering these freely to whoever will take them.

Here lies the secret of the Treasurer's trouble, and of the perplexity of many anxious souls now. They think God is approaching with demands, and they endeavour to meet them out of the resources of their stark poverty. Oh, that they would come as they are, with empty hearts and penniless pockets, and take the forgiveness, the eternal life, the Spirit, the peace, the joy, the heaven, the all that God bestows in giving His Son. It is not give, but *take* ! Take Christ and all the unsearchable riches that are in Him, then giving may begin, and God will gladly receive your worship, your love, yourself.*

Warrnambool, Vic.

J. N. B.

(*The conclusion of Mr. Barrett's Address will n.v., be given next issue.)

“We Love Him Because He First Loved Us.”



A GENTLEMAN, who had a house surrounded by beautiful grounds, was looking from his drawing-room one evening, when he saw a boy come across the lawn, evidently bent on mischief. He was trampling down the flowers, treading over the beds, and pulling down the branches from the trees.

The gentleman went down the steps, across the lawn, and, before the boy had seen his approach, he had placed his hand firmly on his shoulder.

The boy struggled vehemently to escape, but his attempts were useless ; a strong hand had secured him.

“Now, my boy,” said the gentleman, “answer me one question. Which is the best flower in this garden ? ”

The boy struggled, but finding there was no escape from the quiet eye and firm grasp of the man he had injured, he looked round, and, after a few minute's pause, he answered, “That rose is the best” ; pointing to a beautiful moss-rose, just bursting into full bloom. The gentleman, still keeping one

hand on the boy's shoulder, reached out his other hand, and, plucking the rose in all its beauty, gave it to the boy, and releasing him as he did it, "There, take it, my boy," he said.

The boy was amazed. Looking into the face of his strange benefactor, he asked, "Ain't you going to have me punished, sir?"

"No," was the reply, "I am giving you the best flower in my garden. You will never come and trample down my flower-beds again, will you?"

"Never, sir, as long as I live!" was the emphatic reply; "but, please, sir, ain't there some *little errand* I could do for you?"

Free forgiveness and a token of love had won the pardoned boy's heart. From that hour he was the willing servant of his FRIEND. And many a time that boy would be seen, cap in hand, standing at that gentleman's gate, with the loving petition on his lips, "Please, sir, is there any little job I could do for you?" You may be sure the request was not refused.

Have not we as sinners trampled down on God's holy will and word, and grieved him many, many times? And how has He treated us? He forgave us, and gave us Jesus, His own dear Son, the choicest Gift His love could give. Shall we not in return give Him our all?

Lady Hope.

The Monthly Search.

For GIRLS—About Needlework.

- 1 Who said "there is a time to sew" ?
- 2 What prophet condemned women who sewed foolish finery for themselves ?
- 3 What good woman's needlework for others was shown to an apostle after her death ?
- 4 What lesson did Jesus teach from what was called "the eye of a needle" ?
- 5 Of what kind of women are we told that she made tapestry ?
- 6 What do you suppose Job meant when he said, "The sewest up mine iniquity" ?
- 7 What was the first sewing we read of in the Bible ?
- 8 When was needle work first used for God's service ?
- 9 What religious usage on the part of His disciples did Jesus say would be like patching an old garment with new cloth ? What do you think He meant to teach ?
- 10 What father made a coat of many colours for his son ?
- 11 What mother made a little coat every year for her first-born ?
- 12 What woman's patriotic song is recorded, describing the return home of conquerors adorned with many-coloured needlework, part of their spoil ?

For BOYS—About Building.

- 1 Who was the first builder ?
- 2 When Christ described a foolish man who began to build without counting the cost, and so could not finish, what did He wish to teach ?

3 Where does God say that His righteous judgments shall be measured to the scornful as certainly and closely as a plummet?

4 Find and write out the passage which speaks of an everlasting foundation, a good foundation, and a foundation of repentance.

5 Write out three verses in which God is spoken of as building in a spiritual sense.

6 Write out three verses in which men are spoken of as building in a spiritual sense.

7 Where is the insecurity of a false place compared to building with untempered mortar?

8 In what passage are people who would neither do good nor evil, compared to untrodden mortar, or potter's clay?

9 When did priests, women, goldsmiths and other merchants build a stone wall, of which their enemies said a fox could knock it down?

10 Did the builders pray as well as watch against these enemies? How long did their work take?

11 Where is the verse, "He that built all things is God"?

Bible Ears.

1 Who asked to speak into a certain man's ears?

2 What made a certain peoples' ears tingle?

3 What sound came to a prophet's ears and deprived a king of his throne?

4 What does Paul say about itching ears?

5 Who have ears and yet hear not?

6 Whose ears did the Lord pronounce as blessed?

7 How many times in the N. T. is the exhortation: "He that hath ears to hear, &c."

[1st answer in Genesis—then answers in rotation through the Bible.]

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 40—2 Chron. xxviii. 6-15. No. 41.—Josh. xviii. 2-9.
No. 42—Gen. xliii. 29.)

NO. 43.

ANXIOUS watchers are on the city walls, Well may they be anxious, for whither can they look for help? They are hemmed in by a cruel and relentless foe. See! the camp fires twinkle all around in the darkness, and the neighing of the chariot horses can be at times distinctly heard.

Few slept that night in the city, except the little ones who lay down in happy ignorance of what might be on the morrow. Not that the inhabitants were stricken with terror; no, many of the besieged could rest in confidence: *all* were given the same promise, and some heartily believed.

Still, it was an anxious time at the best, and so they watch and wait, guarding the walls and peering into the darkness for fear of sudden alarm. But even then when they most feared there was least cause for terror—one was moving around and about them whom they saw not—and when in the dawn the watchers were joined by those who had risen early to look for the coming help, as they looked—O, wonder! it had already come when least expected, and in a manner none expected.



NO. 44.

A POOR young man lying out in the fields—he is quite alone and seems to be sick and dying. Hour after hour passes, and some days and nights drag their slow length along and he is still alone, sick and starving.

He hears footsteps—perhaps his friends have come back to look for him? No, these are strangers and soldiers; perhaps they will kill him! But see, they are kind to him and give him a drink of water and

some food.

What a crowd of people ! and what a fine time they are having ! They are singing and dancing, they have plenty to eat and drink, and are evidently determined to enjoy themselves. Such a contrast to the first part of the scene—nobody starving here ; and yet I think I see some who look very sad and half broken-hearted. But the rest are not going to be sad, not they. Perhaps some of them think for a moment or two of one of their party whom they deserted the other day, but they soon forget him and return to their fun again. Little do they imagine that *someone is watching them !*

No. 45.


SOMETHING hidden in the ground ! The man was able to do it quickly, for the soil was not hard, and he *had* to do it with the greatest speed imaginable, as it would never do for anyone to find what he had stowed away. Yet this is no thief or plunderer, if one may judge by his appearance, for he is a noble-looking man, and seems to be an officer of rank. There is something about his face that one can trust, and yet it expresses very clearly at this moment the greatest indignation, as well as considerable alarm.

Several hours have passed by. We see the same man again, but this time not alone. If one may judge by his gestures he is reproving some persons, and clearly he is right in doing so, yet if he be in the right why does he suddenly change colour ? *Did someone see him when he was digging ?* A chill of fear strikes to his very heart as the words which fall upon his ear reveal to him that his secret is discovered !

He hurries from the spot, and of this I am sure that neither to-morrow nor the day after will you see him near the place where he concealed in the earth that which never belonged to him.

“Forbid them not.”



 LORD, we have heard,
 For 'tis writ in Thy Word,
 When children were brought unto Thee,
 To those Thou did'st say
 Who rebuked them that day,
 Not so ; let them come unto Me.

We oft have heard tell
 Thou did'st love them so well,
 That no one might drive them away,
 And still in Thy name
 Is the message the same,
 Thy heart is as loving to-day.

Still the children may come
 To Thy heavenly home,
 There is room for them all and to spare,
 In Thy great heart of love,
 In the mansions above,
 In the place Thou art gone to prepare.

Come, children, come now,
 At His feet lowly bow,
 Who loves little children to-day ;
 Oh ! believe and confess,
 And He'll pardon and bless,
 And He never will turn you away.

“The Strait Gate.”



THE Kingdom of God, strangely unlike most kingdoms, has only one door. Stranger still, that door is not a magnificent portal, but a mere postern, narrow, and, to many, uninviting, and even forbidding. “Narrow,” do we say? Nay, it is “strait” as earthly gate never was nor could be; for it *exactly fits* every one who comes, *and no more*. It might well be called “The Stripping Gate,” with inscription: “Instant Admittance and Warmest Welcome for *thyselves*”; but none for *thyselves* *and* aught else beside.”

Simple souls, being content with these terms, enter so easily that they marvel why a portal so accessible should be called “strait”; but not so the unsimple. They want salvation *and* something of self and its possessions. Hence struggle and strife, which often continue till death. They *want* to enter, but cannot leave all else outside—their pride, pleasure, ambition, good works, prayers, religious exercises, &c.

Of two brothers—the first mentioned in the Old Testament—the one murdered the other. Of two brothers—the first mentioned in the New Testament—the one brought the other to Jesus.

“Partakers of His Holiness.”



I KEPT for nearly a year the flask-shaped cocoon of an Emperor moth. It is very peculiar in its construction. A narrow opening is left in the neck of the flask, through which the perfect insect forces its way, so that a forsaken cocoon is as entire as one tenanted, no rupture of the interlacing fibres having taken place. The great disproportion between the means of egress and the size of the prisoned insect, makes one wonder how the exit is ever accomplished at all, and it never is without great labor and difficulty. It is supposed that the pressure to which the moth's body is subjected in passing through the narrow opening is a provision of nature for forcing the juices into the vessels of the wings, these being less developed at the period of emergence from the chrysalis than they are in other insects.

I happened to witness the first efforts of my imprisoned moth to escape from its long confinement. Nearly a whole forenoon, from time to time, I watched it patiently striving and struggling to get out. It never seemed able to get beyond a certain point, and at last my patience was exhausted. Acting as though I was wiser and more compassionate than its Maker, I resolved to give

it a helping hand. With the points of my scissors, I snipped the confining threads to make the exit just a very little easier, and lo! immediately, and with perfect ease, out came my moth, dragging a shrunken body and little, shrivelled wings. In vain I watched to see that marvellous progress of expansion in which the wings silently and swiftly develop before our eyes, and as I traced the exquisite spots and working of the divers colors, which were all there in miniature, I longed to see these assume their due proportion, and the creature appear in all its perfect beauty, as in truth it is one of the loveliest of its kind.

But I looked in vain, my false tenderness had proved its ruin. It was never anything but a stunted abortion, crawling painfully through that brief life which it should have spent, flying in the air on rainbow wings.

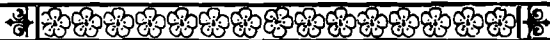
The lesson I got that day has often stood me in good stead. It has helped me to understand what the Germans call "the hardness of God's love." I have thought of it often when watching with pitiful eyes, those who were struggling with sorrows, suffering or distress, and it has seemed to me that I was more merciful than God, and I would fain have cut short the discipline, and given deliverance.

But how know I that one of these pains

and groans can be spared? The far-sighted, perfect love of God seeks the perfection of its object. He chastens them, that they may be "partakers of His holiness."

"*Through much tribulation we must inherit the Kingdom.*"

"I would *hasten my escape*" (Psa. lv. 8). But James gives us the better way: "Let patience have her perfect work."



1 John iii. 3.



EVERY night in the great Lick Observatory in California, an astronomer, lying upon his back, looks through a telescope that he may note the very second when a certain star crosses a spider's web, stretched across the lens. The crossing of this star gives the time to the Observatory and the surrounding country.

And He Who is the bright and morning Star should regulate our lives—our hearts, our families, our businesses, our all. Let us constantly through this night of our toil and care look through the telescope of Hope. The Hope of His return if consciously known would revolutionise our lives.

FALSE PEACE.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace : But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils" (Luke xi. 21-22).



“**HERE** is no peace . . . to the wicked.” Twice in Isaiah does the God of truth declare it:— At the close of His denunciations of *idolatry* (ch. xlviii. 22).

At the close of His lament over *Israel's rejection of their Messiah* (ch. lvii. 21).

The first declaration must be obvious to all, the second may be obscure to many. That idolaters are wicked, who would gainsay? But what about the orthodox Jew or him who is a professing Christian? Is there a possibility that he too can be justly stigmatised as wicked?

The question is, does he, notwithstanding all his religion, reject Christ as God's one and all-sufficient Saviour? If so he, too, is found in the category of the wicked, and God categorically affirms that there is no peace to him even as there is none to the infidel and profane. Though the world and the flesh and the devil may cry "Peace, peace" (Jer. vi. 14), and the clerical charlatan and false teacher may echo it, and their own lips profess it, yet, be men good or bad in the eyes of their fellows, God brands each and all who have not savingly believed on and confessed His Son as wicked, and confutes the lie of "Peace, peace" by proclaiming the truth: "There is no peace."

"The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Who ever calmed the troubled sea? Only He Who once spoke peace to Galilee's troubled waves.

Xerxes, the Abasuerus of the Bible, tried his best, but in vain, to accomplish the super-human. Calling upon Zeus and Poseidon, the monarch whipped the sea when it was unruly and opposed his movements, but it only raged the more.

Pagan Rome, with the aid of the Sibylline Oracles, attempted again and again to master the turbulent elements, but her shattered fleets and sunken treasures were evidence of her folly.

Canute the Great sat on the sea shore, and sought to set the boundaries of the approaching tide, only to confess his impotence and the supremacy of the Creator.

An anti-Christian Hierarchy, too, has tried to still the mighty deep by miracle-working relics; such as the repeated, but useless, bearings of the supposed mouldering bones of John the Baptist along the great quay of Genoa, &c.

Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon dreamed of a universal empire of peace; but that empire awaits the day when the vast and restless sea of nations shall be brought under the sway of earth's Creator, Redeemer, and Lord—"the Prince of peace."

And what is true of nations must be true of the units who compose them. He Who "made peace by the blood of His Cross" is the only One Who has the right or the might to speak peace, be it to the troubled sea or the troubled soul.

"Calmly He rose, and with sovereign will

He hushed the storm to rest:

'Ye waves,' He whispered, 'Peace, be still!'

They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a mighty storm
O'er troubled sinner roll
Till Jesus' Voice and Jesus' Form
Said, 'Peace, thou weary soul!'

But alas! out and out wicked men and also hollow religionists often experience false peace. Heavily drugged by the devil's soporifics they are insensible of their deplorable condition. Like the sea, they at times present an exterior as still, as smooth, as shining as glass.

Yet beneath the surface may be felt the restless swell, the rising tide, the running current. Then when the winds gather, when the spiritual influences of evil, controlled by the "prince of the power of the air" operate, the false calm is broken up and all is agitation and turmoil.

"The strong man armed" knows right well how to keep his belongings in peace. He chooses, dispenses, administers his sleeping draughts with Satanic regularity and skill, and, moreover they never lose their effect until, mayhap, the eyes of the drugged victim open in hell, never to slumber more. The only present hope of the demon-possessed soul is the advent of the "stronger Man" Who only can bind its grim gaoler, and arouse the insensible sleeper from his fatal slumbers. Then it throws off its lethargy, the mind clears and gets alert, the heart becomes concerned and the conscience alarmed, soul exercise, deep and painful, but needful takes place about sin, judgment, eternity, and Christ is savingly accepted. Thus does He fill the soul with the calming sense of His own Person and atoning work, and "peace, perfect peace," as real and as lasting as it is divine, is embraced and enjoyed.

S. J. B. C.

Why He Didn't Come.

ONE morning, about a month ago, a carpenter failed to put in an appearance at the house where he was working. Upon enquiry it was discovered that his wife had been left ninety-six thousand pounds, and that, in his altered position, our friend the carpenter had decided to hammer no more. He had got something better. This is the principle upon which Christians renounce the world. When they receive Christ they possess something infinitely better and richer than anything the world can give (Heb. x. 34).

If you would not gather the forbidden fruit, then beware how you look on the tree where it grows.

◆◆◆◆◆

Promises are wells of comfort, but *prayer* is the vessel to draw the water with.

“Redeeming The Time.”

* * *

NEVER a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears ;
While the to-morrows stand and wait—
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

Fifteen Hundred Miles on Foot.

SOME years ago there lived in a town of Northern Germany, a young man who had long since cast off all thoughts of God, and lived in sin so open and terrible that he was remarkable amongst the ungodly and depraved as one who outdid them all. How wonderful are the ways of God! God made use of the exceeding sinfulness of this young man to awaken in him the first desire after salvation. He became alarmed at his own wickedness. "I am worse than any other," he thought. "If it is true that the wicked go to hell, and only the good to heaven, it is plain where I am going. If ever a man was lost eternally, I must be that man!"

Night and day did this thought haunt the wretched sinner; his peace was gone, and he found no pleasure even in sin.

"If only," he thought, "it were possible to be saved!" What could he do? He had been told of penances and prayers, of convents where monks spent their days in works that might at last atone for sin; and he felt that no labour could be too great, no torture too severe, if he only might have the faint hope of pardon at last.

He resolved to become a monk, but he wished first to know in what convent in the whole world the rule was the strictest, and the penances the most terrible. If it were at the other end of the earth he would go to it, and then he would spend the rest of his days in penance and in prayer.

He was told in answer to his inquiries that the

monastery under the strictest rule was one in La Trappe, distant about 1500 miles from his home; he could not afford to pay the expense of his journey, and therefore resolved to walk the whole way, begging as he went. This alone would be the beginning of a penance, and might gain him one step towards heaven.

It was a long, weary journey, each day beneath a hotter sun and through strange lands. He felt scarcely alive by the time he came in sight of the old building where he hoped to gain rest for his soul—for his body it mattered not. Having rung at the gate, he waited till it was slowly opened by an aged monk, so feeble and infirm that he seemed scarcely able to walk.

"What is it that you want?" asked the old man.

"I want to be saved," replied the German, "I thought that here I might find salvation."

The old monk invited him to come in, and led him into a room where they were alone together.

"Tell me now what you mean," said the old man.

"I am a lost sinner," began the German. "I have lived a life more wicked than I can tell. It seems to me impossible that I can be saved, but all that *can* be done I am ready to do. I will submit to every penance, I will complain of nothing, if only I may be received into the order. The harder the work, the worse the torture, the better it will be for me. You have only to tell me what to do, and whatever it may be, I will do it."

I would ask you who read this story, have you known what it is thus to feel *yourself a lost sinner*? To know that you are on the road at the end of which there is but one place and that place the eternal lake of fire? To feel that all toil, all suffering, all torture here, would be but an exchange to

welcome, could you but gain by it the faintest hope of escaping from everlasting despair? If you are still without Christ, you are, whether you know it or not, on this dark road with its one terrible end; and should God in His great mercy have awakened you, so that you know the danger and the hopelessness of your position, you will be in a state to welcome, as a voice from God, the wonderful words which were spoken in answer to the trembling sinner—spoken by the monk of La Trappe—

"If you tell me to do the most fearful penance, I am ready to do it," the German had said; and the old monk replied, "If you are ready to do what I tell you, you will go straight home again, for the whole work has been done for you before you came, and *there is nothing left for you to do*. Another has done the work instead, and *it is finished*."

"It is finished?"

"Yes, it is finished. Do you not know that God sent down His own Son to be the Saviour of the world? Did He not come? Did He not finish the work the Father gave Him to do? Did He not say on the cross, 'It is finished?'"

"What was finished?"

"He undertook to bear the full punishment of sin, and He did bear it, and God is satisfied with the work done by His Son. And do you know this—Where is Jesus now?"

"He is in Heaven."

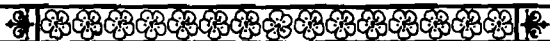
"He is in Heaven. But why is He there? Because He has finished the work. He would not be there otherwise. He would still be here, for He undertook to do it all, and He would not go back to His Father till *all* was done. He is there because God is satisfied with His work."

What astonishing tidings for the poor, weary

sinner ! Did he believe them ? He did ; and after a short time of rest, during which He learnt more of the blessed Gospel from the lips of the old monk, he returned to his own land, there to make known amongst sinners, lost as he had been, the news of that love and grace of which he had first heard in the monastery of La Trappe.

Instead of walking 1500 miles to hear of the One Who has completed the work of redemption on the cross, may the voice from La Trappe reach your heart, and bring peace and joy to you also.

“ Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ ” (Rom. v. 1).



Humility.

OF all trees, I observe, God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall ; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb ; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading palm ; but in the bush, a humble, slender, abject shrub ; as if He would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man.

(Old Author.)



The Foothold for Eternity is the Rock of Ages. Are you upon that Rock ?

The Evangelist and the Treasurer.

(From an Address on Acts viii. 26-40.)



THE Treasurer with his retinue left Jerusalem somewhere about the same time as Philip left Samaria. One was moving west and the other south. Would they meet? Yes, for the meeting was pre-arranged by God. So the travellers' paths intersected just at the right time and place.

The intelligent christian rules out of his vocabulary such words as chance or luck. He knows "the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" (Jer. x.); and he trusts the loving care of One Who "brings the blind by a way which they know not" (Isa. xlii.). Happy are those who

"At every step their blindness own,
And ask of Him the road."

At that moment the nobleman in the chariot was reading—a frequent occupation with travellers, and never so frequent as to-day. Passengers by boat and train and tram must have "something to read," and shelves and stalls groan beneath the tons of literature provided for them. Reading is regarded as a refined pursuit, and a book is a mark of some literary taste. But there are perils in books, and reading may be a serious dissipation. The youth engrossed in the exciting magazine or the sixpenny novel may be feeding his soul on the sorry fare provided by an author who is profane, or lewd, or infidel; and the author's sentiments pass into the lad's character formation to his serious injury. The mind takes colour by what it feeds on.

“Man, earthy of the earth, an-hungred feeds
On earth’s dark poison tree—
Wild gourds, and bitter roots, and deadly weeds—
And as his food is he.
But some there are who find and eat
God’s manna day by day;
And glad they are, their lives are fresh and sweet,
For as their food are they.”

Philip saw the earnest, wistful look of the reader in his chariot, and, under the Spirit’s direction, he approached the great man. To his delight he heard him reading the prophecy of Isaiah. The book was not open at the word of the Lord concerning Moab, or Egypt, or the Assyrian, but at the very throbbing heart of the prophecy, the marvellous 53rd chapter: “He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not His mouth: in His humiliation His judgment was taken away: and who shall declare His generation? for His life is taken from the earth.”

Do our friends know the 53rd of Isaiah well? If not they owe it to themselves and to the Holy Spirit who wrote it to read this truly wonderful chapter at once, and to read it again and again.

“Do you understand what you are reading?” inquired the Evangelist.

“How can I,” answered the Treasurer, “except some man should guide me.” This was a wise and humble acknowledgment of his ignorance, and he invited Philip to take a seat beside him. The two were soon lost to all else as Philip poured into the Treasurer’s willing ear the story of Jesus.

The Evangelist knew his business well. He did not censure the Treasurer’s religion, or carp at his mistaken conversion.* He did not exhort him to pray and wait, nor did he represent God as demand-

*See “The Message” for March.

ing anything from a man who felt his need of everything. What did he say? "He preached unto him Jesus," or as the Greek Scripture literally reads it, "He announced to him the glad tidings—*Jesus*."

This means very much. Jesus is the good news. Jesus is the gospel: not alone something about Jesus, and certainly not anything about the sinful man whom the gospel addresses. No! Jesus the Son of God in His person, work, power, faithfulness and love is the gospel for man's life and salvation. He is the Substitute for man in death, and the Substitute for man in life. Before Him let man in all his vanity and sin disappear. Let Christ fill all the room! Let Christ be all in all!

"He announced the glad tidings—*Jesus*." Philip might have done this in three ways.

(1) Jesus is the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy.

The Jews of that day and ever since have disputed the reference of Isaiah 53. Some say it refers to Isaiah himself, or to Jeremiah, or to the Jewish nation in symbol. "Jesus is the theme of Isaiah," says Philip, and so says faith at all times. Seven hundred years before He came the Spirit gave the prophet this wonderful fore-view of the suffering Son of God, and stone blind must be the unbelief that gives the chapter any other application.

(2) Jesus is the Atoning Sufferer.

Here the Evangelist is at the heart of his subject. Christ died for sinners. His death is the way of deliverance from the power and the doom of sin. With what urgency and animation would Philip dilate upon that precious death! And the scripture before him would be ample to state and prove his case. Eleven times in twelve verses is there a declaration of the work of Christ as the sinner's

Substitute. See verse 4 (twice), verse 5 (four times), verses 6, 8, 10, 11, 12. Oh, let our friends who are in fear and bondage study these eleven statements until their meaning drives out all dread, and fills them with the same joy as filled the heart of this Treasurer.

(3) Jesus is the Rejected One.

"His life is taken from the earth;" read the Evangelist. "Listen," he might say to the inquirer by his side, "do you know the meaning of that statement? It declares that the only Perfect Life that was ever displayed here was hated by man and cruelly ended on the bitter cross of shame. The life of Jesus of Nazareth was pure and spotless, but men had no eyes to see perfect moral beauty, so they drove out the Perfect Man to the darkness and infamy of the Cross. 'His life was taken from the earth.'"

Thus the Evangelist expounded the prophet to his willing listener. But he went beyond the prophet in preaching Jesus, for he told him that that wonderful Life taken from the earth was set by God at His own right hand. "Jesus is risen!" he would say; "the Outcast of earth now fills the throne of God!" And the Treasurer listened till his soul was swept by a new emotion, as a new Vision filled his sight, and a new desire fired his heart.

And now a remarkable thing took place. As the travellers were driving on they came to a pool of water. "See, here is water!" said the Treasurer, "What prevents my being baptized?" What suggested such a request as that? Let me explain. Baptism is a figure of death and burial. Baptism speaks, as plainly as a symbol can speak, of the last disposal of the man who is baptized. He is dead and done with.

The Treasurer had heard that the life of Jesus was taken from the earth, to reappear in the glory of God. "Let my life go too," he said in effect. "It has been a sad and sinful life; let it be buried in the grave of baptism. Let my life be taken from the earth. Henceforth let Christ be all to me, my new life—a life lived in Him, through Him, and for Him."

And so the chariot was stopped, to the astonishment of the retinue, who saw their master go down with the stranger into the water, and come forth again with the light of a holy joy upon his face which they had never seen before. And no wonder, for he had received the glad tidings—JESUS. And in receiving Him he had received the new life, and for joy thereof he was glad to let the old life be terminated and buried out of sight.

And that is the one need of millions still—a new life. Listen, dear friend, whose past is blotted and blackened by sin, and you, old man, whose life has been a dead failure, and worse. Listen, all you whose lives are sad, blighted, and lonely; all you who would almost rather choose strangling than life: God is offering you a new life. He would not have you waste a moment in patching up the old life. Let it go. Christ is the new Life. Begin with Him.

But let me caution you here. Do not imagine that baptism will either dispose of the old life, or bestow upon you the new one. Baptism is God's symbol of this great life change, but baptism cannot produce it. Baptism is His pictured representation of burial and resurrection, but do not put the picture in the place of the spiritual reality, or you may be fatally deceived. Would you set before a starving man the picture of a loaf of bread to satisfy his

hunger? Thank God for all His lovely pictures, but do not think too much of the pictures. Get past them to the reality.

Christ is the Great Reality. Christ is the new Life. Take Christ and thus receive the life, and you will at once endorse the divine assurance, "He that hath the Son hath life" (John v. 12).

Thus the Treasurer was saved and satisfied at last—not by what he was, not by what he did, not by what he gave, but by what he received in taking Christ as All. Be assured, dear friends, there is no other way of life and salvation for you.

Warrnambool, Vic.

J. N. B.



Holiness and Righteousness.—Holiness *repels* evil, righteousness *consumes* evil. If you drop kerosene upon a hot stove, the heat consumes it; if you drop water upon it, the heat repels the water. The first action is that of righteousness, the last that of holiness.

G. W. Gy.



Mercy is like the rainbow in the heavens. We must look for it in the day of life. It shines not at night; it is not known in the outer darkness.



You can no more blame your circumstances for your character than your mirror for your looks.

The Surest Way.

THE London correspondent of an Edinburgh paper left the key of the outer door of the house in which his office was situated, in his office. He was out gathering news late at night, and could not make the only person in the house—his office clerk—hear him knocking.

He went to the telegraph office, and wired to Edinburgh to telegraph to the clerk, by their private wire (which was connected with his office), that he was at the outside door. They did so, and the clerk came down and let him in. Though hundreds of miles away, via Edinburgh was the best and quickest way of reaching the clerk !

From this we learn that prayer is the surest way and the quickest of reaching those nearest to us, as it is those farthest away. Wire to heaven to reach those nearest to you. It may seem a roundabout way, but without it all importunity and knocking are in vain. It is God's message to the soul in answer to ours which constrains it to open the door.

DO NOT WAIT.

HOW beautiful is Rahab's faith ! She does *not* wait, as recommended by the spies, *until* the people "be come into the land" (verse 18) to bind the scarlet line in the window ; they are scarcely gone when she hastens to put it there, testifying thus to what she had believed ; her faith does not linger, it speaks henceforth loudly ; she proclaims from her window, Christ and the efficacy of His work to save the most miserable of sinners. Do you ?

“Ye are built up.”



SEVERAL years ago, in the course of some building operations at a factory in which I held an official position, I was one day watching a stonemason engaged in bedding the base stone used to support an iron column, upon which was to rest one corner of an entablature, to which, in due course, would be attached the bearings, etc., of heavy running machinery. With thoughts of the importance of this corner-stone being secured in its place with firmness and accuracy, I made the following remark :

“Now, mason, mind you bed that stone to a sixteenth of a hair of your head—that will be near enough.”

If there was an element of foolishness in the form of my observation, there was certainly, I felt, none in the reply which he made. Indeed, as I have recalled his words from time to time, I have felt more and more their fitness and importance. Looking up from his work, he said :

“Yes, that will be near enough for the stone; but unless you and I are nearer than that, we shall be outside.”

How solemn is the truth which these words convey! They call to remembrance numerous scriptures which speak of Christ, “the

Rock," the "Foundation stone," the "Corner-stone." But to be near Him, though a sixteenth of a hair may not separate us, will not save us. We must touch Him—there must be the contiguity of faith. "To Whom coming," says Peter, "ye are built up." Yes, we must be founded on Him "the Living Stone"—our souls, our lives, our Eternity resting on Himself.

The Evangelist.



THE gift of the evangelist is a *great* gift. I do not say that he may not get another gift, as Paul did; but as a rule, as far as I know, I have not seen an evangelist give up his proper calling, and settle down to teach, who has not lost his power. I look upon a gift as some special presentation of Christ to the soul, as has been truly said—when an evangelist stands up to teach, he is sure before long to preach. On the other hand, if a teacher stands up to preach, he is soon drawn into teaching.

The Lord bless you much. Come *from* the Lord, and come *for* the Lord, and you are sure to be blessed.

J. B. S.

“Tangle-Foot,”

Or, Lessons from the Fly Paper and the Flies.



WHAT think you, boys and girls, were my thoughts as I gazed at the fly paper and the ensnared flies?

“Oh,” you say, “you felt a bit sorry for the flies, didn’t you?”

Yes, but these little creatures invade our Australian homes in such troops as to be a source of damage and danger to property, health, and even to life. Hence, they must be destroyed. But my thoughts did not linger in this groove, they ran in another line. I saw, yes, and I still see in “Tangle-Foot,” a miniature picture of

The Snare of Sin.

How harmless it seems! Yet how deceptive and dangerous it really is. Look at that silly fly hovering over its surface. Down he drops, just for a moment, only to explore and taste; but, ah! he will never rise again. His feet are glued to the sticky varnish, and his fate is sealed.

So it is with sin. It often looks most innocent, and young people say, “There is no harm in this.” “Let us go just for once.”

"You must not be too particular." Thus, they excuse themselves, and forbidden and hurtful things are indulged in. But sin sticks to the sinner, and the sinner sticks to sin. Evil habits and companionships when formed pollute every fibre of daily character, and fix the soul down to that which is its curse and ruin.

But let us look at "Tangle-Foot" again, and see in it

The Folly of Sin.

"Tangle-Foot" is crowded with the dead and the dying; yet here is another victim coming gaily along. Indifferent to the fate of his comrades, he circles around and above them. Then, allured by the supposed feast of good things, his feet touch the fatal mucilage, and he is held fast. How foolish he is, and how foolish sinners are to rush heedlessly into that which has trapped and bound and slain so many!

"But," you say, "that tiny fly hesitated before he settled, he seemed doubtful."

I daresay, but the temptation was too strong for his instinct of self-preservation. "Tangle-Foot" is very attractive to the flies—so soft, bright, and glistening in the sunlight. It smells, too, so nice and tempting. Oh,

The Fascination of Sin!

How tempting it is! With what glamour

and bewitching promises does Satan cover it to entice and ensnare the unwary. Boys and girls, be sober for a moment, and try and understand what I mean.

How attractive is the novel and the dance to yon giddy girl, and the cigarette and the nobbler to that careless youth.

How hard, and sometimes how lonely and monkish it appears to be a Christian, and how easy and pleasant to go into the world's pleasures and pursuits.

Yes, sin is nice at the start, and tasty, as it is "rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue." For instance, what fun is it to "play truant from school." Yet, often it has to be hidden by a lie, and a lie needs another and another to cover it. When once ensnared, the evil-doer sinks deeper and deeper into trouble. It reminds us of the poet's despairing lines, which he puts into Marmion's dying lips—

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we venture to deceive."

"Tangle-Foot" illustrates how Satan entangles his victims; it is an object lesson of

The Mastery of Sin.

Do you observe that wretched fly wriggling to escape from the mess he is in? But the harder he tries the worse his plight becomes. His feet are crossed and locked, the glutinous mixture gums his fair wings together, closes his eyes up, stifles his breath, and now he

falls over on his side—faints, sinks, and dies.

By no efforts of our own can we extricate ourselves from the wiles of sin. The Bible says, "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins"; and another scripture declares, "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." Only Jesus,

The Conqueror of Sin,

can set the sinner free. He "did no sin," yet, for our sake, He "became sin." He came down into the snare, and on the Cross He "sank in deep mire where there was no standing," to reach us and save us. Then He rose right out of it and triumphed over it.

Watch that fly tugging to get free from the snare. He gets one foot out, but the other feet are still entangled; he gets another out, and a third, a fourth, a fifth, and his wings beat the air with the rapidity of lightning; he pulls, wriggles, and swings, but still the remaining foot is held fast till, exhausted, he falls back deeper than he was before.

Ah, he cannot save himself. But I can save him, and I will! See, I take my pen and safely lift the little creature out of the mire, and he is free. How glad he seems! With what new strength he cleans his slender feet and his wire-gauze wings, and then flies away as far as he can from the subtle wile.

So Jesus saves us, that, free from sin's grip,

we may "cleanse ourselves" from our former ways (2 Cor. vii. 1), and with the wings of faith and prayer soar away—as far away as we can from that which once held us captive.

One word more. Boys and girls, look at

The End of Sin.

When "Tangle-Foot" is crowded with flies, what becomes of it? Why, mother, or sister, or the servant puts it into the fire. Yes, into the fire it goes—flaring up, crackling and consuming.

The end of sin is the fire! Both sin and sinners must go into it. Awful thought. I will not dwell upon it. But if you do not believe it, open your Bible and read Rev. xx. 14, 15.

But Jesus is waiting to save you from sin and its doom. There is a lovely scripture, which says—

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they *call* on Him in whom they have not *believed*? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not *heard*?" (Rom. x. 12, 14).

How simple and beautiful is God's salvation—

First, you *hear of Him*.

Next, you *believe in Him*.

Then, you *call on Him*.

What does calling *on* Him mean? It means that you *confess* Him. You not only

call to Him, but you call *on* Him, and thus publicly own Him as your Saviour. And He publicly confesses you as His—calling you by His own Name (Acts xv. 17 same word), which take care you never disgrace.

There are only three things essential to salvation—the hearing *ear*, the believing *heart*, and the confessing *mouth* (Rom. x. 9, 10).

And then—what then? Why, free from “Tangle-Foot”—

Free From Sin,

and from its sad consequences, you are at liberty to serve and please the One who has released you, and who has said, “If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”

S. J. B. C.

No man can ever rise above that at which he aims. If your aim is to get on in the world, you will never rise above it.



Criai is the file which rubs off much of the rust of self-confidence.



Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 43—Is. xxxvi. 2, xxxvii. 33. No. 44.—1 Sam. xxx. 11-18.
No. 45—Exod. ii. 12-15, Acts vii. 24-29.)

NO. 46.

A NUMBER of old men are walking together down a steep hill. They do not all belong to the same class or position in life, as some by their dress show that they are members of a profession which distinguishes them from the rest. They are all old venerable men whose experience and age combine to make them valuable witnesses of past events; men whose position in their homes and in the government would command respect. One of the number is clearly different from the rest. He is not old, yet he appears to have authority. To his words the others listen attentively, and his actions are closely watched.

What is he carrying? Down the steep road they walk, leaving the fortifications behind, while on the left hand is a high hill. What is the younger man going to do with that thing in his hand? and whither is he leading his old companions?

At last he stops, and, turning round, addresses them with solemnity and vehemence. He points upward, then around, and then towards the place which they left with him a short time since.

Now, as he speaks, fear and horror fill their minds, their limbs seem to totter, and their faces are blanched with terror, for the heart of each is sick within him.

The speaker clenches his words with a sudden impetuous movement, and leaves the place.

NO. 47.

IT is an autumn morning, very wet and very cold; the waves are roaring loudly on the beach, and all

around looks bleak and stormy. A number of men, some three hundred or more (of at least three different nations) are gathered together, some looking inquisitive, some despondent, some as if accustomed to obey, some to command. One, a little man, attracts our notice; he has something remarkable in his look, and he appears to have influence over his companions. Several of the men are busying themselves here and there, he especially. See, he has picked up something and is carrying it in his arms; but what has happened? Suspicious looks appear on many faces—muttered words fall from the lips of many: the rain, the cold, the storm are all forgotten; one man, one *thing*, attracts every eye.

No. 48.

MORE than half a million of men are marching home from the war! What a sight they are as the sunshine glances from their spears and shields! These are no mere parade-ground troops, for the enemy whom they have conquered far outnumbered them, and see, too, what spoil they are bringing home!

From the high ground on which we stand we can get an extensive view, and yet even those great droves of cattle are but a small portion, and those columns of soldiery but a few of all the returning multitude. Many, no doubt, will hasten to welcome the victors, and to give them an enthusiastic reception; but above all the rest we notice one man wending his way down the hilly road. It is not his height nor is it his dress that attracts us, but a *look* in his eye, and an *expression* on his countenance.

Whence do they come? They are not of earth—that man holds communion with his God. No wonder that the soldiers halt to receive him—he has a message for

them and their general. Theirs has been a wonderful victory, it is true, but he speaks to them of a stouter foe, a fiercer fight, and a victory far more glorious. His words bring home conviction to those who listen; a holy zeal is kindled in their bosoms, courage and enthusiasm are written on their faces, and unless we are much mistaken this day which many thought to be the end of fighting is the beginning of a new warfare which shall bring far greater blessings to the nation than even that glorious victory from which they have just returned.



“God will take care of you.”



A GENTLEMAN, walking along one of the streets of Philadelphia, was accosted by a boy, who pleaded for a penny. The gentleman was at first inclined to send him away, but something in the boy's face forbade that, so he asked :

“What do you want to do with a penny ? ”

“Buy bread, sir,” was promptly answered.

“Have you had nothing to eat to-day ? ”

“Nothing, sir.”

“Boy, are you telling me the truth ? ” asked the gentleman, looking him steadily in the face.

“Indeed I am, sir.”

“Have you any father ? ” questioned the

gentleman, now thoroughly interested in the boy.

"No, sir, father is dead."

"Where is your mother?"

"She died last night. Come with me, and I will show you where my mother is."

Taking the hand of the boy, the gentleman followed his guide down a narrow alley, and stopped before a miserable place, which the boy called home. Pushing open a door, he pointed to his dead mother, and said:

"There is my mother, sir."

"Who was with your mother when she died?" asked the gentleman, deeply moved.

"Nobody but me, sir."

"Did your mother say anything before she died?"

"Yes, sir; she said, 'God will take care of you, my son.'"

Sooner than his dying mother had dared to hope, God had honoured her faith by sending to her son one whose heart was touched with tenderest pity for his condition. The gentleman was a Christian, to whom God had entrusted much of this world's goods, and the little orphan was kindly cared for by him.

God in His Word is called the Father of the fatherless. He has said that none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate, and it is safe to trust in His promises.

Building and Ministry.

(2 Tim. iii. 14-17 ; 1 Peter iv. 11.)



THERE is great danger of getting one-sided in our souls. You will find that "building" is a very important word in our scripture. Building is laying one truth on another, and is largely carried on by ministry, either directly from the word, or preachings and writings of those who can edify. (See Col. ii. 7; Jude, 20.)

One of the first diseases in the church was, they were one-sided and carnal, saying, I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos. Do not follow one line of truth only, or you will be defective in every other. There were three yearly feasts in the Old Testament (see Deut. xvi.) : the Passover came first; but the Israelite could not stay there, he must go on to Pentecost; neither could he stay at Pentecost, but go on to the feast of Tabernacles; he must take in the whole circle of the truth of that day, and go over and over again, as the years went round, learning the truth deeper each year if he was a man of faith.

So with us, we need "all scripture" if we are to be perfect or full-grown in Christ. Some might only be occupied with objective truth, while others with subjective truth only. Well, I say, If you keep to either only, you will soon be blown over. "All scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable" *for us*. The New Testament was written *to us*, therefore what is written *to us* should be studied first. We need, however, to study both the Old and the New, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Every

truth should find its place in our souls. In our private reading of the Word we must go steadily through the books of scripture, or we shall never get the true scope of the Gospels or Epistles.

Suppose a Christian should say, "I shall keep to John's writings." He would know nothing about the "body of Christ." Paul mentions what John does not, and John mentions what Paul does not, so we require all that is written. Truth connected with Christ is mostly *objective*, and truth connected with the Holy Ghost is mostly *subjective*.

Now I come to *ministry*. We are all to be ministers. Our ministry must be necessarily one-sided, but the minister himself must not be. We can only minister according to the ability which God giveth.

The moment you imitate another you lose the divine intention as to ministry. God intended every minister to be different. Man seeks to make them all alike. Man sends his minister to college to make him like every other minister, which is just the opposite to God's plan. I believe the reason why many a brother does not minister is because he thinks he cannot do it like so and so. Now one man may speak mostly of judgment, and his preaching is blessed; and another speaks mostly of grace, and he is also blessed; each must keep to his own line, and minister according to the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified.

We need all the gifts that God has given, and although we may be deprived of many through the unfaithfulness of the Church, yet we should recognise the value of *every line of truth*, and the vessel that may carry it. Perhaps you may think you have no gift, but I believe we are all called to be ministers in one way or another.

The sisters also have their ministry, though in a less public way than men. But before there can be any profitable ministry to others, there must be prosperity in our own souls, and if there is building going on *within*, there will be ministry of some sort flowing *out* from it. The Lord increase it for His name's sake.

(The late G. W. Glenny.)

"The shadow of the Almighty."

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" Psa. xlii.



Is it not a very curious thing that the tendril of a climbing plant will not turn, like a leaf, to the light, but away from the light to the shadow?

Why is this?

Because the shadow tells it, in some wonderful and mysterious way, that some object around which it can twine is casting the shadow near it; whereas if light is all around it, that shows that there is no solid object round which it can twine near at hand to intercept the light and cast a shadow. Therefore, the tendril has learned by experience to turn always to the shadow for support.

And so, dear troubled child of God, your trouble will reveal to you the presence of the Mighty One, whose shadow it is, and you can lean all your weakness on His Almighty strength. Let your whole life be a turning to God, Who is all your salvation, and should be all your desire.

Bible Figures.



THE Figures of Speech most frequently used in the Bible are *Personification*, *Apostrophe*, *Hyperbole*, *Comparison*, *Metaphor*, *Allegory*, and *Parable*.

1. *Personification* ascribes life and action to inanimate objects, as : "The sea saw it, and fled ; the deep uttered his voice, and lifted his hands on high."

2. *Apostrophe* turns from the regular object of address, and speaks to the absent or the dead, as if they were present, as : "O Death ! where is thy sting ? "

3. *Hyperbole* consists in magnifying or diminishing an object beyond reality, as : "They were swifter than eagles. It is less than nothing."

4. *Comparison or Simile* expresses the resemblance which one thing bears to another, as : "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

5. *Metaphor* expresses resemblance without the sign of comparison, as : "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path."

6. *Allegory* represents one subject by another, without formally mentioning the subject represented, as : "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt ; thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it." See also Jotham's allegory (not parable) of the trees.

7. *Parable* is a similitude of something *real* and *true* in life or nature, from which a moral is drawn for instruction and illustration, as : "A certain man had two sons," &c.

How to Receive.

"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein"—Luke xviii. 17 ; Rom. xiv. 17.

WHO knows how to take a gift?
Any little child.

Ready to receive he stands,
Shining eyes and open hands,
Heart and action mild.

Not a doubt has he of love,
Full of faith and trust.

It is easy to receive,
It is gladness to believe
Love gives as it must.

He will take it happily,
As he knows it's meant.
If the gift be small or great,
Toy or coin, or half a state,
He is well content.

He returns the giver thanks,
Then he uses it.
Does not question for a day,
Takes the joy it brings straightway
For his service fit.

Lord, Thy kingdom is Thy gift,
Given for love's sake.
Help a little child like me,
All the grace it means to see,
And Thy love-gift take.

Lord, Thou givest royally
What I could not win.
Help me, since I ever pray
For Thy kingdom day by day,
Straight to enter in.

Marianne Farningham.

“So Great Salvation.”

“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?”
(Heb. ii. 3.)

FIRST of May, wife—‘Sweep’s Day.’”
“Happy month to you, Bob.”

“Ah, my dear, this day takes me back to the old times, when, as a lad—quite a tiny—I used to dance round the Maypole and take part in the festivities of Jack-in-the-Green.”

“Yes, Bob, things have greatly changed since small boys were employed to climb the large open chimneys, as your grandfather used to tell.”

Bob Evans was a sweep, who had been brought up to the trade from his youth. His family had pursued the same occupation for three generations, and Bob’s apprenticeship had been a long one, and, when finished, he and his father went their rounds together.

His character had not been altogether respectable with regard to speech amongst his companions or kindness to his wife.

The simple story, however, spoken by a working man at the corner of a road, of the love of God and of the death of Jesus to save ruined men, touched poor Bob so deeply that he repented and sought forgiveness from God there and then. In a word, the sweep was converted, and his former comrades in sin marked the great change that had come over him, for his conversation was altogether different, oaths and curses were no longer uttered, the home became tidy and respectable, the children were well fed and clothed. Bob’s wife—once intimidated by

her husband's violent ways—went singing about her work, as she said, "happy as the days are long."

Evans now began to wonder what he could do for the Lord who had so loved him as to bring him out of darkness into His marvellous light. He was always ready to tell his mates of the remarkable change in his life and circumstances, but what about his customers? He became greatly concerned about their spiritual welfare, especially desiring the salvation of those who lived in the larger houses and moved in the upper circles of society. He made this, as he did everything else, a matter of earnest prayer, and the Lord laid a plan on his mind which, though it appeared at first quixotic and impracticable, was to bear fruit to His glory.

One day Evans had "a wash and brush up," as he called it, and spick and span in his Sunday best, went off to a tract depot and bought a packet of tracts. "I want them for gentlefolks," said he, "They must be well printed, and on nice paper, and sell me also some envelopes, thick and good quality."

For some days his wife noted with surprise that all her husband's spare moments were spent practising penmanship, until he was able to write quite neatly on the envelopes, "With the Sweep's Compliments."

Then, deftly folding the tracts one by one he placed them inside, and, ere he started on his round, wrapped half a dozen or so in a piece of paper to keep them clean, and slipped them into his jacket pocket.

"Ah!" said Bob, "wife, how I pity some of those rich-poor, the people who have lots of money but no Saviour, and no care for or thought of Him."

"Well, we can pray for them," said Mrs. Evans.

On completing his task one morning at a large

and fashionable house, the sweep drew from his pocket one of the envelopes and laid it down.

A maid, noticing it later on, placed it on a silver salver and took it into the drawing-room to her mistress. There were friends staying with the lady, and when she opened the envelope her indignation knew no bounds.

"It's like a sweep's impudence to send me his hateful tracts," said she, "and with his compliments indeed! that Evans shall sweep no more chimneys here." Her friends became very merry over what they considered an excellent joke, but to this lady, who was well known to be supremely indifferent to religion, it was evidently a cause for much annoyance.

She glanced at the title of the tract, then angrily tore it into shreds and prepared to consign it to the fire, while her companions ridiculed the sweep and his mad fanaticism, as they called it.

Fifteen years have rapidly passed away, and the lady had enjoyed to the full her fling of worldly pleasure, forgetful of God and neglectful of the "great salvation."

Now she lay dying, and her agony of mind was great. What would become of her soul? Was it possible that such a sinner could be saved? Her acquaintances avoided the sad scenes of the death chamber; even if they had gone to her they could have been no help.

Suddenly she remembered the sweep and his act which she had resented in the long ago. A search was made for his name and address, which were discovered with some difficulty. He was hurriedly sent for, as the lady said she felt sure he could tell her the way of salvation.

Bob Evans hurried to the house, expecting to find a chimney on fire, and ready to extinguish it, little dreaming that he was to save a soul from death.

He was hastened to the sick room, and there, black and grimy as he was, he knelt by the snowy-white bed, pointing his former employer to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The lady faintly informed him that as she tore up the tract many years before some words had caught her eyes which she had been unable to forget. The poor sweep rejoicingly told her of the Lord Jesus Christ, his own Saviour, Friend and Lord.

He urged her acceptance of Him Who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Like one who is drowning and catches at a straw, she drank in eagerly the sweep's message of hope. She believed at the eleventh hour in Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," and passed away a few days later resting her soul on the Saviour who had redeemed her with His precious blood, Who was "wounded" for her transgressions and "bruised" for her iniquities that she might have "so great salvation."

N. T.

While we seek to heal a wound in our brother's actions, we should be careful not to leave a scar on his person.

"The sacrifices of the wicked are an abomination." Why? Because the incense savours of the hand that offers it.

The "Sabbatic" River.



IT is said that the late Mr. Spurgeon was asked what he thought of the "Latter-day Saints." His reply was : "I prefer the *every-day* saints.

We have, however, observed some who profess to love and serve the Lord who appear so different in spirit and word during the six working days of the week than on the first day of the week. These have sometimes been called "Sunday Christians." These persons resemble a river in Northern Syria, beyond the Lebanon range, called the "Sabbatic" river. Of this river, the late Colonel Conder writes, in his work on Palestine : "Its intermittent flow was reckoned among the wonders of Syria by the ancients. This river springs from a pool in the cave, and at intervals of between four and seven days a rumbling sound is heard in the mountains, and torrents of water flow forth from the cavern, flowing down the valley for several hours."

Turning to the pages of Josephus, we find that he gives this description : "It hath somewhat very peculiar in it ; for when it runs, its current is strong, and has plenty of water : after which, its springs fail for six days together, and leave its channel dry, as any one may see ; after which days it runs on the seventh day as it did before, and as though it had undergone no change at all. It hath also been observed to keep this order perpetually and exactly ; whence it is that they call it Sabbatic River—the name being taken from the sacred seventh day among the Jews."

A soul in a healthy state of grace will desire grace to serve God when engaged in the daily pursuits of life, as well as when more especially employed in His worship on the Lord's day. There is an abiding fulness in the Fountain to fill all the streams of our every-day life.

A Home Beyond.



A STORY is told of an old Norse King, sitting one night in his great hall, when the tempest was raging furiously without; the great fire threw its glare far out into the dark recesses of the hall, all the brighter for the storm and darkness around.

While the king talked with his counsellors, a bird flew in, passed over them, and out again at the open window opposite.

"Such," said the king, "is the life of man—out of darkness into light, and then out of light into darkness, lost in the blackness and storm again."

"Yes, Sire," said an old courtier, "but the *bird has its nest beyond.*"

Dear friend, have you got your nest beyond? Have you found an abiding shelter in the deep cleft of the Rock of Ages. Without a home in God, in Christ, you are like the bird building its nest on the brittle bough, or the tree marked by the woodman for destruction. The ruthless woodman's axe rings at the foot. The tree falls, and the homeless bird flies through the forest pouring forth its plaintive tale of woe.

But *with a Home in Him*, you are like the lofty soaring eagle, which builds his nest in the deep cleft on the giddy precipice; let the storm rage ever so furiously, let the floods thunder and rock themselves into mad fury at the foot, let the wild winds blow a hurricane aloft, none of these things move the eagle, safely sheltered in the cleft of the rock.



He that would be angry and sin not, must be angry at nothing but sin.

Who was Jesus?



I WAS surprised one day when, at the close of the school, one of my little girls came begging the loan of a Bible. She said she wanted to take it to her brother who was sick. The Bible was, of course, given. But two weeks later the little girl came again to me, telling a pitiful story of how her brother wanted to see someone from the school.

"What does your brother want, dear?" I said.

"Why, he's sick, you know," was the reply, "and he's going to die, and he wanted someone to tell him how to die, and not to be afraid. I told him it was in the Bible, but he says he can't find it. But I told him that you knew all about it. Won't you please come and see him?"

I was deeply interested in what the girl told me, and, the next morning early, visited the home of the child. The sick one I found to be a youth—fourteen or fifteen years old, who had been at public school almost all his life.

I was admitted by the mother, and upon making known the errand, she said, "Yes, John is sick, but please don't tell him how sick he is." I could not promise, but passed into the next room, where the sick youth sat, propped up with pillows. He was evidently in the last stage of consumption.

Taking him gently by the hand, I said, "My lad, do you know you are very sick?"

"That is just what I want to see you about," was the reply, "I know I am going to die, and I am afraid. Annie told me there was a Book in her

Sunday School that told people how to die and not be afraid, and here it is, but I can't find out about it. But she was sure you did know how, so I wanted to see you."

He had evidently begun at Genesis, in his effort to find out how to die and not be afraid. No wonder that in his ignorance and weakness he had not been able to get the help he so urgently needed. I sat down by him, and, taking his hand, tenderly asked, "Why are you afraid? Do you know?"

"No," answered the lad.

"What do you know about death?"

"Oh, I know about it. I have seen dead horses, and I have seen funerals."

"Have you ever done wrong?"

He nodded.

"Don't you think it is because you have done wrong that you are afraid to die?"

After a moment's thought, the answer came slowly, "Yes—I believe that's the reason."

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?"

"Jesus? Yes. That is one of the words we use when we get mad."

"Is that all you know about Him?"

"Yes. Who is He?"

Very simply and tenderly did I tell this dark mind, who had lived all his life almost under the shadow of a church spire, yet had only heard the name of Jesus in blasphemy in the street, WHO JESUS WAS. Then taking the Bible, which was lying open near, I asked him to read some verses from Isaiah liii: "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. Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

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."

With a few words as to who the "we" that had "gone astray" pointed to, and Who the One that was "wounded for our transgressions" really was, we turned over to Romans vi., and read: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ." Then at the 5th chapter, "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And then in the 8th chapter, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

The plan of atonement never seemed so simple as when it was being explained to this eager listener. It did not take us long—just a few words as to Who Jesus was, and what He has done, and done for us. And with thoughts fastened on Galatians ii. 20, "The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me"—we paused.

Presently he reached out his thin hand and laid it on my sleeve, saying: "I understand it now; don't say any more, for fear I shall forget it."

Kneeling by the chair, I offered a few words of prayer; and then suggested, that if he believed Jesus had died in his stead, he should thank Him for it, and declare his trust in Him, And so I bade him good-bye.

The next morning, early, another call was made, for I was greatly interested in the youth; but the death-angel had been there first. The mother came to the door, and with a burst of weeping told how, during the night, her boy had died.

Quieting her as well as possible, I tried to ascertain how he passed away, and if the teaching given

him had influenced his last hours.

"Oh," said the woman, "he was so changed. I could not understand it at all. He was so happy. He was saying all the time, 'Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! He was punished for me. Blessed Jesus,' he whispered, 'punished instead of me!'"

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree . . . by whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter ii. 24).

"A Sweet Savour unto Me."

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Command the children of Israel, and say unto them, My offering, and My bread for My sacrifices made by fire, for a sweet savour unto Me, shall ye observe to offer unto Me in their due seasons" (Num. xviii. 2).

NOTICE that God says, "*My offering*," "*My bread*," "*My sacrifices*," "*A sweet savour unto me*." The grand leading thought is not so much Christ as meeting our need—though surely He does most blessedly meet that—as *Christ feeding and delighting the heart of God*. It is God's bread—a truly wonderful expression, and one little thought of or understood. We are all prone to look at Christ merely as the procuring cause of our salvation, rather than the One who delights the heart of God, the channel through which all blessing flows to us.

God delights in Christ; and it should be our constant aim to present to God that in which He delights. Christ should ever be the material of our worship. How often, alas! is it otherwise with us. Both in the Church and in the closet, how often is the tone low, and the spirit dull and heavy! We are occupied with self instead of with Christ; and the Holy Ghost, instead of being able to do His own

proper work, which is to take of the things of Christ and shew them unto us, is obliged to occupy us with ourselves, in self-judgment, because our ways have not been right.

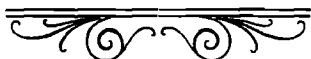
Why is the tone of our worship meetings frequently so low? Why such feebleness, such barrenness, such wandering? Why are the hymns and utterances so wide of the mark? Why is there so little that really deserves the name of worship? Why is there so little in our midst to refresh the heart of God? so little that He can really speak of as "*His* bread, for *His* sacrifices made by fire, for a sweet savour unto Him?" We are occupied with our wants, our weaknesses, and our trials; and we leave God without the bread of his sacrifice. We actually rob Him of that which is His due, and that which His loving heart desires. Is it that we can ignore our trials, our difficulties, and our wants? No; but surely we can leave them to Him.

He tells us to cast *all* our care upon Him, in the sweet and tranquillizing assurance that He careth for us. Is not this enough! Ought we not to be sufficiently at leisure from ourselves, when we assemble in His presence, to be able to present to Him something besides our own things? Surely we cannot suppose that such things are the food of God's sacrifice. He has made them *His care*, blessed be His name; but they cannot be said to be his *food*.

Christian reader, ought we not to think of these things?—think of them, in reference both to the Church and the closet? Ought we not to cultivate such a condition of soul as would enable us to present to God that which He is pleased to call "*His* bread," and to have more entire and habitual occupation of heart with Christ as a sweet savour to God?

C.H.M.

❀ Seven W's. ❀



♫ HO' quaint may be the theme we choose,
 We speak not simply to amuse,
 Do not ~~the~~ lessons, then, refuse
 Taught by these seven "W's."

YOUR WORDS :

Both good and bad, they rise, they slip,
First from the heart, *next* from the lip,
Then forthwith on their mission trip,
 To heal and help, or wound and nip.

YOUR WILL :

Oft stubborn, restless, wayward too,
 So rash to plan, to say, to do ;
 Grace only can "stiff will" subdue ;
 Ask God to give that grace to you.

YOUR WISHES :

Heed them ! or you may pout and fret
 For what will fill you with regret.
 'Tis better sometimes *not* to "get"
 The thing on which the heart is set.

YOUR WRONGS :

Forgive ! Nor dark resentment nurse ;
To brood o'er wrong but makes it worse.
A timely text, both true and terse,
Is Romans xii.—the nineteenth verse.

YOUR WORK :

Look up, and God will shew you it ;
And give you strength and moral grit,
And daily school and make you fit
To do it well—yes, every bit.

YOUR WAY :

The Lamp of Truth is shining bright,
It gracious beams around unite
To flood your earthly path with light,
And guide your little steps aright.

YOUR WANTS :

Spread them before the Throne above,
And leave them there—nor one remove ;
But fold your heart-wings like the dove,
And rest, assured that "God is Love."

S. J. B. C.

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 41—Jer. xix. No. 47.—Acts xxviii. 1-8. No. 48—
2 Chron. xiv. and xv.)

NO. 49.

THERE is considerable excitement in a city—crowds to be seen everywhere, and amongst them many strangers from different parts of the world. Something has happened which causes great difference of opinion, joy is seen in many faces, amazement in others; there are a few soldiers and some who appear to be ecclesiastics hurrying into a building as if about to make some fresh plan of action. *But what are those figures that move about the streets?* It is long since they have been seen in the city; perhaps none of those who now look upon them had ever seen them before. But the strangest thing is that those who see them seem to know who they are!



NO. 50.

FOUR men are engaged in some solemn rite. One of them who takes the principal part and whom one might expect to have seen in the attire of a priest is not so attired, yet he is performing strictly priestly functions. They all take part in this, and much depends upon it—possibly even their lives—for see how they scan the face and actions of their leader! When he begins to pray they are silent; perhaps from their hearts earnest supplications for pardon rise to a merciful God, yet even these prayers are not their hope. No, all is centred on the prayer now being offered by this one man. And he?—what are his feelings? Sorrowful but not terrified he presents his request, and God hears and sends a double answer—pardon to them, peace to

him. While praying for others the sorrow gradually loses its hold and his face shows that a new and blessed peace is taking possession of his heart.

Look at this same man a little later on. He is now the centre of an admiring crowd; the guests fill the banqueting chamber. It is not exactly an occasion of festivity, for an outside show of affected sympathy is to be noticed in the expressions and attitudes. This is not very deep, however, and their appetites are not in the least impaired by feelings of compassion. Now they take their leave and some substantial offerings remain, touching mementos of affectionate and disinterested neighbours. Yet these are not the cause of that settled peaceful look upon his face. No! he remembers that it all began when, forgetful of self, he prayed for others.

No. 51.

THERE is an old man speaking earnestly to someone, he seems as if pleading for something. He is evidently speaking to no stranger, but to one whom he has known for a long while. As a result of his entreaty he climbs a hill and when the summit is reached a look of satisfaction and peace comes over his face—but, he is gone! Where is he?

A very long time has passed by, everyone has died except the one to whom he was speaking, and I see the old man again, and again on the top of a hill. A river flows between the peak on which we saw him first and that where we now behold him. He is not alone. At the foot of the hill I see a noisy crowd, at the summit is a little group, some of whom are conversing upon a subject which appears to be of the deepest interest. What would I not give to hear their words!

“Don’t Wake Daddy.”



AT an open-air meeting the leader appealed for the testimonies of any of those present. While this part of the meeting was in progress there passed by a sceptic. He would have passed right on, but at that moment the testimony of a saved drunkard reached his ears. He paused and listened. The reformed man was telling how Jesus had wrought the miracle. The sceptic was unable to withhold a few open remarks, which was audible to all those standing around. He thought it “nothing more than a dream, religion saving a man in this manner—just a mere belief.”

No one had interfered with the man until now. God had His own special way of dealing with him.

Among the bunch of listeners who had gathered round was a little girl about ten or eleven years old. She approached the man timidly. “If you please, sir,” she said, “if it is only a dream, don’t wake him—that’s my daddy!”

The sceptic got converted and soon found out it was no dream.

Hypocrites resemble looking-glasses, which present the faces that are not in them.

Reading in the Light.



THE Bible must be read in the light of God or it cannot be understood. We have heard of an eminent man who through failing eye-sight could read only when his book was placed in a strong light. His laborious but delightful investigations of the Scriptures were conducted close to the windows of his study, where the direct rays of the sunshine fell upon the open pages of his Bible. As the sun passed over the heavens he moved his book from window to window, following the light until the glow died out in the western sky, and his day's work was finished.

Two things are essential to the right understanding of the Bible: first, it must be read in the light of God's presence; and second, it must be read with humility and self-distrust.

The source of all illumination is God. "God is the Lord which hath showed us light" (Psa. 118). The divine volume must be opened beneath His rays. And then, the mood of the reader must be that of the great king who at his accession prayed, "I am but a little child. I know not how to go out or come in give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart" (1 Kings iii.). "A little child" reading in the light of God will know in his heart profound truths that clever critics may miss in every verse.

The Bible critics of the day resemble nothing so much as the fool in the popular picture, who is represented as consulting a sun-dial at night by the aid of a lantern which he has brought for the purpose. Of course the shadow on the dial will indicate what-

ever time the fool may wish—anything except the truth. All the same the fool may suppose, and positively assert, that the fitful shadows cast by his flickering light are showing the exact time.

So do modern critics, most of whom are unconverted men having not the Spirit, set the divine word in the midst of their own darkness and then turn upon it the glimmer of their unsanctified reason. They deceive themselves that they are zealous for the truth, but unconsciously they are moved by the carnal mind which is enmity against God (Rom. 8). How can pride and enmity discover truth and love? Who can trust the interpretations of light which darkness proposes?

The critics of God's word have not fared very well if the Scriptures account is to be accepted. Foremost among them, and the leader of all the rest, is Satan, who, by changing what God had said, deceived the mother of us all, and brought in a day of judgment right at the beginning of man's history. God's solemn word was, "Thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii. 17). The devil inserted one word, altering the divine warning into, "Ye shall *not* surely die" (Gen. iii. 4). The amendment was accepted, but universal ruin resulted, and Satan brought on himself the heavy curse of God. Jehoram's steward derided the predictions of the Lord and perished miserably, trampled beneath the feet of a surging mob (2 Kings vii.). Amaziah, the priest of Bethel (Amos vii.), Rabshakeh (Isa. xxxvii.) and Jehoiakim (Jer. xxxvi.) are other examples of the sin and awful danger of passing judgment upon God's sure word.

It is no doubt humiliating to the mind of a proud man to be told that the first postulate of the Scriptures is that they be regarded as unerring and God-breathed truth, but lowly minds and broken hearts

can understand the postulate, and, using it as a working principle in their study of the Word, they discover precious lessons where the worldly-wise see only insolvable problems.

As the sun-dial is of no use without the sun, so the Scriptures can teach nothing to a soul sitting in darkness. Let the dial and the one who consults it be brought into the light of God, and then both are rightly placed; the Word is itself illuminated, and its teaching illuminates the soul. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light" (Psa. cxix. 130).

Let our readers beware of seeking truth by the lantern of human wisdom instead of the daylight of the Sun of Righteousness. "In Thy light shall we see light" (Psa. xxxvi. 9).


Sunbury, Vic.

J. N. B.



"Doth not nature itself teach?"



" NWARDS, still onwards," the Stream keeps repeating,
 "Holiness seek for,"—the Lilies reply;
 "Trust,"—the Anemones tenderly whisper,
 "Love,"—the Forget-me-nots wistfully cry.

Learn, for the whisper of nature is mighty,
 Learn of the flowerets the lesson of love;
 Learn of the brook and the sunbeams to trust Him,

God, the good Giver, Who watcheth above.

How Have You "So learned Christ?"

ON passing through the wards, I went by mistake into one which it was against the rules of the institution to visit. I saw all around me very sad faces as well as suffering bodies. Hanging on the walls were pictures of our Saviour and crucifixes.

I addressed one of the sufferers, longing to bring the comfort of His presence into their midst, and desiring simply to speak of Him, but a cold, "You are not of our persuasion, miss," was the reply.

Of what value is the shadow without the substance, the cold, lifeless assent without the living reality? I left the ward, having learned afresh the blessed position of those who know Christ in reality from the striking contrast I had seen. In the one case the sufferers might look upon the outward emblem of His precious death on the Cross, of which the many crosses round the walls were a sign, yet apparently knew not that peace which He made through the blood of His cross, nor the rest and joy which He imparts. The others were sitting at His feet, Himself their all in all; having known Him as revealed in His Word, they were awaiting that Home which He had prepared for them.

Returning to the other wards, I went to a child with sightless eyeballs and whose face was veiled. She said to me, "O, how good the Lord was, not to take my sight until I had learned the whole of Ephesians by heart." As I listened, I thought of the language of the prophet, "Thy words were found and I did eat them, yea, they were unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

Another, suffering from a form of paralysis, was full of joy, that her poor frame could not be kept quiet. Yes, those afflicted ones were truly sad,

suffering objects to gaze at,

“Vessels of the world’s despising,
Vessels poor, and mean, and base,
Bearing wealth God’s heart is prizing,
Glory from Christ’s blessed face.”

Each time I visited the hospital, I heard the same voice of joy and thanksgiving. When last I called to say good-bye, upon leaving for England, the young woman to whom I have referred, who was used as the Lord’s messenger to the tried lady was approaching her end.

I remarked, “I am sorry to hear you are in so much pain.”

“Sorry,” she repeated in a tone of reproach, “sorry to know I am nearing the golden shores—the golden shores.” Yes, faith was almost lost in sight, and like one of old, she saw the heavens opened.

Child of God, how have you learned Christ? Are you living in close intimacy with Himself, proving the child-like faith that rests unquestioningly on His Word, and knows all must be well? Or, as you read the account of this satisfied one, do you long for closer communion, to be more entirely shut up to Himself? Let me tell you He desires to have you living thus in the secret of His presence, and He will as surely fill your desires as He did those of whom I write, causing your heart to burn within you while He talks to you by the way. Should your path, like theirs, be lonely and tried, or suffering, Jesus will be with you every step of the way, and in having Him you have all.

“Oh, to be emptier, lowlier,
Mean, unnoticed, and unknown,
And to God, a vessel holier,
Filled with Christ, and Christ alone;
Nought of earth to cloud the glory,
Nought of self the light to dim,
Telling forth His wondrous story,
Emptied, to be filled with Him.”

“Through your Prayers.”

“But withal prepare me also a lodging: for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you” (Philemon 22).



HOW coming events can be, and are affected by prayer may, and indeed does present a difficulty to some. That in answer to prayer many things have been delayed or averted, and sometimes most unlikely things brought about, is unquestionable, and is thankfully attested to by saints all down the ages. But, on the other hand, numbers of prayers (and earnest ones, too!) have to this day remained unanswered. God is wiser than we—this we cannot doubt, and while our answered prayers give cause for grateful thanks, the fact that at times our requests are not granted should bring us into exercise before Him, so that even in denying us what we ask we may learn Himself better, and more clearly understand His blessed way with us and for us. But although answers may be long delayed and sometimes definitely denied, yet prayer is a real thing.

Evidently Philemon and other brethren at Colosse or Laodicea, or both, were praying that the Lord's servant might visit them. And not having been there before (Col. ii. 1) no doubt the Apostle desired it, too, and being, as it would seem, satisfied it was the Lord's will, he could ask Philemon to prepare him a lodging in view of his visit. Even though he was at that moment a prisoner at Rome, with no immediate prospect of release, yet released he was for a season and thus prayer was answered.

All this is interesting, not because it shews the Apostle's confidence in the Lord, but also is that the Apostle plainly attributes his *expectation of re-*

lease to the prayers of Philemon and those with him. Paul might have said, "I trust that, *through the Lord's mercy*, I shall be given you," or used some other equally true words, but is it not striking that the Spirit prompts him to say, "*through your prayers.*" His visit to them (impossible though it then seemed) was to be a direct answer of their prayers. This scripture should surely be a very distinct encouragement to us to "labour fervently in prayer" as the brother Epaphras did (Col. iv. 12). The Apostle valued the prayers of the brethren, as is shown from 2 Cor. i. 11, Rom. xv. 30-32, 2 Thes. iii. 1-2 and Phil. i. 19. He acknowledged their efficacy both in furthering his service and in compassing his deliverance from the various and increasing attacks of the enemy.

Dear brethren, may Philemon 22 encourage us "always to pray, and not to faint."

Melbourne.

W. C. C.



"FAINT NOT."

In prayer	Luke xviii. 1.
In confidence	2 Cor. iv. 1.
In hope	2 Cor. iv. 16.
In work	Gal. vi. 9.
In tribulation	Ephes. iii. 13.
In well-doing	2 Thess. iii. 13.
Under chastening and rebuke	Heb. xii. 5.



That sinner's darkness will be greatest in hell whose light on God's truth was clearest on earth.

“The sure prophetic word.”



THE following incident is related by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. While he was in Constantinople, soon after the Crimean War, a colonel in the Turkish army called to see him and said :

“I want to ask you one question. What proof can you give me that the Bible is what you claim it to be—the Word of God ? ”

Dr. Hamlin evaded the question, and drew him into conversation, during which he learned that his visitor had travelled a great deal, especially in the East, in the region of the Euphrates.

“Were you ever in Babylon ? ” asked the doctor.

“Yes ; and that reminds me of a curious experience I had there. I am very fond of sport, and having heard that the ruins of Babylon abound in game, I determined to go there shooting. Knowing that it was not considered safe for a man alone there I engaged a sheik with his followers to accompany me for a large sum. We reached Babylon and pitched our tents. A little before sundown I strolled out to have a look round. I caught sight of one or two animals in the distance, and then returned to the camp, intending to begin my sport as soon as the sun had set. What was my surprise to find the men striking the tents.

“I went to the sheik and protested strongly. I had engaged him for a week, and was paying him handsomely, and here he was starting off before our contract had scarcely begun. Nothing I could say would induce him to remain. ‘It isn’t safe,’ he said, ‘no mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. In the dark, ghosts, goblins and all sorts of things come out

of the holes and caverns, and whoever is found here is taken off by them and becomes one of themselves.'

"Finding that I could not persuade him, I said, 'Well, as it is, I'm paying you more than I ought to; but if you stay, I'll double it.' 'No,' he said, 'I couldn't stay for all the money in the world. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon. But I want to do what is right by you. We'll go off to a place about an hour distant, and come back at daybreak.' And go they did; and my sport had to be given up."

As soon as he had finished, Dr. Hamlin took his Bible and read from it in Isaiah, chap. xiii.: "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."

"That's it exactly," said the Turk, "but that's history you've been reading."

"No," answered Dr. Hamlin, "it is prophecy. Come, you're an educated man; you know that the Old Testament was translated into Greek about three hundred years before Christ." He acknowledged it was.

"And the Hebrew was given at least two hundred years before that?"

"Yes."

"Well, wasn't this written when Babylon was in it's glory, and isn't it prophecy?"

The Bare Pole.

"Wherefore do ye . . . labour for that which satisfieth not?"—*Ian. iv. 2.*

THE news went forth: "Old Sir Titus Salt is dead."

He was a sheer worldling, not a bad man, tender towards his employees, and yet a worldling. Ay, but he got saved.

He was fond of gardening on the Lord's Day, his day off. The church bells rang, but they never rang Sir Titus to the Gospel for twenty years—and he is getting old now, he is past the seventies, and is known to all as "Old Sir Titus."

He is in his garden to-day, and he has put into the soft soil of the garden bed one of those green-painted rods by which the flowers are to climb. As he glances round he notices a snail crawling near the stick. He waits, and the little horns touch the stick, then the little snail begins to climb, for it thinks, "This is a tree, there will be a nice fresh green leaf at the top. It is well worth climbing for." So it climbs up the dry, bare pole that has no leaf.

Sir Titus is going to watch it.

See! it climbs up, wearily and slowly—and as he looks at it, he begins to see himself. The snail is just about the place on the stick that would represent in his life the time when he had served his apprenticeship. He remembers still the day when it was all done, when he was a journeyman. Up a little higher it

climbs, and he has saved a little money; up still higher, and he is a foreman. Up a little higher, and he thinks that he will make a start for himself—there is where the little mill begins. A little higher, and he pulls down the gables and extends his business; still on, and he starts a second building; still on, and the American orders come in, necessitating a further extension, until he has six mills all running. Still on the snail climbs; and he opens an office in London, the heart of the world; still on and on, and money comes flowing in until he is a merchant prince; still on, and he has millions, and he is at the top!

By this time the snail is at the top, and Sir Titus is watching. Ah, the snail goes curling round the top of the pole, but there is no leaf, no tender fresh green herb. It is not a tree, but a dead, dry stick, with no leaf, no sustenance; and the snail topples over, and goes down.

Sir Titus, his eyes full of tears by this time, says, "That is right, that is true. I have climbed the world for the green leaf. I am at the top; and is there only for me now the going down into the grave? I have not got the green leaf yet. O weary, successful heart!"

Sir Titus is not able for any more gardening that day. He goes away into his house, and he opens the Word of God, and prays, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on a poor sinner—an old weary heart. My soul longs for Thee. Thou

alone art my salvation. Oh, my Jesus, my Saviour, come into my heart. In this the eleventh hour, Lord have mercy on me."

Thus he found his green leaf at the Cross. The old, weary, successful, unsatisfied heart got rest at the feet of the Crucified.

Prosperous man, Are you climbing the dry pole of worldly ambition? You will go down to the grave, and to a lost Eternity. That is all, if you seek satisfaction in the world. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"The Mount."



I WOULD commune with Thee, my God,
E'en to Thy seat I come:

I leave my joys, my woes—myself,
And find in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the tempest roll.

But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the place in which I stand
No storm nor cloud can rise.

Oh, this is peace; oh, this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy Face to see, Thy Voice to hear,
And all Thy Love to know.

The Ten Lepers.*

(Scripture read Luke xvii. 11-19.)

OUR subject introduces us to the Lord as undertaking His last journey to Jerusalem. Well did He know its goal—the Cross, with its shame and agony. Ay, and well did He know what was beyond it—the path of life, the triumph of resurrection, the throne of glory.

In the course of His journey He goes through two provinces—Samaria and Galilee. What was Samaria? The *defiled* place (Jno. iv.). What was Galilee? The *despised* place (Jno. vii. 52). Thus we have in a figure His passage through this world, in order that He might die and rise and go on high for sinful men—defiled and despised indeed.

“There met Him ten men that were lepers.” What think you is leprosy a type of?

“Sin,” you say.

Yes, but remember it is “sin in the flesh.” Leprosy does not mean what we have done—what the leper *did* represents that. Leprosy means the fell disease whence spring all our defilements. In it we have a loathsome portrayal of our inherent condition as sinful children of Adam. Leprosy was, and still is, a constitutional disease, and so is sin. I suppose that outside of Israel, who alone received a divine revelation, none understood its incurable nature! Apart from the Word of God man has never been apprised of how utterly hopeless is his sinful state. Hence philosophy and religion and socialistic ex-

*Notes of a Gospel Address given in Oddfellow's Hall, Ashfield, Sydney, by S.J.B.C.

periments, often sincere, but never effectual, have ever been in evidence.

The Syrian king who sent Naaman to the king of Israel did not know how intractable leprosy was to human treatment, but the king of Israel knew! "Am I God to kill and to make alive?" he cried.

To anyone here to-night who is trying to better himself or herself before God, I say: Put that question to yourself, "Am I God?" If you are not, how can you heal yourself of a disease which only God can stamp out?

Naaman, too, thought his disease was a local one. He did not know it was organic. "Lo, I thought," said he, "that the prophet will . . . strike his hand over *the place*, and recover the leper." Suppose Elisha had done so, the disease would but have broken out elsewhere on the man's body.

"If I could but break off this habit and rid myself of that sin," you say. But sin is in the flesh (Rom. viii. 3)—it is bred in the bone, it runs in the blood, it is the warp and woof of the sinner's moral being. Nine of these lepers we have read about were Jews, and one an outcast Samaritan, but *all* alike were lepers! Their religions altered not their condition. Polish a man—civilize and christianize him, but apart from inward, divine, healing grace he remains a sinner. The utter ruin before God of the best, as well as of the worst, few own and many deny. It has little or no place in the current preaching of popular evangelism. Man's pride rebels against this levelling truth. Leprosy "*in the head*" was the worst kind in Israel. When a man intellectually combats the truth of his lost state he proves again that his *mind* is sin-diseased (Eph. iv. 17, 18; Rom. viii. 5, 8, &c.). Leprosy in the head was the hardest to discover. The hair covered it up. Man uses his

strength, as well as his *wisdom*, to cover up what he is, but in vain. The truth of God challenges his pride, and smites him hip and thigh. But if it lays him low, it also reveals to him his need of the gospel which discloses God's remedy. Man needs a new spiritual constitution, and God alone can give it—he must be "born of God." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." How? "By the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Tit. iii.). There you get the divine recipe. Try it.

These lepers were ten in number. Ten signifies responsibility. Instance the ten Commandments, and a host of other Bible tens. On the ground of responsibility man is lost. Ten fingers he has to work with, ten toes to walk with. But whether it be work or walk he can never discharge his responsibility to God, he can never even *touch* it. When we count up to nine, we can get no higher without repeating ourselves, for ten is a one and a cipher. But the Son of God in death took up our responsibilities, and discharged our liabilities to God's Throne to the full satisfaction of Righteousness and Truth. He is our one and only Hope.

The ten lepers felt how hopeless was their case, so they cried not for *medicine*, as many sinners do, but for *mercy*, and they got it.

It was an urgent cry.

Christ was about "to enter into a certain village." Another moment and He would have reached the abodes of men, whither no leper dared follow Him. Hence they felt it was now or never! Would that you who need mercy might be as urgent as they were. To-night you may be cleansed, to-morrow your opportunity may have passed forever.

It was a unanimous cry.

"*They* lifted up their voice." (The noun is really in the singular.) Their voices blended as one. In the Acts we read of something which answers to this—"Men and brethren, what shall we do?" We have heard, too, this cry since, but what a little we hear of it now! In Apostolic times gospel addresses were very terse. What was the reason? They were so often cut short by the rage of the enemy or by the cry for mercy. Why is it not so now? The answer is, lack of *power*! Oh! for power—divine power—Holy Ghost power—soul-saving power.

It was an effectual cry.

Mercy is what you need, and mercy you can get. God is rich in all things, but methinks He is most "rich in mercy."

When the captive Duke of Monmouth was brought before cruel King James, after the fateful battle of Sedgemoor, he assumed a haughty indifference.

"I have the power to save you," said the King.

"Yes," was the reply, "but you have not the *nature*."

And so the illfated noble proved when he laid his head on the block.

But the blessed God has the nature as well as the power to bestow mercy. "*He delighteth in mercy.*" Have you *received* any of it? If you had a thousand pounds in the bank you might die of want if you did not draw upon it. He *keepeth* mercy—He is "keeping mercy for thousands"—for *you*. We often hear of one and another who die "trusting in the mercy of God." But the grave question arises, Did they appropriate it? Have you—have you drawn upon God's mercy?

Now, the Lord gave these ten men a strange com-

mand: "Go, shew yourselves unto the priests."

"Go!" "Come," is the gospel we preach. Why did He say "Go," and why "to the priests"? There were three reasons:—

1st. He must die ere He could set aside the Law. Thank God He has died, and the veil which separated God and man has been rent, and, by His death, the whole Jewish system abolished.

2nd. He wanted the lepers to act in faith. "What is the use of our shewing ourselves to the priests?" unbelief might have said, "they will only curse us." But "*as they went they were cleansed.*" It is as the sinner obeys the Word of God in faith that the blessing is received. Paul calls this "The obedience of faith."

3rd. The Lord desired them to discover the utter worthlessness of outward forms and ceremonies as practised by an earthly religion. One, to the joy of his soul, makes the discovery, the rest do not. The Samaritan returns and gets his heart's affections attached to the Person of Christ outside the Jewish system. How many there are who have received healing from the Saviour, but still cling to human religious systems, the rites and observances of which are after the pattern of Judaism. "Where are the nine?" is the pathetic question of Christ. How blessed to be in spirit outside of everything which the death of Jesus has put an end to, and to find one's place at His feet, there to learn His supremacy and sufficiency.

What a salvation this healed Samaritan got there:

It was a conscious salvation.

"When he *saw* he was healed he turned back." No doubt or fear clouded his new-found joy. A salvation which is only accepted as a doctrine

is not worthy of the name. "*Receiving* the end of your faith," says Peter. And what is that? "Even the salvation of your souls." Have you got it thus—soul-salvation—salvation in your souls? Is salvation to you an inward consciousness and an outward reality—not a creed, but an *experience* and a *life*?

It was a confessed salvation.

"With a loud voice he glorified God"—not in timid mumbles or hesitating whispers. True, the confession was made to God, but it was *for* others. It was an invocation, which made it all the more real. If you are in the good of "the salvation of God" you will tell it out to Him, and you will tell the truth to Him, and then others must know it too. There is a blessed spontaneity and reality about true confession which is wholly lacking in false profession.

It was a confirmed salvation.

Human confirmation, though it be of the highest ecclesiastical order, is not worth a straw, but when Christ confirms, it tells, it counts, it abides, it illuminates, it establishes, it assures.

"*Arise*," says the Lord,—gird up thy loins, be strong, be staunch, be steadfast for God.

"*Go thy way*." It may be hard and long, uphill and beset by foes, but it ends in glory. Step out, then, cheerfully and confidently.

"*Thy faith hath saved thee*" (as the original verb means). He Who has begun the work will deepen it, will fashion it, will complete it "till the day of Jesus Christ"—the day of recompense, the day of reward.

Oh! beloved friend, what a salvation to possess,

and to confess! May it be yours, may it be mine—

Let us sing that hymn, and may we sing it intelligently, feelingly, truthfully :—

Saved for glory! yes, for glory!
By the work of God's blest Son;
Saved for glory, wondrous story,
We believe what Christ has done.

THE TUNNEL.

"IN the meeting yesterday I was filled with joy, and I thought I would never be dark again; and now it is all gone, and I am in the depths. What is the matter with me?"

"Did you ever pass through a tunnel?"

"Certainly I have," said the young Christian, "but I do not see what that has to do with it."

"When you were in the tunnel did you think the sun had been blotted out of the sky?"

"No, of course I did not, I knew the sun was in the sky the same as ever, although I could not see it just then. But what has that to do with my experience?"

"Were you much depressed when going through the dark tunnel?"

"No; I knew I would soon be out into the light."

"And did you get out?"

"I am put now!" he said joyfully. "I see what you mean. Divine facts are just the same, no matter how I feel, and I am to rejoice in the facts, not in my feelings. I see! I see!"

"Just so. The work of Christ is the same, the Word of God is the same. Our feelings cannot alter what Christ has done or what God has said—and that is *the ground of our peace!*"

Dr. Venkata's Conversion.

(As told by himself.)



MY parents were Brahmins in India. My first exercises in regard to Christianity began after hearing an address by a Brahmin who had been converted through the preaching of an African negress, Mrs. Amanda Smith.

He told us that Christianity was a subjective thing, and could be proved by trying it, as we might do with an experiment in science. He also said that the answer to the great question: "*What after death?*" was given in the Bible.

I had read the Bible more than once in college, as a classical book, but had not been affected by it. I had indeed been brought up to hate it, and would only touch it with my left hand as a mark of dishonour. Now I determined to read it again to prove, if possible, that these things were not true, which I had heard recently, and which were beginning to make me miserable, especially the thought of "*What after death?*" The more I read, the more miserable I became, and so I decided to put aside the Book which was spoiling my happiness.

One evening while these exercises were going on (they had continued about eighteen months), my cousin called at the house to know if I could lend him a pillow. I could not, but gave him a large Bible to use. Another one I put under my feet on going to bed. That night I could not sleep, for three questions forced themselves upon me.

The first one was: Here is a Book which reveals a God of love, and I hate it. Is the Book bad, or am I?

Secondly: Here is a Book in which there is not a chapter in which sin is encouraged, yet I hate it. Is the Book bad, or am I?

Thirdly : This is the only Book that can answer the question : "What after death ?" and I am hating it. Is the Book bad, or am I ?

Taking the Bible from under my feet, I kissed it, put it under my head, and decided to read it again. In the morning I woke a new man. Beginning to read the first of Matthew I came to verse 21. "Ah," I said, "that is what I want—a *Saviour*." I told my experiences to a Brahmin friend, who said : "Would you like to see how Christians pray ?"

Now, those brought up in a Christian country may scarcely believe that I had never seen anyone praying to God, but it was so. I went to the meeting and was greatly impressed by seeing so many people on their knees, speaking so simply to God, and felt that if I had not been the only son of my father, and known what a terrible thing to him it would be if I became a Christian, I should have been a Christian that night.

I continued to go to the meetings for some months, inwardly a Christian, outwardly a Brahmin, with all the marks of a Brahmin. I felt this was not right—it was hypocrisy. That scripture came to my mind : "Behold, now is the day of salvation." I said to myself, "Why not now" ?

One night after a meeting, at which about 200 were present, I stopped the people and said I wished to speak. They looked very surprised, wondering what I should say. I stood up and said : "I have read in the Bible that verse—'Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven,' and I want to confess Him *now*." Then I prayed my first prayer in public, with them all. That same night was a Brahmin feast at the temple of which I was secretary, and, having the key, it was my duty to unlock the temple and bring out the idols. I did it, but then, oh, I flung down the key and came away from it as soon as possible. I could not mix Christ with Brahminism, though, if otherwise, I knew

it meant parting with my family and being disgraced. I dared not go home and tell my father, but went to a friend's house, and wrote to him. Had I gone home I should probably never have been released, but drugged and killed. They would have done anything rather than that I should become a Christian, and be baptised, as I wished to be.

My father and mother came to see me, and pleaded with me for hours, but, through the Lord's help, I was enabled to stand firm, though it nearly broke my heart, and I felt as if I could not part with them. But Christ was too precious to give up. My father who knew the the Bible said, "Jesus Christ came to bring a religion of love, and you call this love? Why must you be baptized? The Quakers do not baptize, nor the Salvationists. Why do you choose the old-fashioned religion that hardly anyone in England believes? What will you do for your living?" (I had been educated for a lawyer.)

I said to him: "If I can trust the living God for the salvation of my soul. I can trust Him for my bread."

After it was all over and they had left me, I lay down exhausted, having had no food for hours. Some time after this, arrangements were made for my baptism. Thousands of townspeople came together to curse me, and to make a disturbance. But a bad thunderstorm came on and drove most of them away. The tank was filled for my baptism. Between 70 and 80 Christians were present, inside the compound, and about 1000 townspeople outside the wall cursing, but nothing seemed to matter then. I felt as if in heaven, lifted above the trying circumstances and realizing more the blessedness of having put my trust in Christ. The town continued to be disturbed, but I was conveyed out of it under the protection of the police, and from place to place, until I reached the Nilgherry Hills, where I spent a quiet fortnight alone with my Bible, learning more in that time than I did in many years

afterward.

Some time after what has been related, I undertook mission work, and, marrying a Hindoo Christian lady, I settled at a station, where I remained for some years. On one occasion two ladies, Miss B. and Miss M., were staying with us as guests, and in the evening we generally read a tract together.

One evening the tract was entitled, "Nehemiah, or the building of the Wall." With this I did not agree. It made me very angry. I maintained that the "Wall" did not mean separation from any who were Christians. I got up some arguments to that effect, and the next evening used them when we were together. But, as I argued, I had a distinct sense that I was fighting against God. The arguments became weaker, till, at last I broke down in the middle of a sentence and could not go on, so convinced was I that I was in the wrong and the tract was right. Then we all knelt down together.

I wrote to a brother, Mr. B., whom I had avoided for years, and told him something of what the Lord had been teaching me, and I received very nice letter in reply.

The following Lord's Day I went to the meeting he attended, and was allowed to break bread in remembrance of the Lord. Afterward I felt I must give up my previous associations, but I continued my work for six months. My wife opposed me at first, but, after eight months, she too was brought to see the truth.



The Dictograph.



Q WHILE ago the papers contained an account of a very wonderful invention which makes true the old saying that walls have ears. You know how by means of a telephone it is possible to speak to a person hundreds of miles away. This invention, which is called the Dictograph, is like the telephone in its main character. It is no larger than a Kodak camera, and goes easily into the pocket. You can put it on the mantelpiece, under the sofa, or the chair, behind the picture or the clock, and it will catch the faintest whisper in the room. A whisper so soft that a person sitting at the other end of the room cannot hear it, will be caught by this wonderful instrument. It is a perfect burglar-alarm, for the disc that collects the sound may be connected by a wire with a bell in the bedroom, and the simple movement of the burglar crossing the room downstairs will set the bell ringing. It has been used in America in connection with several important criminal cases.

Two men concerned in a robbery were put into the same cell. They suspected that they were put together so that listeners

at the door might hear something about the crime they had committed, so they didn't speak to each other for five days. They grew tired of the silence at last, and began to whisper to each other. But there was a little metal disc about the size of a crown piece somewhere on the wall which was connected with a Dictograph several rooms away, and every word was heard by the listeners there.

No More Whispering!

If the Dictograph comes into general use, it will prove very awkward for many others besides criminals. I can think of many situations where it would be most embarrassing. Of course they would have it in every school, which would put an end to whispering among the scholars. At the end of the class the schoolmaster would say to the scholar, "You must learn twenty lines of poetry as a punishment for whispering in class."

"But I don't think I whispered at all."

"Oh, didn't you? Then listen to this!"

And he takes the scholar to the Dictograph, touches a spring, and this whisper is clearly heard again. The disc on the wall is connected with the receiver on the master's desk.

A scholar, watching the master out of the corner of his eye, whispers to the boy next to him in the softest tone, "Let me have a look at that sum; I can't do it." But the

Dictograph on the master's desk has caught the whisper!

The master looks across at the offender, and says, "You will stay in half an hour after the others for copying."

It will prove very useful in the home also. Mother hears the sound of the children quarrelling, and goes into the room to quiet them. One has called the other by a nasty name. The charge is denied.

"Oh, well," says mother, "we can soon settle that." She goes to the Dictograph and listens, and the nasty name is repeated, and someone goes to bed without his supper. The Dictograph is thus likely to prove very useful on occasions.

"The Silent Listener."

In some homes there is a card with these words upon it: "Christ is the unseen Guest in this home, the silent Listener to every conversation." There is One Who silently hears everything we say, and knows our thoughts before we utter them. The Bible tells us that the Lord's ear is not heavy that it cannot hear. How careful then we ought to be that we say nothing that we would be ashamed for Him to hear! He says, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Then set a guard upon your tongue.

But remember, first of all you must trust

Him and confess Him as your own dear Saviour. In your heart, when you hear the gospel, you say either "Yes" or "No" to Him, and He hears your whisper. Say "Yes" to Him as He offers Himself to you as your Saviour. Then He can and He will hear when you call upon Him. "He shall call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will answer Him." He can hear the weak voice of a little child. His listening ears, like the Dictograph, catch the faintest whisper of need. Remember that He is ever near. He loves to answer those who call upon Him.

E. W.



A Man may hide God from himself, and yet he cannot hide himself from God.



If Godliness be evil, why is it so much *professed*? If it be good, why is it so little *practised*?



The Christian should be like the moon, which increases in its beauty till at the full.



Believers should be like sheep, who change their pastures at the will of the Shepherd.

“Daddy Put Me Here.”



THE tidal heights of the ocean so far surpassed those of previous years, that crowds had gathered to witness the action of the breakers; while not a few local residents seemed to find the greatest enjoyment in watching those who, unheeding the menacing breakers, ventured too near the water's edge and were drenched by the dashing spray.

Among the spectators was a party who had taken the precaution to be high and dry, after being once besprayed, and thus their vantage ground gave them the opportunity to observe the more venturesome ones, who ran screaming as the breakers bounding high rolled over walls and bulkheads, and nearly carried them off their feet.

“Served them right,” cried one, “for they are old enough to know better! But look,” added she, in a distressed tone, “at that wee fellow who is playing in the sand as unconcernedly as if out of harm's reach. Someone must go to his rescue, or he may be carried out by the next billow.”

“I will go and remove him to a place of safety,” said a male companion, “if he is as much alone as he appears to be,” and, suiting the action to the word, the speaker made haste to reach the child. A moment later he returned, saying, in a tone of impatience, “I never met such a stubborn child! I could neither coax nor hire him to leave, and all I could get out of him was a decided, ‘No! My Daddy put me here!’”

“Then, I'll go,” exclaimed the woman who had an unyielding will. “There is no time to be lost.”

The suggestion to assist in removing the child by force was about to be acted upon when his latest pleader returned, saying in an awed tone, “It is a

case of unquestioning faith, not stubbornness! Why, that four-year-old preached me such a sermon as I have not heard for many a day!"

"How so?" cried all in unison.

"By his beautiful, unshakable trust in his father," was the tremulous reply. "At first I just coaxed him to come with me. Then I tried to reason with him, after he had said repeatedly: 'Daddy put me here,' urging, 'Yes, dear, but your daddy may not be where he can see how high the tide is getting, and it may come and carry you away out to sea.'

"'Daddy,' persisted the little fellow stoutly, 'won't let big waves carry me off, 'cause I'm his little boy, an'—an' he loves me!'"

The speaker's voice broke——. But an instant later there was such an evident increase in the height of the tide that the speaker, with a more determined air, sprang to her feet, crying, "I will neither coax nor reason this time, but bring him away by force."

She left hurriedly, but, before she reached the confiding child, his father who from long familiarity with high tides knew just the danger point for his son, appeared on the scene, and taking the child into his strong arms, carried him to a place of safety.

"And then," confessed the woman who had pleaded with the little fellow in vain, "my sermon was complete as I saw the love-light in that father's eyes, and heard, in that sweet, childish voice, 'I couldn't see you, daddy, dear, an' dey say you'd fordot, but I jus' knew daddy wouldn't fordet baby!'"

"I will receive you, and will be a father to you," says the blessed God.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord."

"Fear not . . . it is your Father's good pleasure . . . the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 49—Matt. xxvii. 52, 62-66. No. 50—Job. xlii. 8-11.
No. 51—Deut. iii. 23 and Matt. xvii. 1, &c.)

NO. 52.

IT is evening in the spring-time, and everything is looking bright and beautiful, but that man does not appear to be happy; on the contrary, his face shows signs of disappointment and deep sorrow.

There are crowds in the street, but his heart is lonely. It is not poverty or want that causes his sorrow, as he is evidently a man of the upper class and probably wealthy. He is in doubt as well as in grief, uncertain whether it is safe to take the step upon which he meditates.

See! he hesitates—walks slowly; it is evidently a venturesome thing.

But now his resolve is made, his step is quicker, firmer, and at last he ascends the steps of an important-looking building. Perhaps he will be turned away?

No! a man of that rank is received with respect. He is ushered into the presence of one who appears to be a kind of head magistrate or ruler, and to him with calm fearlessness he makes a request.

The petitioner's words are met with the greatest astonishment.

"What! in half a day? Impossible!"

An officer of the Court is called, but his testimony agrees with that of the first speaker, and he adds some particulars which interest and seem rather to alarm his chief.

The request is granted—although it certainly is a strange one—and now having obtained the per-

mission on which his heart is set he hurries away, not to his house, but some hours later we may see him depositing his treasure in the midst of those lovely flowers which tell us of an eternal spring.

No. 53.

TWO men planning something together: if only they can manage this they will be safe, for pursuit is most unlikely.

Fortune favours them and the escape, hastening with nervous steps to the banks of the stream which is the object of their hopes and fears.

Now they have crossed it—are they safe?

Assuredly—"oaths are things not lightly broken," they say to themselves, "besides his own life is too precious to be risked."

Their course is towards the west, and at last some twenty miles brings them to their journey's end in the city of another king than that whose kingdom they have left. But, see! A rider is in swift pursuit; he traces the fugitives, captures and brings them back every step of the way; yet he is the greatest loser in the end, for by grasping after them he loses everything.

If you would not gather the forbidden fruit, then beware how you look on the tree where it grows.



Often our trials act as a thornhedge to keep us in the good pasture, but our prosperity is a gap through which we go astray.

Mother's Easy Chair.



A WOMAN in humble circumstances, the mother of four children, was suddenly bereaved of her husband. She took up her burden with calmness and patience, toiling early and late for her children.

A friend said to her one day, "Do you never get tired or discouraged?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "quite often, but when I think I can go no further, or do no more, I go and rest in my easy chair."

"Easy chair!" said her friend, looking around the bare room.

"Yes," she answered, "would you like to see it? Come with me."

She took her into a small room, and taking her by the hand, knelt by the bedside, and the toil-worn mother prayed as if she was face to face with God. Rising, she said, "Now I feel rested, and am ready for work again. Prayer is my easy chair."

There is no home so poor and humble, no life so bare and destitute, but can have the easy chair of prayer.

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Ten Advent R's.



♫ **HERE** are three great pictures in the Scriptural and historical landscape: The Creation of the World, the Death and Resurrection of Christ, and the Return of the Lord. The last of these will engage our attention in this paper.

The Second Coming of Christ is a subject of the greatest importance, and it possesses peculiar interest for loyal and loving hearts. By many persons it is forgotten, by more it is overlooked, by most it is denied in its true character as a present hope. All such incur great loss, and run serious risks.

There are ten words used in the New Testament all of which begin with the prefix RE, and all of which refer to the Coming of the Lord. They are: Return, Resurrection, Reception, Reward, Revelation, Refreshing, Restoration, Restitution, Redemption, Regeneration.

We propose a brief consideration of each of these words, believing it may help to set forth the details of the great coming event with accuracy and distinctness, and may stimulate interest in this fascinating study, and kindle ardour in the hearts of some who already know the Coming One.

1.—RETURN.

"A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return" (Luke xix.).

The Son of God came as a Babe into this world which His power had created. After a sojourn of of thirty-three years and a half He left it, driven from it as an Outcast. But He will return as universal King, revealed in invincible might and arrayed in resplendent glory.

He came here but He did not stay, for Satan was in power and man was opposed. Did He return to Heaven defeated? No, but He deferred the subjugation of the world and went home to undertake other work. Upon that work he is still engaged, and when it is finished He will return to this world to subdue it, not by mercy but by might.

With what joy will His Return be greeted by His friends! What terror will seize upon His foes! Isa. ii. 10-22 gives a moving description of the world-wide consternation at that day. "He will return" (Luke xii. 36.).

2.—RESURRECTION.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection" (Rev. xx.).
 "The dead in Christ shall rise first" (1 Thes. iv.)

When Christ comes again the holy dead are not forgotten. Are His who are sleeping in the grave to miss the delights and glories of His kingdom? No. There are Old Testament saints asleep, and there are Church saints asleep, and waiting all the days of their appointed time till their change come (Job. xiv.), their spirits waiting in Paradise, and their bodies waiting in the dust. Those bodies are the Lord's, and at His return He will assert His claims and exert His power to redeem those bodies from the grave. "Then shall the righteous shine forth in the kingdom."

But remark most seriously that those who are not Christ's will not be raised at His Coming. Like sterile seeds, the wicked, sown in the great field of death, cannot spring to life eternal and be gathered in the harvest time of Christ's return. This is most impressive. "The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished" (Rev. xx.).

3.—RECEPTION.

"I will come again and receive you unto myself" (John xiv.).

When His own were on earth Christ had said

"Come," and one by one they had come to Him through the long years. Now He says "Come!" and they respond together; and one great host of dazzling brightness they pass with Him into the Father's House.

What festive day of royal reception could compare with this brilliant occasion! It will be a reception of friends, the loyal-hearted and the true. It will be more. It will be the reception of the Bride by the Bridegroom in the palace of glory. The blessed Holy Spirit who, through all the long journey of the Church on earth, had aided and cheered and comforted the Bride-elect, now resigns His charge into the hands of Christ, and the Church is presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy (Jude), for amidst the joy of all the joy of Christ exceeds.

Now all are at home, as full of purest happiness as they can contain. In the Father's House all are children, and no one desires preeminence. In the public display of the Kingdom each will have place and precedence according to the Father's appointment (Matt. xix.).

4.—REWARD.

"Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me" (Rev. xxi.).

Much is said in Scripture about Reward. Life and Salvation are not rewards. They are free gifts (Rom. vi. 23; Eph. ii. 8) which the greatest diligence could never earn nor the highest excellence ever merit. Reward is according to the labour and service of one already saved (1 Cor. iii. 8).

At the day of Christ's Coming there will be investigation and inquiry, and faithfulness during the believer's earthly career will be recompensed with crowns and dignities which will be conspicuous in the day of kingdom glory.

The value of a Reward lies in the fact that Christ bestows it. No one should be content with "some lone place within the door." Besides, there is no such position for anyone. But there are expressions of approval, and rewards of faithfulness. Should we not aspire to receive them from the Lord at that day?

5.—REVELATION.

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven" (2 Thess. i.)

Christ is now hidden and unknown to the world. Thousands deny His incarnation and His resurrection. Thousands speculate about Him because they do not believe. Thousands who profess to honour Him are as traitorous as Judas. And thousands more are ready to believe the blasphemy of the American philosopher who lately predicted that "a period of time in the history of the world will be reached in which the name of Jesus Christ is forgotten."

But Christ will soon answer all questions Himself. He will plead His own cause, and repay His enemies to their face. At that day "He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth" (1 Sam. xxiii.), and at the first beam of His revealed glory, Russellism, Eddyism, Mormonism, Atheism, Spiritism, Idolatry, and all the brood of hateful birds of the present night will take wing to the outer darkness.

"But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?" (Mal. iii.).

6.—REFRESHING.

"The tunes of Refreshing shall come" (Acts iii.).

A lovely word! A radiant prospect! Christ will bring the times of refreshing with Him. His presence will ensure them. The world is weary. It is consumed with fever and fret. It is full of old things of which everybody is sadly tired—sin, sorrow, dis-

aster, and death. Somehow everything ends in disappointment. But Christ will "make all things new." He will give this earth a new start, and make everything fresh and bright.

Earth was the House Beautiful at the beginning. Alas, how ruin and decay have invaded it! But Christ will, in the times of Refreshing, remodel, remake, and restore it, and it shall be fairer than Eden. The renovation will be like turning a dungeon into a palace (Isa. lxxv. 17).

7—RESTORATION (of Israel).

"Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts i.)

This was the inquiry of the disciples ere the Lord ascended. The expectation of the restored kingdom was a just one, but the time had not then come for it. Now the moment of Restoration draws nigh.

The Old Testament is full of this subject. Israel is now scattered, degraded, hated, and persecuted. But the nation is to be restored. The Jew will be sought after and honoured. Before long "Ten men out of all languages of the nations shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you for we have heard that God is with you" (Zech. viii.). "All they that see them shall acknowledge them that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed" (Isa. lxi.)

Israel shall yet be the head of all nations. The Throne of David shall again be set in Jerusalem and the City shall be a praise in the earth. (Isa. lxxv.) The land without a people shall be inhabited once more, for the people without a land shall return to their own inheritance. (Jer. xxiv. 6; Isa. lx. 21). "And so all Israel shall be saved" (Rom. xi.).

8—RESTITUTION (of all things).

"The times of Restitution of all things." Acts iii.

What a prospect to fire one's imagination and

thrill the heart ! Then will man be contented and happy. Labour will be be light and pleasant. Life will be prolonged and death rare. The beasts of the earth will be subdued, and quietly browsing the green herb (Comp. Isa. xi. and Gen. i. 30). The Kingdom will have come, and it will be placed under a Man Who will be a perfect Administrator.

In Eden the place of sovereignty was given to Adam and Eve, but now the Second Man and His Bride, the Church, are supreme over all. Thus does God's grand Restitution of all things far surpass the system which it replaces.

9.—REDEMPTION.

"Your Redemption draweth nigh" (Luke xxi.).

Redemption is used eleven times in the New Testament, and in five instances it refers to the future when Christ comes. (See Luke xxi., Rom. viii., 1 Cor. i., Eph. i., Eph. iv.) The world has been under Satan and the domination of evil for thousands of years. When He comes again Christ will redeem it, that is, recover it for God.

It has sometimes happened that a lost estate has been regained by the toil and self-denial of a devoted son. So God's claime and possessions, of which He has been deprived by a league between Satan and man, will be redeemed by His beloved Son. The Redemption price has already been paid in precious Blood, and Rev. v. shows us a sublime picture of the Redeemer proceeding to complete His work by taking the Book of Inheritance from the right hand of Him that sits upon the Throne, and asserting the rights of God against all who have so long disputed them.

Let every Christian remember that, except with respect to his body (Rom. viii. 23), he is fully redeemed now. Let him therefore be separate from

the lawless world over which the enemy of God presides, and patiently wait until the time arrives when he shall reign with Christ over this same world redeemed to God.

10.—REGENERATION.

"In the Regeneration the Son of Man shall sit in the Throne of His glory"
(Matt. xix.).

This word indicates a completely new beginning, with Christ on the Throne, and His Apostles ruling with Him over restored Israel. Those who forsake selfish interest and refuse worldly advantage for Christ's sake now will be abundantly recompensed then.

What glorious prospects these ten words import! The rejected One will *return*, and by His *resurrection* power He will bring His sleeping saints to His side to have their part in the Kingdom glories. There will first be a splendid *reception* for all His own in the Father's House; then His liberal hand will bestow *rewards* for the faithfulness which His marking eye has seen. Next He will be *revealed* from Heaven with His saints, finally subduing earth's rebellion, and introducing the times of *refreshing* for this sad earth. He will *restore* Israel, and bring in the *restitution* of all things, reigning with His saints over a world He has *redeemed* by purchase and by power, and making all things new in a grand and holy *regeneration*.

"Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee."

Brighton, Vic.

J. N. B.



“I will bless the Lord at all times.”



OH! little by little
Time swiftly goes by.
How short if we sing,
But how long if we sigh!

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart;
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would fly off to-morrow,
Were we only willing to furnish the wings;
But sadly intruding,
And faithlessly brooding,
It hatches within us a brood of sad things.

Oh, God is our Father,
And Christ is our Saviour,
The Spirit, our Comforter—
Why should we sigh?
His best Gift God gave us
When Christ came to save us,
And surely all lesser
Gifts He will supply. .



“Where Then?”



I WAS a doctor in charge of a large country district, and on my way to see one of my patients I had to pass over a bridge. Just before reaching it, I observed an old man coming towards me. As he drew near, I noticed that his left hand was paralysed; in his right he grasped a stick, on which he leaned heavily as he dragged himself along. I thought “There is one about to pass from this world; I wonder if he is prepared for the next.” Wishing to speak to him about his soul’s salvation, I put my hand in my pocket and took out a coin, and, pulling up my horse, I held it to the old man for his acceptance, but he seemed not to notice it.

The man saw it, but his difficulty was to take it. With his helpless left hand he certainly could not, and his right hand was full, grasping the stick; but, anxious to get the money, he brought his stick to the helpless hand, and as he thus kept it from falling, he put out his hand, and taking the money, looked at it, and then, putting it in his pocket, he said, “Thank you, sir.”

I said to him, “Where are you going?”

“To the workhouse, sir.”

Once more I said, “Where are you going?”

Thinking I must be deaf, he shouted, “To the workhouse, sir.”

“WHERE THEN?”

“I see now, sir, what you mean.”

“Do you? You are hastening to Eternity, you will soon have to meet God. Are you prepared?”

“Look here, sir,” he replied, “a man must pray

for that, and we must do the best we can."

"Did I give you anything just now?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it was the last coin in my pocket—the only one. I saw you needed it, and gave it to you. Did you ask me for it?"

"No, sir."

"Who was the one able to give—you or I?"

"Why, you, sir, to be sure."

"And who, do you think, is the rich one able to give—God or you?"

"Why, God, I suppose, sir."

"Yes, God. He is able to do it, and He has given His only begotten Son to die in the place of the guilty, that our sins might be put away. Did you tell me your need?"

"No, sir, you gave without my asking."

"Well, that's what God in love has done. He did not wait till we asked Him—till we, feeling our need, went to Him in prayer, and asked Him to save us; but, when we were afar off, lost, seemingly caring not, He loved us then, and gave His Son to die. What did you do for that piece of money?"

"Why, nothing, sir; you gave it to me."

"What could you do, what *did* you do? Why, you emptied your hand of that stick before you could take it, and you put out an empty hand and took it. And what then?"

"Why, I said, 'Thank you, sir.'"

"Well, I saw you, a poor, ragged, helpless fellow creature, and your need, and gave you all I had. And nineteen hundred years ago, God gave His Son to die. When He died, He finished the work—He left nothing for us to do. Would you dare to ask God to do more than He has done? No, you dare not; then, just empty yourself of everything, your

prayers and works, and in the empty hand of faith, take God's gift. 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ.'"

"I see it—I see it, sir. I have been praying for it, but I could not get it that way. I can't do anything for it; I'll just take it now, and thank God for it."

And he did. * *

THE THREE WISHES.

I ASKED a student what three things he most wished. He said: "Give me books, health, and quiet, and I care for nothing else." I asked a keen business man, and he said: "Money, money, money." I next encountered one of the unemployed, and he said: "Let me get bread for my wife and family." I asked a man who staggered by what he most desired, and he loudly shouted, "Drink!" I asked the multitude thronging round me, and from many lips came a confused cry, in which I heard the words, "Pleasure, wealth, success."

At last I found one who was remarkable for the placid calm of his spirit and life. I asked him if there was anything he specially desired. He replied, "I greatly desire these three things:

"First, that I may be found *in* Christ (Phil. iii. 9); secondly, that I may be *like* Christ (1 Jno. iii. 2); thirdly, that I may be *with* Christ (Phil. i. 23)."

"Say not in thine heart."

(Rom. x. 6-10.)

(Notes of a Gospel Address.)

◇ ~~THESE NOTES ARE NOT TO BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS~~ ◇

THIS is exactly what every sinner is prone to do. When the testimony of God comes to him, instead of receiving it with all readiness of mind as God's blessed *revelation*, he begins to *reason* about it. The consequence is, that he rejects it—"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14).

God pronounces the natural man as blind. He has eyes to his head, it is true, but none to his *heart*. Have you ever read that scripture, "The eyes of a fool are at the ends of the earth"? His eyes are as far away from him as they possibly can be! What a fool poor blind man is to speculate about divine realities! How much better it is for him to acknowledge his own ignorance and incompetence, and forthwith come to God to get his eyes opened.

As a matter of fact, whenever the natural heart reasons about the truth of God its conclusions are sure to be very wide of the mark. Take for instance Solomon. Surely if anyone ever had "a wise and understanding heart" it was he, yet his wisdom failed him the moment he ventured to reason out his own heart.

Annihilationists—Russellites, Millennial Dawnists and others—try to prove their theories from abstract texts snatched from the Book of Ecclesiastes. They do not see that in the passages they quote Solomon is merely telling us what *he* said "*in his heart*." In Ecclesiastes we get a human

philosopher speculating on Eternal verities, and not only so, but tacitly illustrating his own words, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool" (e.g. ch. ii. 1-17; ch. iii. 18-22).

The *first* thing God demands of man is *faith* (Rom. x. 17). "Through *faith* we understand," says the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews. Here we have the order of Scripture, but deluded man, wise in his own conceits, wants to reverse it by endeavouring to to understand before he believes. Like Job, he says, "I desire to reason with God," and although God, in marvellous condescension, expresses His willingness to reason with him about *his sins* (Isa. 1, 18), yet he himself makes the thing impossible by refusing to believe the testimony of God in His Word (Acts xvii. 2. 11-12).

Suppose a lad at school is being instructed in the rudiments of some branch of learning, and he will not believe what his teacher says, what then? Oh, you say, plainly such a child can make no progress; he must first admit that his teacher is wiser than he is, and thus qualified to instruct him.

God comes to *you* with His message of wondrous love, and says, "Here is my Gospel, I put it 'in thine heart'—believe it; and 'in thy mouth'—confess it, and—'*thou shalt be saved.*'" Then, not till then, the grace that saves begins to teach (Tit. ii.).

Yes, the sinner must have to do with God as a Saviour before he can have to do with Him as a Teacher; or to put it another way, he must receive with meekness the record which God has given of His Son before he can have the compacity to learn from God.

Man, after all his philosophy, can only say 'I think,' 'I feel,' 'I hope,' when speculating about a future state. But those who cleave to Scripture do

not require to hazard an opinion as to "who shall ascend into heaven" or "who shall descend into the deep."—"The word of faith, which we preach," gives no uncertain sound on these matters! And those who believe it are lifted clean out of the misty region of human doubt into the clear sunlight of divine assurance, for faith gives eyes to the soul.

The question I want to put to you is simple and solemn—Which is the most to be depended on, what

MAN SAYS IN HIS HEART,

OR WHAT

GOD SAYS IN HIS WORD?

Your heart says *this*; God's Word says *that*; now which is the most worthy of your confidence? You cannot believe both, for man's thoughts and God's thoughts are diametrically opposite. If you believe your heart you must be damned; if you believe God's Word you must be saved.

"Say not in thine heart": 'I have intellectual difficulties about election and other doctrines,' for God says in His Word, "Canst thou by searching find out the deep things of God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" "Vain man *would* be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt" (Job xi. 7. 12 R.V.).

"Say not in thine heart": 'Christians are so inconsistent; I don't want to be a hypocrite,' for God says in His Word, "Behold the Lamb of God"—"without blemish and without spot,"—"who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth" (Jno. i. 29; 1 Pet. i. 19; ch. ii. 22).

"Say not in thine heart": 'It is presumption for anyone to say he is saved,' for God says in His Word, "These things have I written unto you . . . that ye may know that ye have eternal life." "Believe

on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (1 Jno. v. 13; Acts xvi. 31).

"Say not in thine heart": I will take my fill of this world and my chance in the next,' for God says in His Word, "These things hast thou done, and I kept silence, thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee and set them in order before thine eyes. Now consider this ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver" (Ps. l. 21, 22).

"Say not in thine heart": 'A merciful God will never consign me to an endless hell,' for God says in His Word, "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke." "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Job xxxvi. 18; Rev. xx.).

"Say not in thine heart": 'I will turn over a new leaf and mend my ways,' for God says in His Word, "The heart is deceitful above all things." "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Jer. xvii. 9; ch. xiii. 23; Rom. v.).

"Say not in thine heart": I go to church, read my Bible, say my prayers, and do my best,' for God says in His Word, "Though thou wash thee with nitre and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me." "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." "By grace ye are saved . . . not of works. By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Jer. ii. 22; Job xiv. 4; Isa. lxiv. 6; Eph. ii. 8; Rom. iii. 20).

"Say not in thine heart": 'My sins are so great'; 'I don't think I could hold out'; 'There is plenty of

time,' for God says in his Word, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." "He is able to keep you from falling." "A prudent man foreseeeth the evil and hideth himself" (Isa. i. 18 ; Jude 24 ; Prov. xxii. 3).

UP! HASTE! DELAY NOT! "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "The day GOETH AWAY for the shadows of the evening are STRETCHED OUT." "Behold NOW is the accepted time. Behold NOW is the day of Salvation."

"You've nought to do, for all is done ;
That work's complete which Christ begun,
Only on it depend.
You've naught to pay, for all is paid ;
Without your help salvation's made ;
God is no debtor to your aid,
Christ's work you cannot mend ;
Believe on Him your sins were laid
Then *doubt* and *fear* will end."

S. J. B. C.



"Christ is All."



UPON a life I did not live,
Upon a death I did not die,
Another's life, Another's death,
I stake my whole Eternity.

The Cemetery and the Quarry.

IN a village is a cemetery, and next it is a quarry which was worked out so fully that it left only a precipitous wall from thirty to fifty feet high, and but a narrow approach to it. Human enterprise sweeping around such a spot as this, sparing it indeed, left it isolated and inaccessible, chafing against it as a barrier, shaking the sacred dust of its enclosure with its explosions, and desecrating the scene of saddened affection.

How emblematic of human life this is! Man's industry and energy too, often work just to wall him out from ready access to the sphere of serious thought and solemn meditation. He digs and mines and excavates, only to render more insuperable the barriers that shut him out from converse with God. All his life, under the very shadow of graves and monuments, he plunges deeper for new treasures, and builds higher the wall that shuts him out from access to what is so near, and casts even deeper shadows over his scene of toil. Thus man forgets where he is; he forgets what he is. He heeds not that soon the waves of enterprise will roll and shape around his own grave.

If there is anything that may well occasion surprise, it is the thoughtlessness of dying men with regard to their spiritual and eternal interests. They read the doom of nations, and forget their own. They are kindled to enthusiasm by the creations of the artist, by the magnificent span of cathedral domes, and yet when a "greater than the temple," a "greater than Solomon," He that "spake as never man spake," opens His lips to reveal the secret of the life eternal, they turn away with stolid indifference or cold contempt.

“The Yetts o’ Traquair.”



RECENTLY, while in Peeblesshire, I heard of an interesting incident which took place 150 years ago.

Most of you, in Scotland at least, will be familiar with the story of “Bonnie Prince Charlie.”

About the year 1745 the grandson of James Stuart, Prince Charles Edward, succeeded in making a landing at Montrose; and, by previous arrangement, a considerable number of Highland clans, whose chiefs favoured the exiled house of Stuart, rallied to his standard. Having mustered his forces, he marched upon the city of Edinburgh, and without much difficulty took it. Important as the capture of Edinburgh was, that was not Charlie’s goal: his determination was to march right on to London, and there seize the throne and kingdom which had passed from the house of Stuart to the house of Hanover.

For this purpose he needed all the help which could possibly be called up, and no resource was neglected that would in any way swell his numbers. While in Edinburgh he made a personal visit to the Earl of Traquair, at his residence, Traquair Palace, near Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, for the purpose of enlisting his sympathy and co-operation. The mission of the Prince failed however, the Earl, though a Jacobite and a member of the royal house of Stuart, being either lukewarm toward the risky venture or perhaps cautious—as his old grandfather was said to be,—waiting which would be the win-

ning side. However, as the Prince passed through the gates, the Earl is said to have given orders that the gates were to be locked and never opened again until a Stuart king sat on the throne.

This, as you probably know, has never taken place. Prince Charlie and his Highlanders set out for London; but the majority of his followers, alarmed at the cool reception accorded them by the English Jacobites, whom they expected to flock to his standard by the thousand, refused to go beyond Derby; and from there—very reluctantly, it is said—Prince Charlie turned his back on London and marched back through several skirmishes, engagements, and trying vicissitudes, up to the crushing disaster of Culloden Moor. There the Prince's hopes were blasted, his forces scattered, and his ambition curbed; and, after passing through many hardships and thrilling adventures, he finally made his escape back to the court of France, crushed and defeated, the kingdom he had come to regain lost for ever.

And to this day, it is said, the gates of Traquair House have never been opened. The house is approached by another avenue.

The poet has sung—

“Dool an’ sorrow hae ta’en Traquair.

An’ the yetts that were shut at Chairlie’s comin’

He vowed wad be opened never mair

Till a Stuart king was crooned in Lunnon.

“Gane are the Stuarts o’ auld Traquair,

Green is the avenue, rank an’ hoary,

An’ the bears look doon wi’ an angert glare

On the steekit yetts an’ the vanished glory.”

As we stood outside that shut gate and looked down the long and broad avenue, now overgrown with grass, a feeding place for cattle, and at the stately old trees on either side which had once sheltered kings, queens, and princes, now sighing

solemnly in the wintry wind, and at the sculptured bears with the "angert glare," I thought at once of another story of a lost kingdom and a shut gate, and of another Prince who came seeking to regain the lost dominion.

You will find the foundation of that story in the third chapter of the Book of Genesis. There we are told that God put our first parents into the garden of Eden; but, although made to have dominion, they very soon fell by accepting a scheme from Satan to lead them into a life of happiness, through the acquisition of knowledge, apart from God. By the acceptance of that scheme they yielded their allegiance to Satan, and the last verse of the chapter tells us that "God drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

A famous artist has sought to paint the scene, and has pictured the man and the woman, clad in their coats of skin, standing amidst the thorns and thistles outside the gate, gazing wistfully through to their lost paradise, standing amidst their sorrow and the curse, looking at the glory which had once been theirs. All of that glory which was left to them was a withered flower which the artist had put in the woman's hand. The poet has taken up the thought and sung—

"Poor sorrowing man!" said the pitying spirit,
Dearly you've paid for your primal fall;
Some flowerets ye do still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

It is one of the saddest pictures of all Scripture, and is the foundation of all sadness and sad pictures.

But, thank God, it has a bright sequel, and not like our story of Prince Charlie and the shut gates

of Traquair. In the fulness of time, according to the promise made in the garden, there came forth a Prince—"The Prince of the house of David"—to make war with "that old serpent called the devil, which deceiveth," and to win back the dominion which the first Adam had lost; for "to this end Christ both died and lived again, that He might be Lord." And His was a successful campaign. True, it cost Him suffering, blood, yea, even death itself; but He rose triumphant over it all, and from His throne of victory we hear His cry and promise—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Down at Eden it was a shut gate and a flaming sword, but Jesus went through that fire and won back the kingdom, unlocked the gates and swung them wide open; and wherever there are any who will yield their allegiance to the conquering Christ, He will lead them right through to the tree of life, of which if a man eat he shall live for ever, and to sit with Him on His throne, "joint heirs with Jesus Christ."

Will you? Perhaps up till now you have not thought that unless you are following Jesus you are still yielding your allegiance to Satan the usurper, the pretender, the deceiver, the defeated one. And who would follow a conquered, crushed, and wicked deceiver? Will you not throw off your old allegiance and yield yourself to the conquering Christ? He wants volunteers. He wants to take control of your being. He will lead you victoriously through life, through death, through the gates of pearl, up on to streets of gold, and right up to the throne of God, to the presence of His glory.

R. M.

The Nature of Faith.



“CHILDREN,” says Cecil, “are capable of very early impressions.”

I imprinted on my daughter the idea of faith at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads which seemed wonderfully to delight her. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said, “My dear, you have some pretty beads there.”

“Yes, papa.”

“And you seem vastly pleased with them. Well, now, throw them behind the fire.”

The tears started in her eyes; she looked earnestly at me, as if she ought to have some reason for so cruel a sacrifice.

“Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be for your good.”

She looked at me for a few moments longer and then, summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them in the fire.

“Well,” said I, “there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now.”

Next day after, I bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home I opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears of excessive joy. “These, my child,” said I,

"are yours, because you obeyed me when I told you to throw those paltry beads behind the fire; your obedience has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember as long as you live what faith is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away when I bade you, and had faith in me that I advised you for your own good. Put the same confidence in God, believe everything that He says in His Word whether you understand it or not; have faith in Him that He will tell you to do nothing except that which is for your good."



The nearer we reach heaven in *hope*, the farther we recede from earth in *desire*.

(Anon.)



What you fill the vessel with, that you must expect to draw from it; if you put in water, you cannot bring out wine. What dost thou fill thy heart with all the day? Is it the earth? Then how canst thou expect to find heaven there at night?

(Secker.)



It was a sweet speech of a dying saint, that he was going to change his place, but not his company; for he had always been living in communion with God.

(J. G. Bellett.)

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 48—Mark xv. 4-46. No. 50—1 Kings ii. 35-46.)

NO. 54.

IN the crowd that is running away you may observe a little group of men who are keeping together.

Judging by their appearance they ought to be influential men, and as such should try to encourage the fugitives; but they do not seem to think of this, and are desirous only of their own safety.

Here is a place that seems to afford a refuge; it is large, and dark besides—just the place where none can see them; they will wait until night falls and then they can go elsewhere.

Vain hope! *Someone has seen them*, and soon their refuge is darker than when they entered—the entrance is closed, and escape impossible.

Again you see these men—this time not alone—they are the centre of a large assembly, and why do they lie upon the ground? And why do so many men in armour come one by one and stand beside them?

Once more we see the same men; they are alone again, and in the same place where we saw them first.

I do not think that anyone will disturb them now.

NO. 55.

POOR little orphan! It seems so hard that he should be hunted for his life—yet they are evi-

dently looking for him everywhere, the bloodthirsty enemies have found one after another of his relatives and have put them to death. The father hid himself, but he was discovered and killed—the rest of the family fly in different directions, but the same end awaits them all, and it is impossible that the infant should escape!

But hark! someone calls—"Come this way, they will never find you here"—that seems to be the burden of the message, and so the little one is stowed away hastily into a hiding place where if he keeps still for a short time he may possibly escape observation.

So the day passes on; the murderers have done their work fully, as they believe, but—*wait awhile*—strange things have happened before now, who knows but that little infant may yet terrify and convict those who tried to destroy him?



Cleanse Thou me from Secret Faults.

Psa. xix. 12.



YOU have seen a ship out on the bay, swinging with the tide, and seeming as if it would follow it: and yet it cannot, for down beneath the water it is anchored. So many a soul sways in its desires towards the Lord, feels that it ought to be wholly for Him and often longs so to be, but the desires and longings are futile because it is anchored to some secret sin.

C. H. S.

Mary and Judas—A Contrast.

Notes of an Address on Matt. xxvi. 6-16.



WHAT a contrast is here presented! Mary makes a costly offering to Christ—the best she has; Judas gives Him up for thirty pieces of silver.

This story is constantly being repeated. Mary is still presenting her offerings of affection to Christ, Judas is still selling his Master for present and paltry gain.

Mary's alabaster box of ointment was a token of love for her Lord; Judas's thirty pieces were an evidence of most sad and shameful selfishness. Mary had all she valued and all she sought for in the treasure of the love of Christ; Judas went to the world with the beggarly request, "What will ye give me?" Though he had been getting all his lifetime, he was not satisfied yet.

Why did Mary love Christ so ardently? For what He had done, and especially for what He was. He had just restored her much-loved brother Lazarus from the grave. She loved Him for this. But the beauties of His character, revealed to her by the Spirit of God, had made Him exceedingly precious in her eyes. Do men gratefully regard those who suffer for their benefit, or at great cost procure some advantage for them? What return does *He* deserve Who has made the most tremendous self-sacrifice to save you and me? Men profess to admire excellence of character. Here is One adorned with the perfection of all excellences—a perfect Man.

What are you rendering to the Man whom God delights to honor?

But before you can be a giver, you must be a re-

ceiver from Him. Your greatest need is salvation. Do you think you can bring a costly gift wherewith to purchase salvation? No, indeed, but you may have it for nothing. Were you to bring for your salvation the wealth of the world, the devotion of a lifetime, and the record of good works large enough to fill a library, God would refuse your gifts alike. Bring Christ as your plea, and no good thing shall be withheld from you. Then what will you withhold from Christ? Remembering that the precious alabaster box in your possession is His, you will break it, and lavish the contents upon Him as a token of the gratitude of your heart.

Be blessed first, and you may work for Christ afterwards. Receive blessing at His hands, and then return Him the offerings of your grateful devotion. This is the true order, and thus did Mary.

Mary loved Christ better than herself; Judas loved himself more than Christ. This was the difference between them. Out of Judas's self-love sprang the awful sin of selling his Master. Judas ministered to the gratification of self until evil desire was quite imperious, and at last, at Satan's suggestion, the miserable man was led to seek a means of gratifying his lust for money by exposing Christ for sale in the market of His enemies.

How unspeakably solemn this is! And you need not go far to find a parallel instance of such atrocious sin. Do not look abroad for some unconscionable miser, who, Judas-like, is sacrificing everything to put another shilling into his money bags. In your own heart, Christ-rejecter, self is enthroned and imperiously demanding to be gratified in some way or other—by more money, more pleasure, more ease, more honour, or more of something which the world is supposed to be capable of affording; and you

are powerless to resist. No tyranny is so complete and hopeless as that imposed by self.

A man was put in chains and thrown into a dungeon. Hoping to set himself free he examined the fetters to see what probability there was of breaking them; but every link was stamped with his own mark—the chain was one of his own making; no power could ever break that, he knew, and he was forced to resign himself to despair. But Christ is the breaker of bonds. He alone delivers from the domination of self. He came to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

And now Judas goes to the chief priests. What takes him there? Helpless miserable traitor! He has his eyes on the good bargain he hopes to make, and this attracts him; but he knows not that he is really impelled by Satan and by the tyranny of his own sinful heart.

And what does he say? Mark his question. It is most significant. It is like the opening of a window into his heart. We can read the man's character through it. We can see what is working there. "What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?"

"What will ye give me?" Oh, height of selfishness! Mary had said what can I give Christ? But Judas only cares to get, not to give.

"What will ye give me?" Judas's question is the question of millions to-day. And of whom do they ask it? Of the poor world, of the enemies of Christ. The world is Satan's market, a veritable Vanity Fair where all desires can be gratified if you will only give the seller's price. For the world gives nothing away. It drives hard bargains and demands the blood, the life, the souls of its customers; and

alas, these are readily given for the gilded playthings which man so eagerly covets. And all the while God's priceless gifts—the precious jewels of salvation, pardon, peace, and eternal joy—are being offered without money and without price to any who will take them.

And what is the sequel of this solemn story? Mary's name is had in everlasting remembrance; Judas sinks to a suicide's grave. When he saw that Jesus was condemned he repented himself, but, alas, too late. Torturing remorse sat on his conscience. He hated the sight of the 30 pieces of silver; he hated the remembrance of his sin and fatal folly, and in mad despair rushed from the sorrows of earth to the keener anguish of hell—HELL, the portion of every Christ-rejecter, that is, of every one that chooses the world and refuses God's love-gift, His well-beloved Son.

Friend, you are not beyond hope. Earth is the place of decision, these fleeting moments are the opportunity, now is the time.

The Son of God is not saying to you "What will you give Me?" Poor bankrupt one, He knows you have nothing to give. Turn away from the poverty stricken world to which you have so often appealed, and bow before Him, and say, "Lord Jesus what wilt thou give me?" His own word answers your desire. He will give you rest, peace, eternal life, and all that will perfectly satisfy you now and for ever. Believe it, prove it. Trust his finished work, His faithful Word, His loving Heart, and you shall be forgiven, received, and saved, and like Mary you may then present to Him the fragrant offerings of grateful worship and thanksgiving.

J. N. B.



The Moral Effects of Occupation with a Full Christ.



WE may look backward and see that blessed One on earth. We may look upward and see Him in the heavens. We may look forward and see Him reigning over the earth. There is nothing but Christ for the Christian. There is nothing but Christ for the Assembly. Christ on earth is the Assembly's past. Christ above is the Assembly's present. Christ in glory is the Assembly's future. Whichever way we may look the Object is the same. The Divine intention is, that we should be formed, and characterised by these glorious manifestations of light and love—the past, the present, the future—while freely admitting that the present, the heavenly manifestation, presents our Heavenly calling, and relationships and consequently has its own peculiar force and influence.

“Learn of me,” says the Lord, “for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls.” The effect thus is meekness and lowliness, and the spirit of restfulness in service. This is what the Lord was. He was meek and lowly in heart in the presence of human pride and arrogance. He was restful in service; though surround-

ed on every hand by human foes—and behind all—"the gates of Hades."

There was no perturbation in Jesus, no fear of man. There may be a good deal of perturbation in our hearts, as we seek to serve and follow Him. There was none in Christ. Mighty moral power underlay all that meekness and lowliness of heart. Not a single element of moral weakness was there. The meekness and gentleness of Christ was not the meekness and gentleness of weakness, but the meekness and gentleness of might and greatness.

I may venture to question whether occupation with a glorified Christ would be calculated to produce this beautiful, this rare, and unique quality of meekness. For this character of subjective formation, *the Christ of the Gospels* needs to be well before the soul, in the spirit of admiration and adoration.

H. S.



“Redeeming the Time.”



EACH day is divine. It comes and goes like a muffled and veiled figure sent from a distant friendly party; but it says nothing, and if we do not use the gifts it brings, it carries them as silently away.

“The Wiles of the Devil.”

(Read Josh. ix. 4, 5.)



IT is at once instructive and admonitory to see that the garments, the mouldy bread, and the plausible words of the Gibeonites did what the walls of Jericho could not do. Satan's *wiles* are more to be dreaded than his *power*.

Implicit *obedience* is the grand moral safeguard against the wiles of the enemy. No doubt the story of the Gibeonites was very plausible, and their whole appearance gave a show of truth to their statements; but none of these things should have had the slightest moral weight with Joshua and the Princes; nor would they, if they had remembered the Word of the Lord. But they failed in this. They reasoned on what they saw instead of obeying what they had heard. Reason is no guide for the people of God; we must be, absolutely and completely guided and governed by the Word of God.

This is a privilege of the very highest order, and it lies within the reach of the simplest and most unlettered child of God. The Father's Word, the Father's Voice, the Father's Eye, can guide the youngest, feeblest child in His family. All we need is the lowly and obedient heart. It does not demand great intellectual power or cleverness; if it did, what would become of the vast majority of Christians? If it were only the educated, the deep-thinking and the far-seeing that are capable of meeting the wiles of the adversary, then most of us might give up in despair.

But, thanks be to God, it is not so. We find from

the people of God, in all ages, that human wisdom, human learning, human cleverness, if not kept in their right place, have proved a positive snare, and rendered their possessors the more efficient tools in the enemy's hand. By whom have most, if not all of the heresies been introduced which have disturbed the Church of God, from age to age? Not by the simple, and the unlearned, but by the educated and the intellectual. And, in the passage to which we have just referred, in the book of Joshua, who was it that made a covenant with the Gibeonites? The common people? Nay, but the princes of the congregation. No doubt, all were involved in the mischief; but it was the princes led the way. The heads and leaders of the assembly fell into the snare of the devil through neglect of the plain Word of God.

"Thou shalt make no covenant with them." Could ought be plainer than this? Could tattered garments, old shoes and mouldy bread alter the meaning of the divine command, or do away with the urgent necessity for strict obedience on the part of the congregation? Assuredly not.

If there are difficulties in the way, if perplexing circumstances come before us, if things crop up for which we are not prepared, and to which we are unable to form a judgment, what are we to do? Reason? Jump to conclusions? Act on our own, or any human judgment? Most certainly not. What then? Wait on God; wait patiently, humbly, believingly; and He will assuredly guide and counsel.

Had Joshua and the princes acted thus, they never would have made a league with the Gibeonites; and if we act thus, we shall be delivered from every evil work and preserved unto the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

C.H.M.

Forgiveness and Consecration.

(READ LEV. XIV 14 TO 18.)



“**THE EAR**”—that guilty member which has so frequently proved a channel of communication for vanity, folly, and even uncleanness—that ear must be cleansed by the blood of the trespass offering. Thus all the guilt, which I have ever contracted by that member is forgiven according to God’s estimate of the blood of Christ.

“**THE RIGHT HAND**,” which had so frequently been stretched forth for the execution of deeds of vanity, folly, and even uncleanness, must be cleansed by the blood of the trespass offering. Thus all the guilt which I have ever contracted by that member is forgiven, according to God’s estimate of the blood of Christ.

“**THE FOOT**,” which has so often run in the way of vanity, folly and even uncleanness, must now be cleansed by the blood of the trespass offering, so that all the guilt, which I have ever contracted by that member is forgiven, according to God’s estimate of the blood of Christ.

Yes; *all, all, all* is forgiven—all is cancelled—all forgotten, all sunk as lead in the mighty waters of eternal oblivion. Who shall bring it up again? Shall angel, man or devil be

able to plunge into those unfathomed and unfathomable waters to bring up from thence those trespasses of "foot," "hand," or "ear," which redeeming love has cast thereinto." Oh, no; blessed be God, He says: "Having forgiven you all trespasses." (Col. ii.)

But there is more—there is *consecration*. Upon *the blood* was placed *the oil*. Not only are our members cleansed by the blood of Christ, but they are also consecrated to God, in the power of the Spirit. God's work is not only negative, but positive.

The ear is no longer to be the vehicle for communicating defilement, but to be "swift to hear" the voice of the Good Shepherd.


The hand is no longer to be used as the instrument of unrighteousness, but to be stretched forth in acts of righteousness, grace and true holiness.

The foot is no longer to tread in folly's paths, but to run in the way of God's holy commandments. And, finally, the whole man is to be dedicated to God in the energy of the Holy Ghost.

It is deeply interesting to see that "the oil" was put "upon the blood of the trespass offering." The blood of Christ is the divine basis of the operations of the Holy Ghost. The blood and the oil go together. Forgiveness first, then consecration.

C.H.M.

"We have such an High Priest."

 H, let thy faith repose
 In Jesus' love Divine ;
 The Heart that all our sorrow knows
 Is feeling *now* for *thine*.

Tell to His listening ear
 The anxious thoughts that rise ;
 He's moved by every falling tear,
 He echoes all thy sighs.

Purer than aught below
 The Heart that loveth thee ;
 Not like the mingled love we show—
 His *perfect* sympathy.

Well canst thou then confide
 Each interest to His care ;
 Since He has power and skill to guide
 His loved ones everywhere.

If slow to understand
 When clouds thy pathway dim,
 The *way* is still in Jesus' hand,
 The *end* is safe with Him.

See where He sits on high
 In calm, unclouded peace !
 Dwell thus beneath His watchful eye,
 And every fear shall cease.

So holy is His love,
 So wise are all His ways,
 That did we always look above
 Our hearts would only praise.

"The Progress of Mankind."

"And God said . . . the end of all flesh is come before me . . . make thee an ark" (Gen. vi. 13, 14).

"Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of him-self" (Heb. ix. 16).

"The end of all thing is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer" (1 Peter iv. 7).

THE world has recently been shocked at the assassinations of the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort in the streets of Serajevo, and the world has also been indignant and disconcerted, very much so, because of the many approvers, if not abettors, of these foul murders. Doubtless as vile and viler deeds are done every day in various parts of this sad earth, and little noticed, but in this case the illustrious standing of the victims has called forth general reprobation of the fiendish crime, and likewise pity for the old and sorrow-stricken monarch, robbed of the heir to his throne.

In moving a motion of sympathy, in the British House of Commons, with the aged Emperor Francis Joseph and with Austria-Hungary, the Prime Minister began a touching speech by saying:

"We are confronted by a crime which almost makes us despair for

THE PROGRESS OF MANKIND."

Alas! for "the progress of mankind," and for its promoters and expectants. Is it surprising that politicians and philanthropists, full of altruistic schemes for the uplifting of the human race, should stand aghast in utter disheartenment as ever and again some fresh and vicious villany is committed? But if the recrudescence of iniquity depresses them,

what disgusts them is the moral turpitude of the thousands who applaud both the evildoers and their evil deeds (Rom. 1, 32).

Good—thrice good—would it be if the Bosnian murders gave some of the rulers of Christendom a flash of divine and penetrating light whereby they might gain a glimpse of the dark background of Calvary's Cross!

And "what thinkest thou, O man," is that dark background—is it "the progress of mankind"?

Nay, it is not *progression*, but *perdition*! It is the dark setting which brings into relief the love and righteousness of God, to which Christendom, with its popular and humanitarian divines, is stark blind—it is

the utter ruin of mankind.

Adieu! then, to "the progress of mankind." The Cross makes us not almost but altogether despair of it. If mankind is capable of betraying and murdering the meek and lowly Son of God (Acts vii. 52), the embodiment of every virtue, human and divine, what wickedness is humanity not capable of doing? The tragedy of the Cross makes every other tragedy pale. The infamy of it was man's enmity trying to blot out of existence his very Maker and God. All down the ages mankind evidenced itself as "without strength," as "ungodly," as "sinners," but the Cross made the startling revelation to heaven, earth and hell, that men were *enemies* of God (Rom. v. 6-10, Col. i. 21, &c.).

True, the world of to-day has not literally crucified Christ—nor was He crucified by the Jews, but rather by the lawless hands of the Romans (Acts i. 27)—but the 20th Century endorses by its unbelief what the 1st Century did. The superscription placed by the Imperial Procurator over Jesus' dying head was

written in the three classic languages of the world ! All the world, too, the Hebrew, the Greek and the Latin, were represented at the Cross (Psa. ii. 12 ; Acts iv. 25). Those who compose the world-system now would fain forget it, or religiously masquerade as "the Christian world," but the blood of Christ as surely stains in judgment the Christ-rejecter as it cleanses in mercy the Christ-acceptor. Has any worldly government ever adopted a motion of sympathy with the blessed God in the death of His Son ? No, no ! The idea is unthinkable. On the contrary the cry still goes up to God's throne : "We will not have this man to reign over us."

On which side of the Cross are we found ? It still divides men into two classes—for Christ and against Christ ! There is not an inch of neutral ground on Calvary's mount for the foot of man to stand upon. In the sight of God both the writer and the readers of this indictment are either among that little company who viewed with love-lit eyes and breaking hearts the dying Saviour, or among those who derided and scoffed at Him !

At the Cross

"the end of all flesh"

came before God. In type, in the days of Noah and the Ark, the sentence was not executed till 120 years after it was pronounced. And since the death of Christ man's day of grace has lengthened out nearly two millenniums. But the Cross was the judicial end of man in the flesh before God—it was "the consummation of the ages" during which man had been on his trial—and right down the intervening centuries the sin and the terrors of Golgotha have still echoed man's last word to God of lawlessness and defiance, and God's last word to man of love and entreaty. *Ne plus ultra*—the Cross terminated

every moral issue. The limitations of both Divine grace and human guilt were reached there.

Doubtless since then man has been tamed, has been educated, has been refined, has been Christianised; nevertheless "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and remains to-day the same evil and incorrigible nature, or principle, which crucified the Son of God.

Man "must be born anew."

Nothing will do now for God but "a new creation."

"The progress of mankind," forsooth—What is it?

It is the hiss of the old Serpent—"Ye shall be as gods"; it is the midnight ravings of the evolutionist, with his "Man-Ape" of the remote past and his "ideal Man" of the dim future; it is the empty dream of man's proud flesh, be it in layman or cleric; it is the mutterings of a lost world, insensible to its hopeless condition, and enveloped by the shroud of superstition or wrapt in the dark pall of infidelity.

Conviction is an awakening!

Repentance is a complete upheaval and revolution of thought and mind about self and God.

Conversion is a turning round—a turning toward a Saviour-God.

Then, and only then, can the soul take its first step in the upward path of true and eternal progress.

"The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." (Isa. xl. 6-8; 1 Pet. 24, 25; ch. ii. 24).

S. J. B. C.



“Bitter Herbs.”

“And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread ; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it” (Exod. xii. 8).



† SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
 † I mark their wrathful mien ;
 Their shouts of “crucify” appal,
 With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude
 I feel that I am one ;
 And in that din of voices rude,
 I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back,
 I see the piercing crown ;
 And of that crowd who smite and mock,
 I feel that I am one.

Around the Cross the throng I see,
 Mocking the Sufferer's groan ;
 Yet still my voice it seems to be,
 As if I mock'd alone.

'Twas I that shed that sacred blood ;
 I nail'd Him to the tree ;
 I crucified the Christ of God ;
 I join'd the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails,
 To cleanse away my sin ;
 And not the less that Cross prevails,
 To give me peace within.

Horatius Bonar.

THE WONDER OF 'THE BOOK.'*

THE WONDER OF THE BOOK grows on us as our experience is enlarged, for the more deeply we search it the more we feel that the Bible is not merely a book, but **THE BOOK**. As Sir Walter Scott once said: "In the whole world it is called 'The Book.' All other books are mere leaves, fragments."

Yes. It alone is the universal Book—the eternal Book. It is the Voice; all others are merely echoes, books for the hour. The Bible is the Book for all time. It is the Book that stands alone; unapproachable in grandeur; mysterious in ascendancy; as high above all other books as heaven above earth, as the Son of God above the sons of men.

The Wonder of Its Formation.

Now, one of the first things about this Book that evokes our wonder is the very fact of its existence. Anyone who has studied the history and origin of the Divine Word must be struck with wonderment at the mysterious method of its formation. That it ever was a book, and is to-day the Book of the modern world, is really a literary miracle. For there never was any order given to any man to plan the Bible, nor was there any concerted plan on the part of the men who wrote, to write the Bible.

The way in which the Bible gradually grew is one of the mysteries of time. Little by little, part by part, century after century, it came out in disconnected fragments and unrelated portions, written by various men, without any intention (so far as we

can tell) of anything like concerted arrangement. One man wrote one part in Syria, another man wrote another part in Arabia, a third man wrote in Italy or Greece; some writers wrote hundreds of years after or before the others, and the first part was written many hundred years before the man who wrote the last part was born.

Now, take any other book you can think of on the spur of the moment, and think how it arose. You know fairly well how it arose. In nine cases out of ten a man determined to write a book, thought out the thoughts, collected the material, wrote it, or dictated it, had it copied or printed, and it was completed within two or three or more months or years.

Now, here is a book that took at least one thousand five hundred years to write, and spanned the span of sixty generations of this famous old world's history. It enlarges our conceptions of God; it gives us new ideas of His infinite patience, as we think of the wonder of His calm, quiet waiting, as He watched the strain and the haste and the restlessness of man across the feverish years, as slowly and silently the Great Book grew. Here a little and there a little of it came on; here a bit of history and there a bit of prophecy; here a poem and there a biography; and at last in process of time, as silently as the house of the Lord of old (1 Kings, vi. 7), it came forth before a needy world in its finished completeness.

When Moses died there were only five small portions; when David sat upon the throne there were a few parchments more; one by one princes and priests and prophets laid on the growing pile their greater and smaller contributions, until in process of time the whole of the Old Testament Bible was written in its entirety.

But the New Testament is a far greater miracle

from the literary standpoint than the Old Testament. The Jews were not a writing people. Not only so, but their Master was not a writer. He never wrote for publication, so far as we know, and the idea of their writing an additional or supplementary Bible would never seem to have entered the mind of His disciples. So for fifty years after Jesus was born there was probably not a line of the New Testament written.

But then, by the mystic suggestion and overruling design of the Spirit of truth, without any concerted collaboration or unity of plan, fragment by fragment the New Testament grew.

But remember; there was no pre-arrangement. It was not as if Matthew and Mark and Luke and John came together in committee, and, after solemn conference and seeking for the leading of the Spirit, Matthew undertook to write of Christ as the King, and Mark said, 'I would like for my part to write of Him as the Worker,' and Luke said, 'And I think I will undertake to delineate Him as the Man,' and then John said, 'And I will crown it by writing of Him as the Son of God'! It was not as if Paul met James one day, and, after talking and praying about it, Paul agreed to write of the dogmatic and James of the practical aspects of Christianity. Nothing of the sort. There is no trace of such a thing. They simply wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, to express some earnest longing, to teach some glorious truth, by a letter, or a treatise, or a memoir; and so this composite of fragmentary memoirs and letters came into this miraculous unit that we call the New Testament.

The Wonder of Its Unification.

Another thing: We talk of this Bible as a Book. We seldom think of it as a Library consisting of

sixty-six separate volumes, written by between thirty and forty different authors, in three different languages, upon totally different topics, and under extraordinarily different circumstances.

One author wrote history, another biography, another about sanitary science and hygiene; one wrote on theology, another wrote poetry, another, prophecy; some wrote on philosophy and jurisprudence, others on genealogy and ethnology, and some on stories of adventure and travel of romantic interest. Why, if these sixty-six books were printed separately, in large-sized print and heavy paper, and bound in morocco, they would form a small library. And yet here we have them all, the whole sixty-six volumes, in a little book that a child can carry in its little hand.

And the strangest thing of all is, that though their subjects are so diverse and so difficult—the most difficult and abstruse of all conceivable subjects—though there was no possibility of anything like concerted action or transfer of literary responsibility (for it was impossible for the man who wrote the first pages to have had the slightest knowledge what the men would write about who wrote one thousand five hundred years after he was born), yet this miscellaneous collection of heterogeneous writings is not only unified by the binder in one book, but so unified by God the Author that no one ever thinks of it to-day as anything else than One Book! And One Book it is, the miracle of all literary unity.

The Wonder of Its Age.

Again, it is a wonder that the Book is here to-day. It is a wonder that we have a Bible at all when we think of its age.

You all know that one of the great tests of literature is time. Do you know of any book that is

read by men to-day, that was written one thousand years ago? Books that were the rage a few years ago are forgotten to-day. They were born, they were boomed, and they died. The cold hand of oblivion is laid upon them. Their force is spent. Their power is gone. Where is the book, after all, that is five hundred years old and read by the masses nowadays?

You can put it down for a certainty that the older a book is the smaller is its chance of surviving, or of being read by people of diverse nationalities.

Another thing. No book ever has had much chance of being circulated widely amongst a people from which it did not originate. No book, for instance, written by a Spaniard has much chance of being read by Germans. Germans, as a rule, read German works; Englishmen English works. What book do you know of, with a few great exceptions, such as Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Dumas, Shakespeare, that has been able to overleap the bounds of nationality; and as to Turkey, India, or Mexico, or Brazil, what man out of a hundred could tell you whether they had any authors, or if they had, the name of one of their works?

But the marvellous thing about the Bible is that it is the only Book in the world that has, in this way and to this marvellous degree, not only overleaped the barrier of time, but has also been able to overleap the barrier of nationality. It was written largely in a dead language, for the Hebrew language is not a language that is either spoken or written to-day; and yet that Book, written in a dead language, written by men who died two or three thousand years ago, is not only living to-day, but it is the most widely-circulated book in the present century of the world.

The Wonder of Its Sale.

Surely this is another marvellous thing. The Old Book is easily the best seller of the day. A leading bookseller was asked what book has the largest circulation. He did not mention the most recent novel or latest scientific work. He said that the book which out-sells all the other books in the world was the Book called the Bible. Other books compute their circulation by thousands; the Bible by millions! Every year sees it rendered into new languages and its circulation increased.

The Wonder of Its Interest.

Another marvellous thing about this Book is that it is the only book in the world read by all classes and all sorts of people.

You know very well that literary people rarely read a child's book, and children would not read books of philosophy and science even if they could. If a book is philosophical and scientific it commands the attention of literary people, if it is a child's book it is read in the nursery.

A wonderful thing it is to think that there is one book that differs from all others; a Book that is read to the little child, and read by the old man as he trembles on the brink of the other world.

Years ago I heard the nurse reading a story to my child, and I said to her, "What is it that you are reading to the little one?" "I am reading the story of Joseph in the Bible," she answered. And the little child, in excitement, cried, "Please don't stop her, please," as she listened with delighted interest to the reading of a story that was written in Hebrew probably three thousand five hundred years ago.

And not far away from the room where the little child was listening, there sat one of the greatest of

modern scientists and foremost Canadian scholar, Sir William Dawson, President of McGill College, Montreal, reading with profound devotion and a higher delight the pages of that same marvellous Book.

Here is a phenomenon. One of the ablest of modern scientists delights in the reading of a book which is the joy of a little child in the nursery ! Verily it is without a parallel in literature. Our boys and girls read and study it in myriads of homes and Sunday schools ; and great scholars like Newton and Herschel and Faraday and Brewster, and great statesmen like Gladstone and Lincoln, and great soldiers like Gustavus Adolphus and Gordon and Stonewall Jackson, have taken this Book as the joy and guide of their life.

The Wonder of Its Language.

Another wonderful thing is that this Book was not written in Athens, the seat of learning in Greece, nor in Alexandria in Egypt. It was not written by men who received their inspiration from the ancient sources of wisdom. It was written by men who lived in Palestine. Many of the writers were what we should call illiterate. Not only were they not university men, or scholars or original thinkers ; they could not speak their own language purely. You remember Peter was trapped because his dialect betrayed him. He spoke like a Galilean. So did John (Acts iv. 13).

And many of the men who wrote the Bible were men of that character. One was a farm hand. Another was a shepherd. They were men of no literary reputation. And yet from men of that type educationally has come a Book that God in His mysterious power has so divested of all provincialism that it has become the standard of the language of the most

literary nations of the world.

And not only so. It is a book that has gone to the North and South and East and West. It is the strongest factor in modern life to-day, and yet it is of the ancient world. It is the most potent factor in the influence of the great nations of the progressive West; and yet it proceeded from the narrowest and most conservative people of the unprogressive East. All its authors were Hebrews, and Hebrews by instinct and tradition, by education and sentiment, were the narrowest of all narrow people. The Jew was not only narrow; he had no interest in other nations. You know what a time it took to get Peter to learn that he must, he ought to have an interest in the Salvation of the Gentiles of the outside world. Only a miracle of special revelation did it. How do you explain then the fact that these ignorant men, these most uncoemopolitan men, with all their provincialism, and exclusiveness, and insularity, were enabled to write a Book which has become not only the Book of the Jews, but THE Book of the world to-day? It is a wonder to think that an old Hebrew book has in God's mystic Providence been so divested of all Orientalism and Judaism, and Rabbinism, that the millions of boys and girls and men and women who read it never think of it as the writings of Hebrews or the language of an ancient and Oriental race. To them they are simply the words of their own dear mother-tongue.

And yet, wonderful to think of, the German never thinks of it in any other way, too. To him it is the German Bible; and so with other nations.

The Wonder of Its Preservation.

Another wonderful thing about the Bible is that it is almost the only book in the world that has stood ages of ferocious and incessant persecution.

Diocletian, the Roman Emperor, in 303 inaugurated the most terrific onslaught the world has known upon this book. Every Bible almost was destroyed, myriads of Christians perished, and a column of triumph was erected over an exterminated Bible with the inscription: 'Extincto nomine Christianorum' (The name of the Christians having been extinguished).

And yet, not many years after, the Bible came forth, as Noah from the ark, to re-people the earth, and in the year 325 Constantine enthroned the Bible as the Infallible Judge of Truth in the First General Council.

Then followed the prolonged persecution of mediævalism. You all know how the Church of Rome has denied the Scriptures to the people. The Church of Rome never trusted the people with the Bible. For ages it was practically an unknown book. Martin Luther was a grown-up man when he said that he had never seen a Bible in his life. No jailer ever kept a prisoner closer than the Church of Rome has kept the Bible from the people.

Not only so. In consequence of edicts of Councils and bans and bulls of Popes, Bibles were burned and Bible readers sent by the Inquisition to rack and flame. Many of us have seen the very spot in old London where baskets full of English Testaments were burned with great display by order of Rome.

Yet perhaps the worst persecution of all has been during the last one hundred and fifty years. The bitterest foes of the Bible, curiously enough, were men who claimed liberty of thought, and Bolingbroke and Hume and Voltaire seemed so confident of the extermination of the Bible, that the Frenchman declared that a hundred years after his day not a Bible would be found save as an antiquarian curiosity.

Then came the German rationalistic host and the Higher Critics with the subtlest of all the attacks. Yet here the Bible is to-day, stronger than ever. It stands and it will stand. The adversaries have done their worst. They have charged their heaviest charge. They have fired their deadliest volley. Whatever unexpected adversaries appear in the future, no more destructive trios than Julian and Celsus and Porphyry, than Voltaire and Strauss and Renan, than Eichorn and Wellhausen and Kuenen, will probably ever be confederate against it. Yet, in spite of all these age-long persecutions, the Word of the Lord is having free course and is being glorified.

The Bible is being circulated at the rate of about twelve million copies a year, in about five hundred languages of the globe. It has an influence it never possessed before. Verily, as we think of it we may challenge our proud age with the challenge of Moses, and cry: "Ask now of the days that are past, which were before thee, since the day that God created man upon the earth, and ask from the one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing is, or hath been heard like it?" (Deut. iv. 32).

The Seven Crowning Wonders.

But before I close I would like briefly to refer to seven other things that are to my mind the crowning wonders of the Book.

It is Self-authenticated.

There is, first, what we might call its self-authenticatingness. You need no historical critic or university professor to prove that the Bible is God's own Word. The Holy Ghost alone is the Author and Giver of that conviction. If you will but hear the accents of His voice you will be assured beyond

all possibility of argument that this book is God's own Word.

You have perhaps heard Spurgeon's famous story of the poor woman who was confronted by a modern agnostic, and asked: "What are you reading?" "I am reading the Word of God." "The Word of God? Who told you that?" "He told me so Himself." "Told you so? Why, how can you prove that?" Looking skyward, the poor soul said: "Can you prove to me that there is a sun up in the sky?" "Why, of course; the best proof is that it warms me, and I can see its light." "That's it!" was her joyous reply. "The best proof that this Book is the Word of God is that it warms and lights my soul."

It is Inexhaustible.

It is like a seed. You can tell how many acorns are on an oak, but you cannot tell how many oaks are in an acorn. The tree that grows from a seed produces in turn the seed of other trees; each tree contains, say, a thousand seeds; each seed the germ of a thousand trees.

Its depth is infinite; its height is infinite. Millions of readers and writers, age after age, have dug in this unfathomable mine, and its depths are still unexhausted. Age after age it has generated, with ever-increasing creative power, ideas and plans, and schemes, and themes, and books. Yes, books; and in many cases books that are the only literature of the nation. The greatest minds have been its expositors. Myriads of students have studied it daily, and its readers from day to day can be numbered by millions.

It is Non-improvable.

You cannot gild gold. You cannot paint rubies. You cannot brighten diamonds. And no artist can

add any final touch to this finished Word of God. It stands as the sun in the sky. This proud-pinnacled age can add nothing to it. If the greatest Bible-lovers of our own or any other times had attempted to improve it, their work would have been a patch and a disfigurement. It has the glory of God.

It is Authoritative.

This is another wonder. It breaks upon you as a Voice from Heaven. Five hundred times in the Pentateuch it prefaces or concludes its declarations with the sublime assertions, 'the Lord said,' or 'the Lord spake'! Three hundred times again in the following books it does the same, and in the prophetic books it does so twelve hundred times with such expressions as: 'Hear the Word of the Lord,' or 'Thus saith the Lord.'

No other book dares thus to address itself to the universal conscience. No other speaks with such binding claim, or presumes to command the obedience of mankind. The strange thing is that men in every age and clime acknowledge this claim. They know that the book speaks to their inner consciousness with an authority like the authority of God Himself.

It is Perennially Re-inspired.

Men think of the Bible as a book that *was* inspired. But the wonder of the Bible is that it *is* inspired. From the far-distant heights of time it comes sweeping into the hearts of men to-day, and the same breath of God that breathed into it its mystic life makes it live and energize again to-day. It is the Living Word, vital with the life of the Living God Who gave it and gives it living power.

For this is the most remarkable and unique feature of the Bible. I feel it is *mine*. Its promises are mine. As I read the one hundred and third Psalm, it is not ancient Hebrew, it is present-day

power ; and I, cleansed by the blood, a living soul, and renewed by the Holy Ghost, and overwhelmed with gratitude, cry out: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'

The other day I took up an old Bible that my mother gave me, and I noted a verse in Genesis with a date written on the margin. There floated back upon my mind a time, some years ago, when I was in great trouble. I had to leave my dear wife and children, and to travel in quest of health in distant lands ; and my heart within me was sad ; and one day, on opening my Bible at random, as men say, my eye caught these words in Genesis xxviii. 15 : "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land." Shall I ever forget the flash of comfort that swept over my soul as I read that verse!

All the exegetes and critics in the world could never persuade my soul that that was a mere echo of some far-off relic of a Babylonian legend, or of an Oriental myth. No, no! That was a message to me. It came straight down to me. It swept into my soul as a Voice from heaven. It lifted me up, and no man will ever shake me out of the conviction that that message that day was God's own Word to me, inspiring because inspired, inspired because inspiring.

It Creates and Transforms.

It creates lives. It alters destinies. It gives birth to immortal works. One of its texts transformed Luther and was the beginning of the greatest of modern epochs. It is "incorruptible seed" whereby the soul is born again. Ten thousand times ten thousand are evidences of the regenerative power of the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever.

It Reveals Christ.

But the supreme wonder of the Book is *Christ*.

He is its fullness, its centre, its fascination. It is all about Jesus! Old Testament and New Testament alike tell of Jesus, the great Fact of history, the great Force of history, the great Future of history; for of this Book it can be said: "The Glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof."

And as long as men live upon the face of this globe the Book shall tell of that Supreme Personality, the Centre of a world's need, Jesus—Jesus, the arch of the span of history, the key-stone of the arch of prophecy—Jesus, the Revealed, the Redeeming, the Risen, the Reigning, the Returning Lord—Jesus, the Desire of all nations.

The Last Word.

And, as I close, let me say this one word more. Do not think and do not say, as I have heard men say they think, that we ought to read this Book as we read any other book; that we ought to study it and analyze it just as we do any textbook in literature or science. No, no. When you come to this Book, come to it with awe. Regard it with reverence. Read it with a plea for the Spirit's help. Only the Spirit of truth can guide into all the truth. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Never compare this Book with other books. Comparison is dangerous. They are of the earth. This is from heaven. Do not think and do not say that this Book only contains the Word of God! It is the Word of God—supernatural in origin; eternal in duration; inexpressible in value; infinite in scope; divine in authorship; human in penmanship; regenerative in power; infallible in authority; universal in interest; personal in application; inspired in totality.

(Adapted.)

D. H.

Negative Morality,



A FARMER goes to the agricultural show, and he says, "I have a farm that I want to put in competition. It has not a weed on it—not one; it has not a thistle; it has no purslain; it has no dock; it has no plantain; it has not any mullein. There is not a weed on it, absolutely.

"Well," it is asked him, "what are your crops?"

"Oh, I—I—"

"Have you any wheat?"

"No."

"Any corn?"

"No."

"Any grafts in the orchard?"

"No; I have nothing of that kind—but I've got no weeds." And that is all!

There are a great many people who seem to think that Christianity is *not doing wrong*. As if a knitting machine that never knit any stockings would be considered good because it never misknit! Why, it never dropped a stitch, because it never knit at all.

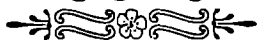
The idea has been, very largely, that when a man became a Christian, he agreed with himself to give up dancing, and swearing, and gambling, and lying, and dissipation, and bad company; and his creed, if he were

to let it out, would be, "I will *not* do this, I will *not* do that," till by and by it will be as *knotty* as a pine plank sawn out of a small tree.

Negatives are not to be derided or despised; but a man who has nothing more than *nots*, is and has nothing. A man must have Christ, or he is lost.



Brotherly Forgiveness.



IN forgiveness you must burn, not the arrow alone, but the bow too; you must not only refrain from retaliation, but you must get rid of the desire to retaliate. Did you ever see a dog rebuked for barking? The master says, "Hush! be still!" and the dog stops barking; but he keeps up a muttered growling. That is the way some brethren forgive.

Brethren who have mutual difficulties are like two men pulling at the opposite ends of a rope with a knot in it. The harder they pull, the tighter the knot becomes, but if they give up and come together there is no difficulty in untying the knot. Read Matt. v. 23, 24, and ch. xviii. 15. Two brethren at variance acting in the spirit of these scriptures (no matter who is right or who is wrong), must come together, and must *meet half-way*.

Obeying the Gospel.

✠ HERE is a story of an Indian prince who gave strict orders to his servant not to go near a certain cave, the entrance of which was blocked by a large stone. The servant obeyed his master's order for some time, but he presently began to think that there must be some great treasure hidden in the cave, of which his master did not wish him to know. So one day, with the help of a friend he managed to roll away the stone, when out sprang an enormous tiger which tore both men to pieces. His master's command had been for his own good when he told him to keep away from the cave. One act of disobedience cost him his life.

The command that God gave to our first parents in the Garden of Eden was meant for their own good. But they thought they would be better off if they disobeyed God and ate of the forbidden fruit, with what terrible consequences we all have been told many a time; that one act of disobedience ruined our race, and made it easy for all of us to continue in the footsteps of Adam and Eve, by disobeying God.

We have all got into the habit of disobeying God. We do it often without thinking

what we are doing ; this terrible habit has become so strong with us that we go on adding sin to sin, day by day, without thinking that there is anything very wrong with us. It is because of this habit that we do not like to think about meeting God and having to do with Him. We had rather not think about Him, but be allowed to go on by ourselves and be left to do our pleasure.

Yes, the thought of obeying God is not a pleasant one. Until we come to Christ, we are like the boy who said, as he looked down at his favourite dog, "I wish I could mind God as my dog minds me. He seems so pleased to do it, but I find it so hard to mind God."

Yes, we have all disobeyed God thousands of times, and so deserve to be punished. But He is so kind that He does not wish us to be punished, and so He has given us a special command, and if we obey this command we shall never go to the place of punishment. And what is this special command ? It is this : Obey the gospel. And why should I obey the gospel ?

Because first of all,

God tells me to.

This ought to be a sufficient reason, and it always would be if we had not got into that terrible habit of disobeying God. A little boy or girl should obey what his mother

tells him to do, just because it is mother that gives the command. And it is just because it is the kind, strong, wise Saviour Who tells you to receive Him as your Lord, that you should do so. Is He not worthy to be obeyed? Is He not worthy to be trusted?

But there is another reason why you should obey the gospel by trusting Jesus, and that is because

the Gospel is for your own good.

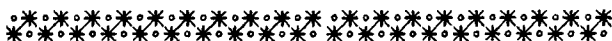
By coming to Christ you are doing yourself the greatest kindness possible. Have you ever looked at it like that? By obeying the gospel you are just getting Jesus to forgive you all those acts of disobedience which you have done, to give you a place in the family of God, and make you fit for a home in heaven. There are many, many other blessings which will become yours if you obey the gospel. So you see it is for your own good if you put your soul into the hands of the Saviour.

Yet another reason why you ought to obey the gospel is that

you know you ought to obey it.

There is a terrible sin which boys and girls like you, who read gospel magazines and go to Sunday School must be warned against, for it is a sin which many are often committing. It is this: refusing to come to Jesus when you feel and know you ought to come. It often happens that boys and girls feel that

they are sinners, and that the very thing which they ought to do is to trust Jesus for the forgiveness of their sins ; but they shake off these feelings and try to forget about the gospel, instead of obeying it, and become careless once more. Can any sin be greater than saying "No" to Jesus ?



Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 54—Josh x. 1-28. No. 55—2 Chron. xxii. & xxiii.)

NO. 56.

POOR wanderer—what a journey he has had, how long a time has he been on the road !

On that terrible summer's night when he escaped, and through scenes of death and horror made his way down the hill, how little could he have imagined the weary pilgrimage that lay before him !

Rivers had to be crossed, long tracts of country traversed, dangerous regions to be dared, strange and foreign lands had to be passed through, perils of robbers and perils in the wilderness to be resolutely faced, for "they must know, they must hear this message of sorrow."

More than sixteen months have passed, and now he is nearing his journey's end. Foreign languages have been heard for many a month, but now from one and another he hears his mother tongue.

At last he comes to the man whom he seeks ; how shall he adequately picture the woes of last year's cat-

astrophe? He dare not trust himself to speak at length; two or three words will do it; and in two or three words he gently announces a nation's fall.

NO. 57.

A GROUP of men are talking earnestly together, or rather one is narrating to his three companions something that has impressed him very much.

It is evidently a remarkable piece of information, and the suggestion which the speaker founds upon it is very novel and somewhat startling. It may never have occurred to any of them before. His companions seem to agree entirely with the proposed scheme, and one of them, from his look of devotion to the speaker, would, I think, agree with any suggestion that fell from his lips. That being settled, the next question is, When should the plan be adopted?

"Immediately," is the prompt reply of the leader.

The others agree; it may be more difficult perhaps for one of the party to make his arrangements than for the others, so it is quite possible that he may have to go home and wind up affairs, while the others go down to the quays and make enquiry about outgoing ships. A few hours later I see that party on board ship, they have a favourable breeze and are going fast on their course in a N.W. direction; it is open sea, and yet there are islands always near, they pass three, and the sun sets over one on their left hand a little farther off.

Next morning they sight another island and then they approach the mainland; a lofty promontory runs into the sea, and the ship enters a harbour on the western side. See how interested our travellers appear! The story narrated by one of them at the first makes the sight of this land intensely attractive. They are almost overcome with emotion and suppressed excitement. I wonder what awaits them there!

A Bad Memory.



HOW often one hears some dear aged friend bemoan this fact, and others who are not so old are often troubled because they cannot remember things.

"In former years I had an excellent memory," says one, "but now it seems like a sieve."

"I go to meetings," says another—perhaps a far younger one—"and greatly enjoy the ministry that is given. But how *soon* it passes from me! It is the same with what I read. However much I enjoy it at the time, little or nothing remains with me."

Very heartily do I sympathise with you in your grief as to this. Let me direct you to a passage of Scripture which may help.

In Ruth ii. we find that Boaz commanded his young men to help Ruth in her daily gleaning in his fields. They were to suffer her to glean among the sheaves, and were to let fall handfuls purposely for her.

But besides this, they were to draw water from the well, and Ruth, when she was thirsty, was to freely drink from the vessels that contained the water.

Please observe that each evening, on her return home, Ruth had her measure of barley to show her mother-in-law, *but she had nothing to show for what she had eaten herself and the*

water she had drnnk. It had strengthened and refreshed her, and made it easier for her to continue her gleaning in the heat and weariness of the summer day, but it was gone.

So with ministry, even when we cannot retain it in our memories. It cheers and refreshes us, lifts up our souls, helps us to realise anew something of the grace to which we owe so much. We go on our way with renewed courage, and find it easier to bear the burdens that a wise and loving Hand has laid upon us. even if we find it impossible to recall what we have heard or read.

Do not, then, be disheartened if your memory does not serve you as it once did. Do not be too much concerned if you forget what you would fain remember. Thank God for the cheer and refreshment that you receive by the way, even though that which has brought it to you finds no permanent place in your remembrance.

You do not, however, forget *everything*, do you? Much passes from your mind, but sometimes you read or you hear something that seems to impress itself upon you in such a way that it becomes a part of your moral being. *That* is the handful let fall purposely for you and also to give to others.





“Who is the ‘He’?”

Q S a young man, lately arrived from England, I was wandering one evening in the bush in Australia, having lost my way, when suddenly I saw a light, and making for it I found myself at a large farm and asked permission of the farmer to pass the night under cover. He somewhat surlily said, “You can go into the barn if you like, but there is someone there already.”

I was then totally ignorant of God and His grace, unconverted, a man of the world. But being in want of shelter and rest for the night I thanked him and went into the barn. By the light of a lantern I saw a man lying in a corner, coughing violently.

Putting down my gun and shooting-bag, which was my only luggage, I went over to him and, sitting down by his side, asked him if I could do anything for him.

Speaking with difficulty he told me he was an Englishman, and had been at the same University as I; but, having disgraced his family, he had been sent out to the Colonies, where he had led a dissolute life. For some time he had been employed on the farm; but now felt he was about to die. Did I know anything about the hereafter? as he was anxious to find out what was going to become of him.

Utterly careless myself, I said I thought the Bible was the book he needed.

“Oh,” said he, “the Bible; why, my mother put one in my swag when I left home; I have never opened it yet, will you go and get it out and bring

it here?"

I went into another shed, got the Book and brought it to him. "Now," he said, "where are we to turn?" and we both confessed we did not know. "Well, clap it together," he said, "and see where it opens." I did so, and the Book opened at Isa. 53.

I began to read, "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." "Stop," said the dying man,

"Who is the 'He'?"

I hazarded the reply, "Jesus Christ."

"Ah," he said "go on;" and I read slowly on until I came to the words, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way."

"Stop!" he said, "that's me, that's me! That's just what I have done all my life;" and after a little while he said, "Go on." "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Ah," he said, "*Jesus Christ*," and then a minute or so after, "Read it again."

"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."

He lay back on the straw and I quietly read on, and turning over the pages found some passages about Jesus Christ in the Gospels. After some time he asked me to leave him, which I did, and I was soon fast asleep.

In the morning the beams of the sun were making their way through the cracks of the barn when I awoke, and going over to the place where my poor friend lay, I was struck by the change in him. His face seemed to have caught some of the sunbeams, he looked so happy and peaceful, no cough, but quite at rest.

I did not understand what had happened, but he said to me, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all—Jesus Christ is my Saviour." He told me that in the night the Lord had come to him and showed him His hands and side, and now all was joy and peace. I listened, but thought he must be light-headed, but it was because I saw no beauty in the One he was so occupied with. The day or two that he lingered he could not hear enough or talk enough of "Him."

Shortly before he died (for he passed away while I tarried at the farm) he said to me, "I have a request to make of you. I want you to write in the fly-leaf of this Bible an account of your meeting me here and reading to me Isaiah liii. 6 and of the 'Him' it speaks about—Jesus Christ—and how the Lord came to me in the night, and how I die believing on Him as my Saviour. I want, if I can, to put my name to it, and I want you to put yours and then pack it up and send it to my father in London."

And he gave me his address.

I did as he requested, and soon in the rush of a godless life forgot the incident. Some years after I was returning to London on furlough, through the grace of God a converted man, and, musing over my life in Australia, I thought on this occasion and wondered whether the Bible ever reached the old father. So I determined to call on him.

Shortly after my arrival I made my way one evening to — Square, and was shown in to a very old man sitting in his library alone. Making myself known to him, I inquired if he ever received the Bible.

"Indeed I did," he said, and tottering to his feet, went over to his desk, unlocked a draw and produced the Book, and sat down again. "Well do I remem-

ber receiving it," he said, "I was then a careless man of the world, without God and without hope, but, in infinite mercy, on reading what you and my poor son pointed me to in Isaiah liii. 6, my eyes were opened to my sinful condition, and soon after to Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and from that time to this I have not ceased to praise Him."

Thus the Spirit of God, active in grace, encircles the globe, overcomes all obstacles, brings to bear the particular verse of Scripture at the particular time, and illuminates the soul as to Christ. May the readers of these lines be led by the same Spirit to know and confess Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Lord.

G. I. E.

"The righteous judgment of God."

(Rom. ii.)



TO Trajan, one of the greatest of Rome's Emperors, has been ascribed the much applauded sentiment: "Better that the guilty should escape than that the innocent should suffer." Thus did he impeach the infallibility of even Roman law.

But in the judgment of God all shall justify the verdict, for no guilty one shall escape, and no innocent one shall suffer. All shall receive their just due, and all shall say, "Amen" to the equity and truth of God's judgment (Ps. li. 4).

S. J. B. C.

The Silver Trumpet.

(Fragments from an Address.)

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



THE scripture before us has been aptly called "The Silver Trumpet." Often indeed has it been sounded out; yet, however familiar the tones and however faint the blast, we cannot forbear; we are impelled to put it to our lips and to sound it forth once more.

Its first note falls sweetly on the ears of those to whom heavenly music hath charms. How wonderful, after all man is, and has done through six thousand years of sin, that God should still say to him "Come." If God were any other than God, He would have long since told the sinner to depart, but His patience is divine, and still He bids all "Come." Strange that so few should list to such an invitation, telling forth the love of the heart of God to poor rebel man.

The next note also gives a pleasant sound, but it is deeper and more solemn. "Now is the accepted time" is God's truth, and so God says "Come now." The ancients represented time as a figure-head with hair only at the front, none at the back. Hence the expression: "Take time by the forelock." Ah, men do it in many things, but turn a deaf ear to God's urgent entreaty "Come now." "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," sang the poet. Nevertheless there are those who "are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the charmers, charming never so wisely" (Psa. lvi. 4-5; Acts vii. 51).

"Well," says somebody, "what next? What does

God ask me to 'Come now' for?"

Surprising and condescending grace—He wants to reason with you.

"God never gave me reasoning faculties unless He wanted me to use them," said a man to me (and there is a measure of truth in such a remark), but this deluded man ignored the fact that he was a fallen creature, and that "the god of this world hath blinded the *minds* of them that believe not." Though the Bible contains nothing *against* reason, it has much in it *above* reason, and although God reasons with man "from out of the scriptures" (Acts xvii. 2), He never reasons with him *about* them. No matter who denies it, they are the only vehicle by which He conveys His thoughts to man.

"Oh," you say, "I wish for light on the doctrine of original sin, and——"

Stop, my friend, let us keep to the text, and it speaks of "*your* sins." God will clear up the mystery of the origin of sin in His own time, but what He would settle now with you is the question of "*your* sins." In John iv. the woman of Samaria would fain have reasoned with the Lord about Jewish customs, and so on; but said Christ, as it were, "What about your sins?" "Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband," were words that reached her conscience, and when her conscience was reached *then* she got understanding, for immediately she says, "Sir, I *perceive* that Thou art a prophet." In divine things the intellect can only be instructed through the conscience. When your conscience is brought into the presence of God about "*your* sins," then, and only then, will you begin to make headway in understanding the things of God.

Now, will you bear with me if I take the liberty to

ask, Are you troubled about "your sins"? I have confidence to believe that some of you are. Then hearken, troubled one, to these silvery tones—these enchanting strains of the silver trumpet: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Scarlet and crimson are called fast colours. Dye a garment red, and it is impossible to eradicate the stain without destroying the fabric. In the paper mills at Home they utilise all kinds of old rags to make various kinds of paper, but the red rags are thrown together in heaps, for they are no good except to make into Turkey-red blotting paper. The words of our text, then, suppose your incapability to cleanse yourself from your sins. Man can *do*, but he cannot *undo*. Happy for him when he owns it.

Oh, that now you would cease from all vain attempts to undo the past, and let *God do*! Look through a red coloured glass at a red object, and the object looks *white*. So God looks at the believer's sins through the blood of Jesus. Heed, then, the melodious strains of God's silver trumpet proclaiming light, life, and liberty to every fallen child of Adam's race!

"Salvation without money;
 Salvation without price;
 Salvation without labour—
 Believing doth suffice.
 Salvation now this moment,
 Then why, Oh, why delay?
 You may not see to-morrow;
 NOW is salvation's day."

S. J. B. C.



Hold On, or Let Go?



ONCE asked a friend what it was that kept her in her unbelief for so long a time in those dark days of her wearisome seeking.

"You have asked me that," she said, "more than once before, and I never could tell you. I have often thought of it, but it always seemed mysterious to me. I believed the Spirit had led me, but I did not know how. But awhile ago, I thought I had found out something about it."

"Well, how was it?"

"I was in a cold state," said she; "I had lost all the little light I ever had. I knew I had done wrong. I had neglected prayer too much, my heart had become worldly, and for a good many weeks I was in trouble and fear, for I knew I had wandered far from God. Then I thought I felt just as I used to, before I had any hope, when I was coming to your house so much. And then I tried to recollect what I did to come to the light at that time, so as to do the same thing now. But I couldn't remember anything about it. However, while I was trying, one thing came to my mind which did me some good. You know the address that you preached just before I came to have any hope—it was about wanderers lost on the mountains?"

"No, indeed, I have no recollection of it."

"Well, I can't tell you what it was; I can't repeat it; maybe I can tell enough to make you remember. I know you represented us as lost sinners, wandering over mountain after mountain, in dark and dangerous places among the rocks and precipices, not knowing where we were going. It grew darker and darker—we were groping along sometimes on the

brink of a dreadful precipice, and didn't know it. Then some of us began to fall down the steep mountains, and thought we would be dashed to pieces. (I know I thought so!) Don't you remember it, sir?"

"Partly. But go on."

"Well, you said our friends were calling to us, as we hung by the bushes on the brink, and we called to one another, '*Hold on—hold on.*' Then, you said this cry, '*Hold on—hold on,*' might be a very natural one for anybody to make, if he should see a poor creature hanging over the edge of a precipice, clinging to a little bush with all his might—if the man didn't see anything *else*. But you said there was another thing to be seen, which these '*hold on*' people didn't seem to know anything about. You said the Lord Jesus Christ was lifting up both His hands to catch us, if we would consent to fall into His arms, and was crying out to us, '*Let go, let go.*' Up above, all around where we were, you said they were crying out, '*Hold on, hold on.*' Down below, you said, Jesus cried, '*Let go—let go*'; and if we only knew Who He was, and would *let go* of self, self-righteousness, self-confidence, and self-help, and fall into the arms of Christ, we should be saved. And you said we had better stop our noise, and *listen*, and hear *His* voice, and *take* His advice, and *trust* and '*let go*'—and fall into the arms of Jesus."

"Don't you recollect that address, sir?"

"Yes, only you have preached it better than I did."

Faith saves—it is the *means*, but Jesus Christ is the sole Object of faith.



Christ is All.



IT is a great event in a man's history when he can say—I am a sinner ; how may I be saved from sin ? Hell is before me ; how can I escape it ? I am weary of this world ; oh ! that I could find God, and be at rest ! Sin-sick ones, world-weary ones, our heart is touched for you. We write these pages with an earnest prayer to God, and a loving desire towards you that you may be saved.

The trouble you experience must not be lightly treated. We would not attempt by human palliatives to soothe and comfort. The pain must not only be relieved, but the cause must be reached and removed. Many are at hand with "carnal physic for a sin-sick soul"—smooth-tongued prophets, who say "Peace, peace," and only slightly heal the wound which sin has made. They are ready with their anodynes to ease the smart of sin, but they have no skill to save from its deadly consequences.

It is a matter for congratulation if you suffer from a sense of the intolerable evil of sin, and desire to be saved. We are reminded of Lady Huntingdon's remark to Whitfield's brother, as he sat at her table groaning and weeping, and crying in the bitterness of his soul, "I'm lost !" "Thank God, I'm glad to hear it," rejoined the Countess. So we, too, can thank God if you have felt sin's burden, and learned in any degree sin's awful results ; for there is a Saviour for lost sinners ; but sinners who do not believe they are lost, will never be saved, simply because they do not desire to be.

The story of God's saving love and power in Christ is what is known as the Gospel. The Gospel, then, is God's good news to lost sinners, and it comes to

you. It does not tell you that you are lost; it presupposes that you know this sad fact, and then points you to Christ. It does not curse and condemn you; it finds you under the curse, and then tells you that Christ has been cursed and condemned in your stead, so that you may be blessed for ever. The Gospel has no word of upbraiding for your sinful life and shameful disregard of God; but it speaks of pardon, justification and eternal life through Christ to all who confess their need of them.

In a word, the Gospel does not tell you what *you* are, but what *Christ* is. You know what you are—a sinner, filthy, perverse, condemned, and ready to perish. It is no news to tell you that, and, certainly no good news. But the Gospel music discourses sweetly and powerfully, and with infinite variety and richest resources, of the one theme—CHRIST: Christ the Son of God—Christ the Saviour of men—Christ in His life—Christ in His death—Christ in resurrection—Christ on the throne; and then proclaims that this Christ, wherever found, is there for man. For the sake of man He humbled Himself; for the sake of man He died; for man He rose again, and now appears in heaven, there still proving His love for man by exercising His priestly offices on behalf of those who come unto God through Him.

Very varied, too, is the presentation of Christ in the Gospel, and in each is seen some feature which declares His suitability to man's need. Men suffer from hunger—soul-hunger, cruel, and never satisfied: Christ is the Bread of Life. Men suffer from raging thirst, and Christ says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." Man is in the darkness; Christ is the Light. Man has rebelled against God; Christ is our Peace. He may be in despair; Christ is our Hope. Yea, more, man is *dead*, but Christ

is the Life. In a word, *Christ is all*, and man—what is man? What do you think of yourself? Tell us honestly, what will you plead on your own behalf? Will you assent to this: Man is nothing, CHRIST IS ALL?

Do you fear the judgment of God? Know then that Christ was judged that you might never come into judgment. Do you tremble at the thought of sin's punishment? Behold on the Cross the Son of God bearing the penalty of your sins. And now consider if Christ bore the consequences of your rebellion and wickedness, will you have to bear the consequences also? If eternal justice has executed your sentence on Him Who voluntarily stood in the breach to receive the stroke aimed at you, must you also die? No, indeed; it is yours to say—

“Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
And God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.”

J. N. B.

Polished Shackles.



† It is said of the inmates of a certain prison that they spend much time polishing their shackles, each being ambitious to have his fetters outshine those of his neighbour. Not a pleasing tale, yet how like people dwelling outside prison walls, who glory in the number and brilliancy of the very things that bind them to earth and hold in thrall their never-dying souls!

It is Written.



UNBELIEF invariably shuts out God. Its reasonings are carried on and its conclusions reached in midnight darkness. There is not so much as a single ray of true light in the whole of that sphere in which unbelief operates. It excludes the only source of light, and leaves the soul wrapped in the shades and deep gloom of a darkness that may be felt.

It is of Satan who ever has been, is, and will be, the great question-raiser. Wherever you trace Satan, you will always find him raising questions. He fills the heart with all sorts of "ifs" and "hows," and thus plunges the soul in thick darkness. If he can only succeed in raising a question, he has gained a point. But he is perfectly powerless with a simple soul that just believes that God is, and God HAS SPOKEN. Here is faith's noble answer to the unbeliever's questions—its divine solution of all the unbeliever's difficulties. Faith always brings in the very One that unbelief shuts out. It thinks with God; unbelief thinks without Him.

Hence, then, we would say, and specially to the young Christian, never admit questions when God has spoken. If you do, Satan will have you under his foot in a moment. Your only security against him is found in that one impregnable, immortal sentence, "It is written." It will never do to argue with him on the ground of experience, of feeling, or of observation; it must be absolutely and exclusively on the ground of this—that God is—and that God has spoken. Satan can make no hand of this argument at all. It is invincible. Everything else he can shiver to pieces; but this confounds him and

puts him to flight at once.

We see this very strikingly illustrated in the temptation of our Lord. The enemy, according to his usual way, approached the blessed One with a *question*—"If thou be the Son of God." How did the Lord answer him? Did He say, "I know I am the Son of God—I have had a testimony from the opened heavens, and from the descending and anointing Spirit—I feel, and believe, and realize that I am the Son of God?" No, such was not His mode of answering the tempter. How then? "*It is written.*" Such was the thrice repeated answer of the obedient and dependent Man; and such must be the answer of every one who will overcome the tempter.

Thus, in reference to Bible miracles, if any inquire, "How can such a thing be? It is contrary to the laws of nature; and how could God traverse the established principles of natural philosophy?" Faith's reply is sublimely simple. God can do as He pleases. The One Who called worlds into existence, could make a rod—as He did Aaron's rod—to bud, blossom, and bear fruit in a moment. Bring God in, and all is simple and plain as possible. Leave God out, and all is plunged in hopeless confusion. The attempt to tie up—we speak with reverence—the Almighty Creator of the vast universe, by certain laws of nature, or certain principles of philosophy, is nothing short of impious blasphemy. It is almost worse than denying His existence altogether. It is hard to say which is the worse, the atheist who says there is no God, or the rationalist who maintains that He cannot do as He pleases.

We feel the immense importance of being able to see the real roots of all the plausible theories which are afloat at the present moment. The mind of man is busy forming systems, drawing conclusions,


and reasoning in such a manner as virtually to exclude the testimony of Holy Scripture altogether, and to shut out God from His own creation. Our young people must be solemnly warned as to this. They must be taught the immense difference between the facts of science, and the conclusions of scientific men. A fact is a fact wherever you meet it, whether in geology, astronomy, or any other department of science; but men's reasonings, conclusions, and systems are another thing altogether. Now, Scripture will never touch the facts of science; but the reasonings of scientific men are constantly found in collision with Scripture. Alas! alas! for such men! And when such is the case we must, with plain decision, denounce such reasonings altogether, and exclaim with the apostle, "Let God be true and every man a liar."

We solemnly urge upon you the necessity of giving to holy Scripture the supreme place in the heart and mind. We must bow down, with absolute submission to the authority of, not "*Thus saith the Church*"—"*Thus say the fathers*"—"Thus say the doctors", but "*Thus saith the Lord*"—"It is written." This is the *only* security against the rising tide of unbelief which threatens to sweep away the foundations of religious thought and feeling throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. None will escape save those who are taught and governed by the Word of the Lord. May God increase the number of such!

C. H. M.

Howardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity asks, Is it popular? But conscience asks, Is it right?

Freddy's Penny.



"**N**ANCY, Nancy, you must come home now. It will soon be dinner-time," called nurse from the seat where she was sewing, whilst she watched the two children revelling in the delights of a flower-covered field. Masses of large scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers were intermixed with marguerites and feathery grasses, whilst in the marshy places lower down meadowsweet and king-cups were hiding beneath the reeds. Nancy's basket was nearly full, but still she went on gathering, and Freddy stood beside her, tightly grasping his own special treasures.

Very reluctantly, Nancy picked up her basket, and then she and Freddie followed nurse to the gate which led into their father's garden.

"When the children are ready, send them to me in the drawing-room, please, nurse," said Mrs. Newall, who was crossing the hall as they entered.

Ten minutes later two young folks in clean pinafores entered the room, but their mother had been called away.

Nancy settled herself in the window with a very engrossing new book, whilst Freddy

amused himself with a new penny, which for some days had been transferred from pocket to pocket when his clothes were changed.

Presently he wandered round the room. "I do believe my penny would just drop in there," he murmured, as he looked into the open space of a lovely vase which stood on the lower shelf of the china cabinet. The next minute there was a clink, and the penny was reposing in the vase, and Freddy's hand had dived to the bottom in search of it.

"Oh, Freddy, what are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Newall, as she entered the room. "This is naughty of you!"

Well she might exclaim, for the child extended his arm with the valuable vase firmly fixed to it.

For some time Mrs. Newall carefully tried every means to release his hand, but nothing was of any avail. "Nancy, go and tell father to come at once," she said at last.

"I'm afraid we shall have to break the vase, dear," said Mr. Newall, "but I am reluctant to do that unless it is absolutely necessary, for we can never replace it.

"Now, Freddy, look at my hand; open it like this, and stretch out your fingers quite straight, and then pull."

"Oh, no, father! I couldn't do that; if I did I should drop my penny!"

"Your penny!" echoed his father in sur-

prise. "Why, of course your hand won't come out if it is doubled up with a penny inside!"

"Drop the penny at once and stretch out your hand," said Mrs. Newall firmly.

Freddy obeyed, and the next moment it slid out quite easily.

In that little story there lies a parable, the meaning of which many young folks much older than Freddy have never grasped.

The entrance to God's kingdom is *narrow* (Matt. vii. 14). It is quite easy to enter if the heart is first opened by God. Then *everything* is yielded up, body, soul, and spirit. But, till then, we cling to the earthly things, as Freddy clung to his coin, and so there can be no admission.

Someone tells an incident which illustrates this. He knew the wealthy owner of a huge business in Norway who had once been a poor boy tending cattle in the country. One day the boy asked his sister to do his work for him, and promised, if she would, that she should hold a tiny coin in her hand all day. Money was so rare in that family that the child gladly did her brother's work for the simple payment of grasping the little gleaming coin, which she had to return to him at night.

Many years afterwards, when the boy had become a rich man, he told the incident to

a friend. By that time he had allowed the love of money to occupy such a large place in his life that it had crowded out the desires after the things of God which he had once possessed.

When he had finished the story of his sister's foolishness, which he told with a laugh, his listener rejoined, "And *that* is all you get. You can only hold your wealth to the end of the day of your life, and then you will have as little as when you began, and the whole of your earthly life will be gone for ever."

Boys and girls, take Christ as your Saviour, and you will drop any bright thing you are grasping too firmly, and hand over every bit of your life to His keeping.

E. M. R.

Little Worries.

THE irregular walking of millions over a bridge will not affect it so much as the steady tramp, tramp of a company of soldiers. If they did not make troops "break step" when going over a bridge, the structure might collapse. So it is with the constant, steady succession of little worries: they will batter down the Christian's energy and hope! "Casting all your care upon Him"—that is the remedy.

'The Master has come over Jordan.'

Mark x .13; Luke xviii. 15.



THE Master has come over Jordan,
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
'He is healing the people who throng Him
With a touch of His finger, they say.

'And now let me carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;
And dear little baby Esther
For the Lord to look upon.'

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
'Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

'If the children were tortured with demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel.'

'Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

'If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go.'

So over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between—

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waiting His touch or His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She press'd to the feet of her LORD.

'Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,'
Said Peter, 'with children like these ?
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth, and healeth disease ?'

Then spake Jesus, 'Forbid not the children ;
Permit them to come unto me ;'
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee ;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love ;—

As He said of the babes on His bosom,
'Of such is the kingdom of heaven ;'
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.



Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 56—Jer. xxxix. 2-4.; Ezekiel xxxiii. 21. No. 57—Acts xvi. 9-11.)

NO. 58.

WHAT a picturesque village! and what beautiful views! Situated on such high ground it must be healthy as well as pretty. What are those men doing at the entrance of the place? Twelve persons are seated on the ground, but one of them is doing most of the talking. They cannot be overcome by the heat, for yonder is a well where they could refresh themselves if necessary.

Let us try and find out what they are talking about. You notice that kindly-looking man is evidently making some sort of a proposal to one of the party, and the latter appears quite satisfied with the suggestion; but see—the first speaker quietly makes another remark and the listener's countenance changes; something like alarm is in his eyes—no, no, he rejects the offer which a moment since he was quite willing to accept; now all the eleven men are listening attentively to the first speaker, and *they are watching* him too; what is he doing to one of his feet?

A crowd is gathering, and listens approvingly to the kindly man, who lifts his voice and speaks so that all may hear; they answer in cheery tones giving a cordial assent, and I cannot help thinking that I see some female faces peeping from the latticed windows with keen feminine interest.

NO. 59.

A FINE stretch of rich pasture land bounded by a rapid river. There are mountains in the distance, and near us a low range of hills, but for the most part

the view is of fertile lowlands, well watered by streams all flowing westward whose banks are fringed by oleanders, willows and other trees.

Through the air there comes the sound of very many voices as of a great multitude approaching.

Nor is it only men's voices that we hear, but also the shrill tones of women and of children. I can distinguish, too, the sounds of different kinds of animals, the bleating of sheep, the braying of asses, the deep lowing of cattle—but the neighing of horses is not heard, nor the rattle of chariot wheels.

It must be a mighty multitude indeed to make such a volume of sound and such motley cries.

I observe now, as the host approaches, a sort of deputation of several persons stepping forth and leaving the rest behind, while at the same time—see—twelve or fourteen men appear from the opposite direction.

The former seem elated as if they were the bearers of some very triumphant message. But look at the stern face of the man leading the smaller group. Listen to the tones of anger with which he chides them!

They seem to have made some grave mistake, and is it the recollection of some terrible experience in the past which makes them shudder as the old man speaks?



You can't live on amusement. It is the froth on water—an inch deep, and then the mud.



You can fly from the light for a time. Some day you must be judged by it.

“I Shall Not Want.”



AM I defenceless? He is strong to help. Do I need correction? His hand of love applies the rod. Do I want support? His staff sustains. Do I require guidance? He leads into paths of righteousness. Do I need pasture? His green fields and still waters both feed and gladden. Do I need light and help in the valley? He has hung up the lamps of eternal love all along the path—which never go out—and He is with me, my traveling Companion, all the way through. Deep and quiet, therefore, is the language of faith, “I shall not want.” How could I want with such a caretaker and provider as the Living God? Need I make provision for sickness or old age? Need I be hoarding up for a time of need?

Osaint, encircled in the arms of almighty strength, and shielded in the bosom of infinite love, reject every worldly-wise maxim, and from underneath His wing, where thou art sheltered and covered, say, “*I shall not want.*” Can Christian members of friendly societies, of burial clubs, and trades’ unions say, “*I shall not want*”? Do friendly societies never fail? Do banks never break down? Does the life policy never give way? The utmost they can say is, “*You may not want,*” while the soul that confides in Jehovah can with quiet confidence reply, “*I shall not want.*”

Jehovah is the Divine provider for soul and body. Which is better off—the soul that trusts *man* or *God*? “Oh, fear the Lord, ye his saints, for there is no want to them that fear him.”

“Afterward.”

“Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby” (Heb. xii. 11).



NOW happy is the Christian's “*afterward* ! ” No calm more deep than that which succeeds a storm. Who has not rejoiced in clear shinings after rain ? Victorious banquets are for well-exercised soldiers. After killing the lion we eat the honey ; after climbing the Hill Difficulty, we sit down in the arbour of rest. Our sorrows, like the passing keels of vessels upon the sea, leave a silver line of holy light behind them,

“afterward.”

A Christian has his best things last, and he therefore in this world receives his worst things first. But even his worst things are “*afterward*” good things, harsh ploughings yielding joyful harvests. Even now he grows rich by his losses, he rises by his falls, he lives by dying, and becomes full by being emptied and starved.

If, then, his affliction yield him so much peaceful fruit in this life, what shall be the full vintage of joy “*afterward*” in glory ? If his dark nights are as bright as the world's days, what shall his days be ? If his starlight is more splendid than the sun, what must his sunlight be ? If he can sing in a dungeon, how sweetly will he sing in glory ! If he can praise the Lord in the fires, how will he extol Him before the eternal throne ! If evil be good to him *now*, what will the overflowing goodness of God be to him *then* ?

Oh, blessed “*afterward*” ! Who would not be a Christian ? Who would not bear the present cross for the crown which cometh afterward ?

The Moral Effects of Occupation with a Full Christ.



IN passing forward to the next manifestation—the Cross—we may enquire as to the effect on the soul, brought fully by the Spirit, under the light of this especial manifestation of Christ.

The effect would be, at least, two-fold. Absolute self-judgment on the one side, and on the other side devoted attachment to a crucified Man,

The soul would glory in a crucified Man. A crucified Man would become the soul's glory. "God forbid," says one, "that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Cross has become the measure of self-judgment. But what a measure! Are we not responsible to judge ourselves according to that measure? Clearly, for the Cross is the measure of the guilt resting on the generation to which all by nature belong—the Adamic race. Therefore it must be the measure of self-judgment. What am I, then, but an accursed thing in the light of the Cross. Are you an accursed thing in your own estimation? Will not self-judgment wither up all pride and self-complacency?

All those characteristics which make us, by nature, obnoxious to the providential government of God. All these natural characteristics are withered up in the light of the Cross. You become an accursed thing in your own account, and what does this mean? It means that if you and I were dealt with according to our deservings, we should be cut off violently from the earth.

There is nothing so powerful, nothing so searching as the Cross. It reaches us in the very foundations of our souls. It searches out the very roots of our moral being, and proves us worthless. Why? Because we belong to the generation that crucified the Son of God. The nature that committed that most awful deed is my nature. It is my nature fully expressed in hatred to God, and all goodness. The Cross is consequently the death of all I am—of all I am in my own esteem. Its piercing rays work complete self-judgment and self-abhorrence.

We do not prosper spiritually unless we accept the verdict of the Cross. It is a vital point in respect to one's progress. We do not move forward if we fail to accept it; fail to invite its absolute moral judgment.

But on the other hand, the Christian becomes characterised by devoted attachment to the very one in whose Cross he has been so unsparingly exposed.

H .S.

“The light of His countenance.”

Psa. xxxiv. 5.

SOME believers value the presence of their Saviour so highly that they cannot bear to be removed from Him. Even their work they will bring up, and do it in the light of His countenance; and while engaged in it they will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful of losing one beam of His light.

Other Christians, who, to be sure, would not be content to live out of His presence, are yet less wholly absorbed by it than these, and may be seen a little farther off, engaged here and there in their various callings, their eyes generally upon their work, but often looking up to Him whom they love.

A third class beyond these, but yet within the life-giving rays, includes a doubtful multitude, many of whom are so much engaged in their worldly schemes that they may be seen standing sideways to Christ, looking mostly the other way, and only now and then turning their faces towards the light.

And yet farther out, amongst the last scattered rays, is a mixed assemblage of busy ones, with their backs turned upon the sun, careful and troubled about their many things.

Ah! the reason why worldly and nominal Christians think so little of Christ, is that they do not look at Him. Their backs being turned to the sun, they can only see their own shadows, and are therefore wholly taken up with themselves; while the true-hearted disciple, looking only upward, sees nothing but his Saviour, and does everything in the light of His countenance, for Him, and to Him.

(Payson.)

The Cow-boy.

THAT grace is not inherited was clearly evidenced in the case of this one time cow-boy, whom I have known well for a number of years. His parents were pious, God-fearing people—earnest Christians and honest workers, whose greatest fault perhaps was over-indulgence of their children. From his earliest days John took advantage of this, and manifested throughout a peculiarly vicious and untamable disposition. Perhaps “the rod of correction,” if used more wisely and frequently, might have driven it out in a measure; but even that could not change the heart, and John’s was like all others, “deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.”

His school life was of a very unsatisfactory nature. He seemed, by the law of affinities, to ever find out the most idle (save in mischief) and worthless characters as his associates, and was apparently never so happy as when concocting some new method of exasperating his teachers or annoying the more well-behaved pupils. After repeated efforts to improve him by chastisement, he was finally expelled in disgrace. School life thus summarily ended, he was put to work in his father’s store, but he proved a sorry hand behind the counter; so that eventually when an opening came for him to go out West to work on a large stock ranch, it was thought best to send him away.

He was about one and twenty when he arrived at the scene of his future employment, of which he

soon became quite fond. The life of a cow-boy combined, in his mind, the romantic and adventurous to a degree that fairly intoxicated him. It was, he thought, a glorious, free and easy existence, and he entered upon it with zest. His few companions were hard, rough men, "cow-punchers" like himself, most of them steeped in sin and infidelity. Their books were put into the hands of John, and in a few years he was considered a most accomplished opponent of Christianity. None could show up better than he the foolish character of the Bible and its numerous "contradictions," and many were the ignorant, itinerant preachers whom he "wound up" by his (to them) unanswerable propositions, to their unhappy discomfiture and the great delight of his unbelieving friends.

Had good health always been his, he might have gone on for many years in this manner; but a serious accident at the annual round-up, on one occasion, laid him up for weeks, with death—that great sobering fact that cannot be gainsaid—staring him in the face. He grew amazingly uncomfortable for a man so well able to refute the foolish notions of the Bible about heaven and hell, judgment and eternity. Some way, as he lay in pain through the long, sleepless nights, these words seemed to stand for much more substantial realities than when racing like the wind over the prairies on his favorite broncho, or entertaining a crowd of godless ranch hands in a frontier saloon.

At last it grew intolerable. His life of sin, his bold blasphemies, his unhallowed jests on sacred themes, pressed sorely on his guilty conscience and filled him with fear and remorse. In vain he tried to reason down the thought that all his evil words and ways would come out at the judgment-bar of

God. He felt more and more the appalling nature of his iniquity as a sinner against light and privileges that many others had never known. At last he grew physically stronger, but his conviction in no sense lessened, but rather deepened.

One night he crawled from his cot to a corner of the room where he could be unobserved, and prayed in the bitterness of his soul. These were the words of his prayer: "O God, if there is a God, and if I have an immortal soul, show me how I may be saved." He crept back to bed miserable, and with no apparent answer. However, in the morning the first thought that came to his mind was the fact that somewhere he had a Bible. His mother (that praying mother, who was, perhaps, even then interceding for her wayward boy) had packed one away in his trunk. After a search, it was found. He began to read it, opening at random, at the beginning of John's Gospel. As he perused it, he was amazed to find how thoroughly transparent and *believable* it all was. No sign of priestly trickery or deceit was there. The contradictions he had imagined it so full of, seemed to have disappeared. "The finger of God" was manifested in every line.

Just the moment he passed from death unto life he could never tell, but the more he read, the clearer it all became. He was a sinner, lost and under condemnation. But, wonder of wonders, God had loved him and given His Son to die in his place. All who trust in Him have everlasting life and are saved eternally. These great facts the Holy Spirit indelibly impressed upon his heart. He believed. His infidelity vanished like mist before the brilliant sunshine. His misery was succeeded by a deep-toned peace and joy as, by that same Spirit, he cried "Abba, Father,"—for he knew that God had

The Hidden Spring.



A GENTLEMAN once lived in a house in the country that was very damp. Things used to go mouldy in the cupboards, and many of his garments were spoiled. The paper on the walls was first discoloured, then hung in rags, and at last dropped off; while the floor-boards, and the wood-work generally, gradually rotted away.

Many were the attempts to remedy this condition of things. The walls were stripped, and scraped, and re-papered; ventilation was given under the flooring; and every means that could be devised was tried. But it was all of no avail—the house was as damp as ever, though the soil around appeared to be dry.

An eminent surveyor was at last called in, and he soon came to the conclusion that there must be some unusual cause for the house to be in this state. He set to work, and had the flooring taken up, and the ground dug out, when the cause was soon discovered. *There was a spring directly under the house*; and the moisture, being confined by the four walls, rose up into the house.

I have not told you this incident merely as an incident, but because it solemnly illustrates the state of mankind by nature—that is, the state of every man, woman, and child that is born into this world.

Notice, first, that there is a *spring* in everyone. A babe may be under the most scrupulous nurses, and have the best of examples set before it.

Whence, then, the source of its actions, when those actions, were the very reverse of what it was

told to do, and the very opposite of the example set before it? Why, it has a spring inside—a source from whence its actions flow. “Hearken unto me every one of you, and understand: there is nothing from without a man that entering into him can defile him; but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man” (Mark vii. 14, 15).

“The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” No matter whether the babe is born amid the scorching sands of the African desert, or in the ice-house of the hardy Laplanders, the sentence is true of all, “born in sin, and shapen in iniquity.” It matters not whether a child is rudely nursed by the squaws of the North American Indians, or gently rocked on a cushion of down by the most refined and delicate lady. God “hath made of one blood all nations of men” (Acts xvii. 26). And long, long ago “God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that *every* imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually” (Gen. vi. 5). And again, “That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man. For from within, *out of the heart of man*, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries. . . . All these things come from within and defile the man” (Mark vii. 20-23). How surely, then, there is a source within, and that source is evil.

Then, further, nothing can better this spring. As it was in the days of Noah, so it is now. “Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?” And so children that are born now are not one whit better than when God said that “every imagination of the heart was only evil continually.” Neither can they make themselves better. Men may, and often do, “turn over a new leaf,” as it is called, and cut off some of the branches of the bad tree; but this makes

the tree no better. Scripture says, If you want good fruit, you must first make the tree good. Lopping off branches—giving up sins—leaves the trunk, the nature, just as corrupt as ever. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil" (Jer. xiii. 23).

As in the house named, you may strip off the old covering, and plaster and whitewash; but while there is the spring underneath, it is all of no use, And so in a man's nature. He may give up evil habits, polish, refine, educate; but it is all no use: it is only making the outside clean, while within is full of death and corruption. *The spring is inside: it only gives forth evil: it cannot be improved.*

Now while this is a very sad conclusion to be compelled to come to, yet it is also very blessed for any soul to arrive here, and to be fully convinced that there is nothing good in man—nothing that can be polished up or incorporated into that which is good and to be accepted of God. Very humbling this—very; but very blessed; because I then know that I must look out and away from myself altogether. It is for the want of seeing this that so many anxious souls are miserable for years. They think that by the diligent use of the means of grace they may so overcome their evil habits as to give them a good hope of eternal life through the mercy of God. But this is all a delusion. There is nothing in human nature that can be so improved as to be acknowledged by God. Polish up the flesh as you will it will always remain flesh. God declares that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh" (John iii. 6), and "they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8). "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." We must look, then,

altogether outside of self, even to Christ. God can and will accept us in Him, and in Him alone; yea, "there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

Oh! then, you who are looking for salvation, condemn the spring within—the evil spring—the spring that cannot be bettered, and, just as you are, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and He will put a new spring—a new life—within you.

But this is also important for Christians. Many young believers think that being born again means that their evil nature is changed, and they expect to have only holy thoughts, emotions, and desires. But they soon find it to be far otherwise by experience, and that they still have their evil nature. This often discourages them, and they question whether they were ever converted at all. But such are exhorted to "walk in, or by, the Spirit, and *ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh*" (Gal. v. 16). May this be more and more true of us experimentally! Be not discouraged, then, at THE HIDDEN SPRING: "If God be for us, who can be against us."

Adelaide.

The late Giovanni Ferrero.



Rom. xi. 1.—It is not enough to sacrifice what we *have*; it is *we*, ourselves, we must sacrifice.



The true idealist.—It is only the great idealist, like Paul, who takes care not to miss the *real*.

Kitty, The Black Tracker.



“GOOEE, Cooee, Coo—ee!”

But there was no response.

“Coo—ee! Coo—ee! Coo—ee!”

Still no reply.

“We must go back and tell Mr. Watson the little chap is lost,” said the big boy who was the leader of the party which had picnicked so happily in the bush that afternoon.

“He’ll never forgive us,” said one.

“Don’t you worry, old chap. Though Teddy’s only nine he’s been in the bush often enough to be safe for a few hours.”

And so at last the boys went back and reported to the squatter that Teddy was lost.

Out into the darkness rode the father and his helpers, but little could be done that night.

Early next morning it was reported at the nearest station of the New South Wales Trooper Police.

“I’ll just take Kitty with me,” said an officer, as he mounted his horse and rode over to the squatter’s house.

“We’ll soon find the little chap,” he assured the anxious mother. “Kitty’s coming along, and she’s the best tracker I know.”

“Kitty?” queried Mrs. Watson.

"Why, yes, don't you know her? She's a native girl, and though she's deaf and dumb she can track better than anybody. Learnt it from her father."

Kitty soon came up, and trotted on on her brown horse, with the big, kindly trooper beside her. She quickly picked up the trail, and after a few hours found Teddy asleep under a tree.

"Didn't I tell you Kitty would do it, Mrs. Watson?" said the trooper a few hours later.

"But how could she follow the trail like that?"

"It's more than I can tell. She could see what I could not; but then our natives have most wonderfully quick sight. Why, the trail stopped dead in one place, but Kitty was off her horse in a moment and down on her hands and knees examining the bushes and grass, all the time making the little moaning noise, which means that she is worried. Presently she jumped on her horse and turned sharply to the left, through the long grass, and a little later there was the little chap safe and sound under a tree."

"God bless her," said Mrs. Watson, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, and then gave Teddy, who was on her knees, an additional hug.

Poor afflicted Kitty, uneducated and uncivilised, yet making the very best of the

powers she possessed !

And you young folks, with your rich endowment of health and strength and education, are you using your gifts to the best advantage—for God's glory, and in the seeking and saving of others ?

Are you seeking those who are wandering, sad and lonely, on life's pathway ? If not, then begin at once ; at least you can begin with the little ones. But remember Paul's words : "Ye first *gave yourselves* unto the Lord." Yield "yourselves" to Him as Saviour and Lord, and then give Him your service.

"Call them in, the little children,
Tarrying far away, away ;
Wait, oh, wait not for to-morrow,
Christ would have them come TO-DAY."

E. M. R.



St. Augustine.



"**THE** soul lives out of itself in the object of its affection," said St. Augustine ; which words are but an echo of Luke xii. 34. The same dear man once sweetly prayed : "Lord, give us strength to do whatever Thou dost command, and then command whatever Thou would have us do." Thus did he own God as the *Strength* and the *Source* of true service.

S. J. B. C.

About Looking-Glasses.



¶ FANCY I hear the boys say when they see this title: "*We don't want to read about looking-glasses, they are for girls.*" But wait a bit, boys; perhaps a looking-glass may have something to do with you after all. Even boys need them sometimes!

Do you know that we read about looking-glasses in the Bible? Though the word which our translators have given as looking-glass really ought to be *mirror* (as you may see in the Revised version), for glass was not known in those early days. You will find your dictionary tells you that mirror means any polished surface in which things may be reflected, though we generally think of a mirror, and a looking-glass as the same thing; and in those days mirrors were made of polished metal. So we read in the book of Job, xxxvii. 18, that God has "spread out the sky as a molten mirror."

In Exodus xxxiii. we find that the polished brass mirrors of the women of Israel, which they gave to be used in God's service, were made into the laver of brass which Moses was told to make for the tabernacle. This was to be put between the altar and the tabernacle, so that Aaron and his sons might wash there before they went into the tabernacle. For they might not enter God's presence without washing (Exodus xxx. 18-21 and xl. 30-32).

Do you know what the apostle James says about a looking-glass? "Be ye doers of the word," he says, "and not hearers only. . . . For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a *glass*; for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straight-

way forgetteth what manner of man he was" (James i. 23-24). "What a foolish man," you say, "to look at himself in a glass and then at once forget what he is like!" But the Bible says that if you hear God's Word and don't do what it says, you are every bit as foolish.

What is a looking-glass for? What does it tell you? If it is a true mirror (for all mirrors are not true) it tells you what you are like; and whether you are clean or dirty, neat or untidy. Sometimes it says to us, "You have a dirty face. Go and wash!" Sometimes we don't know we are dirty, or how dirty we are, till we look in the glass.

Almost any looking-glass will show you your face; but did you ever hear of one that would show you your *heart*, and tell you if that is clean? God's looking-glass will do that. Perhaps you don't know what your heart is like. Look in the Bible, and that will tell you. Look in Psa. xiv., verses 1 and 3; in Psa. lii., verses 1 and 3; in Rom. iii., verses 10, 12 and 23. All these bits of God's looking-glass tell us the same thing. There is none that doeth good, no, not one; there is none righteous; all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. "The heart is deceitful above all things" (Jer. xvii. 9); not one of us has a clean heart, *unless it has been washed*. God's looking-glass tells us that.

To some of us it says, "Your face is dirty," and that is a thing which everyone can see except ourselves. We don't see it till we look in the glass. To some it says, "Your hands are dirty; they have taken what is not theirs, they have done what they ought not to have done." To some it says, "Your lips are unclean; they have said what is not true, they have used words they ought not to." To some it says, "Your eyes are not clean; they have coveted

what belongs to another." We are not all alike; our sins may be different; but all alike are *sinners*. Not one of us is clean in God's sight; we have all "come short" of God's glory (Rom. iii. 23). Each one of us must give account of himself to God; each one of us for oneself must look in God's looking-glass. Sometimes people think they are quite clean until they look in the looking-glass. But God's looking-glass does more than tell us that we want washing; it tells us how to be clean. King David looked there and saw what his heart was like, and he prayed to God to give him a clean heart, to wash him and cleanse him from his sin and make him whiter than snow (Psa. li.). And if *we* confess our sins (as we read in 1 John i. 9) the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses *us*.

So we need each one to look in God's looking-glass, see what it says, and do what it tells us—to be "doers of the word and not hearers only" (James i. 22). And then see what follows. "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty"—looks into the looking-glass—"and continueth therein"—does what it says—"he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be *blessed* in his deed" (James i. 25). This is the way to be happy. The Lord Jesus said just the same thing—"Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it" (Luke xi. 28); and again, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them" (John xiii. 17).

K. I. B.



Sunshine.—Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it out of their own.

A Wounded Messiah.



A LADY who was in Egypt said to a Jewish lad in Cairo, "Are you expecting your Messiah soon?"

"Yes," he replied, "we believe He will come within six years."

"Will He have wounds in His hands," she asked, and, as he looked at her inquiringly, she continued, "Your prophet Zechariah said of Messiah that when He comes, they shall say unto Him, 'What are these wounds in Thine hands?' Then He shall answer, 'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends' (Zech. xiii. 6). Are you expecting to see your Messiah with wounds in His hands?" she repeated.

The lad left, but appeared the following morning looking greatly distressed. He said, "I could not sleep last night. All night I was asking myself, 'If He has wounds in His hands, how did He get them?' I have come to ask you if you can tell me more."

Imagine her joy to tell one who was so eager to hear the wondrous story of the Cross, where He was wounded for our transgressions.

He received Jesus the Crucified One as his Messiah and Saviour, and has been the means of bringing three others to Him.

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 58—Ruth iv. 1-12. No. 59—Numbers xxi. 11-16.)

NO. 60.

THE voyage is over, and those who have been in peril on the waters gladly set foot upon the shore. The sun is rising over the mountains, and its beams fall upon the faces of these men as they disembark. It is always pleasant to arrive at land, but much more so after a dangerous time upon the water, when shipwreck and loss of life have been avoided by the mercy of One Who is Lord of storms and seas. Those who are in a lonely vessel in a storm must feel particularly isolated—especially in the darkness of night, when the hurricane roars and the waves threaten to swallow up the ship; but these men were not in that position for here was a kind of fleet sailing over the waters. Yet even the presence of many vessels did not lessen the danger: that storm might have caused much loss of life. How thankful, then, must all have been that they stood once again safe and sound upon dry land. How have they been saved? Has there been any remarkable intervention of Providence? Any messenger sent to them from heaven? Any offering made to the raging waters? Something unusual has happened; you can see it in the faces of the crew. Now I observe a singular thing. After a storm there is generally a disturbance of the sea, and for many hours the waves come thundering in upon the shore. Not so this time. See the little ripples sparkle in the morning light as they fall with a gentle plash upon the beach. I wonder if the mariners have come here for any special purpose? Perhaps they are bearing some errand from a king? If so, they will probably be expected, and there will be someone waiting to receive them when they land.

See! their arrival has been noticed, and some men are hurrying toward them on the shore.

NO. 61.

A SUDDEN blow has fallen upon this family. The father has been stricken with sudden illness and has died. The event was wholly unexpected, he was well and strong after he returned from his journey, and now he is gone! A man of influence and high position too, his death will be much felt.

While this is being talked about with sorrowful voice the message comes to the mourners that another blow has fallen and another family is bereaved.

As if these were not enough other sad messengers come in bearing the same tidings, and I observe this strange fact, that while three sorrowful announcements come from the south and as many from the north, only two come from the east and two from the west. The news spreads far and wide, and it is followed by a whetting of swords and a general preparation for a fight. The expedition starts, but it is leaderless. No wonder that it returns in confusion and defeat.

- - Our Life Lesson. - -



MOSES' life consisted of 120 years (Deut. xxxiv. 7), divided into three forties.

In the first forty years he was learning to be something.

In the second forty he was learning to be nothing.

In the third forty he was learning that God was everything.

Epaphroditus.

"Because for the work of Christ he was nigh unto death, not regarding his life, to supply your lack of service toward me" (Phil. ii. 25-30).



NOW it is quite possible that some of us, on reading the above, may feel disposed to inquire if Epaphroditus was a great evangelist, or teacher, or some highly-gifted servant of Christ, seeing that the inspired apostle bestows upon him so many high and honourable titles, styling him his "brother, and companion in labour, and fellow-soldier."

Well, we are not told that he was a great preacher, or a great traveller, or a profound teacher in the Church of God. All that we are told about him, in the above touching scripture, is that he came forward in a time of real need to supply a missing link—to "stop a gap," as we say. The beloved Philippians had it upon their hearts to send help to the revered and aged apostle in his prison at Rome. He was in need, and they longed to supply his need. They loved him, and God had laid it upon their loving hearts to communicate with his necessities. They thought of him, though he was far away from them; and they longed to minister to him of their substance.

How lovely was this! How grateful to the heart of Christ! Harken to the glowing terms in which the dear old prisoner speaks of their precious ministry. "But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity. . . . Notwithstanding ye have well done, that ye did communicate with my affliction. Now ye Philippians know also, that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no

church communicated with me concerning giving and receiving, but ye only. For even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my necessity. Not because I desire a gift: but I desire fruit that may abound to your account. But *I have all, and abound: I am full*, having received of Epaphroditus the things from you, an odour of sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God."

Here we see the place which Epaphroditus filled in this blessed business. There lay the beloved apostle in his prison at Rome, and there lay the loving offering of the saints at Philippi. But how was it to be conveyed to him? Those were not the days of cheque banks and post-office orders. No, nor of railway travelling. It was no easy matter to get from Philippi to Rome in those days. But Epaphroditus, that dear, unpretending, self-surrendering servant of Christ, presented himself to supply the missing link; to do just the very thing that was needed, and nothing more; to be the channel of communication between the assembly at Philippi and the apostle at Rome. Deep and real as was the apostle's need, precious and seasonable as was the Philippians' gift, yet an instrument was needed to bring them together; and Epaphroditus offered himself for the work. There was a manifest need, and he met it—a positive blank, and he filled it. He did not aim at doing some great showy thing, something which would make him very prominent, and cause his name to be blazed abroad as some wonderful person. Ah! no; Epaphroditus was not one of the pushing, self-confident, extensive class. He was a dear, self-hiding, lowly servant of Christ, one of that class of workmen to whom we are irresistibly attracted. Nothing is more charming than an unpretending, retiring man, who is content

just to fill an empty niche ; to render the needed service, whatever it is ; to do the work cut out for him by the Master's hand.

There are some who are not content unless they are at the head and tail of everything. They seem to think that no work can be rightly done unless they have a hand in it. They are not satisfied to supply a missing link. How repulsive are all such ! Self-confident, self-sufficient, ever pushing themselves into prominence. They have never measured themselves in the presence of God, never been broken down before Him, never taken their true place of self-abasement.

Epaphroditus was not of this class at all. He put his life in his hand to serve other people ; and when at death's door, instead of being occupied with himself or his ailments, he was thinking of others. "He longed after you all, and was full of heaviness" —not because he was sick, but "because ye had heard that he had been sick." Here was true love. He knew what his beloved brethren at Philippi would be feeling when informed of his serious illness —an illness brought on by his willing-hearted service to them.

All this is morally lovely. It does the heart good to contemplate this exquisite picture. Epaphroditus had evidently studied in the school of Christ. He had sat at the Master's feet, and drunk deeply into His Spirit. In no other way could he have learnt such holy lessons of self-surrender and thoughtful love for others. The world knows nothing of such things ; nature cannot teach such lessons. They are altogether heavenly, spiritual, divine. Would that we knew more of them ! They are rare amongst us, with all our high profession. There is a most humiliating amount of selfishness in all of us, and

it does look so hideous in connection with the name of Jesus. Its inconsistency with Christianity is terribly glaring.

But we must close; and, ere we do so, we shall just notice the very touching manner in which the inspired apostle commends Epaphroditus to the assembly at Philippi. It seems as if he could not make enough of him, to speak after the manner of men. "He longed after you all, and was full of heaviness, because that ye had heard that he had been sick. For indeed he was sick nigh unto death: but God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow." How deeply affecting! What a tide of divine affection and sympathy rolled in upon that unpretending, self-sacrificing servant of Christ! The whole assembly at Philippi, the blessed apostle, and, above all, Christ Himself, all engaged in thinking about a man who did not think about himself. Had Epaphroditus been a self-seeker, had he been occupied about himself or his interests, or even his work, his name would never have shone on the page of inspiration. But no; he thought of others, not of himself, and therefore God, and His apostle, and His Church, thought of him.

Thus it will ever be. A man who thinks much of himself saves others the trouble of thinking about him; but the lowly, the humble, the modest, the unpretending, the retiring, the self-emptying, who think of, and live for, others, who walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, these are the persons to be thought of and cared for, loved and honoured, as they ever will be, by God and His people.

"I sent him therefore the more carefully," says the beloved apostle, "that, when ye see him again, ye may rejoice, and that I may be the less sorrowful.

Receive him therefore in the Lord with all gladness; and *hold such in reputation*: Because for *the work of Christ* he was nigh unto death, *not regarding his life*, to supply your lack of service toward me."

Thus it was with this most dear and honoured servant of Christ. He did not regard his life, but laid it at his Master's feet, just to supply the missing link between the Church of God at Philippi and the suffering and needy apostle at Rome. And hence the apostle calls upon the Church to hold him in reputation, and the honoured name of Epaphroditus has been handed down to us by the pen of inspiration, and his precious service has been recorded, and the record of it read by untold millions, while the name and the doings of the self-seekers, the self-important, the pretentious of every age, are sunk—and deservedly so—in eternal oblivion.

C. H. M.

= Where ? =



THERE is a place
 where thou canst touch the eyes
 Of blinded men to instant perfect sight :

There is a place
 where thou canst say "Arise !"
 To dying captives bound in chains of might :

There is a place
 where thou canst reach the store
 Of hoarded gold, and free it for thy Lord :

There is a place
 whence thou canst water seed—
 The Word of God supplying soul's deep need :

"Where is that blessed place ?" dost thou ask ?
 Where ?
 O soul, it is the secret place of prayer.

The Moral Effects of Occupation with a Full Christ.



WHAT would be the moral effect of the third manifestation—a dead Christ? (All will understand that in an address one can but give a partial view of these things.) We may surely say that occupation, by the Spirit, with a dead Christ would create, feed, and foster a *sacrificial* spirit. And what more beautiful in a Christian than such a spirit, a spirit of sacrificial love? It is beyond question that the spirit of Christianity is a sacrificial spirit.

If the Lord has sacrificed Himself, for the glory of God and the blessing of man, the Christian whose subsistence before God is in the life of this blessed One, must of necessity be sacrificial in character. Nor is it difficult to understand how this sacrificial spirit is fed and promoted by occupation with Christ in death. The sacrificial spirit is a worshipping spirit. Our scriptures would teach us, that Christ in death, a sacrificial Christ, forms the basis, motive, spring, and substance of our worship Godward; as His sacrificial love forms the spring of our service manward.

“Present your bodies a living sacrifice.”

The presentation of the body, implies that the whole practical life of the Christian is intended to be sacrificial in character. Thus the selfishness so natural to us is slain. For sacrifice and selfishness are opposites. A man can do nothing outside his body. With his body he thinks, speaks, and acts. All our thoughts, speech, actions are intended to be sacrificial. This, of course, implies a devoted life. A life devoted to God. And this is the only life worth living.

We now come—on the subjective side—to Christ *risen*. Here we have the victorious side of Christian life. With a Risen Christ we may connect the one thought of victory.

Assimilation to a risen Christ, by the work of the Spirit, would certainly produce a powerful moral effect. Such an one would be characterised by the spirit of resurrection power. This character of power would enable the Christian to be an overcomer. Here is power by which everything, by grace, can be overcome—the enemy, the world, death, the flesh.

Deliverance from evil is one thing. It is quite another to overcome evil. It is one thing to have been delivered from an enemy by a deliverer. Another thing to have overcome an enemy in one's own strength. The power of resurrection is spiritual power. This power stands available for us in Christ

risen. If we are nothing but weakness, in ourselves, we are to be strong. Strong in the Lord. "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." Resurrection power enables us to overcome both what we dread most and what we love most. What do we dread most? Death—the King of Terrors. Death in the prime of life, in the zenith of natural glory. What do we love most? Our own glory, our own distinction. Ourselves.

H. S.



A Dream.



THE author of "I heard the voice of Jesus say," says that he dreamed that angels took his zeal and weighed it, and told him that it was excellent, for it weighed exactly one hundred, which was all that could be asked. He was greatly gratified at the result. Next they wished to analyze it. They put it in a crucible, and tested it in various ways, with this result: Fourteen parts were selfishness, fifteen parts sectarianism, twenty-two ambition, twenty-three love to man, and twenty-six love to God. He awoke humbled, and determined on a new consecration.

"The Work of our Hands."

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"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it" (Psa. xc. 17).

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"**T**HE work of our hands establish Thou it;"
 Yes! that was my text for to-day.

But what was its meaning I did not feel sure,
 Till God's light was thrown on my way.
 "It cannot mean *my* work," I said, "that's so hard,
 So endless and wearisome, too—
 The patching, and mending, the housework and toil,
 Which are clearly my duty to do."

And sadly I smiled! as I thought of *such* work
 As "established" for ever by God—
 The mean little duties and heart-wearing toil
 That compassed the path that I trod!
 But morning sped on as I pondered the text,
 And snatched a brief moment of rest,
 When a soft rosy mouth stole a kiss from my lips,
 And a wee head was laid on my breast.

"Please brush my hair, mother, the school bell has
 Said Neddie, my darling, so sweet; [rung,"
 So I patted and smoothed the rough tangled locks,
 Then tied the wee shoes on his feet;
 "The work of my hands," I thought as he left,
 And slowly I turned then away,
 For the rooms must be dusted, the cooking begun,
 The plain old routine of each day.

To the sitting-room first, I went in its turn,
 Drew the blinds up and settled each chair,
 Swept the carpet of shreds, and sighed over holes
 That would come, though I darned them with care.
 Then I looked at the room, and again to myself
 Repeated the text of the day.
 "The work of my hands" (when the sun, bursting forth
 Filled the room with a glorious ray).

"*The beauty of God*," my lips whispered aloud,
 Ah! here was the secret at last;
 It's the "beauty of God" on "the work of my hands"
 That makes it stand firmly and fast.
 With a light in my heart, and hope in my soul,
 Away to the kitchen I turned,
 And patiently worked at the work of the day,
 The same old routine I had spurned.
 For I said to myself, "If God gives me this work
 That's plainly my duty all through,
 Then surely I must let 'His beauty' be seen
 In the commonest action I do."

When supper time came, the children asleep,
 How happy I felt when, that night,
 "Jack" looked at me proudly, and said with a smile,
 "What makes my dear wife look so bright?
 Has the day been an easy one, Nellie, my love?
 You look so radiant and sweet;"
 I smiled, as I thought of the work I had done—
 Tired hands and still aching feet,
 But I looked at my husband, and told him the cause:
 "I had such a sweet text for to-day—
 That the 'beauty of God' on 'the work of our hands'
 Lights it up with a glorious ray,
 And thus for His praise it's 'established' and stands,
 And its beauty shall ne'er pass away."

How to Learn.



PLUTARCH, speaking of his learning Latin, when advanced in years, says: "My method of learning the Roman language may seem strange, but it is true. I did not so much gain the knowledge of things by words, as words by the knowledge of things."

That is to say, his being acquainted with the persons and events described in the language he was learning, made it easy for him to catch the meaning of its terms.

"Why do ye not understand my *speech*?" said the Lord. "Even because ye cannot hear my word (*logos*)."

Those who were willing to hear His word—His discourse or entire teaching—were those who bowed to His claims as their Messiah and King, and it was these only who understood His speech. It is just in measure as we are subject to Christ, and thus acquainted with Him the embodiment of all truth, that we shall gauge the true meaning of Bible terms.

Christ is the living Word—the divine *Logos*. But to him who knows Him not, the written word—the verbal *rhema*—is a language the spiritual import of which he cannot decipher.

Christ is the divine Lexicon of the Bible.

S. J. B. C.



“Holden with the Cords of his Sins.”

(Mk. i. 24 ; Hos. iv. 17 ; Exod. xxxii. 10.)

(Notes of an Address.)



THE Saviour of men and a devil-fettered sinner meet.

What a sight for heaven to contemplate ! What an occasion for the display of divine grace and compassion ! What an opportunity for the obsessed and possessed man to get deliverance.

Ay ! but the hell-tyrant will not let his captive go without a struggle. Hark ! What is that maniacal shriek ?—

“Let us alone,”

cries the poor demon-bound man ; and so men cry still.

“‘Let us alone.’ Why thrust your tracts into our hands, and din your gospel into our unwilling ears?”

“‘Let us alone.’ Weary are we of this interminable harping on hell and perdition.”

“‘Let us alone.’ Disturb us not. Let us enjoy life in this world while we can, and take our chance in the next—if there is one.”

Ah ! men do not wish to be disturbed. Occupied with present advantages, with earth's pleasures and toys, with “get-rich-quick” schemes and speculations, they become more agitated by the felt activities of of God in grace among them than by the presence of a legion of demons. The Gadarenes “prayed him to depart out of their coasts.” They valued their swine more than they did the Christ of God or the

salvation of a hell-bound soul. And so He left them—left them forever. Nevermore did His “beautiful feet” press their land, or His voice of mercy fall on their ears, or His mighty saving grace evidence itself before their eyes. They were henceforth let alone. Awful condition—*let alone!* Shall it be yours?

“Let him alone.”

Do these words ever leave the lips of God now? We believe they do.

Divine long-suffering is lasting, but not everlasting. Mercy has her limitations. The sinner's day of grace is bounded not only by time and death, but by moral law, which is as inflexible as natural law. God's consistency with His own character of truth and righteousness He must maintain. “Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.” He cannot—He will not operate on man in a mechanical or arbitrary way. “I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.” If the sinner will not be drawn, God leaves him to his doom. A man may trifle with his convictions until he becomes insensible to them—cleave to his sins till they become his very self. Then nevermore shall he have a twitch of conscience about his guilt till it confronts him at God's bar. Nevermore shall he have a desire to be saved till he despairs of himself as irrevocably lost. Nevermore shall the fear of hell be before his eyes till he lifts them up in it.

Oh! when God says of a man, “Let him alone,” it is all over with him. “Reprobate silver, the Lord hath rejected him” is branded on his soul. “Twice dead” is he, “plucked up by the roots” (Jude 12). “Past feeling” he is, and thus to every divine appeal obdurate (Eph. iv. 19). The axe of judgment is whetted, ready for use, and ere long he is cut down

like a corrupt tree that sterilizes the ground (Luke xiii. 7). Deplorable state! Like Pharaoh, he has morally hardened his heart; like him it has become judicially hardened. Herod steeled his heart against the faithful rebukes of John the Baptist, and so in that fateful day when he and Christ met, Christ "answered him nothing" (Luke xxiii). His opportunity was past—he was let alone.

"Let Me alone."

"Let Me alone that my wrath may wax hot against them." So said God to Moses. Dare we apply His words? We answer not. Yet have we known the Lord's servants at death-beds with *the tongue tied*—they could not pray for the dying sinner.

"Can I do anything for you?" whispered a Red-Cross helper to a wounded soldier.

"Can you *undo*?" muttered the dying man.

"But God is love, and full of mercy."

"Yes, yes, but listen. A pious young chap joined our regiment. He prayed night and morning—shuddered at my profanity. But I tempted him—baited my hook—drew him into sin. Last week he was shot down by my side while one of the horrid oaths I had taught him was on his lips. Can you *undo, undo*?"

The Christian worker was dumb. Prayer froze on his lips. And the despairing sinner with a gasp, passed from time into eternity.

It is written, "His own iniquity shall take the wicked himself and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins; he shall die without instruction" (Prov. v. 22).

Yes, there are instances even to-day when God says to his servant, "Let Me alone"—"Pray not thou for this people, neither lift up cry nor prayer for them, neither make intercession for them: for

I will not hear thee" (Jer. vii. 26 ; Ch. xi. 14; xv, 11).

Sinner, arouse thee! Sin and unbelief harden. They make thee more and more impervious to the strivings of the Spirit of God. The frost which in the early winter covers the river with a thin layer of ice which a pebble can break, goes on freezing till a waggon drawn by four horses can cross over the congealed waters with impunity.

But say, hast thou a desire to be saved? If so, that wish, however feeble, is proof positive that God has not given thee "over to a reprobate mind" (Rom. 1.). But, O man, we warn thee not to trifle with that desire, or the Holy Spirit, who created it, may leave thee to thy fate.

Then what words can describe thy condition? Alas! thou shalt carry about with thee a mind darkened by the god of this age (2 Cor. iv.); a conscience seared as with a hot iron" (1 Tim. iv. 2); and a heart as hard as the nether millstone (Job xli. 24) —till the thunder-clap of awakening startles thee, and the deep judgment knell pours forth its funereal dirge over thy lost soul.

Adelaide.

S.J.B.C.



The Shadow of Self—Self is like our black shadow. When a light is behind us our shadow is thrown in our path, but when a light is in front of us, then the shadow is cast behind and not seen. Thus it is with Christ and sinful self. When Christ is behind us, He reveals but the blackness and emptiness of self, and we are dismayed, and cry out, "Oh wretched man that I am!" But when Christ is in front of us, and we are walking close to Him, self is not seen or owned.



God Spreads a large table every day, and the major part who feed thereat are His enemies.

An Altered Life.



AN interesting narrative has been related of an Army man who became converted to God whilst in that calling of life. His knowledge of the forgiveness of every sin through faith in the precious blood of Christ produced a change in him, as it does in every true believer. He found himself in possession of a joy hitherto unknown, and he determined with purpose of heart to respond to the wonderful grace of God which had reached even to him.

The altered life and disposition of the man could not but be noticed by his comrades, and one of them fully determined to give him a hard time.

It happened one evening in the barrack sleeping room that our friend was fearless enough to get down on his knees to give thanks, and to pray, before getting into bed. His unkindly-disposed fellow-soldier took the opportunity of hurling one of his boots at the head of the praying man, who, however, quietly placed it under the bed without saying a word.

After the men were well asleep, our converted friend rose up and contrived to clean the boot which had been thrown at him. Then, stealing up quietly to the offending comrade's bed he managed to find the companion boot. This he took and cleaned also, and then returned them both to their place under the owner's bed.

Imagine the offender's astonishment next morning, when the sequel to the previous night's action was realised. But there was more than astonishment—he was ashamed. There was a brokenness of spirit, there was repentance wrought in his soul, for he now turned to that God whom his saved

ade had learned to love, Grace in his friend
 heaped "coals of fire on his head" (Rom. xii.
 9). The result was that he too became a Christian.

How admirable a quality is grace! It enables a man to love his enemy, a thing which even the law of Moses did not require. The law, which is holy and just and good, sanctioned hatred of an enemy, as it is written, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy" (Matt. v. 43). Only grace can exercise love towards those who are utterly unworthy of it, for where sin has abounded grace has much more abounded.

S. H.



Only the "Pins."

"As for the sons of Merari . . . the boards, bars, pillars, sockets, pins, cords and instruments. . . . This is the service of the families of the sons of Merari" (Num. iv. 29-33).



ONLY the pins! Well might Merari say:
 Am I to spend the best of life's short day
 In looking after pins and sockets? Yet
 God's chosen workers never must forget
 What holy work they do,
 It lies beyond, "the figures of the true."

Our life in Him each day more solemn grows,
 The value of these little things, who knows!
 Each life and household is composed of them,
 Like jewels set in kingly diadem!

Despise them not,
 Or lightly deem thine ordinary lot.

God's Way of Deliverance.



AN apple-tree bears apples. The apples are the fruit of the tree, but not the tree itself. The tree is that upon which the apples grow; and if each apple were plucked off, the tree would still be an apple-tree; its nature would remain unchanged.

Thus it is with the root *sin*, from which spring the fruits *sins*. Many a one, satisfied that his sins are forgiven, is in distress and uncertainty about that which he finds within him. Instead of only happy feelings and holy thoughts, leading to Christ-like actions, which he expected from himself after his conversion, he discovers evil feelings and unholy thoughts in his heart, which too often lead to *un*-Christ-like actions. He loses his temper. Is that becoming to a child of God? Surely not. And he tries never to lose it again. For a time all goes well, then he breaks down entirely, and something terrible comes *out* that he never before knew was *in* his heart. What *is* to be done? Clearly this will not do for God. "Can I be a Christian at all?" the anxious one asks.

We may be quite sure that God, to Whom is due the whole plan of salvation, has taken this (to us) overwhelming difficulty into consideration, and has made a perfect provision for it.

Whence come these evil thoughts and actions? From the old nature, which we inherit from Adam? or from the new, which we have from God when born again by the Spirit of God?

"From the old," you answer, "from the old nature—that which is born of the flesh."

Why then try to improve and cultivate the old nature in order that it may no longer bring forth bad fruit? You try to keep the law, that by it you may

make the old nature better; but you *never* will. An honest man would own that all his efforts have ended in failure; he has not been able to produce anything suitable to God. *You* have done your best, and failed; but it has been *your* work; you have tried to improve, get rid of, or by effort to act upon that old nature, but have you *thought of Christ and His work in connection with it all?* Is it through your work that you are sheltered from judgment? Have your own good deeds, has law-keeping, delivered you from your sins?

"No," you answer; "that was Christ's work, not mine."

See then! Just as you want Christ to deliver you from judgment and from your sins, so you need Christ to save you from *yourself*, from that old nature which troubles you.

How has He done it? He forgives my *sins*, but He does *not* forgive the nature that produces those sins; *that* must be got rid of from God's sight; it must be *condemned, brought to an end, by death*. God never justifies the old nature—never! The only thing that can free me, in the sight of God, from this thing which I inherit, which nothing can improve, is *death*.

If I die, there is an end of it; for I know I shall be free when I am there with the Lord. I shall then be rid of this body even, which is capable of corruption; but what I want is to be freed *here* from the power and bondage of sin.

Turn to Romans vi. to find what God says about it. Read verses 7 and 8—"He that is dead (or has died) is *freed* (or justified) from sin," *i.e.*, freed from sin as a Master—freed from its slavery and bondage—freed by death.

"Oh," you say, "I know that if I die I shall be free!"

But go on and read the next verse—"Now if we be dead *with Christ*."

It is our death with Christ, then, not our own natural death that is referred to.

Not only did the Lord Jesus Christ bear my sins in His own body on the tree; not only was His blood shed to wash them away; but *He died*, and thus made an end of *me* before God. He died, and I died with Him; that is, God looks at the believer as having died with Christ. He knows that you cannot improve your old nature, so He has done away with it at the Cross. There is an end of you, morally, once and forever, as a child of Adam. At the Cross man's history came to an end in the sight of God.

The believer can say, "He has saved me from my sins, and from *myself*; He has ended me entirely."

How? By His death. What am I to do? You are to reckon yourself "to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 11). I am not to recognize as alive that old nature which can produce nothing but evil, but I am to accept what God says about it, and own that it was judged and set aside in the death of Christ.

This is God's way of deliverance, and directly by faith I take God's way I have a new power, the Holy Ghost, who enables me to carry out in practice what is true before God as to fact. I am no longer expecting the improvement of the old nature, but reckoning myself dead, and, in the power of the Holy Ghost, keeping self in the place of death.

This is what men do not like. They do not like self to be set aside. The truth of God is that self cannot be made better, so the believer must be made a new creation in Christ Jesus. God sees you no longer connected with Adam at all, but *in Christ* risen from the dead.

God has a purpose for me; not to give me some great place down here, for He has severed me from all here, but he has a place for me in Christ, and tells me that His purpose is that I shall be a *transcript* of His Son in glory. Is this not far beyond the satisfaction you would have, even if you could improve your old nature yourself? Suppose by law-keeping you *could* better yourself? To whom would the credit be due? To yourself; but now all the praise and glory is due to God and His Christ.

"Ah!" you say, "but if I do sin, though all this is true before God, what then?"

Well, "These things write I unto you, that ye sin *not*" (1 John ii. 1). If through carelessness you *do* sin, confess it to God (the Advocate is before Him). Yet confession is not that the lips just own wrongdoing, but that you humbly tell out to God the very thing you have done; and when this is so, you have the blessed assurance that "He is faithful and just (to the work of Christ) to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9), thus making us again happy in the presence of the One Who "bare our sins in His Own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24).

You may know the doctrine of it, but God alone can make it real to your heart. It is blessed to get hold of the doctrine, but far more blessed to get the power of it in our own souls.

Think of it! Our judgment borne by Christ, our sins forgiven through His name, ourselves as men in flesh ended in His death, made a new creation in Him risen, supported by divine power—the Holy Ghost!

What will result from seeing, learning, knowing all this? Praise and thanksgiving to the One Who has wrought so much for us.

Ho Eisho, the Lamp-mender.

“**A**NY lamps to mend? Any lamps to mend?”

The cry was heard again and again in the streets of Yokohama, and strangers would say, “I wish that man would be quiet!”

But the missionaries and native Christians, who were acquainted with Ho Eisho, the lamp-mender, were quite willing that his cry should re-echo up and down the city streets, for they knew that lamp-mending was only a means to an end, and that end the proclamation of the love of Jesus Christ in every corner of the city.

“And what led the lamp-mender to Yokohama, and what made him so earnest to win souls?” you ask.

Well, let me tell you his story as nearly as I can remember.

Ho Eisho was born in China; but, as his parents died when he was quite young, he was free to choose his own way, and so he went to Japan to seek his fortune. For a time he succeeded, and by diligent work he became the possessor of houses and land in Yokohama. But dark days came and Ho Eisho lost all his property. For a time he nearly lost his reason, and after a long season of wandering from place to place, suffering

from privation, he was compelled by illness to return to Yokohama.

Wretched, poor, and ill, Ho Eisho wanted something to divert his mind, and, seeing a paper-rag dealer one day, he purchased from him a book. That book proved to be a Bible, and that Bible led him to desire to know more of the "Christian doctrine." Then a Christian invited him to go to church, and, by and by, Ho Eisho accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and was admitted to church membership.

"Now," said Ho Eisho to himself, "God has taken away the earthly riches that he may give me heavenly riches. I am quite willing to be poor, but I must find a way of leading others to the Christian way. How can I, a poor, humble Chinaman, do it in this land of Japan?"

Finally he decided that the work of a lamp-mender would give him exceptional opportunities of proclaiming the gospel. So day by day he traversed the streets, drawing his little cart, and crying, "Any lamps to mend?" He usually attracted a crowd, and many earnest talks he had with his patrons; and the passers-by, Japanese and Chinese alike, listened with interest to the beautiful message which was told so simply and fearlessly.

"Why don't you go into business again?"

he was sometimes asked by those who knew the position Ho Eisho had once occupied and his capacity as a business man. But the lamp-mender only replied, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

He lived in a tiny place in Chinatown, and it was said that he had not even room to lie out straight in his bed. Poor as he was, he never kept all his earnings for his own use. Inside his old worn coat were two bags, and when he was paid for work he put half in each bag; the one was for the Lord, and the other to supply his own need. If the money in his own bag was more than he required for his daily needs, he put it into the other bag, from which he gave alms to poor and needy.

He is with the Lord now, but His testimony lives still on earth.

E. M. R.

Life's Limitations.—On a house still standing between Walsall and Tretsey, in Cheshire, built in 1636, of thick oak frame-work, is this inscription: "You would weep if you knew that your life was limited to one month, and yet you laugh, while you know not if it may be restricted to a day."

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 60—St. Matt. viii. 24 ; St. Mark iv. 36. No. 61—Numbers xiv. 37 (chap. ii. for position of dwellings, chap. xiii. for social rank).

NO. 62.

I SEE a party of men travelling together ; they are not soldiers on the march, but a small company of apparently humble individuals, and they are without equipages or servants. They have evidently an object in view and a place to which they are wending their way. They have come some distance from a northerly direction, and now I observe they turn eastwards between two regions whose inhabitants appear to be not very kindly disposed to each other. Here are a few small dwellings, in one of which perhaps our travellers may rest, and yet possibly their presence may not be welcome in the place. See ! a group of men have noted their approach and loud cries fill the air. Are these the scouts of an army ready to seize the newcomers, or have they appeared on the scene to welcome the travellers ? Their cries suddenly cease as they listen to a reply that comes from the quarter of the men who are approaching, and then the whole party—almost all—proceed simultaneously in an opposite direction without saying another word to the new arrivals.



NO. 63.

THE house is very quiet, not a creature is stirring, everyone is at rest. How peaceful it all is—how still ! But hark—I hear footsteps—see those men approaching ? Do they expect to find some treasure in this house while people are asleep ? . . . Now they have come out of the house as quietly and

stealthily as they entered it, and they seem to have got their booty and are hastening away with it.

Watch them closely as they hurry along, the hours pass by as they journey on carefully guarding their parcel; night comes, but they give themselves little rest, and pursue their course with the North Star behind them. I do not think I see the men following the highways or lodging in public places. People who carry valuables, especially stolen goods, generally shun observation.

It is a long journey—some seventy miles. Now they ford mountain torrents, now they traverse a valley, now cross a river, now pass through a hilly country. At last they reach their destination, and confidently produce their offering. Who—who—are the persons hastily summoned to meet them?

I see the same figures again, but in a higher position than they ever occupied before, and the treasure which they brought so carefully is not occupying an honoured place in the house of the friend to whom it was given, but is hidden out of sight in a receptacle lately closed but re-opened for the moment, and no one shall see it again.

“Could ye not watch with Me one hour?”



ONE little hour for watching with the Master,
 Eternal years to walk with Him in white;
 One little hour to bravely meet disaster,
 Eternal years to reign with Him in light;
 One little hour for weary toils and trials,
 Eternal years for calm and peaceful rest;
 One little hour for patient self-denials,
 Eternal years for life where life is blest.

Bible and Science.



QLONG with spiritual truth, subordinate to spiritual truth, and auxiliary to it, the Bible gives us much of a scientific character.

With regard to this it should be noted: (1) That the Bible asserts nothing in contravention of any scientific truth: (2) That the natural facts which from day to day men are discovering, though previously unknown to science, have from the beginning all along existed in nature. It is particularly to be noted also that these facts have not only existed in the book of nature only, but also within the pages of the Word of God. These facts are not restricted to a single science, nor even to two or three sciences.

Wrapped up in the Divine record are these scientific facts, communicated to the writers by the inspiration of God, facts of which the learning of those times had no notion, no conception—prophecies of discoveries to be made by the scientific industry of future ages.

We append a few of these facts by way of illustration:—

The Sand and the Sea.

Few things are more marvellous than the regulation and restraint of the sea: how it is confined within bounds which it cannot pass. Science tells us to-day that it finds this impassable barrier in the sand. This is a great discovery, but it was written down long ago in Jeremiah v. 22, "Fear ye not Me, saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence, which hath PLACED THE SAND FOR THE BOUND OF THE SEA by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass: and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though

they roar, yet can they not pass over it."

How Light is Produced.

Science says that light is produced by vibration in that wonderful ether without which no light could reach us. So that there is light for us just so long as the vibration continues to make a pathway, but directly the vibration stops there is darkness. Whilst the vibration continues light dwells in its path, and when a place is reached where the motion is neutralized and ceases and the path comes to an end, such is the place of darkness. This famous undulatory theory is a modern discovery of science, yet nearly thirty-five centuries ago God asked this question of Job, chapter xxxviii. 19, "Where is the WAY where light dwelleth, and as for darkness, where is the PLACE thereof?" It is proved to be literally true that light for us dwells in a path and darkness is stationary in a place.

Ether Described.

The interstellar ether, which is shown in the preceding paragraph to be the substance through which light reaches us, is described exactly in Isaiah xl. 22, where we are told that God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." The Hebrew word translated "curtain" is literally thinness, tenuity, and taken with the expression "stretched out," is suggestive of a substance of extreme tenuity and elasticity, which ether is, according to the findings of modern science.

The Rotundity and Rotation of the Earth.

The ancients believed the earth to be a flat plane. Comparatively modern discoveries have proved that they were wrong; but from Isaiah xl. 22 the truth might have been learnt seven hundred years before Christ, for there we are told that God "sitteth upon the circle of the earth"—the Hebrew word here

translated "circle" signifying an arch of a sphere or globe.

The rotation of the earth is evidently presumed in Matthew xxiv. 40, 41, and Luke xvii. 34-36, where we learn that one instantaneous event—the coming of the Lord to earth—will affect people in one place at night, for there they are in bed; in another place at early morning, for they are preparing the day's food; and at another in broad daylight, for they are at work in the field.

The Empty Place in the North.

Some years ago the powerful telescope in the Washington (U.S.) Naval Observatory revealed in the north sky the existence there of a vacuum—a vast empty space without a star. But in Job xxvi. 7 is written, "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and He hangeth the earth on nothing."

The Earth Hangeth on Nothing.

The ancients imagined that the world rested on four elephants, that these stood upon a huge tortoise, and that the tortoise rested upon an ocean. But while the wise men of those days believed such nonsense as this, it was clearly writ, "He hangeth the earth on nothing," and by the invisible force of gravitation, this is exactly what God has done. At the dawn of the twentieth century it is a fully recognized scientific fact that the earth does literally hang up "on nothing."

(Professor Orchard, M.A., B. Sc.)



The Morning Hour.—Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us.

The Moral Effects of Occupation with a Full Christ.



©CHRIST being the life of the Christian, it is perfectly instinctive, and according to the nature of that life that we should respond in a formative way to these manifestations, simply because the One Who has manifested Himself thus is our life. Another thing I would notice is that each especial manifestation produces, as the light and power of it is brought to bear up our hearts, a certain moral effect peculiar to itself. Thus, as we have seen,

Christ *risen* produces the effect and spirit of power;

Christ in *humiliation*, that of meekness.

I say this to make it evident that we need the whole circle of manifestations. We need a full Christ. A full conception of Christ. Not a partial one-sided conception. It is absolutely essential in regard to the formative work of the Spirit that a full and complete objective presentation of Christ be before the soul. We are bound, if this is not the case, to suffer morally.

In regard to Christ *glorified*, I would give one thought only—Sonship. Now every

true Christian is a son, for sonship is God's calling. His purpose. But it is all important that we should enter consciously into the characteristics of sonship. I would give, at least, one characteristic—elevation. Sonship carries the thought of elevation, belonging—as it does—to heavenly places. Now as we are brought consciously under the influence of a heavenly Christ, the One Who, as the heavenly and glorified Christ, is the full and perfect expression of Sonship, we become by the work of the Holy Spirit imbued with the elevation proper to this glorious relationship. This works out into practical result, for the measure of our conscious elevation becomes the measure of our power in testimony as regards the heavenly calling.

We may reach the consciousness of this great blessing now by the work of the Spirit through occupation of heart with the One Who, as the glorified Christ, is the perfect living expression of this eternally existant relationship.

H. S.



If you had a child that was deaf and dumb, you would think it a great misfortune. Do you ever think how many deaf and dumb children God has?

Eternal Punishment.



THE doctrine of Everlasting Punishment having been much called into question, and the minds of the simple shaken, and the faith of some overthrown, I have thought a warning needed for plain people. To such I would suggest to distrust those who talk much about Greek *to those who do not understand it*. It is easy to thus impose on people.

It is interesting to know Greek, no doubt, in studying the New Testament, because it was written in Greek; and it is perfectly fair to refer to it with those who, knowing Greek, can judge of what is said; but it is very suspicious when much quoted to those who do not; for how can these judge about it? A man tells you "eternal" does not mean "eternal" in Greek. That sounds very conclusive; but how can you judge whether it does or not? Now in all those who talk much about Greek to plain people, I have generally found trickery, and that their Greek has not been worth much when put to a test by those who did understand it.

Without pretending to be very learned, I know Greek, and I have studied the Greek Testament (he published a translation of it), and I have not been led to place any confidence in their statements about the Greek; but the contrary. The Spirit of God will guide more surely a plain man, if he is humble, in fundamental truths, than a little Greek will those who trust in it.

Now, to a plain man, the statements of his English Bible leave not a doubt on the mind that the punishment of the wicked is eternal.

These statements, I feel assured, are substantially right. No doubt, being a human work, translations.

are imperfect, and the translators' views and feelings are apt to be transfused into them. But in the main, the doctrine presented by the English Bible, and the faith produced by it in a plain believer's mind, is sound doctrine and divinely taught faith, though it is possible some passages might be more exactly rendered. None, however, that I am aware of, affecting this truth, are misrepresented by the translation.

It is quite evident to me, and to any plain honest man, that God *meant to produce on the mind of the reader* the conviction that eternal misery is the portion of the wicked, and I do not believe that *He meant to produce the conviction of a lie*, nor frighten them with what was not true.

It is my unhesitating conviction that the attempts to undermine this doctrine of Scripture have entirely failed, and that the arguments used are either dishonest—some of them flagrantly so—or contradictory and fallacious, and that all of them subvert other fundamental truths. I declare also my conviction that a sound knowledge of Greek confirms the plain man's Scriptural faith. If God had meant to convey the idea of eternal punishment, He would not have used expressions stronger than He has used; nor do any exist.

(J. N. Darby.)



“The Furnace of Affliction.”

“**W**HAT furnace do we mind being put into, when we know He is sitting by?” “The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold.” Is there not a beautiful distinction? He *sits by* the fining-pot, but He *walks* in the furnace with His tried ones. The keener the trial, the more closely he draws near.

“None to make.”



“**I** AM sorry to hear,” said a preacher to a working man, “that you have lost your son.”

The old man answered, “Yes, it is quite true.”

The preacher then said, “I hope he made his peace with God.”

“None to make,” replied the old man.

The preacher, thinking the old man did not understand him, repeated, “I hope he made his peace with God.”

“None to make,” again said the old man.

The preacher evidently thought the old man was very ignorant. But the old man stretched out his arm and said, “What did Jesus say upon the Cross? Did He not say, ‘It is finished’?”

The preacher answered, “Yes you are right. ‘It is finished.’ He had none to make.”

Surely nothing is more clearly set forth in Scripture than the fact that Christ has “made peace by the blood of His cross” (Col. i. 20). “Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. v. 1).

The blood of Christ is the true and only basis of peace made, as the resurrection and glory of Christ bear witness.

“Too Late—Father.”



A LITTLE girl had become much interested in the salvation of her soul. Her father, a hater of goodness, who lived next door to the place of meeting, discovering the state of the child's mind, strictly forbade her again entering the meeting.

However, she could not remain away, and the very next meeting night her angry father discovered that she had gone to attend it. So enraged was he that he entered himself, but only to drag her from the place. She was kneeling in prayer.

As he raised her from her knees, she looked up with a sweet smile, and said, “It is too late now, father; *I have given my heart to the Saviour!*”



“And Jesus said.”



WHAT power there is in the written Word of God! I remember a case in Ireland where a Testament had been torn up and the leaves thrown to the winds. A poor man who found several pieces of the leaves picked them up, and read, “And Jesus said,” “And Jesus answered and said,” “And Jesus said.”

He thought to himself, “What! has the blessed Lord said so many things, and I did not know them?”

Struck by these simple, but solemn words, “Jesus said,” he went off to the neighbouring town and bought a Testament, and was converted. He *believed* what “Jesus said,” and was happy in a known Saviour.

J. N. D.

Knowing that you know.

IT is one thing to know, and another to know that you know. The difference between the two is the difference between information and conviction.

A Christian who knows he knows is not so much like an automobile, skidding from the right course at the slightest tremor of the chauffeur's hand, as he is like a great locomotive running on steel rails and rock ballast, swinging from one side of the continent to the other without deviating a hand's breadth from the true track, and running into the main terminal on schedule time. He has knowledge plus conviction, which equals power.

We are living in a day when assurance has been replaced by agnosticism. Instead of "I know that I know," the fashion is to say, "I know that I do not know." It is the era which makes a virtue of not being sure of anything. The interrogation mark is greatly overworked nowadays, and the ability to ask a question is thought to be a sign of culture.

Some have come to that strange mood which takes a pride in being able to doubt. They are broad-minded, so broad that thought has become thin. They have no convictions. They would not presume to be so dogmatic, so narrowly positive, so rudely downright sure. It goes without saying that such Christians—if they are such—play a small part in the service of God.

The truth is that the gospel, so far from being the realm of the "great perhaps," is of all realms the one where certitude is possible and accurate knowledge obtainable. Its knowledge is the output,

not of the senses, which yield perceptions through the agency of the flesh and are subject to all kinds of delusions, but of the consciousness, the perception by the soul, of the truth of God, whose authority one cannot resist—and whose testimony one can no more doubt than he can doubt the fact of his own existence.

If there be one thing about which one may know that he knows, it is his relation to God and the duties and privileges this relation involves. Let us be quit of the heresy that God is unknowable, that Calvary is a suspicion, and the Bible a fog-bank. In his second letter to Timothy, Paul writes, "I know Whom I have believed." He belonged to that class of people who know that they know. Some Christians never get off their crutches. They go through life with a limp. Their religious experience is a conditional sentence. If you should ask them whether they are saved, they will not commit themselves. They have hopes, but they lack certitude. They are chronic hoppers. As an old Puritan divine once said, "They go through life hope, hope, hoping; hop, hop, hopping."

Is a crutch the best God can do for us? Paul has thrown away his crutch. There is no limp in his step. He walks and talks like a redeemed man. He knows that he knows, and possesses the power which comes from positive convictions based on accurate knowledge. He is arraigned before Nero; but there is no sign of fear, no evidence of alarm. Nero does not even excite him. Paul is a prisoner, but he represents the King of kings. He is in bonds, but he is an ambassador in bonds. He is a deputy of the court of high heaven, and without a tremor he takes the stand. He knows that he knows, or, to use his own phrase, he knows Whom he believes.

These are the men who move the world.

What the Christian needs is not a scholarship that is encyclopædic, but one that is experimental. One man who knows thoroughly a few facts at first hand is worth a regiment of men who know only what someone else knows.

Among the instructors in a seminary was a man of rich culture and ripe scholarship, of profound erudition and faultless personal character, but of comparatively little influence among the students because *he never had an opinion of his own*. He could give with masterly ability and accuracy the various views of all the commentators on a certain passage of Scripture, but when asked for his own views he invariably dodged the issue. He knew that others know, but he did not know that he himself knew, and his rich powers went much to waste in a position of vast opportunity.

Let us have a revival of dogmatism. Let it be dogmatism of the right kind, to be sure. We must give to the longing, seeking soul something more than an interrogation mark. The preacher must be built on the old model. He must be one who "speaks as the oracles of God"; and his creed must be that ancient symbol which begins with the shout of certitude: "I know Whom I have believed."

V.



It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but check up and make sure you haven't lost the things that money won't buy.



The Gospel insists on dealing with everybody in in the same fashion, and regarding all as standing on the same level. Many do not like that.

The Eventide of Grace.

Mark i. 32.

* — * — *

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay,
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !

'Tis eventide, and, Saviour, we
Bring sin-sick souls to Thee to heal.
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
Yet Thou art near, we know, we feel.

Lord Jesus Christ each ill dispel ;
Some—some are pained, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt.
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.

Behold them ! as around they lie :
So sin-sick, needy, and forlorn.
Speak to them, Saviour, ere they die,
Ere yet the day of grace be gone.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, Saviour, in this evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal them all.

The Song That Recalled.

TOMMY HOWELL hadn't always been a bad man—largely because he had not always been a man. When a boy he was good, as people say, because he had a converted mother.

But a sad event was to come in the life of the boy. How he loved to hear the sweetest voice on earth sing that dearly beloved, "Jesus, lover of my soul!" And how sad the little heart was when they told him that the angel of his life had gone to heaven. Left to the care of a thoughtless father, he was left to choose his companions where he could. As is the case so many times, that proved to be where the influence was the worst.

After the first downward step the second was much easier. One day Tom's father was brought to face the fact that his son was being tried before the stern old judge of the court upon a serious charge. Tom was found guilty and was sentenced to the prison. This was the dividing line between him and his thoughtless father. Of course the father's heart was sad for a little while; but, after the great iron doors had closed behind his only son, he soon forgot, and readily dropped back into the regular routine of daily life.

The years dragged by with Tommy in the great institution where human bodies are as so many machines, and where human character is crushed beyond recognition. In course of time he came again into the world, a hopeless and shattered remnant of what the mother had kissed good-bye the day her spirit took its flight heavenward. When

he came again into the outer world, he imagined that the finger of scorn was being pointed at him from every side, causing him naturally to seek the environment which was more in harmony with his deplorable condition.

He had lost trace of his father, and when he was again brought to face the court he was all alone. This time he was before the same judge on a charge of attempted murder while in a drunken frenzy. For this offence twenty years more of penal servitude were added to his record. These were long and weary years; and they were telling on Tommy, slowly but surely breaking down the physical man, until in the end he was seen coming from his place of confinement a mere shadow of his former self. His shoulders stooped from his heavy load; his hair was streaked with grey. He was a bad man—truly bad, continually bad. He thought bad thoughts, dreamed bad dreams, did his utmost to live a bad life.

But to-day, as the great iron gate clangs behind him and he is again declared a free man, he stops to view the world away from which he has been so long. Instead of turning to the city where his wanton desires might be gratified, he turns to the open country, away from that society which the law of the State had twice said he was unfit to adorn. He walks on until he comes to the open country, thinking not of the past, nor probably of the future. His mind wanders hither and thither, it matters not where. Evening has come upon him as he sits down to rest. Soon he is in a doze.

He may have been dreaming of his musty cell back within the confines of those four great walls. But just now, though it may have been a dream, he hears the strains of music and singing away in the

distance—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

Tommy was brought back slowly to the great world of realities. Every note of the song awakened a life-note in the heart of the man. Every throb was was a song to the now boyish fancy, for he was a boy again. Tear-drops were rolling down his wrinkled cheek as he fancied himself again at his mother's knee listening to the good old songs of his childhood days. Slowly he roused himself; and, as he walked on his aimless road, he was muttering brokenly—

“Turn back, O Time; turn back in thy flight,
And make me a child again just for to-night.
Come back, my mother, from across the dark deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”

It was the eventide, just bordering on darkness; a peaceful quietude had settled over all nature. From the willows down by the creek the whippoorwill was chanting his first hymn of the evening. God had drawn His beautiful curtain about the great couch, and painted it with His most lustrous star. Everything seemed in a sweet repose, except, possibly, Tommy Howell—or rather, the physical remnant of what once had been Tommy Howell.

We see the great frame slowly gathering itself from its repose on its temporary couch of mother-earth by the roadside. Why he was here he could not say, nor was it at all likely that he cared. His past life had been a failure: he knew *that*. He had been such a bad man. Almost as long as he could remember he had been bad. He had spent most of his time in the prison or in drunken debauchery. But there was a day back of all this which often came to the mind of the man, even when under the

lash of the taskmaster, or alone within the narrow confines of his cell in the great prison which had so long been his home. He would call to mind a picture that is so near and dear to the heart of every boy—when he stood by his mother's knee and listened to that dear voice singing the sweetest song that ever was sung—

“Jesus, lover of my soul.”

Tommy wasn't a boy now ; he was a man. He had just left the State prison where he had satisfied the demands of the law for years of his life at manual labour. He is broken now. His shoulders stoop and his hair is streaked with grey.

But we see him now standing erect, his head bowed in humble submission, while on the evening breeze there come the sweet words of the song somewhere in the distance, bringing to the sad heart of the lonely man the prayer—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

The tears are streaming down his wrinkled cheek. His whole frame is shaken as an aspen leaf. He is fighting now the greatest battle of his life.

The scene has changed. The tempter has lost : Christ has won ; for Tommy, unable longer to hold up under the terrible strain, fell down upon his knees there by the roadside and cried out to God to save for Christ's sake his shrinking, sin-sick soul from the unfading darkness. He rises a new man—cleansed, forgiven, justified—a child of God.

.

Two years have passed. It is Christmas in a great city. The sun had gone to its rest : the cold of the winter night has settled over the earth. A gospel meeting is being held in a hall. A fine old

man, in whom we see lingering the lineaments of Tommy Howell, now marvellously transformed, is speaking—just closing an earnest appeal.

There is a slight shuffling of feet in the rear of the room as a very old man, whose race is about run, disentangles himself from the narrow seat and, with the aid of his cane, slowly makes his way forward. Great tear-drops are rolling down his face, and his broken frame is shaking from head to foot.

The preacher seems to recognise something familiar in him. But he asks if he knows Christ as a personal Saviour.

"Yes," comes the answer in almost inaudible tones; "My poor Mary has gone to heaven and I shall meet her there. But my poor Tommy! May God have mercy on his poor soul wherever he is."

"Mary!—Tommy!—What's your name?" asks the preacher eagerly.

"Howell."

He says no more. God has heard his prayer. Father and son are locked in one long, loving embrace.

C. T. W.

"Grace Sufficient."



DO not pray for easier lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But *you* shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at what God's grace does through you. P.B.

Ritualistic Attire.



IT is all of Pagan or Jewish origin.

The amice, a white napkin or kerchief, folded in a particular way, was the ancient head-dress of the heathen priest.

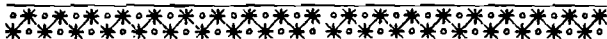
The alb was the under garment of the ancient Romans, made of white linen and next the body, being, in fact, what we call a shirt, though much longer.

The stole was a portion of the dress of Roman ladies, worn just as a scarf, boa, or sash is now worn.

The maniple was originally an embroidered handkerchief, which, instead of being kept in the pocket, was suspended from the wrist.

The chasuble, or *casula*, was the *toga virilis* of the Roman gentleman, put on just as ecclesiastics do now, so as to fall in graceful folds around the person.

The cope was nothing else than the overcoat of the Roman, being, as they still call it, the pluviate, to ward off the inclemency of the weather.



I had rather suffer for speaking the truth, than the truth should suffer for the want of my speaking.

False Confidence.



A SAILOR once, who fell out of the rigging, in his fall caught with both hands a rope, and observers said, "He is saved!" But the rope itself had no fastening, and he fell further and faster, as the rope payed out, till he struck the deck a mangled mass.

So it is with every false trust of men. As the Scripture records—"So are the paths of all that forget God, and the hypocrite's hope shall perish; whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web. He shall lean upon his house, but it *shall not stand*: he shall hold it fast, but it *shall not endure*" (Job viii. 13-15).

"He that trusteth in the Lord shall be safe." None others are!



The King of Terrors.



DEATH has been quaintly called "the terror of kings," as well as "the king of terrors." It stalks through all lands, and is a power which none, however wealthy and mighty they may be, can withstand.



A thousand errors may live in peace with one another, but truth is the hammer that breaks them all in pieces.

Four Wonderful Facts.



I WISH to invite your attention to four really wonderful things named in the Book of God, and well worthy of your attention.

The first is that "the Lord

Looked Down

from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God" (Psa. xiv. 2). And what did He see when He look-down? "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually; and it grieved Him at His heart" (Gen. vi. 5, 6). Here you have indeed a wonderful fact: your heart and mine are full of evil; and the heart of God is grieved about it! Have you ever stayed to think that by your daily conduct, your sin, your unbelief, you are grieving the heart of God?

But the second great fact is that God did something more than merely look down from heaven. Jesus said, "For I

Came Down

from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John vi. 38). Six times in this one chapter Jesus repeats this blessed truth that "He came down from heaven." And why did He come down? Here indeed is a wonder of love and grace! He came down to live for a time among sinners, and then to die for them! We might "look down" upon persons in suffering, and despise them, or pity them; but we should be very unwilling to "come down" to their condition. Yet this, and more than this, is what the Son of God

did for us.

The third great fact is more wonderful still. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He

Laid Down

His life for us" (1 John iii. 16). And this is not only told us by John, but the Lord tells us so Himself. "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. . . . And I *lay down* My life for the sheep" (John x. 11 to 18). What amazing love! What wonderful grace! The Shepherd dies instead of the sheep. The sinless One takes the place of the condemned sinner.

But this is not all. Christ not only died to save but He ever lives to save. We therefore read further: "When He had by Himself purged our sins,

Sat Down

on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. i. 3). "But this Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, *sat down* on the right hand of God" (Heb. x. 12).

This fourth wonderful fact makes salvation sure to all who come to God by Him. He Who once died now ever lives to carry on their full salvation; to "save them to the uttermost"—to save them to the very end. He lives to bring them finally to the very heaven whence He "looked down" and then "came down."

Now, I ask your loving attention to these four wonderful facts. The Lord "*looked down*" on man—his folly and sin. He "*came down*" in love and pity. He "*laid down*" His life to put away sin—to save and bless. And He "*sat down*" as a token that His work of atonement was finished.

W. W.

The Power of Prayer.

IT is some time since the writer met the Christian woman who is the subject of this sketch. She had a worn, yet happy face. Happy not because of her circumstances, but because of God's just grace. Years before her face had been sad—exceedingly sad.

Long had she desired her husband's conversion, but the more she desired it the more the husband resisted it.

In her distress (for she was deeply distressed) she arranged for two believers to call and get her husband to go to a prayer meeting. He went, but it only made him more bitter. The poor wife's distress was turned to anguish—an anguish made tenfold by the fact that this sorrowing woman knew her marriage with her husband was due to disobedience.

Alas! she appeared at the time to have been in the dark as to her error. The awakening came too late. Scripture then became plain to her—believers should marry "*only* in the Lord." However, she felt she had sinned in ignorance; and as day by day went by she continued to cry to God.

One morning her husband left for his work without a word—too angry was he even to speak. Getting to his work, he found himself too upset to work, and so retiring to a public house he commenced skittle playing. About 3 p.m. a strange and awful feeling came over him. He could not understand it. Divine conviction struck him down. He felt he was a lost sinner under God's eye, and he owned it.

Now! what had led to this?

Prayer, simply and only prayer.

This is how it came about. Right through the day the wife had wept and prayed and wept, until towards three o'clock in the afternoon her little girl came to her and said, "Mother, why do you cry?"

"My dear," said the sorrowing woman, "your father is going to hell, and it will break my heart."

"But, mother," said the child, "why not ask God to make him good?"

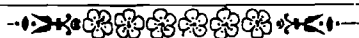
This said they both turned aside and knelt. Then the child prayed simply:

"Oh, God, do make dear dada good." God heard the child's prayer, and that moment the poor father, stricken by his sins and a convicted sinner, turned and fled towards his home, crying to God for mercy. Reaching it he entered the front door, snatched a Bible and began to read. Nor would he leave it even to eat or sleep until he was able to rejoice in God his Saviour. The next morning found husband and wife rejoicing together in the sunshine of a Saviour's love and light.

In a few short years the husband was knocked down by a tram and killed; but while he lived he gave abundant evidence of the power of Him of Whom it is written, "He shall save His people from their sins."

South Africa.

Joseph Smith.



"Confess your faults"—"Better go back than lose yourself."



Psa. civ. 28.—God gives every bird its food, but He does not throw it into the nest.

The Fall of the Ross-berg.



“GOOD-MORNING, neighbour! We are going to have another fine day.”

So said the cheery voice of Fritz to old Karl, who was sitting at his cottage door in the sunshine of a glorious summer morning.

“Time we should have a fine day: it has been wet enough lately,” growled the old man.

“Have you heard what they say?” began Fritz. “Several people who were up early this morning saw the top of the Ross-berg move.”

“Like enough, like enough. Mark my words—and I’ve said the same many times before—I shan’t live to see it, but those who are now young will not be as old as I am before the top of yonder mountain lies at its foot.”

“The saints forbid!” responded Fritz. “I hope it will not be in my day.”

The young man passed on to his work in the vineyard, for his day of toil was a long one, and was spent in the beautiful little village of Goldau, at the foot of the Ross-berg.

The summer of 1806 was fast closing, but the valley had not yet put on its autumn dress. The season had been very wet and

everything late in coming to perfection ; but at last the sunshine had appeared, and the corn was fast turning to golden-brown, and rich clusters of grapes hung in profusion in the vineyards.

The peasants talked of gathering in this harvest and vintage, Who was to tell them that such things would never come to pass ? The heavy rains had overcharged the springs in the mountains, and these had loosened the clay which held together the rounded pieces of rock which formed the upper part of the Ross-berg.

Hours passed by, and the air grew cooler. Old Karl sat in his cottage smoking. He paid little heed to the rumours which Fritz had repeated to him concerning the Ross-berg. Why should he trouble ? The Ross-berg had stood for centuries, and though its summit was certainly less secure than it used to be, it would last his lifetime. So he sat and thought within himself.

But what was that ? A rumbling sound interrupted his reverie.

"Thunder, I suppose," said Karl serenely. "Daresay there's more rain coming."

Another rumble. Then the sound of hasty footsteps along the mountain path.

"Karl ! Karl !" called a voice.

"Why, it's that young Fritz again ! What

does he mean by leaving his work at this hour? He must be mad!" Karl went to his door looking even crosser than he did in the morning.

"The mountain is falling!" gasped the young man. "Every few minutes pieces of rock are crashing down. Quick, quick, Karl—come with me!"

But the old man gazed upwards at the Ross-berg. "I don't see much difference yet," he remarked. "Anyway, I'll fill my pipe again."

"Come—oh, come!" urged Fritz.

His words fell on unheeding ears, and he dared not linger, but sped away.

Then there followed crash upon crash, and in a few minutes the entire crest of the mountain fell into the valley, and fields, vineyards, and cottages, with many of their inhabitants, were buried beneath the weight.

Fritz hastened so strenuously at the first alarm that he was beyond the village before the climax came, but he was thrown to the ground repeatedly by the trembling of the earth.

Once he turned to look for old Karl's cottage, but it was completely overwhelmed in the downfall, and he knew only too well that its owner lay silent beneath the ruin.

He had neglected the warning for the sake of filling his pipe once more—and he was

destroyed.

“As it was in the days Noah”—“as it was in the days of Lot,” the men of their time devoted themselves wholly to pleasure and money-making, and the flood or the fire “destroyed them all.”

They and Karl are not the only ones who disregard warnings. God has given us many in the pages of His holy Word; will He come and find us sleeping? Let us take heed and flee to Jesus, and accept Him as our Saviour: then, come He never so suddenly, we shall rise joyful to meet Him.

E. M. RICE.

“Rest Awhile.”



YOU may have seen a man mowing down a field of grass and occasionally stopping in his work.

Whilst he stops he rests, but not altogether, for whilst he is resting he is sharpening his scythe.

We may imagine an uninstructed person watching that man at work, and, as he observes him stopping now and then, supposing that he is wasting his time. We know better than that. He is all the better for these few moments. See as he begins, how his scythe cuts down the grass; he gets over his work as quick again.

The Lord said to His disciples, after a time of busy and active service, “Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.” How needful this is!

Bible Pen Pictures.—By J. H. T.



(Answers to No. 62—St. Luke xvii. 11, &c. No. 63—2 Sam. iv. 5-12.)

NO. 64.

WHAT a beautiful prospect! A rich and well watered plain, fertile, and well cultivated. Fine mountains bound the view on one side, and on the other, far away, what looks like a great desert.

The road from the place where we stand leads to a town surrounded with gardens and rushing streams. While we gaze with delight upon the exquisite scene an old man passes us making for the town; the view does not seem to attract him, he is buried in thought.

He does not seem like one given to political schemes, nor has he the appearance of a man who aims at power in the State, yet, there is a look in his eye which I think would make a tyrant quail.

He passes on, others have seen him too, and the news will doubtless soon be all over the town.

.

The streets are so narrow that we must step into a doorway to let a procession pass. Are these mounted troops? No, only a string of beasts of burden laden with all kinds of things which an Oriental town can produce. Last of all comes a great man, some nobleman of the Court, with his retinue of servants. Where can they be going? Probably to bear a greeting to some potentate from another land, or at least to the ambassador of a king.

Let us press with the crowd and see who the honoured stranger may be. Is it possible? It is that unpretentious person who passed us on the road. The attendants are left behind and the two men so different in appearance stand face to face.

Not many words are spoken on either side, but one of the two is in tears. The visitor returns deep in meditation; the procession retraces its way along the narrow streets, and I do not think that the burdens seem to have been even unpacked.!

NO. 65.

SEE this crowd of men travel-stained with long pilgrimage. What a motley multitude they are! many hundreds in number; ecclesiastics are there, professional men, labourers, servants, and persons of all sorts.

They have not been travelling aimlessly, neither are they fugitives, nor are they a poverty-stricken throng, quite the reverse—there is an air of importance, and great authority about the leading men which is very noticeable.

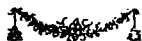
I think also that I notice about a couple of dozen who seem as if they were guardians of some precious things, so watchful is their care.

The weather is warm for it is full summer, but neither heat nor weariness trouble them. Calm trust and fixed determination in their countenances are changing now to excitement and triumph. Apparently, from their conversation, they have never seen the place towards which they have been travelling all these weeks and months; now it bursts upon their view! The sight amply rewards them for their troubles of the way.



My Old House.

Written by a Christian lady of 94 years.



I HAIL once more my natal day,
 Still in my tenement of clay,
 With many favours blest ;
 Now He Who placed the structure here,
 Can prop it up another year,
 If He should think it best.

Long hath it stood through snows and rains,
 And braved life's fearful hurricanes,
 While many a stronger fell ;
 The reason *why* we cannot see,
 But what to us seems mystery,
 The Builder knows full well.

But now 'tis weather-worn and old,
 The summer heat and winter cold
 Pierce through the walls and roof ;
 'Tis like a garment so worn out,
 To mend there seems no whereabout,
 So gone are warp and woof !

The tottering pillars are all weak,
 The poor old rusty hinges creak,
 Dim too the windows are ;
 But still, "as through a glass so dim,"
 I look away, and on to Him—
 Whose Home is mine up there.

Nature and Scripture tell us all,
 This withered frame ere long must fall,
 When, where, or how's unknown;
 We'll leave that to the Architect:
 His love and wisdom will direct
 The taking of it down.

And should you see mine prostrate lie,
 Let not sad tears bedim your eye,
 The tenant is not there;
 But just beyond Time's little space,
 She finds with Christ a resting-place,
 No more to date her year.

So when she walks with you no more,
 Fret not—she has but gone before,
 To Him Who loves her so.
 Trust Him—your house in order set,
 That you may leave without regret,
 Whenever called to go.

“Christ liveth in me.”

ON one occasion Mr. Darby was staying in the house of a brother.

He was exceedingly fond of children, and when about to leave, one of the little girls of the family said to him:

“Mr. Darby, won't you give us your photograph?”

He replied, “Why do you want my photograph?”

“Oh,” she said, “because we love you so.”

“Ah,” he said, “what you love in me cannot be photographed.”

What was it she loved in him? It was Christ.

R. S. S.

The End of the World.

A Scripture Study.



THE End of the World is a Scripture phrase which present events have made rather prominent. Yet the use of the phrase rarely expresses any clear thinking, and nine out of ten would be puzzled to explain exactly what is meant by it. Most who speak of the End of the World appear to entertain some vague idea of the sudden conflagration of this globe, from the ashes of which a new world will arise. Such a conflagration will take place eventually (2 Pet. iii.), but this occurrence is never called in Scripture "The End of the World," nor can this final destruction present itself for more than a thousand years to come (Rev. xx. 1-6).

The End of the World, however, is probably drawing very near. Indeed, one purpose of this paper is to show that it has already begun. Let us open the Scriptures for a short study upon this great theme which is of such personal concern to all.

We will begin with 1 Cor. x. 32. "Give none offence neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God." Here we have God's three-fold partition of earth's population.

In considering any question about the World, "the Church of God" must be excluded. Christ, speaking of His own people, says twice over in John xvii. "They are *not of the world* even as I am not of the world": and one purpose of His death was to *deliver them out of this present evil world* (Gal. i. 4). The believer has nothing to do with the course of the World nor with its end. Before the End of the World is consummated he will be out of the World altogether, and with Christ in heaven (1 Th. iv. 13-18).

17; Rev. iii. 10). Excluding the Church of God, therefore, from this question, the Jew and the Gentile remain. Both of these belong to the World.

From the beginning it was God's purpose that the Jewish nation should be the world-leaders, the head of all nations (Deut. xxviii. 13). His words are, "The Lord hath avouched thee this day to be His peculiar people . . . and to make thee high above all nations which he hath made, in praise, in name and in honour" (Deut. xxvi. 18, 19). And again, "The Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth" (Deut. xxviii. 1). The fact that these promises have never yet been fulfilled shows that the world cannot yet be burned up.

The Gentiles are the numerous nationalities of the world. Israel is not reckoned with them—"The people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations" (Num. xxiii. 9; Deut. xxxii. 8).

The World's history began with the Fall, when man transferred his allegiance from God to Satan. Under the baleful influence and evil inspirations of this enemy of God and man the present World has moved on to its end. In the course of this history God interposed by calling Israel to preeminence in the World, and for this He established the seed of Abraham as His own people in His own land.

At first the government of Israel was a theocracy, a government by God Who declared His will through the High Priest. But the people rejected the Lord that He should not reign over them, and clamoured for a king to judge them like all the nations (1 Sam. xiii.). It was God's purpose that Israel should have a king, and one who would fitly represent Him, but the people did not want this. Their concept was a king to displace God. They desired a monarch such as the Gentiles owned—a

king of their own nation. God's ideal was a "King over all the earth," one qualified to rule the whole World for Him. In fact, His purpose was that His own Son should possess the throne of a universal Imperialism with Israel at the head of all nations, with Canaan the glory of all lands, and Jerusalem the joy of the whole earth.

Of course the popular aspiration turned out a great disappointment. God gave them the king they wanted, but Saul and his successors were a poor exchange for Jehovah, the God of power and love. Subsequently the kingdom was divided into two, and finally both kingdoms were broken up by the Gentiles—Israel by Assyria, Judah by Babylon.

Six centuries later God's King appeared—the Son of God, and, by birth, the King of the Jews. The nation soon made up its mind about Him. They refused their God-sent King, and declared for the Gentile power of Rome. They chose a murderer and sent their own Messiah to the cross. At Calvary they crucified Him. *Then came the End of the World.*

The proof of this is afforded in a remarkable word in Heb. ix. 26, "*Once in the End of the World* hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." The Cross was set up in the End of the World.

But, it may be objected, that was nigh 2000 years ago, and the World is not at an end yet. That is true. But the probation of the World is over. Its detailed history is not completed, but its *moral* history has reached its close. That history began with unbelief and disobedience in Eden. It ended with the murder of Christ at Calvary. Sin could go no further than to slay the perfect Son of God. The worst crime has been perpetrated that the annals of

Time can record. In God's account the World has come to an end. The most wicked outrages since the day of Cain are simply matters of detail in the story of a world which reached its end at the Cross, and might righteously have been destroyed at any moment since.

But why did not God at once terminate the whole history and bring the World to its actual end? Why did He not stamp out the whole evil race as one might destroy a brood of reptiles? But that would have been an acknowledgement of defeat. No, God could not give up His purpose to erect His kingdom on earth, and to place His Son upon the throne. So He did not destroy the World. He raised Christ from the grave and seated Him in Heaven. Then He inaugurated the present day of Gospel grace, and for nearly 2000 years He has suspended the operations of judgment which would have completed the End of the World. Meantime He has been saving all who cease rebellion and accept pardon and grace through His Son. Those who thus believe now form the Church of God. When these agencies of grace are concluded He will translate the Church to Heaven, and then the Endtime of the World will be resumed. The book of Revelation is mainly occupied with predictions of that brief but awful consumation.

The End of the World is mentioned six times in the New Testament (Matt. xiii. 39, 40, 49; xxiv. 3; xxviii. 20; Heb. ix. 26). An examination of these passages with their context will show that the End of the World, historically, is a short period of judgment which breaks up Satan's kingdom, and man's period of lawless opposition to God. At its conclusion Christ will return in power and glory and establish the Kingdom of God on earth and fill the earth with

blessing. This future period of blessing is called "the world to come" (Matt. xii. 32; Mark x. 30; Luke xviii. 30; Heb. ii. 5; Heb. vi. 5). "The World to come" will replace "this present evil World."

Thus we learn from our study :

1. That the End of the World was reached morally at the Crucifixion of Christ.

2. That the operations of judgment which at that moment might have brought the present world to its actual end were, in wonderful grace and patience, arrested by God.

3. That for nearly two millenniums Gospel grace has reigned.

4. That the Church (the product of Gospel grace), not belonging to the World, will be translated to Heaven.

5. That after this Translation the time of the end of the World will recommence, and the awful judgments which effect it will be poured out.

6. That the End of the World will be consummated when Christ appears in power and glory.

7. That having subdued His enemies He will inaugurate the World to come, or Thousand Years of Blessing, under His own pacific reign.

The End of the World draws nigh, but as long as the Church of God is on earth it cannot transpire. A choice of most momentous importance now lies before every man, either to receive the Kingdom of God by receiving Christ, or to refuse the Son of God and be crushed in the ruin of the World and in the overthrow of the present kingdom of darkness of which Satan is the Prince. All evil must be swept away before Christ can reign universally.

Will the reader be garnered with the precious wheat, or consumed with the tares that are left in the field?

The World.



THE question is often asked, and asked, too, as though it were an insoluble mystery : "What is the world that Christ and Christians are not of ?"

Is not the question often a foil to turn aside the keen edge of the truth and to defend worldliness? Granted that there are several Greek words translated "world," because the world is viewed in different aspects, yet there is no ambiguity about the *thing itself*. We do not require to know Greek to know what the world is from which the Cross of Christ separates us, for every heart is acquainted with it, even as every heart naturally loves it. Everybody knows what is meant by "getting on in the world."

The world, as a *huge system*, opposed to God, can be viewed in three ways :—

1st.—The world as connected with *time*. From this aspect it is called "this present world," or "age," in contrast with "the age," or "world to come,"—the Millennium, when Satan, "the god of this age," shall be confined in the abyss, and Jehovah shall reign supreme (Tit. ii. 12 ; Eph. i. 21).

2nd.—The world as composed of *persons*. From this aspect it is made up of unconverted people. It really began with Cain and was developed by his descendants. The world viewed thus endeavours to be industrious and enterprising and wise and happy and religious or irreligious, as it suits it, *apart from God* (Gen. iv. 16-26 ; Jno. xv. 18, 19).

3rd.—The world as characterised by *morals*, and thus spoken of as "the course (or age) of this world" (Eph. ii. 2). From this aspect it has three elements—a trinity of evils. They are "the desires of the

flesh, the desires of the eyes, and the pride of life." Humbling though it may be to man's pride, yet, *morally*, this is "*all that is in the world*" (1 Jno. ii. 15-17).

Such is the world, that the Christian, as to his actual circumstances, is *in*, but which he not *of*.

If it is the world from the point of *time*, he is to live in spirit beyond it, as having his portion in "the age to come" (Gal. i. 4 ; Eph. i. 21 ; ii. 2).

If it is the world from the point of *persons*, he is to be separate from it in the principles and the tone of his everyday life (James iv. 4).

If it is the world from the point of *morals*, he is to show that he is crucified to it, and that it is crucified to him (Gal. vi. 14).

But how can this be true of him if he mixes himself up with the intrigues and corruptions of the world's civic affairs and politics? Let every honest believer answer the question to God.

The Christian citizen is a citizen of Heaven. "Christian citizenship!" What is it—earthly or heavenly? "Our conversation is in heaven," says Paul ; which means, as the original word indicates, that our rights and associations of citizenship are there (Phil. iii. 20 ; Heb. xiii. 14 ; Eph. ii. 19). If the Christian maintains that his citizenship is "of this world," then let him open his Bible and show us what are the responsibilities of his citizenship. But, ah ! he may search the Christian Epistles, which develop in full the doctrines of Christianity, but he searches them in vain for a single precept or promise which directs him how to shape his *municipal* or *political* creed and course aright.

Why is this? The reason is obvious: his citizenship belongs to another world.

Heaven is the Christian's fatherland, and his

home, and if he is right, his thoughts and desires constantly ascend there (2 Cor. v. 8; Luke xii. 34). He belongs to "the Church of the first-born-ones," whose names are "enrolled in heaven"; and so, as a registered citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem, his politics belong to that heavenly city (Heb. xii. 23).

In the administration of public affairs connected with Empire, Colony, Borough, Shire or City, he should have no voice. Of governing status in the world, Scripture gives him absolutely *none*; but enjoins him, in his dress, in the way he furnishes his house, in his speech, and in his general habits, to "confess plainly" that he is but a stranger and a pilgrim below—a stranger as to his heavenly birth, and a pilgrim as to his heavenly character.

S. J. B. C.

JOHN.

Jno. xxi.



JOHN was distinguished by four things:

First, he was *following* (ver. 20).

Secondly, "Which also *leaned on his breast at supper*" (ver. 20).

Thirdly, "If I will that he *tarry till I come*" (ver. 23).

Fourthly, "This is the disciple which *testifieth of these things*" (ver. 24).

Thus—

His *feet* are in Christ's path.

His *head* is on His bosom.

His *heart* awaits His coming.

His *mouth* testifies of Him.

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