

“I LOVE TO POINT HIM OUT”

and other Gospel Papers

By S. J. B. CARTER

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“ I LOVE TO POINT HIM OUT ”

A SUGGESTIVE incident comes from America, which I will give in my own words.

A tourist on foot, coming to a river, told the coloured ferryman to row him over. So, taking his oars, the boatman began to row.

When in mid-stream, however, the rower suddenly drew in his oars, and starting to his feet, shaded his eyes with one hand, and pointed with the other to a passing steamer, and exultingly cried to his astonished passenger : “ There he is—that’s the captain—how *I love to point him out !* ”

“ Who is he ? ” inquired the tourist.

“ Who is he ? Why look, sir, at that big man on the bridge of that boat ! *He’s* the captain—he saved my life ! He jumped overboard one dark night and, at the risk of his own life, he saved mine, just as I was sinking into the depths for the last time.”

“ You seem to be very grateful.”

“ Grateful ! Yes, indeed, sir ; how can I be anything else ? I love him, and whenever I see him, *I love to point him*

out to others and tell them what he has done for me."

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When told this little story, I instinctively asked myself, "Do *I* love to point out *my* Saviour?"

Let me put the question to any who may read these lines. If Jesus is your Saviour, do you love to point Him out to others, and tell what great things He has done for you? The holy men of the Bible all loved to point Him out. The prophetic finger of the prophets of the Old Testament ever pointed Him out; and when we come to the New Testament all the apostles and saints and martyrs loved to point Him out!

But stay! Permit a few personal questions: Is He *your* Saviour? Do you love Him because He has saved *you*? Can you feelingly and lovingly point Him out as the One who has not merely risked His life, but given it for *you*? If not, will you now believe on Him with your whole heart? Open to Him and His love, then He will come into your heart, and into your life, and your lips will be constrained by His love to point out, as your own personal and eternal Saviour, Him who has rescued you from

the dark waters of death and judgment,
and who lives now that you may live
and witness for Him.

May our daily prayer be :

“ May fresh and living streams of love
 Into our hearts now steal,
And Thy fresh love, all loves above,
 More of Thyself reveal.
Lord, keep our hearts receptive still,
Then lip and life Thy love shall fill.”

“ DON'T WAKE DADDY ! ”

HE was preaching in the open air—a saved drunkard, who had formerly been a terror to himself, his family and his neighbours. He was telling in all humility of spirit what great things the Lord had done for him.

A sceptic was in the crowd, however, muttering and interjecting his unbelieving scoffs and jeers. “ It’s all fancy—just *a dream—just a dream,*” he sneered.

A little girl of ten years of age timidly touched him and whispered : “ Please, sir, *if it is only a dream, please don’t wake him—that’s my daddy !* ”

The sceptic was touched in his heart and conscience, and got converted, and found out it was not a dream, but a reality.

“THE RICHEST MAN IN THE DALES.”

POOR old Willy, as they called him, had just bowed his head in prayer and thanksgiving, and was just starting to eat his frugal midday meal, when the wealthy squire of all the dales around came upon his prancing steed, ready for the hunt. He paused, however, at the cottage door.

“You look happy, Willy,” said he, “though you have such poor fare.”

“My Lord and Saviour always makes me happy,” replied Willy. “But, sir—there’s something that is troubling me just now.”

“Ah! can I help you?”

“I scarcely like to tell you about it, sir; you might take it to yourself.”

“So, but tell away.”

“Well, sir, I had a little nap just now, and I dreamed I got very near to heaven, and heard the singing. Just then a voice spoke distinctly in my ears, and it said ”—Willy paused!

“Well, let’s have it,” said the squire, and somehow he moved uneasily in the saddle as he waited.

Said old Willy, “The voice whispered,

‘ *The richest man in the dales will die to-night !* ’ I cannot get the words out of my head, I thought I’d better tell you—maybe it’s a warning, sir.”

The squire’s face blanched ! “ Nonsense, Willy,” he said, and turning his horse’s head he rode home.

In his stately library he threw himself upon a couch. “ What a fool I am to be troubled by that old fellow’s maudlin tale. *The richest man in the dales*—every one knows that I am he. But am I to die to-night ? Why, I’m better in health than ever I was. But I—I feel a bit queer.” Calling to his butler he bade the man ring up Dr. M——. Then he took up “ *The Sportsman* ” to read, but read he couldn’t.

The doctor came, and the squire blurted out all that had occurred, and ended saying, “ It’s made me feel quite ill ! ” The doctor smiled. “ An attack of nerves,” said he, “ shake it off—you’re all right. I would congratulate an insurance office which insured you for twenty years for £20,000.”

Just then a servant tapped at the door. “ Please sir,” said she, “ a message has come through that poor old Willy, as we call him, has fallen down in a fit, and they do say he’s dead, but they

want the doctor to see him and make sure.”

Old Willy lingered till ten o'clock that night, and then passed away to his rich inheritance above. The squire understood all at last ! The richest man in the dales had died that night, but he was not the squire ! His death was the means of the squire's conversion. The richest man in the dales had been among “ the poor of this world, rich in *faith* ”—“ rich toward *God* ”—rich with riches far *greater* than the treasures of Egypt's world and its worldings. Such was “ old Willy.” He left no wealth behind him on earth, but he went to “ an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away, reserved in heaven ” for all who lay up treasure where their Saviour is.

Reader, how is it with you ? Is old Willy's Saviour yours ? Have you “ treasure in heaven,” because you have Him there ? (Mark x. 21.)

“ As having nothing,” says the apostle (that may or may not be so, here, in your case) ; but, tell me, can you add, “ yet possessing all things ”—all things *there* ? Death may strip us bare of everthing here, but it cannot touch what we have in Christ yonder. *But, is He yours ?*

THE GOSPEL AT THE "BERRIN"

As the priest was reading the mass at the "berrin" (burial), in County Wicklow, Ireland, and the people were on their knees, a stranger suddenly came to the grave-side. Dismounting, he knelt in the midst of the congregation, and as the priest read in an unknown tongue, of which the poor ignorant hearers knew not a word, the servant of God—for so he was—caught up passage after passage, turning the Latin into Irish. He selected those portions which were scriptural and gospel, or which contained solemn warnings. Then, with deep feeling, at the end of each passage, he with emphasis exclaimed: "*Lay it to heart! Lay it to heart!*"

The priest was quite awed, and the people listened in rapture to what they had never understood before—completely melted by the word of God. The stranger then in a few low sentences gave them the gospel. Then he stole as quietly away as he had come.

"Who is he, father?" cried one and another. "Where did he come from?"

"Sure, I don't know," replied the

priest. "Is he a man at all, or an angel?"

Some time afterward, this same servant of Christ met a peasant on the road, and asked him if he would not like to have peace with God.

"Sure, sir," said the peasant; "I've got that peace—peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Praise God I ever heard you!"

"*You heard me—when?*"

"Why, at the berrin twelve months ago, when you put the gospel into our own tongue."

"Thank God!" said the evangelist; "and you *know* you have peace with God, do you? How do you know?"

"Sure and enough, sir, I do. With the very words of the Bible ringing in my ears, I went to my knees, and there and then received Jesus as my only Saviour."

The above true narrative from the life-work of an earnest soul-winner, now gone to his reward, is sent forth that you may "lay it to heart."

Dear reader, have you rested for "peace with God" solely and simply on the word of God and the finished work of His dear Son?

“ A GOD READY TO PARDON ”

“ *Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.*” (NEHEMIAH ix. 17.)

YEARS ago a man in the United States was sentenced to death for robbing the mails, and for other crimes.

But Andrew Jackson, who was President at that time, exercised his prerogative and sent him a pardon !

Strange to say the man refused it ! What was to be done ? The Attorney General said the law was silent on the matter.

So the matter was referred to the Supreme Court, and in due course the Chief Justice gave his judgment and declared that :

“ *A Pardon or Reprieve depends for its value on its acceptance by the person implicated to whom it is offered.*”

Such, however, was the man's obsession and folly, that he still sullenly refused the pardon ; and he was hanged ! Hanged not because of his crimes, though they deserved it, but because of his refusal of grace. He refused the offer of grace, and so the law took its course and exacted its penalty.

A pardon, full and free, and righteously obtained by the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, is offered by the Great Forgiver—"the God of all grace"—to any and every sinner among men! But it must be accepted by the sinner as fully and freely as it is offered if he is to be absolved from his guilt and condemnation.

If one such reads these lines, we say again, God is ready to pardon you, to forgive righteously you; but, we ask, are *you ready* to accept in faith His offered grace? If so *it is yours*—pardon, and all the positive blessings of the gospel. But if not, your refusal of that grace must be that you must pay the penalty due to your sins.

Oh! refuse not the grace of God, but accept gratefully and gladly the pardon He offers you, and sing with us:—

“In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We hail the pardon of our God;
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon traced in Jesus' blood.
To pardon thus is Thine alone—
Mercy and grace are both Thine own.

“Soon shall this free, this wondrous grace—
This perfect miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth, while sweetest praise
Sounds its own note in heaven above:—
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich, so free?”

FAITH THE MEANS—BUT CHRIST THE SAVIOUR

“ARE you really serious,” asked some one of me, “in saying that God will condemn me unless I believe certain doctrines of the Gospel ? ”

I replied, “The doctrines are essential to salvation, otherwise we could not learn how we can be saved—but *Christ is the Saviour !* ”

The lifeboat is at the side of the sinking ship ; and someone asks, “Are you really serious in saying I cannot be saved unless I believe in the lifeboat as the means of my salvation ? ”

The fireman from the fire-escape enters the third storey of a house in flames ; and a half-demented woman exclaims, “Are you really serious in telling me I shall be burnt to death unless I get into the fire escape ? ”

The doctor writes a prescription, and the sick man says, “Are you really serious in telling me that unless I believe in the prescription I must die ? ”

Belief in the means of salvation is obvious, but it is not your belief that saves, but the Lord Jesus in whom you believe.

Does the one rescued from the wreck thank the lifeboat, or the men who manned it ?

Does the one saved from the burning house thank the fire-escape, or the fire-man who brought it ?

Does the recovered sick man thank the medicine he has taken, or the doctor who has prescribed it ?

Dear reader, your faith in the Saviour is the only means of your salvation, but the Saviour of sinners is the One who waits to save. Doctrines do not save *per se*—they simply explain how you are to be saved. It is a Person who saves—the One in whom all the Gospel doctrines are personified and exemplified and made good.

“ TRUE TO LIFE ”

SELDOM, if ever, even though taken by the best of cameras, is a portrait a facsimile of its original. But when the Word of God photographs, the photograph is always “ true to life.”

Photographers generally have “ The touching-up department ” ; for people like their photographs to represent them not only at their best, but better than their best. Humanity generally demands art to cover up defects ; as we may

learn in the Greek classics, “ Art is to conceal art ”—*to conceal its hand !*

God in His Word conceals nothing when delineating mankind. The lawless antediluvians, the sinners of Sodom, the abandoned Canaanites, He paints just as they were ! He tones not down the character of a Balaam or a Manasseh ; nor the whitewashed scribes and Pharisees, nor the wicked teachers and mockers in Christendom to-day. (2 Peter ii. 3.) Man may seek to embellish a Nero, a Catherine de’Medici, or even Judas Iscariot, but God portrays the sinner as he is.

Look at Romans iii. 10–19 ! What a moral picture of man away from God, from top to toe ! Doubtless disposition and conduct differ in different people, but the germ seed of every sin is found in every human heart. (Matt. xv. 18–20.)

Touch up “ the natural man ” as you like—give him the best social touch, moral touch, educative touch, and religious touch, but you fail to alter his nature—fallen, corrupt, “ enmity against God.” (Rom. viii. 7.)

When he is “ born again ” and receives forgiveness and the Spirit of God, his likeness is all changed, because God no longer views him in Adam, but in Christ. Morally, too, his character is changed,

for he puts on the character of Christ—
“ the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him.” (Col. iii. 10.) Here is his new photograph :

“ Called—justified—glorified.” (Rom. viii. 30.)

Clothed with “ the righteousness which is of God by faith.” (Phil. iii. 9.)

“ Complete in Christ.” (Col. ii. 10.)

“ Accepted in the beloved.” (Eph. i. 6.)

“ Made fit for . . . the inheritance of the saints in light.” (Col. i. 12–15.)

What a photograph—and true to life !
But not the old life in Adam, but the new life in Christ.

Neither God’s photograph of the sinner nor of the believer can be improved !
The one is *past improvement*, the other is *incapable of improvement*.

Friend, we do not invite you to stand for your spiritual likeness, for God has already taken it. But tell us, what is it like ? Be assured it is true to life. But what life ? How does God portray you—as in “ the first man, Adam,” or in the second Man, the risen, ascended, glorified, heavenly Man ? Oh ! if never before, just now cast your guilty soul by faith on Him, and then you can reply, It is not what *I am in myself*, but what

I am in Him—in the perfection of His
Person and His work.

“ Cast your deadly doings down,
Down at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in Him—in Him alone—
Gloriously complete.”

“ WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST ? ”

YOUTH—

Too merry to think—there's time enough,
sure.

MANHOOD—

Too busy to think—of gold I want more !

PRIME—

Too anxious to think—toil, worry and
fret.

OLD AGE—

Too aged to think—old hearts harder
get.

SICK BED

Too ill now to think—weak, suffering
and lone.

DEATH—

'Tis too late to think—the spirit has
flown.

ETERNITY—

For ever to think—God's mercy is past,
My doom is now fixed, and for ever must
last !

“ SAY NOT IN THINE HEART ”

(Romans 10. 6)

“ BELIEVE IN THINE HEART ”

(Romans 10. 9)

THE heart is the seat of desire, and consequently the wish is often the father of the thought ; as, for instance, in the case of the sceptical fool : “ The fool hath said in his heart . . . no God.” He says it in his *heart*, but never in his *conscience*. What a man says in his heart concerning self and God is speculation, or even worse. Apparently the first created being who said anything in his heart was Satan. “ Thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God,” (Isa. xiv. 13.) “ I said in mine heart,” is an expression constantly used in the book of Ecclesiastes, and often it is the false reasonings of human philosophy reasoning apart from divine revelation. The unfaithful servant said in his heart, “ My Lord delayeth his coming,” and was judged accordingly. (Luke xii. 45.) The false woman, faithless to Christ, will say in her heart, “ I sit a queen and am no widow ” ; but “ she shall be utterly burned with fire, for strong is the Lord

who judgeth her.” (Rev. xviii.) But there is no need further to multiply instances of the folly of the human heart and its utterances.

GOOD, THEN, IS THE divine warning: “Say not in thine heart” and its collateral exhortation, “Believe in thine heart.”

“*Say not in thine heart*”: I have intellectual difficulties about God and the Bible, for God says in His Word: “Canst thou by searching find out 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.)

“*Say not in thine heart*”: Christians are so inconsistent—there are so many religious hypocrites; for God says in His Word: “Everyone of us shall give account of *himself* to God.”

“*Say not in thine heart*”: It is presumption for me to believe that my sins are forgiven; for God says in His Word: “The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.” “Having forgiven you all trespasses.” “I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name’s sake.” (Mark ii. 10; Col. ii. 13; 1 John ii. 12.)

“ Say not in thine heart ” : I’ll turn over a new leaf, I’ll read my Bible, say my prayers, mend my ways, 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.” “ Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? ” “ By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight.” (Jer. ii. 22 ; Jer. xiii. 23 ; Rom. iii. 20.)

“ Say not in thine heart ” : My sins are too great, too many, too dark to be forgiven ; for God says in His Word : “ Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” “ The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (Is. i. 18 ; 1 John i. 7.)

“ Say not in thine heart ” : There’s plenty of time, I’m young and strong ; for God says in His Word : “ Boast not thyself of to-morrow : for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” (Prov. xxvii. 1.)

“ Say not in thine heart ” : If a man is sincere in his heart, it does not matter what his creed and profession are ; for God says in His Word : “ He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.” “ The heart is deceitful above all things.” “ Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.”

(Prov. xxviii. 26 ; Jer. xvii. 9 ; Matt. xv. 19.)

“ *Say not in thine heart* ” : If I were to profess to be a Christian, I could not keep true to my profession ; for God says in His Word that He “ is able to keep you from falling.” “ He will keep the feet of his saints.” “ Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.” (Jude 24 ; 1 Sam. ii. 9 ; 1 Pet. i. 5.)

Awake ! Arise ! Delay not ! Debate 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 day of salvation.” Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God. Do *you* know Him ?

XERXES' TEARS

WHO has not heard of Xerxes' tears ? Consumed with pride and ambition, the Persian Monarch led his enormous army into Greece. Herodotus tells us that this vast array of ships and men numbered some three million warriors. As this huge host was crossing the Hellespont, and the king, from off a

marble throne, erected on a high hill, was reviewing it, he suddenly turned aside and wept. Why? "Because," said he, "in a hundred years all these will be gone."

A hundred years! Ah! in a hundred hours, myriads of them were laid low in death!

Behold Xerxes again! This time he is seated on the rocky promontory of Mount Ægaleus, overlooking the bay where one of the greatest of naval battles was fought. Alas! Aristides and Themistocles, the Greek admirals, out-witted Xerxes' captains, and soon his broken galleys told the tale of utter defeat.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And men by nations lay below,
And ships in thousands—all were his;
He counted them at break of day,
But when the sun set—where were they?"

Xerxes' tears—do they not appeal to us? Who of us but feels something of the awe-inspiring thought that overwhelmed him? Can we look at a crowd without the thought of human mortality oppressing us? The transitory nature of all things mundane has often been the

sentiment of the poet, the riddle of the philosopher, the sermon of the moralist. Yet, withal, how startling it is ! A hundred years hence—where shall we be ? In Eternity ? Yes, but where shall be our eternal destiny ? The voice of the Son of God has declared : “ He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall see not life.” “ We know,” says Paul, “ that if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God . . . eternal in the heavens.’ ”

Reader ! Let me ask you the somewhat prosaic, but intensely important question, “ where will you spend your eternity ? ”

“ There is a day of grace for man
To save the soul intended :
But he who wastes the precious span
Must face a God offended !
No hope the lost then dare avow,
When shame o’erspreads the guilty brow,
And mercy’s day is ended.”

“ WHAT CHEER ? ”

A BROTHER in Christ who worked among the seamen tells a touching story of the home-going of an old tar.

Said he, when I went to see him,

I just asked a simple question, not wishing to tire him. "What cheer?" I asked.

"All's cheer," replied he, with a smile. "Heaven—heaves in sight."

The next day I found him weaker, and again I asked, "What cheer?"

"Rounding the Cape," said he. "In sight of home, pilot aboard."

On the third day I found him fast sinking. But again I asked the question, "What cheer?"

This time he had only strength to whisper, but the whisper was clear and sweet, "Alongside of wharf—in port—safe home!"

And so he reached his heavenly home of peace and joy and rest.

Friend, in view of death, judgment and eternity, which must come, I would affectionately put the question to you, "What cheer?" Can you say with Paul: "Always confident, knowing that, whilst we are . . . in the body, we are absent from the Lord . . . and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord"?

“ WHAT IS YOUR LIFE ? ”

Lo, I saw a vapour rise
Slowly toward the azure skies,
As though loath to leave the place
Of its birth to live in space ;
And I watched it hover—curl—
By the zephyr's breath unfurl—
Glitter—tremble—melt away
Mid the lustre and the ray ;
And I marked it disappear
In the silent atmosphere,
Pass forever out of sight
In that still expanse of light !

Then a whisper came to me :
“ In that vapour thy life see !
'Neath yon canopy sublime,
Creature of the breath of time,
For a moment, here it shows
What it is, then upward goes—
Upward from earth's hopes and fears
To those shining far-off spheres,
From the shadow to the sheen,
Never more by mortal seen !

“ Thus thy life dissolves away
Vapour like ! How, none can say !
Deep indeed the mystery
Of its earthly history ;

Strange it comes and strange it goes
Yet thy soul both feels and knows
That the record of its past
Shall be all told out at last,
And life's issues meet with thee
In God's vast Eternity ! ”

SINCERITY

SINCERITY in itself is, of course, a most estimable virtue. But sincerity must be coupled with truth, otherwise it will lead us astray. The more sincere we are on a wrong course, the more resolutely do we tread it, and the farther we go, the farther we get astray.

Said a schoolmaster once in my hearing : “ It doesn't much matter what a person's religious belief is, if only he is sincere.”

The reply was : “ Apply that principle to your school examinations. If a boy in geography declared London to be in Lincolnshire ; or if in grammar he thoughtlessly wrote, ‘ a preposition should not be used to end a sentence with ’ (contradicting himself) ; or if he in mathematics made out that a cube is a solid body with only four sides, would he ‘ pass,’ however sincere he might have been in giving his replies ? ”

The Lord said to His disciples : “ The time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will *think* that he doeth God service.” (John xvi. 2.) But *thinking* a wrong thing is right, does not alter the fact that it is wrong—does it ?

A signalman pulls the wrong lever, and there is a collision. Quite sincere he was ; but he is tried for manslaughter. A captain and his officers mistake a lighthouse on a dark night. Sincere they were in their belief, but that does not save the boat nor their lives. A man rises in the night to take some medicine. He lays hold of the wrong bottle and takes poison. He was quite sincere, but the poison kills him.

You may have put your money in some bogus mining adventure, thinking it to be a good investment. You may have been quite sincere, but your sincerity will not keep you from bankruptcy and financial ruin.

And so, dear reader, you may be most honestly sincere in your religious convictions, but if your confidence is not based on the truth of God, it is false, and thus can never save your soul.

“ One truth—many ways to it,” cries the popular divine, repeating an old pagan maxim. But Christ, who declared

Himself “ the Truth,” declared just as emphatically that He was “ *the Way* ” to it—not a way, but *the Way*. He was and is both the *Guide* and the *Goal* of the Truth.

There is no excuse for our being sincere and yet going the wrong way ; for Jesus says still, “ I am the Way ” (follow Me), “ the Truth ” (trust Me), “ and the Life ” (abide in Me), “ no man cometh to the Father but by me.” (John xiv. 6.) Let us then abandon all preconceived notions about the way to heaven, and *trust Him*, and we shall go right, be right, and end right. May it be so ! Amen.

TABLE ROCK

YEARS ago a husband and his wife were standing on that huge shelf, called Table Rock, situated on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. As they glanced down at the giddy depths of waters beneath them, foaming, roaring, swirling, they saw how the angry stream had for centuries been gnawing out a vast hollow beneath the poised and perilous rock, and they felt certain it must ere long fall into the boiling abyss.

Frightened by such thoughts they hurried away from their precarious position. Scarcely had they done so when a deafening report, like a clap of thunder, made the very ground beneath their feet shake—*Table Rock had fallen!* The rock which had stood for ages, and which some people thought would never fall, had given way; and they who a minute before had stood on it, were only saved by sixty seconds from a dreadful death.

So on the verge of this world's rock stand masses of humanity ready to topple, insensible of their peril and stifling their fears and convictions. They are singing, dancing and merrymaking, blinded by the god of this world to their danger! There they are, as though "*their rock*" would never fall—their rock of pleasure-making and lust-indulging, money-grasping and emolument-seeking; many are striving for worldly fame and honours, and are flattered by human applause.

But Scripture saith, "When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . and they shall not escape." Happy are they whose standing is on the Rock of Ages. Such can say of the worldlings, "Their

rock is not as our Rock.” (Deut. xxxii. 30, 31.)

“Trust ye in the Lord for ever : for in the Lord Jehovah is the rock of ages.” Only that Rock will stand for ever. Only in Christ is found “everlasting strength.” “They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed.” (Psa. cxxv. 1.) He alone is the immovable and immutable ground of eternal safety and blessing.

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