

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life and Simple Bible Teachings.



"I SEE HIM! I SEE HIM!"

MRS. CLARKE was known in the neighbourhood where she lived as a God-fearing widow, and christian friends felt it a privilege to visit her little cottage, for she had a fresh heart, and in her busiest hours there

was always a sweet savour of Christ about her. Widow Clarke supported herself and an invalid daughter by a little laundry business, yet, however busy, she always had some time to bestow on others. Her cottage had a peaceful aspect, it stood back from the London thoroughfare, its little garden wore a neat and thriving appearance, and pretty creepers grew upon the cottage wall. She let her two upper rooms, and this was one of her opportunities for furthering her Master's cause.

On one occasion the rooms were standing empty, and much prayer was made to God by the widow that He would send tenants, to whom she might be made a messenger of Christ. The quiet situation attracted the attention of a young man in delicate health, there was a touch of country peace about them, they were just what he wanted, and Henry, with his parents, were soon settled in them.

Mrs. Clarke found in Henry a young man of a naturally fine and generous disposition. His love to his mother had restrained his desire for adventure, and his father being somewhat indolent, the young man kept the home together.

Henry worked in a gutta-percha factory, the confinement and heat of which acted unfavourably upon

his constitution, and his tall frame and handsome countenance were marked with disease; this Mrs. Clarke observed, and from first acquaintance she took deep interest in his soul, but as every allusion to divine things was distasteful to Henry, she was led the more to prayer for his conversion to God. After a short time, trouble threatened her new lodgers. Henry broke a blood-vessel, and though he battled manfully against the disease, when the winter came, with exposure to the cold, damp evening air, he very reluctantly fell upon his club for support. No one felt more deeply for him than Mrs. Clarke, but in vain did she put before him his need as a sinner. When she spoke of Christ, he would often leave the room; and every request for him to hear the gospel preached met with a positive refusal. This made her more earnest than ever, and not content with her own pleadings, she gathered a few christian friends together for special prayer on Henry's behalf.

The fatal disease was making slow but evident advance, and Mrs. Clarke felt no one had yet spoken plainly to the invalid about his state; she had endeavoured to do so, but had never got at his heart. After

much prayer the help of one who was specially powerful in her plain and solemn warnings to the unconverted, was sought, and Mrs. Clarke introduced her friend to Henry's sick room. "Do you read your bible?" inquired the visitor. "No." replied Henry. "Have you one?" "Yes, but I have not read it, neither do I mean to." "Let me see it," said the lady; and finding it was not in the room, she asked the mother to fetch it. "I shall now read to you out of your own bible *where* God has said you will go, if you die as you are."

Though Henry was angry at such plain speaking, he did not interrupt as scripture after scripture was read declaring the awful and eternal misery of the unbeliever who dies in his sins. Not one word of her own did the lady add to the solemn statements of God's word. While Henry heard of the certainty of everlasting punishment, of the wrath of God, of the worm that dieth not, of the fire that is not quenched, of the weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, God spoke to his soul, with a "thou art the man." For the first time in his life his heart was broken under the sense of sin and the fear of coming wrath, and tears rolled down his

face. His feeling of anger was forthwith changed into deep gratitude towards the friend who, in love for his soul, had not feared to tell him of his sure and hastening doom should he still reject the Saviour and persist in his unbelief. The lady's visits were welcome indeed from this time, and Henry anxiously listened to the way of escape that God had made in the redemption of His Son.

Sometimes comforted with a glimpse of Christ, then pressed down with the weight of his sins, so as to feel he should never be saved, Henry would often say that he should not mind what he suffered in his body did he but know that his sins were forgiven, and that he was safe for eternity; and thus passed the long winter.

Another christian visitor was used by God for Henry's deliverance from fear and bondage. Having just heard from Henry the doubts and the fears that troubled him, he said, "Like a drowning man, you are struggling to save yourself. But suppose a rope thrown out, and the man told to cease struggling, and to trust himself to the rope alone, he would then be saved by another. Henry, give yourself up as perishing and helpless, and trust to the

Saviour, who comes to you with a finished salvation; believe on Him, and you shall be saved by His strength; and then, instead of fearing, you shall know yourself safe in Christ, who sits at God's right hand in glory." God opened Henry's eyes to see Jesus as his salvation; he received Him in his heart by faith, and from that moment peace in believing took the place of gloomy doubts and fears.

At first he had a desire to recover, not for the sweetness of life, but that he might tell others—and especially the men in the factory—what God had done for his soul. However, he soon saw that this was not his Father's good pleasure. Intense longing filled his soul to be with that precious Saviour, who had so loved him, and had washed him from his sins in His own blood. One day, his end appearing very near, he told Mrs. Clarke, to whom he now felt the tenderest affection, that before the clock struck twelve again he hoped he should be with Christ; indeed, his daily desire was that on the morrow he might see His Saviour.

Unable to enter into his joy, Henry's mother showed too unmistakably that his lingering sickness wearied her; but "Mother does not

know what I suffer," gently said, was all that he would say of her. The Master's word, "Abide in Me and I in you," just simply resting in Christ, and in His faithful love, this was his comfort. "Persons have told me," he once remarked, "that I should pray when in much pain, or repeat hymns, but I cannot do so. It seems so sweet to know that I have only to rest in Him, and that He is thinking upon me, when I am too weak to think myself."

After a day of especial suffering, Mrs. Clarke asked him whether he did not think that his desire would very soon be granted, when, to her surprise, he answered, "I do not know; I have given up thinking." "Given up thinking of being with Jesus, dear Henry! what, then, do you do to comfort yourself?" "Oh!" replied the patient sufferer, "I have thought too much, I fear. I have wished too much to depart and be with Him. I now trust Him, and leave all to His will." The last lesson in God's discipline was learnt.

"What shall we pray for to-day?" asked Mrs. Clarke, the next morning.

"That the Lord may take me; but mind that you say, 'Thy will be done.'" That day a heavenly calm rested on the little company

who watched Henry as he lay gently breathing himself away to bliss. None seemed able to speak or move, so sacred and solemn was that dying stillness; and as we watched, with eyes dimmed with tears, Henry looked up to heaven and smiled, and with rapid utterance cried, "I see Him! I see Him!" His mother whispered, "Whom do you see, Henry?" "I see Jesus. He is coming—He is coming for me—coming to take me to Himself." He gazed upward adoringly for a moment, and then gave his last kiss and last good-bye to his dear ones, adding, "Say 'good-bye' to father; God bless Him. Tell him to come to Jesus." And then he shut his eyes, and his breathing grew softer and softer, until all was still. We looked one upon another, and whispered, "He is gone." R. W.

"STEER FOR ME."

ONE misty evening some working men put off from a lonely shore for a row upon the sea. They had not been away long when a thick fog came on, which grew more and more dense until they knew not where they were. One of the men had left his little girl at home, and she, seeing the fog, became anxious for her father's safety. "Mother," said the child, "may I go down to the shore, and look out for father, it is time he was home?" "Never mind father,"

the mother replied, "he will soon be back."

But the man did not come, and the little girl, saying, "Mother, I *must* go and see for father," ran to the beach. Her little eyes strained in vain to pierce the gloom, but after some time, fancying she heard the splash of distant oars, she called out as loud as she could, "Father, steer for me." The men, who had been resting their oars, fearing to move, were anxiously waiting for some guiding sound. "Hark!" said one of them, "I hear a voice," and his child's cry, "Father, steer for me," was faintly heard. "That is my little girl, I know," he said, and the men, rowing to where the sound was heard, quickly reached the shore. With a heart delighted at her success the child clasped her father, and he her. In her simplicity and her love she had called and guided him home.

Strange to say, a few days after this little incident the child was taken seriously ill, and soon died. When she knew that there was no hope for her recovery, her one earnest desire was that her father would come to her Saviour, and many were the entreaties that he would meet her in heaven. And when the fond child was gone, there seemed to come continually to the man the eager, loving words which she uttered upon the dark evening when he was lost in the mist at sea—"Father, steer for me, steer for me." The words now seemed to appeal to him from the *heavenly* shore; the same dear voice entreated, the same little bright heart bade him come where she stood. And the child's desire was granted, and her father did indeed look to Jesus, and he was saved, and is now by grace, making for the haven of eternal rest, where he will meet his child once more.

What says this simple story to you? Is there no voice from heaven which cries to you, dear reader, "Steer for me?" Does not a child in glory bid you meet above? Does not a parent's voice come over the waters to you, "Steer for me?" Ah! it may have been long, long ago that the entreaty was made, but the voice, though afar off, still bids you make for the heavenly shore.

The opening year recalls the voices of the past. The empty chair once more speaks. The vacant cot, the forsaken toy, opens afresh the fountain of tears. Yet it is not alone the voices of those lost here, of your bereavement here, that are heard; the persons, the loved ones, are above, they are upon the heavenly shore, and they seem to plead with you—"Steer for me."

How many more years of life upon earth shall be yours? Maybe 1873 shall see your chair empty, will it see your spirit "absent from the body, present with the Lord?" This life is the only opportunity for directing your frail bark to the shore of endless bliss. Oh! reader, there will be joyful meetings there above. Who shall describe those unions, who shall tell that coming bliss? Listen to the loving entreaties to come to Jesus, lest year by year the voices grow to your ear fainter and fainter, till you have drifted further and further away, and are at length utterly and eternally lost.

But if our loved ones who are with the Lord speak thus to us, what is the earnestness of the voice, the pleading of the love of Jesus to lost sinners, "Come unto Me?" Jesus in heaven bids you go to Him, and the Spirit of God upon the earth replies, "And whosoever will let him come." Do you not wish for salvation? Surely, yes. And the willingness of your heart, is it not of the Lord? Then come, come to Him who once died for you, come as you are, come at once. Let your heart say, "It is the voice of Jesus calling," and immediately obey. Make Him your mark. In Him is life.

Around is the deepening gloom, below the deep waters of death. But Jesus calls to you, "Come unto Me." Though you see Him not, though there be nothing within your soul worthy of Him, yet simply because He bids you, go to Him Himself, guided by His unfailing word.

May the simple story of the child's love to her parent lead you to mercy! may you, by God's Spirit, go straight to the Lord Jesus Christ, as went the father when he heard his child's voice, "Steer for me!" H. A.

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

If a gardener wished to prove the worthlessness of the crop of an apple tree, he would not gather for a sample a withered apple, or a worm-eaten one, but he would pluck the largest, the ripest, and the best, and when he had tasted it, and found it to be sour and worthless, he would rightly judge the whole crop to be sour and worthless.

So has He, who is the Truth, the Son of God, judged and condemned what is in man—the best as truly as the worst—as we see in His saying to good, religious Nicodemus: "Marvel not that I said unto THEE, Ye must be born again."

We do not hear one bad thing of Nicodemus in the bible. He was not a sinner of the Gentiles, like the wicked Corinthians, neither was he a Samaritan, like the sinful daughter of Sychar, but he was a teacher of Israel, the chosen nation of pure creed and strict orthodoxy. Moreover, being a circumcised man, Nicodemus was outwardly separated to God in his flesh. But more than this, Nicodemus believed that Jesus was a teacher come from God, and he came to learn of Him. And yet the only teaching this model man receives from the lips

of eternal Truth is his own exclusion from the kingdom of God, because of his sinful nature.

This surpassing specimen of Adam's fruit is pronounced worthless, and unfit for God. Yes, there must be a new nature, another life altogether distinct from that which man receives from his natural parents, or man cannot enter the kingdom of God. Adam and his race are flesh. God will only have in His kingdom what is born of His Spirit.

And where is the new nature to be found? Who is He from whom men can receive another life? Ah, it is that Man who says to Nicodemus, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." How does that Holy One impart His life to sinners? Harken to Him as He proceeds to unfold the wondrous tidings of love to perishing souls. He declares that He Himself will bear the judgment of God due to man, that He must be lifted up on the cross, in order that He may give His own eternal life to whosoever believeth in Him. Thus is man born of God, and to live to God, in the new Man Jesus Christ risen from the dead.

Reader, do you believe the truth concerning your nature? Have you

found life in the Second Man—the last Adam—who, as Son of Man, was lifted up on the cross, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternallife. R.W.

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.
1873.

THERE is a pleasurable feeling in the commencement of a new year. It really seems as if we were all making a fresh start, as if we had entered a new field in life. It is a happy thing when we have a watchword for the year given to us—a word from God which we can take from January to December, from joy to sorrow, from pain to pleasure, as our motto. We believe that the Lord's coming is at hand. The word, "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry," is nearer its accomplishment by 1800 years than when it was first spoken; but it is not with dates that we have to occupy ourselves, not with such questions as "Will the Lord come in 1873? or will He come next month, or next week?" but rather with such an inquiry as this, "Am I ready at this moment to see Him?" It is the Lord Himself that we should seek to have before our hearts; and if this be so with us, then whether He come to-day or to-morrow, whether we die or live till His return, we shall be equally bright and equally heart-satisfied.

The close of the gospel by John teaches us a lesson upon this subject, and the Lord's words to Peter, "Follow thou Me," in the 22nd verse, we will take as our motto for 1873. The words, "Follow Me," in the 19th verse, are given to the disciple in a rather different way than those which we will take for ourselves. If we read the portion, we see that the Lord had been lifting up the veil of time and showing when the Apostle grew old how he should suffer and die for his Master. "And when He had spoken this, He saith unto him, Follow Me."

This was a comforting word, for Peter had forsaken the Lord, and fled when the Lord was stretched upon the tree, when He was bound the victim there; and in the word "Follow Me" there was encouragement, blessing, and strength for the Apostle. This word, standing all alone, was to be a motto, a watchword for Peter all through his life upon earth, and we may surely take it for our own. The Lord knows what will befall us this year; He knows every joy as well as every trial 1873 will bring forth; He knows how much of it we shall see; but rough or smooth, short or long, He says to us, "Follow Me." Alas! what *little* Christians we are; and this often arises from our thinking more of ourselves than we ought. But we do not know our own weakness; and though we may say, "Why cannot I follow Thee now?" "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee," the Lord knows us through and through.

There are oftentimes moral hindrances to our following the Lord—sin indulged in, a blot unremoved from the conscience, stops us. But we may take to ourselves from the words "Follow Me," that the Lord, looking on to the close of our lives upon earth, would have the interval from this hour, till our being with Him, made up by our following Him.

But we return to the words of our verse, "Jesus saith unto him, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me." Peter had been asking the Lord about some one else—"Lord, and what shall this man do?" or as we might say, "What about him?" Hence the Lord's reply, which not only bade Peter fix his eye upon the Master, but which also told him not to look at John. The secret of John's walk was between Jesus and John; that of Peter between Jesus and Peter—"Follow thou Me." Leave your brethren alone: do not be over inquisitive about them, the Lord is the Good Shepherd, and knows His own sheep. Let your one and highest concern be to follow Him.

If we would follow the Lord, we must be acquainted with His path. "Follow thou Me" is not an indistinct and general command: and not only His path, but He Himself, must

be constantly before the eye. Therefore let us seek to learn more of Him, to see Him more clearly. Note Him in the four gospels: study His steps there; see how the Perfect One behaved under every circumstance and in every place. And thus with Him and His path before the soul, you will really be found following Him.

There is a little of reproof in the words, when given the second time—gentle reproof, it is true, but the words are meant to correct, as well as to build up. A Christian who is simply following the Lord will have his eye upon Him as the one object. It is remarkable what havoc Satan plays with the flock by taking the eye of one and another off the Shepherd and setting it upon the sheep. "Lord, what shall this man do?" "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" said the Lord. Peter had been told that he was to serve the Lord by a martyr's death; that was to be *his* honour; and suppose John should live till Jesus came, what was that to Peter? The question for us, and not only for this year, but for all the while we are upon earth, is—"Am I following Jesus?"

Another scripture, which speaks of the Lord's coming, bids us to "study to be quiet, and to do our own business;" for of all modes of wasting our precious time, and that of others, and of all ways of harming the Lord's work in our own souls and in those of others, be sure of this—there is none worse than busy-bodying. Do not let us say, "Lord, what shall this man do?" but, "Lord, what shall I do this year, or that part of it Thou givest to me?" And what will Jesus answer?—"Follow thou Me." Christians who "study to be quiet, and to do their own business," never have an idle hour. Bind then upon your heart, and carry in your hand, yes, and let there be seen engraven upon your brow for 1873, these words of our Lord—"Follow thou Me."

NOTE.—*T. next month. True stories and simple papers will be gladly received. Correspondents will kindly remember to write upon one side only of the paper. Address Editor, care of Mr. HOLNESS, 15, Paternoster Row.*

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life and Simple Bible Teachings.



"GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT IS GREAT GAIN."

ONE of the happiest persons I ever knew was old Mary Wooden, of Staines. She used to sit at a gate, on a road across the moor, to open it for the passers-by, and thus gained a few pence to add to her scanty income.

Five and twenty years ago it was one of my greatest pleasures to read to the old woman from the Book she loved so much, and to hear her speak of her joy in the Lord and of His goodness to her. Mary was very, very poor, and her eyes would light up with joy as she said, "He will take the beggars and set them amongst the princes of His people."

Like all the saints of God, old Mary had her times of trial, but the trial only brought out the faith in stronger exercise. One day I felt particularly drawn to give her a little money; as I did so, tears filled her eyes, and she said, "I have been very low to-day. I had nothing in the house to eat, and I said, 'Lord, Thou knowest my want: if it be Thy will, send some one to give me a trifle;' but I never thought of you. The Lord, has been better to me than His promises. He says, 'Bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure,' but He has often given me much more, and I have never wanted bread."

Mary could not read a word, and was very ignorant, but the Lord had taught her of Himself. Many years before I knew this happy and contented christian, she had lost the daughter who was the joy of her

life. Mary's grief was great indeed, and as she gazed on the face of her dead child, her heart was stricken under the conviction of sin. She could find no comfort, day nor night. Her husband, though an ungodly man, had some knowledge of religious truth; one night as she was groaning on account of her sins and misery, supposing his wife was grieving over the loss of the child, he tried to comfort her, but, finding that his wife's sorrow was on account of her sins, he said, "Oh! if that is it, you should go to Jesus Christ." "Who is He?" said Mary; "I never heard of Him." "You will read about Him in the bible," he answered; and from that time he would often himself read the bible to her. One day, when Mary was returning from a neighbouring village, bemoaning as usual her miserable state, these blessed words, which she did not remember ever to have heard before, flashed into her mind: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." God, by His Spirit, through these words, spoke peace to her soul, and in a moment she realized her acceptance in Christ; her sorrow was turned into joy, her burden was gone, never to be borne again.

WHERE WILT THOU SPEND ETERNITY?

TWO solemn incidents, evidencing the uncertainty of life, have recently come under my eye. "What is your life? It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Having occasion to go to a saw-mill, I left with the workmen some papers having the following lines printed in large letters on them—

"A QUESTION.

"Where wilt thou spend eternity?

Nay; don't tear down the bill;
This question means but good to thee,
And will be answered still.
To shun the light, or shut the sight,
Thy Cup of Wrath may fill.

"Eternity where wilt thou spend?"

Don't say, 'I cannot tell.'
The life thou leadest now will end
In heaven, or else in hell.
O, friend, bethink thee well!"

I then asked the men each to put up a bill in his house for a week. After I had gone, one of their number said to the foreman, "What am I to do with this? Mr. C. says I am to put it up on my wall." He evidently did not like the thought of the question staring him in the face; but before the week had passed, the poor man was suddenly cut down in the midst of health and strength.

Where wilt thou spend eternity? is now answered in his case indeed! What, reader, is your answer to the question? May be, this paper is the last message from God to your soul.

About the time of my visit to the saw-mills, my business led me to a manufactory. "You look ill," I said to one of the young men. "Have you not noticed that before?" he answered, in an off-hand way. A few sentences followed, and then I dropped a word about the future, upon which the young man retreated into an adjoining workshop; but feeling that I might not have another opportunity, I followed him. "Thinking upon such things," he hastily retorted, "will not earn me my living." As he would not hear, I hoped, perhaps, he would read, so a few days after I wrote his name in a book, and sent it to him; but it was too late—the book

was returned to me. The young man had been at his work up to 10 o'clock the night before, and in the morning he was found dead in his bed-room. Poor fellow! The question, "Where wilt thou spend eternity?" is also answered with him.

Sudden death is greatly on the increase: these hurrying times hurry people quicker than ever into eternity. The business of earning a living drives souls to destruction at desperate speed. Yet, in spite of the daily rush, the question will force its way into the unwilling heart—"Where wilt thou spend eternity?" It will make itself heard; and, reader, the God of love puts it to you this very moment.

We plead with you, if unsaved, to take no excuse from business, or duty, or friend, but to answer as in God's sight and hearing. It is divine love which pleads with you. For your soul's sake, be in earnest. Be down upon your knees, crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

Shall not the blood of Jesus appeal to you? Look at Him upon the accursed tree. See the drops of blood fall from His hands and His feet. The Victim bears away the sins of His people. Hear you that cry of anguish, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" What mean those words? Oh! may you say, "Jesus, Redeemer, they declare my sins, my guilt; yes, that Thou upon that cross didst bear God's wrath in my stead, that Thou wast forsaken of the just God because of my iniquity, then laid to Thy account." Now the Crucified One lifts up His voice again. He cries, "It is finished!" He has drunk the cup to the dregs, the wrath is borne, the sins are gone, all, all gone for ever! And so He yields up His life and dies, and thereupon the just God rends the veil from top to bottom, from heaven to earth. He bares His throne and His heart to the gaze of man. Look deep into His heart, and the death of His Son shall show you that it is Love. The blood of Jesus cries, "God is love." Sinner, "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Where wilt thou spend eternity? W.M.C.

A CONTRAST.

A FEW years ago the following incident occurred, forcibly illustrating the solemn truth of the words of the Lord Jesus, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37.)

Mr. V. lived in London, and enjoyed a moderate income. He was a man of education, and exercised a certain amount of influence over the circle in which he moved. Brought up only with the outward forms of religion, he imbibed, when between forty and fifty years of age, a strong tendency to atheistic principles; he read many infidel books, and at last openly declared that he doubted the existence of God, and that he believed the bible to be wholly untrue. Besides this, he denied the immortality of the soul, and frequently asserted that, "when a man died, there was an end of him altogether!"

Just at the time when these terrible opinions appeared to be firmly rooted in his mind, he received most unexpected news. His great-uncle, who had emigrated to New South Wales some years before Mr. V.'s birth, but who had had no communication with relatives in England

after quitting the "old country," and who was long thought dead, had purchased land, which, after the lapse of time, had grown very valuable. The property was situated in what had become the best part of one of the largest towns in New South Wales, handsome streets and squares having been built upon it. The owner had never married, and had died at a great age without a will.

Search was made for the "next-of-kin," and Mr. V., the freethinker, was discovered to be the rightful heir to the immense property, estimated at being worth more than a million of money.

On the receipt of this intelligence, Mr. V. determined to go at once to Australia, and take possession in person of his newly-acquired estates; and consequently preparations were made for the long voyage, Mrs. V. intending to accompany her husband.

The Asiatic cholera was at this time raging in the metropolis, and, before the appointed day for leaving London had arrived, Mr. V. was seized with that direful malady. In a few hours, symptoms of so alarming a nature set in, that the doctor dared not delay to tell the unhappy sufferer that death was very near.

The scene which then took place in that bedroom can never be

effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it. It was as if a thick veil had been suddenly torn from the mental vision of the wretched sceptic, revealing to him the awful future—*judgment, hell, and never-ending torment!* Where were now his often-repeated assertions that there was “*no God*”? Where were his infidel reasonings—his profane arguments? Gone, like a puff of smoke before the wind, in the presence of the dread reality DEATH.

His cries of agony could be heard all over the house, and even by those who walked past it. He frequently exclaimed, “*There is a God! I know there is, and I am afraid to meet Him! The pains of hell are upon me, and I shall soon be there!*” In less than twenty-four hours after he was taken ill he was a corpse.

Oh! may this mournful history be a warning to any who are not saved by the precious blood of Christ—to those who are listening in any degree to Satan’s lies about the truth of God’s word! Serpent-like, he first tempted Eve to doubt what God had said, and is now as a “roaring lion, walking about, seeking whom he may devour.” (1 Peter v. 8).

As a pleasing contrast to this dark

picture, let me mention the case of a dear old christian, whom I saw more than once in the infirmary of a London workhouse.

When rising to take leave of a poor sick woman, to whom I had been reading, I observed an aged woman, lying on the next bed, looking very earnestly at me. “*Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom I have been speaking?*” said I. Her worn countenance lighted up immediately, and drawing a small hymn-book from under her pillow, she opened it, and saying, “Please read that,” pointed to the verse—

“The Saviour’s precious blood
Hath made my title sure;
He pass’d thro’ death’s dark, raging flood,
To make my rest secure.”

“Yes,” she said, with her feeble, trembling voice, “that’s it! *He* has made *my* rest secure! and all through His precious blood! I’m just lying here waiting—waiting to go up to Him in the glory!”

Dear old Mrs. Wightman! there she lay, without an earthly friend, but *intensely happy* in the love of God.

Oh! my readers, ponder these two cases. It is “the *fool*” who “hath said in his heart, No God.” Such is the language of folly, of madness, whether in the heart, un-

expressed, or on the lips, or openly avowed. To-morrow may be too late to make a decision, if not already made. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

H. L. T.

A SONG.

My soul shall sing her song to-day!

By blood my conscience is made clean,

By blood my sins are washed away,

No stain remains, no spot is seen:

This work was Thine alone, my Lord,

And Thy vast love my soul assured.

Who shall condemn me? Thou hast died

In my own stead; and risen again!

Who shall condemn me? Justified

In Thee on high I safe remain;

This work was Thine alone, my Lord,

And Thy vast love my soul assured.

Shall from Thyself, from Thy great love,

Distress, or tribulation sore,

E'er sunder me? My Lord above

In vain the foe! I Thee adore:

This work was Thine alone, my Lord,

And Thy vast love my soul assured.

When weak and fainting on my way,

When fearing evil, peril, sword,

For me on high Thou, Lord, dost pray,

And stay'st my faith by Thy strong word:

This work was Thine alone, my Lord,

And Thy vast love my soul assured.

From Thee none shall me separate,

Not height, nor depth, angel, nor power,

Not wrath of man, nor devil's hate,

Not present things, nor death's chill hour:

This work was Thine alone, my Lord,

And Thy vast love my soul assured.

Then I will sing the conqueror's song,

As on to rest my footsteps bend,

My Lord hath made my heart right strong,

And constant shall this strain ascend;

This work was Thine alone, my Lord,

And Thy vast love my soul assured.

PEACE!

THE first word of the Lord Jesus to His disciples when He was risen was, Peace! and what He first shewed to them was the evidence of peace—"His hands and His side." They heard, and looked, and "then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

"Peace to you!" is still the Saviour's word, and the ground of peace is unaltered. Do you say, "Would that I could realize what He says; I want some evidence?" There is no evidence beyond what is given. If you lack joy, it is because you lack faith, and because, instead of listening to the Lord's word, *Peace!* you hearken to the difficulties which your heart raises. Thomas had his difficulties: he wanted evidences; and what did the Lord give him to satisfy his heart? Was it a new revelation—a different word from that which He had given to the other disciples? No; it was the very same word and the very same evidence over again. "Then said He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side, and be not faithless, but believing." The Spirit of God open your ear to the Lord's words, and then you cannot be without Peace!

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

PROMISED PEACE.

THERE are in the following verses two gracious promises respecting peace.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything 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. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you."—(Philippians iv. 6—9.)

Before looking at the peace here promised and the condition upon which it becomes the believer's, let us remember that peace has been made centuries ago by the blood of the Lord Jesus shed upon the cross. When Jesus died He satisfied every claim of divine justice, He made full and everlasting atonement for sin, He removed every hindrance that stood between the sinner and God, and by virtue of His work full and lasting peace is secured. When, through the power of the Holy Spirit, we were enabled to believe in Jesus, and to trust His finished work, we were delivered from the bondage of our fears of hell and of coming wrath, and from our dark and evil thoughts concerning the God of love. Then there entered our hearts the witness to the finished work of Jesus, and we were enabled to say, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Our soul's present realization of the Lord's past work does not, cannot, touch the perfection of His death and resurrection, and if our experiences be dark or bright, still we may always say of our Lord, "He is our peace." He dwells on high, He is seated upon the throne of God, He can die no more; whatever we may feel, He remains our peace.

But there is a wide difference between having the peace made by the Lord upon the cross, which becomes ours by faith, and having the peace promised in the verses before us, which becomes ours through our walk. While we surely do rejoice in the security of the peace which Jesus made, we also find it our joy to realize experimentally the sweetness of the peace promised.

Our readers will observe the little word "and" occurs before the promised peace. There is a link, therefore, between the peace and what precedes it. It is peace upon a condition. Peace with God as a sinner is upon a condition, namely, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God." Peace keeping the heart and mind of a saint is upon a condition, namely, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Roll every care upon the Lord, do not be anxious, do not fret or complain, He knows each day of our lives and each movement of our hearts; He knows to-morrow, and when our short life will end. Leave the burden with Him; there is no other way of parting with it. Tell Him all the trouble, pour out your heart to Him, have no secrets, no reserve. Prayer takes away care. Much prayer and many cares cannot live together in the heart, and as the care goes, the praise comes. A fretting spirit tells the tale of little prayer. Our text does not suggest that the believer will be free from trials, but it shews him the road to peace in the midst of them; it points out to him how to leave his care behind. And the road is so plain that the most ignorant cannot fail to see it, and so straight that the weakest may walk in it.

The end of this road cannot be described, for the peace of God, promised to those who walk in the way here laid down, "passeth understanding." If we give God all our troubles to take care of for us, and by earnest prayer and supplication with thanksgiving (do not forget the praise) make our requests known to Him, then He will keep our hearts and minds in His own peace. What a blessed exchange! But it is His own

faithful promise, and none of His people have followed out His word in vain.

The heart and mind being thus guarded by the peace of God, we turn to the bright and happy side. We think of the good things. The heart and mind are never idle, and when guarded by the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, they become busy in the contemplation of those things in which God takes pleasure. What a remedy for many a dark mood is found in these words, "If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things!"

Nor does the enjoyed peace of God end in thinking. It leads to activity. It brings the soul into the region of good works, "Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, &c." The Apostle was not a teacher merely, he was an example. His life speaks, "I practice what I proclaim, follow me." Let us hear his own words: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Verily the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, did indeed keep his heart and mind through Christ Jesus, and he would have us be as he was, do as he did. And this leads us to the other "and"—the other link—"And the God of peace shall be with you." God Himself shall be in a near and blessed way with such a saint as this. We see such people now and again; we know that the God of peace is with them. Their looks, words, lives, testify to His presence and nearness.

In conclusion, let us remind our readers that what is set before us in this eminently practical epistle is what may be attained by the humblest amongst us. It is the portion which God puts before all His people. He does undoubtedly give to some deep knowledge of His word, to others great power in proclaiming it, but to one and all He promises that His peace shall keep their

hearts and minds, and that He will be with them as the God of Peace, if the injunctions of our passage be followed out.

HARDNESS.

LUXURY and religiousness help to harden the heart, and they give to the heart a peculiar kind of hardness. The rough man, who swears at, and scorns God's mercy, is hard in his way; his hardness is like that of the rock which the blow of the hammer breaks in pieces; but the religiously hardened heart is like a lump of india-rubber, which, hit it as you will, only flings back the stroke of the hammer. The ancient battering ram, which would crush down stone walls and iron gates, was often baffled by bags of straw and soft substances placed in front of the walls and gates.

It is this india-rubber kind of hardness, this respectable, religious-hardness of heart, which is so difficult to overcome, and which repels, which flings back, the blows of the gospel.

GRACE.

GRACE *brings* to us, "the grace of God which *bringeth* salvation to men," it does not ask man to bring works of righteousness to God. Jesus "came to seek and to save." God meets our need, and meets us just where we are. But too often the awakened sinner acts with himself as if the grace had to be fetched by himself, as if the Saviour had to be brought to himself by his own effort. Helpless soul, be content to *be* saved. Who would bid the sick man run for the doctor? What nurse would tell the weak infant to feed itself? And has not God shewn His pity by *bringing* His Salvation to us? and has not the Lord Jesus manifested His love to sinners by *coming* into this world to save them?

PREPARATION FOR PREACHING.

THE fisherman does not spend the whole of his time *in* fishing, though about fishing; he uses many hours in mending his nets. And those who fish for souls need prepare for their work by reading and by prayer.

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life and Simple Bible Teachings.



RECEIVED HOME.

A GENTLEMAN who labours in the cities, when he was arrested by the gospel, was once walking through the streets of one of our northern cities, when he was arrested by the sight of a young woman, evidently in great distress. "What is it, my

poor lass, that is the matter?" he said, in his kind, fatherly way, as he approached her, and for some time received no reply save sobs and tears. But seeing that it was real interest, and not mere curiosity, that led the kind stranger to speak as he did, the girl told him her mournful history; and as she did so, the vision of her home, of her childhood, of her mother's training, even to the well-known voice and loving eye, passed before her despairing mind. Having heard the wanderer's story, the stranger said, "Well, lassie, will you go home? I will pay your railway fare—see, here it is." With intense earnestness, the girl replied, "I long to be at home, but I dare not go back; what would my mother say to me?"

"But would you go if I were to take you home?" asked her benefactor; and immediately every difficulty was overcome, and the girl at once consented. On reaching the village, the stranger bade his charge wait, while he went to the mother to discover whether she would receive her child. Oh, how anxiously did the daughter long to hear the welcome, the longed-for "Come," from her mother's lips!

The woman who opened the cottage door supposed the stranger

to be a city missionary, or one come upon an errand of mercy, for she said to him, "Have you come to pray with Mrs. —, sir?" "I have," was his reply; and accordingly he was shewn upstairs, where the mother whom he sought lay upon a sick bed.

"You are very ill, good woman, very ill; can you look forward to death happily? Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman, "I do believe in Jesus, and I know I am saved; I am going to glory, but I cannot, no, I cannot, die happy."

"How is this?" questioned the stranger. "Sir," wept the dying woman, "I have a child, a daughter, and I know not where she is; how then can I die happy?" "Well," thought the christian man, "surely the Lord's hand is in all this;" and, turning to the woman, he said, "Tell me, would you receive your daughter into your house, just as she is—could you forgive her?"

He received a true mother's answer, for the poor woman wept, "She is *my* child, *my* child, sir." Upon which he hastily left, and bringing in the daughter, said: "Now, christian mother, receive your child;" and she, without one word of reproach, clasped her child

to her bosom, weeping for joy over her, and exclaiming, "My child, my long-lost child!"

Let this simple tale of a mother's love point you, dear reader, to Him who is love, and explain how a penitent sinner is received by God. You are at a distance from God, and you feel it. In your quiet hours you have wept over your sins. Like the Prodigal, you feel the bitterness of the far country, and sin's pleasures are to you no longer sweet. Ah! you have had your fill of the world's joys, and you can bitterly say, that the husks which the swine eat do not satisfy your longing soul. Arise, then, and go to your Father—as you are, unworthy as you are, dishonourer of His name as you are—tarry not, wait not; to delay is to perish. Let this little paper be, as it were, a hand in your hand as you return. Believe it—and may our testimony witness to the truth—that, let your sins be what they may, God will receive you this very moment. Was not the mother yearning over her child at the precise time that the child was fearing yet wishing to return home? But this love is only a faint emblem of God's love to broken-hearted prodigals. "When he was yet a

great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." And God sees that *wish* to return which is in your heart, and He has compassion upon you. God meets the sinner; He receives him in tender love and grace.

Do not question whether *you* shall be accepted; do not cast such a reproach upon Love. God receives the prodigal in his sins, in his rags, just as he is, with the taint of the far country, and with the defilement of the swineherd's occupation upon him. And if any dare to question His love, this is His answer: "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Who shall fathom the love of God? who shall measure His compassions? Eternity shall resound with His praises for saving lost and perishing souls. The mother's joy was only as for a moment, yet how intense was it as she clung about her daughter's neck; but the rejoicing in the Father's house over His restored prodigals is eternal, and beyond all utterance. God grant that you may find rest in His love, and you shall never, never tire of telling out His exceeding kindness towards us, and the richness of

His mercy in loving us and giving us life in His Son, even *when* we were dead in trespasses and sins. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

WHY WILL YE DIE?

SHALL the follies of life, which last but a day?
Shall the pleasures of sin still draw you away?
The Saviour is near, and His mercy is nigh,
Look, look unto Jesus; oh! why will ye die?

The Spirit to Jesus invites you to come,
And the numberless ransomed beckon you home;
And Jesus will quickly descend from the sky:
Must the door be shut on you; oh! why will ye die?

The fountain all cleansing, flows freely for you.
You now may be pardoned, the gospel is true;
Weep, weep o'er your hardness; with tears in the eye,
Look, look unto Jesus; oh! why will ye die?

He willingly suffered, and died in our stead,
For us He was wounded, for us once was dead.
This love so amazing, oh! can you pass by?
What! turn from the Saviour? oh! why will ye die?

The angels beholding the face of the Lord,
See joy thereon beaming ('tis writ in His word)
When a sinner repenting to Him lifts the eye,
Then look unto Jesus; oh! why will ye die?

Oh! why will you die, and perish in woe?
Why, down into darkness, and misery go?
We long for your blessing, poor sinners, say why
You are foes to your mercy! oh! why will ye die?

DUST DEAF.

It is said of the adder that she stops her ears against the charmer's music with dust—fit emblem of him, who grovelling in the world, becomes insensible to the melody of Divine love.

OPPORTUNITY LOST FOR EVER.

MRS. C. was once known in her native town as fond of the world in its dress and vain pursuits. She was elegant in appearance, and full of life in society. But the Searcher of Hearts knew that under all this, there was a conscience which, even when to those around she seemed to be the gayest of the gay, filled her with misery.

About the age of ten she had been placed with a christian lady for two years, when she was taught to search the scriptures, and to commit portions to memory. This lady was eminent in her day for devotedness to her Saviour, and the child was deeply impressed through her teaching and example. But the parents did not appreciate this, and Sarah was removed to a school, where all that ministered to personal vanity was cultivated. The result was an early marriage, with a man who had no object beyond the passing scene.

Mrs. C. was almost beyond middle age, when the writer first spoke to her about her soul. A secret spring was touched, which brought out an avowal of the deep wretchedness which had been hidden so many years, and which had never been confessed before to another.

Earnest desire was expressed to be able to surrender herself to God, and to take her place amongst the people of God, whom she had been accustomed to hear ridiculed by her thoughtless friends. But fear of losing caste was with her a sad hindrance, and so she despaired.

One day she sent for the writer—"The Lord has laid hold of me at last," were her first words. She then expressed a fear that she was suffering from an internal disease. A medical consultation was held, and she was pronounced incurable. What agony then seized her in the remembrance of a life spent in pursuing this vain world, whilst she knew in her heart that God's Spirit would have led her heavenwards from childhood. But grace triumphed, and after a period of terrible remorse, she found rest and peace through the blood of Christ.

The scriptures learnt in childhood were brought vividly to mind by the Holy Spirit, and when intense suffering shut out the ministry of others to her, she was fed and comforted through what had been so deeply rooted in her young memory.

Disease made rapid strides, and in a few weeks, during which she laboured to warn all her friends not to throw life away as she had done, she departed to be with Christ, in the full assurance of perfect redemption.

There was, however, one especial source of regret, and she many times expressed it, even to the last: "If I could only be permitted *once* to take my place amongst the people of God before all the town, I should esteem it my highest honour on earth"—were her words, spoken with solemn emphasis. It was too late. The opportunity for confessing Christ before men, according to His word, was lost for ever.

Reader, consider this; and if you are one who cannot surrender position in life, even for His sake who died for you, let this narrative speak to your heart and conscience.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS, that precious Name, which Joseph and Mary gave the Babe, so sweet to the believer, so dear to all God's saints, is the name God gave. He was so named of the angel, before He was conceived. How much this enhances its preciousness! He is God's Jesus, before He is known as ours. God loves that Name. He will yet glorify it before angels, men, and devils, when every knee shall bow to Him, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. The work of God in a sinner's soul is the forestalling of that hour. The Holy Spirit bows the sinner's knee, and causes his tongue to confess God's estimate of Jesus. May grace make Him everything to our souls!

"The mention of Thy Name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,
Tho' chief of sinners we."

"HE CARETH FOR US."

A DEAR old christian lay on a sick-bed, one Saturday evening, very peaceful, very happy, calmly resting in the perfect love of God. Had she many luxuries around her? Had she dainties and delicacies to tempt her appetite? No; the cupboard of her one room was empty of food, except a small piece of dry bread and a little tea. She was a widow, and alone; the wide sea rolled between her and her only child. She occupied a humble lodging, and owed her daily bread to the kindness of christian friends whom her Heavenly Father had raised up to support her need. A small sum was sent to her weekly by these friends; and a woman was engaged by them to go every morning and attend to her wants. On this particular Saturday she was entirely without means. No money had been forwarded to her on the Friday, and she therefore could not send her attendant to the shop for the usual purchases. She remembered the words, "Owe no man anything," and felt it would not be right to borrow of her landlady.

There she lay, thinking of all the love and kindness that the Lord was so constantly shewing her, and

wondering what fresh lesson He was going to teach her by this little trial. Many sweet passages of scripture were brought to her mind, and the language of her heart and lips was, "Father, I can trust Thee!" While thus happily communing with God, she heard the street door open, then her own was gently pushed, and a hand placed a parcel on the chest of drawers. From the position of her bed, Mrs. Summers could not see the person, but only the hand, and then she heard both doors close again. The parcel contained a large quantity of nice meat sandwiches, biscuits, and other eatables! Thus were her immediate wants supplied by Him who knew her need, and knew her faith too; but she never found out who was the instrument that God had thus used.

On the following Monday her weekly allowance was sent to her, and much regret was expressed that, through carelessness, it had been forgotten on the previous Friday. "But I do not regret it," said she; "it has taught me more than ever that my Father never forgets me, and that He can supply all my need in His own way." What a blessed position is that of the christian! His sins blotted

out by the "precious blood of Christ;" the Holy Ghost given as an abiding Comforter; eternal glory before him; and a Father's love providing for every step of the way.

H. L. T.

THE DAY OF GRACE.

HOW often in God's book are the broken-hearted addressed, but nowhere in a more gracious manner than where Jesus Himself says He was sent to heal them. When the Lord began His ministry of grace He opened the book and found the prophecy of Isaiah lxi., and having read a portion of it He closed the book at these remarkable words—"The acceptable year of the Lord." He did not read the next part of the sentence—"and the day of vengeance of our God;" but He sat down, and the eyes of all were fixed upon Him. Thus Jesus, in the most marked way, drew the line between grace and judgment, and though there be not so much as a full-stop in the prophecy dividing between the year of grace and the day of judgment, more than eighteen centuries have rolled by since Jesus drew the line, and still the judgment long foretold tarries. And why is this, poor broken-hearted spirit? Judgment is the Lord's strange work, but grace is His pleasure; and the poor, the broken-hearted, the captives, the blind, and the bruised, are the objects of His compassion and His care. He has made them His care since His Father sent Him from heaven to heal them, and to tell them of deliverance, sight and liberty. And are there still broken-hearted sinners upon the earth? Do cries of repentance and longings for mercy still ascend to the throne on high? Then remember the faithful word: "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to re-

penance; but the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night."

There is not a broken-hearted spirit upon the earth unheeded by Jesus. Does the burden of your sins press you down? Do the cares of life overwhelm you? Is it the weakness of your wayward heart that distresses you? Jesus came to heal you. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He came not to heal the whole, who needed Him not, but the sick, who do need Him. The Lord in heaven is occupied with your case, and He waits to be gracious to you.

There is no better medicine for the broken-hearted sinner than the compassion of Jesus, who delays executing judgment that He may bind up the hearts of poor sinners who need His grace.

"What must I do to be saved?" say you. Let the question, "What has Jesus done to save you?" be the answer. The blood and the water which flowed from His pierced side is the remedy for sin and uncleanness; and the record is given "that ye might believe." "They shall look on Him whom they pierced," and those who look in this day of grace shall live. Behold judgment laid upon Jesus—behold Him made sin for us, and may your faith say, "His own self bare my sins in His own body on the tree." He came from the glory to heal the broken-hearted, and His own wounds are the healing. Better to be a broken-hearted sinner than to be the most contented man of the world; better for the soul to suffer, feeling what sin is, than for the whole wealth of the world, and all its comforts, to be poured into the lap; for godly sorrow worketh repentance, repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of. "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted."

HOW TO GROW WARM.

WE do not say, We are so cold that we must wait until we grow warm before we come near the fire. The genial glow draws us close to itself. And the Love of God likewise draws the sinner, cold as he is, to its own bosom.

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

NO believer can possibly remain at a standstill. Day by day he is either becoming, practically, more like Christ, or more like the world. There are in him two powers at work—one rising upward and Christward, the other dragging downward and worldward; and the word of God exhorts him continually, and in the most earnest manner, not to love the world, and to live for Christ.

We should do ill if we doubted the perfect salvation of the Lord, and if we looked into ourselves for evidences of our being in the faith—the tokens of our redemption are the wounds of the now glorified Saviour; but being christians, we have to examine ourselves and judge our ways by the standard of the Word of God.

The most earnest man that ever lived, who, when he was first converted, forthwith counted all things loss for Christ, and who some years after his conversion still counted them dung, gives us the secret of spiritual success—a heart set upon Christ. On the other hand, the most instructed assembly of christians mentioned in the bible—an assembly abundant in labour and jealous over doctrine—had the secret of its spiritual decay noted by the Lord, thus, "I have against thee, because thou has left thy first love." Take from the christian heart for Christ, and the keystone is gone from the arch, and neither knowledge of God's word nor zeal in labour will preserve it from falling. And though the appearance of strength be maintained, and even intimate friends fail to detect the weakness, yet where the heart's love to Jesus has cooled, the word has gone forth from the Lord's lips, "I have against thee." The Lord searches and examines His people. Let us test ourselves, and "call to remembrance the former days." Was there a time in our spiritual life when there was more care for the Lord's felt presence, and less interest in the things of the world, than now? As

the christian grows older, he receives many personal evidences of his Lord's unchanging love and faithfulness, and his faith is confirmed by frequent tokens of his Lord's grace; and *3d* it is if, with such goodness surrounding him, the freshness of his early love to Christ departs and the simplicity of his first tenderness of spirit fades.

When this is so, the christian has not been at a standstill! Knowledge has increased, love has decreased—the heart has gone back. Beware of this backsliding spirit. A man may go astray with much bible knowledge in his head, but with Christ filling his heart he cannot go wrong. Doctrinal intelligence may fence error from the mind, but only the enjoyed experience of the love of Christ will prevent evil from entering the heart. Employment in the service of “good works” may hinder us from doing that which brings outward discredit upon our profession, but while busy in religious occupation the heart may be sluggish to the person of the Lord.

How important then it is that the christian should examine himself, and note how his heart responds to the heart of his Lord. Alas! this examination is too seldom made: it is shrunk from—the outward things of christianity overshadow the inner things. But what saith the scripture? “If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.” “And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, *I am nothing*; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, *it is nothing*.” Am I something or nothing as a christian? Are my works something or nothing? In other language, does my heart delight in Christ, or does it not?

There is an encouraging passage to help us to the way of real christian progress: “We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.” The change follows the look, and a steady eye

fixed upon Christ as He is transforms the soul to practical resemblance to Him. It does not help the soul to remain mourning over a loss: the strength flows in by looking to Christ. As sinners in our sins, we found peace before God by looking in faith to Christ the Saviour; as believers we obtain strength and gain resemblance to our Lord by looking upon Him as He is. Christ in the glory is the end of the believer's race; it was seeing Him thus which energized the apostle, and taught him to count all earth's most prized treasures as worthless; and “we all”—the least as well as the greatest—have the same portion. No believer can be too weak to form part of the “we all” of our verse. There is no veil before the face of any child of God as he looks to the Lord; neither is there any veil before the Lord's face as He looks upon His people. There is perfect liberty in this grace wherein we stand.

The christian whose heart is thus occupied undergoes the change from glory to glory, for true glory is being like Christ. The grace, the tenderness, the beauty of Christ reproduced in the christian is the high portion of God's saints; and may this glory be the eagerly-sought-for grace of each young believer who reads this paper. This great change is a gradual process; it is not effected in a moment. Fruit ripens by degrees, and flowers develop slowly, as the sun shines upon them; but the more sunshine they obtain, the quicker do they arrive at their perfection. The time is short; before long the whole company of God's people will be changed—made like to the Lord in the glory of His resurrection (see Phil. iii. 20, 21); and until that morning break, happy are they who are growing more like Christ day by day, according to the encouraging principle of our text.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

A CHILD learns how to walk by trying to walk, which simple mode of instruction we commend to such christians as do no work for their Master, because they are not clear for what kind of service they are fitted.

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life and Simple Bible Teachings.



"FORGET THESE MELANCHOLY IDEAS."

DR. —, who was a well-educated man, lived until past the middle age "without God in the world." He was well known in the town where he resided as a boon companion of those who loved cards and wine, and

the many gay amusements of the thoughtless. He never entered church nor chapel, and spent the Sundays according to his own fancy. Heavy family trials failed to stop him in his course of folly; the death of his second son, who had just obtained his commission, and after that the loss of his third and youngest boy, who died at a boarding-school from scarlet fever, making only a passing impression on his conscience. Time wore on; and at fifty years of age, as he said, "he had not one serious thought." But the Lord, in His purposes of grace, had marked him for His own.

An able preacher of the gospel lived in the same town as the doctor. The doctor, who had heard the preacher spoken of, felt the greatest contempt for him; in fact he cherished towards him a feeling almost amounting to hatred. So much so, that on one occasion, when paying a professional visit to a young woman who was ill, seeing the preacher open the garden gate and make towards the house, he hastily rushed from the room, ran down stairs, and made his escape into the back garden.

One Sunday afternoon—some weeks after this occurrence—when going to see a patient, he had to

walk past an enclosure, or park, where a crowd had assembled. As he was threading his way through the people the following words distinctly fell upon his ear:—"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all *sin*." "It is the *blood*, and the *blood alone*, that cleanses!"

The preacher was no other than the man he despised. "*Sin! Sin!*" The doctor did not like the word *sin*, but he went on, and determined not to think of it.

Exactly one week after this, an acquaintance called and asked the doctor to go out with him. He did so, and, as they conversed, they strolled on till, hardly knowing it, they were at the same corner where the words "*sin, sin*," were heard the previous Sunday. The preacher was again at his post, and singular it was, that the *very same* words were being uttered by him when the doctor and his friend reached the spot, and as nothing happens *by chance*, doubtless all was thus ordered by God. Again the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all *sin*." "It is the *blood*, and the *blood alone*, that cleanses!" rang out.

This time the words seemed to burn into the doctor's very soul like

letters of fire. He could not sleep at all that night. SIN appeared to be staring him in the face. What was SIN? Was *he* a SINNER? Nay, he must banish such foolish thoughts from his mind, or he would become utterly miserable. How heartily he wished that he had never heard those words!—*the same words*, too, one Sunday after another!

The next day, and the next, he drank more wine than usual, but as soon as the temporary excitement it caused had gone off, the dreadful thought of SIN returned. Thus more than a week went on, and then the doctor unburdened his difficulties to one whom he thought would prove a judicious friend, and this was the reply:—"My good fellow, surely you must be out of health, and should take some of your own physic; these fancies are nothing but the result of a disordered brain. I should advise you to go to church as often as you can, and very soon you will forget these melancholy ideas!"

But the doctor was not permitted to rest satisfied with this advice; instead of feeling any happier after his interview with this "blind leader," his anxiety increased. What *could* he do? The sins of his whole life seemed to rise up before him—

a long, black catalogue it was! He feared to sleep lest he should die before morning, and be summoned to give an account of himself to God; and thus, day and night, he was wretched in the extreme, not knowing whither to turn for comfort.

At last a thought struck him: "I will write to Mr. —, perhaps *he* could help me!" He wrote, mentioning what was passing in his mind, and asking for a private conversation with him. Gladly Mr. — responded, calling upon the sin-convicted man at the earliest opportunity. It was evident that the Holy Ghost had used that short portion of one verse of God's word to pierce his heart through and through; for truly "the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword."

It was now the preacher's privilege and pleasure to tell the sin-burdened man of the Sin-bearer, to proclaim to him pardon through the "blood that cleanseth," and to say, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

They paid each other many visits. The doctor began to read the bible for himself and to value it as a "lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path," and ere long he knew

what it was to believe God, to be a new creation in Christ Jesus, and to have "joy and peace in believing."

Everything now wore a different aspect to him; he felt that his patients had never-dying souls; before his own conversion he had only thought of their bodies, but after it he never stood by a sick-bed without making a point of speaking of the love of God in the gift of His Son, who died that poor sinners might live through Him.

For nine or ten years the doctor lived as a happy christian, renouncing his former worldly associations, and connecting himself entirely with the people of God. Only a short time ago *he went to rest*. During his three weeks' illness his great desire was to tell *everyone* who came to his house of the "blood that cleanseth," and he requested his sister to allow each person to be brought up into his room for a few minutes. For the first week or ten days this was done, even the tradesmen's boys who carried goods from the shops being taken up to his bedside, to whom the dying man spoke earnestly of their souls, and of the "precious blood of Christ." The excitement was, however, too much for him, his medical attendant positively forbade it, and his affection-

ate sister told him, with tears, that she could not bring any more strangers into his room; but as she knew that it would grieve him to hear the outer door open and shut without anyone being admitted to him, she stationed a person at the dining-room window, to take in through it any parcels or goods that might come to the house.

To the very last, he spoke to all around him of the "*precious, precious blood*," praising God for His mercies to him, and looking forward with holy joy to the near prospect of being "with the Lord."

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the *precious blood of Christ*, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, Who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."

—1 Peter i. 18-21. H. L. T.

MAN'S time is To-morrow, yet man knows not from moment to moment the end of his life. God's time is To-day, and God is from everlasting to everlasting.

IT IS GOD THAT JUSTIFIETH.

EITHER in this life, or at the bar of the Judgment Seat, sinners must deal with God about their sins. And as the Just One, God is either for us or against us. "If God be for us, who then can be against us?" But if God be against us, who shall deliver us from the wrath to come?

Of the Judgment day the word declares, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire;" for whoever does not receive Christ in this lifetime must be judged by Christ for his sins hereafter. Sinners will then be judged by their works, though none will be saved by works. According to whether we receive or reject Christ in the day of opportunity, whether here we obtain or refuse life, will our endless state be.

"He that believeth not, is condemned already," even before the Judgment day, and he that believes is saved now, and not only saved, but justified now; for at this time God's righteousness is declared, "that He might be just, and the Justifier of him who believeth in Jesus."

Abraham, and the people of God who lived before the work of redemption was accomplished, believed the promise of God, and their faith in God's word was accounted to them for righteousness. We who live since the finished work of salvation, have God, who has fulfilled His word, to rest upon, and righteousness shall be counted to us also, "if we believe on Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

In justifying the sinner, God maintains His character; indeed, He justifies the believer in Jesus, as the Just God. He shews forth, since the sacrifice and resurrection of Jesus, His righteousness, "that He might be just, and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." God delivered Jesus to the culprit's place upon the cross, and Jesus died in his stead, and now His empty grave proclaims to faith, that all that which justice demanded of Him in death for sinners,

is satisfied. Justice opened the prison-door of the grave, and placed Him who had been there, upon the throne on high; and now the Almighty Judge declares every poor sinner, who believes, justified from all things, and Love bids us know that we are accepted in the Beloved One who sits upon the throne. Looking upon the crucified Saviour, we see "our offences;" looking upon the risen Saviour, we see "our justification."

And now if Satan should come and tell out the secrets of our lives and our ways before we had a thought after God; if the Accuser should charge upon us the sins which our memories have long since forgotten, shall we tremble? A voice louder than the thunders of Sinai meets the accusation, a voice that silences the accuser, but which fills the poor believer's heart with praise. Listen to it, trembling soul—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." The marks of the cross upon the Risen Substitute answer for your sins; Justice sees Him who died in your stead enthroned on high. "Who is he that condemneth?"

Well indeed may the sinner, who believes in such a God, as has given His own Son to die for our offences, and as has raised Him again for our justification, have peace. Where is there the room for terror, when we know that Christ who died for us is risen again? Peace fills the soul upon the knowledge being received that "It is God that justifieth;" and may this peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, be the welcome portion of every reader of this page!

"When light divine from God's dear Son
Pierced through the darkness of our night,
Trembling, we saw ourselves undone,
Vile, and polluted in His sight.

"But lo! Himself hath spoken peace,
We rest upon His blood once spilt,
The light, which shews our sinfulness,
Shines from His face, who bore our guilt.

"His wounds in glory witness bear,
Our debt is paid, our judgment borne,
As our Redeemer He doth wear
That bright, that mediatorial crown."

JESUS ONLY!

ALADY who is in the habit of visiting the tenants on her husband's estate, went one morning to a farm, carrying a bundle of tracts and small gospel books to distribute to its occupants. It so happened, that morning, that the farmer was alone, sitting down enjoying a crust of bread and cheese. When the lady entered, he quickly rose.

"Well, my friend," she said to him, "have you been thinking of our last conversation?"

"To tell you the truth, ma'am," he replied, "I haven't had time. I have so much on my mind about carrying on the business of the farm, that the other thing seems quite impossible. I am up at four, when I have at once to go to see to the cattle, then I have to look after the men or go to market. Sundays and week-days there's no rest for me. What time have I got to read my bible and be religious, I want to know; and all such as me?"

"My friend, listen to me seriously," said the lady; "I am going to travel abroad for a few months; perhaps I may never see you again, but if you persist in making idols of your goods, and of your family, God will surely take them away from you. It is possible to serve Him anywhere, and under the most trying circumstances, when the heart is willing. 'Where there is a will there is a way' is a true old saying, and now, once more, I would point you to Jesus—to His blood, which cleanses from all sin. Let me tell you, further, that the possession of Jesus in the heart can satisfy, and make a man happy without a home or any worldly goods, while, on the other hand, a man may enjoy all that God has given him, with Jesus constantly before his eyes. Let us now kneel down before I go, and ask the Lord to open your eyes, and to touch your heart."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the farmer, and when they rose he could, with difficulty, keep back the tears which were filling his eyes, as he said, "I'll try this time to think of your words."

The illness of a child kept the lady abroad

longer than she expected, but often did she remember and pray for the farmer, the burden of whose soul was laid heavily upon her heart. As soon as she returned to her home, one of her first visits was to the well-known farm. Oh, what a change! The farmer was a converted man, born again of the Spirit, a child of God. The lady, whose heart was full of praise and joy, asked the man to tell her how it was God had wrought the great change in him?

"Some months after you were gone," said he, "I felt miserable, and I thought if a fire were to break out here I might lose my property in no time, and I should have nothing to fall back upon to comfort me. I felt that I was a great sinner, that nobody knew my sins but myself and God. My sins worried and haunted me. I tried to get rid of thinking of them with a drop of drink, but that only made it worse and worse. And one night I had a dream. I thought that I had lost my wife, my children, my fields, my cows, my pigs, my farm, and every single article that belonged to me, and that I was lost too, with the exception of my mind, for I could think. Then I felt that although all was gone, Jesus was left, and this gave me such great joy that it lit up the dark, dreary spot where I was, and I did not regret that all I used to set my heart upon was gone. I woke up, and this dream was the voice of God to my soul; and now, I can indeed say, that all my sins are blotted out. I am a happy man now that Jesus only is everything to me. I cannot thank you enough for your faithfulness. How dark and ignorant I was! Your words made me think; but it was the Holy Spirit that gave life to my dead soul, and who shewed me JESUS ONLY."

J. L. M. V.

EXPECTING BLESSING.

THERE are some preachers who assert, that the state of mind which does not look for blessing, is higher than that which expects to see souls converted. This high doctrine is very cold. Who gathers or looks for fruit on the tops of snow-clad mountains?

PROBE DEEPER.

A SOLDIER of the great Napoleon, who had a passionate regard for the Emperor, and had followed him through many battles, rushed at length to the front for the last time—the enemy's bullet lodged in his breast, and he was carried to the hospital.

The ball was deep in; and as the probe sought it in vain, the veteran, seemingly insensible to the agony, fixing his dying eyes upon the surgeon, exclaimed, "Probe deeper, sir, and you will find the Emperor!" Let the probe reach his very heart, and it would find, not the bullet of the foe, but love to the master. Let his very soul be bared and the Emperor would be seen! And this—shall we term it admiration or love?—was for a despot, a man whose self-glory willed the death of thousands.

What a lesson does this teach the christian! Let the word of God be the probe, what does it discover in the depths of your heart? Observe that aged man. He, too, is a soldier, and he has warred a good warfare. He has finished his course. The word of God penetrates between joints and marrow, and reveals the secrets and intents of his heart. He knows well both pains and suffering, but he cries, "I take pleasure in infirmities." He is near his death, and he exclaims, "I count not my life dear unto me." What mighty power is it that creates these words? There is in that aged man's soul what is dearer to him than life, yea, than his very self. Probe deeper than suffering, than self, and you will find Christ there. Christ, deeper down than ought beside, the Christ who loved him and Who gave Himself for him, Who died to save.

Christian reader, what does the probe discover in you? It is well to be tested and tried, and the bright flame of another's love cannot surely shine before your heart in vain.

PUT FORTH YOUR GRACES.

You may mistake a pippin for a crabtree in winter! And who is to know the difference between a believer and an unbeliever except by fruit bearing?

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

STRENGTH. Eph. vi. 10—18.

A LARGE portion of the Epistles is taken up with exhortation; the very passages which shew most clearly our blessing in Christ, demand of us most urgently that we walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called. To sever responsibility from privilege would be to cast overboard the necessary ballast of the ship carrying much sail; it would encourage looseness of walk and ensure a fall.

Amongst the Epistles, none brings forward the believer's highest blessings so wonderfully as that of the Ephesians, and what Epistle abounds in exhortation more than it? From the great circle of God's church to the small circle of our own family, we hear described what the character of our behaviour ought to be, and at length we reach the final exhortation, which bids us behave ourselves as christian soldiers.

Our strength, our foes, the battle-field, our armour and our spiritual attitude are set before us; and may it be our lot to grasp the blessing which belongs to us as soldiers of Christ in this evil day. There is a conflict to be engaged in, and a battle to be won, and if we know what it is to be accepted in Christ, we ought to be acting the soldier's part.

And in this exhortation the first word is—"Be strong." Strength is what we need in conflict, and the Word speaks of this before the foes are mentioned. Our privilege is to learn the Lord's strength before having to prove the power of our enemies. The book of Joshua helps us to understand this. God had brought His people out of Egypt, through the Red Sea, across Jordan, and into the promised land. He had blessed them with all the blessings of Canaan—all was theirs; and as the people were about to make that which God had given them by His word, practically theirs by inheriting the portion, the exhortation goes forth, "Only be thou strong."

So long as they believed the word which promised them *all* the land, the foes would

be of little account to them; and by as much as we believe God blessing us with *all* spiritual blessings in the heavenly places, so far shall we be strong. And what foe shall we fear, if we believe that God has blessed us according to His word? When the people of Israel quailed before the chariots of iron, they did not hold in their hearts the sure word of Jehovah that all the land was theirs; and when cowardice fills the christian's soul, it is because the word of God is not in power in his heart.

He, whose word has given us all spiritual blessings, is our strength. To depart in the least degree from Him is weakness, and any kind of unbelief in His word is departure from Him. This strength is not our own—it is not derived from ourselves: God is our strength—"Be strong in the Lord."

Christian strength is "the power of His might;" other energies are not strength at all. The strongest christian, the most victorious believer over the hidden foe, is he whose strength is derived from God. Such a christian is separated to God in a practical way, he is near the Lord in spirit, and to him the risen Jesus has said, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." The secret of the Lord is with such a soldier, the mind of Christ is his, and Satan, with his wiles and forces, cannot throw him down.

The christian has no strength in himself, and the fact of his being a believer does not make him strong. The Lord Jesus only is the strength of the new man, and it is just as we are sensible of our own utter weakness that we are truly dependent upon Him, and as far as we are dependent upon Him, so far are we strong. Faith is in constant exercise in such as are really overcoming, and any departure from this spirit is weakness. Possibly the evidence of departed strength may not be apparent at once to others; the unseen worm slowly consumes the vigour of the tree till at length the leaves wither, and the limbs decay, but the evil which produced the weakness was at work long before the signs of its working were visible.

The great strength of Samson was be-

stowed upon him, and so long as he maintained subjection to God (which the long hair of his Nazariteship signified), so long was he unconquerable; but when Samson told his secret, made known the source of his strength, he became as weak as an ordinary man; and the true Nazarite has a secret with God, walks with God, and overcomes.

If we try to fight the battle because in past days we were victorious, we neglect the Lord's power, and we are forthwith weak.

Samson grew so used to overcoming his foes, that he quite forgot Him who gave him power and victory, and having sinned and become weak, he went out again to fight with this self-glorious boast, "I will go out as other times before, and shake myself," but only to be miserably overcome. "He wist not that the Lord was departed from him." But Samson's history affords us encouragement; for when "the hair of his head began to grow again as when he was shaven" (margin), when the token of subjection to God was again upon him, then his strength returned. And in spiritual things this is so, for the Lord changes not, and when the over-confident believer returns with a bowed spirit to Him for strength, he does so to find unchanged grace.

And if the hidden secret of our strength be told to the enemy, as it were, that is, if Satan get between our hearts and the Lord, and we are not perfectly in His confidence, then our strength goes. The Lord is the christian soldier's strength; the might of His strength is his only power for warfare, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

SWEET SINGING.

THE song of faith begins on earth. It is often like the uneven twitter of the lark as she leaves her nest, but as the lark's song waxes louder and more full, the higher she soars, and the further she reaches into the deep blue sky, so the song of faith becomes more sweet and loud, as the believer enters higher and higher into the truths of the divine word, and into the exhaustless fullness of the love which passeth knowledge.

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



"NOTHING LEFT FOR YOU TO DO."

It is but a few years ago that there had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Religion. He believed, lived in one of the towns of Northern Germany, a young man who however, neither in that nor in any

other, but had long cast off all thoughts of God, and lived in sin so open and so terrible that he was remarkable amongst the ungodly and the depraved as one who outdid them all. How wonderful are the ways of God! Like him who slew the giant with his own sword, so 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 is 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 would be too great, no torture too severe, if only he 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 convent under the strictest rule was a monastery of La Trappe, distant about 1500 miles from his home. He could not afford to pay the expenses of his journey, and he 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 that 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 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 you. 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 will it 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 in 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 too 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, in 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 old 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 been here and 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 had undertaken to bear the full punishment of sin, and He had borne it, and God was 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? Why is Jesus in the glory? 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. I look up, and I see Jesus in Heaven, and

I say, 'He is there, because He has done it all, and there is nothing left to do. He is there because God is satisfied with His work.' And, oh, dear friend, why should you and I try to do that work which the Son of God alone could do, and which He *has* done? If God had left it for us to do, we could never do it; were we to perform all the penances that ever have been or could be performed, they would be utterly useless to us. And as it is, they are more than useless, they are fearful sins in the sight of God. In doing them, instead of gaining anything, you would be but adding the crowning sin to your evil life. It would be as much as to say, Christ has not done enough. It would be to cast contempt upon the blessed, perfect work of the Son of God, and to dare to attempt to add to that which He has said is finished. Yes, in here Christ is insulted, and God is made a liar; and were it not that I am so old that I can scarcely walk to the gate, my escape should testify against the place. I would not remain here another day. As it is, I must wait till the Lord comes to fetch me; but you can go, and I beseech you to go, thanking God that His Son has done all for you, and that the

punishment of your sins is for ever past. And remember always *that Christ is in Heaven.*"

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. There he was employed in this blessed work but a short while since, and probably is still there. May the voice from La Trappe reach the heart of some weary sinner here, and may the "good news of the glory of Christ" bring peace and joy to many who, instead of walking 1500 miles to hear it, have the gracious message brought to them! It is sent to you from the glory where Christ is, the message of the Father's love made known in the person of His Son. May it be to you a light beyond the brightness of the sun, and in looking around on the world which charmed you, and the things which were bright to you before, may you say, "I could not see them for the glory of that light!"

F. B.

WITHOUT STRENGTH.

MAN loves his fellow because he finds something in him, which responds to his love, but God loves the sinner, in whose heart no answer exists to His kindness, but who lives in a state of hatred to and strangership from his Maker. There can no reason be found for God's loving sinners in their sins, outside God's own nature, for God is love. Blessed and all-sufficient reason, laden with comfort to the heart, and fruitful in begetting love in the sinner, "We love God, because He first loved us."

For long ages God tried man. God proved man, He discovered man's very self by putting him to the test. He gave a law, which proclaimed life to those who obeyed it, but the law was broken, and at the end of the trial under the law, the solemn sentence was recorded against the human race "Guilty before God." The trial proved that there was no power in the sinner to keep the law, or by it to gain righteousness, and that the law being holy, just, and good, can only condemn all who are under it.

"Without strength," is the divine word respecting the sinner in his natural state; without strength to love God or to do His will. We are slow to learn this grave lesson, very slow! The efforts of men feeling their sinfulness, to do something pleasing to God, which shall merit His favour, the constant round of religious duties, the working of the heart in efforts after self-help, all show how slowly believed is the truth that we are without strength.

More than 1800 years have gone by, since God in His own way of love proved that we are without strength, in such sort as to win the doubting and fearing heart of man to Himself. The law had, indeed, shown man's weakness, but the fiery mount, its voice of thunder and terrible words, slew not the hatred of man's heart! The law slew man's hopes and bound him with despair. It is the great love summed up in these precious words, "Christ died for the ungodly," that at once proves our weakness and slays the hatred of our hearts. Without strength even to lift

the heart to God or to wish a holy desire! Yes! we own it all, but Christ died for the ungodly, even when we were without strength.

It is a sad sight to see men going back to the time before the Cross, as it were—that is, returning to the law as a means of obtaining life, forgetful, in their unbelief, that the "due time" of testing man, of discovering him to be without strength, has long since come to its end. The effort to "do this and live" could not exist if the truth, "when we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly," were believed, and, until the truth is believed, poor, weak, and sinful man will seek but never find the blessing of rest in God's presence.

Has our reader found this rest? As a child, has he believed God's word? Weak and helpless, what a portion it is to be saved by the death of Christ! Ungodly as we are, what a blessing is it that Christ died for us. Believe, and you shall live, and among the first fruits the new life shall bear, shall love to God and power to serve Him by the Spirit be found. And remember that the fruits of the Spirit are acceptable in God's sight; the heart of the believer set upon God, and the efforts of such an one after pleasing Him, are precious before Him.

PRESCRIBING THE REMEDY.

A DOCTOR was saying to me, "When I go to Mrs. ——— she always begins to prescribe for herself before I have even time to sit down. She talks to me all about herself, her ailments, her needed medicine, in fact, she thinks she knows her case thoroughly, and my wonder is she ever sends for me." Now, how like this to sinners. True, they think it might be well to have the Good Physician near them, but they do not listen to His voice. They speak about themselves, their sins, their works, and as if they were wiser than God's word. But the presumptuous patient was not healed by her talking, but by the doctor's medicine; and until the sinner is silent, and listens to the words of the Lord, he will not, cannot obtain peace with God.

A SAVIOUR.

"A SERIOUS accident has occurred at the new drainage works," was the sad and quickly spread rumour that reached our ears the other morning. We found the injured man in the ward of a hospital close by, lying on a bed, terribly bruised and shaken, and as we heard the details of his escape from sudden death, we were filled with wonder.

"Seventy-five feet! and yet not a bone broken, my friend?" said we; "it is indeed the hand of God that has spared your life;" and the young navy himself seemed to see it in this light.

"And is this a relative who has come to see you?" we inquired, seeing a young man watching by the sufferer's side.

"No, sir; I am his mate," replied the young man; and a true friend he proved himself to be.

Turning to the injured man, we asked, "Had you time to think about your soul as you fell?"

"I recollect praying twice, 'Lord save me!' and then the breath went out of me, and I knew nothing more."

"I picked him out of the water," added his mate; "he fell on the piles, and pitched over into the water head first."

"Did he do anything to save himself?"

"No, sir, he was as helpless as a baby. He knew nothing till twenty-four hours afterwards."

"Then you were his saviour, my friend, and that is just the way Jesus saves our souls. We can do nothing, we are as helpless as your mate when you picked him out of the water. And now tell me, could you have saved his life, if you had been at the top when he fell?"

"No, sir, for he would have been drowned by the time I got to him."

"This, again, is a picture of Jesus. We have not to wait for the Saviour to come down to us where we are lying in our misery and sin, for Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners. He went down into the horrible pit and the miry clay to deliver

us. He died on the cross to save us from hell, and He lifts the believer out of the pit of sin and death, and sets him in safety, where no death can hurt him. It is because sinners do not see that they are lost, that they do not trust in Jesus, but try to save themselves. And have you been often to see your mate since?"

"I never leave him, sir, night nor day, for he is so hurt that he cannot turn himself in his bed."

"In this, your love to your friend, I see again a picture of the kindness of the Saviour to the sinner He has saved. As a shepherd carries the lamb in his bosom, so does Jesus keep each of His, near to Himself, neither does He leave us night nor day.

"You say you cannot read. Well, then, think of all you have done for your poor mate, and remember you have been his saviour, and just as you saved him wholly by your own strength and kindness, so Jesus Christ saves from the pit of hell by His own power and love. What you have to do, is to put your sinful soul into His hands, and give yourself wholly up to Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost, and He will deliver you from hell and carry you safely to heaven."

R.

GRACE.

As a spring of water, so is grace in the heart. There is no stopping the spring, and if it be made thick and muddy, it will presently become lucid again. Throw a spadeful of earth upon the little spring welling up by the way side, and though for a moment hidden, it presently bubbles up again, and as fresh and clear as ever; the life of the fountain is not touched, though the water be shut from view for a moment. And around the cool spring the flowers grow—it is a choice spot for the village children, who frequent the bubbling water. And grace in the heart of a man draws and attracts, and is lovely too.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S SUN.

SOME value the presence of their Saviour so highly that they cannot bear to be at any remove from Him. Even their work they will bring up, and do it in the light of His countenance; and while engaged in it will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful of losing one beam of His light. Others, 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 for the light which 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, among the last scattered rays, so distant that it is often doubtful whether they come at all within their influence, is a mixed assemblage of busy ones, some with their backs wholly turned upon the sun, and most of them so careful and troubled about their many things, as to spare but little time for their Saviour.

The reason why the men of the world think so little of Christ is, 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 disciple, looking only upward, sees nothing but his Saviour, and learns to forget himself.—*Dr. Edward Payson.*

IDOLS.

SOME fall down before "Tradition," some before "Progress." But remember, all must bow ere long to the name of Jesus. Ritualism must bow and own Him Lord. Rationalism must bow and own Him Lord. All the fashionable idols of the day will fall and break in pieces before the Lord, as did Dagon before the Ark.

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

FOES.

Eph. vi. 10—18.

THERE are foes which the Christian is called upon to fight, while with some of his enemies he is not wise to contend; indeed, contention with them shows weakness of faith. The chief enemy the Christian has, and his most present foe, is found in his own nature. He has, by grace, a new life communicated from Christ, as by nature he has a life derived from Adam; the new life is holy, the old is fallen, and alien from God. With the new life the Christian receives the love of holiness and of God, and the Spirit of God who acts in the new life leads him to nearness to the Lord and joy in Him. The fallen nature, on the other hand, is none the less strong in the believer, simply because he is a believer; rather, alas, there are in him the tendencies to evil as before, and Satan uses the love to the world and to self which he finds in the Christian, in order to lead him astray and to dishonour his Master. Oftentimes the Christian's heart is nearly distracted because of the struggle which goes on within, and, with him whose sorrowful history is told in Romans vii., he is ready to cry, "O wretched man that I am!"

Who can deny the presence of an enemy within? Who, that has been quickened by God's Spirit, but knows the power of the law within his members which leads to captivity? Thus we say that the fierce and constant enemy, whose presence is ever with us, is our own evil nature. But are we to contend with self? Are we to struggle with this foe? Is it faith to do so? That is, is it following out God's word to do so? Let us remember that faith never departs from the word. Reasoning is not believing; arguing is not faith. We say that the word of God does not bid us wage war with ourselves, or wrestle with our unbelief. On the contrary, the christian is bidden to count himself dead. If the foe be dead, it is not conflict, but conquest. If the enemy be slain, contention has ceased.

Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, or rather, to *have died*. When does

God declare this death took place? At the cross of Christ, where God made His Son sin for us who knew no sin. It is not that by a process of holiness, the believer now reaches a spiritual condition where he reckons himself dead, but that by the work of Christ upon the cross he is privileged, nay, it is the bounden duty of his faith, to count himself, that great foe, dead unto sin. Hence the foe we are not to fight is self. Indeed, when a Christian enters into conflict with himself, tries to overcome himself, seeks to change himself, he allows his flesh a standpoint, and he is ever worsted in the struggle. But when by faith he counts himself to be what God declares that he is by virtue of the death of Christ, he gives his flesh no standing, and is enabled by the Spirit to live in victory over himself.

The foes with whom we are bidden to wrestle are mighty; and when, by grace, we so know the power of CHRIST'S resurrection as to be freed from the bondage of "O wretched man that I am!" we are soldiers who may think of the enemy—"principalities and powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickedness in high places." These are satanic forces. Satan is the god of this world, and he rules, alas! in men's minds. His strength is put out upon the earth in order to bring dishonour upon Christ and the Word of God. He pulls the wires, and frequently men are his puppets. Little know the boastful spirits of the day, who by their wisdom cause the Word of God to be discredited, that they are ruled by Satan and regulated by him! That the will in them which is in opposition to God is supplied with much of its force and energy, by the principalities and powers which have rejected God and set themselves up against Him!

And as the word declares, we wrestle against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places, we see that the subtle working of spiritual evil, such as false doctrine and the like, are evidences of the presence of our foes. In heathen lands the evident power of the enemy is seen in poor creatures being driven in mad frenzy by his will. In christian

countries the enemy assumes the garb of an angel of light, and deludes and destroys by pernicious doctrines, with their fatal results. In heathen lands we may see the victim of Satan's power destroyed by the unseen hand, and in christian lands we may witness the terror-stricken conscience, the ungovernable lusts, tell the same dark story of the enemy's vigour.

It is only as risen with Christ that we have any stand-point in wrestling with these foes, and it is only as strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, that we can overcome them. No doubt some believers are called to the front more than are others, but the word includes all, as soldiers. When we look around and see the terrible havoc which evil doctrine and practice is making in the souls of both saved and unsaved, we cannot deny the need of the exhortation to soldier-ship. It is not a day to sit at ease; it is not a day for self-seeking. It is the grand opportunity for active opposition to the enemy, and for delivering souls from his power. Also it is an urgent time for keeping our ground, for not giving way. Many who once stood up for Christ and the truth are now cast down, they are overcome by the foe. Why is this? Surely some part of the armour was neglected, or by some means the way of victory and of standing and of keeping standing, presented to us in this exhortation, was made light of.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

WHEN the Gibeonites came to the princes of Israel they came with flattery and deceit, and their fair speeches smoothed over their deception. And what, provided it be done well, is so pleasing to self as flattery? Alas, this wretched art obtains many a deceiver a place in the Church as a devout person. The make-believe pilgrim gains the confidence of the princes, and they give him a place. Do you know, christian reader, where this want of wisdom lies? do you know the reason why the princes were taken in? Surely, in the very thing accredited persons are the most likely to err—SELF-CONFIDENCE. "They sought not counsel of the Lord."

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



"GIVE HIM A PASSAGE OVERBOARD."

A SAILOR'S STORY.

My father and cousins perished one stormy night in their fishing smack, which went down with all her hands on the Dogger Bank. My poor widowed mother was unable to take charge of me, so I was left from a

child to shift for myself. When quite young I was taken on board a man-of-war, where I heard from all quarters vile oaths and curses, in which I soon joined as heartily as the worst of my shipmates. Let me tell you that a sailor on board a vessel where the captain is an ungodly man, is in a terrible position, and should he be a real christian it is hard for him to keep his head to glory. Having left the man-of-war, I settled my quarters on another vessel. One Sunday morning, the captain said, "Now, lads, there is no work on board on Sundays; you may go to what place of worship you choose." These words made a great impression upon me, for they seemed so strange after the language to which I had been accustomed. I took the captain's advice, and went to a chapel, where I heard an old grey-headed minister preach on these words, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." And from that day the Lord put a longing for righteousness in my heart.

There were eleven of us on board—rough, bad fellows—and I was the only one amongst them seeking mercy. My companions were enraged when they saw me take out my bible and read it, and the more

so, as I could no longer have any pleasure in their songs and ways. One Sunday night, when I was reading, they began to jeer at me over their drink. "To have a religious captain," they said, "is bad enough, but a psalm-singing and praying mate won't do." "I should like to give him a passage overboard, in the dark," grumbled one of them, called Peter. I sat still, trying to read my bible, and praying for strength from on high, while they continued drinking and card-playing until fairly tired out. We were lying-to in the river, and suddenly a shout was heard, "Man overboard! man overboard!" Jumping up, I saw the round hat of a sailor floating between the vessels. A hand-rail was flung over. "Lay hold of it," we cried; but the man never rose again. Then we dragged the river, and after two hours the drag held to something; we hauled it up—it was a sailor's dead body—that of poor Peter, the man who had wished to give me a passage in the dark. Upon the quarter-deck we laid his corpse, who a few hours before had been joining in blaspheming my blessed Jesus.

If a stiff-necked sinner should read this true story, let him take it as a solemn warning of the end of the haters of Jesus, which will be a

passage in the dark to hell and death eternal! How wonderful are the ways of God! One of our number was thus taken away in judgment, but all the rest, with one exception, have been stopped, one by one, by the loving hand of the Lord, and saved by the blood of the Lamb; and all, except the unconverted one, are now captains of vessels.

Hear a word from me, dear reader, before I end my story. These men are *new* men—they are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ; instead of being the servants of sin, they are now lovers of holiness. Reformation will not do, it must be the renewal of the mind—the affections—the *whole* man; and when a man becomes a believer in Jesus he is a *new* man. The works of darkness that he loved he hates; the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, gentleness, peace—are his delight; old things are passed away, all things are become new. A man is never his own master; he is either the servant of sin, or the servant of holiness; lust leads him about captive; makes him spend his money for that which is not bread, his strength for that which satisfieth not; thus he goes downwards until it is too late. The wages of sin is death, eternal death; and this

is all that poor men and women will get for having worked hard for lust and Satan all through their wicked lives. But the believer is God's free man, free for all eternity, free from the service of sin—free from the reward of sin—free from the love of sin.

Jesus has made him free indeed—He, who was called Jesus, “for He shall save His people from their sins.”

Beloved reader, are you of the old man, or are you in the new Man, Christ Jesus? Do not think to improve yourself; you can no more do this than we sailors could have brought poor Peter's corpse back to life again, “for you are *dead* in trespasses and sins.” (Eph. ii.) Do not rest until you are saved; Jesus knows all your sins, but if you will but come to Him, all shall be forgiven you. Nothing has to be done by any sinner but to trust in the blood of the Lamb; do trust in Him, dear fellow-traveller to eternity, and be saved, and join the band of men and women who are going home to glory.

Let the believer in the Lord who reads this, remember what blessing came about, what glory to God, through the captain's few kind words. Lend a helping hand, dear

christian; lead many to Christ; think, too, of the sailors, and pray for them. When our blessed Lord comes to call us home, may we have been the humble instruments, through the Spirit's power, of gathering a few precious souls for the Redeemer's crown!

TWO PICTURES.

DIRECTLY a sinner begins to care about his soul, he seeks to save himself. He thinks of God as of a Judge he must satisfy, and not as He who gave His Son. But when our eyes are opened to see God's salvation, all is changed, and we thankfully turn from our own thoughts to God's.

Two pictures of salvation came before the writer the other day. One, a man's design, hanging on the wall of a house; the other, drawn by One who came down from heaven to declare the heart and mind of God towards poor sinners, and set forth in the pages of God's word.

The picture on the cottage wall has a storm at sea for its subject. Above, the heavens are black with clouds, below, the sea is raging. All is desolation and death. In the centre stands a massive cross of stone rising above the breakers, to the foot of which clings a poor drowning woman. She is in the attitude of supplication, her face is turned upward towards the angry heavens. How the poor creature reached the foot of the cold, desolate cross, how long her weary arms will keep their hold, or how soon she will drop into the waters and perish, the picture does not explain; it lets us know that she is just alive, and no more. In this picture of salvation there is no eye to pity, no hand to save.

We turn from this friendless scene to the picture of salvation which God gives us. A shepherd goes forth to seek one of the sheep that is lost. The sheep is his and he has lost it, hence he goes after it. In his love, the

shepherd seeks till he finds, and then placing the wanderer upon his shoulder, bears it home. And when at home he bids friends and neighbours rejoice with him because the sheep is found. This picture makes everything of the shepherd—the seeking, finding, carrying home of the lost one is all upon the shepherd's side.

Which picture of salvation does our reader look upon? Is he clinging to a dull, cold cross, as it were, full of doubts and fears? and hoping by his clinging to save himself? Or is he rejoicing in the love of Jesus, glad to be found by Jesus and carried home to God?

Let not unbelief blind your eye to God's love! If believed in, it will give you salvation and peace and open your affections to love Him, because He has first loved you. Salvation is not the refuge of a cold stone cross in an angry storm. It is God become man and dying in love to bear the storm Himself, that He might dry up the waters that would have cut the sinner off from Himself, and that He might carry us to His own home in heaven, where there are no billows beneath and no clouds above. R.

"I AM JESUS."

THERE is One in heaven who loves sinners, a Man who once trod this earth, and who learned the varied trials of life by passing through them. He came from heaven to tell men of God's love, and proved God's love to the world by dying for sinners upon the cross.

There are times when the Queen will drive through the poorer parts of her realm, thus seeing her people, and they her, for a passing moment. Then the Queen retires to her palace, and the distance between her and the people remains. He who sits upon the throne of heaven did not pay a merely rapid visit to this earth. He dwelt amongst men; He experienced what it was to be hungry, and to be thirsty; and what it was to have no place where to lay His head. The sorrows of man He learned in His inmost heart, and—sin apart—He was

tempted in all points like as we are. Gone back to His home in heaven, and seated upon the throne of God, this glorious Person brings poor sinners to Himself in such a way that they are so near to Him as to be called members of His body.

Our Queen could not pass, even for an hour, through the homes of the poor and suffering without feeling deep interest in those she saw; but the heart of man cannot enlarge itself beyond a certain measure, and the best of memories forget. Does He who sits upon God's throne, the God-Man there, forget? Or is His heart unable to hold the cares and pleasures of the millions of men upon earth? Surely there is not an ache or a tear upon earth unknown or not remembered by Him, and His heart is full of compassion to every burdened soul who seeks the good, which the world has not to give.

Take as a sample of the goodness of the glorified Jesus to sinners, His way towards a blasphemer, a persecutor, an injurious man, some 1800 years ago! Saul hated the very name of Jesus, and in his fury against that name murdered all whom he could find loving it. Saul did not believe that the Jesus of Nazareth, who had been nailed to the cross, and who had died and been buried, was in heaven! Saul's religion consisted in obedience to the outward part of the law, and in hatred to Jesus. As he went on his way, wholly occupied with vengeance against the believers in Jesus, suddenly the heavens opened above him, and a light, brighter than the noon-day sun, poured about him. Saul fell to the earth, powerless, and a voice spoke to him from heaven, "Why persecutest thou Me?"

It was the voice of Jesus from the throne of heaven addressing his enemy upon earth. Then Saul asked, with trembling, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and Jesus replied, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Saul learned from the Lord's own lips, and by the spectacle of His glory, that the Jesus who had been crucified was seated at God's right hand.

From that day Saul, the persecutor, became

the true, zealous servant of Jesus. His life was spent in telling men of the great fact, that Jesus who died upon the cross is the Son of God, exalted in heaven.

Had Saul died a persecutor he would have seen Jesus in glory one day, but upon the great white Throne of judgment, whence he would have heard the Lord's voice condemning him for his sins.

Reader, whoever you may be, some day you must see Jesus in glory; "Every eye shall see Him," every knee shall bow to Him, every tongue confess Him *Lord*. Those who in their hearts believe Him to be the Son of God, who love Him because He died for sinners, will see Him in glory and joy; those who are careless to His suffering for sin, or unbelieving of His person, must bow to Him as Lord, as Almighty, when they see Him upon the great white throne.

What says your heart to the good news God announces, that His Son is in heaven? His Son who was cast out of this earth and slain. Have you ever enquired, as in God's presence, why is Jesus in the glory above? He came to the earth to reign over it. He came in love to earth's inhabitants, but man crowned Him with thorns, mocked Him with purple, and fixed the scornful writing to His cross, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." The answer is, God raised Him up from the dead, declared Him His Son with power, placed Him upon His throne, robed Him with majesty, crowned Him with glory and honour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Viewing Him upon the throne on high, we see our sins gone, ourselves accepted, and the certain future of glory with Him. Upon the throne of God Jesus is the Saviour of sinners still. He shed His blood to cleanse away their sins. He takes away the guilt of all who believe in Him. He lives on high to deliver them from every enemy. There is "now no condemnation" for His people, and such as believe on Him as He is cannot doubt the divine word, since He who bore their sins and endured their penalty is upon the throne of the divine

majesty. The sins of His people are left upon that cross where man nailed Him, and where God made Him to be sin for us. There is no distance between Christ and His people now. They are one with Him. His home is theirs; His God, His Father, theirs. Blessed be His Name, though man crucified Him, spat upon Him, and jeered Him, His heart remains as it was from everlasting—love. The many waters of our hatred could not quench His love. He has not gone back to heaven to shut Himself up in the palace of glory, but to bring all who believe where He is.

None are too poor, too wicked, too wretched for Jesus. His salvation of Saul, the persecutor, is the sample of His power and love towards sinners. Look with faith, frail man, creature of an hour—yet undying; weak as water spilt upon the ground to perform good works—yet strong as the storm-wave in will and enmity to God; helpless as a wingless bird to soar to the glory where Jesus is—yet vigorous, alas! like the falling rock, to crush yourself and others down into the pit of destruction; look even now unto Jesus and be saved. Yours shall then be forgiveness of every sin, new life in Christ, a place in the palace of heaven where the Lord dwells, and the fulness of His beauty for your garment there; and more, His love to support you upon your homeward way until you sit down with Him there for ever.

HE WOULD HAVE ME THERE.

FROM the meadows green and quiet,
Where the Tree of Life grows fair,
Came the Shepherd forth to seek me,
For His love would have me there.

From her fair and pleasant chamber,
Bearing light amidst the gloom,
Came there one to seek the silver
She would treasure in her home.

From the palace of His glory,
From the home of joy and love,
Came the Father forth to seek me,
He would have me there above.

One there is amidst the radiance
Of the everlasting light,
Midst the singing, the rejoicing,
Of the land that knows no night,

Where the peace flows like a river,
Glowing in the golden gleam,
And with voice of many waters,
Glory as a mighty stream.

There, from that eternal brightness,
Have His thoughts flowed forth to me,
He in His great love would have me
Ever there with Him to be.

In my thoughts of sin and sadness,
I before His feet would fall;
Would He pity me and save me?
Would He hear me if I call?

Could I think that in the glory,
Ere of Him I had a thought,
He was yearning o'er the lost one,
Whom His precious blood had bought?

That it was *His* need that brought Him
Down to the accursed tree,
Deeper than His deep compassion,
Wondrous thought—*His* need of me!

Trembling I had hoped for mercy—
Some lone place within His door—
But the crown, the throne, the mansion
He made ready long before.

And in dim and distant ages,
In those courts so bright and fair,
Ere I was, was He rejoicing,
All He won with me to share.

F. B.

"SO HAPPY!"

S— P— was a young disciple of the Lord, not having been brought to a knowledge of Himself more than eighteen months previous to her departure, but her christian course was bright and happy, and her death-bed manifested how precious was the Lord Jesus to her soul.

From the commencement of her short

illness, S. P. seemed to have the conviction that she would not recover. One of her sisters saying, "You have been having a nice sleep, dear," S—— answered, "I have been so happy with the Lord; I think He is going to take me home;" and then dwelt much upon being for ever with Him who had washed her in His precious blood.

"Nothing but Jesus, nothing but Jesus!" she would exclaim, and often would say, "I want to go home; I long to go home. Heavenly Father, how long, how long?"

One of her sisters said to her, "I wish I could go in your stead."

"No, dear N——" she replied, "you are very useful down here, and I am a poor, helpless thing, and the Lord wants me up there."

One day, when speaking of the Lord Jesus, she said to me, "Tell me about His sufferings;" and then, as if entering into them more deeply than before, she repeated those solemn words, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" and added, as though the Lord were breathing them into her soul, "I—will—never—leave—thee—nor—forsake—thee!"

Now and then she would raise her eyes to heaven, and say to herself, "Beautiful, beautiful; so happy, so happy!" and then, raising her voice, would add, "Tell people S—— is so happy."

Even when suffering intense pain she would only cry, "Jesus, Jesus!" Not a doubt crossed her mind—no fear—all was blessed certainty. She seemed to have the thought that she was but a child resting in her Saviour's arms, for the day she died she said once or twice, "Just like a babe; just like a child!" and her last words, as she lay quite still, her eyes directed upward, were—"Joyful, joyful, joyful!"

Is death, dear reader, a terrible monster in your path, clothed with blackness? If so, I beseech you to flee to Him who conquered death by dying. Oh, come in simple faith to Jesus, who washed the one of whom you have read in His own precious blood, fitting her for the blest abode above.

J. A. B.

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

THE BATTLE-GROUND. Eph. vi. 10-18.

THE christian may regard himself in two aspects: either as a pilgrim journeying through the world to heaven, in which case the difficulties, dangers and trials of the way are about him, and the sense of his own weakness is upon him; or as a soldier, who has entered the land of promise and whose whole spiritual energy is demanded for contending with the surrounding foes, who seek to drive him out of his heavenly inheritance.

The people of Israel, when redeemed by the blood of the passover, were forthwith called to leave Egypt, and when a sinner is brought to God by the precious blood of Christ, he is enjoined to forsake the world. The Lord not only brought up Israel from the house of bondage, but He delivered Israel from the power of the king of Egypt, and the way of His deliverance was by bringing the people through the sea, which overwhelmed Pharaoh and his army. So, with the blood-bought people of God now, they are delivered from the power of Satan by God, "according to the working of His mighty power," raising them up with Christ whom God raised from the dead.

Thus we have both Christ dying for our sins, and God raising us together with Christ risen, as parts of God's salvation for us.

But in neither of these things do we find ourselves fighting the Lord's battles. All is done for us, and our part in the matter is to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." There is no battle-field in these things where *we* can stand; we are the helpless throng, the Lord fights for us, and we hold our peace. Let our reader study the fourteenth chapter of Exodus, and mark that the conflict is between the Lord and Pharaoh, and then let him apply the lesson to himself.

But there is a battle-field upon which God's people are to take their stand for Christ. The people of Israel were not always a timid and helpless folk. God made them bold

and strong. He gave them courage and vigour, by shewing them His own salvation for them, and so we find the very men who had been piteously crying for help upon the Egyptian side of the sea, shouting victory—the Lord's victory—upon the Canaan side of it. Until a believer is assured of God's salvation, he has the fear of judgment before him, and the dread of Satan urging him to despair, but when he believes salvation is of the Lord, and that the Lord hath triumphed gloriously in the death and resurrection of Christ, he is practically another man—he is made bold and strong by the Lord.

The scene of Israel's conflicts was Canaan; if our reader will study their song of the 15th of Exodus, he will note that when they sang that song they were in spirit in Canaan. "Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people whom Thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation." Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast led forth; Thou hast guided unto Thy holy habitation—each of the three steps past. The blood shed—the Red Sea crossed—Canaan entered. This is faith. What is the wilderness to faith? What the brief interval between now and glory? He who has given His Son for us, who has raised us up in company with Him, has—yes *has*—in His strength guided us unto His holy habitation. The words in the Ephesians are plain on this subject, the prayer being that christians "may know . . . what is the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places . . . and you, who were dead in trespasses and sins."

Heset Him, and you in Him, in the heavenly places, and the battle-field for the redeemed and risen people is, the "high" or "heavenly places," where they in Christ are set. As Canaan was Israel's battle-field, so the "high places" are that of the christian.

So long as a believer is under the influence of doubts and fears, so long as he questions whether God's salvation is complete, Satan

has him at an advantage, and, by working upon his unbelief, keeps him from the battle-field. But God having given the doubting believer faith, and having made him strong in the power of the Lord's might, the soldier of Christ forthwith finds Satan before him in a new aspect. The very place of blessing into which he is brought is not yet freed from the foe. Hindrances beset him daily, Satan tries to draw him aside—ah! and often succeeds. The enemy seeks to hinder the believer from entering into the blessings which God has given to His own, tries to gain over the believer into alliances with the world, or to fill his spirit with a fatal self-confidence. We hear those who have not peace before God, saying, that if they had peace there would be nothing left for them to do! But the truth is, when a believer has obtained peace, he has gained the place of life-long conflict. Not conflict as to whether his soul is saved, which conflict is a struggle within him between faith and unbelief, but conflict with Satan in ceaseless endeavour to uphold God's word in the world; to free God's people from the trammels of evil; to deliver sinners from the grasp of the enemy; and to maintain practically that which God has given to him.

The "heavenly places"—the battle-ground—affords nourishment to the soldiers of Christ, and as Israel ate "the old corn of the land" when in Canaan, so do God's people in spirit feed upon the risen Christ, when they apprehend their being risen with Christ. The battle-ground, too, is the dwelling place of God's people, and as Israel entered the cities of Canaan and lived there, so do God's heavenly people dwell in the sense of the spiritual blessings wherewith they are blessed in the heavenly places in Christ. Moreover, instead of being like a flock of sheep driven towards destruction, the soldiers of Christ are winning daily more ground, entering, by faith, into richer blessings, bringing souls from Satan's power into the liberty of God's love. May we know our calling, dear young believer in Jesus, and be firm and true under the Captain of our Salvation!

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



IT IS DONE—I CAN REST.

JOHN —, the saddler, was known in his village as a trustworthy workman, who took an honest pride in doing what he had to do well. But John was in trouble about his soul; he was not satisfied with himself;

he feared death, and, for the unsaved, that awful "after death." Yet John was a religious man, and one who, judging by outward things, stood better than many of his neighbours.

One Saturday evening, a friend of the saddler, who knew his anxiety of soul, called in upon him. The week's work was just over, the last stroke had been given to the piece in hand, and John was putting down his tools, exclaiming, "That job's done," and as he set the harness upon the table, he eyed it with the satisfaction of one whose hard week's labour has ended.

Looking at the work, and then at the workman, his friend exclaimed, "Why, John, how is this? What, you fold your hands, and sit down? Do you mean to call this harness finished?"

"Sir," cried the saddler, with some little indignation, "when I say a job is done, it is done. It means done, and well, and properly."

"How so, John? You call it finished, do you?" "To be sure I do—I am not one of the scamping sort—and it is finished," John warmly replied, viewing his work with greater satisfaction.

"Then I am to believe you, am

I?" John would never allow any one to question his word, for he was trustworthy as well as a good workman, and he was not at all pleased at the insinuations cast upon himself and his work. He considered his word true and honest; and his work, was it not the very best he could give his customers? "Ah! John," continued his friend, "so I am to believe you, am I? and yet you won't believe the Lord Jesus."

Here John was more perplexed, and was ready to say, he did believe. "Believe Him," replied his friend, "and yet doubt His work? No, that will not do. He said upon the cross, 'It is finished;' and I believe what Jesus said. He came from heaven to finish the work which His Father gave Him to do. He came to work our salvation; neither did He rest till all was done. By faith, I see Jesus seated upon the right hand of God's throne on high, in token that all is done. The scriptures tell us, 'When He had by Himself purged our sins He sat down on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty on high.' I did not really doubt you when you said your work was done; your folded hands proved to me at once that your week's labour

was over. And a pleasant thing it is, on a Saturday night, to sit down and say, 'It is all done; to-morrow I can rest.' But strange it is that you, who speak so confidently upon your work being done, cannot trust the Son of God."

John would not allow that he did not trust the Lord; yet, when his friend added, "If you do then trust Him, how is it that you have not the peace of which God speaks?" he was silenced.

Jesus said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God;" and He came from heaven to earth, and died for us upon the cross; and "by this will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once;" and Jesus, after He had accomplished God's will, "after He had offered one sacrifice for sin, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." All is finished, and now it is Peace for all who believe.

The simple illustration was used by God to John's deliverance of soul.

Reader, how is it with you? Are you toiling, striving, labouring on day by day as you near the end of your life, and are yet unsaved, yet without peace? Whatever the works are which you hope may save you, oh! put them all aside. Work no longer, since

Christ has sat down. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," Jesus said. Do not dishonour Jesus by seeking to do anything to gain rest, "This is the work of God, that ye should believe in Him whom He hath sent."

Soon, very soon, the rest of God will be entered upon by His people; may you be found amongst those who come weary and heavy laden to Him, and who find rest to the soul by believing!

THE GLORY OF THE GRACE.

God, in mercy, sent His Son
To a world by sin undone;
Jesus Christ was crucified;
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

Oh! the glory of the grace
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above
"God is light" and "God is love."

Sin and death no more shall reign,
Jesus died and rose again!
In the glory's highest height
See Him, God's supreme delight.

All who in His name believe,
Everlasting life receive;
Lord of all is Jesus now:
Every knee to Him shall bow.

Christ the Lord will come again;
He who suffered comes to reign;
Every tongue at last shall own,
"Worthy is the Lamb alone!"

BRIDGET RAINSFORD.

BRIDGET RAINSFORD was a younger servant in a godly family in Dublin, and although a professing christian, and one whose life, in the eyes of man, was blameless, she had as yet never known her real condition as a lost sinner.

She must have been about nineteen when she caught a severe cold, and became seriously ill. Her mother removed her to a quiet little lodging, where she was often visited by the ladies with whom she had lived. One of them, Miss R., longed and prayed for the conversion of the dying girl. To the repeated inquiries as to whether she were ready to stand in the presence of God, no response was given, only indifference and apathy.

Miss R. was one day speaking to her, when she said, "I will be better soon, miss. Mother is going to take me for a change of air, and that will set me up again." Poor girl! She knew not that she was dying, and that the change that was awaiting her was death.

Her mistress looked at her, and said, "Bridget, they are deceiving you! Change of air will do you no good: you are *dying*, and *unsaved*! If you die to-night, you will go to hell." And then she knelt down and besought the Lord not to take Bridget till her soul was saved. God blessed those words and that prayer to the young girl. Her eyes were opened. Yes, she was dying. She saw it too plainly now; and perhaps death might come for her that very evening, and she was *not* ready!

And now she was no longer indifferent; the glad story of God's love in sending Jesus to bear our sins in His own body on the tree was joyously received by her, and believed in with the faith of a little child. It seemed so wonderful to her, this great grace of God, that bringeth salvation to such sinners as we—so loving of Jesus to say, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and, all weary as she was, laden with sins, Bridget went to Jesus, and obtained the rest that He only can give, and that because of His finished work on Calvary.

All around saw the change in the dying girl. It was joy and peace now, where before it had been fear. Jesus was a near, precious Saviour and Friend to her, and her love for Him grew, and her desire to please Him in everything. A christian gentleman called one day, and after he was gone, Mrs. Rainsford found some wine that he had purposely left. "The gentleman has brought this for you, dear," said the mother; "take a little now." "No, mother," replied Bridget, quietly, "he never *said* it was for me, and I should not like to take it." Neither would she, until assured the next day by Miss R. that it was meant for her. This little incident, with others, showed that she was simply striving to glorify God on her sick-bed. "Oh, miss," she one day said to her young mistress, "I used to think you so cruel when, night after night, you prayed out loud that God would not let me die till I was saved; I could have bitten the wall with anger that you never asked the Lord that I might get well, but only thought of my soul; but *now*, I would not live if I could: I would rather go and be with Jesus who has so loved me,—I would rather live with Him than stay on earth."

The evening before she was called home, she said to her mother, whom she loved intensely, "Mother, dear, don't be angry, I love you very much, but, oh! I love Jesus more! and I want to be with Him, I long to see Him."

The next day when Miss R. called, the white blinds of the little cottage were drawn, and she knew that her friend was at rest. There lay the faded and wasted body, but the soul, made white by the blood of the Lamb, was free. Present with the Lord, seeing Him, dwelling with Him who had loved her and given Himself for her.

Reader, are you ready? Sooner or later you must stand before God, and one sin upon you will ruin you for ever. Eternity is near, and your soul can never die. "The wages of sin is death," the second death, which means the Lake of Fire, and weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth—"Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark ix. 48.) Do you dare to

think of the horrors of the second death and not shudder? If still unsaved, that portion is yours. But God has provided a remedy. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) The word is "whosoever," and that includes you. Why will ye die, when God offers you life, life eternal? He is stretching out His hand to you all day long. Why refuse His gracious invitation? Trifle not, time is quickly passing, and your soul is precious. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.)

G. A. A.

HEALING OIL.

WHEN the Lord sends the light of Jesus Christ into a soul that formerly hath been in darkness and in the shadow of death it immediately begins to see its corruptions and its lusts; and if there was any master or chief sin which had dominion, as lust, pride, revenge, worldly-mindedness, &c., then the soul is presently pricked upon the discovery of it, and there is a remorse and perplexity in the soul. They in the Acts, after Peter had laid open their sin of shedding the blood of Christ, were pricked to the heart for it, and were inwardly troubled and wounded, saying, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And if there be not a clear understanding of Jesus Christ and the gospel, the soul thus wounded will groan under many legal convictions, and will hardly distinguish its condition from a worse or more miserable one, even that of sorrowing under the power of the law. Had not Peter been-assured of the love of Christ from His own mouth that his faith should not fail, his tears and Judas's sorrowing would appear all of one colour and kind to such a beclouded apprehension. As Joseph, who, till he had opened himself

to his brethren, was mistaken by them for a cruel and harsh governor; but when they saw it was their brother Joseph, oh, what meltings and embracings were then amongst them! Many a soul, convinced by that Spirit which Christ hath sent, walks sadly under its wound or burden, not knowing the nature and condition of such a spiritual wound.

Many preachers, like surgeons, who keep their patients from healing too soon that they may make the cure the more admired, do accordingly keep such souls with their wounds open; and if they pour in anything, it is rather vinegar than oil—rather something of the law than the gospel—so that they are not only long in healing and getting peace, through Jesus Christ, but they carry a scar with them for years, and are lame in their consciences a long time after.

All this is for want of the knowledge of the Spirit of adoption being in such a soul, and the Spirit's working clear apprehensions of Christ. . . . There must be application of gospel promises, persuading to faith and believing in Jesus Christ, for the pardon of sin, to settle, assure and establish a soul more; and the light that comes in through such gospel applications and power will exceedingly melt and wound a soul, but they are the woundings and meltings of love, and the Spirit of adoption, not of fear and bondage, but of power, love, and of a sound mind. Mary wept and washed Christ's feet; Peter wept bitterly, not in fear, but in love. Witness her box of ointment, and Peter's profession, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." The sensations which this gospel-spirit works in the soul are such as bring enlargements, and flowings, and pourings out of spirit; but the sensations which the law works bring in a straitening, a contraction, a gathering up, or a narrowness in the spirit, and therefore it is called bondage and fear.

AN OLD WRITER.

Question of sin-convicted soul, What must I do to be saved? God's reply: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

ABOUNDING GRACE.

SOME years ago I was called to speak to an innkeeper in my village, who was apparently dying. Terror of soul was painfully expressed upon his face, and I think I shall never forget his look of anguish as he cried bitterly to God to have mercy upon him.

I repeated these words of Scripture—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life," and told him of God's love to sinners in giving Jesus to die: but the man did not lay hold of the truth, and still cried, "Lord, have mercy on me!"

"My dear man," said I, "God is rich in mercy, and Christ is God's way for you to escape from judgment. Mercy is now at your door." But not one word of comfort would the man receive, so, after praying for him, I went away. Repeated visits found and left the man in the same darkness, and this continued for a few weeks, when the sickness was relieved and health began to return.

One Sunday morning I went to the house, and crept silently into the room. Instead of crying for the Lord to save his soul, the man was amusing himself with a copy of *Bell's Life*, and the traces of his past sorrow for sin seemed to have vanished. I then warned him solemnly of his sin, and bade him know that those who rejected mercy in this day of grace, as he was doing, would have to bow the knee in the day of judgment to the Lord Jesus, and be cast into hell. And, praying once more by his bedside, I left him.

Some four years after this I was again requested to visit the innkeeper, but I did not feel able to go at once; message after message came, pressing me to call upon him, and at length I felt it was the Lord's time for me to do so.

Upon entering the room the man said, "I wanted much to see you!"

"Indeed!" I said, "what do you want with me? Do you not remember that four

years ago you rejected the offered mercy of God? And now, that you are again upon your sick-bed, what is it that you want with me?"

"I do remember, and I want to tell you that I have never rested since that time. What must I do? Lord, help me! When I met you in the streets I could not look at you, for to see you always brought it up fresh to my mind. I am, indeed, a great sinner. Will you pray for me?"

"What shall I pray for?" I asked.

"That God would save me, a poor lost sinner."

So I knelt down, and prayed God to have mercy on him, and then read the same two verses which he had heard four years before, telling of that fresh, changeless love, that free, full grace, which nothing can alter. Ah, reader, the words are as fresh and free for you, as when Jesus uttered them more than 1800 years ago. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." And to this poor man, who had so hardened himself against God's mercy, salvation was brought. He believed the record of God; he was enabled to say from his heart—"Thank God! Christ died for me."

"Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." A. H.

CONTENTMENT.

It is not in the abundance which a man possesses that his joy is found, for if he have not a contented spirit no abundance will make him glad. There is widow Smith, as happy as can be, yet she is no richer than the sparrows, which her Heavenly Father feeds day by day; this estimable christian takes literally the promises of the Word, and she has not considered the ravens, which have neither store-house nor barn, to no purpose. She has a store of contentment laid up in her soul, which, along with her godliness, is great gain. What a contrast does her wealthy neighbour, also a christian, offer! With all the advantages, all the luxuries, all the comforts which the world can give, and blessed moreover with good health, she is ever complaining and miserable.

BY NATURE, AND IN CHRIST.

GOD has portrayed by the pen of His Spirit what every man is by nature in the second chapter of the Ephesians, and what he is who is quickened and linked to Christ.

No one can enter into the blessedness of the second picture who has not seen himself in the first, and the great Enemy of souls uses every artifice to blind men's minds lest they should see what they are in God's sight.

A dead man is by no possibility a judge of what death and corruption are, therefore we need not wonder that souls without God's life in them do not feel the thralldom and misery of a death in trespasses and sins.

In man's nature-state there is a total absence of spiritual life. Perhaps carnal service is rendered to God to pacify conscience, but neither heart nor affections are in the service. Such service amounts to nothing more than washing and adorning a corpse, nor does it hinder for one moment the working of death and corruption within.

But if in the state of trespasses and sins there be no movement after God, yet there is full activity according to this world; and what is the world but a system made up of lusts and passions? Take away these and the world would come to a standstill—these are the works of the clock which keep up the movements of the hands. There was no world until man had been driven out of Eden by God, and when the Son of God comes again it will be to judge the world. Where is the worldly enjoyment which would not be spoilt if God were to come in? But there is one, who has a key to enter when he pleases into the secret recesses of the sinner's heart, even the spirit, who now works in the children of disobedience. Man has given Satan the key, and he enters by the lusts of the flesh and the mind, and thus leads the soul captive. In this dark picture where is God?—Absent!

Does our reader know what this death is? Has he mourned over it? Sins more in number than the hairs of his head, yet no fear of God's wrath nor any hope in God's

goodness leading his careless soul to repentance. Away from God—life a blank towards God—no effect produced in him by a Saviour being in heaven—his life's history unchanged by the knowledge of the death of Jesus for sinners.

Reader, has God in mercy opened your eyes to see in this picture your own portrait? Dead to God in trespasses and sins—walking according to a system of unsatisfied desires known as "the world"—those unruly wills of flesh and mind by which the wicked one enters to work the works of disobedience; and more too—God shut out. But if the cry rises from your heart with this burden upon you, "Oh! wretched man that I am!" then take courage, for God has come into your grave of sin with New Life, and in His mercy He has quickened your once dead soul. The sense which you have of your nature-state, and the sorrow it occasions you, are evidence of God's work in quickening your soul.

Let us then turn from the dark side to the brightness of God's salvation. God gives repentance; He gives life. God, too, gives faith to lay hold of that exceeding great power of His, which takes the sinner dead in trespasses and sins out of nature and self, and which gives the believer the very Life of Christ. Christ once was dead. Why? Because He bore the judgment and wrath due to such an one as says, "Oh! wretched man that I am;" but God has raised up Christ from the dead, and all that He bore for the sinner is buried in His grave.

Now, the feeblest believer lives in the life of Christ risen, his Saviour. He is saved by the pure and sovereign grace of God. His sins and trespasses are all forgiven. He was part of the evil world, but in Christ he is now raised above it. He lives in Christ's victorious life. He is no longer of the world, and he is above that Prince of the power of the air, who once worked in him as he listed. His life is hid with Christ in God.

Once a child of wrath, even as others, he is now born again, created anew by God unto good works, which God has appointed for him to walk in. So infinite are the bless-

ings of the place he now has before God, that all he has is measured by Christ. He is brought to God by the blood of Christ; reconciled to God by the cross of Christ. Christ is his peace, Christ his access to the Father, Christ his entrance into God's household and family. Christ is the cornerstone of the building of which he is a stone. He is part of the holy temple wherein God will eternally dwell, and where He shall be endlessly praised, and now God dwells in him by His spirit. God, who gives power to believe what the state of nature is, gives also power to believe what it is to be in Christ. Let not Satan either cast false light upon the one picture or throw a shadow upon the divine brightness of the other. Contemplate once more the two as we here place them side by side:—

Dead in sins—Alive in Christ.

Walking after the course of this world—
Raised up in Christ.

Energized by the spirit which works in the children of disobedience—Seated in heavenly places in Christ, who has conquered Satan.

By nature a child of wrath—By grace created anew by God unto good works. R.

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S ATTITUDE. Ep. vi. 10-19.

STANDING in the face of the foe, and always, and watching thereunto with all perseverance; is the attitude of the christian soldier. Thus God's strength and our weakness are before us. The whole armour of God is required to enable us to withstand the foe, and faith takes every portion of it for spiritual equipment. The day is an evil one, we need protection upon every side, and not only protection, but the preparedness for conflict, which the armour gives.

The assault upon a position in which we are spiritually fortified ever fails. We should term a believer spiritually fortified in a truth—who has obtained it in heart and conscience as from God Himself—who is living in the power of it, and who is in communion

with God about it. Thus, suppose a believer knowing the forgiveness of sins, and delighting in God concerning the precious blood of Christ. Satan attacks him, hurls at him a dart burning with the lie and flame of hell, "You are not forgiven." The believer is protected from the dart and prepared for resistance.

But the enemy knows well our unguarded sides. He attacks us when and where we least expect. When there is soul-weariness—when the christian is overcome with difficulty or lulled into indifference, Satan has him at an advantage. The thought of our sitting down, after having attained by spiritual struggle and exercise a little advantage, is in itself indicative of failure. Then it is that not heeding the exhortation, "having done all, or, overcome all, to stand," we are thrown down.

Some indeed speak of their former zeal, and fondly imagine that they can live upon their spiritual reputation, but we live day by day for Christ as we stand day by day for Him. Seeing then that the christian soldier can know no slackening zeal, no enervation of energies, save at the peril of falling, we enquire, How is he to stand? What is his power for maintaining this attitude? The answer is, "Take unto you the whole armour of God," the several parts of which we purpose looking at afterwards. But with this taking the whole armour, we must ever link, "Praying always." Always standing—praying always—go well together, for prayer is heartfelt and heart-needed dependence upon God. The armour alone would not give the power, as, for example, who could wield the sword of the Spirit, other than by the power of the Spirit? This strength is gained by prayer, and not only by prayer, but by watching unto prayer, and that with all perseverance. Persevering prayer should be written in large letters upon our hearts. Here, too often, we fail. Many a young christian puts out one great effort, but a better test of spiritual power than one great effort, is persevering prayer, persistent, ceaseless crying to God. And let us be sure of this, that the more we lay hold of His strength, and the more we feel our own weakness and need, the more persevering will be our prayer.

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



A TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.

WILLIAM was a carpenter. When a boy the Sunday School taught him to think of his soul and eter-

nity; but as he grew up the cares of business drove these thoughts from him, and he settled down

to the duties of daily life as if he should live for ever. But one day, while doing the work of two men in lifting a great piece of timber, he strained himself; his strength gave way, and William had to exchange the cares of business for the retirement of a sick bed. There the lessons of his childhood came back to him, and his over-anxiety for the bread that perisheth was supplanted by the cry of his soul, "What must I do to be saved?"

"Ah! Sir," said he to me, "it goes hard with a backslider when he comes to lie upon a bed of sickness."

"Yes," replied I; "and it will go hard with us all if God should deal with us after our deservings; but the precious blood of Christ cleanses the blackest heart from every sin."

Upon seeing William again, I found him grasping these words of Jesus—"Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out." The Spirit of God had given him a sight of himself, and a sight of the Saviour. William believed; the burden of sin was rolled away, his sorrows were gone, and increasing pain and weakness only proved his patience.

Along illness set in, during which William's faith was strengthened, and his love to Christ increased, and his zeal for winning his way in

the world was exchanged for heavenly desires. One day he said, "I wish to die, that I may go to see my precious Jesus. Oh, what love it was in Him to find me out! I should never have come to Him, unless He had brought me. Oh! what should I have done without Him? I should be where there would not be one drop of water to cool my burning tongue. Oh! the love of Jesus! His hands! His feet! His side! He forgives, and casts none out. None—none—none!"

Upon one of the last days of his long and weary illness, I said, "I must not wish to see you again, for that might be wishing to keep you from heaven; for even to-day Jesus may say, 'Thou shalt be with Me in paradise.'" His sweet smile seemed to answer, "Oh, that it might be so!" In the after-part of the day he rallied, and said to his mother, "I want! I want!" "Well, my dear," she replied, "what is it?" "To sing," said he, "and you, and father, and all, must join with me." He then began—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
This is your accepted hour,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able!
He is willing! Doubt no more."

As he proceeded, his eyes fixed

on heaven, his voice grew louder and louder, and for a time his soul seemed to have gained a victory over the weakness of a dying body. His voice was mingled with the sobs of the family. Sorrow was choking their voices, but death, so close at hand, could not overcome his. "Come to Jesus!" he continued to exclaim, "Come, whosoever will! Come now, this is your accepted hour. Jesus will not cast any out! Jesus is ready to save you. Come to Jesus. None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. Oh! come now, and do not delay; put it not off. He will cast none out."

One night, when his end seemed to be very near, his mother said to him, "Are you happy?" "Yes," said he. "Do you know where you are going?" "To heaven," he replied. The tears then stole down his cheeks. He, however, soon recovered his composure, exclaiming, "This is only my infirmity. Rejoice! Rejoice!!" He then entreated his brother and sisters to come to Christ. One of his sisters said, "Oh, William, we will pray." "That will not do," he replied, "you must come to Him Now, *Now!* Ah! you little know what I suffer for your soul. My pains of body have been nothing compared with this.

The tears I have shed for myself have been nothing to those which I have shed for you."

And so he passed away, and his humble testimony to Him who will in nowise cast out appeals to you, dear reader. How many such appeals have you not heard? "Come, Come," these entreaties cry to you. Come to Him, who came to earth and died to save; who has gone to heaven to bring up there to Himself everyone who believes on Him.

Let not the cares of time nor the deceitfulness of riches hold back your soul from everlasting life and blessedness. R.

"HE SOUGHT TO SEE JESUS."

As the blind man was bent on his object, so was Zaccheus, the rich publican, set on seeing Jesus. This marks the working of God's Spirit—the apprehension of the worth of the object. We want it, and want more of it, and know enough to want more. It is an appetite produced by the Holy Spirit. It is a terrible thing if we, as Christians, have not this craving, this hungering and thirsting, after a greater enjoyment of God; for where this is not, deadness and apathy of soul have come in.

God's people understand His thoughts about them in His delight in Christ, which lifts them up above all the evil through which they are called to pass. Their strength is that the Lord has delighted in them, and He is leading them through all the evil, to bring them out of it all unto Himself.—*Extracted.*

RELIGIOUS; NOT RIGHTEOUS.

I HAVE lately met with a remarkable case of the Lord's dealing in grace with souls, in the conversion of the wife of a small farmer in a hamlet in one of the western counties. Mrs. P. had been "a very religious woman," as she told me, for fourteen years, and had great faith in ordinances, so much so that she thought by means of them to make herself fit for heaven, little dreaming that the presence of a holy God demands a fitness which only Christ can give to a poor sinner.

But the Lord, who had a purpose of mercy to this self-righteous woman, sent some of His servants to preach the gospel in a little room in the village near to which she lived, and on being invited thither by a friend, curiosity prevailed, and she went. The speaker was a perfect stranger to Mrs. P., and yet every word he uttered seemed meant for her, and, rebel against it as she would, the word reached her conscience. The speaker dwelt upon the uselessness of prayers, good works, ordinances, and religious services as *means* of salvation—the very things Mrs. P. had based all her hopes upon. He showed her up to herself in all the villainess of her lost estate as a sinner before God, and declared from His word that "there is none righteous, no, not one." How many there are, alas! who do not see that it is only those who "are saved" who can please God, and who are able to offer to Him the sacrifice of praise, giving thanks in His name!

Mrs. P. went home that night with these things rankling in her heart, and angry that her "refuge of lies" should have been proved to be such. Yet, so great is the enmity of the carnal man to God, that for the whole of the ensuing week she was seeking to prove to herself her own goodness; how she certainly was better than her neighbours, how that she did not keep bad company, that she did her duty to God and man, and so on. The day for a second cottage meeting approached, however, and Mrs. P. thought she would go once more and hear

this, to her, new and strange doctrine. She went, and there was another preacher, who met the need which the previous one had aroused. He spoke of salvation as the free gift of God to sinners, and taking up his bible, said, "Some of you have no bibles in your hands—now, suppose I were to hold out mine and say, here is a bible for you to read from, you would not doubt what I said, you would gladly receive it from me. But you doubt *God*. He is offering salvation freely to those who are lost, and instead of accepting it you are questioning as to whether He means what He says. You take *my* word, but you doubt *God's*." These words sank into the heart of the convicted sinner, and she went home, feeling, as she told me, a different woman; but, "oh," she said, "I had not *got it* yet," this free salvation. But light had dawned upon her soul from God, and when He begins a good work He finishes it. She knew *the way* now.

The next year, however, I am sorry to say, was a miserable one. Though constantly going to the preachings, and reading her bible, yet, instead of believing and accepting what God said, Mrs. P. listened to the doubts and fears of her own foolish heart, and was occupied with the opinions of others, so that in place of rejoicing in the finished work of Christ, she was restless and unsatisfied.

One evening, after a hard day's work, the moon was shining in at the window behind her, as she was washing the floor of her little back kitchen, she was thinking of her wretchedness, and going over in her mind what she had heard, when she seemed to hear a voice say, "What more dost thou want for the forgiveness of thy sins than the blood of Christ?" She jumped up, exclaiming, "Lord, I *do* believe—I *am* saved! Oh, I have been all this time so miserable, when it is all done for me! Oh, I *do* believe!" Then she went upstairs. "Oh!" she said, "it's a good thing I was all by myself in the house, for there—I don't know what I did or said, I was so happy and thankful to the Lord for what He had done for me."

After this it pleased the Lord to try her much, and there were many who sought to persuade her that there was no such thing as knowing her sins were forgiven, and that it was presumptuous to say so; but she had the witness in herself and in the word of God, which had become her delight. "I used," she said, "to wish I *cared* to read the bible. I knew I ought to; but it was only a duty. Now it is so different! Every word seems to find an answer in me, and I don't wonder that I did not understand it before. I was blind—oh! how blind—but now I see."

If, dear readers, any of you, like Mrs. P., know the way of salvation, but hesitate as to your acceptance, look up and see who is in God's presence. Jesus, a *Saviour*, the Son of God, who took upon Him the form of a *man*, and bore sin in His own person on the cross. He could not be "a Saviour in glory" were not the question of sin for ever settled; so that there, in the brightest place in God's presence, He is still as a *man*, as the witness that "He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and God can now receive sinners.

SUGARED POISON.

I SAW a bottle hanging up in a fruit-tree. Inside was a sweet liquid poison. Wasps, and flies of all kinds buzzed into the bottle, sipped, and died. They left the fruit for the sugared poison.

Now, the devil has his poison-traps for souls, to draw them off from the gospel fruit. He knows man's taste, and he makes the mixture palatable and sweet. How agreeable it tastes to the flagrant sinner: "There is no hell, no devil." How pleasant it tastes to the self-righteous: "You can be saved by your attention to religious duties, to sacraments," &c. And how does the pleasure-seeker sip up the fatal sweetness: "Enjoy the world, for God will never put you into hell." The attraction is, not what is truth, but what is sweet. But take heed, reader, lest the sweetness of which your soul sips end in endless death!

A HAPPY HOME.

THREE children dear, in a happy home,
Grew bonny and blithe all day,
The sunshine smiled, on each fair child,
And on their pleasant play.

These children glad, in their happy home,
Of the Lord of Glory heard;
Their mother mild, each darling child
Taught God's undying word.

The tale of the wondrous night she told,
When to earth the Saviour came;
Repeated the song of the angel throng,
And sang of Jesu's Name.

Of Eden she told with its tale of shame;
God's judgment of guilty man;
Yet spake of the grace, which in His place,
Gave Jesus—perfect plan!

And then, with tears, of the Cross she spake;
Its sorrow, its anguish, cry;
How Jesus bowed, beneath the cloud;
Hidden from God on high.

Anon of Him uprisen she told,
How He won the fight alone,
How He went on high, above the sky,
Where He will bring His own.

What grace, said she, to ope that home!
How kind is He to His flock!
And the mother smiled as she saw each child
Hide safe in Christ her Rock.

Two children have left earth's happy home,
They are gone with Christ to rest,
His Father's love to share above,
In mansions bright and blest.

In your homes so glad, ye mothers fond,
Your babes of the Saviour tell,
And Him shall they know, while on earth
below;
Above, His praises swell.

So when He comes on the shining cloud,
To raise His glorious Bride,
Ye may rejoice to hear His voice;
Your children at your side.

T. M.

FORGIVENESS AND DELIVERANCE.

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.

"Cometh this blessedness then upon the circumcision only, or upon the uncircumcision also? for we say that faith was reckoned to Abraham for righteousness.

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."—ROM. iv. 7—9, 5.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROM. vii. 24, 25.

IS it possible, that one having known, as from God, the blessedness of sins covered and iniquities forgiven, can be found crying, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" Can a forgiven man need deliverance? Not only is it possible, but the scripture witnesses to the fact.

Before looking at deliverance, we will notice three points as to forgiveness.

(1.) The blessedness of forgiveness.

God calls the forgiven sinner a blessed man. Mark this: it is what God says of a man. The world calls its wealthy, its honourable, its gifted, blessed, happy people; but the sinner, whose sins are covered, and whose iniquities are forgiven, is the really blessed one. A man is forgiven upon earth, or never. "After death the judgment," is the word of God; and our reader is either a forgiven man now, or he is "condemned already."

Forgiveness is not a long process worked in the soul, but the act of God towards the sinner. Sins are pardoned once and for ever, and not because they are wept over and repented of, but because Christ died. Neither our tears, nor our prayers, nor our repentance, must be mixed with God's act of forgiveness, though all who are forgiven have repented of their sins. Let us illustrate this thus:—Suppose you owe a person twenty pounds, and have not a penny in the world, and that the creditor forgives you the debt. His forgiveness is not a long process. He says, "I forgive you," and the act is accomplished. Probably the debt made you miserable; certainly it did if you had conscience about it; but when the creditor forgave the twenty pounds, the debt was gone, every farthing of it, not because of what you felt, but because of what the creditor said. The gracious act of his forgiveness included pence as well as pounds— all was gone. God does not forgive one sin and not another. He forgives all sins—great and small—and for ever. Neither

does He forgive the twenty pounds, as it were, penny by penny, but pounds and pence, all at once. And the man whom He forgives is a blessed man.

(2.) To whom comes this blessedness?

Is it to a select few—the circumcision only—the religious only—or is it to the uncircumcision also—every kind of sinner? "Be it known unto you, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believeth are justified from all things."—"All that believe"—"all things." There is neither limit to the persons, nor measure for the guilt. Jew, Gentile; the night, the far off; good, bad; professing Christian, blasphemer—thank God for it—all who believe are justified from all things. This blessedness of forgiveness of sins, this happiness, is preached this very moment to our reader. May it be his! May he believe God!

(3.) How does this blessedness become the portion of a sinner?

By faith, not by works. By believing God, not by striving one's-self; by accepting the value of what Christ has done, not by trying to do our best. Jesus shed His blood to wash sins away, and it is that precious blood which cleanses; "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Not that faith is a work, nor that righteousness is given in exchange for our faith; but whoever believes in God, Who justifies the ungodly, his sins are forgiven, his transgression is covered, he is one of God's blessed men.

Our reader, we trust, is one who knows this blessedness. Perhaps he has turned back to the day of his conversion and recalled the grace which first met him in his sins, and which gave him faith! How bright was that day, how glad the soul then; it was his birthday into God's kingdom! How near heaven seemed, how sweetly did the love of Jesus fill the heart, yes, so sweetly that the most luscious fruits of the world's pleasures had no longer any attraction. But how is it now? Ah! mourns our reader! "O, wretched man that I am, the peaceful hours I once enjoyed have left me only their sweet remembrance, with a present aching void. My spring-time has departed. Is it possible that I am indeed the Lord's? Can such a wretched creature, as I know and feel myself to be, be a christian? Am I not, after all, only a deceiver? Do real christians have such hearts as I know mine to be? Do God's children do things they hate, and do not the things they love?" These are the sighs of the captive for deliverance—"Who shall deliver me?"

We turn to the 7th of Romans to look at a few points in it under the figure of a sick man—his pain, his symptoms, his disease, his physician, and his deliverance. And let us remember that the gospel of God brings us more than forgiveness of sins, it brings us deliverance from self, from "I."

(1.) The pain.

Pain is not disease, but if there be an ache anywhere in our body it is because some part of the frame is unhealthy, and this leads us to the physician. It is not every one who groans with the pain of the experience of the 7th of Romans; many believers do not feel its pangs, and such will hardly enter into the description of them; for in this spiritual disease we must have gone through the suffering if we would sympathize with those enduring it. The evangelist is not merely like the doctor, who knows what disease is by having made the body his study, and who knows what remedy to apply, because he has read about medicine or tested its effects, but he is one who has suffered himself and who has partaken of the remedy he advocates.

Any one suffering the soul sickness of the 7th of Romans cannot but cry out. You will always detect the sufferer by his sorrowful lament, "O, wretched man that I am!" But there is one comfort to be derived from the suffering. Dead men do not suffer, they do not groan; and none but one having divine life could utter this cry, "Who shall deliver me?"

(2.) The symptoms.

"That which I do I allow not: for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that do I." "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that do I" (v. 15, 19). Ten times over in these two short verses does this sufferer cry out "I." It is not that he has done some bad things merely, but the misery of his heart is, that he has no power over himself whatever; that within him there is a power which is against him. He hates the things he does; what he wishes to do he cannot do. Does our reader know those symptoms in his own soul? Has he ever known them? If this be his present grief, he is not delivered. If he never has felt thus he cannot appreciate deliverance.

(3.) The disease itself.

We discover disease by symptoms. Pain makes the patient miserable; but it is to the disease itself the doctor addresses his attention. He does not attack the pain, he wars against the disease. It is not every doctor who will tell his patient his real condition. If a man be hopelessly ill, and have only a short time to live, the iniquity of fashion will not allow him to know the fact of his

state. But God does not treat us thus. He is love. He loves His people—yes, poor sinners—too well to allow them to remain in ignorance as to what their real condition is. Maybe what He says is not believed. Yet His word speaks the truth clearly enough; the pain which causes the groans of "wretched man that I am;" the symptoms which cry of self continually—what I do, what I do not do, what I love, what I hate—are all from this disease—"In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Yes, this is the very thing which is the root of all this pain to the child of God, and which to the soul which has life in Christ produces the distressing symptoms! It is the utter helplessness and badness of self—incurable self. Yet who has not striven and struggled to bring a good thing out of himself? Who has not resolved and been miserable over his broken resolutions? Who has not laboured in vain, and yet laboured again? Be sure of this, reader, self is incurable—God says so, and He speaks the truth to you in love.

(4.) The physician.

Yes, this hapless man was under treatment. He went to a physician. The first verse tells us what the treatment is under which he was. "I speak to them that know the law." There are two ways of knowing a physician. We may know his carriage, and bow to him; in this way many know the Ten Commandments; they know them by sight; and we may know him by having been under his treatment—know him by the painful experience of his drugs and knife; and this is quite another knowledge.

Does our reader know the law thus? Has he been under it? And has the law ever made you better? What saith the scripture? Simply this, the law makes a man feel worse than ever. Read the 9th and 10th verses. These are the descriptions of one before and after taking the medicine of the law—"Without the law sin was dead—I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came sin revived, and I died." Immediately he applied the law to his own case, took its medicine, as it were, he became worse in his own sense of his condition. Not that the law made him worse, but it made him feel so. The law said, "Thou shalt not covet;" you must not wish for this or that; but no sooner did the commandment go forth than it stirred up the evil nature to long for that which was forbidden. Like a child which, when told not to look into the cupboard, immediately desires to do it, so poor, weak, and sinful human nature, when told by the law of God not to covet, immediately falls a longing.

But shall we blame the physician because we have a bad constitution? Shall we say, as some, the law has nothing to do with us at all, because it cannot cure us? The law is "holy and just, and good;" there is no fault in it, "The commandment was to life." The fault lies in self, not in the physician and his treatment. But can the law cure? Certainly not. It is as with the physicians of our bodies, who neither can give life nor keep us alive. The first they do not pretend to do, the second they have never done; and God says, "If there should have been a law, giving life, verily righteousness should have been by the law;" and of the second—the keeping alive—where are they to whom the law said, "Do this, and thou shalt live"? Are not their graves with us? But if the law does not give life, nor keep alive, does it deliver? Nay, nor was it ever intended to do so.

(5.) Where, then, is deliverance?

How does the patient in a hospital, having the incurable disease, escape the doctors and his pains? There is only one way of freedom for him. So long as he remains in the hospital, he will be miserable; so long as he is what he is he will suffer. He will not—he is too ill—leave the hospital, and he cannot get free from himself. How, then, shall he become free? By being carried out dead. There is no other way out for him. He cannot be cured, because he is incurable, and the more medicine he takes the more it proves his state. Death is his only deliverance. So says the scripture of him whose spiritual pains and symptoms we have glanced at: "Ye are become dead to the law by the body of Christ;" "Dead to that wherein ye were held;" see margin—for it is not the physician who dies.

The believer has a new life in Christ, and is delivered by Christ having died to sin in his place. Christ upon the cross, having died, and our having died with Him, then, is deliverance. We are freed from law and self by death—the death of Christ, with whom, in the sight of God, every one of His people died. The blood of Jesus procures our forgiveness; the death of Christ our deliverance. Faith trusts in the blood for forgiveness, and by faith we reckon ourselves dead unto sin, but alive unto God. "My brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead; that we should bring forth fruit unto God." "We are delivered from the law, being dead to that wherein we were held; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter."

But saith one, "It is all very well to bid me count myself dead when I am as alive in doing evil and not doing good, as before." Christian, it is better to put faith in God and to count yourself to be what He says you are, than to reason; better to believe God than to believe yourself. He tells us that "our old man is crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be annulled (its power taken away), that henceforth we should not serve sin;" and if you will believe what God says you will find the truth of His words. When you say I am alive as before, myself as active, strength as feeble, you are evidently not counting yourself to be dead.

Have faith in God and then you will find what He says is true. Moreover, you will find that this deliverance is yours not because you have a consciousness of it, but because you have died in Christ; not because of your faith, but because of what Christ did.

Forgiveness and deliverance come to us by the gospel, and both from Christ's work. May all who read believe, and rejoice not only in the blessedness of forgiveness of sins, but in the deliverance which is the privilege of every child of God! And having life in Christ risen from the dead, and in the power of His victory, may each exclaim, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

INFLUENCE.

WE are constantly exercising an influence over those about us. Insensible influence is the strongest; the quiet consistency of private life is more convincing than the efforts of outward service. The general peacefulness of a man's ways speaks more loudly than his most vigorous actions in the cause of good.

FAULT FINDING.

"CHARITY begins at home;" "And," add some, "ends there;" but let us take care that our fault finding begins with ourselves and ends there.

To evangelists: "Little root—Little fruit."

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



"WILL YOU GO AND SEE MY MOTHER, SIR?"

ONE evening, at a cottage meeting, I was specially drawn to speak of joyment of forgiveness of sins and reconciliation to God, through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the close of the address a man, grey, and bent with age, asked me, "Will you go and see my mother, Sir? I am sure she will like your doctrine, if you will."

"Your mother?" said I, astonished that he should have a mother still living. The old man led the way to an attic over his bedroom, where his mother had lived for some years. With an effort he drew himself up the nearly vertical stairs, and, as I followed, he pointed me to the next ascent, half-staircase, half-ladder, leaving me to mount alone. Thus I found myself close under the ridge of the roof, standing in a kind of triangular attic, through the small window of which the setting sun was shining in, its rays lighting up a spare, gaunt figure sitting upright on a low bed.

The woman's age was more than one hundred years, yet, while very feeble, her faculties seemed unimpaired. The hard touch of her glazed brown hand, with its stiff fingers, and the dark and shining skin of her face, on which the light glanced sideways with a weird effect, produced a strange sensation, almost of awe, which was heightened by the quiet and loneliness of the place.

To my first inquiry, the poor woman feebly replied that she was

quite well; but when after a short pause, I asked her, "And do you know the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour?" her whole manner changed. Her eyes brightened instantly at the sound of that grand Name, her voice started into a shrill energy, that has not died away yet in my memory as she rather retorted than replied, "To be sure I do. He knows me." Then, pointing her finger at *me*, she cried, "Do you know Him? Do you know Him *yourself*? Do you?" At once I knew I had come to one who could teach as well as learn. Without waiting for a reply, she continued, betraying almost scorn for my question, as if asking it implied a doubt, "Know Him! and many a long year before you were born, too! Know Him! I should think I do; I was but a girl going to market along the dirty road, all bedraggled up to my knees in mud, when the Lord Jesus Christ drove by in His carriage, and picked me up, and set me beside Him, and said, 'I'll make you my bride.' Know Him! to be sure I do. Do *you*, I ask? I should like to know *that*."

The stream of vigour startled me a little, though the inquiry was welcome; but I answered, "Yes, through grace, I can tell you He died

for *me*, and I do know Him as *my Saviour*." Then she pressed her question in different forms, to discover whether I was real, and when satisfied, her anxiety for me gave way to many an expression of regret that of the people who at times visited her, none could say that they were truly saved.

We chatted for some time on the free and unchanging grace of God, and on its present enjoyment by simple faith here, before we reach heaven. It was a privilege to taste with her a little of the fellowship which presently we shall resume when the marriage of the Lamb has come and His wife hath made herself ready.

Does my reader KNOW whether he himself *will* be at that wedding in its great and heavenly glory?

In the quaint metaphor of this aged woman, can he say that the Lord Jesus has picked him up in his sins and misery, and given him a seat in Himself in the glory on high — Quickened with Christ, raised with Christ, seated in the heavenly places in Christ. Eph. ii. 5, 6.

Can you say, "I KNOW in whom I have believed." "We KNOW that we have passed from death unto life." "We KNOW that we are of

God." "We KNOW that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." "We have received the Spirit of God, that we might KNOW the things that are freely given to us of God." "We have KNOWN and believed the love that God hath to us"? The scriptures say, "Ye may KNOW that ye have eternal life." May your portion be, "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God," for, "The Lord KNOWETH them that are His." E. C. P.

ALL-SUFFICIENT LOVE.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose!
Thou all-sufficient Love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for I am Thine;
Thou art my fortress, strength and tower—
My trust and portion evermore.

Thy mighty Name salvation is;
It keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus! my All-in-all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healer of my broken heart;
'Mid storms my peace; in loss my gain;
My fortress 'neath the tyrant's frown—
In shame, my glory, and my crown.

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My refuge in temptation's hour;
My comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
My life in death—my All-in all.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

MANY learned and religiously-instructed men, who were accustomed to put difficult questions, were assembled together—in their midst was Jesus, and He became the questioner. He asked them not of their points, but by one simple word, laid bare the state of their hearts, silenced their questions, and taught them to fear to ask Him more. “Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ?”

“What think ye of Christ?” Eternity is near, its issues for you depend upon your answer.

The rapid and fatal increase of unbelief threatens, like a rampant weed, to choke the growth of the pure gospel in this land, and to turn our country into a wilderness of infidelity and superstition; and more than ever do we need personal, heart-searching tests, and surely there is no test to the heart like this—“What think ye of Christ?”

The bible may be in the hand, the knee may be bowed, the voice may be lifted up in strains of worship, with the heart utterly at enmity to God. The professor may spend a life in the outward things of religion, yet never be for one hour alone with God as to what he thinks of Christ. Thus it was, not long since, with a venerable man, who, hearing that his days were numbered, cried out, piteously, “Tell me, how am I to be saved? I have been an elder of a congregation, but I have not been to Christ.”

What think ye of Christ? Do not inquire of your heart for warmth or for coldness, for light or for darkness; turn off the eye of the soul from self and all that is within, and, in the presence of God, ask yourself what you think of His Son—of that Jesus who died for sinners, and who is now upon the throne of God. Escape the searching question you cannot. You may evade it now, but hereafter it will find you out. In hell, Christ will be hated; in heaven, He is loved. And now upon the earth, the difference between being saved and lost may be discovered by what the heart thinks of Christ.

“What think ye of Christ,” anxious and

distressed soul? Why is it that you are in doubts and darkness? Have you ever considered that the reason is simply because you have such poor thoughts of Christ? You reply, “It is not so; my darkness arises from the sense of my own state.” But the truth is, the state of your soul, which begets the darkness, is occasioned by your thoughts of Christ. Did we ever hear a troubled soul saying, “It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us?” No, dear reader, with such God-given thoughts of Christ, doubts and darkness would be impossible. Christ in the heart and mind and dark thoughts of God’s salvation cannot dwell together.

“What think ye of Christ” as the Sin-bearer? Hear the word of God in reply—“His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes we are healed” (1 Peter ii. 24).

“What think ye of Christ” as the One-offering? Thus saith the Lord—“After He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God” (Heb. x. 12).

“What think ye of Christ” as the Life-giver? These are His own words—“This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life” (John vi. 40).

“What think ye of Christ” as the Preserver of His Sheep? “I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand” (John x. 28).

May the Spirit of God make the thoughts of both reader and writer to agree with the word of God respecting Christ!

“Unto Him who loves us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen.”

"BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

JOHN B. had much of "the wisdom of this world," he had been employed in some of the great works in England, and in other countries, that have been carried out by clever men of our day; but "the wisdom of this world" did not help him to understand the words at the head of this paper when he heard them read. They were new to him, because he had not for many years read the bible, nor had he gone to any place where he could hear it read. One Sunday, however, he strolled in, and heard this text, in Matt. xviii. 3, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." He heard the words, and they seemed to be repeated over and over again in his ear; he could not get them out of his head. He went home, and the words went with him. He laid his head on the pillow at night, and the words would not let him rest. He got up on Monday morning, and the message rung out again in his ear, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." He knew that these were the words of God his Creator, and that as His creature he was called upon to pay attention to them. "Oh, what does it mean?" he said to himself. "Become as little children!" He tried to understand it; but the more he thought about it the more he was perplexed. Then he tried to forget it all, but it was useless, for out rang the words again, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." "At last," said he, when telling me his story, "at last I knelt down, and asked God to teach me what it was to become as a little child,"—he spoke softly and solemnly,—then, after a moment's pause, he added, lifting his hand a little, as if he would command my reverent attention, "*He taught me that it was to have my mind like a blank sheet of paper, upon which the Lord God Almighty could write HIS mind!*"

Has my reader some difficulty in his mind? Notice this, that while this man said to himself, "What does it mean?" he had no

answer to his question; but when he asked God to teach him, He who "giveth to all men liberally and upbraided not," gave all he asked. Man, by nature, clings to his own thoughts, but the Holy Spirit says, "I hate thoughts" (Ps. cxix. 113). Take your difficulties to God, dear fellow-sinner. If you are saying, "What must I do to be saved?" take up His word to find the answer; it is given in Acts xvi. 31. It is in God's word we get His mind about all things. Beloved fellow-Christians, take your difficulties to Him who satisfieth "the desire of every living thing" (Ps. cxlv. 16). z.

PLOUGH DEEP.

As we were reading of the wonders performed by deep steam ploughing upon an unpromising and hitherto profitless stiff clay farm, we thought of the gospel preaching of the day. Soil which was little else than worthless for corn growing, has, through the deep ploughing of the last seven years, yielded an abundant crop!

How preachers of the gospel should pray for power to plough deep! Without the deep work, the soil of the heart of this generation is more tough and less profitable than the stiff clay of the farm. Oh! for such a mighty breaking up power of God's Spirit that the conscience may be laid bare, and that a fruitful yield for the garner of heaven may be gathered in to Christ's eternal glory.

The conscience needs to be ploughed deep, the heart to be broken under the sense of sin, and of having rejected Christ. Repentance as well as faith is necessary.

In illustration of this, we may mention the case of a man and woman with whom we were speaking one day. Both had professed to be converted. But there had been no deep ploughing, and all had, as it were, to be begun over again. *They* had not borne fruit for seven years in succession, like the clay soil of the farm. With them the seed sprang up *immediately*, and quickly languished for lack of root. Evangelist, pray for power to plough deep.

VICTORY OVER SELF.

THE believer's victory over self lies in his counting himself to be dead in the power of the new life which he has in Christ. How many there are sighing after victory, plagued with the realization of what they themselves are! they know not what it is to reckon themselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Those who have not life in Christ cannot reckon self to be dead, they have not believed in Him, in whom alone there is power, and with whom the believer has died upon the cross.

When God bids the believer reckon himself dead, He speaks to him upon the basis of an existing fact, for we are enjoined to put forth faith upon the facts of Christ's death and of our life in Him. Therefore, if we would know the victory, we must first have our minds set upon the truth of our death with Christ, and of our being no longer alive in self in this world in relationship with God, but alive only in Christ risen from the dead. We will note a few points, which we trust may help some to this victory, for amongst our readers there are those who seek after the rest from self which this victory gives. Let us note them—

(1.) That man is in himself dead to God.

Christians often practically rebel against this fact, as is witnessed by their efforts for self recovery, their attempts to render themselves acceptable before God, and their hopes of success which have self and not God's word for their substance. But the scripture declares, "By the offence of one many be dead"—it allows no lingering spark of life within, which by any power may revive to a flame. The transgression of the first Adam rendered his offspring morally dead to God. The fall was not a slip from a high elevation down into a lower place, but a descent from the life of innocence, retained upon obedience to the divine command, down into the moral grave of hatred of God and love to evil. In this condition, while there is knowledge of good lost and evil gained, there is no power to recover the former state, no ladder up again, no way back; it has been departed from, and the position of innocence is barred against man for ever. God never stretches out a hand to help us to the former place, it is neither His mind nor plan to do so; far from it, the cross of His Son witnesses to the fact of man's dead-nature state; and—

(2.) God has judged man's condition by the cross of His Son.

Upon the cross, the Lord not only bare our

sins in His own body. He was also "made sin for us." His cross did not amend or cure man's fallen condition, but condemned it—"God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." And we must have our eye upon Christ and His cross if we would learn the way of victory over self. We must see how God has dealt with us, and His deliverance. The question is decided not by what we experience of ourselves, but by what Christ was made for us. Let us beware of basing our faith upon our own experience, lest we thus raise the structure upon self. Now, the utterly dead-to-God state, which is ours by nature, and the condemnation by God of sin in the flesh, by the cross of His Son, leave us without a particle of hope in ourselves; and yet it is this truth which extinguishes every hope in self, which brings upon its wings deliverance and victory from self.

Does God say we are dead? and does He bid us so reckon ourselves? But how can this be done; for if dead in self, how can we count self to be dead? Where lies the power to do this? We reply, He who has condemned sin in the flesh, by the cross of His Son, has given us a fresh power.

(3.) God has given a new life to His people.

Self is "condemned;" identified with Christ upon the cross, judged there—"I am crucified with Christ;" in the mind of God we died there—"We be dead with Christ;" and dead as we are in self, died as we have with Christ, Christ in the glory above, is now our life—"Christ is our life." Christ risen from the dead, is not the old life which we derived through Adam, purged, amended, and improved. It is "that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." Let us hold firmly by faith the fact that Christ is our life, and that we are in Christ. This leads us to the question—

(4.) How is this new life obtained?

If it be impossible for man to recover his primal innocence or regain his first state, how shall he, as he now is—dead in trespasses and sins—obtain the new life? We do not find men, with all their boast of what man shall be by-and-bye upon the earth, ever propose as an attainable object, conformity to Christ risen from the dead and at God's right hand. He is above and beyond human thoughts. The condition in which He now is, is altogether distinct from that in which Adam lived in Paradise. Jesus is the risen and glorified Man upon the throne of God in heaven—the Head of the New Creation—the First-born from the dead. And how is it that Jesus is there? Because He has been through

death and judgment, having borne the judgment and passed through death upon behalf of His people.

He would be more than mad who should think of attaining to the excellence of Christ in glory by the means of his own merits, of thus reaching to that condition which is described as "the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." In self we are hopelessly shut out from this life, but God has put the way of receiving the life before us. He says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." We receive the new life in believing on His Son: "He that hath the Son hath life," and the word is, "whosoever believeth." To believe is to have; our reader who believes on the Son has the life.

But we can imagine our reader saying, "I do believe, and I have the life; but the presence and the power of the flesh overcome me, and at times so terribly, as to make me doubt altogether." Let us, as those who have the life, turn once more to the cross of Christ, as we ask—

(5.) How are we freed from the power of the old Adam which is in us?

What saith the scripture? "He that is dead is freed from sin." He is out of the prison, delivered from the authority of his late master. (Mark, it is not said he is free from sin—free from the disease sin—but freed from the dominion of sin.) Death is his discharge—the death of Christ; "Our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Self is not rendered better, nay, as we have seen, it is "condemned;" we have not purchased our freedom, but have died from under the dominion of our late master. It is in the fact of our having life in Christ risen, and of identification with Christ in His death, that the victory lies. Yet, with this before us, the question arises, and all-important it is—

(6.) How do we gain the victory?

We believe that by nature we are dead to God; that God at the cross of His Son, condemned sin in the flesh; that the life which we have in Christ is a new life, received upon the principle of faith and not by works; we believe, too, that God says we are freed; but for all that wherein is, practically speaking, victory?

Victory is not obtained by trying to bring a clean thing out of an unclean; by seeking to change the spots of the leopard or the skin of the Ethiopian; neither by mending the old garments nor strengthening the old bottles; but by faith, treating ourselves to be what God says we are—dead; counting ourselves to be dead indeed unto

sin. Struggle with self and we give self a place, reckon it dead and we give it none; wrestle with sin in the flesh and we earn defeat, reckon it dead and we have victory; attempt self-amendment before God, and Christ is put into the shade, and made a help of; reckon self as dead with Christ, and He is not only the first but the All. Victory lies in faith in God's fact respecting ourselves, and by faith we have freedom from the old master. "Being made free from sin and become the servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and everlasting life."

And yet mark that these things are the portion of every christian; but faith it is that enjoys the fact, and faith comes before experience, yes, in divine things before knowledge. There are believers who live a life of unbelief concerning victory, who scarcely, till their dying beds, credit God's word respecting them, or give Him praise; and some, whose creed is unbelief, advocating distrust, and magnifying their gloomy experiences into faith! Let us take God's word as He gives it to us. He declares that there is victory over self, He exhorts us—"Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.

THE GIRDLE.—Eph. vi. 14.

THE whole armour of God, the divine panoply, the perfect outfit of the christian soldier, has for its parts, girdle, breast-plate, shoes, shield, helmet, and sword. One weapon for attack, five pieces for defence, and prayer as the power for using each. The first of the five is the girdle—"Your loins girt about with truth."

In ancient days the girdle was of all importance; it braced up the soldier or the runner for his work, and the term "loins girded about" expresses readiness for service. The girdle being a stay and bracing up the wearer for exertion; and the loins, being symbolic of the desires and affections, we see the meaning of this strengthening piece of armour. Our inner man, heart, desires, affections need to be braced up and stayed by the truth of God.

Though not so conspicuous as the other four pieces, it is named first, since it is as we

wear the word of God around our hearts, and have our souls strong by it, that we are capable of bearing the weight of the pieces which follow. A feeble man cannot bear the weight of armour, and it is wearing the girdle which makes our souls strong.

The girdle itself is truth—God's word; not simply a favourite text or chapter, but the word itself, which expresses God's mind; but as armour for us it is the word applied to ourselves practically. In the divine armoury there is the girdle for each soldier, but the soldier must fit it on himself or he has not its benefit.

The act of girding ourselves with truth is performed in secret, and not before the enemy. We meet the enemy already girded. And in communion with God concerning His word we make it practically our own, so that it embraces our minds and affections. To effect this there will be required self-judgment, and the refusal of what the heart knows is contrary to God. We cannot be girded with the word if evil be allowed about our minds and hearts. The word is pure, and God does not reveal His mind in it to us save as we are upright before Him.

Therefore, regarding the given order of the pieces of the armour of God, we see how important a place—the first—does the girdle occupy! Do not our own hearts respond to its value and its place? How can we stand as soldiers for God if our hearts condemn us? Whereas, upon the other hand, if we are in communion with God respecting His word, who shall make us afraid? It is the word—let us depend upon it—that is the believer's strength. By God's communication of His revealed mind to us, we are prepared for all the heresies and false statements of the day respecting Him and His Son. We shall "be able to stand against the wiles of the devil," the deceits and tricks of his which abound, with the armour upon us, but only so; therefore let us see to it, that Satan keep us not from that secret dealing with God, by which we learn His mind in His word; and learning His mind, may we in communion with Him have "our loins girt about with truth."

LIFE'S VIGOUR.

AMONG a row of fine beeches, one tree put out its leaves to the early spring more rapidly than the rest: but the east wind came and nipped its tender shoots, so that when the other trees were in their first beauty, the earliest was noticeable by its brown and withered leaves and wintry appearance.

It was on a summer's day that I chanced again to pass under these beeches, when I was arrested by the sight of countless tender shoots shining amidst sere and crumpled leaves; life had asserted itself vigorously in the tree, which the east winds had so sorely cut back, and as the sun glanced through the sombre summer leaves of the other trees, it sparkled upon the young buds of their now beautiful companion.

Here, thought I, does nature teach a lesson of grace, for though the first be last, yet the last shall be first. And many a heart that put forth its affections for Christ before its fellows, but was thrown back and swept once more into winter, shall yet be tender for Him when those who grew up under kindlier circumstances have settled down into the sombre summer of conventional propriety.

And looking more earnestly upon the strange sight of spring in summer, I learned yet another lesson, for it could not but be observed, that the early withered and crumpled leaves had not been thrown aside by the tree as she cast away in her new year's strength the dead leaves of the past autumn. Thus, too, is it with him who fails before His Master. The remembrance of the failure remains; not, indeed, to be a weight and weakness, but to remind of self-confidence and self-conceit. Peter forgot not his denial of Jesus, nor should we our ways, and a goodly thing it is when, as with this vigorous beech-tree, the life asserts itself even from the encircling of the sere and crumpled leaves.

"BLESSED is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, NEITHER SHALL CEASE FROM YIELDING FRUIT."—Jer. xvii. 7-8.

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



"TAKING A FAGOT IN HIS HAND, HE KISSED IT."

RATHER more than 300 years ago, John Bradford was burned for his crimes in Smithfield. His offences were preaching the gospel and believ-
 ing God's word. He would none of the superstitious blasphemy that the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper are changed by the priests

so that they become Christ's Body and Blood. "I deny that He is included in the bread," said Bradford to his judges and persecutors.

With John Bradford was burned, an apprentice youth of 19 years of age, John Leaf. He as boldly said to his examiners, "the said sacrament of the altar, as it is now called, used, and believed in this realm of England, is idolatrous and abominable;" the bread and wine at the Supper, "after the words of consecration spoken by the priest," still remain "bread and wine as before." He also affirmed before his judges that auricular confession was not necessary to be made unto a priest, for, said he, "it is no point of soul-health; neither has the priest any authority given him by scripture to absolve and remit any sin."

When these two noble men were led to the burning, a vast mass of people assembled to witness the sorrowful sight, for the hearts of many in that day yearned after the truth which John Bradford preached. And the people wept for their loss and for the cruel death of those who told them of Jesus.

Coming to the stake, Bradford embraced it, and taking a fagot in his hand, he kissed it also. Then,

looking to heaven, he cried, with uplifted hands, "O, England, England, repent thee of thy sins, repent thee of thy sins! Beware of idolatry, beware of antichrists, take heed they do not deceive you!"

As they made the fire, Bradford forgave them all, and begged the people to pray for him; and then, turning to his young companion, he said, cheerily, "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night." The last words he was heard to utter were those of his Master, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." Then the choking smoke rushed about him, and the flame devoured him.

The falsehoods which John Bradford and his companion protested against, even to death, are becoming once more fashionable in our land. "O, England, England, beware of idolatry! Beware of antichrists!" sounds from the stake and flame of Smithfield. But, alas! ears are deaf, hearts are dull, the Bible is not believed, and Satan dupes by his wiles. Pilgrimages to saints and relics, confessions to priests, the doctrine of transubstantiation, once more assert themselves, to the everlasting destruction of precious souls. No in-

tellectual power can deliver from Satan's wiles, and until Christ be in the heart, the unsatisfied spirit yearns and longs till, too often, it fastens itself upon these Satanic follies.

Though, reader, instead of fire and death, small persecution only may await your entering the narrow gate, yet remember John Bradford's last words, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." There is no way of salvation but Christ; He alone is the way, He is the only gate. By Him, "if any man enter in, he shall be saved." But it is a narrow way which leadeth to life, and few find it. The wide gate, the broad and easy way, leads to death. Many there be which go in thereat. It entails no cross, demands no giving up of pride or self, no true repentance or dealing with God, personally. The world would not burn its best men, but "away with him" is its cry, not only for Christ, but for those who are real for Him.

Yet, will you enter in? Do you desire salvation? "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Believe on Him. Accept Him for your Saviour. But remember the verse which follows Bradford's last words: "Beware of

false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." Let it be Jesus, and His death and resurrection, nothing less, for you. Your soul needs to be saved, you deserve eternal fire, and only Christ can save you. And with Christ for your Saviour, even the flames of martyrdom shall be to you no more than a chariot of fire bearing your spirit above to Jesus.

By the following letter, written in prison, may Christ's martyr, John Bradford, though dead, yet speak to some thousands in our land!—

"I pray you call to mind that there be but two masters, two kinds of people, two ways, and two mansion-places.

"The masters be Christ and Satan; the people be servitors to either of these; the ways be strait and wide; the mansions be heaven and hell.

"Again: consider that this world is the place of trial of God's people and the devil's servants; for as the one will follow his master whatsoever cometh of it, so will the other. For a time it is hard to discern who pertaineth to God and who to the devil; as, in the calm and peace, who is a good shipman and warrior, and who is not. But as when the storm ariseth the expert mariner is known, as in war the good soldier is seen, so in affliction and the cross, easily God's children are known from Satan's servants; for then, as the good servant will follow his master, so will the godly follow their captain, come what come will; whereas the wicked and hypocrites will bid adieu, and desire less of Christ's acquaintance, for which cause the Cross is called a probation and trial, because it trieth who will go with God and who will forsake Him. As now in

England we see how small a company Christ hath, in comparison of Satan's soldiers.

"Let no man deceive himself; for he that gathereth not with Christ scattereth abroad. No man can serve two masters. The Lord abhorreth double hearts; the lukewarm, that is, such as are neither hot nor cold, He spueth out of His mouth. None that halt on both knees doth God take for His servants. The way of Christ is the strait way; and so strait that, as few find it and as few walk in it, so no man can halt in it, but needs must go upright; for as the straitness will suffer no reeling to this side or that side, so if any man halt he is like to fall off the bridge into the pit of eternal perdition.

"Strive, therefore, now you have found it, to enter into it; and if you should be called or pulled back, look not on this side or that side, or behind you as Lot's wife did, but straight forwards on the end, which set before you (though it be to come) as even now present. . . . So doth the husbandman, in ploughing and tilling, set before him the harvest time; so doth the fisher consider the draught of his net rather than the casting in; so doth the merchant the returns of his merchandize; and so should we in these stormy days set before us, not the loss of our goods, liberty, and very life, but the reaping time, the coming of the Saviour, the fire that shall burn up the wicked and disobedient to God's gospel, the blast of the trump, the exceeding glory prepared for us in heaven eternally, such as the eye hath not seen, the ear hath not heard, nor the heart of man can conceive.

"The more we lose here, the greater joy we shall have there. The more we suffer, the greater triumph. For corruptible dross, we shall find incorruptible treasures; for gold, glory; for silver, solace without end; for riches, robes royal; for earthly houses, eternal palaces; mirth without measure; pleasure without pain; felicity endless; and, to sum up all, we shall have God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Oh, happy place! Oh, that this day would come! Then shall the end of the wicked be lamentable; then shall they receive the just reward of

God's vengeance; then shall they cry, Woe, woe, that ever they did as they have done! Read Matt. xxv.; 1 Cor. xv.; and 2 Cor. v. And by faith (which God increase in us) consider the things there set forth. And for your comfort read Heb. xi., to see what faith hath done, always considering the way to heaven to be by many tribulations, and that all they which will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. You know this is our alphabet. 'He that will be My disciple,' saith Christ, 'must deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' Not this bishop, nor that teacher, nor this emperor, nor that king, but *Me*, saith Christ, 'For he that loveth father, mother, wife, children, or very life better than Me, is not worthy of Me.' Remember that the same Lord saith, 'He that will save his life shall lose it.' Remember also that all the hairs of your head are numbered with God. The devil may make one believe he will drown him, as the sea in its surges threateneth to the land, but as the Lord hath appointed bounds for the one, over the which it cannot pass, so hath He done for the other.

"On God, therefore, cast your care. Love Him, serve Him, after His word; fear Him, trust in Him, hope at His hand for all help, and always pray, looking for the cross; and whenever it cometh, be assured, the Lord, as He is faithful, so He will never tempt you further than He will make you able to bear; but in the midst of the temptation will make such an escape as shall be most to His glory and for your eternal comfort. God, for His mercy in Christ, with His Holy Spirit endue you, comfort you, under the wings of His mercy shadow you, and as His dear child guide you for evermore. To whose merciful protection as I do with my hearty prayer commit you, so I doubt not but you pray for me also, and so I beseech you to do still. . . . The Lord, for His mercy in Christ, direct our ways to His glory. Amen.

"Out of prison,

"By yours to command,

"JOHN BRADFORD.

"1553."

THE CURE FOR RITUALISM.

IT is but yesterday that the enthusiasm of superstition asserted itself in a pilgrimage from this land to the supposed bones of a questionable "Saint?" Hundreds, in their "voluntary humility," kissed the glass case where, gaudy in tinsel and gay robes, lay the wax figure covering the bones. Before this relic, the noble and the educated, as well as the poor and the ignorant, prostrated themselves. They sang and wept in their frenzy. They tore up handfuls of grass, plucked leaves, and filled their pockets with earth, to carry home their treasures from the spot which the crafty priests called sacred! Pitiable spectacle of unsatisfied hearts and consciences! Earnest yet deluded men and women; the sport of their own rejection of Christ at the Father's right hand! Yet worse than the shame of their folly—worse than their worship, which has not in it even "any honour to the satisfying of the flesh"—their despite to christianity, their degrading the high and heavenly gospel of God to the base level of heathenism. For in what, save name, differs the relic-worship, and the priest-service of the heathen, from that which "enlightened" countries still call christian religion?

Did they but know Christ in glory as their Life—were the hope of their souls, to be like Him as He is—relics, priests, and ritual would be swept out of their hearts in a moment; swept clean away by the Spirit of God as loathsome and abominable to the soul, as utterly hateful to Christ. "The weak and beggarly elements" of Judaism are, saith the Spirit of God, repugnant to christianity; but what language shall describe the mixture of Judaism and Paganism which is now called christian faith?

We ask, what is the deliverance from the sense-entrancing religiousness which leads souls captive to priests and relics, and chains them down, heart and mind, to the things of the earth? "If ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to

ordinances?" is the question of God, which supplies the answer.

Christ, in His perfect obedience to God, kept the law (He fulfilled it) and observed the feasts; but He has died to temples and earthly religion. He has gone up on high. He has entered heaven itself, and there He now is, the centre of a new worship; and more, He is the Head, and from Him personally, by His Spirit's agency, all spiritual nourishment and direction come to the "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones" upon earth.

When Christ died to the rudiments of the world, to everything which is of the earth and sense, His people died with Him. They are with Him dead to meats, to drinks, to holidays, new moons and Sabbaths, dead to the shadow, but in Christ—alive from the dead, seated on high—they live in the fresh atmosphere of the new creation, and are fed by Himself.

What have these ordinances to do with the new life which is ours, who believe, in the risen Christ? Who, knowing Christ in glory, would care to touch—would lower Christ so as to kiss—the glass case of a wax figure, wherein were shrined certain bones tied together with gold wire? The dignity of the Risen Man refuses with contempt, yet, the while, with compassion for them who do such things, the childish invitation.

It is not for us, whose "life is hid with Christ in God," to stoop to the level of the hapless heathen, to lower the might and the magnificence of "Christ in you the hope of glory" to any sort of earthly ceremonial.

Reader! be sure of this; it is only as in Christ that God accepts you; anything lower is death. God views man either as in Adam, or as in Christ—as dead in self, or alive in His Son. Do you know Christ—Christ in heaven? The way to His glory is His cross. Do you believe on Him who "was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him?" Do you know Him who was crucified for sinners, but who lives for evermore? A risen and glorified Jesus is the truth for the day. This shall save you from countless

delusions; this, as God's Spirit fills your heart and mind therewith, shall preserve you in the midst of Satan's wiles. "If ye then be risen with Christ, set your affection on things above," set it not on the rudiments of the world, set it not upon music, or stained glass, or incense, or priests, or gorgeous robes; set it upon the Risen Christ and His heavenly things. And thus delighting in the Man at God's right hand—having Christ in your heart as the hope of glory—having likeness to Him on high for your prospect, your destiny—you shall be emancipated for ever from every thrall, whether of doubts or fears, infidels or priests.

HOPING AND HAVING.

TWO youths were lying side by side in a London hospital, a visitor asked one of them, "Are you saved?" he answered, that he hoped some day he should be. Then, turning to the other bed, the visitor repeated the question; the youth lying there, with a bright look and voice, replied—

"I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary and worn and sad—
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Is yours a hope to be saved, dear reader? Are you quite close to Christ, or is there a break between Christ and your soul? Is the world between you and Him? Or are you like the youth—the second spoken to—who came to Jesus, the living Saviour, just as he was? He had proved that His word is true, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Oh! try that selfsame love. You shall prove its sweetness in your own soul. Keep not back from Jesus. Your happiness for eternity depends upon your coming to Him, of whom, in pain, and upon the bed of sickness, the young believer said,

"He hath made me glad."

H. A.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

JESUS answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." (John iv. 10). "And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." (Rev. xxi. 5, 6.) "And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

God's free gift of salvation to sinners is presented to us under the figure of living water in these scriptures by three glorious Inviters; and in each invitation there is the same largeness and freeness. God will not receive anything from the sinner but his confession of sin, complete ruin, and total helplessness. His gospel meets, and abounds over, the need of the sinner. He gave His Son—He gives Eternal Life, Grace, Faith, Repentance, Glory. His salvation is, from first to last, His own free gift to sinners, and whoever knows His wants may come and take freely all that God delights to give.

The present and everlasting blessedness of the gift none can estimate. It is a fountain of water of life, quenching, for time and eternity, the sinner's thirst. It takes away the longing after sin, satisfies with God, fills the soul with divine joy, ever bubbling up unto everlasting life. It makes him, who drinks, a partaker in the new eternal life which is of God, and brings him to the enjoyment of God for ever.

This priceless gift is proclaimed by three glorious Inviters—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

First, we hear it from Sychar's well, through the lips of a weary Saviour; next, from the throne of glory, where God makes all things new; again, on earth, from the Holy Ghost during this day of grace.

How did Jesus suffer to open the living fountain in the parched ground of our sinful hearts! He toiled to give us rest, was weary to give us refreshment, endured thirst for us, that we might drink the living water which quenches our thirst for ever—died to give to dying sinners life. Behold Him at Sychar's well, weary for man—refused by man! See Him there, opening in the stony heart of a sinful daughter of Samaria a channel for His life-giving, purifying, refreshing

water of life! See Him dying on the cross—the smitten Rock in this dry wilderness; and behold the living streams of salvation flow from His pierced side! Hear and believe His word of welcome for you: “He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and He that believeth on Me shall never thirst.”

Are you attracted by His love, yet fear the anger of a holy God? Then listen to the God of glory, upon His heavenly throne, proclaiming that He makes all things new. Thence come to you the same gracious invitation, the same free welcome. God thinks of poor thirsty sinners. He thinks of you. He has not forgotten the Son He sent, whose wounded side became the very fountain-head of salvation's stream. The throne of grace upon which He sits, and the new heavens and the new earth over which He rules, are founded upon the work of Calvary. That glorious scene tells of redeeming love and power, and the silver blast of His gospel now sounds from the throne of glory to the poor lost world—“I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.”

Yet again we hear the blessed invitation, once more it comes from the earth through the lips of men, those who have drunk and are satisfied with it. It is the Spirit of God in His people who says, reader, to you, “Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” Thousands of dying souls have drunk and live, their thirst is gone, their death is changed to life, fears to peace, despair to heaven's joys. They are now only waiting to welcome their glorious Bridegroom. In them the Holy Ghost the Comforter is dwelling, and through their lips He speaks, bidding perishing sinners take of the water of life freely. What an exquisite harmony is there in these three invitations!

Dear reader, still thirsting, still unsatisfied, be not like the dull sinner at Sychar's well, who knew not who it was that spake to her; be not ignorant of your mercy; drink and live for ever!

Mark, too, the largeness and freeness of the invitation.

Jesus presents this salvation to a vile Samaritan! Can you doubt after this that Jesus invites you? He has opened His fountain for all who thirst: “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.”

God on His throne gives the fountain of living water to every one who is athirst. Just the one whose own conscience condemns him, who longs for salvation because he has it not, is invited to drink its living waters freely. Do you want pardon? God gives it freely to

all who come. Renewing grace? God has grace for all—abundant grace—Peace? God preaches peace by Jesus Christ—Deliverance from the fear of death? God has given the victory over death to all who believe—Freedom from sin? God justifies the believer in Jesus from all sin. Each want that sin and sorrow have made, each desire that God has created in the soul, has its answer in His great and full and free salvation. And the Spirit of God testifies these very things. Thus the Son, the Father, the Holy Ghost, invite you, and proclaim the largeness and freeness of the invitation.

What does your heart say to these things? Reader, give God the praise, drink and live for ever, and you shall never thirst again!

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I THANK Thee, O Lord, for the gift of affliction,
For wounding my spirit, for breaking my rest;
I bless Thee, O Lord, for the sweet benediction;
In love Thou hast done it.—Thy way is the best.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for conflict, temptation,
For the harass of Satan, for weariness, pain;
In all Thou has granted me strong consolation,
In all Thou hast shown me Thy love and my gain.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for my tears and my sorrow,
Thy frequent chastisings, uncertainty's care;
Thy wisdom forbids me to boast of the morrow—
Thy goodness protects me from every snare.

I pray Thee, O Lord, that Thou still wilt sustain me;
Thou knowest my weakness; Thou pond'rest my way;
O comfort and keep me, midst all that may pain me,
Lest I should grow weary, or wander astray.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the rest of Thy presence,
Strong refuge! sweet calm of my tempest-tossed night!
Of heaven's own gladness and brightness the essence!
The glory I wait for till dawns the true light.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the gift of affliction,
For wounding my spirit, for breaking my rest;
I bless Thee, O Lord, for Thy love's benediction;
In love Thou hast wounded; Thy way is the best.
Amen.

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.

THE BREASTPLATE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THAT "conscience makes cowards of us all" is often quoted, and there is truth in the saying; but with the Breastplate of Righteousness on, the christian has boldness.

There are two leading features in this breastplate, a good conscience about ourselves as sinners, and a good conscience before God as saints. Speaking of ourselves as sinners (for such we were) being purged by the precious blood of Christ, we have no more conscience of sins. Once and for ever we were forgiven upon the basis of Christ's sacrifice, and now "their sins and iniquities will I remember no more," says Jehovah. Instead of having his heart dreading the wrath of God, which abides on the unforgiven sinner, the believer wears the God-made righteousness as a breastplate. The death of Jesus is between him and judgment, and that death is an impenetrable protection from the weapons of the enemy. By virtue of the blood of Christ the christian is bold in God's presence and before the foe. Blessed and eternal security! Until the christian has assurance of salvation he cannot engage in christian warfare, his breast is filled with doubts as to whether he is a christian, instead of being mailed against every questioning in the God-wrought armour. But in order to be thoroughly bold before the enemy, more is required than rejoicing in being sinners saved.

Do we know that God has separated us to Himself by the blood of His Son, that we are His people, saints by calling? and yet do our hearts condemn us? Is there evil allowed in our lives, sins unconfessed upon our consciences, and thus are we out of communion with God. Then, let us not deceive ourselves, we cannot stand up to fight the Lord's battles. Soldiers indeed they are whom God has made saints; but if defilement be upon us, we are, as it were, under arrest, or in hospital, and unable to obey the trumpet-call to the front, even if we hear it.

After his loss of power, Samson said, "I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him," and thus that his strength for overcoming his enemies was gone, and so when the christian soldier lets the world into his heart and forsakes the presence of the Lord, he is weak, and "as another man."

May we like the great of soldier of Christ, Paul

the apostle, say in truth, "Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men," and have on the Breastplate of Righteousness.

FEET SHOD WITH THE PREPARATION OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

We read "the legs of the lame are not equal," and it is a great thing for the christian to be, spiritually speaking, firm upon his feet. Satan is endeavouring to throw us down, and more, he is trying to overturn the very gospel itself and to reduce men to the slavery of superstition and the no less cruel bondage of infidelity; but if we stand up shod in the gospel of peace, and each step be taken in accordance with its preparedness, Satan cannot overturn us. Nay, we shall be able to tread under feet the very lies which trample down so many.

Firmness there cannot be unless we are established in the gospel of peace—God's peace; activity and energy of soul there cannot be unless we are enjoying the gospel.

Let us remember that each step we take upon life's road is upon a path of uncleanness, and that the more sensitive the spirit, the more painful to it the presence of the evil. But the gospel of peace establishes our going; our salvation is divine; it reaches down to every step, it provides for us everywhere and at all times. His gospel is not only in itself Peace, but we move for God and against evil in the power of this peace. If our christian activities are in the calm of God's peace we go forward in moral power; while if our activities are not based upon peace—both as to our own souls and as to our enjoyment of God—they will be fruitless. How truly of God it is that conflict should be carried on in the power of peace. Fretting is not conflict; and unless there be the quiet which faith produces there will hardly be victory. One great way of Satan with God's people is to disturb them with self-occupation, and thus to destroy in them the power of action for God.

We should be ready to serve, quick to help, in the energy of God's enjoyed peace. In ancient as in modern warfare, quickness of movement characterized the vigorous warrior. Marching leads to victory as much as fighting, and without proper shoes the troops cannot fulfil their orders. Let us see that our feet are shod with the shoes from the Divine Armoury, so that our steps may be quick and ready, and that our every spiritual movement may be in the power and repose of God's gospel of peace.

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



SAVED!

SOME time ago, during a fierce gale, a seaman fell from the fore-top, striking the rigging in his descent as he tumbled headlong into the

sea. The boatswain throws a rope over him, which the poor fellow grasps, but finding it slipping through his hands, he seizes it with

his teeth—alas! to no avail—the rolling ship tears it from him, and the angry waves sweep him away round her bows. Above the howling of the wind and cracking of the ropes rose the cry, “Save, oh! save him! Heave out the life-buoy;” and away it went. Eagerly was it seized by the struggling man, who was wildly calling for help. At length, rousing his failing powers, he strove to get into the life-buoy, but his foot caught in the line, his head fell back, the sea closed over him, and the life-buoy only with his foot in it, was seen above the water. Then came the shout, “The life-boat!” and the mate, below in his cabin, hearing the cry, rushed upon deck barefooted, and leaped into the boat, followed by four brave comrades. The boat descended slowly and evenly on the wave, which, breaking against the ship, drives wildly on, and the life-boat rides like a sea-bird on its crest. A few strokes of the oar and the tiny craft is “on the man,” who, still fast in the life-buoy, is dragged into the boat. “Pull for the ship; give way there,” cries the mate. Alongside once again, the falls are manned; then the glad cry “Belay,” and all is safe.

Sinner, like the drowning sea-

man, you are perishing—you are in the waters of destruction—how you came there is of little moment—you struggle for *salvation!* Ordinances will prove to you of no more avail than did the life-buoy to the sailor. The life-buoy in itself is a very good thing, but the weakness of the seaman rendered it unavailing. Perishing soul, you need a salvation according to your desperate case, a perfect salvation in which your strength is not necessary, for you have none. You need a Saviour just where you are, who picks you up, who saves you in your sin and helplessness. The life-boat is what you want. The cry of misery arising from poor lost sinners has long, long ago reached up to the glory where Jesus is. He, ages gone, responded to that cry. “Lo! I come,” said He, “in the volume of the book it is written of Me to do Thy will, O God.”

Perishing soul, Jesus is by your side. Hear Him say, “Look unto Me, and be saved.” His compassion led Him to you—His love hastened thither. To save you is His delight; louder, a thousand times than the glad shout of the ship’s crew, rises the song of the angels over souls saved by the blood of Jesus, whilst they

behold the joy of the Lord, and rejoice in His presence. Why will you perish when Jesus is nigh? Jesus has come down to us, to seek and to save the *lost*. If there were no Saviour, you might mourn; and if He were no Saviour for you, you might despair; but it is to *you* that this word of salvation is preached, "By Him all that believe are justified from all things." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Take Christ, perishing soul, as the drowning sailor the deliverance of the life-boat. Thousands perish because they are too proud or too wilful to *be* saved. They would save themselves, and in their efforts, in their struggles, these of God's wrath closes over them, and they die. No question escapes the drowning man's lips, but the firm and friendly hand that holds him is his trust and joy. And though the hand may fail that would drag a fellow man from the hurrying waves, that pierced hand of Jesus never, never fails. Do you believe in Jesus? Then He has you firm for all eternity. Hear His own words, "This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one who seeth the Son and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life."

IN THE HOLIEST OF ALL.

LORD, before Thy face we fall,
In the Holiest of all,
Cleansed from every spot of sin,
Boldly have we entered in.
Nothing owned before Thine eyes
But the perfect work of Christ;
We in Him are seen alone
In the glory round the throne.
Oh, how beauteous, Lord, to Thee
In His beauty must we be—
Ever pleasing to Thy sight
In the brightness of that light;
Light that shews how white, how fair,
Is the garment that we wear;
Shews how perfectly was done
All the work Thou gav'st Thy Son.
In our radiant crowns we see,
What His bright reward must be;
His reward, not ours, we own,
Casting them before Thy throne.
On our golden harps we sound
His delight, His joy around;
No reward too great, too high,
For the Lamb who came to die.
No reward but His have we—
Oh, how glorious must it be!
Other love, Lord, have we none,
Save Thy love for Christ Thy Son.
Measured by His work alone,
That great love is all our own,
Measured by His mighty claim,
Our deep blessedness the same.
As the glory won for Thee,
When He hung upon the Tree,
So the glory He has won
Past the brightness of the sun.
In that glory, Lord, we stand,
Clad in light, by Thine own hand,
Not to hide us from Thy face,
That white robe that tells Thy grace.
Nought is there to veil from Thee,
Fair and spotless now are we—
Nought in Thee to veil or dim,
All Thyself told out in Him.

We, not hidden, but arrayed,
In the Robe, Thy hands have made.
Thou, unveiled in cloudless light,
To the eyes that bear the sight.

Lord, before Thy face we fall,
In the Holiest of all;
And His name, His name alone,
Is our song before the throne.

F. B.

"FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE."

ABOUT two years and a half ago, a young man who was employed in a merchant's office in London, broke a blood-vessel, and was for a time unable to attend to business. A visit to Hastings, however, partially restored his health, and he then resumed his daily occupation. In less than a twelvemonth, his strength again gave way, and then the conviction forced itself upon him that, sooner or later, this sickness *must* result in death! But what about his soul? Was he *ready* to die? He had been affectionate as a son, trustworthy as a clerk, and, in his general conduct, he was considered to be an upright, moral man.

When first the young man knew that he was seriously ill, he became deeply anxious to do justice to any persons whom he thought that he had wronged. If he had said an unkind word to any of his acquaintances, he made a point of owning it, and seeking forgiveness, endeavouring in this way to make himself righteous before God. He thought that, by a strict and careful course of conduct, he could reconcile *God unto himself*, not understanding that "God was in Christ, reconciling the *world unto Himself*." Human reasoning is always directly opposed to the truth of God, and he of whom we write was like those of whom it is written, "They being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God."

As may be supposed, peace of conscience did not come to him in this way; *true* peace

rests upon a totally different basis, and, in mercy, he was not allowed to lull himself into a sense of false security. Being convicted of sin before God, and finding that, by his own works, he could do nothing to fit himself for His presence, he became very wretched, and was sometimes in a state bordering on despair. A christian relative often spoke to him about the finished work of Christ, and the necessity of receiving the truth with the simplicity of a little child; but the young man having a strong intellect, and being fond of discussion and argument, said he felt that he could *not* bow to God's word. Yet so miserable was he, that to one deeply interested about his soul, he sent this fearful message, "Tell her, with my love, that if I die to-night I shall go to *hell*!" Who can tell how keen the pang of sorrow such words must have conveyed!

One day, a friend read the 6th chapter of the gospel of John to him, and repeated the latter part of the 37th verse over and over again—"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;" and that precious verse was applied, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to dispel the clouds that hung over his soul; and until the last he was often saying, "I know now that I am saved, for I rest on His promise. He cannot cast me out, because He says so."

Thus the days passed away and his end drew near. "Shall I pray with you?" said a friend to him one day. Turning his dying eye towards the speaker, he said, "Yes! but let it be thanksgiving—not prayer, for I am in perfect peace!" A few hours before he passed away, he sent this message to the one he had before told he was going to hell, "Tell her I am resting on Jesus, saved by His blood."

Under his pillow was found a leaflet, having the following words underlined by him:—

"Tis eternal life to know Him."

"Why should we distrust or fear Him?"

"Through His Name we are forgiven."

To the sceptic, death is a leap in the dark, to the believer it is going to a *well-known* love—to home, to rest, to perfect joy.

H. L. T.

THE LOVE OF GOD AND "INTER- CESSION OF SAINTS."

THE man-made fetters, which so many are quietly allowing to enchain their souls, lead us again to revert to the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, and the prayers offered to the "Blessed Margaret Mary" for her intercession. The notion of a saint interceding for sinners, in order to turn away God's anger from them, is absolute departure from the christian faith, "for God is love," and "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And when Jesus was upon the earth "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself;" and further, now that His Son has been crucified and cast out of the earth, such is God's love to man, that instead of the divine anger needing to be appeased, His Spirit says to sinners, "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. v. 19).

It is reported that, when Margaret Alacoque was alive, for her goodness, she had visions of Jesus, and her ardour for the Son of God was the occasion of her adding Mary to her christian name, that is, her zeal for Christ vented itself in devotion to His mother! Let us hope that this young woman, whom the Pope was good enough to make a saint of some 150 years after her death, was really a saint by God's making before she died, and that the accounts of her visions are the inventions of others! Not that we deny that the Lord Jesus does frequently reveal Himself to His people upon earth, and shines upon them with the light of His countenance; but He does not deny Himself. He is The Truth, and no words of His respecting His Father and His God contradict His words spoken upon earth, or from the glory, as recorded in the scriptures. And, that there shall be no doubt of this, the thunder of His word proclaims, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. i. 8).

The story runs, that the christ, who appeared to Margaret Mary, said, "Every Thursday night I will make thee share in that mortal sadness which I underwent in the Garden of Olives; which sadness will reduce thee (against thy understanding) to a depth of agony more insupportable than death; to accompany me in that humble prayer, which I then addressed to my Father amidst my agony, thou wilt arise between

eleven and twelve and remain in prayer one hour with me prostrate on the ground, *as well as to appease the Divine anger in asking for mercy towards sinners*, as in some manner to soothe the bitterness I felt at the desertion of my apostles, who obliged me to reproach them, that they could not watch that hour with me."

Now, the true Christ of God is seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high, having purged our sins; there, in the glory of God, no bitterness pertaining to His path of obedience when upon earth needs soothing; there He never suffers; and the idea of any one sharing with Him His agony in Gethsemane—the essence of which was the presenting to His spirit the cup of God's wrath against sin which He drank upon the cross—is blasphemy, reducing His peerless work to the level of that of a mere man. But, passing by these anti-christian notions, these horrid words attributed to the Son of the Father, stare at us, "to appease the Divine anger in asking for mercy towards sinners."

No angel from Heaven preached this gospel! So He who gave His Son to die for us is not Love! nor is He at rest concerning the one offering by which He has "perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14)! so the words of Jesus, "I have finished the work," are not His, and His work for us needs supplementing, and the heart of God needs turning usward by the intercession of the young woman, "the blessed Margaret Mary!"

To this God, this angry God, or rather to Margaret Mary, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and to the heart of Jesus, did and do these thousands pray, to use their own words, their devotions, "and all other exercises, being concluded with the invocations—

Cor Jesu sacratissimum, miserere nobis!

Cor Mariæ immaculatam, ora pro nobis!

Beata Margarita Maria, ora pro nobis!"

(Pity us, Heart of Jesus, most Holy. Pray for us, Heart of Mary, immaculate. Pray for us, blessed Margaret Mary.) They prayed, did penances, fasted, and tortured their bodies, to gain the ear of "saints," who should pray for them to appease the Divine anger. What thoughts of a God have they? what heathenish thoughts! and they call this Christianity! There is a scene of earnestness and prayer, recorded in the book of Kings, when the apostates in Israel "called on the name of Baal from morning until noon, saying Oh, Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped up and down at the altar, which was made . . . and they cried aloud, and cut

themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them . . . There was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

What mean these cries to "saints," to the Virgin Mary, and to Christ—"Pray for us," "Appease the Divine anger?" They are the groans of Satan's bondsmen—the moans of his chained prisoners! Priests! that have blown out the light of God's gospel and hidden its kind rays from your people's eyes, in the felt darkness of your religion, perceive ye the coming shadows of eternal night?

But ere we turn sorrowing away from God misrepresented, the blood of His Son slighted, and prayers, of which it may be said, not "any to answer, nor any that regarded," let us remember that we owe to the spirit which gave birth to the lie of the "Intercession of Saints" the thought that Christ is now interceding for sinners. He is interceding for His saints upon earth—for His own people; He bears them up before God, He is their High Priest, and all the tenderness of His heart is toward them. Their every weakness is met by His grace, and His priestly service for His people during their earthly pilgrimage is unwearied. Brought into relationship with God—made His own people by the precious blood of Christ—His for ever by right and purchase—God's people have Christ for their Priest.

But Christ does not intercede for sinners who do not love God. To the sinner unsaved, still in his sins, the gospel puts forth, not the Priesthood of Christ, but the Sacrifice of Christ. Not His intercessions on high, but His blood shed upon the earth. Nor does Christ seek to appease the Divine anger against sinners, for God Himself sets forth to such the perfect satisfaction which He has in the work of His Son for sinners and in His Person, and bids them, Believe and be saved. God, by His Spirit, addresses the sin-burdened soul, yea the sorrow-wearied world, to the sacrifice of Jesus. He sets forth to man the blood upon the very throne of Justice, His righteousness as seen in the blood of the sacrifice. "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in His blood . . . to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the Justifier of Him who believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 24-26.) God's heart moves towards us, and "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Reader! may you rest in Christ; may you know God, and say from your heart, in the

language of His own word—"God is love." "God gave His Son the propitiation for our sins." "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

THE EVERLASTING WORD.

"HEAVEN and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

"I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away."

"It is quite time for me to think what shall become of me," said one, after hearing these words. They filled his soul with terror; the prospect of the day of judgment and the vanity of the world appalled him.

Another hearing them said, in the calm of faith, "I believe; because His words shall never pass away." His soul rested upon the free, full salvation Jesus proclaims. No, those words shall never pass away—those words of pardon and of peace. And thousands of years after this earth and the heavens above it, shall have been rolled up by Him as a garment, the verity of His own words shall be proved in the bliss and peace of those who trusted Him for eternity: when He said to them in the distress and burden of their sins, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

H. A.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

TRAVELLING in Derbyshire, I came across a blind girl of about twelve years of age standing at her cottage door. I did not take any notice of the child at the moment; but on returning I met her tripping along as merry as possible. She knew her way well, and I accosted her, and, taking hold of her arm, said, "My dear, your road is a dark one." She replied, "Many say so; but I can assure you, Sir, it is not dark." I said, "Why so?" She replied, "Because I have the love of my blessed Saviour in my heart. Though I cannot see here, I believe that I shall see hereafter, and now I have everlasting happiness." It has struck me since that the blind child could see better than I.—*Extract from a Letter.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

THE darkest cloud has a bright side to it, and even that which casts the deepest shadow across our path has a sunny face! Too often, we see only the dark side with, it may be at times, a silver lining, but the silver lining should remind us that one side of the cloud is altogether bright. He who has ascended the mountain has seen the bright side of the clouds; he has watched their brilliancy as they hang above the valley, but under his feet. And how white have the little clouds then appeared, those flecks which ever and anon hide the sunbeams from the valley, those dark spots with silver rims.

The troubles of life have their framing of silver, their heaven-lit edges, but they have more, they have their bright side. To see this, the mountain must be ascended, for the valley does not give the view of their shining face. Our mountain is God's presence, nearness to Himself; the rays of light which make the heaven-side of the cloud bright, His thoughts, His purposes, His plans. We need grace to mount above our troubles to get God's mind about them, to be so near to Him that we may look down upon them. Not that earthly troubles will be the less sorrowful in themselves because of nearness to God, but they will be rejoiced in to His glory. "I take pleasure in infirmities," said the apostle; and why? because the Lord in glory was magnified in the trial to which the apostle was subjected upon earth.

How many a believer is bemoaning the little troubles or worries of daily life! Climb the mountain, and you shall see that there is a bright side to every one. Seek that spiritual eminence whence is seen the light of God shining upon the cloud. It is in these every-day difficulties that we are to glorify God. Seek rather that you may live so in God's presence as to be above the power of your cares, than that you may have a fair sky and nothing to try your faith. Thus the very things which now are dark to you shall be bright; they shall prove your nearness to God; in them it shall be seen that the power of Christ rests upon you, and those who for-

merly saw how chequered was your daily life, shall own the difference in you—the vast difference which living near God on high produces, the change arising from being above the trial instead of being under it.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

It is just as we carry the secret of the preciousness of Christ by faith through the wilderness, that our hearts will have an object superior to all the circumstances of sorrow and evil we are in. This makes all the difference, which we find between Israel on the one hand, and Caleb and Joshua on the other. They all went through the same trials, and were in the same sphere of evil; but the grapes of Eschol brought out the murmurings of the people, who thought of the children of Anak, and were in their own sight as grasshoppers, and lacked faith to connect the power of God with themselves. It was to them only a question of what their enemies were, and what they themselves were in their own sight: whereas Caleb and Joshua, bringing in, by faith, God's power and love, found the report good. The grapes of Eschol strengthened their faith, and thinking of God's promise to them they said, "Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it." What were the walls of Jericho to faith, though they were builded up to heaven? Since God was with Israel, they could not stand against the blast of the rams' horns.—*Extracted.*

*WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.**THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.**THE SHIELD OF TRUTH.*

TRUTH girding the affections—Righteousness covering the heart and conscience—and Peace establishing our going: the Shield is next brought out of God's armoury for our use. The three pieces already named are those which fit us for the use of the Shield of Faith, and which enable us to wear the Helmet of Salvation.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Shield of Faith is not exactly that faith which was given to us at conversion. It would be out of keeping with the pieces already named, to go back to the act of faith which was the moral link between our souls and God, when His Spirit first gave us to believe in Jesus. The awakened sinner is bidden, Believe — Look away from self to God. The soldier of Christ is bidden, Take the Shield of Faith, in addition to the Girdle, Breastplate, and Shoes which he already wears. The unbeliever is bidden, Believe and be saved; the believer, Take the Shield of Faith, so that he may be protected from the fiery darts of the Adversary. Until we believe to the saving of our souls, we have no power to *take* the Shield of Faith. Until we believe God we cannot trust Him; but faith produces trust, and the Shield of Faith is trust in God and His word. He cannot deny Himself. He ever abides faithful. He is the shelter of His people. In whatever strait, however tried, never, never give up confidence in God, and thus be exposed to the merciless foe.

The Adversary continually assails God's people—that is those who, stand as soldiers for Christ, for some he keeps in bondage, so occupied with self and the working of their doubting hearts, that they are ever mourning over their inability to serve God, instead of being soldiers for Him. The weapons of the Adversary here spoken of are his fiery darts. In ancient warfare these deadly arrows were shot into the ranks, and where they fastened themselves they burned into their victim! Misrepresentation of God, denials of His love, evil doctrines, are as these fatal darts. We see ever and anon their flash as they rush by. Some new lie, or old lie revived, is plunged into the ranks of God's people. It comes unexpectedly from an unlooked-for quarter, and if there be not a thorough shielding ourselves under God's word, we may be wounded and suffering for weary years. How many of God's people are at this moment prostrated by—save for the Shield of Faith—the inextinguishable substance composed of distrust of God? Had the Shield been upon the arm, it had caught the dart, warded off its blow, and quenched its flame!

Remember, the word says, "Wherewith ye shall be able to quench *all* the fiery darts of the wicked;" not just one, or even an hundred of them, but *all*. They will fall harmless at your feet, believer, if you trust God. There is an emphasis about *taking* the Shield of Faith, which is peculiar to this piece of the armour; we rather receive than take the Helmet, but we

are exhorted to practically and personally shelter ourselves in God.

Christians need be exhorted to take the Shield of Faith in such a day as this. They need be sheltering themselves beneath the perfect defence of implicit faith in God and His word. If Satan can insinuate into us distrust of God, we have received a soul-wound; but this he never can do so long as God alone is indeed our shelter.

THE HELMET OF SALVATION.

The last-named of the defensive parts of the armour is the Helmet. It comes thus in order, because the condition of soul which is ours by wearing the first three pieces, and the perfect confidence in God, which taking the Shield of Faith implies, enable the christian soldier to hold up his head in the face of every foe.

There is a decision of character, a firmness in testimony for God when we know that God's salvation is ours; when it is our glory and our crown. We have nothing to fear when rejoicing, that salvation is of Himself from first to last. "If God be for us, who then can be against us?" It is this assurance which gives courage to go forward; wanting this assurance we hang down the head; wanting this, how can we engage in warfare for God? If not certain of our own salvation, what a poor testimony have we to render to others concerning God and His gospel! If we look at ourselves, our only covering is shame and dishonour; but we look from self to God. He has saved us when in our sin and helplessness. He has given His Son to die that we might live through Him; thus we know that He is indeed our God, and so receive as our Helmet—as our power for holding up the head in the presence of everything which is against us—our God's salvation.

Why does that christian's head droop? He has not been to God's armoury and received thence the covering which is surely his by grace. Is he forgetful of his God? Does his courage fail him at the needed moment? Let him ask himself, "Of whom is salvation?"

The only answer he can give shall establish his soul, and, leading him away from himself, shall point him to the divine armoury.

Be assured that in the presence of the vigorous foe shame and fear will be our portion unless we know that God has saved us by the blood of Jesus. Christian reader, receive from the hands of God the Helmet of His salvation, and, strong in His strength, you shall dauntlessly hold up your head.

FAITHFUL WORDS.

True Stories from Every-day Life, and Simple Bible Teachings.



REACHING HOME.

HE whose heart does not delight in fault. If he once loved his home, in the prospect of home must either and has learned to forget its pleasantness, or if he never knew such have a miserable home, or be himself

a place, those who possess what he lacks can but lament for him. But what shall be said of that man who, being a toiler here, knows not the rest of God hereafter, and who, if he look forward to death, sees in the grave but the burying-place of all his pleasures; who, living without God, without Christ, without hope in the world, dies at length homeless and lost! Bright the contrast with the christian: his best and dearest hopes centre in the Father's home above, and his prospects of its rest and joy are formed by acquaintance with the Heart of Love which has prepared that home for those who know God.

Old Lee knew well where he was going, and many a cheery talk had we together of God's home above, and of Jesus, whose blood is the title to enter there. In his simple way, the old man thus told us how God had shewed him that he might be sure of heaven: "I am nearly 70, and was always moral and sober, and paid folks their debts. I used to go to church, too, and I rested in these things until some few years since, when God was pleased to lay me aside for a time. During that illness, He showed me that neither church-going, nor morality, nor paying people their debts, could

keep me out of hell. God shewed me by His Spirit that whatever I did, I remained the same man, a sinner, and that nothing but the blood of Christ could save my soul. Now I am quite ready, and happy that it should be just as the Lord pleases, either for Him to take me up to Himself, or for Him to come for me."

After his conversion—after his change from trusting in paying his debts, to resting in the debt of sins paid by the blood of Christ—the old man viewed his work for God in an altogether different light; he worked from love, not for love. He was a kind of chapel-keeper, and would say that he dusted the seats and hassocks as much "to the Lord" as those who preached for Him to the people. And trusting for salvation to Christ—who has done everything which has to be done—and working from love to Christ (let the service be never so humble), are two great lessons learned in the christian faith. Has our reader learned the first step in the way of peace, to be nothing, to rest in nothing in self, but to rejoice in Christ Jesus, the only and the eternal Saviour? And has he taken the second step? To live for Christ, to work for Christ, to look for Christ, who is coming to take His people home?

*"CHRISTMAS IS COMING, MOTHER!
I CANNOT DIE!"*

THESE words, dear young friends, were uttered a few days ago by a young girl of sixteen years of age. She was employed in a large bookfolders' factory, and the merriest of all was Lizzy W. She knew all the new songs as they came out, and her voice, clear and sweet, could be heard above all her companions in the work-room. Lizzy, who despised all warnings from those who feared the Lord in the same factory, was young and giddy, indeed, her only care was to decorate her head with bows of ribbon, and to wear beads round her neck, and then to go out in the evening with boys of her own age.

One afternoon she complained of pains in her body as she went home. Her mother at first thought that it was only a cold; but the hand of death was about to fetch her away! A malignant fever had set in, and poor, light, frivolous Lizzy was laid very low. Oh, it was solemn and sad to hear her moanings as she tossed about her head on the pillow!

"Mother," she said, "send for Annie Watson, and tell her to come and pray to God for me. The doctors say I am very ill. But I cannot die; I will not die. I am not prepared. Besides, mother, Christmas is coming! I am already counting the many parties I shall go to."

Annie Watson came. She was a bright christian girl, and had warned her young friend very often, and had bidden her seek those pleasures at God's right hand which never die.

"Oh, Annie," exclaimed her young companion, "do pray to God for me that He would spare me. I don't want to die. I will be good, then, if I get well. I will say my prayers, go to church, and read the bible, and go with you to Sunday school, and to Miss V.'s bible class."

Annie felt very much shocked to hear all this strange talk, but she knelt down by the side of the bed, and implored for Divine light to shine into the dark soul of poor Lizzy.

They parted, never to meet on earth again. I also visited her; but all the young girl's anxiety was to get well. Satan had completely blinded her eyes. She had no idea of needing a Saviour. She told me that she had never done any harm. The only wrong thing she could think of was not going to church so often as she ought!

How many young men and young women are thus dancing and singing over the dark, bottomless abyss, without a thought or a care, scorning the advice, prayers, and entreaties of their godly parents or friends! Happy they who are led to give their hearts to the Lord early in their youth! Come what will, they need not fear. He will guide them by His Spirit, and will lead them into plain and pleasant paths.

J. L. M. V.

CHRIST'S PRECIOUSNESS.

BELIEVERS find their Saviour is
Better than life and earthly bliss;
Not health, nor wealth, with all its glare,
Can with Christ's preciousness compare.

He's precious in His precious blood,
That pardoning and soul-cleansing flood;
He's precious as God's righteousness,
The saints' divine and heavenly dress.

In every office He sustains,
In every victory He gains,
In every counsel of His will,
He's precious to His people still.

As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly Friend!
And when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed.

In glory, Lord, may we be found,
And with Thy precious mercy crowned,
Join the glad song, and there adore
A precious Christ for evermore.

JUST AS I AM.

IT was in a small street in London, in a room over a public-house, that Elizabeth lay dying. Could you have looked in upon that little room, you would have seen a smile of joy on the sick girl's face, you would have heard her speak of One whom she dearly loved, and in whose presence she soon hoped to be for ever; and I am sure that you would have felt, how poor are all the pleasures of the world in comparison with the happiness realized by those who belong to Jesus.

Elizabeth's parents paid a certain respect to the outward forms of religion, but the effect of their example and teaching was to build up their children in pride and self-righteousness. And thus it was, that when upon her death-bed Elizabeth was asked, "Do you think you have a right to go to heaven?" she answered "Yes," and gave as her reasons that she had not been giddy and thoughtless, as girls of her age generally are; that she had attended a place of worship whenever she could; that she had read her bible and good books, and had said her prayers every day. Deeply grieved by her reply, her friend prayed silently that God would help him in speaking the truth to her. "Do you know what it is to love a person very much?" he asked. "Yes." "When we love a person very much, do we not think of him constantly? and do we not try in every possible way to please and serve him?" "Yes." "Well, have you loved God so much that you cannot forget Him, and that you could not feel happy unless He were near you?" To this Elizabeth could not say "yes." Her heart was touched, and she wept much while her friend proved to her that she had really no love to God, was unfit for His presence, and that her only hopes for heaven were built upon ignorance and unbelief.

Still at first Elizabeth was very angry at the plain speaking. "Mother," said she, "Mr. H. is harsh and unkind, and speaks to me as if I were the vilest of sinners; but have not I been good, mother?" One day, however, as he entered, she said, "I have just been

speaking of you. I said that I was sure you would like this hymn," pointing to the one—

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

Some time after this, the once self-confident Elizabeth, found peace with God by Christ's blood. Her vain hopes, built upon the sandy foundation of what she had been, were swept away by the Spirit of God, and now she worshipped God in spirit, rejoiced in Christ Jesus, and had no confidence in the flesh. Christ filled her heart, and so real was His presence to her, that she often said, "I am sure He is here." A friend, in bidding her good-bye once, added, "And the Lord be with you," when, in a tone almost of surprise, she said, "He *is* with me." In reply to the question, whether the noise in the street, or in the public-house below, did not disturb her, she said, "Oh, no! I have such high and holy things to think about, I hardly hear it."

"Maria," said she one day to her sister, "I am going to leave you. I am going to my Saviour." "You are not going to die, Lizzie?" "Yes, I am; but I am very happy. I long to see my precious Saviour, and I want you to love Him, that we may meet together again." Then, as her sister seemed unmoved, Elizabeth bade her look into a drawer, where she would see all her best clothes, and her watch, chain, and bracelets. "Maria," said she, "just think how it would look if I were to put them on now! Oh, it would be foolish and sad, for this poor body is wasting away, and will soon be in the grave. What are all these things I was once so proud of to me now? Oh, Maria, think of your soul—the soul is all." Upon another occasion, she said, "Oh, if you could but know the love of the Saviour for one moment! I wish you could enjoy my happiness only for one moment, and then you would love the Saviour more than all."

Elizabeth often referred to the wonderful change which had taken place in her. She spoke again to Mr. H. one day, of the hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea," saying, "You asked me once whether I understood the meaning of the words 'without one plea.' I then replied 'Yes,' but I ought to have said 'No.'" A friend referring to God's mercy in snatching her from hell, her mother interposed, saying, "She has always been a good girl." "You don't know, mother," she quickly replied; "I have been a vile, wicked sinner." And with increasing distrust of self there grew in this young believer a richer knowledge of the Lord.

She longed, indeed, to depart and be with Christ. "It is God's dear love that sent me this pain," she would say; "I know it is His love and mercy that have done it; but it is not my pain that makes me wish to be gone. I long to see my dear, dear Saviour. Oh, when I think of His being nailed to the cross for me, I think nothing of my pain."

Oh, my young friends who read this, I know you are ready to exclaim, "Let my last end be like hers!" but consider what it was that rendered Lizzie so peaceful. Ponder what brought about the change from self-righteousness to rejoicing in Christ. And ask yourselves whether it be in your good works and ways that you trust, or whether your confidence for eternity is built upon the all-availing blood of Christ.

THE STRANGE DREAM.

"God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed."

A little while ago a poor woman, whilst doing her work, observed that she did not think she should live long. She had dreamt that she had died, and had been taken to heaven, when she had found herself so unsuited for such a place that she soon left it.

About six months after relating her dream, the woman died, but in what state of soul it is not known.

There was truth in the dream, and few as the words are, they contain a solemn warning to such as do not love Christ. If the soul be not found in Christ here, it never

can live in the presence of God hereafter. Such as are not suited to heaven in this life, never will be. "There is no repentance"—no change of purpose—"in the grave."

C. C. F. A.

CONSTANT DRILL.

It was often remarked in the late war between Germany and France that the German soldiers would be found after a victory at drill, and this, too, the veterans. Drill, drill, drill, seemed their motto. Christians need this exercise. We never dare rest in a victory, but must, if we would win another fight, go back to that subjection of self, that obedience to God's word which alone ensures our winning.

Too often forgetting the need of perfect obedience to God's word, and that self-surrender which this occasions, when the next struggle comes, instead of victory we find defeat.

DELIGHTS OF CHRISTIANS.

"MAY I not have some enjoyment in life?" says the worldly-minded christian. Let us hear how the godly-minded Tertullian replies to such a question. Addressing himself to the christian, he exclaims: "Art thou, then, so ungrateful as not to acknowledge the many and great joys with which thy God has enriched thee, and not to be grateful for them? What can be sweeter than the pardon of God, our Father, and our Lord, or than the revelation of truth? . . . Is there a greater luxury for the soul than to despise luxury, to despise the present age, to possess true liberty, a clear conscience, a life which satisfies, and which is no longer troubled with the fear of death, and to trample under foot the false gods of the nations? . . . These are the delights of christians; these the spectacles, holy, eternal, free, on which their eyes may feast."

"I HAVE done nothing myself. I have not fought, but Christ has fought for me; I have not run, but Christ has carried me; I have not worked, but Christ has wrought in me; Christ has done all."—*Dr. Payson's dying words to some members of his congregation.*

WORDS TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

WE now come to the only weapon of offence in the panoply of God, which is given to us. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal," is a word which every christian needs to have deeply engraven upon his heart. The energy of the day wearies itself in countless activities; but our weapon is the old "It is written;" The word of God. New schemes may fill the brains of dreamers; we have to be awake with the word of God in our hands. We need to know how to use the word; too many have never learned to handle this sword, which, wielded by an instructed believer, is overwhelming, for if the Shield shall quench *all* the adversary's fiery darts, the Sword shall surely overcome *all* his strength. But how few Christians can answer, "It is written," to the constant wiles of Satan? And how often do we find certain texts, chapters, or, it may be, passages, of the Word, so mighty, so difficult, that we cannot handle them! And until we really know the meaning of the Word we cannot use it as a weapon of offence or defence; but, when we understand its fulness, there is none other of which we should even for a moment desire to avail ourselves.

Can we bring "It is written," against it? should be our question. Do we oppose this or that? Then is it because what we oppose is contrary to God's word? Do we defend this principle or this practice? Let us be careful to give for our reply, "What I stand up for is God's truth." Expediency is no sword; time-serving will perish. What says the world? will meet its deserved end; but the Word of God lives and abides for ever.

The Spirit of God, who dwells within the believer, is the energy in us by which we rightly wield the word of God, for though we may own—as to the letter—that there is but one sword allowable for the christian soldier's use, yet if we attempt to quote scripture in mere brain power, the result must be miserable failure.

Diligence is requisite for the handling of God's word; we need to prayerfully study it, so as to be thoroughly acquainted with it. And not only for our own soul's good; but in order to help others and thwart Satan.

We need know what the weapon really is, both for offence and defence, and how to use it; we need also the strength required for its use. Communion with God gives the latter, prayerful diligent search into His word the former.

THE SECRET OF EFFECTIVE ACTION.

The various parts of the armour being now upon us, and the Sword being in the hand, we come to the state of soul which alone makes our actions effective before God—"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." We can hardly call "all prayer" a piece of the armour, but without it we can do nothing. The sword is wielded in the power of the Spirit, and the fountain of strength for using it is found in prayer in the Spirit, and this calls for dependence upon God, and subjection to His will. Satan can himself quote scripture, but never effectively. He has quoted it before now, wrenching it to dishonour and discredit God. He has brought up passages of the Word to distress God's people; but he cannot fight with the sword; he cannot pray; he has cast off dependence upon God; and when the word of God is brought against Satan, in the spirit of prayer, he flees. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

"Praying always" is not sufficient, for we may pray our own prayers; we may put up petitions not according to God's mind, hence we read, "With all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." There is sometimes a routine character of prayer amongst true believers, as well as a slavishly saying over upon beads, so many dozens a day, of *Pater Nosters*, &c., amongst the children of superstition; or we may go down upon our knees because it is our custom, and yet our minds be wandering far away from the petitions upon our lips; cares of life, or plans for the morrow, filling treacherous hearts while deceitful lips are saying *Amens* to God. This is not prayer in the Spirit. But the christian, who mourns prayer put up not according to God's purposes, and the deadness of routine which is near to his soul, and the fitfulness of his wandering mind, has the comfort of this word, "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." And though, through not being truly prayerful in the Spirit, the Sword of the Spirit may have not been rightly used; yet never did honest christian pray without an answer, never did God allow reality to go unrewarded, and spiritual victories wait upon all those who put their trust in Him.

Let this lead us to the watching unto prayer, of which our verse speaks; let us awake out of the sleep of routine, or from our wandering dreams; let us shake ourselves and watch. God is for us. He waits to answer. Let us,

too, be persevering in prayer. Some have sought years for the, at length, granted blessing. These are of a stouter christianity than those who can pray earnestly for a day or a week, and then give up asking, as if God heard not or was weary. Perseverance is the great principle of success in work. Fitfulness is, too often, laziness. Our flame should be constant, our efforts continuous, our desires unflagging. On every hand victory awaits those who are real for God. Our own day is a day of reaping as well as of sowing, of bringing in captives to Christ, as well as of contending for the faith once delivered to the saints; it is a day of the energy of God's Spirit as well as that of the Spirit of Evil. Let us be as these men of old, who "were wise to discern the signs of the times," and then we shall find in all the activities surrounding us, fresh calls to serve God and for watching unto prayer, and that with all perseverance, so that we may serve aright.

Nor with prayer upon our lips let us forget that "all saints" should fill our hearts. We are not to pray for ourselves only, or that our steps alone should be true. Each soldier of Christ is an item in God's army. Like others of old, we should "know how to keep rank," and if we are only occupied with our little sphere of work this we never shall learn. "Supplication for all saints" is God's word. And the vessel of God who uttered these large words had, by divine acquaintance, a heart as large as his language. Let us learn by the lessons of God's word to emerge from our tiny spheres into the broad and majestic circle of Christ's thoughts upon earth—"all saints."

And one word more, with the wide prayer for all saints, never forget that, which is so needful to be borne in mind, special prayer for special work, even as the Apostle teaches us in this word, "And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds, that I may speak boldly as I ought to speak." Bring some labourer for God specially before Him; help that man by your prayers; take up a particular work in prayer to God. Aim, as it were, at an object, while sowing your seed broadcast; busy yourself, too, over a special little spot in the great field of the world. As you scatter bibles amongst the heathen, do not forget your neighbour's empty shelf! As you in prayer embrace all the work for God over the world, omit not the teachers in the Sunday school, or the Visitors of the sick in your own immediate neighbourhood, and pray for them

the prayer which the apostle begged the Ephesian believers to pray for him.

May the attitude of the true christian soldier be that of each young believer, who reads these pages.

In the energy of God's Spirit may he stand for God while here upon earth, and may he be girded and clad with God's armour; have shield upon arm and sword in hand; and having done all, in the patience of God's Spirit, may he, till His Master comes, be praying always in the Spirit!

GOD'S PILGRIMS.

GOD has His pilgrims upon this earth; He has had them through all time, since sin corrupted the dwelling-place of man. His Word records names and deeds of his pilgrims, and gives us their characters and examples.

God's pilgrims, unlike those of superstition, "declare plainly that they seek a country . . . a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a City." Their pilgrimage is not to an object upon earth, in order hereafter to obtain a citizenship in the better country, but it is clean away from the earth to the heavenly city. They are not as men who, when they reach the gates, will say, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," but they are those who sing on their march of the welcome awaiting them, and who thus exhort one another on the way, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

If they had not the assurance of faith they would not be God's pilgrims, and if they had not the love of Jesus in their hearts they would not hasten through the wilderness of the world to the throne where He is set down. God's pilgrims become such by redemption. *Until* redeemed, men are not God's pilgrims at all. So it was with Israel of old, whose exodus is the great illustration of pilgrimage. Until the people were redeemed by the blood of the lamb, they hoped and feared in their Egyptian bondage! They had heard of the far-off land; the goodly country flowing with milk and honey had been preached to them, and they sighed for deliverance; but they stirred not a step of freedom until God opened the door of their deliverance by the blood of the Pascal Lamb. And when He

brought them through the cleft waters of the sea, and when in its returning tide sweeping away the foe and saving His own for ever, He shewed Israel the security of His salvation, then these pilgrims to Canaan broke out with the song, "The people . . . Thou hast purchased, Thou shalt bring them in the mountain of Thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established." They were not pilgrims until redeemed; they had no hearts to sing until they were saved.

And God's pilgrims of to-day are redeemed and saved,—redeemed by the blood of Jesus, and saved by the greatness of God's salvation. Purchased by the blood of Jesus; delivered from every foe by His resurrection. What king of bondsmen, what tyrant of darkness, shall reach those whom God has brought to Himself in the power of the death and resurrection of His Son? Satan cannot make them slaves again. He and the world are severed from them by the broad, deep sea of Divine judgment. God's pilgrims have passed through the sea in Him who died for them, and who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Men who make pilgrimages to their Indian idol or to their heathenized-christian relic, who embrace the earth and worship its sacred spots, are not out of Egypt at all. Old Pharaoh said, "Go ye, sacrifice to your God in the land," but the word of the Lord replied, "We will go three days' journey into the wilderness and sacrifice to the Lord our God." Pharaoh would not have objected to worshippers within Egypt, but he hated the pilgrimage which turned away from his bonds for the three days' journey, which three days brought God's pilgrims to the Canaan shore of the sea in the power of His salvation, and saw the enemies dead at their feet!

Satan objects not to sacred spots upon the earth—even the very hill whereon God's Son was crucified, or the accursed tree whereon He died, may be worshipped; but his ire rises, like that of Pharaoh of old, when the word of God rings in his ear, "Let My people go, that they may serve Me." Go clean out of the world, depart from its temples, its shrines, its prince and its bonds, in the power of the three days' journey—the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus.

Reader, whither are going? Are you, as it were, walking round and round on the earth, or are your spiritual steps hastening away from this world to Jesus set down upon the throne above? Test your heart, traveller, to the eternal shores, by the direction of your going. The waters of divine wrath girdle this world, and if you are of

the world, which ever way you take—religious-way, morality-way, pleasure-way—the end is judgment. Are you upon Satan's side? Then see in the overthrow of Pharaoh and his army the hastening doom of the god of this world. The sea of God's judgment shall swell over in its strength the forces of evil, and all the hosts who oppose Christ shall perish for ever. Oh! be on Christ's side. Perish not in the destruction of this world. Go not down to the lake, the billows of which are ceaseless fire.

Reader, traveller you are, yet maybe not one of God's pilgrims. Traveller you are, and each day, each hour, is a step nearer to the land which has no boundary, which knows no change. There either blackness and darkness for ever await you, or everlasting blessedness. There your breast shall be gnawed by the worm that never dies, or be filled with the joys of Jesus. There your memory shall ever recall to you appeals from heaven rejected, the blood of the sacrifice despised, and tear you with remorse; or bring back to your mind the mercy which saved you and the sufferings of Jesus, by which you were saved, and fill you with gladness.

A few brief years at most and your journey will be over; maybe you will be laid in the still, cold bed of the grave; but the night of that sleep shall be broken by the cry of Jesus bidding you come forth—for "All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." How will you answer His command? To Life or to Judgment? Be not deceived—the way the tree falls, so shall it lie. As you live, so you die. According as you find Jesus, the Life here, or as you reject Him here, so shall you either come forth to life or to judgment hereafter. Oh! ponder the waking. Ponder the end of life's journey! And in the contemplation of an everlasting future, may you seek and find shelter from judgment by the blood of Jesus, and being one of His redeemed people, be one of God's pilgrims upon the earth!

Reader, if you are redeemed, and know your God's salvation, then you are in Christ upon the resurrection side of judgment, and your steps day by day bring you nearer to the home and rest of God. As a pilgrim and a stranger, hasten to the throne where He who saved you sits. There you shall share His glory; here bear His shame. Declare plainly by your every word and way that you seek a better country, even a heavenly.

"Wherefore, we receiving a Kingdom that cannot be moved, let us have grace, that we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear: for our God is a consuming fire."